Interesting to Women.

FANCY COSTUMES FOR JUVENILES.

—(The Lady's Pictorial.

I IDE TO TAKE NO ACTION.

Workers for Boys' Home Await Outcome of Reformatory Bill.

The women interested in the proposed home for boys discharged from the city prisons decided yesterday, at a meeting held at the home of Mrs. Ralph Trautmann, to ask for a conference with the committee which has charge of the bill to provide a reformatory for boys on Hart's Island. It was intended to adopt a constitution for the proposed institution at this meeting, but in view of the changed situation it was decided to take no action until after the bill has been disposed of.

Justice Julius Mayer, the framer of the bill, said in a letter to Mrs. Henry Parsons that he expected to know its fate in a month, and suggested that the women should suspend the raising of money for the proposed home for that length of time. Then, he said, they would be in a position to "regulate their efforts in accordance with the new situation."

This, in the light of Justice Mayer's previous expressions of interest in the enterprise, was interpreted as meaning that he did not wish it to be abandoned, and the women present all seemed to think that there would still be plenty of work for the home to do.

"If the boys don't need us we can establish a home for girls," said Mrs. Beekman De Peyster. "It is badly needed, and I have been hoping that as soon as the boys' home was under way something might be done for girls."

The bill in question provides for a reformatory for boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty years, with an indeterminate sentence not to exceed three years, a system of parole and instruction in a trade. Upon their release homes and employment are to be found for the boys. The women thought that there was no doubt as to the passage of the bill, as the question involves only city and not State money.

Mrs. Henry Parsons presided, and Mrs. J. Augustine Wilson acted as secretary. The others present were Mrs. Ralph Trautmann, Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. John Francis Barry, Mrs. Clark Bell, Mrs. Beekman De Peyster, Mrs. Jeanette Leeper and Miss O'Connor.

AT NURSES' RECEPTION.

The progress of the New-York City Training School for Nurses, at Blackwell's Island, furnished Homer Folks, former Commissioner of Charities, with the text for a pleasant address to the alumnæ of the school at their meeting yesterday in the Academy of Medicine.

"While I have been secretary to the Board of State Charities since coming to New-York," Mr. Folks said, "and have sat on the Board of Aldermen, besides being Commissioner of Public Charities, there is one office I can never aspire to—that of president of the Association of Alumnæ of the New-York Training School for Nurses."

Then he went on to sketch the growth within the last few years of the institution, and particularly during the years from 1902 to 1904. So far as material equipment went, he said, the school stood second to none.

Miss J. Amanda Silver, president, and Miss Irene B. Yocum were appointed to represent the association at the annual meeting of Associated Alumnæ Nurses, in Philadelphia, on May 12-14. The association will also be represented at the meeting of the State association, in Albany, on the third Tuesday in April. Although there will be no graduating class from the training school this year, the association will hold the usual reception.

Tea was served at the close of the meeting in the banquet hall by Miss Emily Gilmour and Miss Elizabeth Farrell.

WALDENSIAN SOCIETY MEETS.

Its Object Is the Evangelization of Italy.

Miss Sibyl Carter, whose foundation of lace industries among the Indians has attracted so much attention, has now started the same work in Italy, under the auspices of the Waldensian Society of the City of New-York, and expects great results from it. Miss Carter gave an account of her work at a parlor meeting held at the home of Mrs. Gilbert Colgate, No. 396 West Seventy-sixth-st., yesterday afternoon, and exhibited specimens of Italian handiwork, together with some pieces done by her Indian pupils. In the case of two collars, one done by an Italian and one by an Indian, the comparison was greatly in favor of the former, although the Indian had been making lace for eight years and the Italian specimen was only the second piece done by the worker.

Besides giving the Italian peasant girls a means of livelihood, Miss Carter pointed out that this lace work gave them new interests, and was thereby a strongly elevating influence. Heretofore the only gainful occupation open to the peasant girls has been field work. Miss Carter started this class in lacemaking last summer, and expects to go to Italy again this summer for the purpose of continuing the work.

The Rev. Dr. D. Stuart Dodge presided, and introduced Miss Carter.

The object of the Waldensian Society is the evangelization of Italy. It is modelled after a similar society in Great Britain, and takes its name from its co-operation with the Waldensian Church, which is now no longer confined to the Piedmontese valleys, but is scattered all over Italy. The president of the New-York society is the bishop coadjutor, the Right Rev. David H. Greer.

Among those present at the meeting were Miss Emily O. Butler, Mrs. Samuel Colgate, Mrs. John C. Peters, Mrs. Richard Dorman, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Bangs, Miss Pollock and Miss McKensie.

Embroidery is the one recognized decoration for the luxurious cloth gown; but the economical or impecunious may use braids of various widths and kinds.

Transparencies in lace embroidery and beadwork are being used for promenade wear on the Riviera, with chiffon or mousseline boas. White is much affected by motorists at the same place, and is to be as fashionable this year as ever.

The bodice is becoming an unacknowledged quantity in the gowns of the season, while the sleeves are of primary importance. The larger the better, is the rule which seems to guide the fashionable coutourier, but it is not largeness of the balloon variety that is sought.

Chiffon dresses in all sorts of colors are much in evidence at the present time, brown and moleskin tones sharing favor with gray, and gauging forms the principal trimming, with occasional touches of lace, such as a valenciennes tucker, or a deep cape collar of thread lace. Rows and rows of gauging are used around the waist, around the top of the bodice, heading the flounces, and holding the sleeves down at the shoulder.

There is a tendency at present to relegate the trimming of skirts toward the middle when it is applied horizontally.

The extensive adulteration of silk induced by the great demand for that fabric during the last few years has led to such a strong feeling against the use of the doctored concoctions that an effort is being made in the chief silk centres to put an end to the practice. The adulteration of silk is objectionable from every point of view, but chiefly because the introduction of this foreign material has usually destroyed the natural cry of the precious fabric by transforming it into an agressive rattle instead of a gentle frou-frou.

A chiffon rose craze is now running very high in Paris, and from its initial manipulation, which is a very miracle of deft fingering, to its ultimate artistic disposal, either in wreath or in separate clusters, the chiffon rose is an adornment to be accepted and made much of. In effect it is as light as a dream, each petal standing forth and declaring itself an individual identity, as though verily of nature's handiwork.

A sheaf of flowers lying on the arm is said to be the most convenient form for the bridal bouquet.

The fashion of dressing bridesmaids exactly alike has its disadvantages quite apart from the fact that a given costume may not be equally suitable to a whole bevy of girls. Think of thirteen gowns and thirteen hats exactly alike let loose in London, says the Queen. At a time of the year when the bridesmaid's gown may be transformed into an evening dress or taken abroad, it may not matter so much; but think of the possibility of meeting those thirteen frocks one after another at Ascot, for instance. It is pure tragedy. Why should the group of "attendant maids" be dressed alike? Why should they not carry out a scheme of color, each unit playing her part in the construction of a harmonious whole. A group of eight bridesmaids, who were dressed recently in the hues of azaleas, were a great success. They wore soft, clinging frocks of voile de sole, and only each couple were alike, two in ivory, two in pale sulphur, two in faint salmon pink and two in the color only seen in the azalea and a similarly tinted rose. They carried bouquets of azaleas. In another case the gowns were all white, but the shoulders were of different shades.

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A Gentleman of Devon.

BY D. H. PARRY, AUTHOR OF "THE DEFENCE OF THE CHATEAU," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

Of our cruise westward I must here say nothing; of our stay at Ferro, where we took in fresh water—for that we had brought out with us began to stink exceedingly—and where we refitted our main topmast, broken short in a gale.

Nor yet of the galleon, the San Salvador, though we chased her a whole day, and boarded her at midnight with as great slaughter of her crew as any I have read of; taking out of her three chests of ducats, with eight silver cups and much store of pearls.

'Tis of the secret object of our venture I must speak, because upon it hung all our fortune.

'Twas Lancelot Heavens, out of Bristol, that first had news of the Silver Island, and how he got it no man knew, yet he averred stoutly that it was true enough could we but light upon it.

He would point to a circle drawn upon his chart by some mysterious informant and say very quietly, "It lies about this place, yet my man did warn me that 'twas most difficult to distinguish, there being nigh upon a score of isles all about it and differing but little one from another."

And when indeed we came thereabouts we found the whole sea dotted with rocks and islands, some bare, others all grown with trees to the shore, and not a skin of living being upon any of them.

The story ran that the Indians, when the greedy Spaniard began to ravage the New World, with a crucifix in one hand and a thumbscrew in both, did secretly convey their wealth and deposit it in a secure hiding place, until there was a cave well-nigh filled with gold and gems, to which was added the cargo of a galleon cast away upon the place itself, solid bars of silver in great quantity, which had given to the island its name.

And so it came that we, a little band of seven Devon gentlemen, with Master Lancelot and thirty mariners, in the Rose Mary, after many months of voyage and much buffeting in unknown waters, did cast anchor at length in Master Heavens's magic circle and forthwith set our wits to work.

And, truth to tell, our wits were of little value; for a score of isles upon the chart, there were nigher to fourscore when we had counted them, and there were some of us who felt from the outset upon a fool's errand.

Yet Heavens remained firm, and those who knew him kept heart, and, dividing into three bands, we daily pulled away from the ship and explored an island.

Not that it brought us any luck, though at first it was change enough from the close confinement of the vessel, and several of the isles were realms of fairyland.

Our choice lay first, and not unnaturally, to those where limpid springs bubbled down groves of fern and flower; where scented blossoms loaded the air with heavy perfume, and under the arching boughs of wondrous growth there was cool shade from the vertical sun.

Yet after all 'twas not on one of those earthly paradises that we found our fortune, but in the clefts of the most forbidding of them all, a black, barren rock, rising so sheer on all sides that we had dismissed it as impossible, there being no foothold to be gained.

It happened in this wise:

Of late I had had a lassitude which confined me to the ship, and 'twas lying alone on the high poop, thinking of my sweet Bess, that I made the great discovery.

The rest of the company were all away in the boats, save only two or three seamen, who talked together in the forecastle, and the moon came rolling upward as we had never seen it in our own country.

The tide was low, and scarcely a ruffle on the water. One by one the islands loomed blacker and blacker as the orb rose behind them, and straightway atween the moon and myself towered the barren rock which we had christened "Ragged Rascal."

Save for the sometime creak of the cordage overhead, or the far-off chorus of my companions, singing our Devon ditties to beguile the labor as they rowed, there was not a sound, and I, full of sad thoughts, lest I might die there, as indeed two of our company had done not long before, lay watching the outline of "Ragged Rascal" strong against the moon.

I have said the tide was low, yet had it still some feet to fall, and on a sudden I found myself raised upon my elbow and very intent, for, right in the centre of the barren island at the water line glowed a great silver eye!

So strong and bright was it that I instantly saw it to be something we had never marked before, and no gleam of moonshine upon wet rock; and larger it grew until all resemblance to an eye had vanished, and I saw it was a yawning archway through which the moon poured a flood of glory across the water toward me.

"Come hither, all of ye!" I shouted, and at my call they ran astern, tumbling up the ladder on to the poop—Lancelot Heavens, Hal Crab, Peter the blackamoor, and little Tom Huxtable, our cabin boy, with a man from Dartmouth whose name escapes me.

"What make you of that?" said I, pointing, and when they had hung a moment over the gunwale, gazing, Lancelot Heavens looked full into my eyes and shouted: "'Tis the Silver Island, Master Walter! I will wager my share of the treasure that we find it yonder."

With that they all fell a-dancing like men possessed, and I in truth not much saner.

"Boys," said I, after we had regarded the opening once more, I for my part more than half expecting it to vanish and our hopes with it, "there is the shallop alongside; we will make speed to investigate yonder cleft and set a mark upon it before the tide flows again. You, Lance, Hal Crab, Peter and little Tom shall go with me." And only lingering to place a loaded dag in my belt, we pushed off, leaving the man from Dartmouth in charge of the vessel, greatly against his will.

For nigh upon a quarter of a mile, which was the distance between the "Ragged Rascal" and the little bay in which our ship lay at anchor, there was no sound but the splash of our oars and the bubble of the sea against the shallop's prow.

When we came under the shadow of the island the men ceased rowing, and a mighty silence fell on everything.

Never have I seen the like of that silver pathway, dancing out upon the oily swell; 'twas a river of gems rippling under an arch of ebony, and within we could see a haven, all set about with precipitous rock.

"Softly," said I in a whisper, yet 'twas sufficient to rouse some monster of the deep from his slumber on a flat shelf, and send him sliding into the water with great tossing of snakelike arms that churned the silver to a froth of fire!

"God save us!" said Hal Crab, as the shallop drifted into the haven, and we saw another archway leading away again to seaward on the other side.

Then all was silent as the grave, save the beating of our hearts; above us the star-bedizened firmament, and within that nasin of black rock that hemmed us round nought but the gentle heave of the night tide lifting the seaweed.

'Twas Lancelot Heavens who first spake.

"Master Walter," said he, gazing fearfully about him, "we must take especial heed to the water rising, else we are in a trap."

"True," said I; "so to it, my Devon dogs, and let us make what haste we may to discover our prize, for something tells me we are close upon it, and I scent treasure in the very air!"

And so it was; look where I would I seemed to see the face of my sweet Bess smiling upon me, and I was in a mood to feel surprise at nothing save it should be only failure!

The shallop glided on, Hal Crab sculling with an oar in the stern, and we fending her from the rocks with our hands.

I turned quickly, for something plucked my sleeve. "Master!" whispered little Tom Huxtable, his teeth all a chatter, "I heard voices!"

I smiled indulgently upon the boy, yet was my smile shortlived, as, rounding a jut of the cliff, we came all on a sudden into the ruddy glare of torches!

The rock yawned into a mighty cavern at that place, to which a tier of wave washed ledges led like giant steps, and up above us, in the smoke and flame of several flambeaus, moved two men in steel morions!

They had their backs toward the water, and bent, with heads together, as though they examined something upon the ground.

I looked at Lancelot Heavens with inquiry in my eyes, and he nodded.

"Spaniards!" he murmured in a voice of awe; "but how came they hither, and from whence?"

"It matters not," I replied; "yet shall they be sorry that they came!"

"Be not rash," he urged, "for we know not how many there may be.

"I am captain here, and we are men of Devon," said I rashly enough, for I was young in those days, and as the shallop floated to the steps I loosed the loaded dag from my belt.

Then, leaving only little Tom Huxtable in the boat, we crept like mice up the ledges, until, being at the topmost one and seeing that there were but the two rogues, we sprange upon them with a great shout, and one I shot, while Black Peter flung his comrade adown the rocks, his corslet clashing as he rolled till the water had him and he sank like a stone!

And then what surprise and joy was ours to see the cavern floor all strewn with the wealth of a continent—for there in very truth it lay, the treasure we had sought!

In our eagerness we saw not the strangeness of it all—that it should be lying there exposed, newly torn from its wrapping of mats and leaves; we heeded not the dead man on his back beside it, but thought only of the reward of our labors, far exceeding anything we had hoped!

Plates of beaten gold, encrusted with great emeralds; earthen jars overflowing with pearls of every size; a chest full of Spanish reals, another of altar vessels richly jewelled; ten more that held ducats, and a veritable rampart of silver bars from the wrecked galleon of which we had heard—truly it was not a monarch's ransom alone, but enough to purchase all the kingdoms of the world, and it was ours!

Yet what did attract me most of all was a deep coffer of some scented wood, the hinge of silver roughly wrenched away and the coffer filled with gems that flashed and quivered and shone as I stirred them with my dagger.

The hidden flame of great opals glowed in a bed of red and green and amethyst; diamonds sparkled with a myriad points of rainbow fire; there were also stones of wondrous blue, and yellow topazes, and others whose names I know not, and whose like I have never seen; I could have looked upon them for hours in childish delight had not a warning scream rung up from the water behind us.

And then in a moment we were sane again, when it was too late; sane, and turning at bay, well-nigh unarmed, to face the boatload of Spaniards that came upon us with calivers and pikes, and we but four!

A dozen pieces crashing in a volley woke the awful echoes of the place. Peter, the blackamoor, sinking lifeless, and Hal Crab crying piteously that his legs were broken!

"The case is altered!" said Lancelot Heavens. "It serves us well for our folly!"

Resistance I knew to be useless, yet had I even then attempted something but for the sight of their leader, who, in his turn, became as a figure of bronze, looking up at me under the peak of his morion as if half doubting his senses.

"Master Walter Shillingford," said he in very good English, as a noose of rope pinioned my arms to my sides, "I have much pleasure in this meeting," and a smile of hell itself spread over the features of Alvaro Diego!

. . . . . .

"Oh, Bess, my sweet Bess!" I had groaned, reeling against the cavern wall, overcome by a mighty nausea of despair, "'tis the end of my dream," and when I unclosed my eyelids everything was misty and uncertain.

Yet out of the mist and the smoke of the torches the Spaniard loomed into my vision again, standing there alone, while the cave rang with the laughter of his men, hauling upon the money chests which they made haste to carry into their boat.

Lancelot Heavens, with his wrists bound, sat motionless a few paces away, and the outline of his broad back betold a man in deep misfortune.

"Well, Señor Shillingford, how does my fine gentleman of Devon find himself now?" said the Don, smiling in derision. "Ha! silent and sullen as are ever the English dogs, taking their pleasures sadly and their woes worse; then, since you will not find your tongue—though our tormentor shall presently discover it with his pincers—I must do the talking."

No doubt he was a brave figure in his Spanish morion and black half armor, chased with silver, stroking his pointed beard with a gloved hand while he rested the other on the guard of his drawn rapier, yet I confess I had little pleasure at the sight of him, liking him better as I had last seen him, hung upon the briars of the hedgerow in the lane.

"Shall I give you news of your friends over sea—ha!—of your brother Jasper, who was indeed my friend, since he it was who advanced my ransom to the knave Pomeroy?"

"It cost him little to play ducks and drakes with my money," said I in the bitterness of my heart.

"Precisely," said the Spaniard, laughing. "And to him also do I owe the knowledge of your errand here."

"You lie!" I cried, "he knew it not."

"There you are wrong, for a gentleman of Aragon cannot lie," he said haughtily. "Yet for what purpose, think you, did he hang about the tavern of nights when your companions roystered, when the wine was working and the casements wide?"

"The hound—the sneaking hound!" said I.

"Even hounds have their use, though they be but dirty Devon dogs," sneered Alvaro Diego.

"Were I but free!" I groaned, writhing in my bonds.

"Unhappily, señor, you are not, and when I have done with you you will pray for death rather than freedom; but listen; I speak now of your lady love, Mistress Pym."

I bit hard upon my lip, saying not a word.

"I had some fancy for her, and the girl is not born who could resist my suit did I but press it; yet I leave her willingly to my friend Jasper, whose money has bought her—or, rather, her father—which is the same thing. 'Twas a cunning old rogue to send you roving until your brother should marry her."

Still I said nothing, though my heart and veins and very brain seemed bursting, and it was at that moment that Lancelot Heavens began a clicking softly with his tongue!

"The maid will make him but a sad wife, I know," went on the remorseless wretch, "and how strange are the turns of Fortune's wheel! Had your brother not loved her you had not come a-voyaging; had we not taken an Indian on the mainland and carbonadoed him a whole day we had never learned the true secret of this treasure cave, and you, you, Master Walter, had been sailing home anon with gold sufficient to buy all the maids in Devon, eh?—ha! ha! blind fools, yet my good ship has lain hid this whole week beyond the outermost island, and we only wait to embark our spoil before we slay you all and sink your pitiful craft into the oblivion of these blue waters!"

Again through his words I heard the click of Lancelot Heavens's tongue, and, glancing toward him, all my effort was then to show nothing of what I saw upon the water!

From the moonlit circle of the land locked bay, into the shadow of the cavern's throat, glided one of our boats, summoned thither by the firing, and in her were Roger Carew, Jack Dittisham and a dozen seamen, the Spaniards all a-bustling with the chest of church plate, so that they marked nothing of it all!

"Oh, sweet Bess, sweet Bess!" I cried in my heart, and surely never did lover invoke his mistress' name with so evil a countenance as I, for 'twas my purpose that the Don should keep his back to seaward until they should have set foot on the rocks, to which end my scowl became terrible.

"Unbind me, coward!" I hissed, straining toward him. "If you are a man and not a fiend, meet me point to point, for the honor of your knighthood!"

"Nay," said he, frowning darkly and fingering his dagger, "the wound is too deep to be healed after that fashion; 'twere small satisfaction to slay you outright; the knife and the cord and the brazero first—and then may you crawl back to tell your countrymen of the vengeance of a gentleman of Aragon!"

"Men of Devon!" rose the wild shout of my comrades as they poured up the steps, and good Lancelot Heavens, who had ever his wits well sharpened, sprang to his feet, though his wrists were bound, and threw himself against the Don so that he staggered back and I was able to slip aside and get my bonds cut!

And then, great battle among the scattered treasure there, to the overturning of all the torches—save only one; with five of the Spaniards slain outright, though we had no firearms; the rest, with the Don leading, seeking refuge in some black recess far in the cavern's depth, where we let them bide, safe, as we thought, until our whole party should be brought together.

Yet were we not secure, for little Tom Huxtable, in the shallop, cried on a sudden, "Masters, they come—three boats full," and, being but sixteen of us, not counting the lad, we deemed it wise to beat a retreat.

So, bearing poor Hal Crab, and making shift to carry away the great casket of jewels, we ran down to the boat, and pulled like madmen for the archway on our side while the Spaniards were still some fathoms from their entrance.

Even then we were but just in time, for the water was nigh to the top of the rocks, and we had to crouch low, and pass out on the suck of a great wave, so high had the tide risen.

Outside, we found the sea ruffled with a furious wind, and a mighty storm coming up from the southward, nor had we found our ship had not the others, fearing for our safety, fired several guns, which told us where she lay.

Never spent I such a night of peril. The wind was hot as a furnace, and shrieked like some demon in pain; the heavens opening and closing, and the water bubbling as in a cooking pot.

About 2 in the morning some cried that the end of all things was at hand, for a blinding column of fire and smoke rising out of the ocean brought us all to our knees in prayer.

But for some shelter of high peak behind us that tempered its force, we had never weathered that hurricane, yet at dawn we were still at anchor and the sea going down.

"'Tis God's Providence over us!" exclaimed Lancelot Heavens, pointing with a trembling hand across the waste of waters, "where is the 'Ragged Rascal,' or am I mad?"

Then a great silence fell over the ship's company crowded upon the bulwarks. The Silver Island was no longer to be seen!

. . . . . .

'Twas high noon before we could do aught but whisper in subdued voices one to another, and gaze at the spot where now nothing but the wavelets danced under the blazing sun, nor of our enemies was there the slightest trace.

I have since had it from mariners that such things are not uncommon in those seas, and that it is the fire which rages in the centre of our globe, and which will destroy vast portions of the earth without warning, and also that there are mountains that do smoke and vomit flames, yet the Indians pay little heed to them, but I have never seen these things myself, only on that venture in the Rose Mary, in the year of our Lord 1584.

In the cabin under the poop, we afterward made fair division of that spoil which we had taken, finding it beyond our brightest dreams, and my share alone to the value of £12,000!

One great emerald there was remaining over, and that Roger Carew held for a while atween his fingers.

"Lads," said he at last, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and then laying it upon the pile before me, "we cannot cut this gem, and we may not have it one more than another; let us give it, therefore, to our friend Walter—a present from the boys of Devon to his sweet Bess!"—(Cassell's Magazine.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Fancy Blouse, No. 4,676, for 10 Cents.

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NO. 4,676—FANCY BLOUSE.

This one is adapted to a wide range of materials and to almost numberless combinations, but is shown in checked black and white silk, with trimming of black velvet and white cloth bands, and is combined with a chemisette and undersleeves of cream lace. The quantity of material required for medium size is 3⅜ yards 21 inches wide, 3½ yards 27 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards of all over lace, ⅝ yard of bias velvet and ⅝ yard of cloth for bands.

The pattern, No. 4,676, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give pattern and bust 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.

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.

TWO PICTURES—THEN AND NOW.

[Note.—Maiden Lane, New-York, or, as the Dutch named it, "Maagde Paatje," was a green lane by a murmuring stream where in the morning their maidens did spread and did water the linen they had woven for their dower, and at evening did walk with their lovers.]

1778.

With flaxen web tripped forth the Holland maid
To lay it by the stream in Maiden Lane.
To chat with other comely, thrifty maids
And learn to plait anew her silken braids;
For oft at eve with gallant swain she strayed
To view with him his fine estates in Spain.

1904.

Footpaths of stone and lofty walls of gray;
The talk of gain or loss the only stream—
No murmuring voices in the ambient air,
No castle of enchantment looming there,
But just a narrow, crowded street by day,
By night a highway, fit for sordid dream.

Could ye return, fond swains and maidens fair,
To trip the verdured ancient Maiden Lane
Just for one night, the present walls of stone
Noiseless, might slip away to parts unknown;
Then could we to your rural court repair;
We, too, might see your castles fair in Spain.

—(By L. K. Becker, in Four Track News.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Miss J. C. has sent a check for $25 to be divided into three parts, and each devoted to a special work. The wishes of the donor will be carried out. Mrs. T. R. Olmond has sent her check for $10 to be used for the benefit of the theological student recovering from paralysis; Mrs. A. R., of Long Island, $10 for a special need; Miss Isabel Dutcher, 25 cents; Miss J. Olmstead, 18 cents, and Mrs. Mackee, 10 cents, for badges.

BIRTHDAY OF AN AGED MEMBER.

Mrs. Annie E. Kitchel, of No. 17 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, the oldest member of the T. S. S., will celebrate her ninety-third birthday on March 13. As this comes on Sunday, she will receive her friends on that day, and also on Monday. She has extended a personal invitation to the officers of the T. S. S., written in her own firm, clear handwriting. Mrs. Kitchell thinks she is the oldest subscriber to The Tribune. As she is fond of receiving letters, members will please her highly by sending greetings on her natal day.

TO SELL BOOKMARKS.

An invalid member in New-York State, whose sad physical condition is well known at the general office, makes the following request: "Will you kindly permit me a little space in the T. S. S. column to call attention to my hand-painted bookmarks, and those with poems on. They are very appropriate for Easter greetings, or for any other purpose where a small gift is desired. I am particularly anxious to find sale for them, as my physician is desirous that I should have a course of treatment which is expensive in itself and very necessary, and which, situated as I am, my circumstances will not permit of. I am simply asking an opportunity to aid myself."

The address will be gladly given at the office to any one who is willing to aid this unfortunate member by purchasing some of these Easter greetings from her.

LENTEN TALKS.

Miss Jessie A. Fowler, a T. S. S. member, is giving a course of Lenten talks on "The Psychology of Child Life," on Wednesday mornings at 11 o'clock, in her parlors, at No. 24 East Twenty-second-st., Manhattan. Miss Fowler has visited the schools of Great Britain and Australia, and urges the importance of the mental and physical development of children. On March 16 Mrs. Clarence Burns, president of the Tribune Sunshine Society and president of the "Little Mothers'" Aid Association, will be the guest of honor. On March 30 the Rev. Arthur Jamieson will preside at the meeting.

REPLY.

Mrs. E. B., Cranford, N. J.: Please send "The Sunday School Times" direct to Mrs. Annie Wears, Farmdale, Fla., for the benefit of the little children in her Sunshine school.

FOR OTHERS.

E. and M. have contributed an excellent shawl "for an old lady" and a kimono "for an invalid." L. A. L., of Brooklyn, has given two shirtwaists and a jabot to be "passed on"; Miss Olive M. Young, of Yonkers, monograms, which gift renews her membership in the T. S. S., and Mrs. Chilman, of the Bahamas branch, a box of lovely shells.

REQUESTS.

About seven ounces of two thread Saxony of one color are needed by a "shut-in" member for Sunshine work.

A widowed member in Washington would be helped if she could have a pyrography outfit, as she would be able to dispose of some work of this kind. If some one has an outfit no longer in use will he or she please communicate with the office for address.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

—(Gibbon.

GLEANINGS.

A prominent Spaniard, Colonel Figuerola y Ferretti, says in a recent article on "Woman in Spain" that the welfare of that unhappy country is in the hands of its women. "When our men have better educated mothers," he observes, "the meaning of patriotism will be better understood." Let us hope that a new day is dawning for Spain, since the Infanta Eulalia, in her truly philanthropical spirit, graciously took her place on the platform at the Athenæum in Madrid at the first meeting held in the country on the education of women."

The dowry of daughters appears to have become a burning problem in England, where the ever-growing surplus of women continually increases the difficulty of finding a means of livelihood for girls who either from choice or chance are thrown upon their own resources. The hopeless outlook of the spinster is a social problem which cries out for solution, and even for the married woman a dowry is thought to be almost equally necessary. Without it the wife is in the position of a hireling dependent entirely upon the generosity of her husband. How the problem is to be solved is another matter, and a London paper urges that the subject be constantly discussed, that it be made the motive of novels, plays, sermons, lectures on economics, etc., that it be talked about not occasionally, but all the time, until some remedy is found for what is a social blot on the country.

It was the German novelist Auerbach who discovered Cannes, and made it famous by building a villa and wintering there from 1831 until 1868, when he died.

Joliet, Ill., with a population of forty-two thousand, is said by "The Journal of Education" to have eighty acres given up to public school grounds. Six schools stand in grounds of native wood, one with four acres of timber around it, another with five. One school has its peach orchard, where the fruit ripens unmolested. Last year the school sent a basket of its peaches to the State Fair and took a premium with it. A school lot of seventeen acres is enough to make the teacher of nature study in an East Side public school turn green with envy, but Joliet not only has one, but another of its schools has a yard of twenty acres, including a fine grove, and a delightful stream. On the public school grounds are thirty thousand trees, and every school has its flower garden in the season.

Americans are so accustomed to having their women praised and admired that it gives one a severe shock to read in a current magazine that they are not generally attractive.

"They are too animated, lack repose, are pretty but hard, and rarely distinguished. They often speak shocking English. Their voices have improved in the big Eastern cities—not in the South or West, where the intonation is still odious. Their charm to foreigners must therefore lie in some nervous undercurrent of force that thrills and magnetizes the more stolid brain of the Briton, and galvanizes the wearier satiety of the Latin temperament. At any rate, the spell exists."

Frances Power Cobb has sent all the way from Dolgelly, North Wales, to "The Woman's Journal," which is published in Boston, a suggestion for securing drugless sleep, which is worth noting for the benefit of chronic sufferers from insomnia. Miss Cobb offers her remedy for use "after excessive mental labor," but there seems to be no inherent reason why it should not also be applicable to "just nerves."

"To compel our thoughts to follow the memory of dreams, and on no account to revert to any subject of waking thought, pleasant or otherwise" that is Miss Cobb's formula.

"If we have already slept in the night," she says, "we should, in trying to sleep again, recall the dreams of the previous sleep and carry them on. If we have not slept, then it is necessary to go back to old dreams, which is rather more exertion, and less certainly successful. But even this is far better for sleep than allowing the memory to revert to any waking thoughts, or to the familiar old devices of counting a hundred, or picturing sheep, etc."

Housewives' Exchange.

A PRIZE OFFER.

In response to the invitation of the Housewives' Exchange to its readers to suggest topics which they would like to see discussed in these columns, this department takes pleasure in announcing as the subject for the next prize competition these questions, which have been sent in by "L. M. C.":

When reverses come, is it advisable for the wife to leave the home in the hands of Betty in the kitchen and accept a salaried position?

Or is it better to economize by dismissing Betty (having women workers come in a day or so a week)—twisting, turning, darning, mending and saving in the hundred ways possible through the mistress's superintendence (for this takes head as well as hands)?

In the former case, what about sickness which, if the mother had been at home, might have been averted?

To the correspondent contributing the best article in answer to these questions the Housewives' Exchange will give a cookbook or a child study book—any one the contributor may select. Although the exchange reserves to itself the right to publish (without compensation) all articles entered in this contest, it will award the prize to but one. In sending in their views, contributors are asked to state what book they want, addressing their letters to the Housewives' Exchange, New-York Tribune, New-York City. Contributions must be received on or before March 19.

This department will welcome suggestions from its readers as to topics they would like to see discussed in its columns.

WHO WILL ANSWER THIS?

Your request for suggestions from women emboldens me to ask for information in regard to the quality of our domestic fabrics in comparison with the imported.

I heard a person say lately: "One expects to find imported goods better and of a finer finish."

Is this true to-day of the dress goods in wool and silk and wool? Do merchants regard our woollens, cottons and other textile fabrics inferior to the imported? Do our factories produce the equal of French and English goods?

We have heard so much of late of the superiority of American machinery, carpets and manufactures generally, why, then, should it be supposed that our cloths are inferior? Or has the word imported a potent effect upon the sale of goods? How can we make a true estimate? Where get the information? A READER.

Ossining, N. Y.

RECIPE FOR PEPPERPOT.

In answer to your inquiry in The Tribune I send a tried recipe for pepperpot. It is Miss Farmer's recipe, though it is not in her published cookbook: Philadelphia Pepperpot—Cook one-quarter cup each of sliced onions, chopped celery and green peppers in three tablespoons of butter for fifteen minutes. Add two and one-half tablespoons of flour. When well blended add five cups of chicken stock, one-half pound of honeycomb tripe, cut in cubes, an equal quantity of potatoes cut in cubes, three-quarters of a teaspoon of peppercorns, pounded fine, and three-quarters of a tablespoon of salt. Cover and let cook one hour. Just before serving add one-half cup of heavy cream and more butter if desired. C. H. WELLS.

Woodstock, Vt.

SPANKING—A LA SHAKESPEARE.

To spank, or not to spank, that is the questions
Whether 'tis nobler for the soul to suffer
The faults and failings of unruly children,
Or to take rod and child at once in hand,
And, by sound spanking, end them? To beat—to bang—
Real hard; and, by such means, to say we end
All sin original, corruption natural,
That flesh is heir to—'tis a fallacious doctrine
Most truly to be shunned. To stop—to think—
Ah, yes; do stop to think; ay, there's the test;
For in that space of time what thoughts may come,
When we have shuffled off this temper vile,
And give us pause!
Thus conscience doth make victors of us all;
And thus the dire sin of violence
Is turned aside by the good angel Love.

Kingston, N. Y. MRS. M. B. B.

DIRECTIONS FOR SWEATER WANTED.

I have read with interest the articles in this column, and inclose a few recipes, thinking they may be useful to some one. I should also like to ask if any one can tell me how to cook "potatoes grated." Also give the directions for knitting a child's sweater, aged ten years? SUBSCRIBER.

Honesdale, Penn.

ROOM FOR A BOY.

I was very much interested in reading the articles on the best way to furnish a boy's room, as I was anxious to help advise a poor boy how to furnish his room. As all boys have not had the good luck to inherit beautiful furnishings, or the money to buy them with, I hope I am not too late in giving my advice.

Let the boy have the very best room you can spare, with plenty of sunshine, if possible. Cover the floor with matting, put in an iron bedstead with plain, clean clothing, then buy a medium sized kit of carpenter's tools, and let the boy make his own furniture, and paint, varnish and decorate it. He will enjoy the work, and be learning a number of trades. Meantime he will be kept out of mischief.

I inclose a recipe for squash pie. B. E. B.

Arlington, N. J.

SQUASH PIE.

E. E. B.'s recipe