For and About Women

FASCINATING FASHIONS FOR THE JUVENILES.
—(The Lady's Pictorial.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD SWIM.

General Slocum Horror Forcibly Emphasizes This Fact—Good Hints.

One of the lessons which the General Slocum horror should bring home to every woman and girl in New-York City is the desirability of knowing how to swim.

"Learn to swim." That should be the resolve of every intelligent woman who does not already know how, upon reading the pitiful story of how woman after woman on that fateful June 15 was drowned within a few feet of the shore, in a few feet of water. The ability to swim a few strokes or even to keep themselves afloat for a few minutes would have saved their lives.

To be able to swim may mean life to one's self. It may mean life to those one holds dearest in the world.

New-York offers unusual facilities, even for a seaboard city, to the girl who means to learn how to look after herself and others in the water. The very shape of the island of Manhattan is an implied invitation to come in and have a swim. All up and down its east and west sides it is dotted with bathing establishments and public baths, whose swimming tanks offer still water and protection to the beginner. All along the Sound, too, are beaches and coves which are just the places to start in to learn. Then think of the series of superb beaches upon which the surf of the mighty Atlantic beats—Sea Gate, Coney Island, Brighton, Rockaway, Far Rockaway, Arverne and all the others—what could the heart of a Manhattan or Brooklyn mermaiden ask more?

And for those who spend long summers out of town the same resolve should hold good—to learn to swim the first thing. One can scarcely hit upon a place for a summer holiday which has not some bathing equipment, either in the form of a mountain lake or some little, lazy stream, gurgling over brown sands and by lily pads on its way down to the sea. In either case, or any way, learn to swim.

Plenty of people have learned to swim in one lesson, according to Harvey Sutherland, who writes about it with great gusto in "The Woman's Home Companion" for July. According to this writer, "There is a standard way of teaching that never fails, but it has the drawback of being applicable only to little boys, whom it scares out of a year's growth." This "standard way" consists in catching hold of the youngster and throwing him into the water where it is over his head, and laughing at him while he gasps and claws his way to shore. Manifestly, this is not the method to employ with women and girls. Then, there is the newspaper-magazine system of learning to swim.

"Every summer the newspapers and magazines print most interesting illustrated articles, which when you read them, and do not merely look at the pictures, show you exactly what to do when swimming," says this writer. "In them the swimmer has three or four pairs of arms fastened together at the finger tips by dotted curved lines. This is to show the way each arm moves. I believe they even teach public school children in their playgrounds and gymnasiums how to do the strokes, all making the motions at the same time."

The plan of buckling a strap around one's chest, by which the swimming instructor supports you, Mr. Sutherland considers a positive hinderance, "for it fixes the idea in your mind that unless you keep busy you will go to the bottom, which is wrong, absolutely wrong. As soon as the strap is gone you get nervous and excited, and begin to struggle and to drag yourself under, and if you are out where it is over your head somebody has to dive in and rescue you, which is about the hardest job any one ever undertook. I know of nothing more terrible than to have a badly scared person grab hold of one in deep water."

There is no such need for so much fuss about learning to swim, the author concludes. It is no trick at all. Once you have learned that the water will bear you up, you cannot help swimming, for every movement you make in the water is swimming. Every unweighted human being who drowns drowns himself out of pure fear.

"How can you acquire this confidence? Not by going through the motions on dry land; not by a strap around the chest, or corks or inflated rigamajigs. Being tossed in where the water is 'over your head and hands' we have agreed to bar. How shall we go at it gently and reasonably? I'll tell you. Begin in still water. Wade out until your shoulders are covered. There's no use puddling and paltering with any less. Squat a little, and get yourself wet all over. Now your 'pinch' is over. Get your breath, and let's talk awhile.

"Don't imagine you are drowning when the water gets into your ears. It is not so terrible as it sounds.

"Even if a little slops into your nose, it is silly to make a fuss. It won't hurt you. It takes a lot of water to drown a person, and you will soon learn to eject what gets into the nose without having to stop swimming.

"Wade out just a little further until it is up to your chin. If you find it hard to keep your toes on the bottom, it is occasion for confidence, not alarm. It shows that you are just the least bit lighter than the water, or will be as soon as you get part of your head submerged.

"Lift your chest and keep it expanded, breathing with the abdominal muscles as if you were singing. Stretch your arms out to form the letter T. Hollow in your back and stiffen your spinal column as if you were a person of some importance.

"Lean your head back until only a little patch around your nose and shut mouth is out of the water. Lie back. There! You are floating.

"If now you gently paddle with your hands you are swimming. Keep your backbone stiff. Which way do you want to go? Inshore, of course. Paddle your hands so as to send yourself that way. Yes, you may kick with your feet, but gently, gently. Powerful strokes might start you rolling and scare you. Instinct and practice will teach you how to keep your balance.

"Try this lying down in the water and swimming on your back again and again as long as you are not chilly. When you begin to feel cold the lesson is over. But you have learned to swim.

"It will probably take you some time to learn all the strokes and to do them correctly. This is not because they are so hard to learn, but because you do not go at it in the right way. Never mind. A friend of mine who swims three or four miles at a time without stopping was lamenting to me the other day that he did not have a good leg-stroke. He told me how he thought he ought to do—kick out until both legs are like the letter V, shut them together like the blades of a pair of scissors (which gives them a strong drive ahead), then draw them up sidewise like a frog, and kick out again.

"I said, 'Yes, that's the right way'; but neither of us does so unless he gives thought to it. We get along about as well making our legs go as if climbing upstairs. What's the odds? We swim.

"And so can you if you begin by floating and swimming on your back. Any time you wish you can turn and swim on your side or breast. Once you have learned that the water will bear you up you cannot help swimming."

CLOTHES FOR THE WEE ONES.

Their Tiny Sacques and Dainty Knitted Bootees.

Veils should not be looked upon as the exclusive property of womankind, for it is to be remembered that every properly dressed infant, be it boy or girl, should wear a veil on its daily outing. In summer the veil should be as thin as possible. Made of bobinette, it is most comfortable for the warm weather, and with a lace edging or ribbon run hem is a dainty article.

Another useful accessory to the infants' wardrobe is the bib, but how different is the piece of pretty lingerie now classed in the bib family from the unsightly cambric or oilcloth articles once used!

"The up to date bib is of the finest cambric," says "The Women's and Infants' Furnisher, "embellished with hand wrought embroidered motifs and edged about with a tiny frill of real Valenciennes. In shape it may be round or of shield contour or square, but in any case there is an under bit of wadded and quilted stuff, which is shaped just a trifle narrower all around and which is, in fact, the utility background to the ornamental foreground of the dainty covering." A more practical variety is the hand quilted bib edged with lace or narrow embroidery, or the figured piques, fleece lined and quilted, finished with a frill of dainty embroidery. For feeding there is the long bib of linen or momie cloth, hemstitched or fringed at the lower edge and variously decorated with briar stitch or hemstitching in colored threads. It is, for all the world, like the hand towel with a scooped out place for the neck, and tape strings at the back. But it is a practical and popular model.

Sacques for the baby come in a variety of materials. The most popular to-day, as it has been for a long time, is the cashmere sacque. Of course, the cashmere should be a fine variety, and decorated with embroidered motifs in white, pink or blue, it makes an exceedingly pretty garment.

Scalloped edges, round turnover collars, small cuffs, garnished here and there with the embroidered motif, are the most approved methods of finishing the sacque. A lining of china or surah silk in self or contrasting tone is frequently added. Crocheted and knitted sacques are also much worn and hold a front rank in popular favor.

Knitted garments play a part in more than this one field for infants, and there is a certain variety of "knit" goods that holds sway all the year round in the infant world. The bootee belongs to this class. It may be made of wool or silk, and is prettiest all of one color, although a band of knitted silk in a contrasting color is often introduced at the top of the bootee. A dainty model is in pale blue zephyr, with the sole, toe and heel in close stitch and the remainder in an open work effect.

For the child coming out of his baby days, the sweater is included in the knitted wear for his use. The newer style has a V neck, finished with only a firm cross stitching, which permits the child's collar and tie to show. A variety of color is allowed in the sweater, but for the young child white is by far the most preferable. For the youngster from four to ten red is a popular color. Occasionally the striped sweater is seen in delicately colored bars, but for the most part where there is any color it is in the neckpiece and wristbands.

NEED MOTHERING THEMSELVES.

The formal opening of the Little Mothers' Aid Association, Auxiliary No. 4, at No. 84 Pacific-st., Brooklyn, on Thursday afternoon, was attended not only by the officers of the parent society, but by fifty "Little Mothers," who helped entertain the visitors very pleasantly, and seemed anxious for their lessons in cooking and sewing to begin.

Coming as they do from one of the poorest districts in Brooklyn, many of these little girls would appeal to any woman's heart as being sorely in need of mothering themselves.

Miss Jennie C. Moore is to be in charge. Mrs. William Turnbridge is president and Mrs. Schenck secretary.

To start the work in Brooklyn—this is the first "Little Mothers'" aid to be organized there—the parent society in New-York gave $100. It is hoped and expected, however, that Brooklyn people will feel enough interest in it to maintain it. Additional funds are needed to buy furniture, also to purchase material for the sewing classes. There is need of general support if the work is to flourish.

ARMY OFFICERS AT MISS GOULD'S FETE.

At the lawn party to be given this afternoon at Lyndhurst, Miss Helen Gould's home at Irvington-on-Hudson, there will be a committee to look after the army and navy officers and their families, as a number are expected, and it is desired that they shall have an enjoyable time. The affair is given for the benefit of the army and navy department of the International Committee Y. M. C. A., and Mrs. McAlpin, president of the Women's Auxiliary, will be the chairman of this reception committee. Those who have not already bought tickets may secure them at the Lyndhurst dock and Lyndhurst gate. Arrangements have been made for stages to meet trains at Irvington and Tarrytown stations, and to run along Broadway between Russell & Lowne's drug store, at Tarrytown, and the Irvington main street.

ROUFF

13, Bd Haussmann, PARIS.

DRESSES & MANTLES.

Specialty for Weddings and Evening Dresses.

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.

JUST WHERE THOU ART.

Just where thou art lift up thy voice,
And sing the song that stirs thy heart;
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand
To lift, to save, just where thou art.
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,
'Tis dark to others as to thee;
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder, in the broad full glare
Of many lamps thine own might pale;
And thy sweet song amid the roar
Of many voices slowly fail;
While these thy kindred wandered on
Uncheered, unlighted, to the end.
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,
Wherever sad hearts need a friend.
—(Forward.

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.

John M. Miller, of Newark, N. J. writes that it gives him pleasure to send a check for $10, to be used in Sunshine work where most needed. A. M. has given $5 for trolley rides, and Mrs. E. F. R. Leveridge, a T. S. S. member of Rutherford, N. J., $5, "to be applied to the fund for placing the aged couple in a home."

OTHER RESPONSES.

A very generous letter, full of kindness and helpfulness regarding the working girl who is in a hospital and needs the rest of a convalescent home, has been received from Mrs. Owen, of Newport, R. I. She stands ready to welcome this invalid if she is able to travel and is not in need of extra care or treatment.

Another communication is from an interested friend in Orange, N. J., who recommends the Anne May Memorial, at Spring Lake, N. J. Mrs. Nicoll, always an interested helper in Sunshine, has given a suggestion regarding a convalescent home which would probably prove helpful, and Mrs. T. A. S., a member of Manhattan branch No. 11, writes that the girl would find just the place at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, on West Thirty-first-st., near Seventh-ave. The rate for a bed in the ward would doubtless be arranged through a physician at a moderate cost. The writer adds: "If the young woman in question is fortunate enough to go there we, the T. S. S. branch members, will gladly visit her and add to her cheer and needs in many ways in the name of Sunshine."

REQUEST.

Is there a Sunshine member or friend, leaving this city for the summer, who would be willing to let a gentlewoman and her daughter, T. S. S. members, occupy her appartment? The T. S. S. cordially recommends these members to any one who responds, and will give all desired information. Everything in the apartment would receive the most careful attention, although only a few rooms would be actually occupied.

COMFORTING WORDS.

M. A. S., who has a tender sympathy for all those who need comfort, says a New-York publisher has bestowed a great blessing on others by publishing in separate form the address of Henry Drummond in "The Ideal Life—Going to the Father." "The author wrote this chapter," she says, "after the death of a friend, and every word is full of help and comfort to those who are suffering from these earthly farewells."

TO SUPPLY READING.

Mrs. M. H. Perkins, of Brooklyn, writes as follows:

I have sent "The Outlook" for the last year to Mrs. Charles McKay, McKay, Mont. I shall not take it after this month, so write to see if there is any one who will pass it on in my place. Will some one also send the Woman's Pages to Miss Emily Haskins, Warwick, N. Y. As I shall be travelling all summer, I cannot continue to do it. I shall try to arrange that the other periodicals be sent as usual to the different women on my list.

Will those who are willing to take her place please notify the office, as only one member need respond to each request?

The receipt of a contribution from the emergency fund brought forth "a thousand thanks" from the invalid in West Virginia, to whom it went as a surprise, but the need was known at the office.

SUNSHINE ROSES.

Two boxes of lovely roses were received on Thursday afternoon from Somerville, N. J. Will the kind friend who sent them please accept thanks for the brightness and the fragrance that went into many homes.

OTHER GIFTS.

Two boxes of clothing, hats, silk pieces, etc., were received yesterday from F. G. O., of Manhattan; a box containing magazines, a black dress, etc., from Mrs. M. B. Hatch, of Connecticut; a new game, from a T. S. S. friend; stamps, from Miss A. McCoy, and cards and monograms from J. S. C.

PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 166.

Fifty-seven Boys Are Graduated—Programme of Interest.

Fifty-seven boys were graduated yesterday morning from Public School No. 166, No. 132 West Eighty-ninth-st. An interesting programme had been prepared, and the auditorium of the school, where the exercises were held, was filled with enthusiastic mothers and friends.

Most of the programme was given by the boys themselves. The salutatory, by John B. Fitch; the valedictory by Harry E. Hansen, and an oration, "The Heroic Dead," by Edmond S. Quinn, were the heavier parts of the children's programme. The rest consisted of declamations, quotations (literary nuggets) by members of the school, songs, piano solos and drills. The wand drill, by the pupils of Grade 7A, was especially graceful, and won a deal of applause. Other classes gave an exhibition of their work with dumbbells and Indian clubs.

After the presentation of diplomas the Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie made an address to the graduates. Following a school chorus came the award of medals, which were given as follows:

Local school board medal, Henry Guttchen; Fitzgerald medal, Demetrio del Castillo; Fromme medal, Edmond S. Quinn; Edgar medal, John B. Fitch, and instructors' medal, Reginald Martine.

The graduates are Francis Xavier Bertolini, Gaston E. Birge, Ralph H. Blum, Harold A. Cahen, Demetrio del Castillo, Harry Cohen, Albert Edward Cohn, Bernhardt Cohn, Paul Covey, Leland S. Denham, Bertram Dessau, Ernest de Vivo, John J. A. Dorgan, John E. Dorsey, Morris B. Fidanque, John B. Fitch, Fred Freese, Clarence A. F. Gaynor, Lewis Edward Gensler, Arthur James Gluck, John F. Grenie, Henry Guttchen, Herman Hambrock, Edward B. Hanna, Harry Edward Hansen, Theodore Francis Heller, Louis E. Hessler, Henry C. Hopp, Henry Hurlburt, Charles F. Hyde, Isadore B. Jacobs, Gilmore Johnston, Frank Jordan, Arthur Kamak, Quintin C. Lee, Jack P. Mantell, Reginald Martine, Oscar W. McKennee, Harry McKinley, Burtis D. Miles, William R. Murrin, Edmond S. Quinn, Nathan Redlich, jr., Harvey Reed, Thomas E. Reimer, George A. Repko, George S. Ruland, Henry Sayre, Herbert W. Schloss, Thomas Gardner Spates, Harry Stern, Ralph P. Sternfels, Arthur H. Sulzberger, John Tucker, Clarence Mathey Twyeffort, Chauncey Walker and Richard Walsh.

Housewives' Exchange.

$5 PRIZE OFFER.

Summer cruelty to fathers—ought it not to be suppressed?

Is it kind or just for a family to go away for their summer vacation, leaving the breadwinner at home to swelter through the dog days with his nose to the grindstone?

Does not this practice tend to alienate fathers from their families and, indirectly, to break down family life?

Or does it strengthen the family ties, on the principle that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"?

Perhaps, however, the husbands and fathers feel they are taking a vacation when they give their families one. It may be better all around for people who see a great deal of each other to separate for a few months in the summer. They may love each other all the better for the separation.

What do you think?

To the correspondent contributing the best article on this subject the Housewives' Exchange will give a prize of $5. 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 address their letters to the Housewives' Exchange, New-York Tribune, New-York City. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be received on or before July 23.

WHIPPING OF CHILDREN BY NURSES.

It is not long since there was a discussion in the Housewives' Exchange about the use of corporal punishment, both in the school and in the home. Endless letters were written upon the subject, but no one, to my knowledge, raised the question of whether hired servants and nursery governesses should be allowed to whip the little helpless children under their charge.

A few days ago I was sitting on the west side of Central Park when my attention was attracted by the bright yellow curls of a little girl of about four, who was playing with another child, while two nurses sat watching them.

One of these women allowed her little charge to play in peace, but the other, the nurse of little Golden Head, was one of those nurses whom I often notice in the park, whose idea of taking care of a child is perpetual "nagging."

I twice saw her call the dear little girl up to her for a scolding which, the second time, was followed by several slaps. I was not able to detect anything wrong in the child's behavior, but probably the scolding and slapping provoked some form of baby impertinence, for the little creature had hardly returned to her play when I saw the woman make a sudden rush at her, kneel down on the grass, turn her over her knee, and give her an old fashioned "spanking."

The slaps were given apparently with the full strength of her hand, and with the appearance of enjoyment in inflicting them. Apart from the pain and fright of such a punishment, I was indignant at the vulgarity of it, considering the sex of the child and the publicity, in the presence of two men on neighboring seats, one of whom I heard sneering and muttering, "I'd like to see that woman whipped herself!"

Hoping to frighten the nurse into not repeating such conduct, I asked the other nurse the name of the child. She answered that she did not know it, and immediately the other flew to my side, and in a most excitable manner—the manner of a woman utterly unfit to have charge of a little child—declared, with a strong foreign accent, that she was quite ready to give me her address. I turned away, sick at heart, knowing that the address would not be the true one, and I have been wondering ever since whether mothers know it when their children are whipped by hired strangers who have not the natural mother love to act as a check on undue severity.

I have known of two similar cases, one of a little girl who received the same punishment in a public park, and the other of a cousin of my own who had a severe whipping from his nurse when he was only ten months old. Probably such punishments are very common.

If even a most loving and careful mother cannot be certain that her children are not treated in this way, what can be expected in cases in which mothers scarcely take any care of their children at all?

Look at the hard faces of some nurses; listen to their harsh, unsympathetic way of speaking to their little charges, without one sign in face or manner of a natural love of children, and try to imagine what refined, sensitive children must suffer under their absolute control.

A child who is severely treated will not dare to tell of it because afraid of further punishment from its nurse, or from its parents, if they know of the fault which led to the discipline. There are plenty of kind, faithful and loving nurses, of course, but there are as many different characters and tempers among them as among other human beings.

When Mrs. Browning, in her famous poem, "The Cry of the Children," said:

Do you hear the children weeping, oh, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?

she was speaking of the children of the poor and miserable, but there are many who are born to comfort, and a yet larger proportion who are born to wealth, to whom the words apply. Let their parents, then, listen to "the cry of the children," and be willing to give up some of their pleasures and amusements during the few short years when their little ones are so lovely and so helpless, in order that they may have more personal care and be protected against those who may be spoiling their childhood. A. P. C.
New-York.

VACATION FOR THE FAMILY.

The practice, so common in this country, of the wife and children of a family packing off to the mountains or shore for a summer vacation while the father stays at home and in many cases has to work harder than ever to be able to send the wife money for hotel or cottage bills, I have always held as most unjust.

A good husband does not grudge the pleasure that his family is having, and if he were asked he would tell you that he is glad they can get away from the city for the hot weather, yet all this means to him a closed or desolate house, probably indigestible meals at the restaurant or unhealthy meals at the club. Of course, the husband will welcome his little flock with outstretched arms on their return, and his affection will be more visible than it was before they left him, but isn't there a better remedy than indigestion to teach a man to value the society of his family? As my husband cannot afford to drop work and take a good rest in some cool retreat with us, as we feel we must get our three little ones out of town for the summer, we have followed this plan for the last three years with great success: From July 1 to October 1 we rent a little, inexpensive cottage near a New-Jersey town, and my husband goes back and forth to work every day. The whole summer out there doesn't cost any more than if I took the children away to a hotel for one month, and the best thing about the plan is that their father shares in the vacation. M. R. G.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THEY SEE TOO MUCH OF EACH OTHER.

I believe very heartily in people not only taking vacations, but in taking vacations from each other. There is such a thing as seeing too much of a person, even if that person is your husband and you love him with all your heart.

Most of the bickering and snarling, the tempers and the sulks in which many otherwise delightful households indulge is directly due to seeing too much of each other.

Children who are sweet and lovable with every one else are often fractious with their mothers. Why? Because they are tired to death of their mothers. They are bored by their fussings and naggings and eternal management.

Personally, I believe the ideal arrangement is for each adult member of a family to take his vacation separately. It is sometimes a pleasant thing for the husband and father to run down for a week-end visit with his family. Sometimes not.

The faithful wife who weeps at the prospect of leaving her husband behind to brave a summer alone in New-York should dry her eyes. New-York isn't half bad as a summer resort. There are lots of things to do here. There are likewise several people left to help feed and divert him. He will have a good time. While she is having a vacation from her household routine, from entertaining and from church, he is having a vacation from her and the children. When the family reassembles in the fall, how sweet tempered and agreeable everybody will be! What a lot they will have to tell one another in the way of adventures! And won't they discover all over again what dear, clever, charming people the others are! That is a vacation worth having. W. W.
New-York.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Girl's Dress, with Guimpe, No. 4,752, for 10 Cents.

Guimpe dresses always are charming worn by little girls, and suit them admirably well, being simple and childish at the same time that they are stylish and becoming. This one is quite novel, and is adapted to a generous variety of materials, but as shown is made of natural colored linen batiste trimmed with bands of green linen, between which are embroidered French knots, and is worn over a guimpe of white lawn.

NO. 4,752—GIRL'S DRESS, WITH GUIMPE.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is four and one-quarter yards 27 inches wide, three and one-half yards 32 inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards 44 inches wide, with sixteen yards of banding to trim as illustrated and one and one-quarter yards 36 inches wide for guimpe, with half a yard of yoking material.

The pattern No. 4,752 is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents. Please give number and age distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for the pattern send an extra two-cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

The Major and the Diamonds.

BY CHARLES EDDY.

Major Carrington walked into the shop of Evans & Black, jewellers, in High-st., Kensington. He was a distinguished looking man, with an attractive smile and gray hair. He did not seem to be aware that he was faultlessly dressed, nor that he wore his hat with an irreproachable cock. Mr. Evans, standing behind his counter in a sober frock coat, flattered himself that he knew the right tilt when he saw it. A hat which was cocked too much or too little gave its wearer away. The major's angle was perfect.

Mr. Evans bowed with dignified obsequiousness.

"Good morning," said the major, pleasantly. "I'm afraid I'm only going to waste your time."

The jeweller permitted himself to smile gravely.

"Not at all, sir. Can I show you anything?"

"Well, if you don't mind me looking at a few things. I want the merest trifle."

He had the rather helpless appearance which is readily recognized by shopkeepers. The man buyer who does not know his own mind is an easy victim for an astute salesman. He turns over things in a weak way and lacks the courage to back out without making a purchase. It is the shopman's own fault if he does not sell such a customer something that is not what he wants at a price which is more than he intends to give.

The major looked as if he had wandered in carelessly, with no settled purpose, and Mr. Evans recognized the symptoms. So he smiled deferentially.

"I shall be most happy to show you what you wish."

"Some little thing," said the major; "a brooch or a ring. Perhaps I'd better say at once that I want to make a small present to my wife, and I can't afford more than £20."

The jeweller inclined his head and brought out a tray of rings. As he did so, a shadowy assistant was automatically evolved from the back part of the shop and took his stand, without ostentation, at his master's elbow. The major glanced at him curiously, and then looked at Evans, whose eyes were gravely bent upon the tray.

"I hope there's nothing suspicious about me," he observed; and there was a twinkle in his eye.

The merchant coughed, and smiled with a suggestion of apology. The assistant relaxed into a silent snigger.

"It is a rule of the establishment, sir, that is all. In a business such as ours we have to keep certain rules."

"Oh, of course!" said the major, in a friendly way. He examined the rings and tried them on, holding them up to the light, displaying a certain knowledge of the stones, and impressing the jeweller with his just estimate of values. He was evidently not the sort of customer to be imposed upon; at the same time, he was a man, which was undoubtedly a trick in the seller's favor.

"This is a nice one, but I know it's too much money for me." He uttered a comical sigh as he fingered a ring with diamonds and a peridot in the middle.

"That is £75, sir," said Evans. "Excellent value."

"Yes, I can see it is. But I mustn't run to it. All these things are more expensive than they were."

"Quite true," admitted the jeweller. "It is no exaggeration to say that most stones are worth more than double the price of a year or two ago."

"Now why is that?" asked the customer, in a genial tone.

Mr. Evans entered into a courteous explanation of the means by which certain cliques had cornered the supplies, and Major Carrington listened with mild interest while he continued to examine the trinkets with an appreciative eye, which confessed him to be of those who find precious stones a source of attraction. He interposed certain "Ah's!" and "Dear me's!" at correct moments; but it was evident that he was thinking more of the rings than of the discourse, and Evans curtailed his remarks at the first opportunity.

"You'll think me a nuisance," said the Major, "but I should like to look at some brooches before I make up my mind."

His frank manner and pleasant smile favorably impressed the shopkeeper, who hastened to assure him of the absence of any trouble in the matter, while the assistant withdrew the tray of rings and substituted one of brooches.

The customer lovingly regarded them.

"If I followed my own feelings, I should buy the lot. That is, if I'd the money. A rather important 'if' that. My wife says I spend too much on jewelry as it is."

Mr. Evans smiled with a blend of appreciation and polite disbelief in the suggestion of cash limitation.

"Now, what's the price of this little one?" asked the Major. He held up a dainty brooch, in which the workmanship in the gold made up for the smallness of the diamonds.

"That is thirty guineas," said the jeweller.

"Quite a little gem! But 30 guineas is more than £20, isn't it?"

The merchant could not deny it.

The Major skimmed over the tray; but he ever came back to his first selection, and, at length, with a whistling blow through his teeth and a helpless look at the man behind the counter, he made his resolve.

"I must have this one," said he. "I can't resist it. I suppose I must knock off cigars, or something."

The jeweller smiled dutifully.

"Of course, that's the lowest price you can take?" he asked, without looking as if he expected much from the question.

"They are all marked at the very lowest possible figures," said Evans, with a pained air.

"Yes, yes, of course! Well, that's settled. Can you lend me a pen?"

Pen and ink were produced, and the Major drew forth a checkbook. As he filled up the form, the shopkeeper looked on anxiously. He felt that an awkward moment was coming if the buyer wanted to take the brooch in exchange for his check; and he began to purse his lips and to rehearse in silence the least hurtful way of conveying a piece of intelligence which is never well received.

The Major finished his signature with a flourish and handed over the check.

"There you are," said he, as if he were getting something off his mind.

"Thank you, sir," replied Evans. "Where may I send the brooch?"

"Oh, I'll take it with me!" said the Major; but, before the jeweller's jaw could drop, he recollected himself. "But, of course, you don't know me. Will you send it, when you've got the money? Here's my card."

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," said the relieved seller, looking at the card—

"Major Mervyn Carrington, late 120th Hussars."

"What address, sir?"

"Of course, it isn't there. I'm at No. 27, Carlton Gardens, just close by. It's a temporary address—we're only in rooms—but my wife and I travel a good deal. Good morning. I must apologize for taking up so much of your time."

Mr. Evans bowed and murmured his disclaimer, while the assistant hurried round and held open the door. The Major nodded his thanks as he passed out.

The check was cashed, the brooch was sent home, and the Major dropped in, a few days later, to say how pleased his wife was with it.

"I dote on jewelry myself," said he.

Mr. Evans took the trouble to show him one or two really good stones, and the other's appreciation warmed him.

"Quite a pleasant man," he observed to his assistant when the caller had departed.

Two or three weeks passed, and the Major looked in again. As he entered, his face expressed comic ruefulness.

"I've come to ruin myself," said he.

"I hope not, sir," said Mr. Evans.

"Oh, but I have! And the deuce of it is I rather like the prospect." He smiled in a boyish way, and his whole manner was redolent of wilful mischief.

"The fact is, it's my wife's birthday to-morrow, and I want to give her something really nice. White stuff, you know. Now, what can you show me?"

He leaned on the counter with almost friendly confidence. The jeweller smiled reciprocally.

"I can show you something very special, sir. It's a necklace."

"The very thing!" said the Major, buoyantly. "Bring it out."

"It is in the safe. Perhaps you wouldn't mind stepping into the backroom, sir?"

"With pleasure." The Major followed with jauntiness, humming a popular tune. Mr. Evans dispensed with the assistant, a mark of confidence which was duly noted. From the safe was produced the glittering necklace, and the Major went into raptures.

"Superb!" he cried. "Grand! But you mean to ruin me worse than I meant to ruin myself."

He fingered the stones, held them up to the light, flashed them in a dozen positions, and made a running commentary of approval.

"How much, Mr. Evans; how much?" he asked, at length, and he surrendered the necklace with obvious reluctance to the merchant's outstretched fingers.

"The price is £700," said the jeweller, and his voice expressed sad gravity.

"I must have it! I can't afford it, but I must have it!" said the Major. "After all, the stones are always worth the money. It's not a necklace—it's an investment."

"It may be regarded in that light, sir," said Evans.

"Yes; but whatever light we regard it in, it's a gem!" cried Carrington, with enthusiasm. "My wife will be simply delighted?"

He took the necklace again and fingered it with admiration.

"Now, I wonder," said he, looking doubtfully at Evans, "if you could spare your assistant to bring it round with me to show to my wife before we clinch the bargain? I should like her to see it first." He gazed anxiously at the jeweller.

"Certainly, with great pleasure," said the latter. "If you will allow me, I will come myself."

"That's capital! But when?"

"Just whenever it is convenient to you." Mr. Evans could not restrain an inward glow at the prospect of the day's work.

"Not now?" said the buyer, dubiously.

"Now, if you like, sir."

"Good!" cried Major Carrington, with relief, which he took no pains to conceal. "I shall be in high favor for the next few hours."

The merchant assumed a tall hat of pronounced respectability, without any claim to fashion, and, with deferential steps, accompanied the bubbling Major to Carlton Gardens. The latter buzzed in cheerful talk the whole way, a matter of twenty minutes, and in due course knocked loudly on the door of No. 27, which was a house on the bay window plan, with a stucco front.

"Is Mrs. Carrington at home?" he asked joyously of the maid who opened the door, and, when he received the affirmative answer, he indulged in a short, happy laugh.

"Come upstairs, Mr. Evans," said he, and himself bounded up two steps at a time, and threw open the door.

An elegantly attired lady rose on their entrance and came forward. She greeted the Major with an affectionate look.

"This is Mr. Evans, Connie," he remarked, repressing his buoyant humor with an effort. "He has brought something to show you."

The lady bowed amiably.

"I expect I can guess what you have brought, Mr. Evans," said she. "Hugh, you bad boy!" She shook her head at him and sat down, inviting the jeweller to be seated also. The Major paraded the room, evidently unable to control himself sufficiently to occupy a chair.

"Let me give it to her," said he, impulsively, and he opened the case and flashed the stones before his wife.

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried. "Don't say this is for me!"

"No, it's for me," said he, and laughed at his own pleasantry.

"Oh, you darling!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Evans, do forgive me." She threw a little, imploring look at the jeweller, and imprinted a kiss on her husband's ready cheek.

"So you like it?" he asked.

"However much is it?" said she.

"Never mind how much it is," said the Major, winking at the merchant. "Anyhow," he added, "it's no more than you deserve."

"Oh!" said the lady, delightedly, "that is nice of you!" She clasped it round her throat and surveyed herself in the mirror. "I shall wear it to-night."

"You can't do that, dear," said Carrington, speaking more soberly. "There are certain little matters that have to be done first."

"Oh," said his wife, with disappointment.

Mr. Evans looked sadly at the carpet, fearing that an appeal was to be made to him. But the major whispered to Mrs. Carrington, and she said nothing more.

"I'll write out the check," said he. Folding doors which stood open revealed a writing table in the adjoining room. In full view of the jeweller he wrote the check, and, as he brought it forward, he held in his other hand a cardboard box.

"Here's the check, Mr. Evans. We're both business men, and I don't expect you to let me have the trinket until you get the money. It is quite right that you should be protected, but"—and he cocked his head on one side in a humorous way—"I'm going to protect myself as well."

"Anything you wish, sir," said the jeweller, bowing.

"I want you to put the necklace in this cardboard box, tie it round with string, and then I'm going to put sealing wax at both ends and impress it with my crest. You take it away, lock it up in your safe, and when you're satisfied about the check just send it up as it is."

"Surely that isn't necessary, Hugh?" observed Mrs. Carrington.

"I'm sure Mr. Evans won't object to humor me," said the major, doggedly.

"Not in the least," said the merchant. "I don't believe there's another necklace quite like it; but, still!"—

"If you don't mind," said Carrington.

Evans placed the necklace in the box, Mrs. Carrington brought some pink string, which he carefully tied round it, knotting it with deft fingers, while the major looked on and his wife made teasing remarks about his horrid suspicious nature.

"Not at all; not at all!" said he. "We're both business men"—he seemed to like this phrase—"and we're both protecting ourselves."

The shopkeeper was rather flattered by the association.

"Thank you very much," said the major. "Now I'll seal it up." He lighted a candle on the table and dropped the hot wax upon the box. "Where's my seal?" he asked.

"It's on your desk, Hugh," replied his wife.

"Oh, is it?" said he, hurriedly, and, holding the box gingerly between his fingers, he skipped to the table in the open doorway and, watched by the jeweller, impressed his seal upon it twice.

"Isn't he a silly man?" said Mrs. Carrington to Evans; and, as she caught his eye, she gave him a very pretty smile.

"There you are," said the major, returning, "and thank you very much for letting me have my way."

He still held the box for a minute or two, as he made a few remarks about the necklace; then he handed it over, with the check, and both he and his wife shook hands with Mr. Evans, while the major politely accompanied him to the front door.

The merchant returned to his shop, locked up the cardboard box in the safe, examining the crest with a momentary curiosity as he did so, and sent his assistant to the bank with the check, accompanied by a request that it might be specially cleared.

By the last post that night he received a letter from his bank, inclosing the check, which was returned to him "for the reason stated thereon." The reason consisted of the words, "Account closed." The jeweller looked at it in surprise, which gave place suddenly to a start of fear. He hastened to the safe and ruthlessly broke the major's seals. Nestling in the wool which lined the box were a few pieces of coal.

He rushed from the shop, and, encountering a policeman on the pavement, induced him by a few wild remarks to accompany him in a cab to Carlton Gardens, pouring out his tale as they went.

But Major and Mrs. Carrington had departed with their boxes "less than half an hour" after he had left them.

"He must have substituted another packet like it," said the policeman.

"But I never took my eyes off him," groaned the jeweller.

"Are you quite sure?" asked the officer.

Then Evans remembered the lady's special smile, and the way she had attracted his notice for a moment.

"I've been robbed!" he gasped, and groaned again.

"Looks very like it," said the policeman. "You'd better come down to the station and make a statement."—(The Sketch.

ELOCUTIONISTS' CONVENTION.

The thirteenth annual convention of the National Association of Elocutionists will open its sessions on Monday and continue for five days, adjourning on Friday. The sessions will be held in the assembly hall of the Board of Education Building, Park-ave. and Fifty-ninth-st. The morning hours will be devoted to the reading of papers and to discussions, also to practical talks upon methods of teaching and methods of interpretation. At the evening sessions there will be readings by well known members of the association, interspersed with music, both vocal and instrumental.

An excursion is to be given to the visiting members by the New-York Teachers of Oratory and the New-York State Association of Elocutionists.

The headquarters are to be at the Board of Education Building, where the local reception committee will welcome delegates and guests from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. on each day.

Among the speakers are the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Franklin H. Sargent, J. W. Wetzel, of the Yale Law School; Dr. Henry M. Leipsiger, supervisor of lectures, New-York City; Dr. Franklin W. Hooper, director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and a number of well known actors and actresses will discuss topics related to their art.

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