FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

THE LATEST ASPECT OF THE SEASON'S MILLINERY.
—(The Lady's Pictorial.

BELIEVES IN IMMIGRANTS.

Mrs. Barrows Says the Country Needs All It Can Get.

"The Anti-Immigration League has spent a great deal of time, money and influence, which might better have been spent in distributing immigrants over the country," said Mrs. Samuel J. Barrows yesterday forenoon, in the course of an address on the subject, "Is further restriction of immigration necessary?" before the Woman's Municipal League at the City Club, No. 55 West Forty-fourth-st. Mrs. Barrows thought restriction was not necessary, for one reason, as she said, because there is a great deal of building up to be done in this country.

"In New-England there is a great scarcity of labor, and the situation is still worse out West. Why, Texas alone is twice the size of Italy, and much larger than Germany. People in the South think (mistakenly, I believe) that the race trouble will be cured by the importation of Southern Europeans, and steamship and railroad people are making great efforts to get such people there. Steamships will soon run direct to Southern ports, for not only is immigration desired by the South, but that particular kind which in the North is considered so undesirable."

SCOFFS AT EDUCATIONAL TEST.

Mrs. Barrows disapproved of all educational tests for immigrants, on the score of having known many people who made admirable citizens "who had never bothered with the three R's."

"In Canada, last summer, the man who sold me the carpenter's fittings for my house was generally respected, and the owner of a good business, but he could neither read nor write. In the South I knew a wainwright who could do really advanced blacksmithing, but he was a colored man and could not read or write. The fact that a person can write and read a bit of the Constitution does not necessarily fit him to take a place in the economic life here, or prevent him from becoming an object of charity. My husband looked into this subject at Washington and found by statistics that the people of Southern Europe, who show the lowest standard of education, display the greatest ability to support themselves.

"A young Greek came to us a little while ago with his sister. He was a graduate of the University of Athens, and had studied a little law. What can be done with him? He can't do a blessed thing with his hands. If he was a good tinsmith it would do him much more good than his law. We force such people to take the lowest positions in the social and economic scale, and then we laugh at them and call them dagoes and peanut pedlers. But they don't stay beside their pushcarts and their peanut stands.

FORGING AHEAD.

"There was another Greek came to us, also a university graduate. Like the first, he could speak no English. A fellow countryman of his, who keeps a restaurant, came forward and said, 'Me want broiler cook,' so the young Greek has gone to broil in a restaurant kitchen. He has to begin at the very bottom. But he is gifted with a beautiful voice, and, knowing some Latin, he has got a position to sing in a church on Sundays, and so he makes out a living. All of which goes to show that education per se does not make a person a desirable addition to this country."

Mrs. Barrows continued her defence of the immigrant along still other lines.

"When you hear of a mob burning and killing," she said, "it's not these new immigrants who do it, but Americans. Foreigners have to be here some time before they learn such things. As for the claim that immigrants become paupers, not one of the six hundred thousand who came over last year has become a public charge. That shows they were not beggars. Beggars don't emigrate. No beggar ever emigrated from anywhere—he can't even be got to move on. As for the terrible slums which are said to be due to the immigrant, as Jacob Riis has said, it is not the tenant but the tenement that makes a slum."

After Mrs. Barrows had finished, there was a discussion.

ARE SOME ANARCHISTS?

"Don't you think that among the immigrants are a good many of anarchistic tendencies, who go to the mines?" asked a member.

Mrs. Barrows had heard of anarchistic doctrines cropping out in the mines of Pennsylvania and Indiana, but, she added, "I also heard that these were but a just resistance to tyranny."

"But don't a good many semi-anarchists come over?" persisted the former speaker.

"Oh, well, our country ought to be able to look after a few semi-anarchists," was Mrs. Barrows's reply.

"I confess to being very narrow-minded," put in another of the women present. "I am as Puritan on both sides and as far back as I can be, and I have an 'old fogy' feeling about all this immigration. But it helps me in thinking of a time when there will be no Americans to remember that we are not a peculiar people, as the Jews supposed they were. And we must not look at this submerging of the American type from the American viewpoint, but from humanity's."

"But New-York has always been cosmopolitan," interposed another member, eagerly. "In Peter Stuyvesant's day there were twenty-four languages and dialects here."

Then Mrs. Barrows told about a seven story candy factory owned by a Greek in this city. "'I suppose you employ a good many Greeks here,' I said to him, as he was showing me over it. 'Hardly any,' was his reply. 'The Italians make all the candy, the Germans run all the machines and the Americans manage and keep the books.'"

And then Miss Chanler, the president, adjourned the meeting.

A TALK ON COREA.

Dr. Brown's Opinion of the Government and Natives.

At the annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery of New-York, held yesterday afternoon at No. 156 Fifth-ave., the officers of the last year were re-elected. Mrs. Payson Merrill is president; Mrs. S. C. T. Dodd, recording secretary; Miss E. J. Crothers, corresponding secretary, and Miss Mary G. Janeway, treasurer.

Mrs. Walter E. Lambert sang, and there were reports from the various secretaries of the society on the work of the last year. There was also a mission study class demonstration for the benefit of the women present.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown gave an informal talk on Corea and on his visit there. "At present the eyes of the world are upon Russia and Japan," he said, "but few are thinking of the lot of the unhappy Coreans, who are suffering from the cruelty of the hostile armies competing on their grounds." He spoke of the weak Corean government, which he condemned as "probably the most corrupt in the world to-day." "The country is ground between the upper and nether millstones, and the people dare not call their souls their own." Questioning one of the natives as to why he did not buy a few oxen and till his ground, Dr. Brown elicited the reply that if a man should own more than one ox the magistrates would pounce upon him, throw him into prison on some trumped up charge and confiscate all his property. "As to the sanitary conditions," Dr. Brown declared, "there are none." He stated that of the seventy missionaries stationed in Corea, only one was away at present, and that he is on furlough, but intends to return to his post next month.

A WEE ONE'S FIRST MONTHS.

The baby in the early months of its existence cannot have too much sleep, and can, and does generally, have too much food, says an authority. The intervals between meals are usually too short; five meals a day can be made to suffice, and nothing need be given in the night. The baby is a creature of habit, and can be made to follow a regular routine as to meals, sleeping, etc. It is good for the baby and good for the mother that such a routine should be established.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Child's Coat, No. 4,675, for 10 Cents.

Long coats that cover the frocks are the most becoming of all styles for little girls. This one is peculiarly charming, and includes the fashionable shirrings that give the broad effect with the fancy shaped collar that can be used or omitted as preferred. The model is made of pastel blue broadcloth, trimmed with fancy braid and ornaments, but there are many other materials equally appropriate. The for medium quantity of material required

NO. 4,675—CHILD'S COAT.

size (eight years) is 4⅝ yards 21 inches wide, 4¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 2⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of braid to trim as illustrated. The pattern 4,675 is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6, 8, and 10 years of age. The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and age 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.

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THE TROUBLE WILL NOT DOWN.

Anonymous Letters and Election Disputes at West End Club.

Yesterday was social day at the West End Woman's Republican Club, but other matters were more prominent than the programme. Certain anonymous letters which have lately been received by women whose names are up for membership were the uppermost topic of conversation, but no one could be found who had seen these communications.

"I know nothing of the letters," said the president, Mrs. Augustine J. Wilson, "and have seen no one who has seen them. We consider them beneath contempt and will take no action whatever. Any other statements attributed to me in regard to this matter are absolutely false."

The letters in question set forth alleged reasons why the women receiving them should not join the West End Women's Republican Club, and were of an extremely scurrilous character.

The matter of the disputed election, which has been disturbing the organization for some weeks and was supposed to be closed, shows some signs of revival, and it is rumored that it may be brought before the executive board again. Mrs. William H. Grafton, who brought the charges against the tellers and was formally censured by the executive board for her action in the matter, was treated with marked coldness by a good many of the members yesterday afternoon.

The guests of honor were Mrs. Milton Rathbun, president of the Westchester Woman's Club, and Mrs. Charles Lloyd.

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.

CHEER UP.

Don't you be discouraged
'Cause de clouds is black;
Sunshine is a-waitin'
Foh to travel back.
I's seen rain a-plenty;
Thought 'twould never quit
Thunderin' an' lightnin'—
But I
ain'
drowned
yit.

When de snowstorm's threatenin',
Don't you be afraid;
Spring will come as usual,
Smilin', undismayed;
When de rose is bloomin'
You won' mind it a bit.
I's seen a lot o' winter,
An' I
ain'
froze
yit.
—(Washington Star.

NOTICE.

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

MONEY RECEIVED.

William M. Martin, president of Trinity Sunday School branch of the T. S. S., at Charlotte, N. C., has sent $1 for twenty badges for new members; Mrs. James McFarlane, $1 for sunshine cheer where needed. She adds: "I think you are doing a grand work and may God bless you."

REPORT FROM NEW-HAVEN.

Mrs. S. P. Dawson, secretary of the Elm City branch, of New-Haven, Conn., in sending the report of the February meeting, says in one comprehensive sentence: "We are receiving much, we are dispensing much, and bringing sunshine to many."

"The New-Haven Register's" report of the meeting is in part as follows:

The regular monthly meeting of the Tribune Sunshine Society was held in City Mission Hall last Tuesday. It was opened promptly at 3 o'clock with a short address by the president, Mrs. F. B. Walker. The weather for the afternoon was fitting to the society's name, bright golden rays of sunshine piercing the clouds. That is just the idea the society aims to follow in the homes and lives of those who need assistance, for where clouds are darkest there the society brings sunshine of a practical nature. The detailed work of the society was very large for the last month, too much to get into this article, but all friends and those interested are most cordially invited to attend the monthly meetings where they may gain an idea of the work and how it is managed. There one may listen to pathetic letters of hope, patience and gratitude read from those assisted in their dark hours, and hear of the different families and individuals needing all kinds of sunshine. The visitor will realize a truth from Shakespeare, "A gift is twice blessed; it blesses him that takes and him that gives." A letter from Dr. John Ennis, of Florida, who so kindly offered the bright, young colored girl known to the society as "Emily" a month's stay at his Sunshine cottage, stated that Emily had arrived safely, and that a rest would cure her. Dr. Ennis predicts for this ambitious girl a great future, and prophesies that she will be such a woman of her race as Booker T. Washington is a man. The branch contributed $25 for her travelling expenses to Florida.

The donations for the month were most gratifying. The head of the list must be given to Miss R. Inda Albaugh. Through her assistance and wide circle of influence everything necessary in the medical line and a great many of the luxuries have been added to the invalid trunk outfit. Not only will the patient be glad wherever this trunk may go, but the attendant physician and nurse will rejoice that no makeshift will be needed. C. E. Larom donated two loads of boxes, which were delivered to two homes, with widow inmates and families of little children. In both instances Yale students reduced these boxes to kindling wood "just to help a good cause along." Unfortunately the society has not even their names to offer them a vote of thanks. Further donations included clothing of all kinds—flannel skirts, nightdresses, coats and underwear for women; suit, overcoat and hat for a boy—and sums of money. Rents have been paid, groceries sent and coal delivered to the unfortunate who are sick and out of work.

John Krell, of this branch, has sent reading matter to invalids in Chicago, Arizona, Arkansas, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Washington, Massachusetts and Connecticut; several letters were written and sick calls made during the month.

ABLE TO GO OUT.

It is a matter for congratulation that Mrs. M. E. Gammons, president of the Heartsease Circle of Rhode Island, has been able not only to go out of doors but to take a ride on the trolley car and attend church for the first time in years. Her friends gathered around her with hearty congratulations on her remarkable improvement in health.

A REQUEST.

A Sunshine boy of eleven years wishes he could have a pair of shoes, size No. 2, and a pair of trousers, as he needs them badly. His father has been out of work a long time and his mother is ill.

"E. J. B.," Manhattan: The address you desire is, Miss Lizzie A. Stone, No. 217 Hudson-st., Buffalo, N. Y.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Another lovely wonder bag, "for a chronic invalid," has been received from "S. C. C.," of Manhattan. This will serve as a charming Easter greeting. Picture puzzles in envelopes have come from some little folk at Bennington, Vt.—Helen Mort, Willie Clark and Jennie Bowdish. Two boxes of helpful Easter cheer were contributed by Mrs. Bassert, a T. S. S. member in Brooklyn. Some especially fine articles of clothing for girls were included in the gift, besides ribbons, fancy trimmings, silk and wool remnants, pictures, calendars and magazines. Two boxes containing fancy articles, picture frames, ornaments, wools, stamps and cards were received from Miss Hofer, of Manhattan, and silk pieces, stamps and cards from "George," of Mount Vernon. Mrs. J. B. Lane, of Bloomfield, N. J., has returned articles for which wools were contributed. These included bed shoes, wristlets, play reins and soft balls. In the box were also three shoe cretonne bags, articles of clothing, hats, etc. Those who gave the wools and cretonnes are Mrs. Van Winkle, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Tower, all of Bloomfield. Martin F. Brown sent games, books and papers; Mrs. A. Wirths, a pretty sachet bag, and "L. E. D.," some magazines. A member at White Plains has furnished the directions for a girl's sweater asked for.

COLD AND INSECT LIFE.

From St. Nicholas.

The severest cold has no terrors for insect life. It has been shown by experiments that insects may be artificially or naturally frozen, subjected, indeed, to very low temperatures, without killing or even injuring them. Eggs, larvæ and pupæ, the stages in which most insects pass the winter, are perfectly immune to cold. It is a common idea that cocoons of insects serve as a protection against cold, but this is entirely erroneous. They, like the summer webs of webworms, are a protection against birds and insect parasites, but not against cold. The cocoons of summer broods are as stout and thick as those of the generations that pass the winter.

FATHER CUSACK TALKS.

His Appointment as Auxiliary Bishop Surprise to Him.

The state of Monsignor Mooney's health and Archbishop Farley's wish to emphasize the missionary activities in the archdiocese of New-York were possible reasons assigned by Father Thomas F. Cusack yesterday for his appointment as auxiliary bishop of New-York. Unexpected as is Father Cusack's appointment to the Catholics of this city, no one apparent is more astonished than Father Cusack himself.

"The announcement of my appointment," Father Cusack told a Tribune reporter yesterday, "comes to me as a complete surprise. I had occasion to call on Archbishop Farley with reference to certain missionary matters before he sailed for Rome, and he did not lend even a hint of such an appointment. I have never held any, so to speak, official position in the archdiocese, and can only suppose that the state of Monsignor Mooney's health has been taken into consideration, and that the Archbishop wished to emphasize the missionary activities in this archdiocese."

Father Cusack said he had been informed of his appointment only semi-officially. He was hourly expecting by cable official advices. He has been superior of the New-York Apostolate, which holds missions throughout the country, since its inception seven years ago.

"It will mean giving up the position of superior," said Father Cusack, "and all mission work, which I love, except in an advisory capacity. Naturally, however, the appointment is equivalent to a command."

Asked who would be his successor in the Apostolate, Father Cusack said very possibly Dr. William J. Guinan, now assistant superior, would be chosen.

"Is not the office of an auxiliary bishop in the Catholic Church," Father Cusack was asked, "closely analogous to that of a bishop coadjutor in the Protestant Episcopal Church?"

"Excepting," said Father Cusack, "that, whereas, for instance, Coadjutor Bishop Greer will succeed naturally to the bishopric in the event of his surviving Bishop Potter, an auxiliary bishop in the Roman Catholic Church would not. He would have to be elected to the archbishopric by the irremovable rectors and consultors."

The appointment of Monsignor Mooney to be a member of the College of Prothonotaries Apostolic will place him in the front rank of the monsignori and will vest him with authority to wear the mitre and to celebrate pontifical mass.

The appointment of Father Lavelle to be a domestic prelate will mean that he may wear the bishop's purple cape, cassock and rochet.

"The appointment in this instance," Father Lavelle said yesterday, "is largely an honorary one, and will not interfere with my present duties."

It is said that Archbishop Farley's plan to have Father Cusack appointed rector of St. Stephen's Church is responsible for the fact that the rectorship left vacant by the resignation of Father Colton is still open.

John J. O'Barn, a well known East Side undertaker at No. 80 Catharine-st., attended St. James's Parochial School with Father Cusack. Mr. O'Barn, in speaking of Father Cusack yesterday, said that he was popular in the neighborhood because of his kindness and brightness when he was a schoolboy.

"Unlike many other boys," he said, "Father Cusack was always industrious and anxious to learn. It was from this school that Father Cusack was graduated, going from there to St. Francis Xavier's. Father Cusack was in the highest class when many boys his own age were just entering the lowest grade. He was ordained priest at St. James's Church, in James-st. Every one in the neighborhood that could manage to crowd into the church attended. Remarks were frequently made by his acquaintances familiar with his abilities that he would attain the highest honors possible to a priest. When Father Cusack became priest of St. Teresa's Church, at Henry and Rutgers sts., in his old ward, he did many kind acts, of which none but the recipients knew. He did much for the welfare of the church, and was an eloquent speaker."

THE REV. THOMAS F. CUSACK,
of St. Teresa's Church, who has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of New-York.

MONSIGNOR JOSEPH F. MOONEY,
Vicar General of the Archdiocese of New-York, who has been appointed a Prothonotary Apostolic.

MONSIGNOR MICHAEL J. LAVELLE,
Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, who has been made a domestic prelate by the Pope.

PRELATES HONORED BY THE POPE.

John's Daughter.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

There was the usual morning bustle around the small station at Finley, nondescript teams of horses and mules coming and going, or backed up against the platform with loads of oranges and truck; idle negroes slouching contentedly about, bantering talk with any one who would notice them, and jeering such of their number as had accepted a job and were hurrying through it with an exaggerated show of zeal and activity; grunting razorbacks and mangy curs disputing favored positions under the platform, or moving listlessly across the hot, open sand between the station and the isolated, outlying stores; negro children everywhere, and of all sizes, and here and there, relieving the monotony of the sand, great black stumps that the inhabitants had not found time to remove. On the platform itself were long lines of neatly packed crates and orange boxes, and among them the owners with stencils and paint pots, making sure that their markings were all right, and waiting for the railroad official in the jaunty cap to make their entries and give them receipts.

Presently there was a perceptible hastening of movements, and the loungers in front of the stores came leisurely across the open space and ranged themselves comfortably about the platform. Several men left their work among the crates, and went to the heads of their horses or mules and began to stroke the animals soothingly. A sharp, quivering whistle was heard in the distance, then a line of pale blue smoke began to rise above the sea of palmettoes to the east. The loungers became less apathetic as they watched the line rush tremulously across the dull green, and finally curve indirectly toward them. There was a roar and quiver, and the great gasping engine rushed by and came to a slow stop as the passenger cars glided opposite the platform.

Among those to alight was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, plainly but expensively dressed, and with a bright, eager air of expectation. A quick glance about the platform brought a shade of disappointment to her face. After a moment's reflection, she approached a man with a broad, low flapping hat, who was leaning against some orange boxes he had just finished marking.

"Can you direct me to Mr. John Austin's place?" she asked.

"Mr.—John—Austin," he repeated reflectively; "why, no, I don't—or, yes, of course; Boozy John"— He stopped abruptly, as he noticed the inquiring look on her face. "Yes, I reckon I know. Are you some o' his kin?"

"I am his daughter," she replied, wondering a little at the startled whistle which came to his lips, and which she noticed he choked back apologetically. "I have been at a boarding school ever since I was a little girl. This is my first visit to Florida."

"An' does your paw, Mr.—John—Austin, know you're comin'?" He spoke in evident perplexity, and with a look of consternation on his good natured face.

"No; but I haven't heard from him in almost a year. Father doesn't like to write, but he never allowed my letters to go unanswered so long before. I feared something might be the matter with him and he would not write. I just had to come. I am so glad that you know him." She spoke, and then asked in a lower voice, as though she feared her question would be answered in the negative, "Is he—well?"

"Yes, fur as sickness goes. Your paw is one o' the ruggedes' and healthiest men I know. I 'low he an' the boys never had a sickness in all their born days. They're jes' puffectly well, all on 'em. I know, for I ought to know, seein' as how I'm their place jines mine." He spoke rapidly, as though glad to be able to say that much, but his eyes roved uneasily about the platform, and never by any chance met hers.

"Why, really?" Her face grew radiant. "Their nearest neighbor! And you know the boys and all about them? Dear little fellows! It seems strange that I should never have seen them. You see, when we left town, father sent me to the boarding school, and then came South. That was twelve years ago, and I have been at the school ever since. Little Tommy is almost nine, and Fred—let me see—Fred is seven. Is the place far?" eagerly.

"About half a mile."

"And are you going out soon?"

"Arter the train leaves."

"Well, of course, I can go with you. I'll go and see about my baggage and be back directly. Won't they be surprised!" And, leaving him staring blankly at a knot hole in the platform, she hurried away to look after her trunk and valise.

Half a minute passed, then the man raised his head with a dismal, expressive whistle. It was echoed by another, equally expressive, from the other side of the orange boxes.

"Wall, you're in for it now, for a fac'," said the owner of the second whistle, sarcastically. "What are you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Goodness only knows," groaned the man in reply. "Reckon mebbe I'll have to tell her."

"Reckon mebbe you will," dryly. "You better have told her plumb straight in the fust place."

"How could I?" indignantly; "an' she almost the same age as my Cindy. Lord sake alive, man! d'ye s'pose I was such a brute as to tell her that Mr.—John—Austin wasn't nobody but 'Boozy John,' not fitten to be father to nobody, an' that he'd been sent to prison most a year ago for stealin', an' that the boys was in the poorhouse, an' that the place wa'n't wuth the bringin' out of an auctioneer to sell it? For goodness' sake, Thompson, tell me what am I to do?" appealingly.

"Jest give it to her straight, that's what I'd do. You're too all-fired chicken hearted, Williams. Folks has to bear such things. H'sh, here she comes now."

At this moment the train began to move away from the station, and the girl watched it until it disappeared in the mass of palmettoes and cabbage palms, then she walked eagerly toward her new acquaintance.

"Your landscapes are so quaint and beautiful," she said, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I know I shall like to live here. Well, I am all ready. Can you take my trunk and valise in your wagon?"

"Yes," gruffly. He was glad to get away from her, and he made the work of transferring the baggage as long as possible. Somehow, he could not bring himself to tell her the whole brutal truth. If it had not been his money that had been stolen, and if he had not been the one who had complained of the worthless drunkard, it would have been less difficult. He had been sorry for his justifiable act ever since he had made the complaint, and now—well, he would take the girl home to his wife. She had more tact than he, and would know just what to do.

This mental throwing of the responsibility from his own shoulders brought back his natural cheerfulness and buoyancy, and he smilingly motioned for the girl to climb into the wagon.

"Ever ride in sech a wagon afore?" he asked, as he left the animal's head and climbed up on the seat beside her.

"No." Then her face grew wistful. "Do you suppose father and the boys are at home to-day?"

His countenance fell, and he twitched the reins irritably. Why could she not ask about something else? he asked himself. His wife would explain all the disagreeable things after they reached home.

"I 'low they won't be there jest right now," he said, evasively. "You see, they didn't know you was comin', so they happened to be off for a spell. But you mustn't let it put you out any, nuthmore animation. "I'll take you home, an' my wife'll fix you up mighty comf'table till they git back."

"Thank you. But why can't I go right to the house and wait for them? It would be such a surprise."

"No, no!" he objected with sudden energy; "by no manner o' means. Bachelor livin' ain't apt to keep a house fixed, an' jest now 'tain't no place for you. I know that. You must do jest like I say, an' come to my house for a spell. You ain't used to Floridy ways, an' my wife can give you a heap o' p'ints."

"Well, if you think best." She was silent for some time, watching the unfamiliar plants along the roadside, and the curious, bright colored chameleons that flashed from the warm sand in front of the horse and disappeared with marvellous rapidity among the palmettos and wire grass hummocks.

"Cur'us, ain't they?" said Williams, as he followed her glance; "'jest like bits o' rainbow strung on lightnin'. But they're mazin' fine things for pets. Your brother Freddy used to have one that would scoot from some queer hidin'-place whenever he'd whistle. Great hand, Freddie, for pets."

At the mention of Freddy, she lost interest in the plants and chameleons, and turned to him with a tender, tremulous smile on her lips.

"It will be so pleasant to have one's own folks to live with," she said, softly. "They were all nice to me at school, but none of them belonged to me. I used to get very lonesome when the girls went home vacations. It will be almost like—like heaven to live in the same house with father and the boys."

Williams reached out and struck his horse viciously, but she did not notice. She was looking straight ahead, apparently at the house and father and brothers her imagination was picturing.

"I suppose everybody around here likes father; he is such a good man," she went on, in a tone that was an assertion rather than a question. "I almost envy the boys having lived with him so long."

"He kept you to school pretty stiddy," ventured her companion. "I knew he had a gal up North, but had an idea she was stayin' 'mong her kin. Boozy—er—Mr. John Austin wa'n't much hand to talk 'bout hisse'f."

"Father has done everything for me—everything," said the girl, with a tender light in her big gray eyes. "He was not rich, for he once wrote that I might have to wait a few days for my year's tuition, as money was hard to get. But it came the very next day, and he always sent me plenty of books and dresses and everything I wanted. He wrote for me never to stint myself on anything, and that after I graduated I was on no account to come home, but to keep on with my music and drawing and other studies until he could send me money for a trip to Europe. Dear, dear father! I hope I may be able to make it up to him some time."

Williams gave a quick, sidelong glance at the earnest face, and then gazed steadfastly at the road ahead. He had known Boozy John for eight years, and could not remember a single redeeming feature about the man. He was erratic, shiftless and utterly irresponsible. His life was one long spree that reeled between absolute drunkenness and semi-intoxication. But he was a good lawyer and a fine scholar, and even in his partial stupor was able to pick up a good deal of money about the courts and in other ways. People supposed that all this money went to the drunshops, and the suppositions made them regard with extreme disgust, for his home was a mere hovel and his boys were wholly neglected and uncared for. At the time of the complaint, Williams had regarded his act as a benefaction to the neighborhood; but now, with his girl beside him, and with the unexpected disclosure of a white spot in a character that was supposed to be utterly black, his feelings underwent a sudden change. The pitiful drunkard who had been too weak to look after himself and his boys, but whose better nature had planned and provided so lavishly for the girl in her future, even while striving to keep from her the knowledge of her father's degradation, suddenly became more of a man to him. He could understand the sacrifices and hardships that Boozy John must have gone through in order to provide for such an education. Even he, with his orange grove and truck farm, had never felt able to do half as much for Cindy.

When they reached the cheery cottage in front of his orange grove, he carried in the trunk and valise, and presently called his wife aside and made a whispered explanation. Then he went to the barn to unharness his horse. But he made a much longer job of it than was necessary, and when it was finished he leaned upon his fence and gazed with unobservant eyes at his fields of sweet potatoes and pineapples and bananas. His wife came to him there.

"Did you tell her?" he asked.

"Yes," in a low voice. He noticed that her lips trembled.

"Take it hard?"

"She's highstrung, Jim, an' them kind don't make no fuss. She wouldn't believe me at first, an' when she did she jest turned white an' stared at nothin' till I—I burst out cryin' myself. Seemed like I never felt so sorry for anybody in all my life. She didn't cry a bit, only jest asked would I please go out a while an' leave her alone."

The two stood there nearly half an hour; then the girl left the house and passed down the road on the opposite side of the fence. Williams could scarcely recognize the white faced, shrinking figure as the enthusiastic girl who had sat beside him an hour before.

"She goin' over to look at her house now," said Mrs. Williams, in a low voice. "I told her 'twa'n't fit to live in, but she said they'd lived in it an' she could. An' when I told her we 'lowed on keepin' her a spell she jest thanked me an' shook her head."

When the girl came back they were on the piazza. She went directly to Williams.

"When does my father come home?" she asked.

"His time's out—er—that is, he'll come home in 'bout three months, I reckon."

"And how much does he owe you?"

"Oh, nothin'—nothin' at all," hastily.

"How much does he owe you?" the girl repeated in a tone that he felt could not be disregarded.

"Wall, fifty dollars. But you needn't bother 'bout paying it."

"I cannot just at present; but everything must be straightened out before father comes home. There must not be a single thing to worry him. And now, can I get you to go after my brothers? I shall fix up the house, and we will live there until father comes."

"It's quite a long drive," said Williams, reflectively. "I can go to-morrow."

"That will do." She stood gazing out at the vista of pines and palmettos afforded by an opening in the trees, her face white and stricken, but calm with a strong, determined purpose.

"What kind of employment is there here for girls?"

Williams looked dubious.

"I don't reckon there's any," he answered. "Stores gen'rally git men clerks, an' there's ten applicants to one job. Folks round here don't hire help."

"No," agreed his wife; "housekeepers mostly do their own work, cookin' an' servin', an' everything. The only work that's plenty an' hard to git help for is washin'; but only negroes do that. Mebbe you'n git a job o' school teachin' this fall."

"I must have work now. Father must not find anything against him when he comes home. Do you think I can get washing?"

Mrs. Williams looked at her blankly.

"It's negroes' work," she objected.

"It's work that I will do gladly if I can get it," a sudden passionate sob bringing the color back to her cheeks. "I will scrub floors—anything that will help father a little. He has been working and making sacrifices for years that I might remain at school, and I—I never suspected—I ought to have been here, watching him and caring for him and the boys."

It was nearly two months later before Williams again encountered Thompson on the station platform.

"Wall, how d'ye make out with Boozy John's fine darter?" Thompson asked.

Williams looked up from the box he was marking.

"That's jest what she is," he said, "Boozy John's fine darter. I've been round with her consider'ble lately, down to the prison twice to see her paw, an' took her to town several times in my waggin. At first her paw was all broke up—never wanted her to know how low down he was, I s'pose. But she brought him round, an' now he can't keep his eyes off her when she's nigh. Soon's he's out they're goin' over an' take up a homestead in Hernandy County—twenty miles or more from town, I b'lieve—on account o' his fallin', an' I reckon she or the boys'll do all the tradin'. Boozy John ain't much of a man, an' never can be; but I tell you," impressively, "jest all the man there is in him that gal's goin' to bring out—mark my words on that!"
—(The Quiver.

A striking character for a fancy dress ball is that of a female Mephistopheles. The part can be dressed in flaming pink crêpe de chine and sequins, with spiky tall feathers in the hair.

The coffee coat is now, to a certain extent, filling the place formerly occupied by the evening blouse. When the dictum went forth that the evening blouse would no longer be considered evening dress there was great tribulation, but the cult of the coffee coat immediately arose and semi-evening claims have been ably met by this convenient little garment. The coffee coat, unlike the tea jacket, is cut to reach only to the waist, or one or two inches below it, and the absence of fit at this line makes it very easy to build. A coat that may be created with very little trouble is of pissse nun's veiling, set on to a lace sleeved yoke.

Though earrings are said to be in again they should be adopted with caution. With some faces they look well. At present pearls and diamonds are most worn, and some women are wearing odd pearls, a white one in one ear and pink or black in the other. Earrings have never quite gone out of fashion, and they have not yet quite come in again.

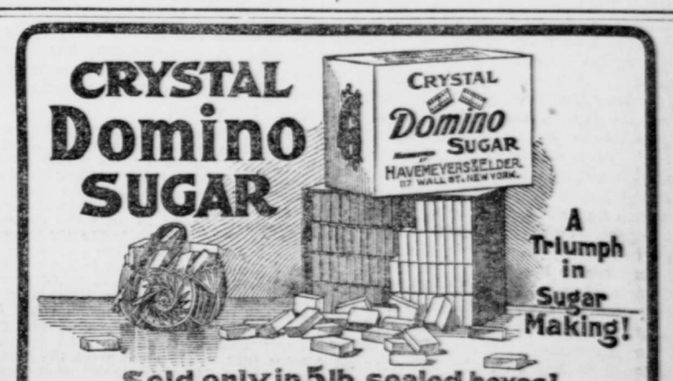
Gold spangle garnitures look best in black and blue, while silver should be reserved for yellow, white or pink.

One advantage of the present fashions is the ease with which an old bodice can be modernized by collars and fichus and deep corselet belts. The collars are now made of lace insertion and stitchery, fashion having grown a little tired of lace.

Frayed ruches of silk make effective trimmings. They are light and feathery and suited to flimsy materials.

Bretelles of lace are worn with outdoor dresses. They are composed of heavy guipure lace; they are wide on the shoulders and gradually taper to below the waist, where they finish off with two gold tassels back and front.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



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