NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

AFTERNOON TOILET.
—(The Ladies' Field.

ALADDIN HERE, PERHAPS.

Boston Performance May Be Given at Metropolitan.

Fashionable folk of New-York may have the chance to see a performance of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," the play that was given in Boston in the early part of this month for the benefit of the George Junior Republic. As yet, no definite plans have been arranged, but if the play is presented here, it will be given about the middle of March by the men and women who took part in the Boston performance. Although all the parts were taken by amateurs, the play was a great success. Therefore, the New-Yorkers who are interested in the republic think no better way could be found to raise money for it than to present this play here. The Metropolitan Opera House will probably be used, and tickets will be sold privately.

The play, which was entirely in pantomime, was prepared by Lorin F. Deland, and closely follows the tale by the same name in "Arabian Nights." The desired Oriental atmosphere was given by the scenery, and more especially by the costumes, many of which were brought from China by the men and women who wore them.

Much of the credit for the realism of the stage settings was due to Joseph Linden Smith, the Aladdin of the play, who has recently returned from the Orient, and to the curator of the Museum of Fine Arts, who assisted him.

The first act is laid before the Temple of Diobend in the Chinese city of Yulbu. Other acts are in a gorge in the Magic Grotto, in Aladdin's enchanted palace, and in the throneroom of the Imperial Palace.

Part of the cast was: Aladdin, J. L. Smith; Emperor of China, Charles M. Cabot; Noureddin, J. F. Moors; Genie of the Lamp, Russell Sullivan; Empress, Miss Isabel Morison; Princess Badroulboudour, Miss Eleanor L. Gray; Zoubeide, mother of Aladdin, Miss May L. Hale; Genie of the Ring, Miss Delia Tudor, and Pari Banou, spirit of the storm, Miss Elsa Tudor. Besides these, more than fifty took part in the pantomime.

GLEANINGS.

The color question is troublesome anywhere, but it is never uglier than when it obtrudes itself into the deliberations of women, who, by their social and intellectual position, are leaders in their communities, and entitled to be called by the fine old word gentlewomen. Mrs. Josephine Yates, president of the National Association of Colored Women, is one of the women who will attend the National Council of Women when it meets in Indianapolis, and already her expected advent has awakened the old, old wrangle over her color. It is the Indianapolis members of the council, the women who proposed entertaining the delegates at their homes, who are raising the pother. The question of Mrs. Yates's stopping place had been settled, when one member suggested that she ought to be sent to a hotel, as she would not be entertained privately like the white members. Then some one else said that, rather than send the colored delegate to a hotel, she would entertain her herself. It was finally decided that the colored delegate should be invited to all the public social functions of the council, but that members who gave private entertainments should follow their own inclination in regard to inviting Mrs. Yates. Many of the clubwomen of the city say that they will not invite Mrs. Yates to their homes, although they are willing to associate as a fellow guest at any public function with the colored delegate.

An interesting room described by "The Wall-Paper News and Interior Decorator," is the "Peacock Room" fitted up by a decorator in his studios. The style is chiefly old English and modified Gothic, relieved by a bit of modern English. The rugs, upholstery, draperies and side walls are in a soft blue and a tempered green, which blend most harmoniously. This charming effect may be assisted by the brown of the woodwork, which forms a neutral tint.

"The most striking thing about the room is the frieze," says this paper. "It shows peacocks in the foreground in their natural colors, with green grass, green trees and blue mountains. Over the tops of the mountains appear the brilliant red and orange of an autumn sunset. This dash of brilliant color appearing at the top of the wall seems to brighten the whole room. Used sparingly, it does not clash with the green and blue, but forms a sort of artificial sunlight which relieves what might otherwise be a somewhat sombre color scheme."

Some rare samples of "p'utz," a richly embroidered square of silk, worn as a badge on the breast and back of a dark colored pelisse by civil and military officials of China and their wives, are being shown in London. One beautiful specimen is of soft antique silk of a dull, deep shade of blue. On it is displayed a stork, wrought with seed pearls of a good size, flying toward a fiery wafer in coral standing for the sun. Streaks of gold thread simulate clouds, rocks or waves, and on the border between lines of gold, couched in red silk, are arranged in a circle pearl bats, tortoises and other like symbols of longevity, brightened up with coral eyes No less than forty thousand bored pearls were used on this "p'utz."

In the face of the commonly accepted idea that man is the radical, woman the conservative, force in the human couple, and that man is forever experimenting, while woman prefers "the bird in the hand" and holds to the normal, a writer (and one of the masculine gender) declares that at least in social relations and in emotional experiences men show a "curious allegiance to codified prejudice." "They fear the authority of the public sentiment of their caste; they eschew originality." Man's dress is taken as one example of this slavishness to custom. Everything about it is "foreordained and leaves no latitude for æsthetic freewill." "The gentleman's code of honor," the writer declares, "is so dominant that its power and influence often raise and keep a man to an ethical standard higher than that set by his own conscience. Women, on the contrary, have no such specific, crystallized sentiment in this regard. When a woman breathes neither malice nor scandal, when she shows her sense of noblesse oblige, when she can quarrel without revealing secrets, it is proof of the inherent nobility of her character and not on account of allegiance to any code."

CONCERT OF THE RUBINSTEIN CLUB.

The midwinter concert of the Rubinstein Club will take place at Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday evening, February 4. The chorus of female voices is under the direction of William R. Chapman. The club will have the assistance of Oley Speaks, barytone; Hans Kronold, 'cellist, and S. M. Fabian, pianist. Mrs. Wallerstein, the new president of the club, will give a reception to the members of the club at the Waldorf-Astoria on Monday, February 8. In the last two weeks two hundred new members have been taken in.

PLANS OF RUBINSTEIN.

Club Adds Social Side to Its Work—Mrs. Wallerstein President.

Since the Rubinstein Club added a social side to its work it has taken on a new lease of life. Last Wednesday it was incorporated. The social feature will in no way interfere with the musical work; in fact, it will augment the club's usefulness.

The credit of the idea to extend the society's influence in a social way belongs to Mrs. Harry Wallerstein, its new president. Having once decided on the new feature, she brought together in ten days one hundred and sixty-five New-York women well known in club and social life.

The club is to meet on the second Saturday of each month, at the Waldorf-Astoria, and will also attend the concerts given by the choral members three times a year. William R. Chapman is musical director, and the other officers are: Mrs. Eugene Hoffman Porter, first vice-president; Mrs. Doré Lyon, second vice-president; Mme. Marie Cross Newhaus, third vice-president; Mrs. E. Banjamin Ramsdell, fourth vice-president; Mrs. William R. Chapman, treasurer; Mrs. Herbert Schanck, secretary. The executive board is Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. Joseph Allen Physioc, Mrs. Sarah Dickinson Lewis, and Mrs. W. H. Noyes.

Among the members are Mrs. Donald McLean, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbur, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanaford, Mrs. Howard MacNutt, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Miss Jennie Irwin Martin, Mrs. Edwin Arden, Mrs. Henry James Parker, Miss Amelia Allen, Countess

MRS. HARRY WALLERSTEIN.
President of the Rubinstein Club.
(Photograph by Aimé Dupont.)

von Allendorf, Mrs. John Francis Barry, Mrs. Jose De Bermingham, Mrs. Albert Canfield Bage, Miss Bage, Mrs. John Bickham, Mrs. Lillian Le Baron, Mrs. A. H. Bickmore, Mrs. Jane Corlies, Mrs. Frank Churchill, Miss Lillian Cecile Dorn, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Frank Dossert, Mrs. Lillian Fluhrer, Mrs. J. B. Garrison, Mrs. T. Guerra, Mrs. Carrie Gambrill, Miss Etta Gambrill, Miss Hilda Garrison, Miss Abbie Kimball Tilletson, Mrs. R. Gregg, Mrs. Leonard Hill, Miss Mary Garret Hay, Miss Ellen Miles, Mrs. A. W. Hughes, Mrs. G. B. Howes, Mrs. T. E. Hardenburg, Mrs. Henry Haskins, Mrs. Laura Ingalls, Mrs. Irving W. Twombly, Mrs. Lorenzo T. Todd, Mrs. John H. Judge, Mrs. E. E. Jenks, Mrs. A. M. Judson, Mrs. G. W. Allbright, Mrs. Olin D. Gray, Mrs. F. K. Taylor, Mrs. W. D. Ellis, Countess Olaetea, Mrs. R. Squiers, Mrs. Richard A. Stearns, Miss Grace Parker Lyon, Miss Felicia Parker, Mrs. Edward De Lima, Miss E. G. Lathrop, Mrs. John Milderberger, Mrs. F. E. Moore, Mrs. E. J. Moore, Mrs. Frank Louis Nugent, Mrs. John Livingstone Niver, Mrs. D. Nye, Mrs. Robert Hoguet, Mrs. W. Odell, Mrs. W. H. Oakley, Mrs. Casper Dean, Mrs. J. W. Ball, Mrs. W. H. Purdy, Miss Marks Potter, Miss Mildred Reid, Mrs. John Richards, Mrs. Ella Rood, Miss Ruby Reese, Mrs. Clayton Rich, Mrs. G. W. Roberts, Mrs. W. H. King, Mrs. John Kaughran, Mrs. Lester Knapp, Miss Matilda Scott, Mrs. G. S. Studwell, Mrs. W. T. Salter, Miss Florence M. Troutman, Mrs. Charles Terhune, Mrs. Robert Vermilye, Mrs. Edward Van Leeming, Mrs. Charles A. Valadier, Mrs. A. J. Wilson, Dr. Lucy Osborne Wight, Dr. Fanny W. Monell, Mrs. F. D. Wilson, Mrs. N. E. Hulbert and Mrs. R. O. Stebbins.

The first concert will be given next Thursday evening—February 4—in the Myrtle Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. William Chapman will then introduce Mrs. Wallerstein to the public as president of the Rubinstein Club.

The first club meeting will be in the nature of a reception from 3 to 6 o'clock on Monday afternoon, February 8. It will be given by Mrs. Wallerstein to the club officers and members only. The programme will be: Introduction of Mrs. Wallerstein as president; invocation by Mrs. Hanaford; president's address; installation of officers; reception and refreshments. To each guest will be presented an American Beauty rose and a white carnation, the club flowers, tied with the club colors, red and white.

FEW CARNATIONS SEEN.

Shops Show No Large Increase in Flowers Sold in Memory of McKinley.

The thirty-eight thousand New-Yorkers who are supposed to belong to the Carnation League must have kept out of sight yesterday, for a tour through the uptown business and shopping districts failed to reveal any of the flowers decorating the buttonholes of club members. The Carnation League was formed a year ago for the purpose of establishing the custom of wearing a carnation each year on McKinley's birthday, January 29. The carnation was his favorite flower.

The hotels evidently paid more attention to the day than did the league members, for the McKinley carnation was used as decoration at many of the large hostleries. At the Waldorf-Astoria bunches of pink carnations were on all the tables in the palm room.

The florists report that there was not an unusually large sale of the flower, except to the hotels, and the prices kept about normal—from $2 to $3 a dozen.

One florist remarked that "New-York is too busy to buy buttonhole bouquets. It leaves that sort of thing to the West."

TO ENTERTAIN COLLEGE WOMEN.

This afternoon the New-York Alumnæ Association of the college Greek letter sorority, Kappa Kappa Gamma, will be entertained at the rooms of the American Institute of Social Service, No. 105 East Twenty-second-st. This is one of the series of social service afternoons and evenings to be given at the rooms of the institute, and on this occasion, Mrs. W. W. Penfield, president of the College Alumnæ Association and formerly national president of the sorority, will be the hostess.

Dr. Josiah Strong, president of the institute, will speak on "The Philosophy of Social Service." Dr. William H. Tolman, director of the institute, will talk of "The Practical Side of Social Service" and several of the prominent alumnæ of the sorority will be heard on different phases of the subject from the college woman's standpoint. Among some of the members of the New-York Alumnæ Association of Kappa Kappa Gamma who are prominent in sociological work are Dr. Emily Dunning, city ambulance surgeon; Dr. Mary B. Jewett, of the Woman's Medical College; Mrs. V. G. Simkhovitz, founder of the Greenwich branch of the Co-operative Social Settlement; Mrs. Herbert Parsons, lecturer at Barnard; Miss Anna Meyer, of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Civil Service Reform Association, and Mrs. Lilian Moore-Pardee, at one time secretary of the Utah State Senate.

The New-York Alumnæ Association numbers over one hundred and fifty members, and represents eighteen of the twenty-nine active chapters of the sorority. The New-York City Chapter is located at Barnard College and was established in the same year that the college began its existence.

Some of the guests expected this afternoon are Mrs. Winthrop Scarritt, Mrs. Sigmund Pollitzer, Isaac N. Seligman, Mrs. Dwight Williams Hunter, Dr. Frances Merriam Meyers, Dr. Elizabeth Sleight, the Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, Mrs. Guy M. Walker, Mrs. William Overstreet, Miss Amy Fay, Mrs. William Gerry Slade, Mrs. Edward Addison Greeley, Miss Evelyn Osborne, Miss Lillian Sauvage, Mrs. John Summerfield Hulin, Mrs. Alonzo E. Hepburn, Mrs. Oscar Ericksen, Mrs. Edwin A. Jackson, Mrs. Sidney A. Saunders, Mrs. Mansfield Allan, Miss Janet A. McCook, Mrs. C. Herschel Koyl, Mrs. James Malcom Anderson, Mrs. Edward Vallandigham and Mrs. Charles E. Ward.

AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRLS.

English Woman Compares Them with Her Own Countrywomen.

An interesting comparison between the American college girl and her European counterpart, which is not wholly to the disadvantage of the former, appears in a recent number of "The Outlook," the writer being given as a "European university girl."

The American woman's college is a thing wholly amazing in European eyes, according to this critic. No European educational institution would think of allowing to its inmates such a luxuriousness of surroundings as appears in the American girl's college room, the extreme simplicity of the food being the only thing common to both types of educational community.

To the uninitiated beholder the American college girl's room, with flags and posters and sporting souvenirs and class symbols, with men's pictures on desks and dressing tables, might be a college boy's. On the other side of the ocean young women are supposed not to keep young men's portraits in their rooms, just as they are not supposed to meet on equal terms of comradeship the subjects of the aforesaid pictures. The absence of books in the room and the conspicuous presence of candy boxes and fruit baskets might also strike the European observer as peculiar.

All this corresponds with a radical difference in the life of women students in America and in Europe. The European girl goes to her university purely for learning, and in the lower educational institutions it is the same. Study is the business of life, and only those fortunate ones who have friends and relatives to take them out occasionally and give them a good time ever get any fun.

In America the college is a school of life, with all sorts of activities besides study. The European college girl has to find out after she leaves college everything that her American sister learns while at college, though occasionally in old Europe a girl has a chance of getting out of her life perhaps more experience and at least the same amount of pleasure as the American girl does, although in a way entirely different; this is the girl who attends a university for men and enjoys in the Old World, among hundreds of men, the perfect freedom of movement and the feeling of independence which characterize the happy life of the American college girl (happy in that she realizes by herself an ideal of free and intelligent life, without the inevitable strain which comes to the same life when lived by one girl among a crowd of men).

The chief characteristic of the American woman's college is well defined, the critic proceeds, by the historical words "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To the college girl's happiness many elements are co-operating, among which, notably, are papa's checks and the advantages depending thereon; faculty votes prohibiting a schedule of over so many hours a week or more than a certain number of courses for the semester; constant anxiety on the part of "Prex" and "M. D." lest the young buds of hope break down under the strain of study, and so forth.

This last appears particularly strange to the European mind. No one gives a thought there, it appears, to the effects of study on the health of the students. "We may moan, sigh or revolt," says the writer; "we may strike, protest, or die in the attempt; from the serene Olympus of the faculty the gods watch with calm, unruffled brow the struggle of the nonentities down in the halls of learning."

TWO Y. W. C. A.'S DO NOT AGREE.

Try to Reach Terms on Membership, but Neither Gives Way.

The last "Bulletin" of the International Board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations contains a record of failure in the matter of the negotiations that have been going on for the last two years or more for union between the two organizations bearing the name of Young Women's Christian Association. The separation of these two bodies, of which few people outside their respective memberships are aware, has been the cause of much perplexity and confusion and even litigation, and its continuation is due to a difference in the conditions of membership. The international board, with which most of the city associations are affiliated, leaves each association free to make its own conditions of membership, but the American committee, which is the executive body of the college associations, insists on membership in a "Protestant evangelical church" as a condition of active membership in the association. There has been for several years a committee on relations or overtures in both bodies, through which much correspondence has been carried on, but so far it has been without avail, as each body refuses to give way on the membership question. The international board is the older of the two organizations.

TABLET TO MRS. FOSTER.

The memorial tablet to Mrs. John A. Foster was placed in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday morning. The tablet was removed on Thursday from the City Club, where it has been on exhibition.

The tablet for the present has been placed on a wooden frame to the right of the justices' desk, and will remain there until the Municipal Art Commissioners decide as to where it shall be placed.

When the court opened yesterday Justice Hinsdale made a few remarks, in which he said that he hoped the tablet would remain in the court where Mrs. Foster had done nearly all her good work.

The fund for the tablet was collected by a committee, of which Norton Goddard was the treasurer. Mrs. Foster was the widow of John A. Foster, a lawyer, and she was known throughout the city as "The Tombs Angel." She met her death in the Park Avenue Hotel fire.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

At the New International Woman's Club which is now being organized, the following rules will be enforced:

All members will be continually posted—about the affairs of the others.

Private gossip rooms, holding two comfortably, can be had at the desk.

The Whist Club will meet invariably in the music room.

Any waiter or employe who can succeed in getting any member to tip him will have his salary raised.

Members will please remove their diamond earrings while playing pool or billiards.

A special perfumery room will be provided for scent incurables.

One portion of food will not be served to more than half a dozen.

When the president and board of directors are transacting business the clubhouse will be closed.

Each member will be limited to one cosey corner.
—Life.

FUNERAL OF MRS. KETCHAM.

The funeral of Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketcham, who died on Wednesday in St. Vincent's Hospital, took place yesterday morning very quietly from the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in West Seventy-first-st. A low mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. B. Stuart Chambers, nephew of the deceased, and the body was interred in Calvary Cemetery. Mrs. Ketcham was the author of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and many other war songs of the Southern Confederacy.

REFRAIN FROM AIGRETTES.

The organ of the Audubon societies, "Bird Lore," contains an urgent appeal to the women of America to refrain from the use of aigrettes. The statement is made that the white herons, from which aigrette plumes are taken, are rapidly becoming extinct, the dealers' offer of $32 an ounce for raw plumes inciting hunters to defy the law.

CRUEL EXECUTION.

There's a lady in Kalamazoo,
Who bites all her oysters in two;
For she feels a misgiving,
Should any be living,
They'd kick up a hullabaloo.
—(Salt Lake Herald.

ARGON IN THE AIR.

From The Lancet.

An interesting communication was made recently to the Paris Academy of Science on the subject of argon in atmospheric air. M. Moissan reported that he had followed up the researches of M. Schloesing, who had already determined the proportion of argon existing in certain specimens of air. By utilizing the property which calcium possesses of absorbing at one and the same time the oxygen, the nitrogen and all the impurities which are found in atmospheric air, and by the use of a special apparatus, of which he had already given a description to the academy, M. Moissan had been able to estimate the amount of argon found in the air of Paris, of London, of Berlin, of Vienna, of St. Petersburg and of Athens.

In all these towns the amount was identical. The same proportion of argon was also found in samples of air taken in the Channel in the Ionian Sea, in the Gulf of Naples, in the valley of Chamounix, at the Grands Mulets and at the top of Mont Blanc. Air collected in the middle of the Atlantic appeared to be slightly richer in argon than that from other places. This illustrates the remarkable uniformity of the composition of the air. The observation that the air collected in the middle of the Atlantic appeared to contain a slightly greater proportion of argon than that from other places is probably in some way connected with its solubility in water and the great and frequent variations of atmospheric pressure to which the Atlantic Ocean is liable.

How the consumptive may regain health and strength. In to-morrow's Tribune.

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.

TO-MORROW.

The sun has set,
So has my heart past hope's horizon fled.
The sun has set—
Yet, on the morrow will it fail ascent?
Hearts out of darkness rise again, I know,
But oh, we dread the night, my heart and I,
We dread the night!
—(Elizabeth Barton Pitman, in Harper's Magazine.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF CHEER.

The generous contributions of sunshine both in money and wearing apparel will enable the T. S. S. to send out bountiful rays of cheer in many directions. The president is deeply grateful to all those who have considered the poor in these trying days of an unusually cold winter. The sunshine dispensed through the general office is only a small part of the work done. If the individual help given by T. S. S. members everywhere could be chronicled, what a record it would be of generosity and cheer!

MONEY RECEIVED.

E. C. B., of New-Jersey, is a generous member, whose heart responds at all times to the needs of those in distress. She has again sent her check for $25, "to be used for the most needy cases"; Mrs. A. R., of Long Island, $10 for a family where the husband has consumption; Mrs. M. F. Eichell, a member of the advisory board, $5, for the coal fund; Emma J. Shipley, of Connecticut, $5, for a suffering family in Manhattan; a special gift of $3 "for coal for the sick poor, in memory of M. M. M."; Elinor K. Chamberlyn, of New-Jersey, for wherever needed; Mrs. H. Roesler, of Manhattan, $2; "A Friend," Mill Neck, $1; "Watchman" of a savings institution, Newark, N. J., $1, and "A Friend," of Manhattan, $1, for the poor family in the Tompkins Square branch. The twenty cents in stamps found in a pocketbook in the Brooklyn box was applied to the postage fund.

AN EARNEST WORKER.

It makes little difference to Miss E. A. Sharp whether she is in Massachusetts or at her Brooklyn home, her Sunshine work goes on just the same. She may well be called the president of the "friendly branch," for all her friends are asked to contribute something to her "Sunshine barrel," and when it is full it is started on its sunshine mission.

When a call was made for Christmas sunshine for the Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, she was among the active members who sent a generous contribution to the institute, and the following letter from Mrs. Booker T. Washington has been received:

Please accept our heartfelt thanks for your generous response to Mr. Washington's appeal for the children's Christmas. Hundreds of our friends from twenty-four States contributed generously. New-York, eighty-eight boxes and packages; Massachusetts, sixty. Our graduates in fifteen States of the South spread the good cheer to hundreds of their children in the country districts. We have been greatly encouraged by this response, because it means to us that our friends believe in the possibilities of our race.

Miss Sharp, assisted by Mrs. E. H. Greenwood, of Newton Highlands, sent another barrel of sunshine to Miss Lora Merrick, at Haverhill, Mass., and other cheer went to the West.

A SAD LETTER.

A worthy German member of the society, on the West Side, wrote yesterday to the office of her great need of cheer. She says: "We have no coal nor hardly anything to eat. My poor husband has suffered terribly the last two weeks with rheumatism, and I have not much work. I spent my last 10 cents for coal yesterday. The only thing we have to live on is oatmeal. The little money I earn has to go for rent. You know I would never ask for anything if I could help it, but I am sure the dear T. S. S. would not let us suffer so terribly as we do for food and fuel if our sad condition was known. I always ask God's blessings on those who have in the past helped us in times of need."

As soon as this pathetic letter was read, some money was forwarded for food and coal to this poor woman, whose struggle for the support of her family, including an invalid husband, is well known at the general office.

A SWEET GIFT.

The Good Cheer Club, of Westport, Conn., which is composed of the children in the Sunday school of the Congregational Church, has contributed twelve pounds of candy to the T. S. S., to be distributed, with best wishes, among some of the little folk who are fond of sweet things. This acceptable gift is received with many thanks, and will be forwarded to the Home Garden branch as specially sweet cheer for the poor children who go to the Settlement House after school to be amused or instructed. The contribution entitles the club to membership in the T. S. S.

A HELPFUL RAY.

When the president of Manhattan branch, No. 6, took the money given to her at the office for the poor family where the husband is helpless with inflammatory rheumatism, she learned that there was only 10 cents in the house, and that had been earned by the little boy selling papers.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love.—(Henry Drummond.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

Patterns of Blouse Waist, No. 4,590, Shirred Skirt, No. 4,591, for 10 Cents for Each.

Soft, clinging materials retain all their favor and are promised in still greater numbers with the coming of spring. This charming gown is made of éolienne, in champagne color with trimming of ecru lace and silk appliqué, and exemplifies some of the latest features. The bertha is peculiarly graceful and chic, the deep gauntlet cuffs are most becoming, and the draped bodice girdle of soft silk offers a suggestion for the gowns of all thin materials. The skirt is shirred at sides and back, but

No. 4,590—BLOUSE WAIST. No. 4,591—SHIRRED SKIRT

forms a panel at the front which harmonizes with the double box plait at the waist.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist five yards, 21, four and three-eighths yards, 27, or two and five-eighths yards 44 inches wide, with seven-eighths yards of lace and five yards of appliqué; for skirt eleven yards 21, nine yards 27, or five and one-half yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern No. 4,590 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The skirt pattern No. 4,591 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Each pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number, bust and waist measure 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.

Seventy-third Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. In to-morrow's Tribune.

The Subjection of Louise.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

Like a good many other people who have never known what solitude means, Louise found the first few days almost refreshing in their complete novelty. She read and slept and walked—and finally yawned. At the end of a week she was bored.

Then the wonderful thing happened. She was awakened one morning by the sound of guns. She jumped out of bed, and, throwing on a dressing gown, stepped on to the piazza. A strange yacht was in the bay; below, in a sheltered spot near the beach, some men were busy erecting a couple of tents. Louise dressed hastily and went outside. Peters was there, looking at the yacht in amazement.

"What does this mean, Peters?" she asked. "Who are these people who have landed here?"

"I have no idea, ma'am," he answered. "I was just going down to see."

"We will go together," Louise said.

On the beach, three or four sailors were busy erecting a tent. Another man was bending over an oil cooking stove. There were several others standing about with guns under their arms. Louise stood upon a hillock, looking down. She raised her voice and addressed them. Louise's voice, even when it was raised, was not a terrifying sound, but her few words fell like a bombshell among the little group.

"May I ask what you are doing here? You are perhaps not aware that this island is private property?"

A dozen faces were turned toward her in blank amazement. Then several caps were furtively raised. A tall, dark man, in tweed shooting clothes and gaiters, moved a step forward.

"We are really extremely sorry," he said. "We understood that the island was uninhabited. Mr. Curteis, to whom it belongs, I believe, gave us permission to shoot here. We are after gray geese."

"Did Mr. Curteis know that you were coming just now?" Louise asked, with a faint smile at the corners of her lips.

"I must admit that he did not," the spokesman of the party answered. "It was about this time last year that I told him we thought of yachting in these waters, and he gave me permission then to land here at any time I chose. My name is Lord Willerton. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I am Mrs. Curteis," Louise answered. "If my husband gave you permission to come here, that is, of course, quite sufficient. I have often heard him speak of you, Lord Willerton. Isn't that—why, how do you do, Mr. Hammersly?"

A tall, fair haired young man suddenly started forward with outstretched hand.

"Why, Mrs. Curteis," he exclaimed, "you surely cannot blame any of us for not recognizing you for the moment! In any of the usual haunts of civilization I don't think there is one of us here who would not have known you at once. But here—well, it is amazing!"

Louise smiled upon them all very sweetly.

"I suppose it is rather surprising," she remarked. "You see, I was a little bored, and I am trying the antidote of complete solitude."

"We have come, then, I am afraid, to spoil the cure," Lord Willerton said, with a smile. "Perhaps, after all, we shall be in the way. Say the word, Mrs. Curteis, and we will strike our tents and pack up."

"It is not," she murmured, "in the least necessary. I think—in fact, I am sure," she added, with a smile—"that I am very glad to see you all. Won't you let that nasty, smelly stove alone, and come and have breakfast with me?"

Willerton, who had been eying the stove with some apprehension, breathed a sigh of relief.

"My dear lady," he said, "if you are in earnest we will come with pleasure. But there are five of us."

"I think," Louise answered, with a smile, "that Mrs. Peters can find us enough to eat."

She led the way to the bungalow, Willerton and Hammersly on either side. Several times she laughed—quite irrelevantly. Her husband's scheme was really working out very curiously. She found herself suddenly taking part in a comedy—a comedy which had in it, too, all the elements of graver things.

. . . .

Curteis himself was suffering from a most profound dejection and weariness of spirits. London was empty, his club a desert. Wherever he went he carried with him the memory of that wan little figure perched so daintily upon the rock in the midst of that island of desolation. Perhaps, after all, his scheme would only make things worse. She would never forgive him. When the time came for him to fetch her she would pour forth upon him all the pent up indignation of the last month. He shuddered at the thought—he, who at that moment was hungering for a sight of her, the touch of her fingers, her lips, the sound of her voice. In a week the time which he had fixed would be up. In a week he would know his fate.

A man came in, bronzed and sunburnt, who greeted him cheerily. Curteis at that moment was glad to see anybody.

"How are you, Robertson?" he said. "Been up North?"

The newcomer, who was settling himself down in an easychair, shook his head.

"I've been yachting with Willerton and Hammersly. By-the-bye, when I left them they were just off to some desert island of yours, up in the North Sea somewhere, to shoot gray geese. Hammersly said you gave them permission last year. I should have been there myself, but my leave was up."

The paper which Curteis had been holding slipped through his fingers. He leaned a little forward in his chair. His face was white and strained.

"How—how long ago—when did you leave them?"

"Tuesday week," Robertson answered. "They were within a day's steam of the place then. I fancy they expected to get there Wednesday evening. Hammersly said that he had no idea whether you had any buildings on the place or not, so they took tents."

Curteis moistened his lips. They seemed unaccountably dry.

"Willerton and Hammersly," he said, hoarsely. "Who else?"

"Franks and Appleby, and a chap of no particular account—I've forgotten his name," Robertson answered, looking curiously over the top of his paper at Curteis. "Rather a warm lot. I'm not a prig, but I found them just a little too advanced for my taste. Willerton showed up shockingly in that Wardlaw suit. I don't wonder at his going away somewhere for a time. You're off?"

Curteis left the room abruptly. In the hall he sent a telegram to the captain of his yacht. Afterward, with shaking fingers he took down a Bradshaw and began to study it. In an hour he was on his way North.

. . . .

"Let's turn in," Hammersly said, yawning. "It's evidently no good waiting for Willerton. He's up spooning the little Curteis woman, and Lord knows what that'll lead to!"

"What's that?" one of the other men asked, suddenly sitting up.

They all listened. The measured beat of oars came to them through the darkness. A moment later they heard the scrunching of a boat's keel upon the beach. Hammersly pointed to a light about half a mile out.

"There's a yacht anchored there," he remarked. "Must have come in since it got dark. I wonder who on earth it can be. I hope to God it isn't Curteis," he went on, nervously. "Willerton's making a perfect ass of himself with that little woman."

They heard the sound of footsteps on the beach. A man was passing the camp on his way to the bungalow. Hammersly sprang up.

"If it's Curteis," he muttered, "there'll be murder. Hallo there!" he shouted. "Who's that?"

The footsteps stopped at once. Hammersly lit the two lanterns which hung from the tent poles. They burned steadily in the windless air, and almost immediately a dark figure stepped into the little circle of light.

"Curteis, by all that's amazing!" Hammersly exclaimed, with well assumed heartiness. "Hope you don't think we're taking an infernal liberty camping here? Robertson said that you gave him permission some time ago, and, by Jove, we've had wonderful sport! Johnson, bring out the whiskey and some glasses."

Curteis shook his head. His eyes were travelling round the little circle, as though seeking for some one.

"You are perfectly welcome here," he said, shortly. "By the bye, where's Willerton?"

Hammersley also glanced around carelessly.

"Somewhere about," he answered. "I fancy he's turned in. I heard him say that he was very tired."

There was a moment's silence. Hammersly's heart sank, for in the dim light he watched the sudden blaze in his questioner's eyes—heard the quick, sobbing breath which kept him speechless. Then Curteis moved a step forward, and the words seemed to leap from his lips—quick, tense things.

"Show me Willerton's tent."

"My dear fellow," Hammersly drawled, "don't disturb him at this hour of night. I remember now that he was complaining of a headache."

"Oh, go to hell!" Curteis suddenly exclaimed. "Stand out of the way!"

Hammersly was whizzed backward, for Curteis was a strong man, and Hammersly little more than a boy. He caught up one of the lanterns and lifted the flap of each tent. Then, without a word, he dashed the lantern upon the ground.

"If you dare to follow me," he said to Hammersly, "you or any of the others, I will shoot you like a dog."

The bungalow was sheltered from the wind by a grassy knoll. Curteis, though every drop of blood in his body went tingling through his veins in a wild fever, walked stealthily, and finally sank on his knees. He was within a few feet of the broad piazza, and there, pressed against the side of the wall, his straining eyes saw plainly the figure of a man.

The seconds suddenly expanded. The man whose heart was wrung with hideous fears seemed unconsciously to become possessed of a wonderful grip upon his thoughts, the mental clearness of a dying man. She was so dear to him, this dainty little woman, with her endearing ways, her delicate mannerisms, her quaint, almost wistful, beauty. And it was his fault if Hell had come to her; his own stupendous folly. He remembered his courtship, all the shyness of her wonderful girlhood, afterward the admiration she had everywhere excited, the burden of his own silence and aching heart. He ought to have been frank with her, have taken her into his arms and pleaded for the old days together. And, instead, he had let her go her own way, had grown colder and more silent, and let other men say the things which, after all, she might have cared to have heard from him. And now there had come the agony of this moment, this moment of dumb, midnight silence, broken only by the low thunder of the sea rolling in upon the stones below. Curteis felt his self-possession going. He must call out. In a moment . . .

He held his breath. The man on the piazza had moved. He was tapping upon the window, which all the while had remained dark and unresponsive. Still silence . . . The man leaned over and tapped again. Curteis's fingernails were buried in the soft ground and there was blood upon his lips. A blind had been drawn up, the window was open. Louise stood there, a slim, white figure.

"Who is that?" she asked quietly.

Willerton laughed softly.

"At last," he murmured, stepping forward. "Louise!"

His arm touched her, but she evaded him.

"You, Lord Willerton! How dare you come here! How dare you knock at my window!"

The man's hot whisper came like the muffled singing of a night insect to Curteis's ears.

"A man dares a great deal, Louise, for the woman he loves. All these days you have been cruel to me. You will not speak to me alone. I could not sleep and think that you were here, only a few yards off. I had to come."

Again he leaned over as though to embrace her, and again she evaded him.

"You knocked at my window—to tell me this!"

His voice sank so low that Curteis caught only the passionate murmur of his pleading tones. He tried to take her into his arms. For the third time she stepped back.

"Lord Willerton," she said, "you talk about a man daring a great deal for the woman he loves. You have dared a good deal indeed, but it is I who am to pay. Do your friends know where you are? What do they think?"

"They think that I have gone for a stroll. I"——

"Liar! Coward!" she exclaimed, leaning suddenly toward him. "Listen! You and your friends will leave this island before sunrise to-morrow. I hope to God that I may never meet you or any of your kind again. Go!"

She would have slammed the window, but he caught it.

"No, by heavens, I won't!" he exclaimed, suddenly thrusting his hand upon her mouth. "I—— Good God, Louise!"

There was a sharp report, a puff of smoke, and he sprang back with a little cry of terror. Louise stood once more in the window, and the steel of a revolver glittered in her hand.

"I am not quite foolish enough," she said, quietly, "to open my window to such a man as you without being prepared to defend myself. You and your friends wondered the other day why I practised with my revolver for half an hour a day. Now you know."

Lord Willerton had at least breeding.

"Madam, I congratulate your husband," he said. "I perceive that you are in earnest. You have deceived—a good many people."

He turned and walked into Curteis's arms.

Half an hour later Curteis strode into the little camp and flung upon the ground a soft, groaning burden.

"I've brought you Willerton back," he said, shortly. "Don't speak to me, Hammersly. If I find a single one of you on this island after sunrise to-morrow morning I'll shoot you without further warning."

He turned on his heel and disappeared among the shadows. But he did not return to the bungalow. It seemed to him the bitterest part of it all that he had not even been able to help her. She had fought her own battle and won; but, God help him, it was he who had exposed her to it! She would never forgive him. It was impossible.

He wandered on to the seashore, and sat upon the rock where only a few weeks ago he had expounded his miserable scheme to her. There were faint signs of coming dawn across the waters—a chilly wind had sprung up, and he shivered. Suddenly he started. Louise, hatless, but with a great fur mantle wrapped around her, was sitting by his side.

"I don't think much of your experiment, Dick," she said, quietly.

He was so staggered by her presence that for the moment he was speechless. Then something in the faint smile with which she was regarding him loosened his tongue.

"Louise," he exclaimed, "you can't forgive me! Oh, you never can! I have been the biggest brute in the world."

"I might try," she murmured. "I have learned one thing, at least—that a husband is a very useful person. Did you hurt him very much, Dick?"

"He is alive," he answered.

"I don't think I like—other men quite so much, Dick," she whispered, nestling up to him. "Don't dare to ever boast about your experiment, but I think—if you would carry me up to the bungalow; my slippers are cut all to pieces on these rocks, and I am very cold—I might try—I might try, I said—— Oh, Dick!"—(The Sketch.