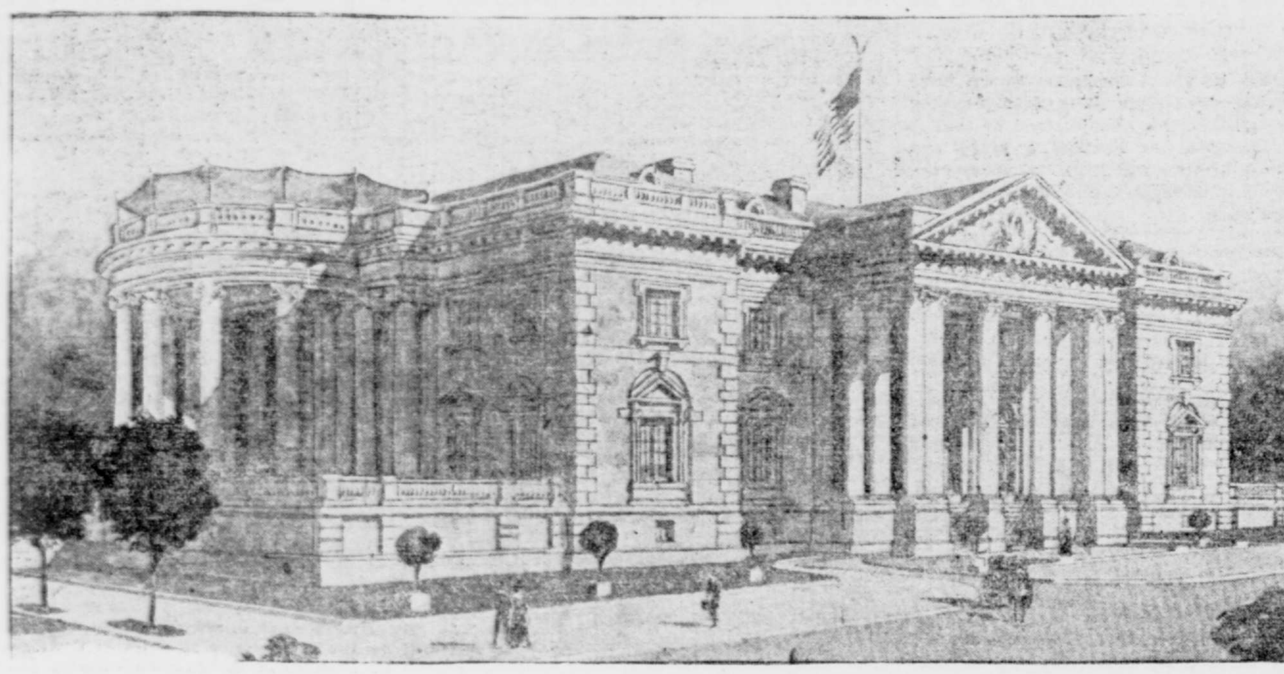
NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN



MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL.

Cornerstone of this building laid with George Washington's gavel by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Washington yesterday. Location, opposite White House Park, near State Department, and next to Corcoran Gallery of Art.

ITS CORNERSTONE LAID.

Memorial Continental Hall for Daughters of American Revolution.

[FROM THE TRIBUNE BUREAU.]

Washington, April 19.—The cornerstone of the Memorial Continental Hall to be erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution at Seventeenth and C sts., Northwest, was laid this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Colonel T. W. Symons, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, was master of ceremonies. Under his direction F. D. Owen, the artisan whose unique scheme for the unveiling of the Sherman statue received universal commendation, prepared the color scheme and decorations. In front of the platform was a court, surrounded by forty-five pillars, representing the States in the Union. Streamers flew from them, while the names of the States were displayed near the top. All were linked together by a garland of evergreen. On the platform were four pillars, each of which bore the name of a former president general of the society. These were Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. John W. Foster, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson and Mrs. Daniel Manning. Within the court were seats for three thousand persons. Nearly three hundred were seated on the platform. The platform was decorated in blue, the section of the court occupied by the society in white, and the section where the guests were placed in red.

The cornerstone was laid in accordance with the Masonic ritual. The officers of the Grand Lodge of the District who took part, were James A. Wetmore, grand master; Lurtin R. Ginn, deputy grand master; Walter A. Brown, senior grand warden; Francis J. Woodman, junior grand warden; Arvine W. Johnston, grand secretary, and James A. Sample, grand treasurer. The gavel used on this occasion was the one used by George Washington in laying the cornerstone of the Capitol on September 18, 1793. It was presented by General Washington to Potomac Lodge No. 5, and is never permitted to be used except when accompanied by a guard of honor appointed by the lodge.

The regular session of the Daughters of the American Revolution Congress adjourned at 2:15 o'clock this afternoon for the cornerstone laying ceremonies, which began with music by the Marine Band. The invocation was by the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale. It was followed by music, and then there was the impressive spectacle of the salutation of the flag by the children. Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, as president general, delivered the chief formal address, and the ceremonies of the laying of the cornerstone followed. Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, chaplain general, made the dedicatory prayer.

The cornerstone having been formally laid, there were short greetings by the founders of the organization, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, Miss Mary Desha and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood. Brief remarks by former national officers and other representative members of the Daughters of the American Revolution followed, and the ceremonies closed with prayer by the Rev. Frank M. Bristol.

Continental Hall is to be built of white marble and is to cost about $400,000. The roof of the great portico will be supported by thirteen fluted monoliths in severe classical design. These will be arranged in a semicircle, emblematic in their beauty and strength of the thirteen original States. Each of these columns will cost $2,000, and each of the original States will be asked to furnish the funds to build one. The interior of the building is to be finished in hardwood and handsomely decorated.

Congress will be asked to make an appropriation for this Memorial Continental Hall. The president general of the national society, Mrs. Cornelia Cole Fairbanks, says that in place of erecting a number of little memorials to men who were actually forgotten until the Daughters of the American Revolution awakened long sleeping memories, Congress will be performing a far more sacred duty by helping to make Memorial Continental Hall a magnificent tribute to all the heroes of the War of the American Revolution.

When Mrs. Fairbanks called the congress to order, at 10 o'clock this morning, there were less than two hundred delegates on the floor. A hundred or more came in, however, as the trumpeter sounded the bugle call that signals the opening.

PROTEST AGAINST SMOOT.

Mrs. W. H. Weed, vice-president general of Montana, called the attention of the congress to the fact that Mrs. F. P. Moran, founder of Albemarle Chapter, Richmond, Va., made the first contribution to the Continental Hall fund, and that she also wrote a romance, which was sold for $240 60 ten years ago, which, with interest, now amounts to $378 56. When the check was handed to Mrs. Fairbanks a rising vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Moran for her "patriotic and princely gift." Mrs. William S. Little, State regent of New-York, then presented the following resolution condemning Mormon conditions generally, and Senator Smoot in particular:

Whereas, The Mormon Church teaches, and many of its leaders defiantly practise, polygamy, which is a crime against the government of the United States, and tends to the degradation of woman, the destruction of the home, which is the bulwark of the nation's safety, and the jeopardy of our sacred institutions; and

Whereas, An apostle of the Mormon Church is responsible for the teachings of that organization;

Resolved, That we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, in congress assembled, in the city of Washington, April 18, 1904, representing more than forty thousand patriotic women of the United States, whose revered ancestors fought and died to create this nation, most earnestly protest against the continuance of an apostle of the Mormon Church in an official position in the United States, as by reason of his position in this Church he should be disqualified from holding a seat in any legislative body of our country.

This resolution received an almost unanimous vote. The single exception was Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, delegate from California, who stood up in the main aisle to protest against the "Daughters of the American Revolution mixing in things that do not concern them."

The annual attempt to break the power of the national board was made to-day in the shape of a proposed amendment to the constitution, but, as usual, was defeated. Another amendment that met with a like fate was killed by the members in whose behalf it was made. This was to "make life members of the national board of the three organizers of the national society now living." This brought prompt protests from Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood and Miss Mary Desha, the only "founders" present at the session. They declared they had never asked for such an unusual honor, did not expect it and did not believe it was proper for the congress to establish the precedent of life tenure of office, and at their urgent request the amendment was defeated.

The afternoon was devoted to the cornerstone ceremonies.

The delegates are greatly pleased at the decision to change the date of their annual meeting from February to April. The weather has been propitious, and the "Daughters" are beating their own record for being the handsomest gowned body of women that ever came to Washington.

Mrs. Fairbanks will entertain delegates to the congress at her home here on Thursday afternoon.

DORFLINGER TRADE MARK

Established 1852.

Exclusive designs in table and decorative pieces of

Dorflinger Glassware

May be seen at the glass store of

C. Dorflinger & Sons

3 & 5 West 19th St., New York.

Glassware

ITS CORNERSTONE LAID.

Ground Broken for New Building of Woman's Exchange.

The ceremony of breaking ground for the Farmington annex to the New-York Exchange for Women's Work took place yesterday morning. A little opening had been made in the cement of what is now the backyard of the present building, and every woman present, beginning with the president, Mrs. William G. Choate, took out three shovelfuls of earth.

There was no speechmaking except on the part of an old servant of the exchange, Mrs. Ellen Montgomery, who said as she handed the trowel back to the builder, William Miller:

"I did it in the name of the Lord."

"And so did we all," added Mrs. Choate.

The trowel with which the digging was performed will be suitably inscribed and placed in the annex.

Those who took part in the ceremony, besides the members of the building committee, were Miss Emily H. Lansing, superintendent of the exchange; Mrs. Marjorie Perry, who takes charge of the salesrooms; two servants, Mrs. Montgomery and Miss Jennie Higgins, and a few Farmington graduates.

The members of the building committee are Mrs. Choate, Mrs. Heber R. Bishop, Mrs. C. R. Agnew, Mrs. George F. Baker, Mrs. William V. Lawrence, Mrs. George H. Story and Miss Susan Harriman. Mrs. Bishop, who was unable to be present yesterday, made the largest contribution to the building fund, namely, $5,000.

The building, which is being erected by graduates of Miss Sarah Porter's school at Farmington, is intended as a memorial to Miss Porter, and has been criticised as unworthy of that purpose. Apropos of this, Mrs. Choate said yesterday that Miss Porter was greatly interested in the work of the exchange, and always had the greatest respect for any woman who did anything well which it was her duty to do.

IN PRAISE OF ROOSEVELT.

Republican Women Speak of President in Glowing Terms—His Message.

Assemblyman Charles Bostwick, one of the guests of honor at the annual luncheon of the Woman's Republican Association of the State of New-York, which was held yesterday at Delmonico's, advised the women to organize early, that their influence may be felt at the time of registration. "It is in getting the men to register that you have great power," he said, "and not so much in influencing the votes themselves." Mr. Bostwick urged the association to exert all its energies toward the establishment of a permanent home for itself.

The only other speaker of the stern sex was the Rev. Dr. Carson, of Brooklyn, who was introduced by the toastmistress, Miss Helen Varick Boswell, with the remark that "politics comes next to theology." He spoke on "Women in Politics," declaring himself to be in favor of woman suffrage.

"As things are at present, woman's influence in politics is social rather than distinctly political," he said. "She should have a clear and profound knowledge of our political principles, platforms and practices, and must always stand in favor of morality and righteousness.

"I have no sympathy," Dr. Carson went on to say, "with the kid glove and lavender scented Christianity, that keeps a man out of politics. The party that takes the most practical interest will rule—and by right."

Concerning the next election, he said: "I am in favor of Roosevelt, for one reason, because we know him. We can't find for what Mr. Parker stands. Evidently the Democratic party, which lost its hold through the silver utterances of Bryan, hopes to go into power on the golden silence of Parker."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt spoke on "Patriotism." "Women should keep house, people tell us," she said. "Well, the government is certainly in need of our brooms and scrubbing brushes."

Mrs. Ralph Trautmann, president of the Health Protective Association, spoke in glowing praise of President Roosevelt.

Mrs. Charles F. Lowell, president of the Woman's Republican Association of Massachusetts, who was a guest of honor, spoke briefly on the work in that State.

Mrs. James Griswold Wentz, president of the New-York Association, brought a message from President Roosevelt, with whom she recently had an interview. "Tell the women," he said, "that I shall appeal to the women of America, and that I stand for the home, for honesty and for purity."

Among those present were Mrs. Cornelia Stewart Robinson, Mrs. Carson, Mrs. A. J. Perry, Mrs. H. S. Tonjes, Miss Mildred Reid, Mrs. Camden C. Dike, Mrs. Charles Lloyd, Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. C. W. Fisk, Mrs. John Elderkin, Mrs. P. R. Dillon, Miss Mary Remington, Mrs. Richard Hassard, Mrs. Winfield S. Bloom, Mrs. Charlotte Kennedy, Mrs. Frank Churchill, Mrs. Frank Martin, Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchings, Mrs. R. F. Wilhelm, Mrs. M. W. Stone, Mrs. R. A. Benedict, Mrs. George W. Newton, Mrs. Eadie, Miss Stothmeyer, Mrs. T. Lonergan, Mrs. Leon Hess, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Minot J. Savage, Mrs. Warren Evans, Mrs. John Milderberger, Mrs. George W. Van Vredenburgh, Mrs. Robert Dhu Macdonald, Mrs. Edward C. Fox, Mrs. George L. McElroy, Mrs. Edgar B. Bronson, Mrs. E. Granger, Mrs. C. J. H. Child, Dr. Sophie B. Schell, Mrs. B. M. Sherman, Mrs. Louis Ullman, Mrs. Sarah D. Lewis, Mrs. Theodore Guerra, Mrs. Thomas Lewis, Mrs. F. H. Richards, Mrs. S. B. Ellis, Miss Emily Blanchard, Mrs. E. V. P. Holden, Mrs. W. W. Cole, Mrs. George H. Eddy, Mrs. Homer Lee, Mrs. Mortimer Leonard, Mrs. Henry Parsons, Mrs. B. F. Lounsbery, Mrs. T. Faulkner, Mrs. George H. Gould, Miss M. A. Leonard, Mrs. Charles H. Paddock, Mrs. Clinton L. Bagg, Mrs. Edward V. Hallock, Miss Mary Hallock, Mrs. Richard Nugent and Mrs. C. Beveridge.

CRITICISES THE PRESS.

Mr. Jenkins Says It Is Responsible for Two-thirds of Juvenile Crime.

The foolish attack which E. Fellows Jenkins, superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, made upon the metropolitan press as the cause of two-thirds of the juvenile crime in this city, and the spirited defence of the press by several women in the audience, formed the most interesting episode in the fourth and last of the monthly conferences of the Charity Organization Society yesterday morning.

Mr. Jenkins was talking about "Boys and Girls Trained by Modern Fagins." After saying that he did not believe there were any Fagins, in the Dickens sense of the term, in New-York, but that gangs of young pickpockets were frequently taught and led by boys of eighteen or thereabouts, he continued:

"The boys in these gangs do not seem to care for the money they take in, but for the honor of belonging to the gang. Exploitation in the papers is just what they desire, as it makes them appear heroes. The descriptions of the crimes and those who commit them, and the pictures which accompany them, tend to encourage crime among bright boys—and these boys are all bright or they could not retain their positions in their gangs."

"Can't the editors of the reputable papers be appealed to?" suggested some one in the house.

"They have been appealed to," Mr. Jenkins replied mournfully. "The press is responsible for one-half of the adult and two-thirds of the juvenile crime that is committed here."

"How do you account for the fact that children who commit crimes are often not able to read the papers?" was one of the questions thrown at the speaker.

"By contact with children who can read them," was the response.

"May I ask you a question, Mr. Jenkins?" spoke up a woman who was sitting in the front row. "There are two sides to this subject of the detailed reports of crimes. If the people who commit crimes read the papers, the people who carry on the philanthropic movements also read them. How did you ever get your playgrounds? How did you ever get your Children's Court? By publicity. If there hadn't been any reporters anywhere those causes would have met with a very cold reception."

"I am waiting for your question," answered Mr. Jenkins, long sufferingly, while Miss Kate Bond, who was presiding, began to look anxious.

"I have put my question," returned the woman stoutly. "How would you reach the public without the papers?"

"By the same methods we are reaching it here," was the reply.

"It's a pretty small audience you're reaching here," retorted the woman, casting her eyes over the sparsely filled hall.

"If it hadn't been for the papers there never would have been any farm gardens," said Mrs. Henry Parsons, who had just told the fairylike story of her gardening experiment among the boys and girls of the West Side, with the usual aftermath of interested query and comment from her listeners.

The last speaker was Dr. Annie P. Daniel, of the Hospital for Women and Children, who told a pitiful story of the unremunerative trades that are practised, often under the most unwholesome conditions, in the tenement houses. These trades include the making of all women's clothing, except corsets, all children's clothing, from hats to shoes, the making of artificial flowers and boxes, and the finishing of men's garments. Working from 2 p. m. until midnight, a family can sometimes make as much as $8 a week at some of these crafts, but no woman, working almost continuously, can earn more than $5 a week.

"As there are," she said, "probably from fifty thousand to sixty thousand licenses taken out for this home work, it is impossible to inspect or regulate it. The only remedy, it seems to me, is to prohibit housework altogether."

"Where are these garments sold?" asked Miss Bond.

"Everywhere—by all firms," Dr. Daniel replied.

"From your knowledge, is there a man or woman here who could be sure that he or she was not wearing clothes made under these conditions?" asked Mrs. Florence Kelly, of the Consumers' League.

"No; I think, on the contrary, we may all feel sure that we are wearing something made under these conditions," Dr. Daniel replied.

MARKETING WAYS IN WASHINGTON.

To go marketing in Washington is so attractive and pleasurable an experience that one understands why Washington house mothers, and house fathers, too, of the most eminently respectable, up-to-date people type are to be met in the Central Market. Many a prominent householder is to be met here, as in the days when Chief Justice Marshall and President Harrison did their provisioning in person.

Especially alluring is the market in these first spring days of abundant early fruits, vegetables and flowers. Bright strawberries and radishes, crisp looking greens and all the early vegetables are plentifully in evidence, and so effectively arranged that no wonder the housewife goes to choose for herself from the tempting abundance. Daffodils are selling at 25 cents for two dozen, lilies and all the sweet spring flowers at prices that make them accessible to all but the very poor. Hardly a woman leaves the market without some bit of this new, fresh life in flower or potted plant.

All day the good-natured crowds surge to and fro the length and breadth of the many-stalled market. It is during the mornnig hours, from 8 till 11 o'clock, that the housewife is most in evidence. But no daylight hour is without its procession of men, women, manservant, maidservant, girls, even small children, carrying the typical basket, which varies in size, but is almost universally oblong, strongly made, and with a stout handle. Women drive up to the market entrance in their carriages, the inevitable basket on the front seat with the driver. The basket is put into the baby's carriage—errands to the market and the baby's airing being combined. Occasionally a woman wheels up with the undauntng basket on the handlebars of her bicycle. A by no means inconsiderable corner of the market is given over to the sale of the baskets themselves.

Without the market place, upon the sunny sides of the street, genial-faced, ebon-colored women, young and old, of the one-time Virginia plantation type, hold sway every Saturday over booths piled high with potatoes, apples, bunches of sassafras, wintergreen, sweet flag root, partridge berries, moss, pussy-willows, all the humbler outdoor spoils. These outside sellers, in their short petticoats, voluminous aprons, shawls or capes, great and small, sometimes wearing turbans, sometimes quaint, quilted poke bonnets, and with their keen enjoyment of the market stir, their gentle manners and soft voices—these colored venders give to the whole scene a setting of the picturesque, a touch of carnival, distinctly of the South.

Both within and without, the Washington market seems a moderinzed descendant of the old English and early Colonial days, when to go a-marketing was a leading event of housewifely routine. The background of Washington's population appears to be leisurely, domestically unafraid of bundles, good-naturedly interested in each other. And nowhere in Washington is the temper of the people more attractively open to view than in the market place.

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.

APRIL.

My father's the Sun and my mother the Cloud,
My courtiers, the daffodils, after me crowd;
My voice is the lark's voice, my pace is the wind's;
I waken the fir cones that in their rough rinds
Sleep, dreaming of summer and skies full of birds,
And lilies leap upward to hearken my words.

Dark alders behold me and lighten their green,
The bluebells surge upward the bracken between:
I am Life. I am Youth, I am all that is dear,
And fragile, and swift in the sweet o' the year.
I am hence, I am gone ere Earth says "She is here."
Blow, daffodil trumpets, blow long and blow loud—
I am April, the child of the Sun and the Cloud.
—(Nora Chesson, in Black and White.

SUNSHINE IN MONTANA.

Extracts from an interesting letter received from Mrs. McKay, a T. S. S. member, living on a ranch in Montana, show deep appreciation of the friendly rays of sunshine that reach this faraway home. She writes:

I want to write many words of thanks for the continued kind remembrances from Sunshiners and from the general office. Valentines and Easter cards arrived duly, with their friendly messages, and books and magazines have come safely to hand. I intended to write personally to the thoughtful members who send "The Outlook," "The North American Review," and the Woman's Pages of The Tribune, as they are most welcome.

You have no idea how much reading matter we consume out here. "Consume" is the right word for it, I think. I read aloud every night to my household, including the ranch hands. We have a fairly large library of fiction, but everything in it has been read, so the novels are especially welcome. After we have read the magazines, I "pass them on" to other ranches or to cowboys and sheep herders who have much time and little to read. The nicely bound books in my own bookcase I have lent to every woman within a radius of thirty miles. They are returned in good order, too! Several of the ranch women (and men, too) are much interested in the work of the Tribune Sunshine Society, and I am going to form a branch

We have had a pleasant winter, much milder than in the East. Our heaviest storm came late in March, but now the snow has nearly disappeared and the meadow larks are singing.

The animals are as great a joy to me as ever, and I have not yet got over the thrill when I see a bunch of antelopes, although it long ago ceased to be a novelty. A few weeks ago, when driving, we came so close to a herd of seventeen that we could see the white and brown stripes on the throat. They are lovely creatures. Please thank all my T. S. S. friends for their thoughtfulness.

PASSING ON.

Mrs. John Kelly, who kindly offered a large low table, useful for a day nursery or kindergarten, has been asked to send it to Manhattan branch No. 14, to be used for the children of Auxiliary No. 8, of the "Little Mothers," near One-hundred-and-thirtieth-st. and Broadway.

Sister Grace T. C. H., of Brooklyn, will forward cheer to members in Virginia and the State of Washington; a Louisiana member will pay her 1904 dues by sending for a year copies of a fancy work paper and "Hearth and Home" to "shut-ins."

FOR OTHERS.

A half barrel filled with excellent clothing and many other useful things has been received from M. L. S., of Glen Cove, Long Island; reading matter, from Keyser, W. Va.; a box of books, from A. D. P., of Brooklyn; magazines and novels, from Miss Bessie Fink; silk pieces, from Mrs. Martin, of Jefferson-ave., Brooklyn; flower seeds, from Philadelphia; a box of poems for a "shut-in," from Leonard, and some articles of underwear, from B.

A SAD CASE.

There was an urgent call for help from No. 6 branch on Monday. The husband of one of the "mothers" in the Mission Club died suddenly of appendicitis, leaving eight children. Some of the mourning goods which had been sent from Hornellsville helped to supply the immediate need, and a black dress skirt, sack, shoes, etc., found in the reserve box, were also sent, as the destitution of the family is very great.

NEW MEMBERS.

The names of the following new members have been added to the general enrolment book: Mrs. S. W. Brown, Mrs. S. L. Otis, Mrs. G. A. Freeman, Mrs. A. Speer, Miss M. D. Auchincloss, Margaret Long, Mrs. Robert L. Calkins, Mrs. Wilson Peterson, Mrs. S. E. Wall, James Leach, Mrs. F. S. Livingstone, Mrs. G. H. Raymond, Mrs. Andrew Peck, Mrs. W. H. Combes, Miss H. M. Barbour, Miss S. S. Pattison, E. L. Graff, Mrs. E. H. Leonard, C. S. Hallock, Mrs. M. C. Wheeler, Mrs. P. R. Chadwick, Mrs. and Miss Roberts, Mrs. Frances E. Wrigley, S. J. C., Brooklyn; M. C. Hall, Lillian J. Steward, Mrs. A. D. Davis, M. L. Robers, Mrs. R. S. G., of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Mary T. Fanton, of New-York State and city.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Miss F., of Lakewood; H. S. Wilson, Anna L. Littell, Miss E. S. Robinson, Mrs. J. D. Slocum, Mrs. R. P. Orr, Miss M. C. Smitt, Mrs. C. E. Hart, M. P. W., Lakewood; B. Ringelman, of New-Jersey. Mrs. George W. Jones, Miss Alice Cole, Miss Grace Miller, Mrs. A. Taft, Mrs. Nellie G. Paine, of Rhode Island; Mrs. A. R. Price, Mrs. A. S. Nichols and Mrs. Mark Appley, of Pennsylvania; Miss M. C. Ferrel, Helen Palmer Lewis and Miss J. A. Gay, of Connecticut; Mrs. J. F. Peck, Laura E. Emerson, E. E. Ramsey and Miss Russell, of Massachusetts; Mrs. Fred Williams, Joyce and Harris Forbes, of New-Hampshire; Mrs. J. H. Emerson, Lillian Spaulding and Mrs. G. R. Thompson, of Vermont; Mrs. H. James, of Maine; L. H. Gurney and Mrs. S. Currier, of Florida; Mrs. A. A. Burns, of California; Mrs. B. B. Seymour, of Ohio; Carrie Mead, of Wisconsin; Miss Rosa M. Meyer, of Mississippi; Mrs. R. B. Cross and Miss W. J. Sheppard, of Alabama; Mrs. Annie Mahler and Mrs. W. N. Caswell, of Washington.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee.
Come wander with me," she said,
"Into the regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."
—(Longfellow.

GLEAN-INGS

The appointment of Miss Gertrud von Petzold to fill the pulpit of Narborough Road Unitarian Church, in Leicester, England, is especially interesting, inasmuch as it is the first time a woman has ever been called to the regular ministry of any Unitarian church in England. Miss Von Petzold, who will complete in June a three years' course of study for the ministry at Manchester College, is rather young, and had a distinguished university career.

The woman who does not wear a veil outdoors seems to have forgotten part of her clothing. Veils of some sort are as much a sine qua non of dress to the modish woman of the day as her gloves. Without them she looks not quite finished. A year ago English women were ridiculing the American for draping her hat with a veil which was not intended to veil anything, but they have adopted it themselves now. The greatest variety prevails in veils. At one table at a smart restaurant at the luncheon hour one day recently were two women, one of whom had a voluminous black Chantilly thrown back over a big black picture hat, while the other's face was protected by a sheer tulle veil which just reached to her upper lip and was spotted with large black velvet pastilles. Absolute liberty is accorded the fair wearer, but a veil or "fall" of some sort she must have.

The author of "Abide with Me" is to be memorialized. Few hymns in the English language are more deeply beloved or more inseparably connected with the religious consciousness of Anglo-Saxons. The memorial will take the form of the restoration of Lower Brixham Church, Devon, of which the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, the author, was perpetual curate. The sum of $70,000 is needed for the completion of the work. A great matinee concert for the benefit of the fund will be given under the patronage of Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, on May 10, at Grosvenor House, London, at which Clara Butt will sing "Abide with Me," and other famous artists will appear.

"I want to be old because it is so restful," said a witty woman once. It was the same woman who on another occasion confessed that she was looking forward to the time when she could send her hair to the laundress with the rest of her personal belongings—it was such a bother to keep clean. "Avoid worry and use cold cream" is the dictum of another woman who is honest enough to confess that she wants to keep young. "Be stupid and selfish," is the advice of yet another. Patti expressed the all too obvious determination of many women when she declared, "I will be young as long as I live." The woman who determines to be young in spite of time and its tooth is met with on every hand. She is to be seen in every woman's club, boarding house and hotel. Sometimes she wears a bow of pink baby ribbon in her gray hair, again she promenades under a hat which sweet-and-twenty might feel diffident over. In more acute cases she colors her skin and hair, spending hours in the velvet lined chairs of the beauty specialists.

It is doubtful if Americans who know and love their London will look with favor upon the schemes that are afoot for the beautification of the old city by the Thames. London just as it is, with all its grayness and dinginess, its queer mingling of venerable antiquity and up-to-the-minute novelty, and its extraordinary wealth of literary and historic associations, casts a spell over the average American visitor which no amount of beautification, it seems, could intensify. Charles Lamb, writing on one New Year's eve, long ago, said he would not ask to be any younger, but only to remain the age he was. That is the feeling of most Americans with regard to London—they don't ask to have it improved, they would like it to keep on being what it is. As yet, the beautification of London is luckily in the air. But if Sir William Richmond, who is a leader in the movement, has his way, it will begin with the improvement in design and color of the automobiles and other auto vehicles that are increasing so rapidly.

A yet more daring suggestion urges that the Londoner should wear colored clothes, especially in the streets, and that individuals should adopt a garb that will betray their calling. Sir William would like to see some picturesque and distinctive attire designed for policemen, postmen, omnibus and streetcar conductors and drivers, garbage collectors and other functionaries who are much in the public eye.

A more liberal use of color on the exterior of buildings, the revival of old English festivals, like St. George's Day and May Day, of street pageants and water pageants, including the King's state barge for the Thames, are all suggested elements in what may be termed the picturesque renaissance of London.

The death near Rochester, England, a week or two ago, of Mrs. Sarah Wright, at the age of one hundred years and nine months, leaving behind her four sons, twenty-nine grandchildren and over thirty great-grandchildren, reminds "The Queen" of a long list of centenarians, several of whom have run far ahead of the late Mrs. Wright in the number of their years. There was Thomas Carn, for instance, who is said to have died in 1588, aged two hundred and seven, and Henry Jenkins, whose age at the time of his decease is given as one hundred and sixty-nine years. The well known Thomas Parr, of Attenbury, in Shropshire, an agricultural laborer, lived from 1483 to 1635, thus reaching one hundred and fifty-two years of age, and was one hundred and twenty-two when he married his second wife, while other cases of a like nature can easily be recalled. Many centenarians have, of course, been women. Thus Agnes Skuner, who died in 1489, is said to have lived one hundred and nineteen years, and to have survived her husband ninety-two years, while one Countess of Desmond is stated to have died ætat one hundred and forty-six. Coming down to our own times, mention may be made of Miss Mary Shergold, who was born in October, 1798, and died in May, 1903, at Hove; she had thus lived in three centuries and the reigns of five sovereigns. In the same month of the same year, Viscountess Glentworth celebrated her centenary, and she could remember the departure of the Life Guards for Waterloo; while Mrs. Eliza Jenkins, of Otterford, near Taunton, who was born in 1799, was alive at the beginning of this year, and was run pretty closely by Mrs. Honor Coleman, another Somersetshire woman, who was then one hundred and three.

Mrs. S. E. Miller, ninety-seven years old, of Mount Vernon, is one of the few women living who can claim a father among the Revolutionary heroes. A beautiful gold spoon was presented to Mrs. Miller recently by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was exhibited a few weeks ago at an entertainment in the Methodist Church of Mount Vernon.

TO GET GOOD TREATMENT.

Readers are assured of good treatment if they will mention to advertisers they saw their advt. in The Tribune.

A "DAUGHTER'S" LUNCHEON.

The Daughters of the Revolution celebrated the Battle of Lexington yesterday by an annual luncheon at the Hotel Savoy. The tables were decorated with buff and blue, the colors of the society. Mrs. D. Phœnix Ingraham, State regent, presided. The special guests were Miss Adaline W. Sterling, president general of the Daughters of the Revolution; Mrs. Charles Francis Roe, ex-State regent; Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, of the Founders and Patriots of America; Mrs. Isaac D. Barton, of the Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. Ostrander, of the Colonial Dames, and Mrs. Curran, of the Daughters of 1812. All of the guests made addresses. About seventy-five women were present, among them being Mrs. Charles W. Dayton, Mrs. John H. Abeel, Mrs. Francis Furnald, Mrs. Clarence Betts, Mrs. Joseph Casey, Mrs. H. N. Bicknell, Mrs. Frank H. Daniels, Mrs. Leroy Sunderland Smith, Mrs. Zeb Mayhew, Mrs. Robert Mock, Mrs. Henry W. Helfer, Mrs. A. O. Ihiseng, Mrs. Wyckoff, Miss Wandell, Miss Gassner, Mrs. C. D. Moody, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Ireland Mrs. Wilbur Wakeman and Mrs. George Wallace, jr.

Camilla's Chase.

BY ETHEL AND ARTHUR ROPES.

If a fast fattening friend came to me and asked me in panting accents to give him a sovereign remedy to reduce his girth I should recommend him to go house hunting in a respectable quarter of London with a moderate limit on the rent he offered. If that friend was an enemy—as sometimes happens—I should make the suggestion with double fervor. So, I think, would Camilla.

We had returned from our Continental honeymoon, and were staying at a highly respectable establishment which wavered between a boarding house and a hotel. But this was strictly temporary; we, and more especially Camilla, were set on having a house of our own. That is to say, on four days in the week Camilla was set on having a house; on two days she longed for a flat, and on the remaining day could only be satisfied with a half house.

So it was with no desire to reduce our weight or mortify our pride that we first walked into a house agent's office. (In the Wild West, I believe, a highwayman is known as a "road agent.") This office was like the vestibule of a palace, with tesselated floor and steps. It had been raining, and Camilla nearly plunged nose first into the bosom of the clerk in charge. Perhaps he despised us as persons unused to dwelling in marble halls, and filled with the sordid hope of securing quarters for less than £200 a year. At any rate, he sniffed with cold pride—unless it was from cold without the pride—and answered our inquiry as to houses by reading a description of flats in Green Shrub Gardens. This annoyed Camilla, for it was one of her house days; the flat day was yesterday. Besides, all the agents seemed to want to send us to Green Shrub Gardens. We came to know the Green Shrub expression on their faces—a mild and deprecating smile accompanied by a slight and conscious cough. We never went to see the locality. Camilla says she has heard people say things about Green Shrub Gardens.

On this occasion she sternly reminded the sniffing clerk that she wanted a house, and while he was looking up particulars of houses she examined the plans of a new block of flats hanging (the plans, I mean) on the wall, and almost relapsed into her opinions of yesterday. Camilla is very changeable; sometimes a fear seizes me that her taste may come to vary as suddenly in husbands as in hats and houses.

"Augustus, dear," she said as we slid humbly out of the tesselated temple with an order to view a house at £150 a year, "I know of a much nicer agent who lives a few doors down in the street opposite. He hasn't got a big office, but he's most polite and quite old. I popped in on him yesterday just to ask if he had any cheap flats, and he said he hadn't anything that would quite suit me" (I was not surprised), "but he might have a small house."

"And to-day," I said with dignity, "you want houses and not flats. What a pity we can't get a convertible house that would turn into a flat when you touched a button." Camilla pinched me and we entered the new agent's office. I let her do the talking, with the result that the neat old man, who shared the office with a fine old varnished map, evidently took me for Camilla's younger brother, and when I threw in a suggestion he answered me in a tone of paternal condescension. Camilla's mouth quivered, and I introduced the words, "my wife" into my next sentence with some ostentation. We received orders to see a number of houses supposed to be suitable. We saw those houses. They made me wonder whether the British builder ever employs an architect, or, indeed, has any fixed idea about the uses of rooms before he builds them. We found houses in which the coals had to be carried through the dining room, and the bathroom opened on the "hall" (so called), while the only cupboard big enough for a larder was in the best bedroom. Finally, I became so callous to incongruities that I should hardly have smiled to see the dustbin in the drawing room.

When there was no little eccentricity of construction Camilla found some fatal defect not obvious to the masculine mind. The house might be overlooked by others, which was horrid, or it was isolated and would be cold; it was too near to the omnibus route or too far from the railway. After a week or two of steady hunting we had only found one dwelling that really satisfied our—her—requirements.

The house was empty, and had been so for a few months, but this of itself was too common to cause suspicion. The rent suited our means; the street in which the house was seemed quiet and respectable and was near a main thoroughfare where yellow omnibuses ran unceasingly, with an occasional blue phantom. The house itself was detached but sheltered, with a back garden just large enough not to play lawn tennis in. To be sure this garden ended on a low class street full of dirty shops overflowing into stalls on Saturday nights, but, after all, as Camilla pointed out, the paling was high, with spikes on the top, and there were trees rising still higher.

The building itself was quaint, with an air of old fashioned comfort even in its emptiness. The house next it was also empty, but Camilla preferred this one because it had a square hall, like a room, which she intended to fit up "with rugs and—and things, you know," by which I found that she meant divans. The agreement was not signed, but we had practically decided to take the house and were already choosing wall papers and curtains in the shop windows.

We were taking a stroll together one mild evening and Camilla insisted on going to look at our future home. "I want to try and imagine us in it," she explained, "and then we can see what it looks like at night." It was late autumn and darkness came early. I ventured to suggest that I did not suppose there was much difference, and that houses did not generally throw out a fresh story in the night or blossom out into night blooming balconies.

"You have no imagination!" said Camilla scornfully, and I bowed to the censure; compared with her I have none, which is perhaps as well for both of us.

"How nice it will be," said Camilla, tucking her arm through mine by way of toning down the acidity of her last remark, "when we get into our own dear little house!" "Or flat," I continued sotto voce, for she was, I felt sure, quite capable of changing her mind before we signed the agreement.

"What did you say," she asked, with a danger note in her voice. "I was only remarking on the hat of that woman who just passed," I explained. "I thought you said flat," she persisted. "It was very flat," I answered. Camilla turned round to look, but the passerby was lost in shadow. "Hats are being worn flatter," she mused. "I want a new hat now." I changed the subject hurriedly and regretted my lapse from truthfulness.

An autumn evening in London covers a multitude of architectural sins. There was a smoky red glow in the western sky, and a soft mist blurred the outlines of the streets into picturesque mystery. The shop fronts jetted golden floods of light into the roadway. Our road, as we had come to think it, was dark, only broken with the pale gold of the gas lamps or the ruddy patch of a fire lit window. We reached the house of our choice, where above the long grass of the neglected front garden rose the gaunt boards of three agents like weird toadstools in one of Mr. Wells's worlds. The tradesmen's entrance at the side was open, and we passed into the back garden, quaint and long and narrow, and sheltered by trees which were now shedding their golden leaves to be trampled in the mud. I thought of an American millionaire scattering his wealth in providing free fiction, and it saddened me; I turned to look at the house, and it had a friendly, welcoming aspect for all its dark windows. Houses have a great deal of facial expression; some are simply idiotic, others are ruggedly kind, and I have seen villas so villanous that I would not care to go near them at night.

Camilla called my attention to the benevolent expression of our house. "It is lovely," she said ecstatically, squeezing my arm by way of emphasis, "to find a sweet little home like this, and right in London, too!" "Yes, and over the bridge," I added; for half a mile eastward would have doubled the rent. Some one in the dirty street beyond the garden began to whistle "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," and, much as I detest the tune, it seemed to touch a chord in my being. I put my arm around Camilla and drew her to me. It was one of those moments of supreme spiritual bliss which come so seldom in youth and so almost never afterward.

We stood silent for some minutes till my attention was arrested by a curious sound of hissing and crackling in the street beyond, a noise which grew louder and more persistent. It broke the spell, and Camilla sighed and spoke. "Do you know," she said, "on an evening like this"—she paused, for there was a sound of opening doors and a gush of misty, golden light seemed to well up over the fence at the bottom of the garden—"I always think of those lines," she resumed, " 'There went an incense through the land one night' "—

There did. As she spoke a gust of it—fat, rancid, burning, sickening—smote us fairly in the face, and we reeled backward. A babel of voices rose in the street beyond, and the stench broadened and thickened. Had some scientific anarchist turned loose a deadly vapor to destroy the middle classes? "What is it?" cried Camilla through the folds of her handkerchief. "Fried fish!" I answered. By this time we were out in the front garden among the notice boards. Camilla clung to the pole of one and moaned.

"Oh, it can't be!" she said. "Fancy having that smell every night! It must be a mistake or an accident. Somebody has dropped a tallow candle—a whole bunch of candles—on a stove. It can't be every night!"

"I'm afraid it is," I said, "but we'll go round and see." We took the next cross street and emerged in the low neighborhood at the foot of our garden, or rather of the garden that could never be ours. We made for the smell. There was no possibility of error in the direction. We could have leaned up against the odor. It was a fried fish shop—I beg its pardon, emporium: a large place, plainly the most prosperous (except the public house) in the neighborhood. Women were passing in and out, seeking their suppers and those of their husbands; and as the doors swung, that indescribable smell shouted at us afresh. Evidently this was a nightly function.

We walked back to the boarding house (or hotel) in much dejection. Our happy home was impossible. The only way to keep out that odor would have been to seal the windows and doors at the back hermetically. But who could ever do this with a British window? Every week evening the rear of the house would become uninhabitable to any one with an average nose, and continue so till a wind sprang up. I did not sign the agreement for that house, and I told the agent my reason. He said that some people were very particular, and that if we had settled down in the place we should not have noticed the smell in a little while. To that I assented, saying that when we were poisoned we should not be able to notice smells of any kind. He seemed hurt, but brightened up, and with a nervous cough offered me a flat in Green Shrub Gardens.

A few days later, as we went into the drawing room at our hotel (or boarding house), we met Hammersley there. Camilla once rather liked Hammersley (though she says she did not) and now abominates him, and I have always disliked him. He came over and shook hands with us both as if he had only lived for that meeting, then he rallied us with pleasant jocosity on our house hunting habits. "Been hunting lately, Mrs. Burnham?" he asked Camilla.

"Yes," she said, "we have."

"I expect you're on a hot scent now," he remarked with an unpleasant grin that he believes to express badinage.

"We have been lately," I answered, with absolute truth.

"So am I," said Hammersley. "I'm going to marry and settle down, too, in a month, and I've found the nicest little house and quite a bit of garden half a mile off here."

Camilla's eyes lit up with interest and she pinched me; our chosen home was half a mile away. "It's a detached place," he went on, "with a sort of friendly look about it, don't you know, and a nice square hall, and lots of room inside. Of course the garden runs down to a kind of lane with dirty shops, but you can't be overlooked from there, and I think I shall take the place for three years."

Camilla looked at me and I looked back; neither of us liked the man, but we felt loath to let him go to his doom.

Hammersley misunderstood our exchange of glances in his own mean way.

"I say," he remarked, "I fancy you know which house I'm after, but I don't mean to let you have it, you know. Friendship's all very well, but it doesn't go to giving up a house like that."

Camilla and I exchanged glances again, and there was no compunction in our eyes now. "Oh, of course, we couldn't think of spoiling your sport, Mr. Hammersley," said Camilaa. "We have seen a house like that, but we are rather off houses just now, and I think we shall go flat hunting."

"In fact," I put in with a meaning look at Camilla, "we have other fish to fry."

Hammersley smiled condescendingly at the familiar metaphor, and we talked of the Education bill. Next morning he signed his agreement. This was three months ago; but passing through that quiet street the other day I saw the boards up again. Poor Hammersley!—(The Tatler.

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