NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

A CORNER IN A CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.

A LIBRARIAN'S VIEWS.

She Tells of Mental Traits Shown by Children in Choosing Books.

A children's librarian—that is a new profession. Every Carnegie library has a children's librarian. Every library of the future, whether it be a Carnegie one or not, will number a children's librarian among its officers. There is even a school—the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn—that teaches people to be children's librarians in a one year course.

A children's library differs from an adults' in the bright pictures on its walls; in the plants, carefully labelled, on its tables; in the exhibits, either instructive or amusing, set in corners here and there—exhibits of the spinning of cotton, of the development of the beetle, of the progress of dentistry. It is an ideal place, with its flowers and its clear light, for a child to read fairy tales in.

The juvenile department of the Boston Library is the best example of a children's library in the world. It has a bigger room, a comelier room, than the others. It has more flowers, more pictures, more exhibits, more books. But all, or nearly all, of the other cities have their children's libraries, too, and these, in their small way, do very well.

A child goes into one of these libraries, and, to his amazement and delight, the attendant at the desk gives him a little live goldfish in a bowl of transparent glass.

"This fish is for you," she says. "It is yours to keep. The library gives it to you."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you," says the boy.

"The library wants you to learn something about ichthyology. Ichthyology is the study of fishes. If you will take out the volume labelled F. C. 1,726 you will find in the eighth chapter the goldfish's full history. You will learn there that it thrives best on oatmeal; that it belongs to the carp family; that its food trough should be taken out and cleaned daily, lest it get sour; that when it gets a swollen swimming bladder a half drop of castor oil should be dropped down its throat on the end of a toothpick. The next time you have to write a composition at school write one on the goldfish, telling all you have learned from the study of this little fellow here and from the study of volume F. C. 1,726."

This giving of little live creatures to the children is one of the latest ideas in children's libraries. It has been tried in Pittsburg, in Boston and in Philadelphia, and it has been successful. The children have been induced, through this idea, to take an interest in fish, in birds, in butterflies, etc., and it is only such subjects as they take an interest in that children master.

On some other day every child who enters the library brings a weed with him—any common sort of weed that he may find in a vacant lot. The librarian goes over all these plants, one by one. She labels each of them; she puts them, with their labels, on a table; she sets near by, neatly typewritten and mounted on a board, an account of the life of each of the more important of them. The children cannot help being interested in these familiar weeds—cannot help learning their names and something of their history.

The bulletin board is another feature of this sort of library. By means of the bulletin board the librarian artfully turns the attention of the children to any kind of books that she wishes them to read. Suppose, for instance, that she wishes them to read about Indians. She decorates the board with portraits of Indians and with Remington drawings, and she tacks up beside these interesting pictures a list of Indian books—"Hiawatha," "The Deerslayer," "The Life of Pocahontas," and so on, blending together agreeably history and ethnology and fiction and poetry. As long as this board stays up there is a great run on the library's Indian literature.

The library teaches by exhibits also. It will have, for instance, an exhibit of the making of cloth. In a huge case there will be, first, a specimen of raw wool, then of the wool scoured, then dyed, then carded into a loose rope as thick as the thumb, then spun into a thread, then woven into cloth. Next there will be a specimen of the cloth fulled, and, finally, of the cloth completely finished. Accompanying this exhibit there will be a narrative of all the processes through which the wool passes.

But it is not for instruction only that children's libraries are conducted. They are not intended to take the place of schools.

"To encourage reading—to inculcate the love of reading—that is the primary use of the children's library, after all," a librarian said the other day.

"The literary taste of children," she went on, "is an interesting study. The most amazing fact in this study is that poor children, ignorant and unread children, like the best books. They like the fairy tales of the brothers Grimm and of Hans Andersen. They like the Gospel stories of Tolstoy. They like the translation that we have of Daudet's 'Contes du Lundi.' They like Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' Kipling's 'Jungle Books,' Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland.' But the children of the richer, more highly educated class tend to like slight, shallow, ephemeral books better.

"I suppose it is the primitive appeal of the great writers," said the librarian, "that makes the illiterate children go to them and love them. The primitive appeal—that is a vague phrase. Do you know what I mean?"

Just then a little boy said:

"I want a story in rhyme called 'Sohrab and Rustum.' Can you tell me where I'll find it?"

"There is a compliment to Matthew Arnold," said the librarian, after the boy had departed with his book. "There is a proof more positive than all the criticisms that 'Sohrab and Rustum' has life in it, has blood and tears in it."

"Do children like sad books?"

"Yes, if they are also good books. Nearly all of Andersen's fairy tales are horribly sad. 'The Sea Maid,' 'The Tin Soldier,' 'The Ice Maiden'—those stories tear the heart. But the children, above all, the children of the poor—the little Russian Jews, the Italians, the sons and daughters of street sweepers and hodcarriers—these children love them.

"Fairy tales are our most popular books. We can never make our supply of them equal the demand.

"Among the poets Longfellow, with 'Hiawatha,' stands first. Boys like, in poetry, battle lyrics best, then poems about brave rides: the ride of Paul Revere, the ride of Lochinvar and so on. Girls like sad poems. 'Three fishers went sailing out into the West,' 'The Raven,' 'Annabel Lee,' 'The Blessed Damosel,' 'The May Queen'—those are popular girls' poems.

"The favorite authors with the average boys today are Henty and Stratemeyer. Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic are also popular with boys, but we don't tolerate either of those writers here.

"The girls like Miss Olcott, Miss Blanchard and Miss Deland.

"Boys take good care of books, but they insist on writing criticisms in them. The criticisms are brief and frank. They seem to be intended as a guide to the next reader. Here, for instance"—and the librarian showed, on the flyleaf of Howard Pyle's "Wonder Clock," these words, written in pencil:

"Doan't waist your time hear. This book is no good. N. G."

In Kipling's first "Jungle Book" was written:

"Out of sight."

The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" had in it: "This is all right; I have read this book three times; it is all right!"

A Henty volume had: "A good book; a dandy book."

The librarian said that the remarks of these young readers were always erased, though some of them were true enough to be well worth retaining.

"Girls, now," she said, "don't write in books as boys do. Girls write of little personal matters."

She took up a volume of Miss Blanchard's that an assistant had been cleansing. On a blank page was written:

"Sarah Jones, Molly Sewell May Croft is mean."

"That is the sort of thing," said the librarian, "that we may expect from girls."

RESIGNATION OF MR. BOVILLE.

The Rev. R. G. Boville has resigned the superintendency of the New-York Baptist Mission Society, the organization which has been conducting the Vacation Bible Schools for East Side children for the last three seasons, and will sail with Mrs. Boville in about three weeks for Europe, where he will spend the winter on the Mediterranean.

FOR STINGY HUSBANDS.

Advice to Men Who Look on Their Wives as Unpaid Hirelings.

The latest contribution on the much discussed institution, the home, is from the pen of Margaret Sangster. Her new book on "The Little Kingdom of Home" (J. F. Taylor & Co., New-York), advances no revolutionary theories regarding the domestic relations, but says a good many things that are worth remembering, as it follows the bride and bridegroom from the altar through their trials with their relatives-in-law, the selection and furnishing of their home, their adjustment of their characters to each other, the coming of children, etc. It steers a middle course on the race suicide and domestic service problems, advocates a uniform divorce law, and while pointing out serious dangers that threaten the time honored institution under discussion, detects elements of hope in the situation.

One chapter, entitled "Bricks Without Straw," deals with the financial policy of the home and the wife's right to a share of the income.

"Despotism never had a more extreme illustration nor was cruelty ever more refined," says Mrs. Sangster, "than when the ancient Egyptians insisted that their workmen should do unpaid piecework, but refused to supply them with materials for the job. Yet in thousands and tens of thousands of modern homes a similar injustice is perpetrated, not on slaves, but on loved ones, and it is new every morning and fresh every evening. Adoring husbands do not hesitate to inflict upon their beloved wives a needless humiliation, amounting in the experience of supersensitive women to suffering which is almost torture. The woman does not live who enjoys asking her husband for money and rendering to him an account of the way in which she spends what he gives her, whether he pour it generously into her lap or dole it grudgingly from his pocket, openly wondering why her purse is so often empty, and openly discussing her economy or her lack of the same. Men seldom suspect how deeply ingrained in women's souls is the aversion to being simply licensed mendicants. If they did they would, in the language of Scripture, abhor themselves and repent, if not in dust and ashes, at least in such wise that an entire change of conditions would speedily ensue. A good man means to be just if not magnanimous. There is no reason why, in the family firm, the husband should claim and maintain the sole right to disburse the family income, while the wife is a tolerated pensioner on his bounty.

"Only those who have studied the subject and observed its application in many homes, from that of the millionaire to that of the poorest laborer, know how necessary is a reform in this one particular," continues Mrs. Sangster. "Mistaken domestic finance wrecks home happiness. Women live in palaces, wear rich raiment and fare sumptuously, yet seldom have any money of their own, or the least liberty to spend or give away or invest a dollar of their own, being treated all their lives as if they were irresponsible children. In the event of the death of the husband or father, such women are often at the mercy of unscrupulous advisers, who find them an easy prey because of their inexperience.

"It is not an unheard of thing for the wife of a rich man, permitted to have running accounts at stores and to accumulate bills which her husband examines and pays, to lack small change for carfares and tips to the drivers of cabs and hansoms. In reality, the women most favorably situated for their own ease and contentment are the wives of mechanics and day laborers and factory operators, to whom the week's wages are regularly brought, minus the small sum the man keeps for his own purposes. The custom of this class is based on a larger justice than the other custom, which makes the husband the undisputed lord of the exchequer. A wife is a partner in business, not an unpaid hireling."

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.

IN COMMON THINGS.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see!
It is a flower that blossoms by thy door.
Bring love and justice home; and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought;
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command:
Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed;
But in earth's common things He stands revealed.
While grass and flowers and stars spell out His name.

The paradise men seek, the city bright
That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes,
Is only human goodness in the skies.
Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.
—(Minot J. Savage.

REMEMBERING OTHERS.

Little Edward McBride, the crippled boy at the hospital, Lexington-ave. and Forty-second-st., has received fruit from Mrs. Theron E. Parsons, of Manhattan, who will call to see him to-day. Illustrated story books and games will be forwarded from the office, and a member of the Spinsters' Club will add brightness to life by taking him flowers. Invalid members in New-York State, New-Jersey, Virginia, Alabama, Brooklyn and Manhattan were the recipients of the emergency fund and special gifts on Saturday. Miss M. Reid acknowledges with thanks a box of magazines from No. 292 West Ninety-second-st., which she will gladly distribute.

REPLY

"Theodora": Mrs. Fiske, the elderly woman who does beautiful knitting of sweaters, mittens and hosiery, as well as fine sewing, does not knit gloves.

FLOWERS.

Mrs. John W. Post, of Westbury, Long Island, sent such a generous box of dahlias on Friday, that ten different members shared in the gift. One invalid in Manhattan, who has not walked in twelve years, was one of the most pleased of the recipients. "They are so pretty to look at," she said.

REQUESTS.

Is there any boy who has outgrown his sweater or warm school coat? If so, there is a little boy in New-Jersey, eleven years old, who needs such a garment to wear to school and will be glad to have it. The family is poor, and the mother an invalid confined to her bed. A little girl, twelve years old, needs a plain, serviceable dress and hat. Mrs. J. W. Bailey, of Brooks, Me., R. F. D. No. 1, asks for yarn for mittens, etc., for her family.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. Worden, of Brooklyn, has responded to the request of a schoolgirl and sent a copy of "Adam Bede," which has been forwarded. Mrs. James Brown has contributed a box of Virginia flowers as a ray of cheer; "C. A. D.," of Manhattan, has supplied a box of silk pieces and a warm flannel waist, both of which will help supply requests. The president of Manhattan branch No. 10 reports the receipt of a barrel of apples from Upland Farms, N. Y.; Mme. Rowland, now in Paris, has forwarded a special mail package; Miss Tuthill, of Brooklyn, a package of various fancy articles, scrapbook and pictures; Mrs. Percy E. Duryea, two nice bonnets "for elderly ladies"; Miss E. Valentine, of Connecticut, has contributed a box of Christmas cheer for the Ragged Island, Bahamas, children, and a large doll for some little girl; Charles Ballard, of the Middletown Springs (Vt.) branch, has sent a copy of "Adam Bede." As the schoolgirl's request has already been supplied, this copy will be given to any member who desires it. Mrs. C. L. Hendrickson, of New-Jersey, has sent a box of reading matter.

THANKS FOR SUNSHINE.

President of the T. S. S.: I have received from Mrs. Alex. Saunders, of Yonkers, a nice bound book, and Mrs. Hillier, of Asbury Park, sent two bound books, which made us very glad and thankful. We would like to get together a small library for our winter reading, for we need books here in the winter very much. Old paper covered books will be welcome if any one has them to spare. Yours for Sunshine, ANNIE L. MAHLER.
Chelan, Wash., Sept. 23, 1904.

A T. S. S. member, who received some garments through the office, "that just fitted," was immensely pleased, and said she "looked as though prosperity had arrived at her door." An Illinois "shut-in" writes: "I am so thankful for lovely Battenberg material you sent. I depend so much on what I can do of this work to help support myself and invalid aged mother." Mrs. James Brown, of Virginia, was most thankful for the articles sent for her baby. The invalids at Sodus, Schoharie County, and Richmondville who received special gifts were exceedingly grateful.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.
—(Whittier.

PORTO RICAN DRAWN WORK.

Mrs. Charles F. Zimmermann, a member of a prominent East Orange family, expects to secure the co-operation of President Roosevelt and Congress in a scheme she has started to benefit native Porto Rican girls, and incidentally to place on the market products of the work of these girls in competition with European and Mexican drawn work. Mrs. Zimmermann has just returned from Porto Rico, where she spent three years starting the movement at her own expense. She expects to go back to her field of labor in two or three weeks.

Mrs. Zimmermann has about one hundred girls in San Juan and the vicinity, and she and her assistants lay out the designs on linen and take them to the homes of the girls to be executed. When the work is finished Mrs. Zimmermann buys it from them, generally paying a sum of money sufficient to enable the family to live for weeks. Then Mrs. Zimmermann sells the work, if she can.

The movement is the partial outcome of an investigation conducted in Porto Rico by Mrs. Hogan at the instance of President Roosevelt, who is anxious to get an idea of the needs of the native girls. Mrs. Hogan investigated, and reported that in this work there were great possibilities, and recommended that the matter be taken up by the government. The work is said to be finer and more delicate than the Mexican or European, is less expensive, and, besides, is admitted to the country without the payment of duty.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Kilted Skirt, with Round Yoke, No. 4,851, for 10 Cents.

Skirts that are pleated below a smooth fitting yoke are among the smartest of all smart things for the coming season and will be worn for all street costumes. This one is peculiarly chic and attractive and is so arranged as to give a plain effect at the front, which is always desirable. As illustrated it is made of cheviot in mixed shades of brown and tan, trimmed with handsome brown braid, but is suited to all seasonable materials. As a matter of course, the trimming can be varied to suit individual taste, but the little straps coming from beneath each pleat are eminently stylish and attractive.

NO. 4,851. KILTED SKIRT WITH ROUND YOKE.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 8½ yards 27 inches wide, 5¾ yards 44 inches wide or 5 yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 4,851, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and waist measure distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp, and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

The Art That Conceals Heart.

BY CLO GRAVES.

There was a little difficulty on the down line in connection with a railway chair (placed upon the metals by an experimentally minded wayfarer) and a reversed goods engine. Consequently the passengers from the "Northern Rusher" were decanted, for the time being, into the Dullboro' Slow Express. They would leave the train at Clinkhorn Junction, the guard of the Slow Express had explained when asking people to overlook a little crowding.

We were fairly comfortable in our compartment, the Nice-looking Couple and my Noble Self. They had a corner and I had a corner, and a Spinster Lady of evidently severe morals and unbending rigidity sat in the middle of a seat. No corners for her, her glance implied. Three of us had lunched, cheerfully, out of baskets containing chicken, salad, claret and French rolls; the Spinster Lady had eaten egg sandwiches out of a tin box and drunk something out of a bottle from her dressing bag, which, judging from the pale amber hue of the liquid, might possibly have contained sherry.

The male moiety of the Nice-looking Couple glanced at me sympathetically, as though he guessed how the cigarette case in my pocket was asking to come out. His own cigar case, a yellow leather receptacle like a young courier's valise, manifested similar restlessness. His wife exchanged a smile with him as he glanced at the rigid form and pale violet features tipped with pink belonging to the Spinster Lady. Then we looked out of the window at the "Northern Rusher" discharging its load. The window opposite us was ticketed "Reserved" and I had just begun to wonder idly what the people might be like for whom the compartment had been rendered sacred, when a perspiring porter tore open our door and began to bombard us with bags, hold-alls and dressing cases. I had only time to notice that all these things were shiny with excessive newness, when their owners followed. They bore the same brand, from head to foot, of a newness affecting not only their garments and accessories, but their mutual relations.

The Nice-looking Couple smiled furtively, the stony Spinster Lady became stonier, and I was conscious of a gentle, titillating interest as I gazed upon the two souls so recently fused in one. That is, I gazed upon the bodies and conjectured the souls, which, judging by externals, were in admirable condition. Neither of them turned a hair under our united observation, and both would have denied upon oath, if questioned plumply, having seen a bishop lately. They selected opposing corners and settled themselves with deliberation. She wore the kind of costume that everyday young women are wont to do their railway travelling in—shimmering pearl gray, with a white cloth cape trimmed with feathers, and a three cornered hat apparently composed of cobwebs, diamond pins and Parma violets. She carried a great bunch of these fragrant flowers. Her hair was a little disordered on one side, and the corresponding cheek was much pinker than the other. But She was frigidly calm. Too calm, if anything.

He wore a suit of tweeds, but what tweeds! His light brown billycock hat was an idyl. His collar was a dream, his necktie a tone poem, his boots the agonizing acme of perfection. Only upon his wedding day could a man wear such boots without knowing that they were there. His hair shone, not with pomade, but with a conscientious valet's grooming. His faultless parting, his straight, cleancut features, his bronze mustache, slightly waxed, the white, well kept hand from which He had drawn the tan glove, his whole personality exhaled the subtle fragrance of health and youth and high breeding. The modesty of his black pearl tie pin, the delicate reticence of his slender watch chain, the studied simplicity of his single ring, were set at naught by the garish and discrepant splendor of a pair of ruby, sapphire and diamond cuff links. I did not hesitate for an instant; I knew they were a wedding present from Her. Her Christian name—the claimant repetition of her initials upon her dressing bags and jewel cases forced the knowledge on me—her Christian name began with "S." Did "R. S. D." stand for "Remember Sara, Dear?" I felt quite conceited of the pretty fancy.

Meanwhile the Nice-looking Couple were making their own observations, and the Spinster Lady, judging by the heightened pinkness of her more salient facial angles, felt the delicacy of the situation keenly. I saw her with a rapid glance assure herself that the lamp in the compartment roof was burning before she consulted her railway map to ascertain the number and length of the tunnels that lay before us. She was not to be taken in by the ostentatious coolness of the guilty parties.

I must say they did it very well—that is, considering. When She snuggled into her corner and feigned to be immersed in the middle of an uncut novel—"The Beanfield," by John Thomas Grubbs—He could not restrain a glance of approval. When He got all the papers round him, and, opening the largest, held it steadily before him, She glowed with admiration—it was so like a husband of at least a twelve months' standing. There was a flaring account of a wedding, running down a column and three-quarters, which I felt must have been very much like their own. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Lyddleton Hyghlow, of the Auld Reekie Lowlanders, had been married to Miss Constance Eugenia Custerson, I read. The sacred edifice was gay with April blossoms, and the sacred ceremony had been performed by the Bishop of Banbury in cope and mitre, assisted by a dean and the Vicar of Knobhall-Boddingley, uncle to the bride, whose train had been carried by three little boys, while the eight bridesmaids were——

In my anxiety to read about the bridesmaids, I was at first merely annoyed by the hiatus, without seeking to account for it. Then I became aware that there was a hole in the newspaper and that the supposed reader was peeping through it at his vis-à-vis.

She must have felt it, for she shut the uncut novel.

"When is this wretched train going to start?" She asked, in the coolest of level tones, for the Dullboro' Slow Express was still panting by the platform.

"Week or so," said He, looking over his paper with really glacial indifference.

"There is, I fancy," said the male moiety of the Nice-looking Couple, "plenty of time to spare at Dullboro'. Have you seen this?"

He offered an afternoon paper. I knew, by the languid indifference with which He accepted and ran his eye over a particular page, that an account of their marriage was condensed into a paragraph. "During the afternoon," I imagined, "the happy pair left for the North Whilliewha' Castle, Perthshire, having been lent by the bride's uncle, Lord Howtowdie, for the honeymoon." I did hope they would not find the castle damp. Would there be a triumphal arch? And would the local Fire Brigade and Band of Hope unite in drawing the carriage?

But she was discussing literature with the Nice-looking Lady. She was so very much interested in "The Beanfield."

"It is so poignant," She said, "and so bitterly true." She quoted a brilliant bit—I had seen it on the very first page: "Waterboom loved Prudentia. This was Nature. Prudentia appeared to love Waterboom. This was Art." And again: "There was a streak of common sense under her wayward, fanciful, pleasure loving nature, as there lay a vein of coal under her cowslipped meadows in Bunkumshire. She was not aware of one or the other, but she might be better for both some day."

The male half of the Nice-looking Couple, wearing a suppressed smile, had got the companion of this fair critic on a subject of strong interest, that of the Insanitary Park Dosser.

"But the poor beggar is trundled about by the police all night," said the young man in the beautiful tweeds. "Got to sleep somewhere and somehow, y'know. And one can always pay a penny for a clean green chair." His eye caught the glance of his companion. He added, as though involuntarily, "Two green chairs." She gave him a warning frown, and He reddened and began to hum "The Voice that Breathed," bouche fermée:

The Voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding day—
Ti-tum-ti——

"Jack!" she breathed, in an agony of reproach.

He started violently and blushed. Even the forage cap Rubicon upon his brow was swamped by the guilty crimson, the whiteness of his parting was dyed. We all looked somewhere else. The Spinster Lady alone refused to relieve him of her icy glare. The Dullboro' Slow Express came to the rescue by slowly dashing out of the station. He leaned back and shut his eyes—apparently, that is. The Pearl Gray Vision looked at him, first coldly, then appreciatively; then such undisguised adoration brimmed in her beautiful eyes and mantled in her rose flushed cheeks that he could pretend no longer. His look was a hug of such ardor that she sank back into her corner and hid behind "The Beanfield." The author of her confusion then turned to me and said that the country looked rather dry. Contemplating the moist, baggy clouds and the squashy landscape, I agreed with him. The rivers would be low and bright, he said, compelling the angler to have recourse to a Stuart tackle and a bunch of worms. I agreed again. He opined that a spate might put things right again. I thought it very probable. "Much fishing to the pair of you!" I added, mentally, engaging to eat, single mouthed, at one repast, the whole of the first week's catch. I looked at Her as she leaned her elbow on the window ledge and stared out over orchards bridal with white blossoms, and hurdle inclosed nurseries full of grave, responsible ewes and tiny, staggering lambs. I glanced back at Him and intercepted a glance of passionate proprietorship. This was perhaps why He remarked, with an easy, blasé, indifferent air:

"I tell my wife that women are out of place among the stubbles, on the moors, in the huntin' field, and so forth. Three women in the field spoil the best run—in my opinion." She telegraphed approval. "Behind a gun the smartest woman looks ineffective, and if you wipe her eye she loses her temper." There was a dimple in the cheek that was studiously turned away. "As for racin', which are the most popular events? Not Ascot or Goodwood—both of 'em ladies' days. In a boat on a loch I don't say a woman is at her worst. She can sometimes cast a fly, and though she makes a fuss about a man's gaffin' a fish, she'd do it herself, I believe, rather than lose him." A vision of a bride in a boat, with a background of moor and mountain, a Tam-o'-Shanter on her beautiful hair, and a greenheart salmon rod stoutly gripped in two little gloved hands, rose up before me. Perhaps He saw the picture, too, for he stopped abruptly. Then She looked round.

"You remember that summer in Norway—five years ago—when we were on our honeymoon?"

She uttered this palpable invention with so calm an air that the Nice-looking Couple regarded her with frank admiration, and the stony Spinster, as we happened to be entering a tunnel, clutched a religious emblem she wore upon her snaky watchguard and held it in a death grip until we were fairly out again.

"Ahem, yes!" agreed He. "When we were on our honeymoon."

"We were trolling," pursued She, "for sea trout with the artificial minnow in the Eskdaal Fjord"—was ever so palpable a bait cast before any trout as this figment of a honeymoon five summers old offered to us?—"and the canoes leaked"—Her eyes were full of mischief—"and I had brought a sponge, and you had not. Did you consider me, as a woman, not exactly at my worst when I lent you mine to bale with?"

"I looked upon you in the light of a Guardian Angel," replied He of the lovely tweeds and the exquisite boots.

She pretended to sigh.

"The glamour of the honeymoon—if there is any glamour about a honeymoon—had not yet worn off."

"The Guardian Angel had not unmasked to appear," said He, "in the light of a tormenting"——

"Fiend?" She suggested.

"Sprite," amended He.

We pretended not to be listening, though every ear, in defiance of good manners, was carefully pricked. He fell into the trap, saying in an undertone:

"Wonder how they're getting over the day, don't you?"

A tear bleamed on her eyelashes. "Yes; particularly mother."

A man feels affection for his mother-in-law once, and once only, after he becomes her son-in-law.

"Dear mother!" said He.

"She looked so—" She gulped, "so nice just as she said goodby.

"Particularly nice—at that moment," said He.

"Ella and Haldee and the others were so enchanted with the . . . you know?"

His eye said: "Lockets." His lips said: "Umbrellas!"

"With the—umbrellas—of course," She dimpled.

"Did I get into an awful hat when I got up to—you know?" His tone was cautious.

"To speak your piece? . . . No. I thought you got over it wonderfully well. Everybody said so," said she.

He had caught the glassy eye of the Spinster Lady. He frowned and bit his lip. "These things have to be done," he said, "and nobody ever does them decently. You remember, seven years ago"—the Spinster started violently—"when we were married, what a fearful mess I made of returning thanks?"

"But you weren't as bad as Billy Bennet," said she, "who could only say grace—'For what we have this day received, may,' etc., etc."

"Or the time honored other man who hoped to meet everybody again on many identical occasions," said he.

"Perhaps he was a Mormon," she suggested, "in which case the invitation would not have been out of place." She looked at her watch, an exquisite thing with a diamond "S" upon the back. He bent over and looked too.

"Eighteen minutes more before we get to Clinkborn Junction, where we change into a decent going train." He sighed and his eye brightened. "I tipped the guard a sovereign to reser"——

"S-sh!" she interposed, reddening and paling. "Isn't that lovely?" She pointed at random to a huge array of signs adorning a bleak field and setting forth the destrability of purchasing Sudson's Soap and Carter's Little Kiddie Pills in letters six feet long. "You remember—when we started on our wedding trip—ten years ago?"——

"Ten years ago! By Jove!" said he, as the Spinster Lady closed her eyes in horror. "It might be this morning." We all internally agreed with him. "How time does fly!" he said, hypocritically; "most extraordinary!" and stooped over to look at that silly little watch again and their hands got mixed. There was an incandescent, volcanic silence, and then I heard him whisper, hungrily, "Take off your glove!"

"Oh!" She hesitated and glanced at us. We were cold, unobservant images—the counterfeit presentments of a Nice-looking Couple, a Spinster Lady and Me—modelled, for choice, in Portland cement. He said again, "Take off your glove!" in the voice of a master, and She obeyed in haste. Off came the glove, and with it a circle of shining dewdrops and a ring of new, red gold, and, as they leaped into the air and tinkled on the floor of the railway compartment, both, with a simultaneous impulse of recovery, stooped—and, lo! a torrent of rice! A three cornered hat of the new shape will comfortably accommodate half a pint, the brim of a billycock nearly a tablespoonful. The symbolical grains hopped and skipped upon the carpet; the detected bride and the unmasked bridegroom blushed, thrice confounded. Then we laughed consumedly, each and all of us. Even the severe Spinster was compelled to giggle. Under these mirthful conditions we arrived at Clinkhorn Junction.

"You did it remarkably well," said the male half of the Nice-looking Couple; "but when it came out that you had been married for five years"——

"Seven," said I.

"Ten," suggested the Spinster.

"For twenty-two years," amended the Nice-looking Gentleman, "my wife and I, who have been married for precisely that length of time, thought your manner toward each other—pardon me!—a little too distant to be quite natural."

We laughed and waved as they left us and got into their reserved carriage. The complete account of their marriage I read in "The Daily Wire" of the following morning. Sybil was her name. That is why He loves his love with an "S."—(The Sketch.

Housewives' Exchange.

NEW PRIZE CONTEST.

At the great opening service at Mount St. Albans, Washington, D. C., on September 25, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, after deprecating the Continental Sabbath, spoke of the sanctity of the marriage vow and the home.

In this connection, to quote a Washington paper, he declared "that the modern flat, the apartment house, and the great hotel life of the nation was a menace to the Christian home. He also thought that the fever for constant travel from city to city and the habit of being always on the go was a detriment to the permanence and sanctity of the Christian home."

Does not this quotation suggest a line of thought suitable for discussion in the Exchange?

ELIZABETH.

T-st., Washington, D. C.

To the correspondent contributing the best article on the line of thought suggested by "Elizabeth," the Housewives' Exchange will give a prize of $5. Although the Exchange reserves to itself the right to publish (without compensation) all articles entered in this contest, it will award the prize to but one. In sending in their views contributors are asked to address their letters to the Housewives' Exchange, New-York Tribune, New-York City. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only, must be accompanied with full name and address (if entered for competition) and must be received on or before October 15.

AWARD OF PRIZE.

The Housewives' Exchange takes pleasure in awarding the prize of $5 for the best article on the "Martyrdom of a Daughter" to Mrs. W. O. Robb, of No. 418 Beech-st., Richmond Hill, Long Island. Mrs. Robb's article appeared on September 22 under the caption, "What Is Virtue?" and was signed "A Daughter and Mother."

CLEANING FUR RUGS.

I have two rugs made from the skins of South African sheep and one of the pelt of a Manx sheep. From constant use they are all three much soiled. How can I treat them at home so that they will become white again? M. E. W.
The Bronx.

GREEN FOOD FOR A CAT.

If the people who are troubled with their cats eating their house plants will give pusey some catnip every now and then it may prevent the spoliation of their plants. It did mine. Cats want catnip about once a week in winter, and in summer, too, if they can find it growing, or a substitute in green food. MERCY SHERLOCK.
Baldwin, Long Island.

NO SYMPATHY FOR MARY.

In regard to the sacrifice of children, there is surely no need for one to pass a sleepless night. After years—five years of observation and experience—I conclude that cases where daughters have given up lovers are so rare that the record of a century could be counted on one hand. The son's letter was an example to daughters. If he is left single I shall be more than surprised, for such a man would be sought by myriads of girls. Mary has no sympathy from me for considering herself a martyr. And her so-called lover, I can fancy her lucky to get rid of him. Any real man would admire her more for caring for her mother and be happy in sharing her cares. The letter from The Bronx surely betrays a hard nature; these words from it "to give up a happy, married life for an old woman, who might live years," is surely brutal. If she is alone in her old age, I do not envy her memories. The letter from B. L. B., Saranac Lake, is a delightful contrast to The Bronx idea.
A LIFETIME READER AND ADMIRER OF THE TRIBUNE.
Long Island.

"ONLY THE MASTER SHALL BLAME."

It is with a great deal of interest that I have watched the discussion of Mary's problem, for my experience has been that many daughters are brought face to face with the same problem.

In one of his shorter poems, entitled "Bifurcation," Robert Browning has raised the same question which has been discussed during the last month in The Tribune. The speaker in the poem is the lover who has been sacrificed to the duty which his loved one feels that she owes to another who is ill, and evidently dependent upon her companionship. The lover in his sorrow asks that at death his tomb be placed by hers, that her inscription shall tell how, though she loved him, "her reason bade prefer duty to love" with faith all the while that "heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey did," and that his inscription shall inform the public how he had loved her, and how their journey through life might have been through a land where the rose and lily-blow had she not preferred duty to love and left him stumbling in a vain attempt to "tread in that high sphere where duty from love ne'er departs." With their stories thus told, the task of judging which was saint and which was sinner is left to some passing sage.

I believe, though it may be simply because I do not belong to the class of sages, that, so long as human nature is fallible, one-half of mankind will consider that the girl in Browning's poem and Mary in real life did well, while the other half will think their choice wholly wrong. In both instances there was a plain conflict of duties, and in every such case the decision must depend largely on the personality of the one who must choose between courses. Browning did well to merely state the case and leave judgment to the individual. In Mary's case a daughter who is strongly influenced by the present and the personal will choose to stay with her mother and to do her nearest and clearest duty, while another with more of a masculine sense of the universal will look to the future and decide that it is right for her to take her destined place in the world as her lover's wife. Mary's question is one which every woman must decide for herself alone, while trying at the same time to appreciate the position of those who see the problem in a different light.

Personally, I feel that a mother has only herself to blame when in her later years she finds that her life will be left blank by the loss of a daughter who desires a career or a home of her own. A daughter is given but in trust to her mother, and when the mother in a devotion as short-sighted as it is noble, has shut herself off from all interests outside of her home, she has made a mistake the consequence of which she, and not her daughter, should bear. That there are many sacrifices which a generous daughter will willingly make to spare her mother the penalties of her mistaken devotion is true, but I do not feel that the supreme sacrifices of a career or a home of one's own should be among them. That two lives should be completed by marriage is of far more importance than that a mother's old age should be made comfortable, endurable even, by the companionship of her daughter. In having had her home and her children, the mother has enjoyed the greatest blessing life can give and more than that, in the circumstances of Mary's mother, she cannot ask with any claim, especially since asking more means denying to others life's greatest good.

Yet I can appreciate how the presence of a very real and near suffering might make it impossible for a girl in Mary's position to leave her mother, however clearly her reason and her love for another might tell her that she had a right to do so. Under the circumstances, she might not care to exercise her right, and, since some one had to suffer, to prefer to sacrifice herself and have only her own regrets to trouble her peace of mind, for she might feel that a mother's love gained for herself by proving untrue to the love she owed her own mother was something in the nature of travesty. And, besides, may it not be that without the unselfishness which led Mary to stay with her mother she would never have won the love of her good man?

Though I should act differently, I have all the patience in the world with Mary and Browning's woman, for they did right as they saw it, and I do not feel that living one's life is so much a question of the sphere in which one chooses to live as it is of how one lives after the choice is made. Only a very few people have genius so strongly marked that its call is imperative, and but few more have an insight into life which may be relied upon with confidence to choose aright, so that one's life may be ordered in harmony with any great design which may rule this world. Whether reason, duty or love determines our choice, and whether it is rightly or wrongly made, like Browning's woman we can only "wait the rest in that new world where light and darkness fuse," remembering meanwhile with Kipling that:

Only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as they are!

Meadville, Penn. A SYMPATHIZER.

INDORSES MRS. CARPENTER.

At the first board meeting of the National Society of New-England Women, which was held last week, the name of Mrs. Philip Carpenter was enthusiastically indorsed as president of the State Federation for the convention to be held November 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Mrs. Fitch James Swineburne and Mrs. George T. Stevens were nominated as delegates, and Mrs. Theodore F. Seward and Mrs. George Howes as alternates.

Mrs. M. F. Bickmore has resigned from the office of corresponding secretary on account of ill health, and Mrs. Thomas A. Fair has been nominated to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Alexander Cook is chairman of the press committee.

The officers of the National Society of New-England Women for 1904-'05 are: Mrs. Fitch James Swineburne, president; Mrs. George T. Stevens, first vice-president; Mrs. Theodore F. Seward, second vice-president; Mrs. Eugene Clark, recording secretary; Mrs. Thomas A. Fair, corresponding secretary.

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