NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

SMART SIMPLICITY FOR SWEET SIXTEEN.
—(The Lady's Pictorial.

NOTHING AILS THE HENS.

It Is Not Their Fault Eggs Are High—Several Other Reasons.

"What's the matter with the hens? There is nothing the matter with the hens. On the contrary, the hens have done nobly, and during the past egg season have produced more eggs than they ever did before."

The speaker was a cold storage man, and the subject under discussion was the present shortage and high price of eggs.

"What has become of these eggs?" he continued. "I suppose they must have been eaten. At any rate, they have disappeared. The quantity of eggs now in the country is 75 per cent less than it was at this time last year. The consumption has been enormous, and, to a certain extent, unaccountable. It puzzles the proverbial oldest inhabitant. Perhaps it is due to an increase in population, and probably the scarcity of small fruits and vegetables and the high price of poultry have something to do with it. When other things are high people, for some reason, take to eating eggs.

"No; they are not being held in cold storage. On the contrary, the cold storage stock is almost gone. There would be no object in holding them any longer, with prices as high as they are now."

"But it is rumored," said the reporter, "that in one cold storage house alone there are at the present time 250,000 cases of eggs."

"That is absolutely absurd. I don't suppose it has five thousand cases of eggs, and you may tell your readers that if it were not for cold storage they would now be paying $1 apiece for eggs, instead of 4 cents. The cold storage houses are public benefactors. They equalize the supply of eggs throughout the year. During the months of March, April and May more eggs are produced than can possibly be consumed. The cold storage warehouses take these eggs that would otherwise spoil and preserve them for the time when there are practically no eggs. If it were not for this it would not be worth while for any one to keep hens. The eggs would hardly bring a cent a dozen, and it is worth mentioning, too, that the cold storage people do not always make money out of the business. In some seasons they lose $1 or $2 a case."

Other inquiries among the city dealers in eggs brought forth practically the same replies.

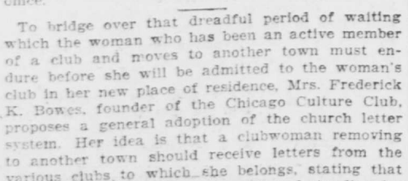
"Six weeks ago we thought there were going to be more eggs than could be used," said a prominent wholesaler. "Now the stock in cold storage is so reduced that we begin to see the end of it."

One merchant hinted that the retailers might be charging higher prices than was necessary.

Eggs are not quite so high at wholesale as they were two weeks ago, but the retailers still keep up the price.

The only prospect of relief in the situation lies in the weather. If it is warm in the South and Southwest, the supply of eggs will increase so fast that the market will go to pieces and the housekeeper will rejoice. If, on the other hand, the winter should be a severe one, no appreciable change can be expected before March.

New-York has received this season 250,000 cases of eggs in excess of its supply last year. In Chicago, one of the great storing places of the country, there were last Saturday night 116,000 cases of eggs, and the output of the week was twenty-seven thousand. At that rate, the supply will be exhausted by January. In Boston, on November 30, there were 73,000 cases, as against 114,000 on the corresponding day last year, and the same condition prevails in all the markets.



The woman's college record for the 100-yard dash was broken recently by Miss Laura Clement, of the class of '07, Wellesley College. The annual field day at Wellesley is always an event of interest, and those who have been fortunate enough to see the young women of the college putting the shot, jumping hurdles and running the races on the green beside the shores of lovely Lake Waban do not soon forget the picturesque ensemble. Miss Clement covered the distance in 13 1-5 seconds. The previous record was held by Vassar, at 14 2-5 seconds.

There has been a rumor afloat of late that woman, the "advanced," "ultra progressive" and altogether "new" woman is about to appropriate the tall silk hat, hitherto so entirely the property of the sterner sex. The size and severity of this article of apparel make it anything but becoming to the rank and file of femininity. And if masculine creation really desires to retain this badge of masculinity exclusively, perhaps it would be only necessary to circulate the assertion that silk hat wearing is certain to promote baldness, and that baldness is one of the characteristic marks of approaching old age.

The newest winter game in London is one imported from Simla, where it is called the "Scents of Dukani," and is the latest social diversion. It has already been seized upon by hostesses of all classes in the metropolis, and everybody's olfactory nerves are being put to the test. It is a guessing game on the Book Tea order. A number of tiny bags, each containing some article of strong and peculiar odor, are hung from a string across the room, and the contestants pass quickly along, noting the fragrance of each by name if possible. The winner, of course, is the correct guesser of the largest number of scents.

Miss Cedelia Cox and Miss Marion W. Cottle, who were chums at Wellesley College, have established a picturesque summer home near Intervale, N. H., and have christened it Sylva of the Pines. They bought a bit of land, planned their house and superintended the building. Here they have gathered old fashioned furniture, relics, unique furnishings and various out of the ordinary belongings, and have made a delightful retreat amid the fragrant pines. Miss Cox is prominent in New-York's musical circles; Miss Cottle is in a New-York law office.

To bridge over that dreadful period of waiting which the woman who has been an active member of a club and moves to another town must endure before she will be admitted to the woman's club in her new place of residence, Mrs. Frederick K. Bowes, founder of the Chicago Culture Club, proposes a general adoption of the church letter system. Her idea is that a clubwoman removing to another town should receive letters from the various clubs to which she belongs, stating that the bearer has been a member in good standing for so long, etc. Armed with these, she could send her letter to the president of a club in her new place of residence and be granted immediate membership in the same. Some time ago the same suggestion was made by another Western clubwoman. If modified, the plan would probably work well. No club would care to admit at a minute's notice a stranger, whose tastes, social standing and intellectual abilities were unknown, simply because she happened to be favorably known by other clubwomen in some other place. As a rule, a woman must be a resident of a town or city for a year and be proposed by several members of a club before she can be received into membership. Conservative clubwomen are not likely to view with favor any abridgment of these useful restrictions. But there are courtesies which every club might extend to the newcomer without any infringement of its own reserve or dignity. A little more of the spirit of freemasonry among clubwomen would be an advantage all around, and a club letter system would undoubtedly encourage the growth of such a spirit.

The Queen of Rumania, ever alert to progressive ideas, has adopted the Japanese fashion of excluding all apparel from her sleeping apartment. This progressive royal personage does not, she declares, "take so much as a stocking in my bedroom." She also has mattress and pillows aired during the entire day; also, after the manner of the Flowery Isle, the bed is not made up until just before it is to be used. All of this may be well enough in palaces and huge country houses, but what of the little one-eyed dwelling, or the still more circumscribed "flat"? In the majority of homes there is only one place for a thing, and if it is not there it is necessarily in the wrong place, and somebody must suffer thereby. Perhaps, after all, it is for royalty and plutocracy to do picket duty for advanced ideas, while the rank and file must perforce keep allegiance with the conservatives.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

but better be early in sending in your advertising copy for The Sunday Tribune.

Gold & Silver Plate
MERIDEN
Sterling Silver

Rich cut glass and royal copper, with solid silver mountings; papillon glass with silver deposit work in original designs; table, fancy and toilet pieces, afford a choice of articles and a range of prices for Christmas which are unexcelled.

The MERIDEN CO.
International Silver Co. Successor.
218 Fifth Avenue
Madison Square.

The "Popular Shop."

FILLED WITH THINGS GOOD TO GIVE IN HOLIDAY TIME
and not to be had elsewhere.

The McHugh (Mission) Furniture
Made in Manhattan since 1894.
Comprising an Attractive Variety of Useful and Agreeable Pieces
—for—
EVERY DAY HOME COMFORT.
This original and artistic Furniture is constructed of Native Ash, and stained to suit Individual Requirements.

The McHUGH Wicker Chairs, With Cushioned Seats, from $5.00 each.
(Natural Willow, and stained in Colors.)

The Picturesque Draught Screens
(Set with interesting Poster Prints.)

The Old Colonial and Pickwick Easy Chairs in Green Cambridge Calico, at $20.00 each.

The Formosa Elbow Chair of Oak Framed Cane at $7.50 each.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.
Tiny Tim Rush Seated Chairs.
Brownie Settees and Tables.
Domesticated Animal Rocking Chairs.
Noah's Ark Nursery Posters.

The Handwove Rag Rugs,
in soft blendings of Liberty Fabrics.

Freight prepaid on furniture bought from stock.
Visitors Welcome.
Joseph P. McHugh & Co.
42d St. W. at 5th Ave.
(Trade Marks Registered.)

HOLIDAY GOODS. UNIQUE AND RARE! Simili Joaillerie, Perles Ninon, Bijouterie de Paris, in newest and most exclusive creations specially imported for the Holiday season. Parfumerie Exquiela in dainty baskets for Christmas presents. Gants Duchesse, Gants Albert, Gants Lavallière, Mourning Jewelry.
A. F. JAMMES,
47TH-ST. WEST, NEAR 5TH-AVE.

TOO MANY STUDIES.

CRITICISM OF SCHOOLS.

An Indignation Meeting to Protest Against Present System.

The Women's Health Protective Association of Brooklyn is contemplating an indignation meeting to protest against the present state of public education. The subject was raised yesterday morning by Mrs. James H. Hart, who had been commissioned by the society to investigate the subject, and who expressed herself with great emphasis regarding what she considers to be crying abuses.

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Hart, "that the money given to public education could not be properly applied. The children are diverted rather than taught. There is no repose in the schoolroom. The teachers are driven to their wits' ends, and, while the children are taught a lot of useless things, essentials are being neglected.

"'Me and him's in the seventh grammar grade,' said a small boy the other day in response to an inquiry as to his position in school.

"'No,' said his companion, thinking to improve on the English, 'Him and me.'

"After eight or nine years of education of this kind, boys have to go to night school to make up for the time wasted in nonsense. This is made compulsory by law, and they have to go up to the age of sixteen, no matter how tired they are."

LUDICROUS ART.

Mrs. Hart criticised the art taught in the public schools with particular severity. The time given to the subject was insufficient, she said, to effect any desirable result, the teachers were not qualified to teach it and the majority of the pupils were not likely ever to have the slightest need for such training. And in proof of these assertions she produced a collection of artistic works done in Public Schools Nos. 32 and 27, and exhibited it with a running fire of sarcastic comment.

"This is Hiawatha," she said, producing a pictorial representation of an Indian brave, "and I think Hiawatha would rise from the dead if he could see it. This is a landscape. I don't know which is sky and which is grass. This is a road, and I think I have it right side up."

At this point Mrs. A. E. Fraser rose to a point of order.

"Mrs. Hart's remarks are very interesting," she observed, "and I would enjoy having more of her views on the public schools; but at the same time this is a health protective association, and its time should not be taken up with matters which it is not called upon to consider. This is not a question of health."

A QUESTION OF LUNACY.

"If it is not a question of health, it is a question of lunacy," retorted Mrs. Hart.

"I quite agree with Mrs. Hart," said Mrs. James McKeen, "and I think we ought to take the matter up. Our children are so pushed with a variety of subjects that at fourteen they can't even read. I question, as Jacob A. Riis does in one of his books, whether our schools are not doing more harm than good. They are stultifying the brains of the rising generation instead of developing them. I hope some practical action will be taken regarding Mrs. Hart's report."

"It might be sent to the Board of Education," suggested one of the members.

"And there it will be politely pigeonholed," answered Mrs. McKeen. "I want something done to rouse public opinion and put a fire under these officials. We ought to hold an indignation meeting and ask the other women's clubs of the city to send representatives to it. I think a committee ought to be appointed for that purpose."

This suggestion recalled the fact that a committee already existed which was charged with the duty of looking after such matters, and this committee, of which Mrs. Hart is chairman, was instructed to take the subject into consideration.

SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS.

Besides these criticisms of the curriculum of the public schools, Mrs. Hart also had something to say about their sanitary arrangements.

"Any department store," she asserted, "is better equipped from a sanitary point of view than the public schools. It is high time that the public looked after these things in the interests of decency and morality. I have been trying for eight years to get proper plumbing in Nos. 32 and 27, and when I brought the matter to the attention of Mr. Maxwell, he said, 'My duties are educational.' I thought when I was appointed to the local school board that I might be able to do something, but I resigned, together with Mrs. Prentice and several others, because I found that the board was powerless and I was only wasting my time there."

The meeting was held in the Pierrepont Assembly Rooms, and the business was characterized from beginning to end by a conspicuous absence of dryness, nearly every subject mentioned precipitating a lively discussion. At the outset the secretary read a letter from the Health Commissioner, Dr. Ernest J. Lederle, in answer to a request for information regarding the cow stables of the city. The Health Protective Society understood the secretary had been instructed to say in her letter that there were twenty thousand diseased cows in these stables, and Dr. Lederle replied that there were not twenty thousand cows, ill or well, in the two boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx.

HEARSAY EVIDENCE.

Apropos of this letter, the president expressed regret that the matter had been brought to the attention of the Health Department on hearsay evidence.

"There are some societies," she said, "that are always going to public officials with unproved reports, but the Health Protective Association has always been noted for the correctness of its information and has been correspondingly valued by the municipal authorities."

"We ought not to 'understand' or 'think' we should know," said Mrs. James McKeen. "Otherwise our usefulness will be gone. Public officials cannot be everywhere or know everything, and it is our duty to keep them informed. We ought to take care, therefore, that our information is correct."

It was decided to invite Dr. Lederle to address the society on the subject in question, and meantime Mrs. McKeen will form a committee to investigate.

In addition to the school report, a report of a recent visit paid by a delegation from the Health Protective Society to the Kings County Hospital was presented by Mrs. Eugene Pitkin. Mrs. Pitkin had very little but praise for this institution. Although the buildings were inadequate, she said, and an appropriation of about $50,000 was needed for additions, they were in an admirable condition, the only thing she saw to criticise being the fact that the dinner in the Almshouse on the day of their visit had been allowed to stand on the table half an hour before the men were admitted. This started another discussion, and Mrs. J. G. Bergen said she thought the dinner must have been an exception, because the dietary of the Kings County Almshouse had been taken as a model when the dietaries of the public institutions of the city had been revised. Mrs. Frazer said she thought few homes were up to the level of the almshouses in their domestic arrangements, and another member suggested that it might have been the presence of visitors that led to the delay in serving the dinner.

Mrs. Dike said that those who visited the Flatbush institutions thirty-five years ago, when the insane were put in cells dripping with water, and deprived of their clothes because they tore them, did not feel inclined to criticise anything now.

"NO PROBLEM" AFTER ALL.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Although there are as many able bodied women in Brooklyn as there were forty-five years ago, and although housekeeping is infinitely easier than it was then, energetic, industrious housekeepers are very scarce. Lazy women who pretend to keep house, or who get some one else to do it for them, are by far too numerous. There is no "servant problem." The whole gist of the matter lies in the fact that the great demand for housework exceeds the supply, and that domestics appreciate the incapacity of alleged housewives. Do away with lazy women, and you do away with domestic complications. C. W. D.

Brooklyn, Dec. 10, 1903.

BRAINS AND DRESS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In the recent discussion on brains and dress at the meeting of the Society for Political Study a prominent clubwoman suggests that "brains and dress are like two parallel lines that sometimes intersect." This is very true, and the trouble is that the lines are parallel, and do not intersect sufficiently to blend into a perfect whole. If we cannot have both brains and dress we choose brains, but why not have both? To quote further: "After a woman shows her brains, it makes little difference how she dresses." But it does make a difference. A brainy woman, who attracts by her clear intellect and common sense, attired in a tasteful gown, is a perfected woman. In an unattractive gown, something is lacking, a jarring note is struck in the brain harmony. Why not round out in a pretty gown and be perfect? If you do not possess brains, you have got to "dress to kill," and make people forget the lack; and there is nothing like dress to do it. Men are as amenable to this reasoning as women. Here's to the blending of brains and dress, for women and men!

CAROLINE HICKS PHILLIPS.

Flushing, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1903.

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.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast
Even from themselves; and only when they rest,
In the brief pauses of that earthly strife
Wherewith our world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy,
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy),
And hold it up to mother, child or wife.
Ah, me! Why may not life and love be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when at our side
Love, like a visible god, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble, and the street,
Worn like a dungeon floor, with weary feet,
Seem then a golden courtway of the sun.
—(Henry Timrod, in Congregationalist.

NOTICE.

Letters are received occasionally from admirers of the Tribune Sunshine Society showing that they have confused it with organizations of nearly similar name subsequently started by persons whom they mistakenly believed to be still in the service of The Tribune. To avoid error all communications, packages, etc., should be addressed "The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York."

TO CARRY CHRISTMAS SUNSHINE.

"It gives me pleasure to inclose a small offering to aid in dispensing sunshine," writes Rufus W. Tuthill, with an enclosure of $1. "I am so glad to be able to keep in touch with your society." Another dollar, "with heartiest wishes for your noble Christmas work," is received from Miss Hedges; another from "A friend," Chester, N. Y.; $2 from "George;" 36 cents from H. K. B.; 50 cents from Jessie H. Rupert, and $1 from Mrs. O. F. Winter. Mrs. L. M. Halsey, of the Inasmuch Branch, at Williamstown, N. J., also sends $1. E. H. B. sends $2 for the reduced gentlewoman, and $1 each for the "old ladies" for whom a special appeal was recently made. One dollar has been received from Mrs. M. A. Dorman for expressage on a special article.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

On Wednesday, December 23, the T. S. S. branch of crippled children of the Eighty-eighth-st. school (No. 350 East) will have its Christmas festival at 10.30 a. m., and the young folk into whose lives very little sunshine ever comes will be glad to welcome T. S. S. members, both large and small.

THE SPINSTERS' BRANCH.

One of "the Spinsters" has taken a deep interest in George Hamilton, the prisoner at Guatemala, for whom the American legation is endeavoring to secure a pardon, and has sent him a quantity of interesting reading matter (magazines and books), Christmas cards and a Shakespeare calendar to hang in his cell. As several inquiries have lately come as to his address, it is here repeated: George Hamilton, Penitentiaria Central, Guatemala, C. A.

REQUEST FOR ADDRESS.

A Newark member writes: "Can you give me the address of Miss Olive Seaton, an invalid, formerly of Sallillo, Tex., then Perley, Tex., and now staying with an aunt somewhere in St. Louis? Perhaps some member still corresponds with her?"

Does any one know Miss Seaton's present address?

APPEAL FROM TUSKEGEE.

Booker T. Washington writes, under date of December 8: "There may be some of your readers, as in former years, who may care to send to me at Tuskegee, Ala., Christmas cards for distribution among the poor children in the South, who, without such cards, would have no Christmas remembrances at all. I write to say that I shall be very glad, indeed, to distribute these cards again this year for any who may care to have me do so."

There are few recipients of Christmas cheer to whom bright pictures or, indeed, almost any bit of color would give as much "solid happiness" as to these color loving little people of the South. The T. S. S. headquarters will send all it can spare without stinting its own needy members, and the president hopes Mr. Washington's modest appeal will meet with the hearty and widespread response it deserves.

WAX FLOWER MATERIALS.

A "shut-in" member offers materials for making wax flowers to any one who is skilled in such work and would appreciate them, if cost of sending is guaranteed.

NEEDLEBOOK COVERS.

Mrs. McLean, of Conant, Lake County, Fla., was obliged to return the very pretty little morocco needlebook covers which a member kindly sent for her Christmas work, as they were not the requisite size and shape. They will not be wasted, but the request is now made for long, narrow strips of bright colored, glossy morocco, twelve or thirteen inches long and two inches broad. If it is possible Mrs. McLean would be very glad to have them in time for Christmas.

SHOESTRING BELTS AND KNITTED SLIPPERS

A "shut-in" writes from Vermont: "Won't you ask if any one would buy worsted slippers or shoestring belts. I make the latter all colors, red, white, black and blue, and ask very little for them. I am so anxious to earn a little. I can't help but get 'blue.' I am a little easier now and able to be dressed part of the time, but mother is so miserable. The doctor says she ought to go to a hospital and be operated on, but I don't see how we can ever manage that."

BRANCH REPORTS.

The Hill branch, of Brooklyn, reports a number of invalids visited and money, clothing, delicacies and reading matter distributed. The many destitute families under the care of this branch were all supplied with Thanksgiving dinners, and similar arrangements are already made for Christmas Day.

"We are to have a gift party on December 16," writes Miss Annie L. Mason, the president, "at the home of Mrs. E. L. Rice, No. 265 Stuyvesant-ave. Each member will bring in an unmarked envelope any money she may give or may have collected as a gift to the One whose birthday we will celebrate, to be used in making 'His little ones' happy on Christmas Day.

"A bed, mattress and counterpane for the young invalid girl was given by a T. S. S. member, and another contributed sheets, blankets and a comfortable. Contributions of books for the circulating library have been received from Miss M. E. Crouch, Mrs. M. L. Van Slycke, Miss Russell, Mrs. T. A. Alexander, "A Friend," through Miss Crouch, and from Miss Miriam Hill, of Orange, Va. The books are all in good order, Miss Crouch having very kindly covered and marked hers ready for use."

"I believe that every member of this branch did something special as Thanksgiving sunshine," writes Mrs. Emma S. Bromley, of the Clark's Falls branch. "Not all have reported—in fact, I often find it hard to get any accurate idea of what is actually done in the name of Sunshine—but I do know that cooked dinners were sent to two 'shut-ins' who have only 'men folk' for caretakers, and one family, which has been having rather a hard pull this winter, was invited to eat dinner with one of the members. Several other pleasant things were done. I sent a large box of boys' clothing to the boy in Mrs. Gammons's branch for whom an appeal was made in this column, so that it would reach there on Thanksgiving Day. Also sent several rolls of papers and small gifts to 'shut-ins' through the mails in time to be received that time.

"Since then I have sent a large box of reading matter to Massachusetts, and started out some of my Christmas work. Have been giving out some materials for my juniors to make up, to be passed on, and they are quite enthusiastic over it.

"Our Sunshine circulating library is still growing, and every book that comes is 'grabbed' with the same enthusiasm that the first one received. The books are not allowed to rest until they have been read in almost every house in the place, and then they go to two homes in Ashaway. That is one of the most acceptable forms of general sunshine here, and I think the part of the sunshine work which has been most appreciated. Some of the magazines and books are passed on after they are thoroughly read here, and some are retained permanently, and read and reread."

Miss Helen Gould's offer of prizes for the best essays on the Roman Catholic and Protestant versions of the Scriptures. In to-morrow's Tribune.

STUDY OF HOME ECONOMICS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: You have always shown the New-York Home Economic Association such consideration in your crowded columns that I venture to ask you once more to give it a hearing, and this in the form of words uttered by Justice John Woodward, of the Supreme Court, who unwittingly Sunday in Plymouth pulpit expounded the aims of our organization so clearly that I would wish to see them written in flaming letters before the eyes of every mother and home maker in our great country. He said: "The home is, after all, the anchor of our liberties, and the composite home always and everywhere makes the national ideal. It is the home that shall save or destroy. Let it, therefore, be the beginning and the end of our endeavor. We must teach the young, both by precept and example, to have a nobler and higher ideal than that vulgar display of ornamentals miscalled fashion. Ambition for comfort and for the refinements of life is, in its place, a noble and uplifting desire, and to this, no doubt, largely is due the prosperous condition of the American workingman. But its abuse has wrecked the peace and influence of thousands of American homes, and all because of that lack of perspective and of that outrage of proportion which is the resultant of a defective ideal."

It is not an impossible task which we ask of our American women, because we have always with us the younger generation upon which to build. In them our hope for the future lies, but for today, we ask for an awakening of the responsibilities resulting from lax methods and false ideals in the home. We plead for simpler living, greater knowledge of the sciences pertaining to those affairs, and a broader view of the real meaning of "home economics."

If a few lessons in home making and cooking can make the vast difference which we find it does in the homes of the poor women whom we are teaching in their own kitchens, where ignorance of the simplest principles of food and cleanliness exists and where little or no opportunity for greater enlightenment is found, how much more should we expect from our intelligent classes? There are communities not far from this city which have actually been changed in spirit by the energetic effort of clubs taking up home economics. These are object lessons which give us hope. M. B. SHALER.

New-York, Dec. 8, 1903.

SALVATION ARMY'S CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas Day the poor, needy and hungry of the United States, from Maine to California, will be invited to sit down to the Salvation Army's tables in the largest buildings that can be secured. In New-York the dinner will be given in the Grand Central Palace and to make sure of having it on Christmas Day the army signed a lease for it in July. In September preparations for the dinner were begun, contributions being solicited and lists of the people to be invited made out, and the city has now been divided into sections, over each of which a district officer is appointed, with a centrally located headquarters in each district. This district is again divided into sections, and a collector is placed in each one with a collecting box in the form of a pot, which the public is invited to keep boiling.

On Christmas morning 4,000 baskets will be distributed to as many families, and in the afternoon and evening thousands of individual dinners will be served. The dining room will be decorated with flowers and evergreens, and every one will have as much as he wants, even to the third plate of turkey and fifth cup of coffee. A Gospel meeting is held after the dinner, and all the families who receive baskets will be followed up and visited afterward.

The army desires that its Christmas efforts shall have a lasting result in the lives of the city's poor, and appeals to the public for aid in the enterprise.

Picturesque scenes along the route to Bogota, the capital of Colombia. In to-morrow's Tribune.

WHEN IN DOUBT APPLY TO EDITRESS.

The editress of an Australian paper has received a baby, with the following note: "To the Editress: I don't know what to do with my baby. I have done my best for him, but I can't keep him any longer. As yours is a woman's paper, I thought some one in your office might keep him for me until I can look after him again myself. When I saw the Children's Hospital picture in your paper I thought you must be found of children." The editress, bowing to destiny, is having the baby "set up." It is clothed, of course, in a print gown.—(London Globe.

A Change of Sides.

BY W. H. RAINSFORD.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

The car performed feats that morning. It leaped hills and flew valleys, it shaved turf edging to the inch, it brushed stoneheaps, it took corners rejoicing. White roads streamed up to meet it illimitably; the broad countryside—a checkered panorama of green fields, dark woods, dotted dwellings—swept hither from the horizon, rearward, rearward. It was a horse of fire, skirling its war cry; a screaming eagle, a snorting dragon—it spurned earth, it devoured space, it annihilated time. Then, obedient to hand, it slowed and went mincingly, with short coughs of advertised impatience.

"He is in form this morning," said Miss Vesey. "Yes, I usually make motors masculine; they are so uncertain, and it is such fun managing them. Isn't that a policeman ahead? Bother! This lovely straight bit!"

"Law and order," quoted he, mischievously.

"Policemen used to seem so civil, so useful," said she. "Here we are at Downton. Where to, Mr. Leyton? As the coachman says, 'Where to, please?' Mr. Bladewait's committee!—— Mr. Bladewait's! Oh, Mr. Leyton! you know you are not to!"

"I was not to support Mr. Bladewait without first warning you. In two or three hours my promise will lapse."

"You will withdraw it?"

"It will become unnecessary."

"Something has happened?" she queried, looking at him. "Is it really a secret? I am dying to know."

"When I come back," said he, alighting and saluting gayly.

"I shall call at our agent's," Edith resolved.

She did, and there she met a rumor just arrived and startling. It was bruited that Mr. Bladewait, the Opposition candidate, had resigned. Anyhow, a meeting of the Yellow Committee had been hastily summoned that morning, and that meeting was private.

Resignation, with only a week to the poll! Miss Vesey's friends exulted. She herself fluttered inwardly. Her thoughts ran even more unconquerably on J. J. Leyton, and about him in her heart hung cold doubt and hot curiosity. The under feeling that prompted these she stubbornly refused to acknowledge to her own soul, but her cheek burned.

It was her duty to find out all she could, she assured herself, and she consulted the time table. Mr. Leyton could not return before 3:30. As Edith Vesey had friends everywhere, she was at little loss for company during the two or three hours intervening. But they were very long hours—hours filled with whirl and jostle of emotion, with causeless expectation, with starts and flushings, with absences of mind, and sighs, and sudden feverish bursts of gayety. Little wonder that a trifling accident happened to the car. She also contrived to be in Downton High-st. about 3 o'clock, and there she saw J. J. Leyton drawing near the station in company with two or three other men, chiefs in organization, all in close converse. She plumed herself; at the Junction she would have her opportunity.

At Downton Station these men gave Leyton something of a salute as the train steamed out, leaving them standing. At the intermediate station he came to her on the platform.

"I saw you at Downton," she said, brightly. "Yes, I've had to leave the car; I have had a morning. Went to luncheon with some friends and took them for a run, and, coming back, he jibbed—the spark missed, or something—just in the town, luckily. Oh, the man will come over, but I want to get back now, Mr. Leyton."

"It's quite true," he told her, as they walked the platform together. "Mr. Bladewait's candidature has become impossible. You will see the formal announcement in the papers to-morrow." His eyes sparkled.

"You seem glad, Mr. Leyton?"

"A whited sepulchre," he said; and when, later, the Bladewait scandal muddied the daily press for weeks Miss Vesey remembered the phrase. At the time her pent thought burst——

"You knew about this man Bladewait? That was why you promised me?"

"That was why," he said, simply.

"Oh!" she gasped, looking away. Here, ignobly, was the end of her plumed blandishments. "But," she said, with show of triumph, "this will make Lord Batty a certainty."

"Let us hope not."

"Is there another—another?"——

"Richmond in the field? Yes."

"And who is he?"

He laughed low and meaningly and his eyes sought hers.

"Not you?" she cried, stopping.

"Even so," said he. "For want of a better, and if the whole executive confirms."

"Oh!" she gasped again, hurrying forward. This, then, was the meaning of that excitation she knew he felt beside her in the car—this, and not her presence! Hitherto, despite his hints she had not feared; and now the full truth, ample beyond guess, overwhelmed her and made her feel as if her heart was squeezed coldly. She glanced at him swiftly; his gaze was fixed ahead as if he saw beyond the horizon.

"You can't beat Lord Batty, you know," she said, with a faint edge to her tone.

"There was no one else, you see," he explained, referring to himself. "I have made some reputation as a speaker—I was out with a van for a year or two—and I have written. It is a forlorn hope, of course; news will spread and our side will suffer the taint. Still"——

He broke off and brooded, the light of battle yet in his eyes. In a sudden rush of vision she saw him member, rising orator—heaven knew the limit of her dream; and she gloried. Then as suddenly he became almost hateful to her.

"I shall look a fool!" she burst out. "I know I shall! It must be known—people will see why you—oh, you can't guess what women are! Ah, but what must they have thought of you? They said hard things of you, and I never"—— She stopped, in a swift grip of self-accusation, and he stood glorified in her thoughts. "All your friends, all those who so looked up to your leadership, they must have regarded you as a—oh, I can't say it! I never thought—I never saw until I was touched myself! . . . Wasn't hard to bear! It must have been cruel, Mr. Leyton! I know what people are in a fight. You couldn't explain because of your Party, and you couldn't lead because—— And yet you showed a smiling face!"

"It wasn't your fault in any way," he assured her, earnestly. "It would have been just the same if you hadn't."

"That doesn't make any difference; I thought it was. Oh! what am I saying?" (Surely the stress of her exertions had told on her.) "What a vain, selfish, foolish creature you must think me, Mr. Leyton!"

"No, no, no!" he said. He took her arm (what would Elby have thought then?), took it naturally and firmly. "Do you know, I have been whipping myself lest it should appear to you that you just came in time to form a sort of understood excuse for my position."

"You could have gone away," she said, quickly, looking up at him. "You could have gone away—health, private reasons, business, heaps of things! Why not?" She shot her query home with intent eyes.

"I could," he said, slowly, answering her also with a long look until her gaze fell and all her face suffused warmly. "I could," he repeated, softly, with a faint pressure of the arm he held so possessively.

"We oughtn't to be like this," she said, feebly, with a quivering little laugh. Her head hung, and she did not offer to withdraw her arm. "I mean, together like this—now. If any one should see us, any one of our friends who are such enemies! Are we to appear a pair of traitors?"

"Of course, it will be uphill work for a time," he went on, keeping to essentials. For a practised speaker his utterance was curiously halting. "I do not know whether I ought—well, I shall make some sort of way, in any case; for my book on the rural question is accepted, and they tell me it is sure of success. I can work harder; I have taken things very leisurely—that is, I have made no money; but I think I could—sufficient in a modest way, I mean. I could not accept—I mean, I have rather old fashioned notions on the question of money entering into relations, which ought to be removed—I have a horror of the very seeming of the thing."

"My friend, Nelly Cœsus, as I call her—she married a millionaire and she lent me the car, you know—says money becomes hateful. I haven't a cent—one London season just ruined me; but she says that she wishes she had nothing—just health and strength and—and—well, happiness," with a slight tremor in the voice. "When is the train coming?" Her petulance was the poorest make-believe.

"I couldn't have fought the election through," he explained. "I couldn't have afforded it, of course. But coming like this, with a week to go, makes all the difference; and there's the party fund, if I care to avail myself. But I don't think I ought; you see, it will be such an advertisement, and that's everything when you have a book coming out. It's curious how fortune holds off for years, and then, when you're least expecting it, and when it does come——" He paused, looking round at her, who looked downward. "And it's more curious how your views—your whole outlook alters when you—when there comes into a man's life——"

"How can I oppose you, Mr. Leyton?" she broke in. "I think I shall go away—no, that won't do. But how shall I explain?" While she rattled thus she would not meet his eyes. "Oh, I can profess I knew all about that wretched Mr. Bl——! No, heavens! that wouldn't do, either. What am I to do? There, I'm thinking of my foolish self again! Is this our train? Are we to go back in the same carriage, Mr. Leyton? And from the station?"

"Certainly," said he, smiling.

"Nothing matters now; things can't be stranger—not even if you were to beat Lord Batty. And I hope you will—there! It's the least I can say after what I've done! I feel desperate! I hope you will win! No, don't say anything!"

Miss Vesey bustled into a nearly empty carriage—a third class one. They sat opposite each other, next the door, but they did not talk; indeed, she stared out of the window for the most part, and her bosom rose and fell as though she breathed hard for a time. Her eyes shone dewily, her lips apart, and a sort of humble droop in their curves gave sweetness to her mouth. Once or twice she turned her face to him and smiled slightly, and the smile lingered after she had looked away again. "The next station is Elby," she said, presently, with almost a gasp; "the next is Elby."

She fidgeted with the window-strap, and he took it and his fingers closed on hers and held them. He leaned forward as the train slowed, and their heads were pretty close together. "If I win," he whispered, "I shall have something to ask you—you first came to me with a request, you remember. Next time I shall ask you."

"Let me put my glove on," she pleaded, softly. "Let me. What will people say? And what a way of explaining. A place like Elby; things can't be more wonderful. What's this?"

The platform was filled with people; they wore yellow favors, for so Elby news had spread. Mr. Bladewait was gone; vaguely it was known that he had gone in a dizzying fall—in a black, mysterious disgrace—and John Jesse Leyton shone in his stead. Local patriotism spread like a flame. Forgotten were doubts, forsworn was contumely; the old trust and following sprang tenfold; the village knew but one name, and it was uttered in memories of a hundred doughty onslaughts for the inarticulate poor, of simple courtesies and chivalries toward them; uttered in the proud assurance that the world had followed Elby's lead, had accepted Elby's chosen—glory was to Elby, and all in it! Elby hummed and seethed; the brightest of bright ideas was pushed to execution feverishly.

As Leyton descended a cheer broke; as he took Miss Vesey's hand it hushed. Outside the station it rose and swelled. "Oh!" said Edith, "I see." She put her arm in his. He turned from her—with her; he bowed with an air of possession and following, and the welcome burst anew. He and she walked along a fusillade of hand-clapping. Outside the welcome ran hoarse in a thunderous cheer.

There the mob filled the space. A four wheel carriage stood ready, with eager humans struggling at the shafts. A brass band in front of it struck up, and that afternoon the carriage made a roaring progress through Elby with J. J. Leyton riding in it. And Edith Vesey sat beside him.—(The Sketch.

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