WOMAN'S REALM.

AUTOMOBILE VEILS WORN BY FRENCH WOMEN.
—(L'Illustration.

Autumn Weddings--Social Notes.

KNIFFIN—ALDRICH.

A WEDDING of unusual brilliancy and of social interest took place at Littleton, N. H., last evening, when Miss Florence M. Aldrich, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Edgar Aldrich, became the bride of Howard Summers Kniffin, of this city.

The Congregational Church, where the ceremony was performed, was filled with a representative gathering, half the seats in the auditorium being reserved for out of town guests. The church was profusely decorated in green, which made a most effective showing, the scheme being carled out even in the aisles, where ropes of evergreen were used to adorn the pews instead of the regulation white ribbons. An avenue of diminutive pines lined the centre aisle.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. William J. Tucker, president of Dartmouth College and a friend of the bride's father, assisted by the Rev. Seymour Purdy, of Bogota, N. J., and the Rev. William Forbes Cooley, of Littleton, the full Episcopal service being used. Mrs. Charles F. Bingham presided at the organ, with an accompaniment of 'cello and violin. Miss Grace Hill, of Boston, was maid of honor. The bride's matrons were Mrs. Edward Kimball Hall and Mrs. Robert A. Jordan, of Boston, and the bridesmaids were Miss Frances Powers, of Boston, and Miss Juliet Combes, of Great Neck, Long Island. Miss Mollie Jordan, of Boston, was the flower girl. The best man was Walter D. Kniffin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a brother of the bridegroom.

The bridesmaids' gowns were of white chiffon cloth, with trimmings of Valenciennes lace, and their shower bouquets were of white carnations. Mrs. Jordan was similarly attired. The other bride's matron, Mrs. Edward Kimball, whose wedding took place two years ago, and who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving W. Drew, of Lancaster, N. H., wore her wedding gown, which was of ivory white satin, with trimmings of rose point and duchesse lace.

The maid of honor, Miss Hill, wore a Paris gown of white chiffon taffeta, with trimmings of Valenciennes lace, and, like the other attendants, carried a shower bouquet of white carnations.

At 8 o'clock the bridesmaids and bride's matrons entered the church from the chapel entrance, to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, and met the rest of the bridal party at the head of the aisle. The brother of the bride, E. Fred Aldrich, as chief usher, led the return march up the aisle to the altar, followed by Robert A. Jordan and Edward Kimball Hall, of Boston; John C. Kerr, of Brooklyn, and Robert W. Mackintosh, of Buffalo. Then came the bride's matrons and bridesmaids, the maid of honor and the flower girl, who scattered white rose petals before the bride.

Lastly came the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father. Miss Aldrich wore a beautiful princess gown of white satin, with full court train. The yoke and flowing sleeves were of point applique lace. The long bridal veil reached to the end of the train. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and white orchids.

Joined at the altar by the bridegroom and his best man, the bridal party made a beautiful and effective picture, as, to the accompaniment of soft music, the service proceeded.

A reception at Three Oaks, the summer home of the bride's parents, followed, and was attended by throngs of people. Judge and Mrs. Aldrich were assisted in receiving by the bride and bridegroom, the women of the bridal party and the bridegroom's father, Charles E. Kniffin, of Brooklyn.

As at the church, the color scheme of green and white was used in the rooms. During the reception music was rendered from the violin and 'cello. The spacious grounds were brilliantly illuminated and refreshments were served in a tent.

Among the guests present were Governor N. J. Bachelder of New-Hampshire and Mrs. Bachelder; Judge Putnam, of Portland, Me., of the United States Circuit Court, and Mrs. Putnam; Judge Hale, of Portland, of the United States District Court, and Mrs. Hale; President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College, and many well known Boston and New-York people.

Mr. and Mrs. Kniffin left last night for a wedding trip, before coming to this city, where they will be at home on Friday evening, December 2, at 8:30 o'clock, at No. 152 East Thirty-fifth-st.

MORRELL—PARKER.

Miss Elizabeth Cousins Parker, of Larch-ave., Hackensack, N. J., and Alfred Morrell, of this city, were married in Christ Episcopal Church last Wednesday afternoon by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Holley. The church was decorated with roses and palms. The bride wore a gown of white liberty silk, trimmed with duchess lace, and carried a bouquet of Easter lilies and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid, Miss Constance Henley, of Teaneck, wore white mull, trimmed with lace. Walter A. Hughes was best man. The bride is extremely popular in Hackensack circles. She belongs to the golf club and Bogota Boat Club, and is an expert swimmer and canoeist. The bridegroom is an excellent golfer, and recently won the President's Cup on the Hackensack links. He is a member of the 7th Regiment, of this city, and is well known in regimental athletics.

CURRAN—POSTLEY.

One of the large autumn weddings will be that of Miss Elise Postley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Postley, No. 817 Fifth-ave., and Ross Ambler Curran, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ross Curran, of No. 42 East Fifty-seventh-st. Mr. Curran is a graduate of Princeton, '01, and a member of the Alpha Delta Phi, New-York Athletic, Princeton and other clubs. The wedding will take place on November 1 at the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

BURDICK—LOWENE.

The marriage of Miss Pauline Estelle Lowene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Heriot Lowene, and Henry Hagaman Burdick, was celebrated yesterday at the Lowene country home, Villa Buena Vista, Lake Mahopac, N. Y. The Rev. James E. Freeman, rector of St. Andrew's Church, Yonkers, performed the ceremony. The bride's gown was of white chiffon cloth, trimmed with real lace. She wore a tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. Madeline Heriot Lowene, little sister of the bride, was flower girl, and Douglas Brooks was page. Edward Woodworth Burdick was best man. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Gifford, Miss Ann M. Herriot, Mr. and Mrs. Morris H. Brown, Kenneth Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chatain, Miss Doris Fitch, the Messrs. Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ostley, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, the Misses Kerr, the Misses McLure, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Adams, Captain and Mrs. Nathan Averill, Daniel T. Bradley, Peter B. Sweeny, Arthur Sweeny, Mrs. Seargens, Mrs. Louise Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Dudley, the Messrs. Potter, Miss Jennie Carpenter, Miss Earnestine Hoguet, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lee, the Rev. and Mrs. James E. Freeman, the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Ashmead, the Messrs. Ashmead, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burdick and the Messrs. Burdick.

MRS. HENRY HAGAMAN BURDICK, NEE LOWENE.

BURGESS—GOFFE.

Many Montclair people attended the wedding of Edward G. Burgess, jr., of Montclair, and Miss Elizabeth Wheelwright Goffe, which was celebrated last Wednesday night in the Church of St. Peter's by the Sea, at Narragansett, R. I. The Rev. William H. Allen performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Frederick B. Carter, of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Montclair.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Charles Campbell Goffe, wore a gown of white chiffon cloth, trimmed with duchess and point lace, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley.

Miss Natalie Goffe, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Mrs. John M. Butler, New-York; Miss Elizabeth Child, Montclair; Miss Winifred Kay, Brookline, Mass., and Miss Jane Standish, of Detroit, Mich.

Herbert R. Burgess, of Montclair, was best man, and the ushers were A. Stewart Walker, Owen Winston, Rutherford Shepherd and Gardner Brown, all of New-York; John W. Prentiss, Boston; Durand Kennett, Chicago; Henry K. Burns, Lexington, Ky., and S. McLean Lowerre, Montclair, all classmates of the groom in Harvard University.

GENUNG—JEWELL.

In the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, Miss Ida Budd Jewell, daughter of Mrs. Araminta Jewell, of Chatham, N. J., was married to Lester Cook Genung, of Hanover, last Wednesday night at the home of the bride's mother. The bride was given away by her brother. Miss Cora Kitchell, of Hanover, was the maid of honor, and Miss Grace Jewell, of Brooklyn, was a flower girl. Robert McBlair, of Bloomfield, was best man. The Rev. Dr. Ferguson, of the Hanover Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony. The house was prettily decorated in gold and white. On their return from a wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Genung will reside in Chatham.

BEST—SALMON.

Miss Anna Lydia Salmon and John T. Best, both of Montclair, N. J., were married last Wednesday night at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Katherine Salmon, No. 15 Willard Place, Montclair. The Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the First Baptist Church, performed the ceremony.

Miss Caroline Salmon and Miss Edna Tiger, were the bridesmaids, Dr. George H. Blakeslee, of New-York, was best man, and the ushers were Carl George, Harry Best and Arthur Heller, all of Montclair, and Charles Stanley, of Montclair Heights. The couple will make their home in Newark, N. J.

BUIS—BREWER.

The Rev. Frederick W. Buis, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Bloomfield, N. J., and Miss Anna Brewer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Brewer, of Newton Centre, Mass., were married at the home of the bride's parents, in Constitution-ave., at 8 o'clock last Wednesday night. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Nathan E. Wood, president of the Newton Theological Seminary, who was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Everett D. Burr, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Newton Centre. Miss Ruth Brewer, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Alvah Hovey, of Newton Centre, Mass., was page. The ushers were the Rev. George Rice Harvey, A. Farley Brewer, Dr. Raphael C. Thomas and Bertram Brewer. After a wedding trip the Rev. and Mrs. Buis will live in Bloomfield.

LEWIS—ELDRIDGE.

Miss Katherine Hamilton Eldridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Straight Eldridge, of Royac, Long Island, and Beverley Blair Lewis, of Brooklyn, were married at noon last Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, under a canopy of woodvine and goldenrod. The Rev. G. T. Lewis, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, of Sag Harbor, performed the ceremony. Mrs. Thomas D. Hoxey, of Brooklyn, played the wedding march.

The bride wore a travelling dress of dark blue voile. Miss Elizabeth Tucker Eldridge and Miss Helen Douglas Eldridge, sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids. Jean Botts Edwards and Jeannie Eldridge were flower girls.

The best man was John Francis Lewis, brother of the bridegroom, and the ushers were Henry Chadwick Eldridge and Louis Aylmer Eldridge. There were fifty guests present.

The bride is a granddaughter of Henry Chadwick, the "Father of Baseball," and the bridegroom belongs to a well known Virginia family. Brooklyn will be the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Byron, daughter of Mrs. George Gordon Byron, of South Orange, N. J., to Henry Forbes McCreery, of this city. The wedding will take place in January.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Kate Pulsford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Pulsford, of Vose-ave., South Orange, N. J., and Chauncey C. Kennedy, son of Dr. David A. Kennedy, of Lawn Ridge Road, Orange. The wedding will take place in the Church of the Holy Communion on Saturday afternoon, October 1, and the rector, the Rev. Lewis Cameron, will officiate. The bride-to-be is a member of a well known family in the Oranges. Mr. Kennedy was graduated from Yale University last spring.

The Misses Cavinato, of No. 257 West One-hundred-and-eleventh-st., have been graduated recently with high honors from a conservatory of music in Rome.

The board of directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which was elected in St. Louis last summer, convened there last Wednesday. Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, president, of Denver, was in the chair. St. Paul was chosen as the meeting place of the next general federation, in 1906.

Some Ways of the World.

There are two things in life which people do not sufficiently take into account. One is the strange law of compensation which enables even the very miserable to enjoy solaces, and afflicts the so-called fortunate ones with imaginary unhappiness. The other is that every one's power of suffering is practically equal, and may be truly likened to a cup which can hold just so much and no more, whether the troubles which embitter it are great or small; that is to say, a person may actually feel the utter depression of misery as much about trivial things as about great misfortunes. Nay, more; for the latter often brings in its train the excitement of grief, which gives strength and fortitude, and arouses the fighting spirit, so to speak, of our nature, so that a sufferer will rise up and face great trouble who will utterly succumb to great depression of mind caused by smaller ones. It often happens that a woman who has everything in life to make her happy will actually be more miserable than one who has had great afflictions. Circumstances may be unkind, but nature is ever healing.

HE WHO PLANTS A TREE.

The science of forestry is being slowly but surely developed in America, but as yet it is only attempted on a large scale, and by experts who make it their profession. Amateur gardeners and home makers pay but little attention to its possibilities. They will put out specimens of the different varieties of trees or plant conventional groups or borders for shade, etc., but rarely, if ever, go in for broader effects or devote any amount of acreage to their cultivation. Groves—that is to say, bits of woodland judiciously placed—add immensely to the views on an estate, and although the slow growth of trees is a deterent, still the years do go by some way or another, and most people live to see trees which they have planted become goodly specimens.

"To this day," said an older woman, speaking of the beauties of a grove of trees, "I remember a beech woods bordering the road near my aunt's place, and yet I could not have been over twelve years old when I last saw it. But it seemed to appeal to my sense of the beautiful even then, for I can see it distinctly now in my mind's eye—a grove of about an acre or so of beech trees only—their smooth white boles shimmering through the leafage, and the wonderful foliage effect of layers of pure sunlight and then of shadow, that only the flat branches of the beech can produce.

"Any one who is the fortunate possessor of a sufficient number of acres to devote a certain portion to trees would do well to plant several groves, each after its kind, for trees think a good deal of kinship, and thrive best with their own relations. Some one will enjoy the results even if the planter is no longer there, and the probabilities are that he himself will be able to delight in them."

NEVER HAVE A GRIEVANCE.

"To paraphrase an old quotation," said the old bachelor, "the modern guest must perforce

Learn how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be still.

"If anything goes wrong at the place he is visiting he must not mention it. If his studs disappear or any money is missing he would make every one, himself included, feel very uncomfortable by advertising his loss. It is all very well to say that it is his duty to inform his host or hostess of any delinquency in the household. As a matter of ethics perhaps it is, but it certainly does not pay to have a grievance; it always annoys people, however careful they may be to remedy it. In minor matters, too, any want must never be alluded to. One of my chief troubles is the inadequate amount of bed coverings that are usually given me. It is astonishing how seldom people provide enough blankets for their guests. I am very cold blooded, and I often actually suffer from cold, but now I have discovered a remedy. I have had a huge bathrobe made of the very heaviest blankets procurable, and without attracting attention I can supplement any lack of covering with that."

"That is a fine scheme!" laughed the girl to whom he was talking. "I will make a note of it. I will tell you what happened to me last autumn, for I am apt to feel chilly at night myself. I was staying at a bachelors' establishment with a house party, and it turned quite cold, so that in the night I woke up feeling miserably chilly. It was pitch dark, and I had no matches, and there was only a pair of summer blankets on the bed. I knew I would wake up with a wretched cold if I went to sleep feeling chilled, so I bethought me what would be the best thing to do. I knew there was a rug under the bed, so I groped for my dress and skirts which I had taken off and put them on the bed, and then pulled at the rug. First I found that it was under the legs of my bed, so I lifted each one and dragged out the ends of the rug; then I felt for the rest in the darkness, and found that it went under another single bed which was unoccupied, so I lifted that and kept on pulling. Still it would not come, and so I went on feeling for the obstruction, and found it now extended under the washstand; then finally I found it was free and pulled it up on top of my bed, crept under my covers, and slept comfortably until morning. That was certainly better than getting laid up with a cold, I think. When I told my hosts about it the next morning they seemed to think it a great joke, one of them remarking flippantly that I fared better than he did at Mrs. L——'s one time, when he was so cold in the night that he turned a table upside down on top of him. 'I never thought of the rug,' he added. 'That was quite clever of you, Miss S——!'"

FASHIONABLE TYPE OF WOMAN.

The fashionable type of woman changes almost as much as do her gowns—one year it is the champagne bottle neck and shoulders that are considered desirable; the next year square shoulders are the vogue. Well defined hips one season are deemed so essential that dressmakers pad their slim customers to give them the curved line that they admire; and not long afterward the line from the waist is only the thing when it is perfectly straight. Red haired women are the fashion one year, black haired beauties the next, golden haired the third, and so on. Every nice looking woman seems to have her innings if she only waits long enough. It is rather hard, however, on the woman who goes out of fashion. If her clothes are no longer in the mode she can give them away and get others, but she cannot make over herself, and her only chance is to wait until the wheel of fashion makes another revolution. It is very much the same thing with characteristics, although they, of course, may, and very often are, changed to suit the requirements of the day. For several years the athletic girl had it all her own way. She begun by being very much admired; then she grew rather too independent and mannish, and her stock began to decline, until a decided reaction set in. People began to have sweet memories of the "girly" plasma girl, with her curls and ribbons and diaphanous muslins. Coquettes felt that their day was again at hand, and started in with their "little ways" and pretty clothes, armed for conquest, while their athletic sisters, puzzled but not disheartened by the desertion of their male companions, solaced themselves not unsuccessfully with one another. But the 1830 woman and her clothes bid fair to have only a short reign. Already her novelty is waning. She is rather too sweet—to modern ideas a little cloying. So now every one is asking "What next?" That something interesting will evolve there is never a doubt.

MISS RIDGELY TO GO TO AFRICA.

Baltimore, Sept. 17.—Miss Margaretta Sophia Ridgely, daughter of the late John Ridgely, of Hampton, descendant of a wealthy and distinguished family, leaves next month to take up her work as a missionary in Liberia, Africa. She has completed her studies at the Deaconesses' Home of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and will be accompanied on her long journey by her sister, Miss Eliza Ridgely, the organizer of the United Women of Maryland, of which she is president, and by Miss Eleanor Freeland, secretary of the Playground Association, who, after they have seen Miss Margaretta Ridgely established in the field of work she has chosen, will then travel indefinitely.

The Misses Ridgely are descended from two Governors of Maryland, and the old homestead, Hampton, is one of the most beautiful in the State. Robert Ridgely, the progenitor of the Hampton branch of the Ridgelys, came to Maryland about 1624. He settled in St. Mary's, and became an important member of the Colonial government. On their mother's side the Misses Ridgely are descended from the Howards.

The decision of Miss Margaretta Ridgely, who is about twenty-eight years old, to become a missionary, was announced shortly after the death of her mother, Mrs. Charles Ridgely. It had been her determination to take this step for some years, but her mother's opposition prevented her doing so before.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has had established for fifty years or more a mission post at Cape Palmas, on the West Coast of Africa, with a missionary bishop at the head. Bishop Penick, formerly of the Church of the Messiah, is there, and schools and hospitals have been established. Cape Palmas is to be the scene of Miss Ridgely's future activities. She has fitted herself for service in both lines, but especially does she desire to serve in attendance upon the sick.

The funeral as a form of popular outing has not been properly exploited, at least in this country. How they regard it on the other side is illustrated by two sprightly anecdotes in "The Tatler." They read like excerpts from Hardy. Here they are:

A man was on the point of attending his wife's funeral. He told the undertaker to arrange for him to sit in the second coach with his friends, Mr. Brown and Mr. Green. The undertaker turned upon him and said he must ride in the first carriage with his mother-in-law and the other members of the family. The man protested and declared his desire to ride with his male friends; the undertaker retorted that if he persisted he would throw up the job. "Ah, well," said the man, "I suppose I must do what you tell me—but you have spoiled my day for me!"

A woman had attended her husband's funeral. Coming back after the journey to the cemetery she seemed very low spirited and was receiving the advice and comfort of a friend. "You must cheer up, Mrs. Robins," said the friend. "You must get out as much as you can into the fresh air—that is the only way to meet your trouble." "Ah, well," replied the widow, "I suppose I must. Anyway, I feel much better for that ride already!"

Mrs. Emeline M. North, the San Francisco woman who has been invited to speak at the International Educational Congress which meets in Paris on the 27th of next month, has the reputation of being an accomplished linguist. She speaks, it is said, all the languages of the civilized world, and is now studying Chinese. Mrs. North will speak on the pensioning of officials who have served the public faithfully for thirty years, and she will also advocate the keeping of all school matters out of politics. Delegates from Iceland, Finland, Corea and the Philippines are expected to be present and participate in the discussions.

It is all very well for the college girl to be enthusiastic and show her enthusiasm—only not by giving her college yell, if Hamilton C. MacDougall is to look on her with approval. In the August number of a musical magazine he censures her for following the example of her brothers in this respect: "That in moments of excitement she gives rise to shrill feminine noises denominated by her 'cheers' or 'yells' is passing strange to the public accustomed to the full toned, resonant sounds emitted by the college man at similar times." A soft, low voice is charmingly feminine, but it does not lend itself to college yells any better than to open air singing, a pastime in which the college girl should never indulge. College yells may not be so vulgar or so atrocious as some critics may think when proceeding from feminine throats, but they are so thin and screechy as to be ridiculous, and no woman likes to make herself ridiculous.

A Rochester paper tells a funny story, illustrative of the perils of tying one's shoelaces in public. A smart young woman in a crowded streetcar bent to tie her shoes. Her hands were gloved, which, together with the swaying of the car, rendered the task a difficult one, but it was finally accomplished, to the relief of a sympathetic public and the satisfaction of the young woman.

At the next crossing the passenger sitting next to her, who, by the way, happened to be a finely tailored young man, arose to leave the car, took a step or two, stopped with a jerk and sat down in the young woman's lap. Confused apologies and another start, with equally unhappy results, forced an investigation, when it was found that one of his shoes was fast to one of the young woman's. She had accidentally tied one of her own to the young man's.

In Los Angeles, Cal., lives Mrs. Frances E. Williams, who to her profession of practising physician adds those of miner, mineralogist, inventor, real estate dealer and practical electrician. The subject of electricity she is said to have taken up with a view to its medical uses. Her inventive genius she applied to the application of electricity to therapeutics, and several of her useful contrivances she sold some years ago to the managers of medical institutions at a handsome profit.

A woman who has struck upon an unusual way to bring in the pennies is Miss Pamela Colman Smith, who is entertaining London audiences with West Indian folklore stories. Clad in a loose, flame colored robe, she sits in Eastern fashion on the floor. "Before her is the board on which she manipulates the toys which represent the dramatis personæ of her stories," says "The Lady's Home Magazine." In front of the board are two candles for footlights, while in the background a grate fire "sheds a warm, red glow over the weird picture."

Every story begins with the formula: "In a long-before time—before Queen Victoria came to reign over us"—which takes the place of our "Once upon a time."

Among the figures are the Chim-chim Bird, Brodda Gingy Fly and the Dibby Dibby Tree; but most important of all is Annancy, the spider man, the evil spirit that figures in every one of Miss Smith's thirty stories. All of these tales came from Jamaica, where the story teller lived for several years when a child.

AUTUMN CLEANING.

Housewife Tries Scientific Method and Finds It the Only Way.

"Well, now, I know what I would do if I were a rich woman," was what she was saying as she glanced disconsolately over the torn up rooms, with their curtainless windows, bare floors, dusty baseboards, shrouded furniture and general sense of depression and calamity. And at a look of inquiry from her husband, who was patiently arguing by means of a chisel and hammer with a stubborn window that would neither pull down from the top nor lift up from the bottom, she added: "Why, I'd hire one of those professional house openers, don't you know—women who engage to open up everything, clean everything, get the plumbing inspected and the heating apparatus overhauled, even the beds made and a good dinner all ready to serve and eat, down to a vase of flowers in the centre—and all the family has to do is to step in and take possession and pay the bill. It's apt to be a big one, but think of the comfort, the luxury of the thing!"

At this juncture the lower sash of the window suddenly gave way, to the immense satisfaction of paterfamilias, who remarked, between pants: "Why don't you borrow the professional house opener's methods? If she makes a business of it it's probable she does it in the best possible way." And he moved on with hammer and chisel to window No. 2.

Being a wise woman, this was what she concluded to do. She remembered having read somewhere an account of the process of autumnal house cleaning as it is conducted by the professional, and, unlocking her desk, she fished it out from a drawer full of cuttings.

"Now, John," she said in a voice full of resolution and self-confidence, after perusing the printed slip for a few minutes, "don't you fuss over these downstairs windows any longer, but just open the skylight and all the bedroom windows you can, and then let's have some tea and go to a roof garden. To-morrow I'm going to begin to clean house scientifically, with the least possible inconvenience to you and the children. Painless dentistry, you know—patient really enjoys it!"

WHEN SHE BEGINS.

Next morning found her up bright and early with her one maid. By the time breakfast was announced—a comfortable enough meal, even if eaten off a bare table, in the deserted dining room, with kitchen crockery and kitchen forks and spoons—the cotton batting had been pulled out of all the windows, where it had been stuffed to keep dust from sifting through the chinks and crevices. The handy man, three blocks away, had been notified by postal card the night previous. The sanitary experts, the steam heater man and the various trades people were summoned by paterfamilias on his way downtown, and everything was in trim for the opening of the assault upon dust and disorder.

The living room was the first to be attacked, so as to insure at least one oasis of comfort in the desert by night. First it was made broom clean; then the floor was washed rapidly with hot suds, and, lastly, with ammonia water in the proportion of a tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of water. A yard or so would be washed at a time, then the cloth wrung out in clear water, the object being to keep the ammonia water clean to the last. Then the spot would be wiped with the cloth wrung as dry as possible.

Before Annie, the maid, cleared the floor, her mistress, a fresh duster enveloping her neat head, had dusted from the summit of a stepladder the cornices, picture moulding, ceiling and walls, and was now going through the storeroom in search of the proper curtains and pictures with which to complete the homelikeness of the room.

"'For cleansing white paint,'" she had read to Annie from her newspaper cutting, "'one should use powdered borax in the water. If the paint looks very dirty, add ammonia, or rub with whiting mixed to the consistency of cream with tepid water. Fill one pail with hot water, another with tepid water, and put a clean cloth in each, with plenty of dry cloths to finish with. Wash with the hot water, rinse with the tepid, then rub dry. Finish up the space you are on before beginning on another, and work with the grain of the wood. Don't be afraid to use the little wooden skewer for all corners and cracks.'"

All this time a fresh September breeze was blowing through the room, drying and airing wherever it went.

"And now for the windows," said madam, and again she referred to her professional house opener for advice.

TO CLEAN WINDOWS.

"'Wash the sashes first,' she told Dawson, the handy man, who always cleaned the windows. 'Use borax water or borax soap suds and dry quickly with a soft, old cloth. Use plenty of hot water, but do not slop. Kerosene added to the water in which the sashes are washed will make them shine, besides cleansing them rapidly. There are any number of good washing powders and preparations for cleaning glass. Wash a pane at a time, using a clean cloth and tepid water. Polish with newspaper.'"

The sanitary expert appeared on the scene at this moment, carrying a very tightly plugged bottle of essence of peppermint carefully in one hand. His first act in the process of testing the entire sanitary apparatus of the house was to fill every trap full of water, closing every door and lid. Then going to the roof, he poured the peppermint down the soil pipe, following it immediately with a gallon of boiling hot water. At the end of half an hour he came down and began to sniff carefully at all the joints and bends in the plumbing to see whether he could detect any suspicion of the volatile essence.

At length, "You are lucky, Mrs. Dash," he said. "Your plumbing is in perfect order. Before you went away in the spring I took the precaution of emptying all the traps and flooding them with oil, to stop any gases that might form, and to-day the house is clear of sewer gas. It is very dangerous to occupy a house that has been closed or disused for any length of time without flushing all the plumbing and testing it. I have known diphtheria and typhoid to follow in the wake of such carelessness. Many a wealthy family, returning to its palace in the city, attributes the malaria or typhoid that attacks some member to the seashore or mountain resort which they have left, forgetting that the modern house, with its network of plumbing, may be far more dangerous than the old country farmhouse, with its entire lack of 'modern improvements.'"

"Well, this begins to look like home," commented paterfamilias, as he glanced at his wife opposite him in a muslin gown, cool and sweet, the dinner served impromptu on a tray before the coolest window, the snowy window curtains fanned by the breeze; the old familiar pictures in the old familiar spots, the book rack, the ornaments.

"It all comes of scientific housecleaning," replied his wife. "We all worked just eight hours apiece union hours, you know—and instead of being all fagged out, we're just longing for to-morrow to come, so we can tackle the rest of the house."

"To-morrow saw the dining room and two of the bedrooms put in apple pie order. The bedrooms took longest. All the drawers in the dressing tables and closets were first wiped with a damp cloth, then with a linen cloth wet in alcohol. A solution of corrosive sublimate was sopped around the baseboard as a defence against insect life. The brass work on the bedsteads was polished till it shone. In the bathroom all the nickel fittings were polished with whiting and alcohol. When it came to cleaning the maid's room as much pains was bestowed to clean it thoroughly and leave it sweet, clean and pretty, as on the others. Indeed, it took longer than the other bedrooms, as all its painted walls had to be gone over laboriously.

When the cleaning was done, Mrs. Dash herself hung up the fresh muslin curtains, spread an artistic rug on the floor, placed a row of potted geraniums (Annie's favorite plant) in the window, and hung a framed photograph of Santa Maria della Salute and the Grand Canal over the little table on which Annie had already placed her work basket and books.

"I shouldn't believe in any professional housecleaning," Mrs. Dash told her husband that night over the salad, "that excluded Annie—she's been such a brick."

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Kimono Dressing Sacque, No. 4,822, for 10 Cents.

No other form of dressing sacque is quite so comfortable and satisfactory as the kimono. This one is peculiarly attractive, and is made of light weight wash flannel, with bands of wash silk in plain color. As shown, the sleeves are pointed, but round ones can be substituted whenever preferred. Again, the yoke can match the band in place of the kimono, when that combination is liked. In addition to the light weight wools, Oriental cotton crepes and all washable materials are eminently appropriate, and, in place of the bands being plain and the material figured, the material can be plain and the bands of any pretty figured silk or ribbon that may be chosen.

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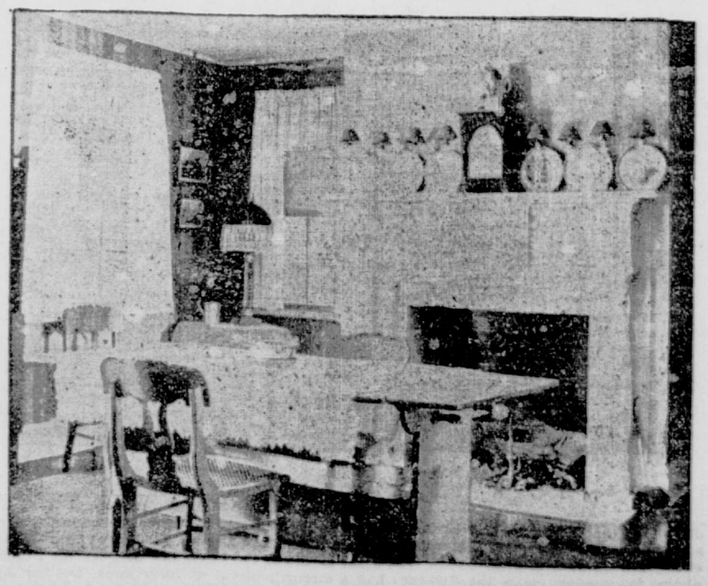

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