NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

A TAILOR MADE TOILETTE —(The Gentlewoman.

APPEAL FOR INDIANS.

The Government Criticised for Its Disregard of Treaty Rights.

By a unanimous vote the New-York City Indian Association yesterday voted to lend its influence to the efforts which the Northern California Indian Association at San José is making to mitigate the sad condition of the Indians in that State. It was a pitiful tale that Miss Marie E. Ives, of New-Haven, told of the homelessness and hungry Indians who make Northern California their home—a tale to make the hearers wonder whether faith keeping could be reckoned among the characteristics of the American. Of the thirteen thousand Indians living in California ten thousand are squatters, according to the report of the Northern California Indian Association, and as several new tribes are to be evicted from their holdings, this number will shortly be augmented. Outside of California it has been the universal practice of the national government to pay Indians for their lands. In every other State and Territory, it is said, the Indian title to the soil has been recognized by the government of the United States, and has been extinguished only by payment therefor. In Northern California the Indians have never received a single dollar for their ownership of more than one hundred thousand square miles of the most beautiful and valuable country in the world.

"In the early days of the American occupation," says the Northern California Indian Association in its appeal, "the national government recognized the title of the Indians to their lands by making treaties with between eighty and ninety bands. These treaties were never acted upon by the Senate, and so in the governmental view never became operative. Nevertheless, although the government has never recognized these treaties as binding on itself, it has appropriated every advantage conferred by the treaties without in any manner carrying out its own part of the agreement or paying any of the things agreed to be paid. The government has not only seized the Indian lands, which it agreed to purchase in the treaties, but the Indian reservations also, and has sold the same to settlers.

"The two or three tribes who resisted the occupation of their lands by whites received reservations, which are now either allotted or in process of being allotted. These Indians number about seventeen hundred. The great body of Northern California Indians, who were faithful to their treaty obligations, notwithstanding the bad faith of the government, have received nothing, not even school privileges for their children or the equal protection of the law."

THEIR DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

As the majority of the Indians earned their living from the soil, the loss of their land has plunged them into the extreme of destitution and misery. So great has been the mortality among them that it is estimated that their number to-day is not more than 12 or 15 per cent of what it was sixty years ago. They have been forced into the position of squatters and tenants upon sufferance, and have been the victims of a constantly increasing series of evictions as the white population has increased and the pressure for land has grown greater.

Their deplorable condition is illustrated by the case of the Colusa Indians, who agreed by treaty to sell their lands to the United States, retaining as a reservation about 160,000 acres between Butte Creek and the Sacramento River.

This land is now worth from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000. The treaty was never ratified, the Indians never received a cent of the money promised them in the treaty, and their reservation was occupied by settlers and taken up as government land. The numbers of the tribe have been reduced in fifty years from about one thousand to less than one hundred. A band of about forty are now living on one of the burial mounds of their ancestors near Grand Island, Colusa County. They are huddled together on about four acres of land in a wheat field and surrounded by a barbed wire fence. The sanitary condition is wretched, and their only water supply is a well ten feet deep among the graves. A band of about the same size is squatted on the levee near the village of Princeton.

At Crescent City, in Del Norte County, are found about sixty Indians, living upon the sea beach, where their forlorn little unpainted huts are liable to inundation at flood tides.

SEEK SMALL HOLDINGS.

Recognizing that it is too late to set aside Indian reservations, were these desirable, and that it would be useless to importune Congress to pay the full amount of money due in return for the lands taken, the Northern California Indian Association is working only with the hope of procuring for the surviving Indians small holdings of from three to ten acres each. There is very little agricultural land in California available for this purpose. As only steep canyon sides, tops of ridges, barren peaks and deserts remain in the hands of the government, the allotments made are chiefly of this class, and so barren and sterile are they that more than two-thirds of the Indians receiving them are compelled to reside away from their allotments in order to live at all!

DECISION POSTPONED.

The executive committee of the New-York State Federation of Women that went to Amsterdam last week in reference to the selection of that place for the establishment of the Federation Trade School for Girls decided to postpone their decision, although it is asserted that the committee members generally were favorably impressed by the advantages offered by Amsterdam. The resolution offered by Mrs. Doré Lyon reads as follows:

Whereas, The Executive Board found many of the local conditions of Amsterdam favorable to the establishment of the New-York Federation Trade School for Girls; and,

Whereas, Certain points required further consideration;

Resolved, That the matter be deferred until the next meeting of the executive board.

The principal cause of the delay was that some of the clubs in the State are opposed to having the school in Amsterdam, and a further conference with these clubs is essential. The next council meeting will be held in Brooklyn on January 30.

The Civic Federation has been admitted to the State Federation, and Mrs. Ralph Trautmann has been appointed section chairman of the First Judicial District.

GLEAN-INGS

Women are the chief collectors of cigarette coupons, says a tobacconist, and the giving of such inducements with purchases of the fragrant weed has doubled the use of it. Bellboys are also avaricious of coupons, but more mature male collectors usually give any they save to their women friends.

"A potent cause of friction between mothers and daughters," says a writer in "The Picayune," "and one that is largely responsible for driving girls into matrimony inconsiderately, and that makes them yearn for careers, is the inability of mothers to realize that their daughters are grown and have the rights of grown people. There is, apparently, no other thing so impossible as for parents to see that their adult children resent being treated like babies. This is particularly true as regards mothers. Sometimes a father rises to the height of granting his son liberty to do as he pleases, but as long as a girl remains at home her mother considers she has a perfect right to dictate to her about her clothes, what she shall eat, and think, and believe, and how she shall breathe. I have known old maids of forty-five who have never been permitted even to pick out a pocket handkerchief for themselves, and I once heard a bride ejaculate the day after she was married, 'Thank God, I'll never have to wear another pink dress'—a uniform she had worn consistently ever since she was a baby because her mother happened to admire pink."

A queer story that is going the rounds of the Paris clubs and afternoon teas is gleefully told by "The Gentlewoman." It goes this way: A servant was giving her mistress the usual eight days' notice, when the mistress, rather indiscreetly, asked the reason. "Well, mum, it's like this, you see" (or words to this effect), came the answer; "it's all on account of the funeral I was at last week. The corpse's 'usband was very attentive to me, said I was the life and soul of the party, and has asked me to marry him."

Lady Jeune, in writing on dress allowances for girls, notes the fact that one reason why upper class Englishwomen do not look smarter than they do is that they will buy too many clothes. They commit the mistake of buying much that is unnecessary, and that they never wear, because they see it and it is cheap.

"All Englishwomen," she goes on, "have too many clothes—in fact, too much of everything—and the consequence is that their things are old fashioned and unwearable long before they are worn out. French women have very few gowns, they have just what they want and wear them out. An Englishwoman loves her old clothes and wears them a little, then puts them away, and when she finds they are old fashioned she has them done up and remodelled, believing that she is practising great economy, whereas it would be far better and cheaper to give them away. She clings to her old gowns, jackets, hats, boots and shoes with a sort of romantic tenacity."

The same may be said of many American girls and women, and it offers one good reason for not buying the very best materials in everything, as one is often recommended to do. Many trimmings, much evening finery—things whose beauty resides chiefly in their freshness and in hitting off the fancy of the moment—are bound to be thrown away after a few wearings or, at the most, a season's wear. Accordingly it seems the part of wisdom not to sink more than one can help. It is commonly supposed that a good tailor gown is a thing that a woman of limited means can safely invest her money in, with confidence that she will get every dollar's worth of wear out of it. Yet how many women find themselves with a $75 suit on their hands which is demode, which they cannot afford to give or throw away, and upon which they have to lay out often a considerable sum to make it wearable. Almost any woman would say under these circumstances the person in question would have fared better to have laid out only $40 or $50 on her suit originally. When she had "shabbied" it or it had got out of style, she could then have bought herself a new one with a clear conscience and at hardly any extra expense, considering what she would have to pay to get the old suit renovated. Supposing the woman in question has only one tailored suit and has to wear it four years; she would certainly cut a smarter appearance on two suits at half the price. This seems to be one of the instances where, while it is never prudent to buy the cheapest, it is certainly not wisdom to buy the highest priced. A good part of the accumulations of clothes from which women suffer is due to buying too expensive things, as well as too many of them.

Light and air are as necessary to pearls as they are to flowers, and when they are locked away in a dark safe they lose their soft, moonlike radiance and become what a well known jeweller has aptly called "sick." The case is then very likely to be hopeless, but they have been known to recover their looks when worn constantly, particularly if placed next the skin. Soap and water turn pearls black and should be shunned like the plague. They should be placed when not in use in chamois leather, and now and then treated to a gentle rub with the same. A bed of sawdust will preserve the brilliance of diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and rubies, and they may be cleaned with clear, cold water. Soap should be avoided, as it tends to loosen the settings.

INFLUENCE OF DAY NURSERIES.

Mrs. Dodge Speaks of the Increased Facilities for Aiding Children and Mothers.

"Day nurseries were started to keep children whose mothers had to go out to work from being burned to death," said Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, pesident of the Association of Day Nurseries, before the Winter School of Philanthropy, in the United Charities Building yesterday afternoon, "and now they are growing so big that we do not know what they are coming to. We are educating the future, and in ten years we will have made an impression on New-York.

"One of the developments of the day nursery is in the age of the children. At first it was intended to care only for very young ones. Now we realize that school children whose mothers are absent from home in the daytime need some care, too, and all the new day nursery buildings provide accommodations for such work.

"The day nursery also has become an important centre of influence in the neighborhood. The visiting of the nursery children in their homes when they are ill gives the matron an opportunity to instruct the mother in their care. Cooking classes for mothers have been started in connection with many of the nurseries, and some provide modified milk for the use of babies at night. A fund for emergent relief is also being established in some cases.

"And, finally, the nurseries are multiplying in number. The class to which they minister is also growing tremendously, and, reputable as this condition is, we must rejoice that the nursery is able to step in and enable the widowed or deserted woman to preserve her home. The only other alternative would be an institution in which the children would become a charge upon the State."

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS IN FRANCE.

M. D'Aubigne Talks of Their Influence in the Affairs of That Country.

The present religious and social conflict in France is being largely colored by the fact that the workingmen are being brought under religious influences, according to the Rev. Merle D'Aubigné, director of the McAll Mission, Paris.

"This is a very significant fact," said Mr. D'Aubigné in an address before the Brotherhood of the Kingdom in Amity Hall yesterday afternoon, "because the labor leaders and workingmen have heretofore been intensily hostile to Christianity, which they identified with the Church of Rome. The McAll Mission has contributed to such a result mainly by bringing the Protestants of France, who belong chiefly to the agricultural and middle classes, in contact with the working classes. This influence has been reinforced by a group of young men, notably Elie Gounelle and Wilifred Monod, the latter a son of Theodore Monod. These men are emphasizing the social elements of the Gospel, and the result is the Christian social movement, which is making its influence felt all over France, and which, it is hoped, will introduce some elements of peace into the conflicts with which the country is rent." The McAll Mission is represented in America by the American McAll Association, of which Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst is president.

EDUCATION OF CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

The woman's conference of the philanthropic committee of the Society for Ethical Culture was held yesterday for the first time in the New Culture School Building, at Sixty-third-st. and Central Park West. "Work for Crippled Children" was the subject discussed.

Dr. Henry Ling Taylor, the president of the Guild for Crippled Children, in West One-hundred-and-thirty-second-st., discussed the present situation in regard to the education of cripples. He spoke of the three schools started by the guild, that are now in operation, also of the four classes in schools of the Children's Aid Societies, the classes at the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled Children and the class on Randall's Island, which constitute all the provision made for cripples in New-York City. "All of these institutions are situated in splendid parts of the city for such work," he said, "but there are yet many needy districts that are not covered." He answered criticisms that have been made concerning the education of cripples by showing that, aside from all sentiment, it is profitable to educate this defective element, and thus keep them from the almshouses.

As a suggestion for the future, Dr. Taylor's keynote was "Co-operation," and the plan that he favors is for a delegate to be sent from all the societies interested in the work for crippled children to the meetings of the guild, of which he is leader, and which is the only incorporated society in New-York that devotes itself exclusively to the education of cripples. In this way the smaller organization may learn of the larger aspects of the work, and may also give valuable suggestions. The conference voted to give its help to this plan. At present Dr. Taylor is working on a list of all the schools for crippled children and their location, which will be sent to all the hospitals and dispensaries. He is also trying to get together in one pamphlet the reports of all the organizations that are educating cripples, and he is working for an exhibition of the manual training products of these children.

Mrs. E. Strauss, president of the Visiting Guild for Crippled Children, gave an account of its work, and other speakers were Dr. M. L. Ware, who is connected with the Visiting Guild; Miss May Darrach, who has the Home for Crippled Children at No. 215 West Thirty-third-st.; Mrs. Merle St. Croix Wright, representative of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Guild for Crippled Children, and Dr. T. Halsted Myers, of St. Luke's Hospital.

Next summer the children who are looked after by the Ethical Culture Society will have a beautiful summer home at Hawthorne, Westchester County, N. Y., which is the gift of Mrs. I. N. Seligman, and Mrs. Ferdinand Hermann, members of the society.

DEVOTIONAL MEETING.

The Ladies' Christian Union will hold a devotional meeting to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, in the chapel of the Collegiate Church, Fifth-ave. and Forty-eighth-st. Women are cordially invited to attend.

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Woman's Health Protective Association of Brooklyn claims, and with reason, that it is the "curse of our present public school system that the children languish under" a burden of what Herbert Spencer called "ill digested information"; also that "among the twelve different studies required of each child there are various arts and accomplishments which in the pressure of so many requirements rather dissipate than educate the mind"; also that "teachers are required, regardless of natural fitness or of preparation, to impart what they may have gathered to their classes." And so the indictment goes on. Yet, in spite of this condition of affairs, our appeal for aid for the Manhattan Trade School, which is distinctly the opposite in system, receives no encouragement. Truly, I cannot understand this indifference to a plea so vital to the best interests of the poorer classes of our city.

From the reports made at the first annual meeting of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, held on January 14, it is plainly to be seen that this sort of trade education, though full of grave problems, is vastly ahead of the ordinary shop experience. Each worker is trained for a special part of her trade. When she shows ability she is advanced, having acquired the requisite experience and speed in one stage before going to the next. Direct contact with the trades is kept up and their needs and ideals carefully noted, the supervisors and teachers of the school having visited and worked in factories and workrooms of many different kinds. Employers, foremen and forewomen in the trades also make frequent visits to the school, and each girl has a month's trade test in the factory before adjudged fitted for a position. Such tests, as well as the records of the forty-three girls already placed in trades, keep the school in touch all the time with the market, and with business houses. Through this, too, has come aid from older wage earners, who have started auxiliaries in workrooms, and in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice have sent money that some child might be enabled to take the instruction. Surely, here is a lesson to those who are able and who might provide scholarships for girls whose wages are needed to eke out the meagre income of their families.

The students are placed in trades whenever they have had sufficient experience to be trusted. No definite time is set for this, but it takes generally seven months to prepare the girl for a position, though much depends on trade demands, and on the ability of the student. The trades taught are millinery, dressmaking, fine underwear, neckties and those trades in which foot and electric power are used, such as machine embroidery, hemstitching and buttonhole making. The expert use of paste or glue, in labelling and in the making of pocketbooks, cardcases, library outfits, novelties and boxes, is also taught. All these trades employ large numbers of women, and only expert workers can obtain the positions. The wages are good, the conditions favorable and the chance of promotion good.

The commissioner from the St. Louis Exposition has visited the school, and has asked for as large a showing as can possibly be prepared.

But what we, the friends of the school, want most is a "showing" here in New-York, and we ask The Tribune to help this most worthy cause, and so help to reduce the suffering in our slums and the number of those who are maintained in institutions at the public expense. New-York must do more for the child that has no chance in its own home to learn how to become an independent wage earner. Surely, we should do as much as is done for the girls of Austria, Germany and other countries. JOSIAH C. PUMPELLY.

New-York, Jan. 17, 1904.

THE 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.

A FAREWELL TO YESTERDAY.

Where is the road to Yesterday?
Oh, tell in prose or rhyme;
For I would trace my backward way
To that enchanting clime.

Life was so fresh and good and true,
And friends so kind and fair,
Why should a day so bright and new
All fade away in air?

Who knows the road to Yesterday?
Is every seeker blind?
Say, does it cast no single ray
To pilot those behind?

Oh, there's a road that leads our feet
To hours more glad and bright—
A road so short, a joy complete,
A journey of a night!

Come, bid farewell to Yesterday!
For in To-morrow's face
The happiest days now flown away
Shine with a sweeter grace.

MONEY RECEIVED.

G. L. B., of Connecticut, has contributed $5 to be used for sunshine. This will be applied to one of the most urgent needs now reported at the office. Miss Kathleen Goold, of Hyde Park, sent $2 50 for the Southern member who has to go to the hospital and who is practically without funds. Will the Rahway (N. J.) member who kindly offered $5 for this sufferer please send it to her direct. On Saturday the sum of $5 was forwarded from the emergency fund of the T. S. S.

SUNSHINE IN A HOSPITAL.

Miss Catlin, a private patient at the Seton Sanatorium, Spuyten Duyvil, New-York City, has written of the Christmas cheer distributed and some account of little patients who are tenderly cared for and for one of whom a sunshine plea was made.

She says: "The Sisters of Charity, Nazareth Annex, Seton Sanatorium, send their sincere thanks to Mrs. Reid and the Craneton juniors for the box of toys and books kindly sent to Little 'Alith' and others. 'Alith,' Alice Arnold, is a consumptive four years old, very pretty and bright, with a refined oval face, beautiful eyes and dainty ways, and is not at all spoiled. She is an orphan with no one to come and see her, but is so good and patient that it is a pleasure to brighten the end of her brief little life. When May Chickering received her tarlatan bag of candies from the Christmas tree, she went to every bed in her ward and offered each patient a piece. Little Cornelius, five years old, who a year ago could neither walk nor talk, is now a sturdy boy in trousers who seems to be rapidly getting well.

"Irene, named in honor of Sister Irene, of the Foundling Asylum, who built Seton Hospital, came from the orphan asylum with a most distressing cough. When left alone among strangers, not a whimper escaped her, but the tears rolled down her little white face and she was a pathetic object. The house physician, Dr. Burnham, soon relieved her lungs and, with good care in a few weeks she was able to leave perfectly cured and as plump and happy as a normal child.

"The youngest consumptive patient is a daughter of Italy, eighteen months old, whose mother also has consumption and is at Bellevue Hospital. All the children were made very happy by the dolls and toys of the Christmas tree, many of which came through the notice The Tribune kindly inserted December 13."

MONEY FOR RENT.

A Maine invalid and a widow is suffering under most distressing circumstances, and the president knows that only the most urgent need has compelled her to apply for help to the T. S. S. She writes:

I come again to the T. S. S. in my trouble. I am much behind in my rent, as it has been impossible for me to pay anything for a long time. My boy can not get steady work—not enough to keep up in food and fuel—and I have been ill all winter. My landlord was here to-day and must have some money right away. Are there not some of the friends of the T. S. S. that can help me in my need? It would mean so much to me. This continual fearful cold has made it so hard for poor people. It has been 35 degrees below zero here. I hope that the Lord will raise up some kind friend for me.

A contribution has been sent from the coal fund, but this will only assure this poor woman of a little additional warmth. The fear of being put out of her little home in midwinter is the real trouble weighing on the mind of this sick woman.

REPLY.

H. A. B.: Please send the paper you kindly offer to Mattie G. Beverage, Dabney, Van Buren County, Arkansas, who is a crippled girl fifteen years old and confined to a wheel chair.

THANKS FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. A. J. McQueen, of Rowland, N. C., who is always appreciative of whatever sunshine is sent to her personally or for distribution among the poor people surrounding her, writes:

I want to thank every one who so kindly aided me in my Christmas work and those who remembered me personally. It was all without any appeal on my part, as I had been helped some last year, and I did not feel that I could ask help again this year, but many thought of us, and from the depth of our hearts we feel thankful to every one. Those who remembered us with cards, toys, candy and other useful articles were Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Shous, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Hobson, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Ryeson, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Pond, Miss Jagger, Miss Munro, Mrs. Jacques and Mrs. Niles. I cannot tell you just how many were made happy. We were enabled to give every child something—a card, toy or garment. God bless the T. S. S.

The latter part of this month Mrs. McQueen will go to the Baltimore University Hospital, No. 23 to 29 North Bond-st. She does not feel assured that the operation she is to undergo will be successful, but is trustful, and hopes for the best. She will not be able to write to her Sunshine friends while in the hospital, but asks that the brightness and cheer of Sunshine letters may reach her.

OTHER WORDS OF GRATITUDE.

A Virginia member writes: "I am so thankful for the big ray of sunshine sent to me from the office. It helped me so much, for I have been very ill, and now I can procure some needed things."

A New-Jersey member, in writing of the sunshine sent to her invalid mother, says: "I cannot tell you how pleased our dear mother was with the generous sunshine gift sent by the T. S. S. Her room has not been comfortably warm for days, but now you have supplied the means of warmth and comfort for her. We can never be sufficiently grateful for all your kindness to our patient, suffering one, but we all pray every day for renewed blessings on the T. S. S."

A Manhattan woman, who is the breadwinner for a needy family, is deeply grateful for the warm coat for her invalid husband and the excellent shoes for herself and daughter.

Mrs. Halstead, of Nebraska, sends the following note: "I was surprised and grateful when I received the box of pretty and useful articles you sent me. The babies were delighted with the dolls. I was so glad of the nice underclothes, for we always are in need of such. I gave several of the warm things to a poor woman who has four small children and a shiftless husband. Her little girl, who goes to school, is very glad of the scarf, skirt and gloves, and the woman needed the waists. I like to 'pass on' all the sunshine I can. If you know the members who gave the things in the box, will you please thank them for me?"

The Louisiana member who received money for the special medicine she needed returns many thanks not only for this helpful remembrance, but for the many rays of sunshine that have cheered her dreary pathway.

A Sodus, N. Y., invalid says: "The money you sent will do more good than you can ever imagine, for the weather is so cold."

It was learned that many members outside the city were in need of fuel as well as other forms of cheer, so distributions have been made to members in the following States: Maine, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Alabama, North Carolina, Michigan, several places in New-York State, also Manhattan and Brooklyn.

NAVAL Y. M. C. A. FOR CHEFOO, CHINA.

John Fowler, United States Consul at Chefoo, China, is now spending his furlough in this country, and hopes to obtain $15,000 before his return to erect an International Naval Young Men's Christian Association building at Chefoo. The Asiatic Squadron of fifteen ships and more than four thousand men was stationed there the last summer, and it is proposed to rendezvous the squadron there regularly in the summer months. The refusal of a fine piece of land along the beach has been obtained, on which it is proposed to erect a building for the association work and provide space for shore recreation for the sailors. Admiral Evans and Captain Burrell, of the Oregon, propose to build a wooden pier near the place so that the sailors can land direct from the fleet. The privileges of the association will not be limited to United States sailors and marines alone, but will be open to men of all nations. The American International Committee at No. 3 West Twenty-ninth-st., seconds this appeal. The work will duplicate on a smaller scale that at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the magnificent building given by Miss Gould.

Housewives' Exchange.

In accordance with its promise to give a cookbook to the contributor sending in the most valuable suggestion on the keeping of household accounts, the Housewives' Exchange takes pleasure in awarding the prize to Mrs. J. L. Daniels, of Manhattan. It will be recalled that in the announcement special stress was laid upon methods which should economize time and effort, enabling the user to keep accounts simply and easily. While a great many excellent suggestions have been received, some were available only by a comparatively small number of housewives, such as those calling for cash payments and payment by check. It is regretted that there is not room to publish all letters in full. Other letters for which there was not space to-day will appear later in the week.

PRIZE METHOD.

Here is a method of keeping accounts that I have used for years, and found quite simple and practical.

Whenever I spend anything I note it down on a memorandum paper, which I always keep, with a pencil, in my purse. I use a cheap notebook for daily records, in which each day's expenditure is recorded. In this daybook I set down money received and deduct the amount paid out, balancing cash every day.

In a second and larger book, with a wide page, I itemize the expenses under separate columns, with a line for each day, and at the end of the week I add up the items, and know just what I have spent that week for every purpose.

At the end of the month these different items can be added up, and at the end of the year each month's expenses added up will give the year's outlay.

The specimen page which Mrs. Daniels sends in illustration of her method is divided perpendicularly into five columns, headed, "Food," "Clothing," "House Stores," "Servants" and "Sundries." At the side of the page, in a column, are the days of the week. The various expenditures are placed abreast of the day on which they were made, and under the heading where they properly fall. It thus takes but a glance to see that for Tuesday, say, the food expenditure was $1 65; that the wages of one servant were paid on Monday—$4—and of the other on Friday—$3; that Saturday's outlay for "sundries" amounted to 65 cents, and so on. If the housewife wishes to know what "sundries" covers, she has only to refer to her daybook, where each day's expenditure is set down.

"The best three rules for keeping household accounts are carefulness, attention and order," writes Mrs. M. E. C., of Plainfield, N. J., and then goes on to describe her method, as follows: "Suppose the housekeeper has a stated sum for the week or month, or, perhaps, for the day. My method is, first, to lay aside each day a certain sum for my own use, as that comes in handy for pew rent and missionary money, and I feel as though I had a private account of my own, without infringing on my house money. Then I lay by each day the amount of some bill that will come due at the end of the month, such as gas, music lessons, etc. I attend to this regularly each weekday morning. My receipts I keep on file."

"In the kitchen at one side of the door the butcher and grocer find two little account books hanging," says Mrs. K. K. Lathrop, of Windham, Conn., in describing her system. "Whatever they bring is entered in the books, with the quantity and price paid. At the other side of the door hangs a card for the use of the milk and egg boy. Each month my husband deposits a certain sum to my account in the bank, to be used for household expenses. At the end of each month I pay my bills by checks drawn on my bank account, and, if there is any money left I have it for my own personal use. At first my husband used to bring the money to me, but as neither of us cares to have much money about the house we thought we would try the check book plan, and it worked so well that we still do it that way. I find that at the end of the month I have a good deal more money than under the old system."

While this method would be a splendid one where the housewife lived in her own house, it would hardly be practicable in a flat or apartment house, where the tradespeople are not, as a rule, allowed above stairs.

There is but one absolutely sure way of keeping accounts, and that is to enter each expense as soon as it is incurred. I keep a small cashbook in my writing desk, and each time I pay out any money I enter it at once. Upon my return from shopping I seat myself at my desk and with my shopping list before me enter all expenditures immediately. In this way it is easy to see at the end of the week or month just where the money has gone. GRACE J. FOOTE.

Bridgeport, Conn.

A Philadelphia firm publishes a little book of "Household Accounts" at 25 cents, which makes a comparison of expenditures easy at all times. Entries may begin at any time. There is a specified place for making memoranda of weekly and monthly expenditures, and the method of summarizing will be evident to one familiar with simple addition. It is a gem and a pleasure to use, and I wish every housekeeper would try one. J. E. C.

New-Rochelle.

His Midnight Patient.

BY ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

It was getting late. Somewhere a clock struck midnight, and all Elmchester seemed to be in bed. The lights had disappeared from the sedate houses round about, and only Dr. Clement's lamp burned brightly, throwing a streak of red across the wet, empty and wind swept street.

It was an ugly night, and Dr. Clement put down his paper to listen. A fierce sleet beat and hissed against the window panes and the wind drove blusteringly round the house.

It was an ugly night, and it was going to be worse, and Dr. Clement hoped fervently that no one would call him out again. He had had a hard day, and his room was cosey and he was warm.

He picked up his paper again. It was full of stories of an absconding solicitor and of rumors of his whereabouts. He had disappeared and ruined hundreds of his clients. One of them was in Elmchester, and Dr. Clement frowned as he thought of him, worried and broken and ill.

"They ought to shoot him when they catch him," he muttered. "He is worse than a murderer."

To-night the papers stated confidently that he was in Spain, and that the police were following hard on his track. Yesterday he had been in Manchester, the day before in New-York. To-morrow he would be in a new neighborhood altogether, no doubt, and meanwhile he was probably somewhere close at hand—perhaps even in Elmchester itself.

Dr. Clement threw aside his paper and rose to his feet. After all, very likely the police would never find him, and even if they did it would not do much toward healing the hearts and lives that he had broken and ruined. Nothing would do that; and the old man in Elmchester who had believed he had sufficient money to last him and his wife the rest of their lives would be penniless all the same.

Dr. Clement crossed the room with a sigh and then stood still. A faint tinkle had sounded in the hall outside, a tinkle like the bell of his front door. He listened. The sleet whipped the window panes and the wind blustered on. There was no other sound, and for a moment he hesitated before he passed out to open the door.

Who could be calling him out on a night like that? He had no one so seriously ill as to need him in such haste, and if it was Lady Lynwood again he decided that he would refuse to go. Her "nerves" were too irritating for anything.

He flung open the door impatiently, convinced that he should see her tall footman on the step and hear the well known formula, "Lady Lynwood's compliments, and she is very much worse."

But when he looked only the darkness of the night lay before him. Only his own wet steps and the muddy road.

He stared and then retreated backward hurriedly as the cold wind tore past, but as he did some one started from out of the shadow—some one thin and white, with the face of a ghost and wide, girlish blue eyes.

He stared down at her. She seemed breathless, and as the light fell full on her he saw that her lips were quivering.

"Come in," he said quickly, "and tell me what I can do for you."

She stepped, shivering, cold and wet, into the hall and looked into his face. He closed the door, and for a moment she stood before him in silence looking eagerly into his eyes, into his handsome clear cut face, as if she had a special interest in watching him closely. "You are Dr. Clement?" she asked at last slowly; and as he bowed she added, "I—I thought you were an old man, not a young man, and I"——

She stopped, and Dick Clement moved so that he could see her face more clearly.

"Well, did you want an old man?" he asked. "But tell me what I can do for you."

She hesitated again, her eyes looking almost wildly across the hall with its pictures and statuary and heavy curtains.

"Oh," she cried at last suddenly, "I want you to come at once to my father. He is ill. He"——

She looked quickly into his face, and somehow, strangely enough, a thrill ran through Dr. Clement as he met her eyes. He looked quickly at her shabby coat and hat, and decided as quickly that she would be a beautiful woman if she was properly dressed and taken care of.

"Yes," he said. "Tell me what is the matter with him."

The girl stepped back deliberately into the shadow.

"I don't know," she said, "but he has had a lot of worry lately, and—and—whoever comes to him must ask him no questions—must be secret and quick. Do you understand? He is—queer." Her voice choked a little, and once more there came to Dr. Clement an odd feeling that he wanted to help her—protect her—in spite of the odd air of mystery that seemed to be springing up about her.

"Yes," he said. "I understand. But if it is an urgent case oughtn't we to go at once?"

"Wait." She put her hand on his arm. "I want some one I can trust. I want some one who, whatever comes, can keep a secret."

She stopped, and afterward Dr. Clement wondered what madness it was that at that moment prompted him to cast caution to the winds and promise her all she wished. Perhaps it was her thin, girlish face, the anxious look in her eyes, the pitiful droop of her mouth, but at any rate he put his hand on hers and looked into her eyes.

"I'll do everything I can," he said. "You can trust me."

"Then come," she cried. "My name is Waterer, and it is my father who has taken the Red House."

Dr. Clement looked at her with some curiosity. The Red House had been let for nearly a year. It had been furnished and made habitable more than six months ago, but it was only lately that the tenant had taken possession, and even now he had not been visible to any one in Elmchester.

Now he was ill; and to Dr. Clement his daughter was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

He pulled on his mackintosh and opened the door again with a quick glance at her dripping coat. She looked ill herself—ill and worried and wet through, and the strange longing to help her, to be of use to her, came back with sudden swiftness as they stepped out into the dark and muddy road.

He held out his arm to her.

"Let me help you," he said; "it is so dark."

But to his surprise she shrank away from him.

"No, no," she said with white lips. "I am best by myself."

They hurried on, and at last Dr. Clement found himself bending to open the rusty gate of the Red House. It was a small gate in a high wall, and the house lay well hidden.

"Promise," she said quickly and breathlessly, "that you ask him no questions. I only want you to prescribe. We—we—have been abroad—on the Continent for the—for the last six months and—and—he is ill—and worried and—oh! for God's sake don't question him. You promise?"

Her hand held his arm, and Dr. Clement, looking down into her strange, beautiful face, felt himself curiously powerless. He thought of all the rumors that were abroad concerning the Red House—the curious whispers about the tenant who had taken and furnished it and not inhabited it, and everything vanished before a girl's blue eyes.

"I'll ask nothing," he said. "I'll do all I can."

She looked at him steadily, and then turned and walked quickly up the gravel path to the house. As they went Dr. Clement fancied he heard footsteps behind him—pattering footsteps like a dog—but he was not sure, and when he stopped to listen they ceased.

The girl went on, and on reaching the door knocked on it sharply with her knuckles. It was opened instantly by an old woman who peered out at them.

"Have you got him, Miss Ida?" she asked. "Is it all right?"

Ida went forward, and Dr. Clement followed her into a lighted room, and there she faced him suddenly.

"Doctor, do you best—oh! for heaven's sake do your best for my father, and—and—believe in me—believe in us both."

She broke off, and a strange quiver passed over her face.

Dr. Clement held out his hand against all caution, and in spite of the feeling of mystery which had sprung up in his heart.

"I'll do what I can," he said slowly. "Let me go to him."

She looked into his face and drew a deep breath and then walked slowly toward a door communicating with an inner room. As she reached it she fell back.

"Hark!" she cried sharply. "What was that?"

They both listened, and for a moment there was nothing to be heard except the soughing of the wind. Then suddenly came a sharp sound—a quick, harsh click—and then suddenly following it the sound of a window being opened.

Ida Waterer fell back, clutching Dr. Clement's arm.

"Hark!" she cried. "Oh! my God, they've found him out—they've followed. Oh! my poor father."

She ran forward instantly, and, flinging open the door, dashed across toward an old man who sat listless and bent over the fire.

She ran swiftly, but she was too late. Even as she reached him a revolver shot rang out, and the old bent and huddled figure dropped forward into her arms.

"My father!" she cried, hoarsely. "Dr. Clement, for God's sake save him—oh, save him!"

Dr. Clement was at her side in an instant, but one glance told him all he wanted to know. He took the old man out of the girl's arms and put him back gently on the floor.

"Water and brandy," he said, quickly, "and the police—quick."

The word seemed to rouse the old man and to arrest Ida's fingers on the way to the bell.

"The police?" she whispered.

Dr. Clement nodded. There was no time to waste.

"Yes, at once," he said.

Ida looked into his eyes and touched his arm. He looked back at her.

"The truth," she said, slowly, in a whisper. "Must it be the police?"

Dr. Clement was busy, but he stopped to look up at her in surprise.

"Some one has shot your father," he began, sharply; "surely"——

She stopped him.

"Not the police," she whispered, harshly. "Oh, not the police."

Dr. Clement stared.

"The man who did it," he said, quickly, "must be caught."

She shook her head, and then with sudden haste bent over her father.

He had dropped back, his head lolling on Dr. Clement's arm, his eyes looking up, and Dr. Clement, bending hastily, caught his last words.

"Not the police," he whispered, "not yet—keep me safe—for a little while—until I am dead."

His voice stopped. Dr. Clement looked at him curiously, and then Ida flung herself to the floor beside him.

"Oh, father! father! what shall I do?" she cried.

The old man stretched out a feeble hand.

"Try to explain," he said, slowly. "I—am not—quite as bad—as they think. I didn't mean"——

His feeble voice died away. Ida crouched beside him, holding his hand.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed.

A little later Dr. Clement was looking into the eyes of a girl which were always the most wonderful eyes in the world to him.

"Tell me what it means?" he asked.

She faced him bravely.

"It means," she said, "that—that father was the missing solicitor—the man who absconded the other day."

Dr. Clements started and his face grew stern.

Ida put out her hand.

"Hear me," she cried. "He failed and ruined people and ran away, but, oh, hear me. He wasn't quite as bad as they made out. He didn't do it from carelessness or on purpose. It all began two years ago. You know from the newspaper accounts that he was trustworthy and honorable then; you know that he had a good practice and that everything was all right then. But two years ago he joined a company that turned out to be a swindle. He didn't know it at the time—he didn't dream of it. There were big men's names on the board, it seemed all straight and honorable, and he put a lot of money—clients' money—into it; but a year afterward it began to go wrong, he began to see what was going to happen. At first he thought he could ward it all off; he thought he could get himself and his clients out, but he couldn't, and it ended by his losing everything and coming here. Do you understand?

"He ran away," she whispered. "Oh yes, he ran away, but he did it for me. He thought if I could hide until I had learned how to earn my living it would not matter, and so we came here for me to learn to paint. I could do a little, and in a little while I thought I could do more, but I have had no chance. A week after we got here we found we were dogged. Some one had followed us—one of my father's creditors had found out where we were and waited, and to-night he managed to get in and"——

Her voice broke and faltered, and Dr. Clement, foolishly perhaps, held out his hands to her.

"I understand," he cried. "I understand it all; and now you must come home with me. My sister will look after you for a bit. Your old housekeeper can come, too, if you like. But you must come away from this house."

"Oh, it is good of you," cried Ida.

Dr. Clement looked at her for a moment with a curious expression in his eyes.

"You will?" he said.

Ida lifted her head quickly.

"You will come for a while," he added, "and afterward"——

Who cared for afterward? The word died in his throat. For the present it was sufficient that a girl's eyes were looking into his and a girl's hand lay on his arm. For the present it was sufficient that he was blind to everything else.

Afterward—a few days afterward—when Dr. Clement visited the old man who had believed himself ruined he found him jubilant. He had that morning received a sum of money representing half what he had lost.

"Bless you!" he cried; "we can manage on that, my wife and I. We can manage, thank God. And he couldn't have been as bad as we thought," he added. "After all, he meant well or he wouldn't have sent me back this."

He tapped the roll of banknotes, and Dr. Clement looked at him curiously, remembering the hole those same banknotes had made in his own banking account.

"No," he said, "perhaps not."

And afterward, at the Elmchester parish church, a quiet wedding. And no one dreamed that the bride was the absconding solicitor's daughter, and every one congratulated Dr. Clement.—(The Tatler.

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