For and About Women

THANKSGIVING WORK OF ART.
A day on which Dinah's culinary accomplishments are especially appreciated by the little folks.

THANKFUL FOR SO LITTLE.

Some of the Brave Women Fighting Against Odds in This City.

"My dear friend, Mrs. Fullerton: I am sorry to have to trouble you to ask you if you could help me a little over Thanksgiving, as I have nothing. The weather is so cold it takes a good deal to keep a little coal bought every day, and the children are getting so big they can eat two loaves of bread a day. Mrs. Fullerton, I feel ashamed to ask you if you have a skirt you think would fit me, as all I have is the one I wear to work, and it looks very bad. Miss —— gave it to me two years ago, and it is gone so I cannot hardly wear it any longer. It does not matter what kind it is, I would be so thankful to you to get it, for I never can get myself a bit of close, no matter how I try."

This is a little Thanksgiving letter that came in to Mrs. Fullerton, superintendent of the relief department of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

"There's a woman whom I respect," said Mrs. Fullerton. "Think of her going two years, in her ragged old bit of a skirt, and never asking for another, and all the superfluous dress skirts in this big town! Poor soul! She's only twenty-eight years old. I know the sinking of heart when she had to go on the street in the same skirt she did her washing and scrubbing in. She will have a good, warm, decent dress skirt for Thanksgiving, any way.

A TENEMENT HEROINE.

"I know her well," continued the superintendent. "She is one of the tenement house heroines. She is bringing up six children on her earnings of $22 a month at washing and scrubbing. She never asks for a cent unless she has to. But, you see, 'The children are getting so big, they eat two loaves of bread a day.' Poor little shavers! And 'it takes so much to keep a little coal bought every day,' that no matter how hard she works she never can get herself a bit of 'close.' Isn't that a sacrifice of feminine instincts!

"She told me once that if she were certain of $8 a week for the rest of her life she would never ask for another cent of aid, or know another anxious moment. I said, 'Why, Mrs. Blank, do you mean to tell me that you could raise six children on $8 a week?'

"'Indeed, yes,' said she; 'I'd raise them all, and they'd always have enough to eat. They'd not suffer from the cold, and they'd get a bit of schooling.'

"Seems a pity, doesn't it, in these days of race suicide, that a mother of six should be condemned to a life of constant struggle and anxiety for the want of $8 a week!"

The Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor does not send out special lists of Thanksgiving dinners, but it takes care that those it knows about shall have a little extra on that day. The lordly turkey is no longer the typical American bird of the last week in November. Unlike the days when he strutted in every barnyard and his wild cousins roamed in every wood, he now secludes himself haughtily in the abodes of the rich. At 30 cents a pound poor folk cannot have many turkey dinners to-day. The Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor cannot even afford to send out many chickens, unless there is a sick one in the family. But there is an extra piece of meat—corned beef, or a pot roast, or something else that can be easily cooked. Cranberries are a luxury, too, but apples to bake, or rice for a pudding, or some other simple dessert goes into the grocer's basket.

Those who have known better days have a soft spot on Thanksgiving Day in Mrs. Fullerton's heart.

"Holidays take one back so," she says.

So there is a widow, seventy years old, and a daughter of thirty-five, who will get a good dinner to-day. They are people of refinement, who knew better days when the husband was alive. Now, both subsist precariously on what the daughter can earn making dainty neckwear for more fortunate women. The daughter is delicate in health, so much so that a separation sometimes seems necessary—the daughter to go to a hospital, the mother to a home for the aged. But so distressing is this thought to both of them that no one has the heart to urge it.

Then there is a little old English widow, quite alone in the world, who still manages to support herself at seventy-six. She rents a five room flat for $20, and lets out four rooms to as many as can occupy them. Occasionally, when there is an empty room, she sleeps in it. But ordinarily she sleeps in the little dark cubbyhole where she does her cooking and washing. She is a proud, independent old soul, who would rather eat a dry crust than ask for a good Thanksgiving dinner, but she will get one, nevertheless.

A MOTHER AND FOUR LITTLE ONES.

The first holiday in a broken home, after the death of the breadwinner, always appeals to the charitable worker with a heart. There is another widow, whose husband died last March. He had been a prosperous mechanic, and the wife had never had to economize. She had never earned a dollar in her life, and when she was left with four little children she did not know how to put herself to work. The insurance money, depleted by sickness and funeral expenses, soon melted away, and in terror of the poorhouse she appealed to the association. The latter found her a place as janitor in a house where she had lived for four years, and where the landlord was glad to get her. That provided for her rent, and she takes in washing and sewing enough to support her family. There is not much left for Thanksgiving dinners, or for shoes for four pairs of active feet, but she is immensely proud that she has reached her present position through her own hard work.

When her case was first taken up an agent of the society said: 'You'll never be able to do anything with that woman. She thinks too much of herself.'"

"That's the very thing that will bring her up," replied Mrs. Fullerton. "That pride in her personal appearance and in having a decent home will give her ambition."

There is one home in which this is the last Thanksgiving Day which the family will spend together. The father is dying of tuberculosis. His death cannot be very far distant. The wife has absolutely refused to have him taken to a hospital, and she cannot be compelled to do so. She says he wants to die at home, and he shall do it. She has made a strenuous effort to support the family, but lately she has had to care for the man day and night, and has been unable to do anything else. She makes $17 a month from renting rooms. The oldest of the three children is a girl of fifteen, so delicate that she can never support herself by manual labor. Therefore the mother has kept her in school, striving to educate her enough to earn her living in some way that is within her physical strength. By another Thanksgiving they will be on their feet, for the helpless invalid will be gone, and the mother will be earning again; but there are not many cranberries or warm clothes or cheerful hearts in the house to-day.

There is another family in which one member will be gone before the day comes again; this time a daughter with an incurable affection of the heart. The father is dead. There are five children, of whom one earns $4 a week, while the mother earns another $4. But medicines and comforts for the sick girl have absorbed so much that there isn't much left for a Thanksgiving dinner, even out of $8 a week.

ONE OF THE FOND HUSBANDS.

There is a despairing woman down in a little village in South Jersey to-day. She is out of work and wrote Mrs. Fullerton the other day that she could not see which way to turn. She is a woman with a history. But, like some other women with a history, she has not loved and lost; she loved and got him. She has three children, and, unfortunately, a husband. He has lived upon her earnings for years, and also got drunk upon them, whereupon he would beat her and the children. He has been arrested for this playful pastime, but she would never appear against him; not by reason of overwhelming affection, but because she was afraid that when he got out he would kill her. Several times she has run away from him and found work, but he always traced her, and whenever he appeared his personality so dominated and terrorized her that she permitted him to absorb all her earnings again.

Last summer the association found a good natured family in South Jersey who were willing to try her as a servant, although encumbered with two children. Her brother, himself a poor workingman, gave the third child a home. But this fall one of the children got whooping cough, an affair of months, as every mother knows. For many weeks she has been obliged to pay to have the child boarded out of the house where she worked, and this has absorbed all her savings. This week the family told her they would not need her any longer. They were probably tired of having her children about, for which no one could blame them. She could get a tiny house in the village for $5 a month, and go out to work by the day. But she has not the $5 for the first month's rent, and she has not a stick of furniture to put in the little house if she had it. She would like to stay in the little village, for the rent is cheap, and her fond husband has not traced her there. But she left her place yesterday, and the world does not exactly seem to hold anything to be thankful for to-day.

WEDDINGS.

CRANE—GILLESPIE.

Montclair, N. J., Nov. 25.—A wedding of prominence in society circles this week will be that of Miss Elizabeth Paulson Gillespie, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. John Gillespie, of New-York City, and Percy W. Crane, of Montclair. The ceremony will be performed in Grace Episcopal Church, New-York, on next Saturday. The Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington will officiate. Mrs. A. Gross McConnell, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Howard C. Smith, of New-York, will be the matrons of honor, and Howard C. Smith, of New-York, will be the best man. The ushers will be G. Allan Gilbert, Robert S. Baldwin and Michael Gavin, all of New-York, and W. Frazer Gibson and Samuel McLean Lowerree, both of Montclair.

RICH—HARRIMAN.

Miss Elizabeth Granger Harriman, daughter of the late John Neilson Harriman, and the Rev. Lawson Carter Rich, of this city, were married yesterday morning in Corpus Christi Church, West Sixty-ninth-st., by the Rev. Messrs. R. C. Hall and R. N. Turner. A small reception at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. W. Harriman, of No. 232 West Eighty-eighth-st., followed the ceremony.

SEMBRICH TO BE AT PORTRAIT SHOW.

Mme. Sembrich has promised to pour tea next Wednesday afternoon at the loan exhibition of portraits for the Orthopedic Hospital. Wednesday is afternoon tea day at the exhibition. Yesterday the ladies' committee presided in the tearoom, Mrs. John Hobart Warren, Miss Frelinghuysen, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. Seth Barton French and Miss Whitney receiving very informally, while Miss Emeretta Kernochan, Miss Collier and Miss Baldwin assisted at the teatable.

Miss Kernochan wore black velvet, with a large black hat trimmed with black feathers. Miss Collier was in gray cloth, with a chinchilla hat, trimmed with gray tulle. Miss Baldwin wore a walking suit of black velvet, with a white lace and chiffon waist, and a maroon toque. Mrs. French wore a white cloth princess dress, with yoke and sleeves of filet lace and a large picture hat of blue velvet with plumes. Miss Whitney was in moleskin velvet. Mrs. Warren, in black chiffon, with lace insertions over white, and Mrs. Frelinghuysen in brown velvet, with chenille fringe and a yoke of ecru lace.

Among the visitors to the exhibition were Mrs. Edwin Gould, who wore a brown velvet suit and toque to match, and had with her her little son, all in white; Mrs. G. F. Shrady, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. Mrs. Carnegie wearing a black cloth costume, with white collar and a sable toque; Mrs. Charles H. Berryman, Mrs. Henry S. Redmond, Mrs. M. Dwight Collier, Mrs. D. P. Morgan, of Washington, and Mrs. W. B. Osgood Field.

Nearly 1,200 persons paid admissions to the exhibition on Saturday, and the attendance every day is large.

WM-H-JACKSON COMPANY.
Union Square, North, 29 E. 17th Street.
Mantels and Fireplaces,
Tiles for Wainscotings AND FLOORS.

$18 will buy the latest Four-in-Hand Tie in Squirrel. C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer, 41st and 42d Sts., between Broadway and 6th Av.

NOVEMBER'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Foreshadows of Thanksgiving—Some Call Good Churning Luck.

With keen, welcome interest the young woman watched the gradual giving way of city to country sights as the train, leaving the great terminal, sped on toward the ever widening freedom of field and sky view that November morning. "Come as much earlier than the rest of the family as possible," the aunt had written from the old homestead, where numerous relatives reassembled yearly for Thanksgiving. And the niece found a ready response in her heart. Aunt Em'line possessed a balm for tortured, distracted human kind.

Nature, inanimate and animate, was foreshadowing the approach of cold weather. Fields and woods lay deep covered with leaves, the coverlid which the viewless mother spreads over the wild things that lie down to sleep. Occasionally, even thus late, some "common bush aflame with God" gave warm color to the landscape; elsewhere all was soft dull browns and greens. Here a burned over meadow, there a ploughed garden, evinced the farmer's forethought.

Leaving the express for a local train at a way junction, the traveller had better opportunity to observe the homely, everyday country details. Flocks of hens, huddled close to barns or houses. A dog or a cat, sometimes both, dozed on door steps. A pair of oxen lay side by side in the pasture, close together for warmth—possibly with some dumb instinct of companionship. Solemn, black crows stalked through deserted cornfields, and steely bluejays flashed in the fir trees. Steady spirals of smoke curled up from wide-mouthed chimneys.

Everywhere among human kind was the subdued haste of the country. Farmers were hauling huge loads of wood and hay, repairing sheds, painting carts, putting things under cover for the winter, or cutting down Christmas trees for the great cities, in woods filled with slanting sunbeams. Housewifely industry showed in clotheslines full of carpets, rugs, curtains, as the case might be, or long webs of cloth bleaching on the grass. Once in a while came a glimpse of a grandfather in his armchair on the porch, or a baby asleep outdoors in its carriage, thanks to some brave, sensible mother.

It was noon when the train went just a little slower, and stopped at the country station. Aunt Em'line, perched high in the old fashioned buggy, was waiting placidly, but, the warm, glad greeting over, she hurried the horse along: "Else we shall be late for dinner," she said. Good society in C—— very generally took its dinner at 12 o'clock, likewise breakfast at 7, and supper at 6, the year around.

School children, in heavy coats and red mittens, trudging home, hand in hand, to dinner, gave bright, shy welcome; and there was friendly greeting from every one, plain folk sometimes, whose faces withal showed the charm of refined living, which is civilization's best flower.

"Yes, this is good Thanksgiving weather," said Aunt Em'line, as they left the village centre. "See how those cornstalks went over in last night's frost! Cornstalks this time of year make me think of high and low churchmen: some of them, the extreme ritualists, bow most over to the ground, and some of them stand up straight. I always liked that place in the Bible where the Lord said unto Ezekiel: 'Stand upon thy feet and I will speak to thee.' However, some people stand up too stiff and alone: you can't get within forty rows of apple trees of them."

Aunt Em'line was a marked character—more and more the niece realized this—and the old homestead, of fine, stately proportions, full of gracious memories and traditions, was a fit setting for this slender, New-England woman, who held sole sway here now. The great parlor doors were open and hospitable fires were glowing in the spacious fireplaces, upstairs and downstairs. "I wanted to make sure things would be all ready and comfortable when the people come," explained Aunt Em'line, as her niece followed her about, helping dust the endless curiosities, West Indian conch-shells, delicate corals, and other family treasures, guarded for many long ago seafaring generations.

At nightfall, however, aunt and niece settled down by the library fireside for an hour's talk. "It's too dark to begin sewing," said the aunt half apologetically for the idleness. "When a person's eyesight fails she either has to have glasses or a pair of tongs. My mother always maintained that her eyesight wasn't failing, but that they didn't make the eyes of needles as large as they used to."

"Now, dear, tell me all about it." Aunt Em'line's voice grew suddenly tender, comprehending. These two had rare understanding of one another through sympathy, that electric chain which links humanity together. The niece told her tale of woe, ending: "Mother doesn't understand that I would infinitely rather marry Peter and live in a log cabin on some Western ranch, if need be, than have a big city establishment with somebody I didn't—love!"

"It is hardest to unlearn things that you learn when you are little," commented Aunt Em'line, thoughtfully; "your mother always cared more for dollars and cents than for anything else. What more pitiable way of living is there than that most povertylike of all conditions—life which has no aspiration, no love, to redeem it from sordidness. But to know all is to forgive all," she added, gently. "Follow your own heart: if I did not know that it was wise as well as loving, I should not counsel this."

In the revealing firelight the elder woman's face was like a cameo, so exquisitely clear cut and reposeful, almost Madonnalike in its calm. Years ago, in early married life, her husband had died; there were no children, yet Aunt Em'line had always been loved by those who knew her best for that divine motherhood, the motherhood of an understanding woman's nature. There are many childless women who are better mothers than those who have borne children. And there are many children who have never known what it is to be mothered. Such a mother-woman was the aunt, such a child-woman the niece.

Presently the aunt roused herself from revery, and went to superintend supper. The niece opened the long French window and stepped out upon the porch. Just above the horizon hung the faint moon crescent, village lights shone in the valley, the hillside air seemed strong, sweet, sustaining. There was a simplicity about everything here. Why did people twist and turn things so! Why not believe in love, not weigh it and measure it! Dear Aunt Em'line! How she brightened life, made things seem possible.

With a sense of thankfulness the niece re-entered the house. "I shall write Peter to-night," she said to Aunt Em'line, who was just coming with the supper summons, and Aunt Em'line kissed the face made radiant by the peace that comes after a right decision. Then, at supper, with the quick New-England transition from sentiment to "facts," she began to talk of necessary Thanksgiving preparations to-morrow. "Some call good churning luck," she declared. "It isn't; it's just good churning, and that is true of life."

ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE.

Twelve Hundred Pupils from School No. 7 Parade in Seward Park.

Seward Park saw another of its impromptu crushes yesterday afternoon when the Anti-Cigarette League of Public School No. 7, Hester and Chrystie sts, paraded twelve hundred strong, with scores of flags and gleaming standards, altogether too proud and happy to mind the biting cold and the blustering wind that had things largely their own way in the open square.

There are really more than fifteen hundred members of this vigorous association, but some of them were so very young that caretakers, considering the temperature, deemed it wiser for them to demonstrate by proxy.

A squad of eight policemen and an escort of something like a dozen male teachers kept the jubilant youngsters in position, while chubby, little fists, blue with cold, held aloft American flags and red, blue and gold school standards, and hundreds of little voices, hoarse with cheering, howled again lustily at the least provocation, or, even, indeed, without.

Since 1896, when the Board of Education offered a thousand silver medals to the public school forming an anti-cigarette league of that number within a given time, No. 7, then the winner, has been the banner school of the country, "probably of the world," adds its principal, J. Frank Wright. "Once Chicago tried to contest our right to lead the ranks," he continued, "but we soon showed our supremacy, and while there are more or less successful anti-cigarette leagues in numerous schools, their membership doesn't come anywhere near our four figures."

All the hues of the rainbow showed in the ranks—red velvet coats and ragged blue shirts, brilliant orange ties of impressive dimensions, and particolored garments of various kinds. When the columns came in sight, windows went up on all sides of the park, and fire escapes bristled with enthusiastic spectators. Trucks stopped in midstreet, and pedestrians, both men and women, bareheaded and with aprons wrapped about their hands, gathered from every quarter. Round the square marched the leaguers, and then into the open park, wildly waving their caps as they passed their principal, and greeting any stray stranger with voluble friendliness in sheer excess of good humor.

DINNER FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner for upper East Side colored children will take place at the White Rose Working Girls' Home, No. 217 East Eighty-sixth-st., to-day, at 12 o'clock. All visitors are welcome. Among those who have contributed toward the diner are Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, Miss Grace H. Dodge, Miss Mary L. Stone, Miss Conway, Miss Garnet, Miss Celia Woolsey and Miss R. Curtis.

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.

GRACE FOR THANKSGIVING.

For all Thy care and loving kindness, Lord,
Accept our thanks who gather round this board
We see Thy goodness in each perfect thing:
The sky, the sea, the bird on happy wing,
And every blade that makes the velvet sward.

With hearts and lips in worshipful accord
Do we recount the blessings on us poured,
And lift our voices hymns of praise to sing,
For all Thy care.

Help us to help the needy and ignored;
Teach us mere riches no true peace afford,
And grant to each that he may often bring
Some consciousness to Thee of laboring
To prove, O Guardian! a worthy ward,
For all Thy care.
—(Edward W. Barnard, in The Criterion.

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.

Mrs. R., who has generously contributed to the T. S. S. before, has sent $5 for Thanksgiving, which will be used to get a dinner for some respectable poor old couple. E. E. De Vinne, of Manhattan, and sister have given $3 for Thanksgiving; Miss C. S. Harman, of Manhattan, $2; $1 came from "A Grandma" on Long Island, and 10 cents from a little boy of eight; $1 from R. N. L., of New-York City, and $1 from H. G. F., of Brooklyn; Mrs. P., of New-York City, has made several poor families happy to-day by her gift of $10; Miss Elizabeth Cobb, of New-Jersey, has contributed $5 for cheer; C. L. M., of Brooklyn, $2; A. Lane, of Brooklyn, $1; E. O. L., of Englewood, has given $1 for "some little child's Thanksgiving"; $1 for a dinner came from A. B. C., of New-York City, and $1 from "Dash," of Manhattan. Other gifts for cheer are $10 from the Willing Circle of St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., and $5 from C. D. S., A. M. S. and A. L. H., of New-York City; a Sunshine friend in the city has sent $10 for an invalid for special use; A. R. M., of New-Jersey, has given $5 to the cause of the theological student, and Mrs. Annie Hulsizer, of New-York, has helped "Jimmie" by the gift of $1.

THANKSGIVING DISTRIBUTIONS.

T. S. S. members are always generous in their response to Sunshine needs, but this year they have surpassed all previous records of contributions for Thanksgiving. Most of the money distributed through the office was given in $1 bills, and the letters of thanks already received show that each dollar carried with it a gleam of cheer.

Our little friend "Jimmie" is richer by $11 than he was a week ago, for that amount was sent last Saturday to those who are taking care of him.

Distributions of clothing sent to city and out of town branches from the general office will make glad other Sunshine friends and give them an immediate cause for thanksgiving. Manhattan branches Nos. 10 and 6 and Avenue A branch have been thus remembered; also the Little Missionary branch and One-hundred-and-fourth-st. mission, and express boxes are on their way to three different families in Virginia, to Maine, Massachusetts and New-York State. Underwear and other clothing have been sent to the twelve-year-old girl for whom an appeal was made, and packages of warm clothing have gone to relieve many cases of distress in New-York City and Brooklyn.

But after all, it is the dinner that makes Thanksgiving Day seem different from other days, and through the kindness of T. S. S. members and friends who have wished to add their mite to the holiday cheer, many worthy families will sit down to a repast of turkey and cranberries. For one poor widow, whose husband recently died, and for whom the Nazareth Guild Branch is preparing a fine Thanksgiving dinner, this will be among the last days when she will have her family of little children together. She is unable to support them and the older ones will be placed in a home, while she and the baby will be cared for at the Little Missionary branch in East Eighth-st.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. Wakeman, of Connecticut, says that she read with a great deal of pleasure the three stanzas of Whittier's prayer that were printed in the column, and she has sent the complete poem to the office.

Frank E. Giddings, of Van Deusen, Mass., has contributed a box of men's clothing, in the hope that it may bring comfort to some needy one. A lovely suit for the German gentlewoman is the gift of Mrs. Elkins, of Pennsylvania. A number of useful miscellaneous articles for the Indian children came from A. M. C. and M. C. C., of Ossining-on-Hudson; knitted fancy articles and mufflers from Mrs. Jane Lyle, of Florida; a book from Elizabeth Porter Gould, of Boston; bags for the "Little Mothers" from Mrs. Withers, of the Conant branch, in Florida; scrap pictures from Mrs. D. M. Tredwell; a bright Christmas stocking from Mary A. Nelson, of Staten Island—a sample of what she is making for children in the mission; comfort powders and twelve color barometers from Mrs. C. H. Eagle, of Manhattan; cards, pictures and crayons, from Mrs. Aiken, of Vermont; papers and cards from the little Ramsdell people; crochet tidy from Mrs. Eggleston, of New-York State, as dues, and a dolly from Mrs. Sadie Draper, of New-Hampshire. In response to an appeal, Mrs. B. M. Tremper, of Kingston, N. Y., has sent a fine warm comfortable for the woman who is ill, and whose husband is out of work. A large box of excellent clothing came to the office from "A Friend of the Sunshine Society"; a box containing wools, five pairs of knitted bed socks, face cloths and fancy articles, sent by Mrs. L. M. Halsey, of New-Jersey, was the preparation for Christmas that her aunt, Miss Sarah Boucher, had made before she died in September. Miss Boucher was a loyal T. S. S. member and worked faithfully for others.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
—(Matthias Claudius (1740-1815).

ADVISORY BOARD.

As some replies to invitations to serve on the advisory board came in after the business meeting of November 20, the completed list is announced: Mrs. A. B. Stone, Mrs. O. D. Ashley, Miss Kate Percy Douglas, Mrs. Robert F. Vermilye, Mrs. Lucius Stanton, Mrs. John F. Zebley, Mrs. S. C. T. Dodd, Mrs. Harry Wallerstein, Mrs. E. B. Hitchcock and Mrs. Ralph Trautmann, all of New-York City; Mrs. T. G. Vietor, of Brooklyn; Mrs. B. M. Tremper, 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 Easton, Penn.; Charles B. Ballard, of Vermont, and Miss Emily L. Reichkoff, of Iowa. Mrs. Jane Pierce, of Manhattan, is chairman of the board.

DIRECTIONS FOR BED SLIPPERS WANTED.

A request for directions for knitting bed slippers—the kind that are made on soles—has come to the office, and it is referred to some of the Sunshine friends who have done so much of this work for the society. Please send directions to the general office.

FLOWER POTS NEEDED.

The children's farm at De Witt Clinton Park, Fifty-third-st. and Eleventh-ave., conducted by Mrs. Henry Parsons, a T. S. S. president, has proved such a success that the venture is to be a permanent institution. The Park Board has recognized the value of the work in uplifting and educating the children of that tenement house district, and this winter the Commissioner will provide a potting house for the preparation of plants for next year. The children will go there after school and on Saturdays, and be taught how to pot and tend the growing plants. A large number of pots are needed for this purpose, as one thousand plants have already been sent from the conservatories of ex-Governor Morton's summer home on the Hudson. Mrs. Parsons can buy 1,000 pots for $8 60, but has no money appropriated for this purpose. Those who have extra pots to "pass on" will please send them direct to De Witt Clinton Park, addressed to Mrs. Parsons.

CLOTHES FOR A BOY.

Miss Fairfield, of the West Side Settlement, asks for a suit of clothes for a boy of eight years, whose need is urgent.

INVALID NEEDS BRACE.

Up in New-York State an invalid member is hoping and waiting for the day when the T. S. S. can send her the $19 that she needs to buy the brace which alone will make it possible for her to leave the wheel chair to which she has been confined for years. A New-York woman who became interested in the case through hearing just the most meagre details has contributed $10, and now is the time for some friend who wishes to scatter sunshine to provide the whole or part of the $9 now needed.

UNVEILING OF TABLET.

Mary Murray Honored by Knickerbocker Chapter of D. A. R.

"The wine and the wit of Mary Murray did as much for American independence as all the guns of Washington," said Walter S. Logan, president of the Empire State Society of the S. A. R., at the unveiling yesterday afternoon of the tablet erected in memory of Mrs. Murray by the Knickerbocker Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

"This tablet," continued Mr. Logan, "commemorates not only Mary Lindley Murray, but the thousands of revolutionary women of which she was a type. American liberty was won by women, who sent the men into the field and stayed alone on their farms and carried on the business of absent husbands through eight weary years of waiting and of war."

Mr. Logan concluded by presenting the memorial to Charles V. Fornes, President of the Board of Aldermen, who, as the representative of the Mayor, received it on behalf of the city, and handed it over to the custody of the Park Department, represented by William R. Willcox.

The tablet meanwhile had been veiled by the stars and stripes, and at this point Lindley Murray and Miss Louise T. Murray, great-great-grandchildren of the heroine of the day, stepped forward and removed the covering, while the band struck up the tune of "America."

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Arthur M. Judge, and the Rev. J. Brownlee Vorhees, chaplain of the Knickerbocker Chapter, invoked the divine blessing on its work.

After the unveiling the party adjourned to the Murray Hill Hotel, where a reception was held by the regent of the Knickerbocker Chapter, Mrs. Frederick Hasbrouck, and the visiting officers of the national society and other chapters. Addresses followed by G. P. H. McVay, of the Bureau of Municipal Statistics; Hugh Hastings, State Historian; E. Hagaman Hall and Reginald Pelham Bolton. Mr. McVay told the story of Mary Murray and said that the plan so successfully carried out by her was believed to have been suggested by Washington. Mr. McVay suggested the propriety of a memorial to Mrs. Murray before the Washington Heights local board of improvements about a year ago, and his remarks inspired the Knickerbocker Chapter with the idea of erecting such a memorial.

Among those present at the unveiling and reception were Mrs. J. Heron Crosman, vice-president of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. A. R. Bedle, vice-president general of New-Jersey; Mrs. Charles Terry, vice-regent of New-York State; Mrs. Erastus Putnam, vice-regent of New-Jersey; Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, founder of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. J. M. Horton, regent of the Buffalo Chapter; Mrs. Samuel Richards Weed, ex-regent of the Norwalk Chapter; Mrs. George Perkins Lawton, vice-regent of the Saratoga Chapter; Mrs. Malcolm Peters, president of the Founders and Patriots; Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New-York City Chapter; Miss Mary Vanderpoel, regent of the Martha Washington Colonial Chapter; Mrs. Samuel J. Kramer, regent of the Washington Heights Chapter; Mrs. Charles Taft, vice-regent of the Knickerbocker Chapter; Mrs. J. B. Kress, second vice-regent; Mrs. J. S. Bradley, jr., secretary; Mrs. J. M. Lyon, treasurer; Miss Helen M. Fisher, Miss Hard, Miss Grace Osborne and Mrs. G. P. H. McVay.

The tablet has been placed just below Thirty-seventh-st., on Park-ave., within the parked inclosure there.

DEATH OF HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

At her home in the Gallatin apartments, No. 70 West Forty-fifth-st., yesterday morning, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer succumbed to an acute attack of pneumonia, from which she had suffered since Friday last. Her two daughters, Mrs. Grace Seymour and Miss Margaret Ayer, of the "Red Feather" Company, were with her.

Mrs. Ayer was fifty-eight years of age, the last twenty-five years of her life having been spent in the business world, in support of a family left dependent upon her efforts by the financial failure and death of her husband, Herbert Ayer, at one time a wealthy iron merchant, of Chicago. In recent years Mrs. Ayer has devoted her time to writing on feminine topics, and at the time of her death held an important position on the "New York World." A widely read book, "How to Be Beautiful," was the work of her pen. She was necessarily a very busy woman, but those who knew her best knew that she was never too much occupied to give a helping hand or an encouraging word or interview to a sister worker or aspirant.

With the Red Heavies.

The Story of a Love Affair.

BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

IN FIVE PARTS—PART II.

The officers of the Red Heavies were not only a clean shaven set of men, and—barring Popper—great in bone and sinew; they were also as good as sworn bachelors. So rumor ran, without telling a lie of the usual size. This tradition, like others of the regiment, had come down from the comparatively remote past. It was often discussed over the wine as a capital joke. At other times it was accepted as an inevitable detail of the regimental life. Officers of other regiments were in danger wherever there was a pretty woman to lay snares for them in the conventional way. This kind of incense left the Red Heavies unmoved in their circumstances. They were not uniformly stolid in the matter; sometimes, indeed, they had earnest little flirtations, due to great determination on the part of the lady and the man's temporary weakness; but marriage was out of the question. A word from the Colonel, and it was all up with the fair conspirator's ambitions.

So it had been for quite thirty-five years

Of all the Red Heavies, too, no one seemed less likely to run counter to custom in this particular than Major Grandison Lee. As a rule, he was too trying a fortress for any lady to besiege for more than an hour or two. He met the warmest direct advances with ice, ice, ice: there was no end to the ice he had at command. Life was too short for any lady to attempt to thaw him until he might tire. It was generally understood that he was a most dutiful son to his old mother, and an unusually affectionate brother to his sisters. But to the rest of the world such information, taken by itself, was not exciting. Of all the officers of the Red Heavies, therefore, Grandison Lee was least troubled by the serious attentions of the fair sex.

Yet on the day after his imbroglio and reconciliation with young Popper something happened to give point to the Colonel's inquiry at dinner that evening: "By the way, Popper, you must mind what you are doing. I suppose you introduced Lee to that charming sister of yours?"

Young Popper did not raise his eyebrows like certain of the others. He looked quickly at the Major and smiled, sedately for him. "She's my half-sister, sir," he explained, "and it was awfully good of Lee to take her off my hands as far as those Bailey folk by the Park. I had to introduce him. She almost trod on his toes turning a corner—didn't she, Major?"

"Really, I don't remember that," said the Major. "I thought it was you, Popper. But"——

"Oh, Major, Major!" exclaimed three voices at once.

"Don't be silly!" said the Major. "And, Colonel, I think I may say that Miss Riddell would not have been troubled by my escort if Popper hadn't put it out of her power to—er—accept an alternative!"

"Question!" cried young Popper. "That is, old man"—for he and they all marked with surprise the Major's evident disquietude—"I know she wouldn't really, if you want to have it put so impolitely."

"What did you say she's worth?" asked Captain Galway, feigning to be quite casual, while he stripped a banana.

"Eighty thousand, the poor dear! And a bounder of the name of Stiles won't leave her alone. He's a dogcake maker; and because his father invites a few broken backed lords to shoot his covers he thinks himself irresistible. She's said 'No' to him three times. The next time I hope she'll pull his ears. She's come down here with the 'mater' for a fortnight to try to get a rest from him."

It was curious to see with what avidity these Red Heavies listened to young Popper's words. But the Colonel, as well as Major Lee, had had enough of the subject.

"That will do, Popper," he said. "I can't allow you to continue unsettling our minds. Your half-sister is charming, as I have said, and so we leave her."

But the Major was disturbed for a considerable time longer, in spite of his endeavors to comport himself as usual. With good cause, too. Popper's half-sister had at first appealed to him merely like any other young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three, with tender gray eyes and a ready smile. Probably the dappled sunlight under those beech trees of the avenue made her look prettier than she really was. It didn't matter much, anyway. What did matter was the tone she adopted toward him as soon as Popper had slipped away, after a look at his watch, an expletive of annoyance and mention of an engagement at the Imperial Hotel.

"I do so want to say something to you, Major Lee," she began, when they were alone. It was then that he noticed her face more particularly. She was blushing like a boy, and she had clasped his hand, too, with the honest grip of a boy.

"To me?" he had replied, with rather less ice to his words than the contingency required.

"Yes. Peter has been telling us how splendidly you have been lecturing him, and both my mother and I think it noble of you."

She shot her words out like a boy in his younger teens.

The Major was startled, and the more he looked at those sunny gray eyes and the telltale cheeks the more he was startled. He begged her pardon; had she not made a mistake?—and so forth.

But there was no mistake at all, from her point of view, as the Major himself soon had to admit—not without mortification, seeing that it was now his turn to blush. His blushes were of the tawny kind, yet not to be disguised any more than hers.

"Money is so debasing," she said simply, "and you are the first man who has said anything to him, Major Lee, about ideals of a loftier kind. It is glorious for him to be in a regiment like the Red Heavies, and I'm sure he ought not to have any time for those horrid Stock Exchange transactions which are his father's business. That is what I meant."

She was a little less like a boy now. A high-spirited and lovely girl, rather; so lovely, indeed, that the Major could no longer look at her without feelings which had for years and years been anathema to him.

"You are making a great deal out of nothing, Miss Riddell," he said, forcing a raucous laugh.

"No," said she, "I do not think so. And you don't think it, either."

Had she been an ordinary girl he would have settled her with a dry rigmarole beginning: "But, my dear young lady," and she would soon have said her "Good afternoon." But there was an ethereal light in her eyes now which raised her far above the crowd.

"I—was unpardonably rude to your brother," he said, lamely.

"Yes, but it was for his good; and, coming from a man like you, and one of his senior brother officers, it was quite the most generous thing you could do."

She had changed again. Her eyes met his frankly and reasoned with him as man to man. It was amazing and more startling than before.

The Major had never yet met this kind of young woman. "But perhaps you are not aware that I called him a—cad, Miss Riddell?" he protested. If his life depended on it, he could have no reservations with her in this matter.

"Yes; and you were right to call him one. I don't say he is one, for he isn't at heart. But some men are just like children, and it's only when they get their ears boxed by the right person that they see how unworthily they have been behaving. It was caddish of him to suppose that you were angry with him because you had not made money like the others."

"Miss Riddell!" he had exclaimed, unconsciously striking a majestic attitude.

But she was wound up, just like a full-blooded boy after a college cricket match, with the win on his side. She shook her head in an "I-know-all-about-it" manner.

"Yes, Major Lee. Peter told me how you'd take it. He said it was like my cheek when I told him I would speak to you, and thank you; but he doesn't really mind, I think. I've seen such a very great deal of the demoralizing side of mere money making. My own father—and then Peter's uncle and his father. But I think you have had enough of me and the subject. It's a painful one."

She gave him a very intimate smile, with a gleam of sadness in it, and offered him her hand. It was a small hand, daintily gloved in lavender colored kid.

The Major glanced at it, then again at her face, and—positively he trembled. He did not take her hand, but in the fulness of his humiliation proceeded to explain.

"You make me ashamed of myself, Miss Riddell," he said, quietly. "Do let me tell you what I should be sorry to tell any other living being—well, suppose we say except my old mother. You have been imputing it to me as a virtue that I called your brother an abominable name. What will you think of me when I confess to you—in confidence or not, as you please—that an hour or two afterward I was possessed by unholy envy of what seemed to me the luck of the other men? I said to myself, 'Why wasn't I in it?' And so on."

"Well?" said she, glowing with triumph, and in the wretched Major's eyes too beautiful now for mortal man to look at.

"That's all," said he, feeling abject.

"Yes, but," she cried, seeming almost as if she were about to put her hand on his arm, "how dull you are, Major Lee! You miss the point. You were tempted, but resisted; whereas"——

"I am afraid that is not quite a true statement of the case," he interposed.

"It's near enough, Major Lee."

"I don't see it, Miss Riddell."

She shook her head and smiled the serene smile that proceeds from instinct the infallible. He, anxious only to have done with heroics and to divert her from them, too, tried hard to be and appear solidly matter of fact.

"I think, too, that it's going to rain soon," he added, bluntly, looking at a very innocent young cloud above the spire of St. Eric's Church.

Then she laughed brightly, as if she were now about to enjoy herself thoroughly, without responsibilities.

"I don't," she said. "But I will not bore you any more. I was to say from my mother, and Peter's—if we did meet you—that is, as Peter said we should," she added, in rather a disturbed parenthesis—"she would be glad to see you if you cared to call. And now goodby, and thank you so much for your patience. Peter said you were the soul of chivalry, Major Lee, and I've found you so. Goodby."

He felt like stooping and gently raising that little lavender gloved hand to his lips. Worse still, he understood what the yearning indicated. At his mellow age and with his autumnal prospects! For a moment or two he could not be his unemotional self. Then, with a stern effort, he recovered control of his routine faculties. "I shall be delighted, Miss Riddell," he said, in a sort of faint echo of his field day voice. "May I ask where Mrs. Popper is residing?"

"Hasn't he told you?" she asked gayly. "I could show you if you would let me. It is only a little way past that odd Jubilee fountain—Regent House."

(To be continued.)

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