FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

A TASTEFUL SUMMER COSTUME AND A TEA COAT.
—(The Lady's Pictorial.

SHOULD THEY BE TAUGHT TO SWIM?

Public Safety Committee Thinks Swimming Teachers Should Be at Baths.

Should New-York children know how to swim?

Is it the business of the city to teach them to swim?

Does the public safety demand that the lake in Central Park be patrolled by professional life savers?

To all these questions the newly appointed committee on public safety of the New-York City Federation of Women's Clubs emphatically answers "yes."

"We can't tackle the big things," said Mrs. Harry Hastings, the chairman, to a Tribune reporter yesterday, "but we do feel as if we should look after some of the little things that otherwise might escape the public eye."

The first of the "little things" to claim the attention of Mrs. Hastings and her associates on the committee on public safety is the prime importance of teaching the growing generation how to protect itself in case disaster like that of the General Slocum should overwhelm it, and to safeguard the thousands of children and young people who annually amuse themselves on and by the lake in Central Park.

So the other day it sent the following letter to the Board of Education:

To the Board of Education: The undersigned committee, having learned that the Board of Superintendents has decided not to assign swimming teachers to the public baths this season, petition your honorable body to recommend that such assignments be made. In view of the recent appalling accident, where so many children lost their lives because neither they nor the adults in charge of them could swim, its seems most vital that all children be taught swimming. A great number of public school children use the public baths during the vacation season, and have no opportunity of learning to swim other than what may be afforded at these baths. It is obvious that every child living in a great maritime city like New-York should know how to swim.

"As chairman of the Sixteenth District local school board," said Mrs. Hastings, "I am familiar with what is done by the Board of Education, and know that no appointments of swimming teachers have been made, although swimming teachers are on the list. The Board of Education has sole jurisdiction over the appointment of teachers, but the board of superintendents has not assigned any swimming teachers this year."

This reluctance on the part of the board of superintendents to appoint swimming teachers is said to be due to several causes. According to a high authority on the administration of the vacation schools, the water in the public baths is apt to be so filthy that the baths are anything but a hygienic place of recreation for young persons. Not only are they not healthful, but they are sometimes breeding places of contagious disease. Children have been known to catch trachoma in the public baths. It was also felt that some of the swimming teachers who were appointed last year were not competent.

"There is no question," said Mrs. Hastings, "that there are thousands of New-York children who can never learn to swim except in the public baths. Where there is danger of trachoma or other contagious diseases the Board of Health has supervision. If the water is dirty, it is easy to move the baths somewhere else."

That the baths should be equipped with life savers as well as swimming teachers is the belief of Mrs. Hastings. "The two are quite distinct," she says. "The saving of life is a profession in itself. You can't save life without knowing how to swim, but you can swim without knowing how to save life. The proprietors of public baths should be compelled to provide life savers, and the municipal baths should do the same."

The Board of Education at its meeting last Monday referred the letter of the committee on public safety to the committee on special schools, of which Felix M. Warburg is chairman. On the same day that the committee on public safety of the city federation wrote to the Board of Education, it dispatched a letter to Commissioner Pallas of the Park Department, calling attention to the fact that two fatalities have occurred on the lake in Central Park since June 1, and asking to have the lake patrolled by life savers. "Boats are used frequently in our parks by women," the letter said, "and young people who do not know how to manage them."

"My attention was first called to the need of life savers at the lake in Central Park by the experience of a party of young fellows of seventeen or eighteen whom I know," said Mrs. Hastings. "They went out on the lake in canoes. The canoes got upset and everybody was immersed, though luckily without a fatality.

"Later, I heard of two fatal accidents that had occurred on the lake this summer. So the committee wrote to Mr. Pallas.

"A prompt and courteous letter has been received in reply, assuring us that at the present, as in the past, every precaution is taken to guard against accidents. The licensee who conducts the lake service is required to have men constantly patrolling the lake in boats to guard against accidents to visitors. Mr. Pallas writes, as well as to protect the water fowl and other park property. There are also attendant oarsmen who are furnished with all boats carrying women or children. The licensee uses his own judgment in renting the boats without attendants.

"Prior to this season no fatal accidents have occurred for many years,' the letter concludes, 'and in these two cases investigation shows them to be of the unavoidable and unaccountable kind, and due to no lack of precaution on the part of the boatmen.'

"When it is a case of a lessee's judgment up against his pocketbook," commented Mrs. Hastings, as she folded up the Commissioner's letter, "we all know which is likely to prove the stronger.

"The only way to prevent accidents is to have life savers on hand. We can't prevent the public using the boats. We can't say 'You mustn't let the boats out to children.' The government is not so paternal as to try to prevent people from doing what they want to do. The only thing is to save them from the effects of their own imprudence.

"Why, in some places the lake is fourteen or fifteen feet deep.

"Mr. Pallas says the lake is already patrolled by men in boats. However that may be, in one instance I know of, a policeman who had to swim out and back, weighed down by his heavy clothes, in order to save two boys who had capsized. One boy in the party was drowned. In this case the policeman was the only available life saver. I have read of instance after instance where it was a policeman who saved life, not the life savers who, according to Mr. Pallas, patrol the lake for the protection of visitors."

Mrs. Hastings attributes no little of the danger which people run in going out on Central Park Lake to the fact that canoes are employed.

"The canoe is an exceedingly dangerous boat to handle," she said. "It is the easiest boat in the world to move, and the easiest in the world to upset. It is only of late years that canoes have been used in Central Park. When the flat bottomed floats were in use, accidents were far less frequent."

As soon as it can, the Committee on Public Safety proposes to agitate against the crowding of the platforms of the elevated stations. Associated with Mrs. Hastings on the committee are Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Mrs. J. B. Barry, Mrs. Belle de Rivera and Mrs. O. W. Haskell.

No wonder that the American women who attended the Women's International Council in Berlin had a "good time." Everybody tried to make them enjoy themselves, even the clerk of the weather co-operating to send but one rainy day to a fortnight of lovely June. "How hospitable these Berliners are!" the Americans could not but exclaim, as invitations came pouring in on them to "coffees," receptions, inspections and feasts. Two features of Berlin public life seem to have impressed some of the visitors with especial distinctness. One was the "fine, mechanical conscience set up before you, recording the distance and the price automatically," as a writer in "The Woman's Journal" phrases it, with which all the cabs are equipped. The railroad stations, too, have been a revelation of taste, cleanliness and order. These art loving people have even managed to give beauty to their elevated road! Surely miracle could no further go. The big iron structure, with wide supports of a soft creamy brown color, has beneath it a gravelled walk with occasional seats, and grass and trees along the sides. There is a floor under the rails—nothing to drop through—and the noise is less than with us.

Like the arranging of flowers, the tying of knots has been carried to the point of a complex art by the Japanese. There is one way—one right way, that is—to knot the cord that confines a birthday or New Year's present. There is one way to tie the brocade bag of the tea jar when the latter is empty and another when it is full. Not only general ignorance of social customs but deadly insults may be communicated by the way a knot is tied, foreigners often making dreadful mistakes either through not knowing or from ignoring the niceties of knot etiquette.

Hooks and eyes, buttons and buckles are unknown so far as Japanese dress is concerned. They do not have much to fasten, but what they do have they fasten with cord. That is why they have carried the tying of cord so far. The Japanese have hundreds of ornamental knots, some of them so old that they antedate written history.

Japanese children are taught to make knots just as they are taught to write and draw. All sorts of flower and animal forms are copied. There is the chrysanthemum knot, the iris knot, plum blossom, pine tree and cherry blossom knots. There is a stork knot, a turtle knot, a knot named for the sacred mountain Fujiyama. An easy knot is called the "old man's knot." There is also an "old woman's knot."

Dorothy Wordsworth and Fanny Mendelssohn are often cited as noteworthy instances of sisterly devotion. So they were. But Miss Alice Balfour is said to have devoted her life to her brother in quite as whole-hearted a fashion. Although a small, slight woman, she manages her brother's estates, engages and manages his servants, and acts as his business agent generally. At the same time she is his companion, always ready to read or play to him, to tramp a dozen miles around the golf links, or take a spin with him in his "auto." Probably her own brother scarcely realizes how much petty worry she saves him from.

Although still very young, the Woman's Club of Ponce, is rapidly becoming a power among the Porto Ricans. Its president is Mrs. Robert Miller, who gave an account of it and also of the Porto Rican Benevolent Society, at the biennial in St. Louis. Started with a membership of 150, many of the members being women of culture who had been educated in Europe and the United States, it has been a means of inducing them to take an interest in public affairs, from which the half-Spanish traditions of the island had hitherto debarred them. An industrial school for boys and girls, and an exchange for women's work have been among the achievements of the benevolent society. Mendicancy, which was formerly carried on under a license from the government, and was regarded as a fairly respectable calling, has also been largely suppressed through the influence of this organization.

When it comes to the pinch, it is the husband who is to decide what visitors shall be admitted to the home—not the wife. It is not for the wife to say who may come and who must stay away, even if she owns the home. At least, that's what the Supreme Court of Ohio says. The question of who is the head of the family recently came up in Erie County in that State, and was passed upon by no less than four courts. Oscar W. Green, it seems, is one of the men who does not like his mother-in-law. In fact, he dislikes her so much that he does not want her to visit him and his wife at their home, and he gave her notice to that effect. The mother-in-law kept on coming, just the same. One day her son-in-law met her at the door, and refused her admittance. She immediately had him arrested, and he was found guilty in the Probate Court of assault and battery and fined $10 and costs. This finding was affirmed by the Circuit Court of Common Pleas, but reversed by the Circuit Court on the ground that a man's home is his castle, and that the husband is the lord of the castle. Or, in other words, he is the "boss." The Supreme Court has now affirmed this decision.

PAWNSHOPS A GOOD THING.

"Poor Men Should Have a Place to Get Credit as Well as Rich Men."

Robert W. De Forest, president of the Charity Organization Society of New-York, believes that the pawnshop is a very useful institution. In an address yesterday morning before the Summer School of Philanthropy he limited his statement, however, by adding that the pawnshop should charge a fair rate of interest. "I think," he said, "that the poor man has as much right to use his borrowing capacity and get money on his furniture or other possessions as the rich man has to make use of his credit at the bank."

Mr. De Forest believes that "every poor community should have a place where the people can borrow."

A member of the class asked why the Charity Organization Society did not think it best to include such places in the scope of its work.

"Because," said Mr. De Forest, "such a work is a regular business and must be conducted on business principles. If we were to lend money with no business idea in view, with no certainty of ever having the money returned, well and good; that would be within our scope. From a sentimental reason the Charity Organization Society couldn't do what the Provident Loan Society does. That is the reason for the existence of the Provident Loan."

"Does that society discourage borrowing?" questioned Miss Mary Birtwell, general secretary of the Associated Charities of Cambridge, Mass., who was in charge of the meeting. "When a man comes to us in Boston and wants to borrow money, we investigate the conditions and try to find some other way out for him. If a man finds that he can always get money to pull him out of any trouble by merely giving something in his house as security, running in debt will have no terrors for him."

Unlike the Boston Society, the Provident Loan Society of New-York does nothing to discourage borrowing. "Whenever competent security is given," said Mr. De Forest, "a loan is made. Our society does not investigate the conditions of the case. That would be considered intruding."

Another question that came up during the discussion was: "Does the employment agency fall within the scope of the Charity Organization Society?"

"As long as there are any good employment agencies in the city, that is not work for the Charity Organization," said the president. "There are so many difficulties on the practical side."

Miss Birtwell gave an illustration of one of these difficulties. "A poor woman came to the Associated Charities in Cambridge one day not long ago," she said, "with a note from a newspaper man of Boston asking a position for her as a scrubwoman. We got her a place, and soon the newspaper man, encouraged by the success of his note, sent another, this time asking us to find a place where a girl who had gone through three years of high school could work during the summer, until school opened again. That girl had other resources, and it was decided that it was not the place of a worker in the Associated Charities to spend time in hunting a position for her."

Before these discussions Mr. De Forest gave a talk on "The Scope and Purpose of a Charity Organization Society."

"I take the purpose of a charity organization to be to apply the principle of love to our fellow men with as complete a knowledge of conditions and surroundings and of the resources for aid as possible. The vital principle of such an organization and the vital force behind it is its mobility. It must be subject to the power of growth and of adaptability in order to live. We cannot limit the scope of a charity organization society for all times and places, for by doing this it would lose all its potency. But all charity organization societies have some common essential features; all must proceed upon knowledge of individuals, character and the resources of the community; all must apply their knowledge, and all must give unremitting service."

EYE STRAIN OF CHILDREN.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I saw in a recent issue of The Tribune a report of the thorough investigation of children's eyes now being carried on in the public schools of New-York. Nothing could be more humane, and the school under the charge of Miss Williams is to be congratulated on having so earnest and so intelligent a principal.

But the inspectors should not content themselves with mere correction of refraction. Eye irregularities in children are very often only reflex from some other cause. The children are almost invariably neurasthenic, the eyes being merely symptomatic.

More and more in these scientific days, when scientists, doctors and all are learning to look for first causes rather than at those more superficial and immediate, the medical world is coming to acknowledge that back of all chronic condition is a weakened nerve supply. Digestion no longer brings up to the modern doctor's thought so much a picture of digestives and chemical adjuvants; he thinks at once of stomach nerves which are too weak to carry on to completion the task of digestion.

In eye strain, too, the modern doctor reasons similarly. No longer is he content to apply prisms to the inefficient muscles, but he asks, Why are these muscles inefficient? What is inhibiting their natural nerve force? And in like manner, to-day, reasons the gynecologist, the heart specialist, the skin specialist—one and all.

A new word has come into the medical world—the word reflex; and this word has come to stay. Moreover, through the understanding of this word, salvation is coming to many an unfortunate who formerly would have been left to suffer on unaided and his malady unappreciated.

Once, if one had a headache, the doctor looked for the cause in the head. If one could not digest, he looked for the cause in the digestive juices. If one's heart palpitated, the cause was sought in the heart itself.

But now that the doctrine of reflex has sent its searchlight in upon the world of suffering and physical limitations, the up to date doctors know that the cause of the headache may be at the lower end of the spine; the cause of the lame knee in the top of the spine; the cause of the indigestion and the palpitation in some one or more points in the nervous system, quite removed from the seat of apparent disorder.

Nowhere is this new revelation of more value than in its application to little children. Many, many a middle aged wreckage might have been prevented had the cause been corrected in childhood. Many a suffering individual might have been spared the physical defect which comes all too often at middle life, at a time, perchance, when one's mental faculties and power of usefulness are at their height, had some condition in early childhood not been ignored or neglected or left to that cruelest of all foolish sentiments, "The child will outgrow it."

One may well doubt whether a child ever outgrows a physical limitation. When the period of young manhood or young womanhood dawns, bringing with it the conquering power of new vigor and virility, a child may seem to throw off limitations of preceding times and to "outgrow" them. But invariably echoes of the same limitations are heard years later, when, with the waning of general strength, these again present themselves.

The individual is now no longer able to sustain, without self-consciousness, the inharmony which has always existed, although for so long a time the system was able to endure the burden and hold itself against it without apparent discord.

I have been interested lately in the investigation of the story of several middle aged semi-invalids who chanced to come to my notice, and this is what I have learned. It seems to me the history which these people give of their own cases is one of profound significance to the superintendent of any community of children.

Age forty.—Severe eye strain; inner muscles very weak (20 degrees of exophoria), making focusing at short range painful.

On investigation it was found that pressing upon the first lumbar vertebra produced immediate nausea and that the eyes became sandy and bloodshot.

On questioning, patient reported that at the age of ten he had had a severe fall, injuring the spine. The injured vertebra (or nerve) was for some time painful, but patient "outgrew it" in due time. The patient was put under a system of spinal stretching, and a comparative cure of eyes followed.

Age thirty-six.—Man of business. A neurasthenic. He was found to have marked lumbra curvature and the chronic bodily weariness which accompanies always such curvatures.

On investigation of history, found that the boy, at the age of nine, had been put to work in a country grocery, where he handled more or less heavy barrels and boxes. At one time he remembered distinctly that when he threw a box onto the wagon he was taken with sudden pain in the back. Seat of pain was found in Balm of Gilead and the lameness wore off in a year or so.

The seat of the childhood injury was now found to be the seat of a present centre of anæsthesia under the faradic and hyperæsthesia from pressure.

Age twenty-seven.—Woman with marked curvature and the invariable accompanying neurasthenia. Her back had ached at intervals from childhood. On careful examination it was found that one leg was fully an inch shorter than the other, throwing the spine into a mechanical curvature when standing or walking. The mother recalled that as a child the patient had a severe fall followed by limping and sciatic pains for some few weeks. The left os innominatum was found dislocated—pushed forward.

This was reduced under anesthetic, and marked improvement followed.

Such, then, are a few of the hundreds of neglected injuries in children which report themselves in later life—disproving the cruel and careless theory that children "outgrow" ailments.

The above cases are significant, moreover, in that they prove that often it is not well to be content merely to examine the eyes of children and prescribe glasses. The eye strain should, of course, be corrected; but the possible remote cause of the eye strain should also be investigated.

MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK, M. D.

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.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

I sought the path of peace;
So long I sought, and far,
A place where naught might enter in
My happiness to mar.

I sought, and sought in vain,
Until with fainting heart
I turned about, and found a place
Where I could bear a part

In lifting heavy loads;
In sharing other's woes;
And in the path of duty, lo!
I found my heart's repose.
—(Edith Virginia Bradt.

NEIGHBORHOOD CIRCLE.

Mrs. Kate Merritt, president of the Sandy Ridge, N. C., branch, reports that her Sunshine circle is progressing nicely, and each one tries to carry out the spirit of sunshine. Those who have pass on to those who have not. The contents of the box sent from the general office were distributed among several, and sincere thanks are extended to all who contributed toward it. A request is made for a black skirt for a girl in this circle who is in destitute circumstances and "not able to have things like other girls," says the president.

THANKS FOR SUNSHINE.

Mrs. Dana S. Carpenter, of Middletown, Vt., acknowledges with many thanks the receipt of a box of cheer for a family in whom the T. S. S. branch is interested. Mrs. Carpenter says the family is a churchgoing one, and the articles sent, which were principally contributed by Mrs. Dailey, were greatly appreciated. "I fully realize," she says, "the need of an emergency fund at the general office, and will try to do my part before the year is ended."

Mrs. Bettie White, of Tampa, Fla., writes her thanks to be published in the column, not only for substantial aid received from headquarters, but for all remembrances from sunshine friends. Miss Banks, of Manhattan, sends grateful thanks for the sunshine ray that reached her through the president of Manhattan branch No. 3.

Miss Bagley, of Norway, Me., was greatly pleased with the sunshine box sent to her, for it gave her an opportunity to distribute good cheer in many directions, and it is one of the pleasures of her life to send sunshine into the lives of others. Miss Bagley personally pays the express charges on all contributions received and distributed.

Letters full of deep gratitude have come from the recipients of helpful aid from the emergency and outing funds.

Mrs. C. M. Maine, an invalid member at Clark's Falls, Conn., sends the following message to the sunshine friends:

I wish to thank you for your prompt and generous response to my request for reading, letters, etc. I would like to thank each one personally, but that is impossible, being unable to write myself. What reading matter I receive is passed on to other members of the Sunshine branch here in our place. I would like particularly to thank those who send me "The Christian Herald" and sabbath reading, and would also like to make mention of Mrs. Alvord, of Torrington, who sent me the reading table. She has my most grateful thanks. I don't think I ever had anything I enjoyed more, for it enables me to pass pleasantly what otherwise would be many lonely hours. I am grateful to the person who sends me the Woman's Pages of The Tribune. I enjoy them very much. Truly the T. S. S. is doing a wonderful work, showing so plainly that, "though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly." For this I bless Him every day.

CHEER FOR HOSPITAL.

A member of the Coreopsis branch writes that some calico or gingham wrappers are greatly needed in one of the wards of the New-Haven Hospital, and that a charity patient, almost helpless in the incurable ward, is quite destitute of summer underwear, etc. Any garments to meet these wants should be sent direct to Miss Fannie W. Keyes, No. 145 East Rock Road, New-Haven, Conn., a helpful member and hospital visitor. Will some of the Connecticut members, especially, respond to these needs?

OTHER REQUESTS.

Mrs. G. T. Brown, of Critz, Patrick County, Va., asks for a Bible for a minister, as the old one he is using is falling to pieces, and also one for a family that has none.

A hammock for a sick child is requested, and a summer wrapper, 38 bust measure, for an invalid in New-York State. The one sent from the office proved to be too small, and it will be passed still further on to another invalid.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Three boxes of sunshine articles came yesterday from M. E. C., of Yonkers, N. Y.; a box from A. R. B., of Asbury Park; six new untrimmed hats from Mrs. F. H. Jerome; silk pieces from E. H. H.; a package left at the office without a name contained shoes, ribbons, reading, etc.; a small box filled with unfinished Battenberg, wools and silk pieces, without a name; a child's blue and white wash dress from some unknown friend; two white shirtwaists from Martha Ditson, of Brooklyn; reading matter and cards from Mrs. Charles E. Grant, of Plainfield, N. J.; girls' dresses and coats, from Mrs. E. T. Galloway, of Rutherford, N. J., and a box of beautiful cut flowers from Miss Stone, of Ossining, N. Y., and a box of sweet peas from Miss Edith Brockett, of East Orange, N. J.

ENTERED INTO REST.

Miss Helen Lane, secretary of the Annisquam (Mass.) branch of the T. S. S., announces the death of one of its members, Mrs. Ada Hamlin, a sister of Miss C. Griffin, the president. She writes: "Mrs. Hamlin was the first of our Sunshine band to leave us, and we can but feel that rest and peace have come to her after her great suffering. She knew the nature of her incurable disease, and fully realized that she could live but a short time, but her cheerfulness and fortitude were wonderful, and her unselfish thought for others rather than herself was manifested even in her last days. As long as she was able to sit up she employed her hands in making special articles for our Sunshine work to pass on to the Gloucester fishermen. The branch members by their friendly calls and many little attentions helped to lessen the sadness of the last few months of pain and weary waiting for the end, which was so welcome to her.

O spirit, freed from bondage,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world is 'neath thy feet,
Thou, brighter than the sun!

Arise, put on thy garments,
Which the redeemed win!
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified from sin!

Awake and breathe the living air
Of our celestial clime!
Awake to love that knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time!
—(Mary Hewitt.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Stamped Cambric Pattern of English Braid Handkerchief, No. 1,114, for 12 Cents.

English braid work makes an attractive handkerchief trimming. This handkerchief is 11 by 11 inches.

We will supply this pattern, stamped on cambric,

NO. 1,114—ENGLISH BRAID HANDKERCHIEF.

for 12 cents. Complete materials for working pattern and linen for centre, 65 cents. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune.

The Fugitives of Pleasure.

BY LLOYD OSBORNE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

We rolled out of Red Rock some sixty strong, in a line of surreys headed by a stage coach. This was a regular old Deadwood affair, drawn by six horses, and it was a matter of pride with everybody that a bygone driver had once been shot on the box. It gave us something to talk about at the start, and helped to break the ice—I mean as far as I was concerned—for the others all seemed to know one another, and first names and pleasantries flew about me on every side. I felt somewhat out of it, a man of thirty, in such a pack of youngsters; and though I tried, as in duty bound, to make myself agreeable, it stole over me that I was somewhat of a heavy weight on the party. However, I was happy in my way, and took comfort in the glorious mountain air and the woodland scent of the redwoods and pines. I had seen much of the West in my wandering life—that of a mining man representing important New-York interests—but it had been spent in deserts and waste places like Cripple Creek and Phoenix, and California was consequently a new country to me.

It was a delicious morning, the blue of the mountains enhanced by a sort of smoky haze, and in the bottom of woody canyons we could see splashing streams threading their way far below like silver. The road was wild and picturesque, and so good that we tore along at a gallop, spinning around corners and skating precipices with a fine abandonment of anything like caution. However, there was nothing for one to do but to sit tight and take it all in, and enjoy, somewhat perfunctorily, the companionship of the pretty girls and jolly young men, who were all bunched in together. Though I had little part in the universal gayety, it pleased me none the less to play spectator, and I laughed as loudly as any one at jokes I did not understand and at innuendoes that left me in the dark. I began to notice that there was one girl—a beautiful, tall, blond creature—on the box seat, who seemed as much out of it as I myself, and whose smile, when she turned her head our way, betrayed a similar lack of responsiveness. Her wide, questioning eyes met mine more than once, and I felt dimly that she was ill at ease and under some constraint among so many strangers. She was less good natured about it, too, and wore a little air of disdain as the merriment grew fast and boisterous, and one of our young ladies won a bet by embracing a pale young man who belonged to some one else. I made an inward resolution that she and I would spend a good part of that picnic together, and took the first occasion to inquire her name from the girl next me.

"Ella Jayes," she returned, snatching a moment from a fascinating young man named Charlie, whose arm—well, was resting on the back of her seat.

"But who's Ella Jayes?" I persisted.

"Old Jayes's daughter," was the answer.

At the risk of getting myself disliked, I pressed for more information.

Charlie, seeing that the only way to make the best of it, and giving a whoop as we whirled down a grade that brought the heart into my mouth, made haste to enlighten me with a sort of friendly impatience, as though he did not mind stretching a point once, but I must not make a practice of it.

"Siskiyou County was good enough for old Jayes to live in," he said, "and good enough for old Jayes to make barrels of money in, but when it came to raising daughters Los Yuvas Ranch wasn't in it with the East. She's out here now on a visit with nine trunks and that air of seeing you to blazes, and there are some of us who wish she was less of a Gibson girl and more of a bully good fellow!" He looked very epigrammatic as he said this, and deepened the impression with a wink.

"She's too stuck up for anything," said Charlie's little friend, "and has no more notion of having a good time than a bronco in a tanyard!"

"Some of the boys tried to be good to her," said Charlie, "but they didn't have no dress coats, and I guess some of them drank out of their finger-bowls, and it all kind of froze off!"

I looked again at this paragon of exclusiveness, and was struck afresh by her extreme beauty. Her graceful shoulders, the tilt of her big hat, the clustering fair hair on the nape of her charming neck, all filled me with a pleasant sense that perhaps there was more for me in that picnic than I had first apprehended. Our eyes were constantly meeting as she turned to listen to the talk, and once it was very evident she had asked the driver for my name and made him repeat it to her several times. I watched her covertly for the rest of the trip, and what with that and thinking over my forthcoming report on the Wonder of Wonders mine (which wasn't half so Wonderfully Wonderful as I had been led to expect) and my unpretended enjoyment of the superb scenery with the little chipmunks darting over the rocks and once a deer seen high above us against the sky line—what with all this and the chatter and the swift movement of the stage rocking like a ship on its enormous springs and lulling one into a sort of dream, I managed to pass the time very agreeably, and was surprised when somebody said it was 11 o'clock and that we were nearing our destination.

We branched off from the main road and followed an old trail, hardly wider than the stage itself, which carried us deep into the heart of a great canyon. The trees seemed to close behind us and hem us in; the track grew steadily worse and worse; the horses dragged us at a walk, and our train of surreys, until then well spaced out, now overtook us and formed a compact procession in our wake. Far below, unseen through the undergrowth and the spreading tangle of wild grapevines, there rose the hoarse murmur of a stream. We were all hushed by the noble loneliness and the haunting sense of hidden things that over-awe one in the primeval forest. The loud voices sank to a lower key; the giggles and the laughter ceased; the driver's whip, cracking like a pistol, alone dared affront the still air with its startling explosions. Instinctively the talk began to run on gloomy subjects—on nests of rattlesnakes; highwaymen with masked faces; hunters lost for weeks until some one stumbled on their whitening bones; beautiful girls lying dead in thickets, mysteriously strangled, and discovered by picnickers like ourselves; children carried off by pumas, by eagles, by Indians, by loggers; and their distracted parents (1) going crazy, (2) committing double suicide, (3) killing each other in delirium, (4) devoting incalculable sums to a fruitless and lifelong search!

We toiled on and on. Charlie told of a man carbonized in a power house. One of the girls had seen an old lady run over by a locomotive in Stockton. I added my mite to the general depression by a good story about the Paris Morgue. Somebody went one better with a Filipino atrocity. Altogether, when we reached a big open glade, and began to unload ourselves and a tremendous cargo of luncheon, we were in a state of mind properly to appreciate the uncertainty of man's lot here below, and the awful things that could unexpectedly befall the very best of us. I was not so overcome, however, that I did not run round and help Miss Jayes down from her high seat, and make this the means of becoming acquainted with her and putting in a sort of claim for her society. I don't want to sound vain, but I believe she was rather pleased by my attention, and she showed no inclination to move from my side as we watched the horses taken out and tethered, and the whole party scattering under the trees. At length we wandered off ourselves, with no very precise idea of going anywhere in particular, and sat on a log and talked.

"I hardly know why I came to-day," she said. "I hate rustic picnics, and the Western two-and-two idea jars on my sensibilities."

"It's the very essence of all picnics!" I said. "What do you want? Three-and-threes, or six-and-sixes?"

"Well, to be frank," she returned, "I'd prefer more formality and less—less kissing, you know."

"You ought to throw yourself more into Western life," I said. "Besides, it's all very innocent and gay. It made me downright envious to feel myself so out of it. In the words of the coon song, 'Every nigger has a lady but me!'"

"Yes, I came along," she observed.

"Though you hardly enter into the spirit of the thing," I said.

"Oh, the spirit's all right," she returned, "only I don't like to see girls making themselves so"—She broke off with a little smile. "You know what I mean," she added.

"Of course, it's so different in the East," I remarked ironically.

"I believe in playing to the rules," she said.

"Rules were made for slaves," I returned. "There don't seem to be any out here for the daughters of Freedom."

"I'm sorry you didn't find somebody more to your mind," she said.

"Oh, there's lots I like in you," I said.

"I didn't know you were that kind of man at all," she remarked, in a tone that was a shade unkind.

"There's a wild heart hidden under this striped waistcoat," I remarked.

"There's rather a tempestuous article under this shirtwaist," she retorted.

"Wouldn't it be nice," I said, "if you were to like me as much as I like you?"

"I couldn't condescend to meet my fate at a picnic," she returned.

"In the East it's more usually at dinner," I said.

"I want to meet the man I'm to love under splendidly romantic circumstances," she remarked. "There was a girl friend of mine in the Peking legation, and she went and asked one of the officers to shoot her rather than let her fall alive into the hands of the Chinamen!"

"You hardly need go on," I said.

"They are married now, and have a baby," she said.

"I suppose they have a happy home filled with loot!" I remarked.

"She thinks of the young man in Cincinnati she was engaged to," she said.

"And what does he do?" I asked.

"Oh, he married somebody else," she returned.

"Of course, remedy for a broken heart," I said.

"I guess they did that in the Stone Age, too," she observed.

"It really takes years to fathom the commonplaceness of human reality," I observed.

"I've plumbed it a good bit myself, though I am not yet twenty," she said.

"Yet there's precious heaps and heaps you don't know yet," I hazarded.

"It's from people one learns the most," she said. "The right people. People like you."

"Unentertainers," I asked.

"Of course, I didn't mean that," she returned, looking prettier than ever as she smiled at me with just a shade of embarrassment.

"Speaking for myself," I remarked, "I have always found my books in woman's looks, you know."

"I am really rather glad I didn't meet you a year ago," she said.

"I hardly know whether that's a compliment or not," I said.

"A year ago I was an awful little fool," she said.

"You are getting more ambiguous than ever," I remarked.

"You would have been my ideal man a year ago," she said.

"That's before you met the other fellow," I said.

"Not but what I think you are nice, too," she said.

"But he's more satisfying?" I said.

"One likes different people in different ways," she returned. "The man you adored at nineteen might prove a bore at twenty!"

"Oh, thank you," I said. "It was at nineteen you were going to care for me, wasn't it?"

"The more I live the more I distrust agreeable men," she said. "It's women that have made you that—lots of women—a whole library of your kind of books. You are a little too proficient at being charming."

"Do it too well, you mean?" I said.

"Altogether too well," she returned.

"It's different with him, I suppose," I said. "Made of sterner stuff, is he? A man with no past but his mother?"

"Oh, he's so different!" she replied. "He's clever and doesn't know it. He's awfully shy, and when he says things he blushes."

"Shy men are getting rare nowadays," I said. "The other night at a ball a woman sent me to find her a shy man—she was like you, preferred them that way. I had to come back and tell her there was only one, and that he was engaged for every dance!"

"Perhaps he was the very man I'm speaking of," she said.

"When I saw him last," I said, "he was sitting on the stairs with a dashingly pretty woman, and they were taking turns at the same pineapple ice."

"Oh, dear!" she said.

"I wouldn't trust a shy man out of my sight," I said. "They do it because it draws. That fellow was a brazen fascinator."

"You didn't notice whether I was the girl?" she said.

"I'm afraid it wasn't," I said.

"I believe you are a brazen fascinator yourself," she remarked.

"I don't set up to be shy," I said. "I believe in playing a straight game whether at poker or love."

"I notice you put poker first," she said.

"There's skill in poker, too," I explained. "Perhaps more!"

"Winning girls' hearts isn't as much fun, then?" she said.

"Well, you can't spend them," I said. "They won't pay your club bills. They won't take them as mileage. Sometimes you think you've got them when you haven't. But money's money, you know."

"My friend doesn't approve of gambling," she said. "Once I was playing with my father—father's a regular old scamp, you know, gives me fifty dollars and then wins sixty—when he came in and caught us red-handed!"

"What happened next?" I asked, as she hesitated.

"He lectured all of us," said she. "Father got it, too—in the neck, as college boys say. He turns purple now at the recollection. He was purpler then! It was like Mont Pelée, with everybody running for their lives!"

"I think I'd like your father," I said.

"I didn't know there were so many different kinds of swear words!" she exclaimed.

"Now be honest," I said; "wouldn't you rather spend a picnic with me than with the shy man?"

"I wish you hadn't said that," she remarked.

"Why shouldn't I say it?" I returned. "He can't hear it, can he? I hoped you'd prefer me!"

"You remind me that we mustn't sit for ever on this log," she said.

"I'm sure I'm very satisfied," I said.

"If there's one thing I despise," she said, "it's girls who pair off and flirt in corners. I don't want to be that kind of a girl, Mr. Emmelin. A little is all right, but it's time now for us to go back and join the others!" She rose as she said this, and I could not but follow her example.

"Aren't you, perhaps, a little overscrupulous?" I said.

"Perhaps you'll think me silly," she said, "but when I marry somebody I don't want to have any recollection of—well, any other men. I think a woman's capacity to love is the dearest thing she has. It's unworthy to fritter it away—to cheapen it. I mean: to give pennyworths to a thousand different people. I have a sort of pride in saving everything for the man I'm really going to love."

"I suppose it would be impertinent in this connection to bring up the shy man?" I began.

"Yes, it would," she interrupted, leading the way down the hill.

"The fact is, I am very much of your opinion," I said, seriously.

"Now that our little tête-à-tête is over," she said, "I'll tell you frankly that you are too attractive for me to trust my good resolutions any longer. If I were a sitting out girl you're just the man I'd choose to sit out with."

"I wish I knew something modest to say," I remarked.

"You ought to smile and twirl your mustache," she said.

She laughed as I tried to obey her.

"Now let's go back and be bored," she said. "It will be so much safer."

"I've a natural love of danger," I protested.

"Would you rather be loved or respected?" she said.

"Oh, loved any time!" I returned.

"I am afraid I can't give you either," she said.

"The trouble is you don't try," I said.

"Sometimes it takes courage to run away," she said.

"I'd rather you'd stay and fight," I returned.

"It's because you feel so certain that you'd win," she said.

"See me twirl my moustache again!" I exclaimed.

By this time we had reached the clearing. The horses were champing the oats that had been poured out for them on the ground. The stage and carriages were ranged in a row like parked cannon. The lunch-baskets and demijohns were piled in a neat heap, together with new-cut firewood, an axe and two galvanized iron buckets. Everything bespoke the practised woodsman, punctilious of his forest room and intent to keep it in undisordered beauty. The human element alone was missing. There was not a soul to be seen. We stood as solitary beneath the sky as Crusoe on his island.

(To be continued.)

MANY YOUNG WOMEN AT NORTHFIELD.

Eleventh Annual Session Opened by W. R. Moody.

East Northfield, Mass., July 13 (Special).—The eleventh annual session of the Northfield Young Women's Conference began last evening in the Auditorium. W. R. Moody, as chairman of the conference, opened the session with a few words of welcome and suggestion to the young women, and the Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, who has lately accepted the pastorate of Westminster Chapel, London, followed with an address on "How to Study the Bible." The music of the evening was furnished by a chorus from Northfield Seminary, assisted by Miss Emily Freeland, of Cornell; Miss Marion Thomson and Ruth Whittle, daughter of Major Whittle, the hymn writer.

The work began this morning with Dr. Morgan delivering the first of a series of lectures, entitled "Jesus and Womanhood." This was followed by sub-conferences in charge of Miss Mary L. Howard, of Hartford; Miss M. A. Levering, of Baltimore, and Mrs. D. L. Pierson, of Brooklyn. Two elective Bible courses are also offered. The first is entitled "The Passion and the Triumph," by Professor James McCanaughy, of Mount Hermon, and the second, "Christ's Teaching Concerning Daily Life," by Dr. J. R. Miller, of Philadelphia