NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

ELEGANCE IN FURS.

—(The Gentlewoman.

HATS FOR JANUARY.

Flowers in High Favor—Ostrich Plumes for Dress Occasions.

Among the newer hats that have been brought out by the New-York milliner are the silk beavers, whose smooth, satiny surface, closely resembling that of a man's fine dress hat, presents a strong contrast to the rough felt and nap wool beavers, the felt cloths and plushes which were seen earlier. One beautiful hat was of this silk beaver in lettuce green. A made Amazon ostrich plume, shading from very dark green to white, was laid on the brim from the left of the back, almost completely encircling the low, wide crown.

A large hat of white silk beaver was bound about the brim with silk galloon in pale rose pink. A bias band of pink velvet, knotted at the right of the back, and full garland of sweetpeas in shaded rose color formed the exquisite trimming.

Flowers, by the way, are in high favor for the garniture of hats. Hats covered with velvet rose leaves in shaded conventionalized colors are seen, and a greatly magnified rose is laid flat to form the top of a hat. The dahlia and petunia reds, the violet shades and lovely browns and greens seem to lead. Violet as a color is extremely popular, and violets as garniture have again a prominent place in the affections of the fashionable woman.

For morning wear the well dressed New-Yorker generally selects a close fitting hat, such as a toque or turban. The high box turban is popular for informal wear, but the tired or haggard face should be cautious in adopting what is certainly a somewhat hard and trying style.

The mild weather has made women chary of donning much fur, but this is found to appear with frost and snow. With all that has been said about moleskin, it does not seem that this fur will displace sable, ermine, mink and chinchilla, all of which have been tried and found becoming to the average face. For one thing, moleskin does not accord so prettily with brown as these other furs, and brown leads in millinery, suits and everything else this winter. Strange to say, the dahlia and prune shades have not taken so well as was anticipated. They deaden a good many shades of hair and are trying to many complexions. Probably cold weather will make them appear more seasonable than they have hitherto, and they will be more worn.

On all dress hats ostrich feathers wave—the great made plumes that encircle a large hat or droop down on one side. Soft coque and hackle breasts and pompons are very rich and beautiful. Gold used carefully, not lavishly, is meeting with favor, so says "The Millinery Trade Review," and gold cords, tassels and buttons are often used to produce military effects on turbans. Where ribbons are used, it is principally in wide widths, plain colors in satin taffeta. The beauty veils of tulle and other silk nets being unsuited for wear with hats of wide, flaring brims, flowing veils have come again into general use. They are of chiffon, plain or dotted, as may be preferred, and in black, gray or any approved color. Usually mounted on a slender wire hoop, this laid over the top of the hat, the veil is allowed to flow in straight lines, or is folded back to fall at each side of the wearer's head. The latest veils, two yards in depth, are slit and hemmed half their depth and mounted on the wire hoop. The ends made by the slitting are carried back, crossed and brought around again to the front in scarf fashion and knotted. These veils afford protection, and the effect is generally attractive.

Among the new materials are certain makes of plush pannes in imitation of different furs. By far the best are copies of moleskin and white caracul. Ermine, when plain, is also satisfactorily imitated, and also when dotted with black.

Crowns covered with a different material from the brim are returning to favor, as is shown by a toque designed by a Frenchman to accompany an elegant toilet. The low, soft crown is made of woven white caracul whereas the brim is covered with mink fur. A half long ostrich feather secured to the side of the crown curves over the brim to form a pouf over the ear. Toques made entirely of moleskin plush may be reckoned among the elegancies. They look particularly well trimmed with light blue ostrich tips, or with coque feathers to match, relieved by a touch of cerise, deep rose pink or Bordeaux red attained by the addition of a cluster of rose buds made of velvet of one of these colors.

ACTIVITIES OF NEW-JERSEY WOMEN.

A clever New-Jersey woman suggests that the men of that State would better be wide awake, or the women will be better informed than they are on questions of public interest. A young New-York woman, Miss Harriet May Mills, has recently been engaged in promoting such conditions in New-Jersey by organizing civic or political study clubs. Wherever she went she found the women ready for the work, not only in such cities as Trenton, Elizabeth and Jersey City, where active clubs were founded, but also in the smaller suburban towns, among them Arlington, Montclair, Caldwell and Bayonne. At Short Hills Mrs. Stewart Hartshorn, an ex-president of the New-Jersey State Federation, formed at her own house a Political Study Club, starting with twenty-five women. Several clubs were also founded in the seaside towns, particularly at Ocean Grove, Manasquan and Point Pleasant, where the work of investigating the existing laws and conditions was taken up with enthusiasm.

In the more remote southern portions of the State women have not escaped the growing interest in studying educational and economic questions with a view to civic betterment. Nor have men altogether evaded their joint responsibility with women in the practical side of these matters. In the little village of Malaga two "brothers" of the Farmers' Grange Society have taken office in the new civic club. The club at Montclair numbers among its officers a Presbyterian and a Unitarian minister. In all, two hundred members have been gained for these organizations during Miss Mills's visits to twenty-one places. Nine new clubs were formed where none previously existed.

Among the subjects studied are child labor, truancy, probation for young offenders, junior republics, school and town improvement, parents' and teachers' meetings, women's reformatories, prevention of disease, mosquito extermination, Settlement work, legal aid and State laws regarding women and children. As if these were not sufficient, the topics of the day and general economics are discussed. As a rule, the most interesting topic on the list of current events is "What Women are Doing." Debates and parliamentary drills are very popular.

Washington Says Its Slums Must Go. In to-morrow's Tribune.

THAT INTERESTING SUBJECT.

Three Groups on a Winter Day's Journey—Youth, the Eternally Possible.

Human nature—the always interesting subject—showed itself suggestively in three distinctive groups on a railway train coming toward New-York a day or two ago. They were all instances of the pervasiveness of personality, which Emerson expressed so aptly when he said you do not need to talk, for what you are speaks much louder than anything you say.

The first group was sad, of two people only, a mother and son—the woman in heavy black, the man-son black gloved; both had unmistakably come from some grievous last duty. Man fashion, the son strove not to show his feeling; he read a paper with ostentatious attention at the start; he made assiduously careful inquiries as to his mother's comfort. But when her handkerchief began going furtively to her eyes now and again he laid down his paper and let the sympathy with which he had been struggling show in his quiet, waiting endurance of the journey by her side. And his face grew tender, with the yearning, protecting look a woman loves to see on the countenance of a strong man.

More cheerful was the second group—a little boy with his grandmother, who entered the train at a way station. The aged woman seated herself next the window. "Do you want to change?" she asked. "Oh, no," answered the boy; then, after a moment, "If you don't mind, really and truly, I should like to change." The transposition was effected. "You can see over me, anyway," came the pleasant little voice, "but I guess you can't, in a few years." He was a refreshing child; for, although only eight or nine years old, he talked interestingly about whatever of interest appeared in passing. He located possible chestnut groves, picked out the good ponds to skate on; in short, he proved that children may, without any precocity, be quite other than burdensome travelling companions.

At the next station a large family entered the train—mother, father, three daughters, two boys and a birdcage. They were evidently "moving," as various bags and bundles testified, especially the birdcage, which the father, having brought into the car, gave over into the mother's keeping, and then seated himself beside her. The journey seemed a great event. The mother was a plain country woman, with careless hair, an uncouth hat—black felt, with red bows and black feathers at all possible angles—and a woolly, fuzzy black cape; the father a plain, heavy faced man. The children, however, especially the girls, showed the effect of the one-generation-remove of civilization's law. A pretty faced girl, with gentle manners, the eldest, about eighteen, immediately took charge of the two little boys, entertained them and kept them quiet all the way. The second daughter had the care of the youngest of the flock, Rosey, a mite of three or four, very engaging, with 'witching pink cheeks under a feathery white Tam o' Shanter. Meanwhile, the mother sat serenely, holding the birdcage. On further view there was revealed, lighting up the mother's angular face, a pair of fine, steadfast, honest gray eyes. And then one understood the bearing, the self-control, the entire personnel, of that family of seven, distinctly a middle class family. Yet those daughters, and doubtless those boys, if the fostering care is continued, will be in the best upper class of intelligence, in their day and generation. The older girls were already ladies; in their tan colored coats and hats, their well gloved hands and their general personality, they, by themselves, could not have been distinguished from two demure boarding school maidens, going home for the Christmas holidays.

The first sad group in time became interested in the others; and here, in the cases of the little boy with his grandmother and the large family, it was always the young life which was beguiling: youth is so eternally possible, especially at this season, when all thoughts turn to the child.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Dress Sleeves, No. 4,614, for 10 Cents.

Nothing marks the date of the gown so surely as the sleeves. If they are correct all is well, but with those important features out of style the entire costume will appear passé. This season sleeves are even more noticeable than common, and are so elaborate as to become the essential parts of even a new waist. These models are new, graceful and in every way desirable. The fancy sleeve, shown at the centre, is peculiarly well adapted to remodelling in addition to being stylish. As shown it is made of peau de cynge, and is trimmed with straps of the same, but it is appropriate for all the season's materials.

NO. 4,614—DRESS SLEEVES.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for fancy sleeves two and three-quarter yards 21 inches wide, two and a half yards 27 inches wide, or one and three-eighth yards 44 inches wide; for shirred sleeves with cuffs or for flowing sleeves two yards 21 inches wide, one and seven-eighth yards 27 inches wide, or one and one-quarter yards 44 inches wide, with one yard of all-over lace for shirred sleeves with cuffs, and two yards of appliqué for flowing sleeves.

The pattern, No. 4,614, is cut in three sizes—small, corresponding to 32 inches; medium, corresponding to 36 inches, and large, corresponding to 40 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and size distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern, send an extra two-cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

AN ODD COMPENSATION FOR RAIN.

From The London Outlook.

But touching the compensations of this great and continuous rainfall I will not speak of flushed sewers, of springs replenished after five dry seasons, of activity in the boot trade or overtime among the umbrella menders. No; the one great benefit which counterbalances the wetness of the world is that the night cats stay at home. You may smile as you read this in broad daylight; but wait till dewy eve—showery eve, that is, or deluge eve—closes in, and your head falls upon the pillow in rest that is made sweeter and more complete by the sound of the falling waters on the window pane. You will catch yourself wondering whether that awful beast that loves the cat next door is coming along the wall to-night. He is not; it rains. In 1903 you will find, or rather I have found, that I broke the record for unbroken sleep. Cats do not like wet.

SOME WINTER SOUPS.

Cold Weather Dishes Appetizing and Wholesome.

To make the best beef stock for winter soups choose beef that has been fresh killed, because the juices can be more readily extracted from such meat than from meat that has hung for a time. Butchers generally hang their quarters of beef by the shank, so that this part is often too dry for soup stock. Downtown markets, however, always have fresh shanks of beef on hand. Use four pounds of meat, split the bone, after removing all the meat from it, take out the marrow and set it aside for soups, puddings and other purposes. Wash the bone and meat, and put all on the fire to simmer in three quarts of salted water. Boil slowly and steadily all day; remove from the fire toward night and let it stand overnight in an ice cold place. The next morning skim off the grease that has risen to the top, lift out the meat, and set it aside to be used in croquettes, meat loaves and other dainty dishes. This meat is by no means useless, as so many housekeepers seem to believe. It is now proven that the really nutritious qualities of the meat are never boiled out, but remain in the meat fibres. The stimulating qualities so desirable in soups are drawn into the stock, but not the most nutritive qualities. Let the stock stand in a very cold place, but do not let it freeze. In winter it will keep about a week.

In the country beef stock is the best for all ordinary soups, because shanks of beef can always be obtained. Professional cooks consider veal stock necessary for their best soups and sauces, but veal is costly in the country, except in spring. Beef stock is not so gelatinous as veal stock, and does not form a hard jelly. Beef stock has more stimulating qualities than veal, and should be used in bouillon and similar soups, but veal helps to brown the soups or sauces in which it is used, and makes them look richer and more savory than soup made with beef stock, which no boiling, however long, will brown. Therefore, sauce or soup, however rich, made of beef stock alone should always be browned with caramel to make it look as rich as it really is. Caramels are sold for this purpose by grocers. For elaborate soups and sauces it is well to have veal stock on hand.

Properly made consommé, according to genuine French standards, differs from all other soups in being really a "double stock." Instead of beef boiled in water, it is beef and other meat boiled in veal stock.

To make veal stock, or what is known by professional cooks as "general stock," take a knuckle of veal weighing six pounds, and put it over the fire in a soup digester, in six quarts of perfectly cold water. Be sure that it is perfectly sweet and fresh (as veal is easily tainted) and wipe it off carefully. Add two tablespoonfuls of salt, and if desired any bones of meat or poultry that may be on hand, only being careful that they are perfectly sound, as the smallest bit of tainted meat or bone would ruin the entire stock. Let the stock come slowly to the boiling point, and when it has begun to simmer skim it and add a carrot and a half, scraped and sliced, one turnip, one large or two small onions and three well washed leeks, the onion and turnip being peeled and sliced. Cut the fine roots off the leeks and also the green tops, using the stalks as far as they are bleached. Add also two sprays of celery and one parsley root, with its leaves.

The stock should only just simmer—that is, little bubbles should rise one after another over the side surface—but there should be no violent agitation in the centre of the kettle. Let it simmer in this way for six hours, slowly and steadily, and at the end of this time remove it from the stove. Put a colander in the top of a stone jar holding at least two or three gallons, lay a coarse napkin over the colander and pour the stock, dipperful by dipperful, through this strainer. If there is any considerable quantity of meat, as there sometimes is, set it aside for veal loaf or croquettes, but throw away all the other debris strained from the stock. Set the strained stock in the coldest place available until it is thoroughly chilled, being careful not to let it freeze. When perfectly cold, and not until then, cover it up and put it in the cellar or cold store closet.

When it has stood twelve hours remove the slight cake of grease on the top and put it in the fat pot, with the fat kept for frying fish, meat, croquettes and other dishes. The stock will be found to be a light jelly of a whitish color, but not transparent, and it is not necessary that it should be. The amount of stock in this rule is sufficient to furnish a week's supply of sauces and soups to a family of four persons, if one day in the week a soup that does not require veal stock be used; that is, it will make four quarts of consommé and leave two quarts of stock for two other soups and for sauces. It will keep one week if set away in a very cold place. The cost is trifling considering the amount of soup it provides.

Rules are frequently given in cook books for making this stock from the debris of the kitchen, bones and meat, but there is not sufficient waste meat in any small family to make enough nourishing stock for weekly use. Any scraps of raw or cooked meat or chicken had better be utilized in croquettes, hashes or other réchauffés, or used for salads. Bones, however, may be advantageously added to the stock pot, though they cannot be depended upon entirely.

CONSOMME WITH MACARONI.

To prepare consomme with macaroni, vermicelli or noodles, boil three-quarters of a cup of any one of these in salted water until tender. Drain and turn into a soup tureen when done, and pour over them a quart of boiling hot consomme.

ONION SOUP.

To make an excellent onion soup, fry four medium sized onions in two tablespoonfuls of butter or nice soup fat. Let the onions brown, stirring often to prevent their burning. Add a scant half cup of flour. When the flour also is browned add carefully three quarts of boiling beef stock. Season the soup well with pepper and salt, and let it stand toward the back of the stove, where it will just merely simmer—that is, boiling gently at the sides. Let it simmer for half an hour. In the mean time boil two potatoes, mash them, and add a little boiling milk to them. At the end of the half hour add the mashed potato and milk and stir into the other mixture. Mix the whole to a creamy consistency, adding a little more milk, and let the soup boil for ten or fifteen minutes. Strain it and serve immediately with croutons of fried bread.

SCOTCH BROTH.

To make a Scotch broth, take two pounds of the "scraggy part" of a neck of mutton. Cut the meat from the bones and carefully free it from fat. Then cut the meat into small pieces, and put them into the soup kettle, with one large slice of turnip, two of carrot, one onion and a stalk of celery, all chopped fine. Add half a cup of barley and three pints of water. Simmer gently two hours. In the mean time, add one pint of water to the bones; simmer two hours, and strain the stock thus obtained into the soup. Cook a tablespoonful of butter and the same amount of flour until perfectly smooth; stir gradually into the soup, and add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Season well with salt and pepper. If properly prepared, a bowlful of this mutton broth is hearty enough to make a meal for a hungry man in winter.

OXTAIL SOUP.

An oxtail soup is a rich winter soup. It dates back to the eighteenth century, and owes its excellence to the skill of the poor French Huguenots, who were compelled to utilize this piece of meat, which was then thrown away by butchers. To-day oxtail is among the richest soups.

Cut a small ox tail into pieces, wash it thoroughly, put a teaspoonful of butter into a saucepan, and when it is hot add the meat and fry it until a rich brown. Then add the meat to one quart of rich beef stock. When this is done, add one pint of dark, rich Espagnole sauce, which is made as follows: Stir together two carrots, one sprig of thyme, one bay leaf, six whole peppers, three whole cloves, a couple of ounces of ham, a few scraps of veal, if you have it; two or three sprays of parsley. These flavorings should all be chopped fine, and when mixed together should not make over a cupful. Add them to a teaspoonful of fat or butter, melted in a frying pan. Toss them in the pan until well brown, adding a tablespoonful of flour. Stir the mixture into two quarts of stock of any kind. Let the Espagnole sauce reduce, on the stove, for two hours, when it should be almost a glaze. Add a pint of this sauce to the soup. The rest of the sauce can be set aside for the various purposes for which it is of value. It can be kept a long time in a cold place. Let the mixture of oxtail soup and the sauce cook slowly for an hour, then add a teaspoonful of good Worcestershire sauce, a sprig of thyme, a branch of soup celery, one bay leaf, four sprays of parsley and a teaspoonful of browned flour. Let it cook ten minutes longer, and then strain it, adding a tablespoonful of port or Madeira. Return the pieces of ox tail to the soup and serve immediately as hot as possible.

The old axiom that early rising and early retiring are a sure road to health, wealth and wisdom is not a safe guide to follow, according to medical authorities. This idea, so commonly held by old fashioned people, is a remnant of that stern Puritan doctrine that all indulgence of the natural inclinations partook of the kingdom of Satan. But there can be no exception to the rule that all small children, and even older school children, should go early to bed. Nine o'clock, the old hour of the curfew, should be the rule of the young scholar, and very small children should go to bed with the chickens, before the daylight darkens. And, though sent to bed early, children should not be expected to rise too early in the morning. To a delicate child the rest that comes with the early hours is a tonic and blessing. Ten or eleven hours is none too much for a young child, and the schoolboy who is forming bone and muscle needs more sleep than his grown-up brother. Many a delicate schoolgirl has been hurried to an early grave by burning the midnight oil and at the same time attempting to rise with the lark. Sleep is a tonic, and it is the duty of the housemother to see that all persons in her charge have sufficient sleep, quite as much as to see that they have sufficient food. Yet the same mother who will allow her children to eat even more than is sometimes good for them will deny them sufficient sleep because it upsets her plans, or because she ignorantly mistakes for slothfulness the natural desire which all growing children have for extra rest.

Grown persons of a frail, nervous organization, and especially women, who, as a rule, are of a more nervous temperament than men, require a proportionately greater amount of sleep. It has been said of the great Napoleon, who never faltered through all the exciting and momentous events of his life, that he required but six hours' sleep. There was no strain on his vitality, because his nerves were as inflexible as iron. Men and women of such a stamp naturally do not need much sleep, but the delicate girl, whose nervous energies are daily taxed to their fullest limit, must have an extra amount of sleep and rest to enable her to meet her daily tasks. If one or two members of the family are compelled to rise very early, it should not be deemed necessary for the rest of the family to be aroused at the same time. The health of the family is of far more importance than the slight task of setting an extra table for breakfast or keeping the meal waiting a while.

It should be remembered that during the early morning hours human vitality is at its lowest ebb. Yet many aged men and women insist on rising at daybreak, and feel that they are performing a sacred duty in so doing. They remind one of the college boy who sarcastically remarked that "doing right is doing just what you don't want to."

While plenty of sleep is a good thing for every one, it is possible to have too much of it, as of all good things. Eight hours' sleep is all that is necessary for young persons in good health and under no special strain.

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.

WHAT CHEER!

Ye need not fear to leave the shore;
Not seldom youth has shamed the sage
With riper wisdom—but to age
Youth, youth, returns no more!
Be yours the strength by will to conquer fate,
Since to the man who sees his purpose clear,
And gains that knowledge of his sphere
Within which lies all happiness—
Without, all danger and distress—
And seeks the right, content to strive and wait—
To him all good things flow, nor honor crowns him late.
—(Edmund Clarence Stedman.

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."

NEED FOR AN ANIMATED RAY OF SUNSHINE

If any Manhattan member living preferably in the lower part of the borough would be willing to make an occasional visit to an invalid in that vicinity, the society will be glad to give the name of a young woman who would greatly appreciate such thoughtfulness.

FOR TUSKEGEE.

Mrs. S. N. R., of Pittsfield, Mass., writes: "In response to an appeal in the Sunshine column for gifts for Booker T. Washington to distribute, my daughter and I have sent a box direct to him, charges paid, which we hope may bring pleasure to a few at Christmas time."

Miss E. A. Sharp writes: "I have sent Christmas cards to the Tuskegee Institute and will add about fifty stories in envelopes a little later." From the same source a barrel of good reading matter is on its way to a New-Hampshire branch.

The Nazareth Guild has forwarded a number of calendars to Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, in response to Mr. Washington's appeal.

WOMAN'S PAGES OFFERED.

Several members have offered to send the "Woman's Pages" to members who would like them and the society would be glad to have the names of any who especially desire them. Will the members who wish to forward the Pages please communicate with Mrs. Annie L. Mason, No. 407 Washington-ave., Brooklyn, who has several "shut-in" members who would like to receive this form of cheer?

"Charlie" J. Orr, a member in Kenney, Ill., a helpless invalid, has prepared a little booklet entitled "Only Waiting," which he sells for 15 cents, and would be glad to have orders for it from any who care to give sunshine in this way. The sale of these is his only support, and as the price is so small it is hoped a generous response will greet this appeal.

SUNSHINE DISTRIBUTIONS.

The East Orange branch has been busy packing a Christmas box for a needy family in its own vicinity, and another for missionaries in North Carolina. Miss C. V. has forwarded sunshine to an invalid girl in West Virginia; a Manhattan member has sent Christmas joy into the hearts of ten poor children.

Mrs. M. P. Thatcher is still sending periodicals regularly to members desiring such cheer, and is remembering three invalids this season with special Christmas greetings.

A Westchester member has kindly remembered the wife and six children of the "village blacksmith" with Sunshine cheer, besides others on her correspondence list.

A Vermont member has, through the year, gladdened the lives of members in South Dakota, Maine, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Michigan and New-York by sending regularly the magazines most desired as Sunshine reading.

Adolph Koch writes: "No doubt you are very busy now with the many rays of sunshine to be sent out. I, too, in my small way am the same. Last year I sent out 120 letters, each one containing a card, to 'shut-ins' and others, and this year my list is even longer. All I ask is that I may keep my strength until I finish this work I have planned."

If all the reports of sunshine "passed on" to others by individual members could be published what a multitude of good deeds would be recorded.

An East Nassau, N. Y., member asks for "'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' to circulate." She thinks it will be sure to encourage the true Sunshine spirit wherever it goes.

WOULD LIKE TO SELL SLIPPERS.

A Charlesville, Penn., member writes: "Do you know of any one who would order any slippers to help a sufferer who tries, oh! so hard, to help herself?" This address will gladly be forwarded to any one who is interested.

AUTOHARP OFFERED.

A member writes: "If you know of any one who would like to have a first class autoharp for Christmas, I shall be glad to send mine. I do not use it any more, as I have not the time."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Sisters of Charity, of the Nazareth Annex, Seton Hospital, Spuyten Duyvil, offer the season's greetings, and very sincere thanks to the Tribune Sunshine Society for the notice kindly inserted in The Tribune of Sunday, December 18, which resulted in several dolls for Alith, and toys for the Christmas tree; also for the beautiful doll and toys received yesterday from the general office.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Simple, plain gowns—any sort of convenient leftover that would not do for more serious wear—were once considered good enough for house frocks. A girl was not supposed to dress up in the house. Her "best" things were for the theatre, or calling, or dances, or—sometimes—for church. We have changed all that. More and more expensive, elaborate gowns are worn in the house. Picture gowns of velvet, with flowing sleeves of lace, lace collars and jewelled girdles are to be worn. Changeable silks and velveteens are also utilized for indoor wear. Long lines and loosely flowing skirts characterize all these new picture gowns. A pretty girl never looks prettier than when wearing one of these dresses, provided it is in a becoming shade, and, the fashion being comparatively new, it may be depended on to last through several years.

A new and becoming mode for women who are too thin is to arrange a broad lace collar on the neck of an evening gown, letting it come up high at the back and bringing it down at each side of the corsage, so as to leave an almost triangular portion of the neck uncovered. As a rule, women with thin figures are careful to wear their so-called low dresses cut as high as possible. By so doing they manage to show only the thinnest part—the throat and collar bones. The beauty of this new style is that it renders the collar bones less prominent, veils the too sharp shoulder blades and deals tenderly with the hollows between the chest and the shoulder.

White and black is a favorite combination for dressy coats, while cloth is darned with black in very effective designs, and black trimmings are much used.

The Christmas Mutineers.

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

"I daren't tell you the truth," she said. "I daren't."

"Is it so awful?" I said.

"It's not you I'm protecting, it's myself," she said. "I want to be wise for both of us. I want to save you from, perhaps, making a terrible mistake—and—and—from breaking my heart."

"You haven't any concern about mine," I remarked.

"We're going to change the conversation," she said. "There's too much loose powder lying about for us to drop sparks."

"I want to set off the whole thing sky-high," I said.

"Let go my hand," she said, "and then tell me how you find New-York after the Orient."

"It's still here," I said. "I haven't had time to notice much else."

"Tell me about your life out there," she said. "What it was like. The women you met. What you did, you know."

"I started in with Rangoon," I said, "put up a trolley line and left for Pulu Penang. Put up a trolley line and lit out for Bantong. Put up a trolley line and left for Wo Ho. Put up a trolley line and left for"——

"Oh, stop," she cried.

"You began it," I said.

"But I meant between whiles," she said.

"Oh, that was iced beer principally," I said.

"But I want to know about the women," she said.

"There weren't many women," I said.

"But I want to know all about those there were," she persisted.

"What do you call knowing all about them?" I said.

"Whether you cared for any of them."

"I thought a heap of one girl," I said.

"Then tell me about her," she said.

"Oh, she died," I said.

"Did you like her as much as you liked me?" she asked.

"Almost," I said.

"I don't think I want to know any more, then," she said.

"You had given me up," I said. "You never wrote. You have no right to blame me."

"I'm not blaming you," she said. "I'm sorry, that's all."

"She used to remind me of you," I said. "I suppose that was why I liked her."

"Evan," she said, "this subject is getting as bad as the other. Let's try and be perfectly ordinary and harmless."

"I have always been that," I returned.

"I mean avoiding intimate things altogether," she explained. "Don't let's talk of ourselves any more. Let's be general."

"You give me a start, then," I said.

"How do you like the new way of celebrating Christmas?" she asked.

"It depends a lot on who shares your window seat," I said.

"Evan, be general," she said.

"I believe I like the old way best," I remarked, "the holly, the mistletoe, the pulley crockers—all the fun and noise and laughter and merrymaking—the presents, the whoops of joy, the lighted trees, the shiny balls, the drip of pink grease on excited children. Why, I wouldn't change it for worlds. This is an abomination. This isn't Christmas at all. It may be up to date and smart and all that, but I resent it down to my boots."

"It's certainly not like Christmas," she said.

"Grace," I said, "it's rot. That's what it is. Rot! And devilish affected rot, too. When we are marr"——

"Evan, your promise," she interrupted.

"I mean next Christmas in our little flat"—— I began.

"Your promise!"

"It won't be like this anyway, will it?"

I don't know what she answered, because at this moment a young man rose darkly before us and whispered my companion's name.

"What do you want, Eric?" asked Grace, apparently not overjoyed at the interruption.

"Are you fellows ripe for revolution?" he inquired.

"It depends who revolutes, and for what," I said.

"There's a restless feeling in the mob that this is no Christmas at all," said Eric.

"Just what I was telling Miss Mountmorris myself," I said.

"They are throwing up barricades," said Eric, "and the proletariat has riz."

"Hadn't you better go and help them?" I suggested.

"And leave you in the dark with the prettiest woman in the room while we raise the flag of freedom?" he cried.

"What do you want us to do?" I asked.

"Rally," he replied.

"Be a little more specific," I said.

"I am charged by the Secret Central Committee to request you to rally at the sound of the tocsin," he explained. "A tin trumpet will be blown three times. At the third toot everybody is to rush in and yell 'Merry Christmas!' at the top of his voice."

"Does Mrs. Lee-Courtney know about it?" asked Grace.

"Know! Of course she doesn't know," ejaculated Eric.

"You mustn't hurt her feelings," said Grace.

"There are more important things in the world than feelings," said Eric. "People who take liberties with Christmas are trifling with the heart-strings of humanity. We're going to have a real Christmas in this house if we have to walk through ber-lud to get it!"

"Sit down and tell us about it," said Grace. "After we all cry 'Merry Christmas' what's going to happen next?"

"Haven't time," said Eric. "The train's laid. Reports are made every five minutes to the Secret Central Committee, who sit in continuous session. I must ask you to be initiated at once."

"Initiated?" I said.

"That's always part of a conspiracy," said Eric, producing a small, soggy bit of plum cake.

"I didn't know you had to eat things," exclaimed Grace.

"It's symbolical," said Eric.

"Wish you had a fresher looking piece," I said.

"If you only knew the trouble we have taken to get it," said Eric. "But, of course, you don't know and never will. Charley buncoed it out of a kid in Forty-second-st."

"I don't believe I care to conspire," I said.

"Perhaps you'd rather be boiled in oil and the pieces flung to the wolves," said Eric.

"I almost believe I should," I said.

"Bring on your wolves," said Grace.

"Oh, come along and be a good fellow," pleaded Eric. "It's part of the game, you know. You really must do it." He forced a bit of cake on each of us as he spoke.

"I wonder if I'll ever see happy Bantong again," I remarked, as I swallowed mine. Grace took hers in silence. You could have heard a pin drop. You don't get good plum cake in Forty-second-st.

"Is there any initiatory ice water?" Grace asked.

"No," returned Eric, "but you take this piece of holly and draw it slowly across your heart, saying 'O. F. C.'"

"I suppose that stands for 'orfully fearful cake,'" I said.

"'Old fashioned Christmas,'" explained Eric. "You ought to be ashamed to be so stupid before a lady."

Grace took the holly and performed the rite. She handed it to me and I did the same. Eric heaved a sigh of relief and put the branch back into his pocket. He was turning to leave us when Grace caught him by the arm.

"Oh, tell us something more about it," she said.

"By Jove!" said Eric, "we found everybody sick of this hiding in the dark and crazy for a real Christmas. Liversedge went scooting to the Waldorf for plum pudding; Phipps and Lane raided a slum social in Third-ave. for mistletoe and crackers; Mrs. Santley's chauffeur knew a place where we could get a wallopping 'Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men.' Portheus started off in his whizz cart to get holly or die. Maybe you think the committee hasn't worked."

"They've laid up treasure in Heaven," said Grace.

"Not to speak of a possible rumpus on earth," I added.

"Well, it's done now," said Eric, not without a trace of uneasiness. "Don't forget the signal," he went on. "Three blasts of a kid's trumpet." And with that he departed with an apprehensive giggle.

"I hope he won't get us into a mess," said Grace. "It would be terrible if she were really offended."

"It serves her right for trying to cheat us out of Christmas," I said.

"I thought you liked sitting with me here alone," said Grace.

"Oh, I meant the principle of the thing," I returned.

Toot! toot! toot!

You'll hardly believe it, but the sound of that little tin horn made our hearts leap. The next room suddenly blazed up with lights and reverberated with the laughter and cheers of inpouring guests. I took Grace's hand and raced with her into the midst of it, arriving just in time to join in the mighty cheer of "Christmas Forever!" Mrs. Lee-Courtney had risen from the divan where she had been sitting with Roger Snow, and the pair, side by side, stood regarding us with amazement. I think for a moment she was very angry, for she turned all colors and her black eyes flashed as she pressed closer to Snow's side, but he was quick to save the situation and burst out with a roar of laughter. It was a little forced, I think, but at that moment as welcome as a streak of sunshine through a bank of storm. The indignation melted from Mrs. Lee-Courtney's face, and somebody passing Snow a sprig of mistletoe, he waved it above her head and gallantly kissed her.—(The Sphere.

GLEANINGS

Before a large audience of men and women at the New Victorian Club, in London, Lady Violet Greville lately delivered an address under the title of "A Trivial Talk About Women," in which she argued that her sisters of to-day compare very unfavorably with their grandmothers. The latter, she said, had no nerves, could ride from York to London, sit unlimited lengths of time in straight-backed chairs, and did not know a "rest cure," even by implication. True aristocratic exclusiveness, lamented the aristocratic speaker, has entirely "gone out," as have also true home life, needle work and housewifery. The last place where a society woman is to be looked for is at home. Good manners, too, are things of the past, thinks this daughter of a noble house. The idea that a woman can attain equality in a literal sense with man was also decried by Lady Violet, and the practice made by many women who do not need it of doing remunerative work that might better be done by the truly needy was characterized as really unwomanly. Some feminine traits and trivialities were also touched upon. "Even keys are an index of character," said the speaker, "and show the different characteristics of the sexes. A man hangs his keys on a nail or fastens them to his braces. A woman puts hers anywhere—under her pillow, in a drawer, under a book, but she rarely remembers where, and the afternoon excitement of a house party is frequently a search for some woman's keys."

New-Yorkers will have reason to feel pride in their State building at the St. Louis Exposition, if the ideas of the architect are carried out. It will stand on a wooded slope, commanding a view of that part of the exposition grounds known as "the plateau of States." It will be surrounded by fine terraces and gardens, with beautiful statuary. The outside of the building is to be pure Colonial, of the time of Jefferson, and was suggested to a certain extent by the University of Virginia, which Jefferson designed. The approach will be not unlike that of the Library of Columbia University. New-York is said to have secured the most desirable location in the Educational Building. One important feature of the educational exhibit, which is under the supervision of De Lancey Ellis, of Batavia, will be the rural school exhibit, which will demonstrate the efficiency of the rural schools. Cornell University will make a fine agricultural exhibit. New-York's horticultural exhibit is said to be almost ready, five hundred barrels of the finest fruit the State possesses being already in cold storage, although the fair will not open for nearly half a year. In the strawberry season the prize berries will be gathered and shipped to St. Louis. Three hundred varieties of potatoes are already in the warehouse in St. Louis. An innovation has been made in the matter of the live-stock exhibit, as only that stock will be shown that received first prizes at the State Fair last September. A first class exhibit of fancy stock will thus be insured. In dairy products it is expected that New-York will make an exceptionally large and complete exhibit, as 50 per cent of all the cheese consumed in this country is made in New-York State, and famous cheeses peculiar to certain foreign countries are now imitated here successfully.

"The simple pleasures of the great might afford a topic for an instructive article," says an English social writer. "I have been told that Lady Salisbury used to take exercise at Hatfield by sweeping up the snow, and only the other day I caught my hostess snowballing a young Highland chieftain. Wading in half-frozen mud is considered a great joke here, and in all weathers we tramp out with guns and get soaked to our knees regularly three times a day."

Princess Mathilde Bonaparte is reported to be in failing health. In spite of her great age this news has come as a shock to Paris society, for until recently the princess has taken a leading part in social life, her home being a centre of artistic and literary life. Princess Mathilde is a daughter of King Jerome and niece of the great Napoleon.

It is again rumored that masculine evening dress is to be livened up a little, and for the consolation of those who think that colored raiment, if worn by men, would war with the colors worn by women, it is suggested that men would probably carefully confine themselves to subdued tints, such as plum color, royal blue and dark green, which would make effective backgrounds for the dresses of women.

Galway peasant women always attract the attention of tourists. As a rule they are handsome, and their feet in this age of narrow shoes are marvels of beauty. They go barefooted, even when comfortably off, and the footgear which they feel obliged to wear on Sunday is only donned at the church porch, where it is also promptly removed at the close of the service. In other departments of her costume the Galway woman is not so sensible, and, as if to make up for her lack of shoes and stockings, she wears an innumerable number of skirts. In one of these is a pocket, and as the wearer generally does not remember in which skirt it is located, the finding of anything contained therein is a work of time.

Cakewalk sets have been among the presents offered this year by London toy dealers. These are mechanical contrivances, with minstrel and cakewalkers in appropriate costume. The minstrel beats time with his feet to the tune which he plays on his banjo, rolls his eyes in fine frenzy and opens and shuts his mouth. The cakewalkers throw their heads back and their feet out, and smile in the most approved negro fashion.

Apropos of the impossibility of pleasing men, a feminine observer remarks that a clever man likes silliness in a woman before he marries her, just as he is mildly tolerant of paint. He thinks them both feminine traits. When she is his wife he spends his time in requesting her, politely or forcibly, according to his temper, not to be a fool and not to make such a sight of herself. Having married an idiot, he draws unprofitable comparisons between her and the clever wives of his friends, while vice versa, if he marries a clever woman, he flirts, for relaxation, with silly ones.

Though every one the world over now talks glibly about Chippendale, the reputation of the great master in furniture was made to a great extent after his death. He owes this reputation chiefly to the fact that he published a book of designs with over two hundred copper plate engravings, so that to-day any one who wishes may get them and reproduce them exactly, or with such changes and improvements as suit his fancy. That they are capable of improvement, Chippendale himself was the first to declare. Chippendale was one of the first makers of mahogany furniture. Before his time this precious wood was valued only for the medicinal qualities it was supposed to possess. The idea of making furniture of the wood appears to have been the result of chance. A certain physician had a great many mahogany planks, and, wanting a candle box, he sent for a cabinetmaker and instructed him to use the mahogany for the required article of furniture. The man objected that the wood was too hard for his tools, and the doctor told him to get harder tools. The man did so, and when the doctor saw the box he was amazed at its beauty. Patients and friends talked about it, and at last the Duchess of Buckingham came to see it. She was enraptured and persuaded the doctor to give her wood for a similar box. As a result, mahogany got to be the fashion.

A novel enterprise, the object of which is "to engraft upon Berlin an up-to-date social life," has been launched by a committee of Berlin women, united under the patronage of the Hereditary Princess of Wied. This committee has issued a circular asking women "from all circles of Berlin society" to combine in arranging a series of "five-o'clock tea receptions." These receptions are to take place at the Kaiserhof from 4 to 6 o'clock every day in the week. The price of a ticket to these receptions has been placed at 35 cents, and behind the "social life" of the scheme hovers another—a charitable one. As the surplus receipts are to go to the infants' home, one hopes that Berlin society will drink a great many cups of tea during the winter at the Kaiserhof between the hours of 4 and 6 daily.

The problem of preserving the complexion in a motor car seems to be the knottiest one with which women have to struggle at present, and it is a striking proof of their devotion to the sport that they are willing to submit to its inconveniences. Men glory in what is known as the motor complexion, an all-over tinge of deep red, but women have not yet been able to free their minds from the prejudice in favor of cream and roses, and all sorts of devices for preserving these colors are resorted to. The latest idea is a small dust and wind screen attached to the sides of the seats on hinges, so that it can be adjusted to any position. Cars have been fitted with glass fronts, but these, while they serve excellently as a screen against dust, wind and rain, have the defect of offering great resistance. Even the V shaped screen is not free from this disadvantage, but the "windage" of the small individual screens is slight, while they afford very satisfactory protection.

Paris is flocking to see "La Grande Sarah" en mère in "Jeanne Vedekind." The only concession she makes to the makeup, however, is a single white lock in her hair.

One of the most complicated duties of a wife is the shuffling off of her husband's male friends, says "The Ladies' Field." Fifty per cent can go at once, for half a man's bachelor associates are, according to his wife, not fit for polite society, either because they have no manners or because they wear the wrong sort of collars. Ten per cent she may genuinely dislike, or possibly they may not take to her. Some of the rest are on the borderland of toleration, but most of them have a knack of dropping off by slow degrees. Possibly this is the inward and spiritual meaning of the farewell bachelors' dinner most intending bridegrooms give, though they never realize it at the time.

A Four Day Deer Hunt in Van Cortlandt Park. In to-morrow's Tribune.