Interesting to Women

A BEVY OF BLOUSES.

—(The Ladies' Field.

PROTECTION OF LITTLE FOLK.

What Child Labor Committee Hopes to Accomplish.

The coal mines of Pennsylvania.
The glass factories of New-Jersey.
The cotton mills of Georgia.

These are the three nearest danger points in the eyes of the new National Child Labor Committee, and to the investigation of these plague centres, where the child labor evil rise to acute conditions, it will proceed at once. The investigators will start out next week and will endeavor to find out exactly how many children are employed in the sections mentioned, and under what conditions they work. Then the committee will understand better how to remedy the conditions, and the American people will, perhaps, be aroused to the dangers threatening the children of this country.

"The first work of the committee must be investigation," says S. M. Lindsay, professor of sociology in the University of Pennsylvania, and secretary of the committee. "The public must be put in possession of the facts of the case, gathered by responsible parties, tabulated and presented plainly and indisputably. We propose to find out how many children are employed in the United States, where, and in what industries, and at what ages; whether these industries are perilous to life, limb, health, growth or education; how much these children earn; the effect which their work has on the wages of adults, and the extent to which parents are living on the wages of children. We shall put paid investigators in the field when necessary, and they will get information from any reliable source; from the employers and the employed; from the parents, and from children in the factories and in their homes.

"Another class of investigation will be taken up when the committee gets to it, that will prove most useful. This will be in the way of physical tests. Groups of boys and girls who have been put to work at an early age, will be examined after they have been employed a few years. They will be tested as to height, weight, strength, muscular power, lung expansion and general condition of health. The same tests will be applied to groups of boys and girls of corresponding station in life who have been kept in school up to the age of sixteen or so. If juvenile employment is checking growth, health and strength, we want a set of statistics that will show how, and how much. Elaborate sets of such statistics have been gathered in England, with some startling results.

"Statistics as to the effects of child labor upon literacy would come within the range of the committee's activities. Did you know that in 1900 there were nine million persons over ten years old in the United States who could not read or write? And of these only 1,400,000 were foreign born. Only 13 per cent of the immigrants are illiterate. The percentage of illiteracy is considerably higher in the United States than in Germany or Switzerland. It would be interesting to know just how much child labor has to do with that."

"The plain truth of the matter is," says another member of the committee, "that the factory system for children and the common school system do not flourish together. If we are going to stand by one, we shall have to suppress the other.

"People in general do not realize what children in factories have to endure. Children in many textile factories must walk twenty miles a day. In the thread mills children walk from sixteen to twenty miles a day, tending their machines. Nearly two-thirds of the yarn made in this country is spun by children. In button mills children eyelet twenty gross of buttons a day. In the great feather duster factories children will stand for ten hours a day, even in hot weather, steaming feathers over pipes through which volumes of hot vapor are constantly escaping. Postmen and policemen work eight hours a day in the open air. These children work ten hours a day in this vitiated atmosphere.

"In the coal mines you will find a little fellow of twelve working a fan to supply fresh air to the miners below. It works by means of a crank, which must be kept in constant motion, or the men below will not have air to breathe. Imagine that child turning that crank all day.

"Then there are the breaker boys, picking slate out of the coal, with their backs bent over all day long. In winter they get out of the mine after dark. Sometimes they do not see the sun from one week's end to another.

"England protects her children better than this. 'Be it enacted by the king's most excellent majesty,' said a recent act, 'that a child shall not be employed between the hours of 9 in the evening and 6 in the morning. A child shall not be employed in any occupation likely to be injurious to life, limb, health or education.'

"Ought not America, so much younger and richer than England, with so many more opportunities, protect its children at least as well?

"In short, society is beginning to realize that the child is an individual, apart from his parents, with rights to be protected. A man is not allowed to beat a horse with cruelty, even if he owns it. Should he be allowed to sacrifice the health and chance in life of his child because it is his?

"No matter how helpless adults are for the protection of their own rights and interests, children are still more helpless. Exploited by industrialism, exploited often by their own parents, it is for society to step in and protect them. If it can protect animals, birds and forests, it can protect the children, too."

The National Child Labor Committee will not, however, go into any section until it is invited by local workers. It believes in home rule. It will wait for the friends of the children in each State to ask its help. But such invitations will not be long in coming, for on its roster are members from every section of the country. It will co-operate with all sorts and kinds of organizations; local child labor committees, like that of New-York City; the consumers' leagues of various States and cities; humane societies that have taken up the matter of child protection; committees of women's clubs and interested individuals. It will act as a clearing house for these various unaffiliated bodies; furnishing information, giving new organizations the benefit of the experience of older ones, advising as to methods, helping local movements in any way possible.

The new child labor committee will stand in relation to the children of the United States exactly as the American Ornithological Union stands in relation to the birds. Native birds are being exterminated throughout the country, partly for sport, partly through ignorance and carelessness, most of all through commercialism, to sell for food or feathers. The American Ornithological Union steps in, rouses bird lovers in different sections, secures legislation, and then appoints and pays wardens to enforce the law. These wardens it places at danger points, at the great breeding grounds where birds of a whole section resort to rear their young, and where they are specially pursued. So the National Child Labor Committee finds certain points where children are in more danger and need more protection than elsewhere. Three of them have been named. Georgia has no law at all for the protection of her child laborers. Every effort to secure one has thus far been defeated. Boys of fourteen work regularly all night in the glass factories of New-Jersey, the legislature of 1904 having refused to prohibit such night work. Pennsylvania has a law good enough, but there is already talk of so amending it as to lower the age at which boys are allowed in the coal mines.

Informal Talks

"So the women in the conference at Berlin have issued a declaration of independence," said an elderly clubwoman to her daughter. "Just read me that part of it, my dear, and skip all the rest. I know the speeches by heart. Well, not that exactly, but it's like after-dinner talk. Everybody knows pretty much what will be said, and almost exactly how they'll say it; but, of course, everybody listens politely, as if she had never heard anything like it before. In any conference the two things that count are the movement that the meeting stands for and the manner of the speakers. If I had been as young and strong as you are, I wouldn't have gone to the—what's the name of it?—International Council of Women? I should have been bored to death! And yet I'm profoundly glad that it took place, and thankful for the many women who are serious minded enough to be bored in a great cause. If I had plenty of money, I would rather give a fortune to any cause than go and attend meetings and listen to arguments on points that I've decided long ago for myself. But if everybody was like that causes wouldn't progress.

"What! you thought I didn't approve of councils and congresses of women? I don't know how you got that idea, unless it is because I am not much of a clubwoman. It's true that I look on those enthusiastic mortals who can belong to four or five clubs and as many societies, take office in several of them, and attend a dozen meetings a week, with a sort of amazed awe—a kind of mixture of reverence and contempt, if you know what I mean by that. I can only belong to one club myself, and do my duty imperfectly by that. And it isn't because of the undoubted fact that I'm growing old; I should be worse if I were young, and had a score of personal interests on hand. I suspect that in that case I would get out of the procession altogether, and let the world progress without me. But I should be wrong, my child, wrong; for I should fail to understand the broad significance of the whole thing.

"You know, we folk who are bitten by the gadfly of humor are rarely the ones who move the world. It's the people who take their causes seriously, who even taken themselves a little too seriously, that make the real reformers. It's well we're not all alike. When the president of a club stands up, so grave and graceful (with just a touch of consciousness of her new platform hat to give her personal ease), and says all the pretty things about club life that we've all heard before, and introduces the speaker of the day, whose voice doesn't carry, perhaps, and who makes us yawn behind our fans; or when she manages a business meeting, and wields her little parliamentary whiplash of red tape in such a solemn way, as if she were graciously taking the universe in hand—do you think it's all play, after all? No, it's a part of the great world tide, and means as much as when the little pebble is washed higher up on the beach with every wave. Look at those great federations, brought together now all over the world, here and there! Electric stations, where the currents of woman's awakening thought are meeting, and conveying new and startling messages, yet barely understood. Every little club in every little obscure village means more than the afternoon's amusement or boredom, as the case may be, for the individual member. You have to take a world-wide view of the matter to see how it's all tending.

"You've often heard me say that the women are running the club business into the ground. Of course they are. A number of them are actually spoiling their lives by it. But you have to run your stakes pretty deep into the ground if you're going to build anything that will stand. Every movement has to go too far if it is to get there in the end, for we have to allow for counteracting tendencies.

"Just think of that council at Berlin! No matter what they said nor what they didn't do, it's the thing itself that is the wonder. Seven nations represented, and among them some of those that seem to be most unprogressive. And just study that declaration that they've drawn up! No, I'm not going to pull it to pieces and point out the various planks in their platform. I take it as a whole, and say it's a mighty significant document, let me tell you! I seem to have heard of some men who drew up a Declaration in 1776. Maybe it seemed all talk at the time.

"Anyhow, the women are setting about their reform work in the right way—not pulling down the existing order, but quietly building up the new order. We'll see what it all comes to. Meanwhile, for heaven's sake, child, don't try to belong to more than two clubs at once! And read that declaration for yourself."

OCEANIC "LADIES' AID."

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Oceanic, N. J., closed its year's work the other day with a meeting at Hudson, N. Y., to which the women of the congregation were invited. The business was followed by a musical programme, with piano solos by Mrs. C. B. Foote and Miss Bliss and vocal solos by Miss Maude Valerie White and Miss Hastings. Just before closing for the season the society gave a bazaar, at which it raised about $400. This money will be used for the maintenance of the manse and the grounds around it. The society includes both summer residents and permanent members of the congregation.

LIVING IN ONE ROOM.

How a Girl Cleverly Manages Her Housekeeping in Restricted Quarters.

"For years," remarked the girl in the light green voile, who presented a charmingly well groomed appearance, "I have lived in a hall bedroom. The first two years were misery, but at the end of that time I was so fortunate as to be invited to make one of a yachting party, and ever since then my belongings and I have lived happily in this very room. Although I went on the yacht in a humble capacity, this did not prevent me from making an especial study of the ingenious arrangements on board, for accommodating all the paraphernalia that goes with civilized living. The cook's quarters were a marvel, and the American maid of the woman who owned the yacht had come originally from New-England, where women have what is called 'faculty' or 'gumption,' and had employed this wonderful quality in making a place for all the small belongings necessary to the toilet of the hostess, who, even on board the yacht, dressed carefully every night for dinner.

"'There must be system for everything,' the maid from New-England used to say, 'so I have two rules, which are in themselves very simple, yet they are, together, the very cornerstone of orderliness. The first: Make a place for every last thing, and, second, keep everything in its given place.'

"After struggling for weeks, for I am very careless naturally, I found it gradually became a sort of second nature to put things in their places, and easier than to put them somewhere else.

"First, I hunted until I found this room that has a fair sized closet, at one of which are hot and cold water. I have to climb three flights of stairs, but they are short flights, and you see over there in the corner, between the bureau and the window, the coil of rope—my fire escape. In case of fire I have merely to place the best of my clothes and belongings in the bedspread, which is new and stout, and, tying them securely, fasten the hook at the end of the rope to the window sill, tie myself in the rope seat, and let myself swing off the ledge with my bundle.

"My books and pictures would, of course, have to be lost, and whatever furniture is mine, but these, as well as my clothes, are well insured, so that I have nothing to worry me when I think of fire. Once in a while I pay a small boy to ride up and down in the fire escape, to see if it works properly, although I never thought to do this until the awful fire scares of the last winter. I have also swung up and down a very heavy weight—to see if it would surely hold me.

STOWING AWAY GARMENTS.

"Having found the room with the closet, one should arrange it after this fashion. At one end have two or three shelves, placed one above the other, laying them over cleats at each end, nailed to the wall. Into the under side of the bottom shelf fasten a row of the sort of hooks that have two rounded prongs at each side; these may be bought three for five cents in the five and ten cent stores. Buy also as many wire skirt forms or coat forms as one has coats and bodices, and then buy for the skirts the skirt hangers that are also used for men's trousers and that fasten on the skirt with two wooden clothespins at the end of the wire. On the ordinary hooks that are run along the end and sides of every closet hang underskirts, petticoats, dressing sacks, lounging robes and similar soft articles.

"Then put all the skirts and waists and jackets on the forms, tie little sachet bags to the wires of each, and hang all the garments on the hooks in the shelf, placing them sideways, just as the long lines of garments are hung in the clothing departments; this way of hanging permits one to dispose of a large number. Across the wardrobe end of the closet hang a light cheesecloth dust curtain, for one cannot take too good care of one's clothes. When I come in from the street I thoroughly shake my skirt in the large hall, near the open window, and sometimes out of the window, then I fasten it on the skirt hanger and it is put away in as good condition as possible. I always keep on the small hanging cushion of my bureau a needleful of white thread and one of black silk, and any small rents or rips are mended at once, so that the proverbial nine stitches will not be necessary.

"At the other end of the wardrobe is the sink, and over this you see I have two narrow shelves, on which are kept, in a single row, all the bottles of medicine or toilet articles, and as many of the necessaries of the toilet as I can, in order to keep the top of the bureau free for other things. On board the yacht the little 'catch-alls' of linen were much in demand, since the rolling of the ship did not affect their contents. This one I have made from white oilcloth bound with blue braid, and the pockets I made especially to fit the articles they contain. The curling tongs, toothbrush, wash cloth, sponge, bathbrush, shoebrush and soft polishing cloth, hairbrush, combs and extra hairpins all have pockets of their own, while the larger pocket is for a miscellaneous collection—soft bits of gauze, worn out handkerchiefs for daubing the face or wiping off cold cream, bits of absorbent cotton for use in manicuring, and other necessary but homely things. The contents of each bag are written in blue ink upon the front, so that it is a simple matter to keep things in their places.

"In the closet under the sink is a shelf on which I pack my soap, for I am a good enough housekeeper to know that soap should be bought in quantities and packed away after being taken from the wrappers. Under here is also kept the large bottle of ammonia, the gasolene and wood alcohol bottles where they are safe from explosions or being spilled. Blueing and starch for the little laundry work I often do in my room are kept in here and the small washboard that fits into the bowl, the flat iron and the little gas stove which connects with the gas jet by means of a tube.

"On the shelves over the clothes end of the closet are kept flat boxes in which are elaborate or dainty waists which would be crushed or soiled if kept out of the boxes in which they came. Hat boxes, too, are kept here in place of under the bed, where they are sure to be filled with dust, then in a certain box are kept all the little bits of silk and lace and other things which are usually put in a rag bag, and this piece box generally yields something whenever a hat is to be trimmed, a gown made or a collar or fancy stock gotten up quickly. In another box, stout and closely covered, are kept the articles most people keep in a work basket.

ORIGINAL CATCHALL.

"There is, you see, on the back of the door, a 'catch all,' in which I keep the work I pick up from time to time for a few stitches. In the small pockets are dainty handkerchiefs in all stages of finishing, bits of embroidery, a collar or stock, and articles of like nature. In the pocket at the bottom, rather larger than the rest, are kept the stockings which are to be mended; this work is kept for rainy days, when going out seems impossible, but I never allow too many to accumulate. In a small bag, having a round pastboard bottom, and kept hanging on the wall at all times, are buttons and all little odds and ends that are usually found in button bags.

"On the inside of the closet door, below the work bag 'catch all,' is a soiled clothes receptacle, wonderfully easy in its construction. A large section of denim was lined with oilcloth (white), made with a box pleat at the top and a few tucks at the bottom to give sufficient fulness, and then fastened to the door with brass headed tacks.

"As you know, I get two of my meals right here in my room, yet you see no trace of housekeeping, save the china plates on the top shelf of the desk. The desk is really my kitchen." And with these words the girl in the light green voile lowered the lid of a narrow desk, spread an embroidered tray cloth and prepared to make a cup of tea. The alcohol lamp was filled by means of a can with a long spout, cups and saucers were placed on the tray cloth, which was spread on the desk lid itself, and soon some slices of buttered bread, spread with a laer of pink chopped ham, and some raspberry jam sandwiches appeared. On the top shelf of the desk the china was placed, where it was useful as well as ornamental. On the shelf, under the desk lid, and hidden by it, and in the pigeonholes, were the knives, forks and spoons and such cooking articles as are necessary for the chafing dish. With these was the tiniest toy chopping machine, which had been bought for 10 cents, and which made delicious peanut butter, chopped meat for salads or sandwiches, and prepared the cheese for the dish of macaroni and tomato sauce which is occasionally the chief luncheon dish. On the three shelves underneath the desk are kept the tin bread and cake boxes, which are long, narrow cracker boxes.

"Oh, I must tell you about my coffee," said the hostess. "I ask the clerk to powder the coffee when I buy it, and I get only a quarter of a pound at a time, preferring to have it fresh. This powder does not need to be boiled, but is used exactly like tea. It must not, however, be stirred or moved about much, or it will be muddy. Simply put two dessertspoonfuls of coffee in the small coffee pot, pour over it two and a half cups of boiling water—really boiling, you know—and then set it aside for twenty minutes, covering it with a tea cosey. With a little unsweetened condensed cream you will find your morning cup of coffee far superior to any that is to be had at restaurants. So many articles of food can be bought already cooked at the delicatessen store, and it is so easy, when one once begins to cook a little in this way, to go on to larger achievements, that I feel like recommending it to other girls who have grown tired of the commonplace boarding house food. The best arrangement of all, I think, is the 'refrigerator,' which is a small sized tin bread box, with a few holes in the bottom. Under this is placed an oblong enamel dripping pan, and a five-cent piece of ice, from earliest spring to latest fall, is kept in that box, after being wrapped in a piece of white flannel. A bit of charcoal done up in cloth keeps the little icebox sweet and clean, and the enamel dripping pan is emptied twice a day, regularly. Meat and anything that is likely to communicate an odor to other food are wrapped in pieces of paraffin paper, and butter and milk are always covered with this to prevent contamination."

Near the window, at one side of the room, was placed the bureau; at the other was the bed, which folded into a couch during the day, with a Bagdad cover and bright pillows. On the same side as the bureau was the desk, with its hidden goodies; the little cosey tea table next it, with only a hint of possible afternoon tea and an occasional chafing dish treat, and then, near that, an East India chair, with pockets of wicker at the side of each arm, where writing materials or a few magazines could be tucked away. A plate rack with extra plates and cups and saucers seemed only a part of the decorations. Pictures of all sorts hung on the walls. Two shelves made of rough boards covered with green denim and with ends finished in burnt work board were filled with books. A fair sized table, holding a typewriter, by means of which the owner earns her living as a writer, stood in one corner.

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.

NOW.

Have you any cheery greeting?
Tell it out to-day;
While you wait the friend and message
May have gone away.

Let the one who sighs for comfort
Feel a hand grasp true;
It will cheer the way, and surely
Can't impoverish you.

We are all the time regretting
When it is too late,
And some heavy heart has broken
While we hesitate.

Lives are human, though so often
We disguise our pain;
Some are hungering for your comfort,
Give and give again.
—(E. H. Shannon, in Christian Advocate.

FOR OUTING FUND.

Passaic, N. J., branch No. 1, Mrs. J. H. Boynton president, has contributed another $10 to the outing fund. The previous $10 went to the fresh air fund of the "Little Mothers," for which the treasurer made acknowledgment a few days ago. To-day's contribution makes $30 this branch has contributed since Easter.

A REQUEST.

A T. S. S. member, of Asbury Park, N. J., makes a request which implies a rather grave responsibility and yet it may meet the eyes of just those members who will be glad of this opportunity for work. She writes:

Do you know of any respectable mother and daughter who would be capable to take charge of a house and six little children, ages from eighteen months to twelve years? Their mother died when the baby was three weeks old, and the father is trying to do his best. What he wants is some one who would have a motherly kindness for the little ones and who with the aid of her daughter could do the entire work of the family. The father is an American gentleman, and needs good people around him, as they must become part of the family.

I thought that perhaps through the Sunshine column or some of the branches we might hear of some one who could fill this want, a widow and grown up daughter, or two sisters, or some one who could come well recommended.

Any letters received in reply to this request will be forwarded to the member, who will communicate with the writers and give all necessary information.

DESIRE TO BE MEMBERS.

President of the T. S. S.: We, the undersigned, wish to become members of your society, and share in its good work. We have a considerable amount of wholesome reading matter, in the form of magazines and weeklies, and if you will send the names of some wishing it, we will forward it to them, postage prepaid. Yours very truly,

MRS. THEODORE N. PRICE, EVA, THEODORA and FLORENCE PRICE, Clifton, N. J.

These helpers are welcomed to the ranks of sunshine workers, and Mrs. Price has been asked to enlarge her home circle into a Tribune Sunshine Society branch. Address of members in Maine, New-Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Illinois have been given for the reading matter.

NEEDS.

A pair of bedroom shoes, No. 5, is needed by an invalid member in Massachusetts, convalescing from a long and dangerous illness, and some pillow slips and towels for a country member, who finds the "dollars so scarce" that it seems impossible to procure some really needful articles.

VACATION FOR GIRL.

The letters received offering to take the High School girl on a vacation have been forwarded to Mrs. H., of Mount Vernon, who made the request, and who will reply to the letters. The T. S. S. is sure that if the girl accepts the invitation of the Hackensack (N. J.) member she will have a restful and sunshiny time.

FOUND A HOME.

The little baby boy whose mother was compelled to give him up has been adopted into a comfortable home in Vermont. It is hoped he will grow up to be a true son to these kind hearted foster parents.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

Some kind mother has sent a box of fine articles for children's wear, dresses, several pairs of shoes, stockings, rubbers, a hat, sunbonnet, ribbons, etc. Some of these articles of suitable size for the little girl who lost her shoes and doll by fire will be added to the box of clothing, which will go by express to the unfortunate people in Alabama, who lost all their belongings by a disastrous fire.

The helpful gift of clothing, hats, shirts, etc., contributed by Walter Reynolds, of Plainfield, N. J., went in this box.

GOD KNOWS.

Through all my little daily cares there is
One thought that comfort brings whene'er it comes.
'Tis this: "God knows." He knows
Each struggle that my hard heart makes, to bring
My will to His. Often, when nighttime comes,
My heart is full of tears, because the good
That seemed at morn so easy to be done
Has proved so hard; but then, remembering
That a kind Father is my judge, I say,
"He knows." And so I lay me down with trust,
That His good hand will give me needed strength
To better do His work in coming days.
—(Harriet McEwen Kimball.

WANTS SOUVENIRS.

Miss Almira Pattison, at the State Hospital, Middletown, N. Y., asks if some of the Sunshine members who visit the Exposition at St. Louis will please remember her with some souvenirs. To one who has no hope of ever leaving the confines of a hospital, even a look at the souvenirs of the great fair will mean much of pleasure.

FLOWERS.

A box of flowers containing nasturtiums, sweet alyssum, ragged sailors, daisies, etc., nicely packed and covered with green leaves to keep the flowers fresh, was the gift of Helen Sayre, Charlotte Burton and Charlotte Terhune, of Hackensack, N. J. This thoughtful gift makes T. S. S. members of these little girls, and will they please send street addresses that they may be enrolled?

A branch president who was making a call at the general office when the flowers arrived kindly offered to take them to the children's surgical ward of Bellevue Hospital that little sad faces might be cheered by a sight of the bright blossoms.

God does not care half as much what we have been as what we are to be. It is not half as important where you came from as where you are going.—(The Message.

WHAT THE ADIRONDACK GIRL NEEDS.

The Adirondack girl always goes in for a good time, and anything from a frogging trip to a flapjack party meets with her hearty approval and support.

Her trunk is packed, not so much with finery as with good, substantial clothes which will stand the wear and tear of outdoor life. Stout shoes, walking skirts, shirtwaists, a jaunty sweater—red preferable, as that does not show the soil—and a wide brimmed soft felt hat, with little or no trimming to be whipped around by the wind, these are her main requisites, and answer every purpose for fishing trips, picnics, tennis, boating, golf and the hundred other pleasures in which she indulges.

In spite of the many bright colors which fashion now decrees, white still holds sway in the Adirondacks, and whether on the tennis court or golf grounds, in a sailboat or a canoe, a white shirtwaist suit has the preference. Here, the summer girl shows her wisdom, for the white gown never fades, and comes back from the laundry looking like new. Of hats the summer girl needs only a few, if any, in fact, for she goes bareheaded most of the time.

If the Adirondack girl does not care to go in for the strenuous life, she will find many beautiful drives over macadamized roads through the forest, and for these trips a pongee dust coat is essential. Her pretty frocks may be worn at the hops and social gatherings in the evening, while her athletic sister is enjoying a sail on the lake in the moonlight, free from all social restraint.

Perhaps a volume on "How to Know the Ferns" finds its way into one corner of her trunk, to be brought out again when she takes long rambles in the woods in quest of the beauties of nature, which abound there. She also tucks in two or three volumes of short stories, and when the weather is forbidding and the sky overcast she brings them out, and ensconced in a large easy chair, before a cheerful grate fire, reads and dreams the hours away.

A tennis racket, a set of golf sticks and a paddle form part of her outfit, and an Alpine staff is also essential, for every girl who goes to the Adirondacks aspires to climb to the summit of some mountain, where her labor is rewarded with a view surpassing description. It is well for her to do considerable walking, and to climb some smaller mountain first before attempting the ascent of Mount Whiteface or any of the other large peaks in the Adirondacks, and here a pair of good field glasses will be found acceptable.

A small medicine chest, or box filled with remedies for ordinary complaints, is a wise accessory, and may prevent serious illness in case a physician is not near at hand. A small box or basket filled with needles, thread, buttons, hooks and eyes and sundry small articles of this nature will often prove invaluable. Only a limited supply of stationery is needed, for nearly every hotel and boarding house has a public writing table well stocked with notepaper.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

St. Bernard's Church, in West Fourteenth-st., was the scene yesterday afternoon of the prettiest wedding witnessed for a long time in that old fashioned quarter, formerly known as the Ninth Ward, when Miss Martha Veronica Loeffler, whose family for three generations has lived in Bethune street, and Walter Franklin Fairbrother, of the Borough of The Bronx, were united in marriage by the Rev. Father St. John.

The bride's gown was of white lace and chiffon, falling in graceful folds over taffeta silk. She wore a picture hat with large flowing ostrich plumes of white and carried a shower bouquet of sweetpeas and lilies-of-the-valley.

The maid of honor, Miss Agnes Lynch, was gowned in white lace over net, with a sash of pink, and also carried a shower bouquet.

Miss Jeannette Loeffler, the little sister of the bride, made a pretty bridesmaid.

Arthur M. Smith, of Larchmont-on-the-Sound, a cousin of the bridegroom, acted as best man. The ushers were R. Harrison Smith, of Nutley, N. J., and Joseph Aloysius McGrath, of this city.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbrother will spend their honeymoon among the Thousand Islands and in the Adirondacks.

They will make their home in Nutley, N. J., where a house is being erected for them after their own plans.

The Favor of the King.

BY DOLF WYLLARDE.

It is a widely known fact that the Duchy of Bowforest—or, as some say, Beauforret—has fallen into disrepute in social highways, and that the last two holders of the title have not been summoned to Court. But the reason is not, as many suppose, a political one; nor is it entirely on account of the mésalliance of the late Duke, though it certainly resulted from that strange marriage.

The Kings of Aul-Atlantis have always been—well, gallant. When the Court is at Appledore, the capital boasts that the most beautiful faces of the civilized world are to be seen on the King's Highway at the fashionable hour, and the present monarch's manners to women could only have been acquired as an inheritance. But the last Duke of Bowforest, even as a young man, did not take the King as his model, like other of the younger nobility, and retired more and more to his enormous estates, where, in his thirtieth year, he completed the estrangement between himself and Society by taking a wife from one of the small fiefs dependent on the Duchy. There was no disguising the fact—though, at first, it was discredited in "smart" circles—the Duke had married a peasant! She was not even of the bourgeoise, an increasing and powerful class whose wealth was gradually entitling them to consideration. The young woman was the daughter of a man and his wife who worked on the Duke's own farmlands; they were toilers of the soil, as the Duchess would have been had she not been raised to such an extraordinary position. Naturally enough the Duke retained his office as Hereditary Grand Almoner, for the dispensing of the King's charities was not seriously embarrassed by his wife's origin—the poor people, indeed, seemed to like it. But his position as Premier Duke and Chief Courtier dropped into abeyance, for he neither went to Court nor took the Duchess.

Having married Amoura, the Duke devoted the next year or so to educating her, and they lived very quietly on the immense estates of the Duchy, doing good, it was reported, and much loved by the common people. Amoura was said to be a virtuous woman, and beautiful. But that hardly excused the Duke from following the traditions of his race and country and marrying some lady of his own class whose name had escaped more than a little handling. He held strange views, that appeared to deepen rather than otherwise as time went on, and showed no inclination to display his beautiful wife in the glare of social life, though, being the Duke of Bowforest and first in the nobility of Aul-Atlantis, no breath of opinion on the Court had ever been imputed to him. Old friends who claimed a welcome in the Duchy were sure to find it, and those who had stayed with the Duke and Duchess reported her as outshining all the fair faces which made Appledore famous. She was a large woman, built on a generous scale like her peasant ancestors, and her dull golden hair and wonderful white skin put admirers in mind of a white lily with a golden centre.

When their first child was born, a larger gathering than usual was assembled at Bowforest for the christening, and, from this, veritable and emphatic accounts of the glorious beauty of the Duchess reached the Court. The child was a boy, and as fine and fair as his mother, so that the Duke seemed, even to those who blamed the eccentricity of his marriage, a fortunate man. The baby was a year old, and as strong as a child of two, on the day when the Duke received notice of a more important visitor than any who had graced the house for many years.

The King had been on a hunting holiday, being passionately devoted to sport, and proposed paying a private visit to the chief Duchy in his Kingdom. All that Bowforest contained was at his disposal, from the famous red stags of the country to the hospitality of the host and hostess. The royal guest, however, had petitioned for a perfect lack of ceremony, and his suite was confined to four or five gentlemen, one of whom, his Equerry, Captain Saumerez, had brought the intimation of his advent.

It was a golden afternoon on which the King arrived at Bowforest. His Majesty drove in an open carriage with three of his suite, the rest being on horseback, and, as the party swept round the curve of the drive into view of the historical house, he was heard to utter an exclamation of pleasure.

"I have not been at Bowforest since I was a young man," he said. "How grand that West Front is, Saumerez!"

"Yes, your Majesty," said the Equerry. But his eyes, following the King's, did not see the West Front, which is the boast of Bowforest, and looks its best in the sunset. Buttress and archway, stone carving and battlement, stood out nobly in the glow from the west, and under the winged horses that guard the threshold stood the Duke and Duchess—a strong man and a fair woman. Seen for the first time in the ripeness of her beauty, there was that in Amoura's face which made men gasp. She was something more than a picture to be admired—the human reality of her compelled something like adoration.

There was no ceremony in the King's reception. The Duke kissed his hand and presented the Duchess, who, in her turn, curtsied, nor was there any awkwardness in the peasant's greeting of her monarch. She had large, grave eyes, with a frank width between them, and they dwelt on his face with a softness that might have been respect or speculation, but was certainly not timidity. She spoke little at the dinner, during which the King sat on her right hand, but her attention to all he said was perfect courtesy. The King, who was a good talker himself, found it the best of breeding.

For the few days that the Royal party remained at Bowforest the hours were chiefly given up to sport. The King was still a keen rider and loved shy game; his heavy figure was against him, but he was no laggard. Though middle aged, he was still a handsome man, and his hairless, dusky face had the Royal attribute of dignity. He was pleased with his entertainment, the Equerries whispered; he rallied the Duke on his absence from the Court, and added that it was no wonder that he was satisfied to remain in retirement, having such a home life; he admired the prosperity of the estates, and wished that all his kingdom were as wisely subgoverned as Bowforest; he—looked at the Duchess.

It was the King's custom to rise early. On the day of his departure he was abroad before breakfast, and strolled through the grounds enjoying an exceptional spell of fine weather. The Duke did not know of the royal fancy for early rising, and was not in evidence to join his majesty. The Equerries knew it, but they had not informed their host. Perhaps the King was glad for once to be without companionship, for it is not given to monarchs to escape from the least surveillance very often. The King walked across the lawns slowly, and brushed the dew from the daisies with a heavy footstep as he passed into the rose garden. He had brushed the dew from other flowers, too, in the years of his reign that lay behind him.

On the further side of the rose garden he found a bower, the perfection of artistic rusticity, the wooden framework being so cunningly twined with roses and honeysuckles, jessamine and creepers that it was not visible. The place was a veritable shrine of Flora, and, behold—Flora had come to grace it!

As the King approached, the Duchess turned round and showed him her kind, beautiful face in all its morning freshness. She had been reading, it would seem, among the roses, for she held the book in her hand, and stood aside, framed in leaves and petals, to allow him to enter.

"It is a lovely morning," said the King.

"You will find none fairer at Appledore, sire," smiled the Duchess.

"Not one misses the freshness of the world in cities," said the King, breaking a spray of jessamine. He smelt it appreciatively, and tossed it outside the bower. The Duchess's eyes followed it with a large, grave glance. Something that might have been pity for the broken spray was in their slow comprehension, but a snapped stalk in midbloom must be weighed against the favor of kings.

"And when are you coming to Court?" said the King, turning to the Duchess, with a smile. "The Duke has hidden you among the roses long enough, has he not?"

"My husband loves his gardens, Sire," said the Duchess, who was very sweetly literal. "We should miss them in your capital."

"But I have gardens as well as the Duke," said the King, laughing, and his voice was the voice with which the Kings of Aul-Atlantis have wooed and won. "You have never given my garden a fair trial!"

The woman, who was first a woman and then a Duchess, looked at the man who was first a King, according to the law; and her cloudless gray eyes were contemplative. She did not seem to comprehend the compliment that was being paid her; but her rich, white beauty was ravishing in its silence.

"I am also a lover of flowers," said a whisper at her ear. "The fairest flowers in the kingdom are said to be found in my garden—but I find now that it has lacked an Imperial Lily." Amoura's attentive face appeared to follow his simile. He stooped suddenly and kissed the Duke's wife, his eyes aflame.

"Will you come into the King's garden?" said the King.

The Duchess was a peasant, and understood no gradations. The slow peasant brain had followed him out to the full glare of the insult—that was to more refined minds a compliment. It takes generations of fine birth and breeding to appreciate the favor of the King. They of the soil call it by an ugly name, unfit for delicate ears.

She did not answer in words. She lifted a beautifully moulded hand and boxed the royal ears as soundly as she would have struck an impertinent valet. It was the first time that the King had been made to understand that he had made an error with regard to a woman. He drew back with instant and immediate courtesy.

"Madam," he said, "I beg your pardon."

But the Duchess had boxed his ears!

The King left Bowforest that day in a hush of reverence. The Duke kissed his hand, and the Duchess curtsied to the ground. The Equerries did not smile, but Captain Saumerez looked a little curiously in the King's face while His Majesty was thanking his host and hostess in his best manner for their hospitality. No man in his kingdom could equal him in charm when he made such a little speech.

"H'm!" said Captain Saumerez. "The Duchess has not appreciated the favor of the King!"—for he knew every shade and gradation of his Royal master's mind.

And that is why the Dukes of Bowforest do not go to Court.—(The Sketch.

Housewives' Exchange.

WHAT CHARMS ONE FAILS TO CHARM ANOTHER.

To discuss the origin of charm in women is something like beating the air, because one thing is charming to the wise man and another to the fool. Nevertheless, I should like to record my entire disagreement with the correspondent who writes of this quality as one of the riddles of the universe. Charm, to my mind, is merely the outward expression of a beautiful personality, and there is nothing mysterious about it, except in the sense that everything of which we have any cognizance is mysterious. So far from being independent of all moral and spiritual graces, I should say that charm includes all moral and spiritual graces. A bad woman may be charming to a certain extent, but it is in spite of her wickedness, not because of it. Lady Macbeth is charming because she commits her crimes in such a grand way.

It is the grandeur that charms, not the wickedness. As for the good women who lack charm, as many undoubtedly do, the same rule applies to them. It is because of the graces they lack, or to which they fail to give outward expression, that they fail to be charming. The trouble with many good women, as well as with clever women, is that they take themselves too seriously. Women have a tendency to carry their virtue, or their learning, or their mission in life, as if these things were paving stones, instead of taking them as a matter of course, as they ought to be. This attitude is in part the result of the lack of seriousness with which women are regarded, but it is none the less disagreeable on that account, and it is fatal to charm.

Beauty and dress are closely associated with charm, because they are part of the language of the soul—the outward and material signs of something that is inward and immaterial. It is hard for a woman when her ugly features, inherited from some cantankerous ancestor, give the lie to her amiable disposition, and most unfortunate when inner harmony is contradicted by outward discord. Nevertheless, the power of personality is so great that it can to a great extent rise superior to these things.

Femininity is charming in a woman for obvious reasons. All through nature the sexes seek each other; one cell attracts another. We cannot get away from this elemental impulse, nor is there any reason why we should. It is only natural, therefore, that men and women should be attracted by anything that is distinctive of the opposite sex. Individuality of any kind, moreover, is always interesting, and if nature has attached a certain individuality to the feminine sex those representatives of the sex will be most attractive who most perfectly express that individuality. There is also an attraction about femininity which has never been adequately explained, but upon which some recent discoveries of science are beginning to throw light. These tend to confirm the popular belief that the feminine sex is the superior one, and that the eternal feminine is the goal toward which humanity is striving.

It is not necessary, however, for a woman to go out of her way—and certainly it is not necessary for her to tell lies and open other people's letters—in order to appear feminine. Nature has attended to that, and an affectation of femininity is as objectionable as the aping of the opposite sex.

Orange, N. J. L.

SEVERAL CHARMING QUALITIES.

Sympathy is one of the essentials of feminine charm. Humor is another. (Deliver me from the witty woman, however. She is a curse.) The ability to listen eloquently is worth more than any linguistic ability to the charming woman. Sweetness of disposition is a sine qua non to feminine charm in my eyes. P. M.

New-York.

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW.

A thoroughly charming woman is almost as rare as a manly man. And every woman knows how often she meets with the latter. To be sure, there are pretty women, graceful women, handsome women and "brainy" women by the thousand, but women with that indefinable, elusive quality called charm are, as I have already intimated, pathetically few in number. And the trouble lies in the fact that all women have some mental flaw, by which I mean some undesirable attribute with power enough to overshadow and belittle all desirable attributes—a condition inconsistent with charm. Take, for instance, only one of these—snobbishness. Almost every woman, whatever her station in life, is at heart a snob, and being of this type she cannot consistently possess breadth of view, sense of proportion or fine justice, and, in my opinion these admirable qualities should go hand in hand with charm. A PESSIMIST.

Manhattan.

"What qualities constitute a charming woman?" The qualities our mother had. In considering your question, and thinking over some of the women I have known who had, or were said to have, charm, I can truthfully say I have never known a woman who was as charming as my own dear mother. W. M. M.

Orange, N. J.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

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No one of the many accessories of the season is more attractive or more useful than the yoke collar. It makes the plain frock a dressy one. It brings the dress of last year up to date, and it is altogether charming in itself. These pretty models are designed for young girls and afford a generous variety, both of shape and material. As illustrated, No. 1 is made of inserted tucking with a bertha of plain material lace trimmed; No. 2 of lace with plain banding; No. 3 of batiste with lace insertion and frill; No. 4 of inserted tucking with lace frill and insertion; No. 5 of plain tucking with bands of beading and frill of embroidery. Each one, however, can be varied again and again and be made to take many forms.

NO. 4,792—GIRLS' YOKE COLLARS.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is half yard of all-over material 18 inches wide for any one with half yard of any width for bertha, two and three-quarter yards of edging, two yards of insertion and thirteen medallions for No. 1; two and a half yards of edging and three and a quarter yards of banding for No. 2; three and one-quarter yards of insertion and two and a half yards of embroidery for No. 3; two and one-quarter yards of insertion and two and a half yards of edging for No. 4; two and one-quarter yards of beading and two and a half yards of edging for No. 5, to make as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 4,792, is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large, corresponding to girls of 8, 12 and 16 years of age.

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