FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

PARTY FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

—(The Ladies' Field.

PRIZES FOR TOY DOGS.

Many Owners Made Happy by Winning Trophies.

A couple of hundred tired little doggies were conveyed to their respective homes last night, and, if they could have spoken, would doubtless have expressed in no uncertain terms their joy at escaping from the confusion and noise and strange surroundings which have been their portion for the last two days, during which the second annual exhibition of the Toy Spaniel Club of America has been in progress at the Waldorf-Astoria. Exhibitions are probably rather trying things for dogs, and it is not surprising that one of the little aristocrats of the toy dog show should have been at home all day yesterday with hot water bottles at his little tootsies. This was Mrs. Howard Gould's beautiful black pug, which caught a severe cold on the first day, and therefore was unable to grace the latter half of the show with the light of his dusky countenance.

If anything could have consoled the little dogs, however, for the sacrifice of their domestic peace, the beautiful cups and other prizes bestowed upon them by the Toy Spaniel Club ought to have done so, and if everybody's pet did not get the recognition that its fond mistress believed to be its due, there was, nevertheless, a wide and, on the whole, a satisfactory distribution of honors.

The best dog in the whole show was declared to be Mrs. Reginald F. Mayhew's Foxhills Dandy, a beautiful Pomeranian.

Mrs. J. W. Henning's Black Fairy won three prizes—a cup, for being the best dog of his class in the show, a "winner's" prize and a special. Black Fairy is a beautiful little dog whose shining black coat and exquisitely manicured nails are a model to all canines.

Mrs. James P. Kernochan and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James L. Kernochan, were rivals in the contest for the prizes offered for the best of Griffons Bruxelloise, and Mrs. James L. Kernochan was the winner. This is the second time that the two women have been rivals and the second time that the elder has been defeated. Mrs. J. P. Kernochan won the silver, gold-lined cup offered by Mrs. Theodore Offerman, for the best Griffon in the show, and another prize for the best brace of Griffons. Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont won a loving cup and a cash prize with her pretty Griffon Monkey.

The president of the club, Thomas W. Lawson, won the prize offered for the largest exhibit, and Mrs. Howard Gould's cup for the best English toy spaniel in the show went to his Ashton Defender.

Mrs. T. E. Shreve secured Mr. Lawson's prize for the largest exhibit of American bred spaniels, and his challenge cup for the best toy spaniel bred by the exhibitor went to Samson, the property of Mrs. Menges.

Crossroads Shogun, the $2,000 Japanese spaniel belonging to Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, won first prize in its class, and Miss Ethel Landon secured the first in the puppy class.

Mrs. Harry Nelson Kellogg, whose litter of fine Japanese puppies in their beautiful bamboo kennel has been one of the sights of the show, won four prizes. One of her dainty little dogs secured a special, a silver cup for being the best lemon and white Japanese spaniel puppy in the show. One got a third, one a "reserve," which is considered quite an honor, and one was "very highly recommended."

The Japanese spaniels awakened more general interest than any other dogs in the show, and the crowd was three deep around the ring while they were being judged.

"Aren't they darling little things?" asked one woman.

"Just look at their blessed little faces!" murmured another.

"And aren't they good!" exclaimed a third.

Other and less pleasant remarks were also heard at the ring.

"Don't put your dogs in there," some one said, as some other dogs were being exercised. "Those animals have the mange and fleas. Just look at the bootees on their poor little legs. That is so that they wont spoil their pretty coats by scratching."

As the Toy Spaniel Club is trying to encourage the breeding of dogs, many prizes were offered for American bred dogs and dogs bred by the exhibitors. The first prize for the best American bred Prince Charles spaniel in the show was won by Mrs. H. K. Raymond-Mullock's Ashton Butterfly. The best American bred Blenheim was declared to be Mrs. Shreve's Cupid S. H., considered to be one of the best dogs in the show. Cupid's prize was Mrs. E. W. Clark's challenge bowl. Mrs. H. Lee Anstey had the best American bred black and tan English toy spaniel, a "magnificent dog," according to the experts.

Mrs. S. L. Goldenberg, the secretary of the club, won a first prize in the open class for Blenheim spaniels with Ashton Perfection, but she kept out some of her best dogs, as did other members of the club, in order not to discourage less experienced exhibitors.

An interesting little dog, though the winner of only a third prize, was Lord Steyne, the property of Miss Rosalie Stewart. Lord Steyne is probably one of the most carefully cared-for dogs in existence. His mistress has had him vaccinated, and his eyes are washed every morning with witch hazel.

"People complain about spaniels having weeping eyes," says Miss Stewart, "but they don't consider that a dog can't get a wash rag and wash its own eyes."

CHINESE WOMAN ON THE WAR.

Dr. Yamei Kin, who is the first Chinese woman to take a degree in medicine in America, will deliver the opening lecture for this season at the League for Political Education this morning at 11 o'clock at No. 23 West Forty-fourth-st., in the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre. Her subject will be "A Chinese Woman's View of the Present War in the East." Dr. Kin speaks English fluently. She will wear her native dress.

The classes of the league for this season are opening with a larger attendance than ever before. The full programme may be obtained on application.

TARTAR IS A TARTAR

Soft, spongy, sensitive gums result from tartar accumulation. It should be removed at once by your dentist and thereafter prevented by the use of

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

and its complement, SOZODONT Liquid. The Powder is slightly abrasive, is absolutely free from grit and acid, and is just the thing for those who have an inclination for the niceties of every-day life.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

GLEAN-INGS

Letters from American residents in Japan reveal a less glorious side of the present conflict with Russia than is ordinarily presented at the recent convention of the Congregational Woman's Board of Missions, held in Providence, R. I. Reports of the work in Japan wave a gloomy picture of life at the present time in the Flowery Kingdom. The common soldier, it appears, receives practically no pay. Consequently the family which he leaves behind is in desperate poverty. Japanese women have formed relief societies to care for such cases, and are doing magnificent work. But it is not only among the lower classes that distress exists. The government has discharged many of its employes, and where salaries are not reduced a good percentage has to be paid back to the government. Trade is dull, and every one is economizing, but no one complains.

Pastor Wagner's ideas have so impressed thoughtful persons in England that there is talk of forming a "League of Simple Life," whose purpose would be to bring into vogue a simpler standard of living. The idea was first advanced two or three years ago by a woman's "society" and fashion magazine, and has recently been brought forward again by one of the London dailies. This latter sheet goes on to say that if such a league could be formed it should fulfil its functions as unostentatiously as its title suggests—badges and lectures and that sort of thing would do more harm than good. This exactly tallies with the views of the aforesaid "society" magazine, which declares that what is wanted is "no elaborate display of simplicity"—a phrase which in its felicity reminds one of that "conspicuous solitude" to which Mr. Howells accuses Lord Byron of being addicted.

One of the by-products of the enforced departure from France of so many religieuses has been to reduce the available supply of nurses. It does not appear that these Sisters were what in this country would be known as trained nurses, or that they would rank in any professional sense with the graduates of such training schools as, say, the New-York Hospital, Roosevelt, St. Luke's or the Presbyterian hospitals. But they were the best to be had, and their loss has been severely felt. A group of French physicians who have been in London studying up the London hospitals and their medical and surgical methods have been much impressed by the high standard of the nursing staffs of these institutions. The fact that nursing had been elevated to a profession, and one of the most honorable and lucrative a woman can follow, and that it appeals with peculiar force to the self-supporting woman of refinement and gentle birth, seemed to strike them as a new thought. One of the visitors expressed the hope that France might attract the same type of women that England possesses in her trained nurses. "It is a grand vocation, this which so many of your women have chosen," he said. "Most of them are clever, many of them are beautiful, all have the air of ladies. I make you my compliments on them."

The young women of Kilkenny, Ireland, have been kind enough to give to "The Irish Packet" some ideas of the qualifications which they require in a husband. The first prize was awarded to Miss Pauline Vesey Griffith, who insisted that her lord and master should be as handsome as Apollo, with the courage of Michael Dwyer, the strength of Sandow, the subtlety of Macchiavelli, the patriotism of Emmet, the enthusiasm of a Loyola and the patience of Job. In addition to this portentous list of virtues, Miss Griffith further specified that the partner of her joys and sorrows should be able to eat anything set before him, that he should smile sweetly when he found his papers scattered over the floor and the baby blowing soap bubbles with his favorite meerschaum, find no fault when the wife of his bosom sharpened her pencils with his razor, and accept the situation with joy should she determine to bring her mother and four sisters to live with him. In conclusion, Miss Griffith mentioned that she had no very great hopes of ever finding this paragon. Most of the correspondents had decided opinions about the personal appearance of the future spouse, and one wanted to be ruled, but not with a rod of iron.

Under the leadership of its pastor, a converted Jew, a Methodist church in Wilkesbarre, Penn., has adopted a new way of paying off its mortgage. For a whole week the congregation abstained from meat, pastry, candies, fruits that were not home grown, and all delicacies, the money thus saved going to the church. Some of the women did their own washing, and gave from 50 cents to $1 each to the church as the fruits of their abstinence. Some of them walked and gave the car fare, and some of the men cut down on their cigars and tobacco. At this rate it ought not to take long to raise the mortgage, which is $1,500.

A box of American Beauties, with stems a yard long, was recently forwarded from New-York to Mrs. Arthur Paget, who was badly hurt in an elevator accident in her London home several months ago. The flowers, which had been kept in the steamship's immense refrigerators, were quite fresh on arrival. "The Gentlewoman," in commenting on the pretty attention, adds, "One wonders that more do not reach us, for American flowers are singularly lovely, and would be in great request here."

Tourists returning home from Germany are pronounced in their praise of the German railway stations, which in point of contrivances for the comfort of travellers go far ahead of anything in America.

"At any big station," an American girl was heard telling her father who, according to the good old American custom, had remained at home hard at work while his women folk were enjoying themselves, "at any big station there are bathrooms with hot and cold water day and night, so that you can take a bath immediately on leaving the train, and reach your destination rested and free from travel stain. If the journey has been a particularly long and dirty one, you can have your hair shampooed by a skilful hairdresser, who is prepared to follow up the cleansing process by waving, curling or frizzing your locks and then doing them up for you into the latest style of smart coiffure. All this is done, too, with commendable dispatch and one eye on the clock, so that you can catch your train, if you have one to catch, with absolute certainty, although there is not usually much of a margin to spare."

Poison in the Subway? Views of experts, etc., in to-morrow's Tribune.

COLLEGE WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

Meeting of Week Culminates in Dinner and Dance at Hotel Astor.

The thirtieth annual convention of the Gamma Phi Beta Society, which has been held in New-York City since last Tuesday, closed last night with a dinner and a dance at the Hotel Astor. The first gathering of the convention was at an informal reception given for the members at the home of Miss Edna Stitt, No. 156 West Ninety-third-st. The following morning a business session was held at Earl Hall, Columbia University, and that afternoon the Barnard sororities entertained the Gamma Phi Beta delegates. Thursday afternoon the entertainment took the character of a formal reception to students and faculty at Barnard Theatre.

Delegates were sent to the convention from the eleven active chapters at Syracuse University, Ann Arbor, University of Wisconsin, Boston University, Northwestern Reserve University, Woman's College of Baltimore, University of California, University of Colorado, Barnard University of Minnesota and University of Washington, and from the alumnæ chapters in Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, New-York, San Francisco and Syracuse.

Among the guests was Mrs. Frank Curtis, of Syracuse, one of the founders of the sorority. Mrs. Florence C. Savage, of Chelsea, Mass., was elected president of the executive board at the convention. Among those present at the banquet and dance last night were Mrs. W. E. Palmer, of Jersey City; Miss Florence Heermans, Miss Bertha Junkins, Miss Emma Lowd, Mrs. Frank Curtis, Mrs. Wadleigh, Mrs. Bannard, Mrs. Edmund Lee Thorndike, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Prosch, of Seattle; Mrs. Hendrix, Mrs. Mitchell, of Denver; Mrs. Dean, of Boston; Mrs. Ross, of Boston; Miss Putnam, of Boston; Miss Inglis, of Minneapolis; Miss Morse, of Ann Arbor; Miss Bray, Miss Stott, of Madison; Mrs. Slawson, of New-York; Miss Flanders, Miss Grier, of Boston; Miss Rotherwell, Miss Stansbury and Miss Waterhouse, of California; Miss Richards, of Baltimore; Miss Gordon, Miss King, of Syracuse; Miss Ostrander, of Syracuse; Miss Sadie Holt, of New-York; Miss Louise Kimball, of New-York; Mrs. T. H. Dinsmore, Mrs. Porter, of Syracuse; Miss Cook, of Syracuse; Miss Ross, of Milwaukee; Miss Mary Colt, Miss Olive Dutcher, Mrs. E. J. Palmer, of New-York; Miss Louise Warr, Mrs. H. I. Dawson, Mrs. Harry U. Marvin, Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Frederick, Miss Imogene Day, Miss Edna Stitt, Miss Grace Conover, Miss Hazel Plate, Miss Anna Ray, Miss Lulu Carpenter, Miss M. U. Wright, Miss Jeannette Seibert, Miss Una Winterburn, Miss Gladys Plate, Miss Eva Winterburn, Miss Dawson and Miss Porter.

WORK FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Entertainment Given by Woman's Army and Navy League.

[FROM THE TRIBUNE BUREAU.]

Washington, Nov. 11.—The Woman's Army and Navy League gave its annual entertainment this afternoon at Fort Myer for the benefit of enlisted soldiers, sailors and marines. The officers of the league represent the prominent women of army and navy circles, and the list of patronesses includes nearly every name of importance in official and resident society. Mrs. George M. Sternberg, president of the league, received the large number of visitors, assisted by other officers, and among the hostesses in the tea room were Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Dewey and Mrs. Chaffee. Miss Ethel Roosevelt, a daughter of the President, with her friend, Miss Edith Taft, daughter of the Secretary of War, as well as a score or more of other young people, sold flowers, bonbons and other trifling dainties. The young girls who assisted in various ways were Miss Enid Shaw, Miss Morton, Miss Chaffee and the Misses Oliver, of Albany, daughters of the Assistant Secretary of War. Mrs. Lambert, who was in charge of the refreshment table, had as aids Mrs. Schley, Mrs. Sampson and other wives and widows of officers of the army and navy. Mrs. Chester M. Colby, wife of Rear Admiral Colby, did wonderful things with a golden goose, and Mrs. Atwater conducted a vaudeville show, at which the performers were among the leading amateurs of Washington.

The special feature of the entertainment was a cavalry drill, which furnished thrilling excitement to the spectators, and included daring hurdle leaps, wonderful bareback riding and a wild charge that came to a halt in full gallop. Fort Myer now shelters two regiments of cavalry, the Fifteenth, soon to be transferred, and the Seventh, but recently arrived. There is hot rivalry between these regiments as to which boasts the more fearless riders, and their contest this afternoon resulted in a splendid showing of skill.

"THE IDEAL MOTHER."

A Book Containing Meditations of B. Gwernydd Newton.

"The Ideal Mother: Meditations on the Character and Crown of the Godfearing Mother," by B. Gwernydd Newton (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New-York and London), is one long exaltation of motherhood. According to the preface, "The purpose of this book is to reproduce a picture which is cherished in every heart, and to say to all what the Master said to the beloved disciple, 'Behold thy mother!'

"The first part is a monologue of the orphaned heart, breathing sweet memories—the balm and solace of the bereaved spirit—as they oft come, in broken reflections.

"The second part is designed to portray the ideal mother's service, sacrifice and sovereignty through the study of representative examples.

"The book, as a whole, endeavors to trace the development of the ideal mother, from grace to grace, and glory to glory, in the hope of awakening thereby a desire in the reader's heart to cultivate and to cherish the gentler virtues of which the devout mother is the divinest expression on earth."

Quoting at random, one comes upon the following, in the chapter, "Sweet Meditation":

> God is as present in the meadow as in the heavens. He cares as tenderly for every blade of grass as for the flowers that grow within the gates of Paradise. In the meadow nothing is done through vainglory—the blade of grass knoweth its place and envieth not the bird or the buttercup. There is as much divinity in the dewdrop as in the ocean, and the love of God is seen in the green grass as well as in the smile of the sun. The voice of God is heard everywhere, everything proclaims His presence. If He cares for the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, will He not provide for His own? The voice of God alone is echoed in the music of the meadow. It proclaims that God is in His world, and that He is ever good.

From "The Fragrant Life":

> As lightning, with its silvery shaft, cleaves the cloud and reveals its hidden treasures until the pent-up blessing falls in refreshing rain on the waiting earth, so sympathy cleaves the cloud of sorrow until the very tempest is transfigured and the heart of the darkest cloud is seen to contain the richest blessing. The lightning did not create the rain, it only forced the retiring and unambitious cloud to fulfil its mission and to share the blessing hidden in its heart. Sympathy unveils the hidden treasures of sorrow, and thus enables the bereft to attain the blessing.

TRIBUNE Sunshine Society

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

THE WANDERER.

At drowsy dawn I left the gate—so very long ago,
Whether that home be memory or dream, I hardly know.

The cloud hung visions of the morn were far more real then
Than now are thronging city streets and cries of eager men.

The hours ere yet the sun was high were like eternities,
But now how swift the shadows run, how near the darkness is!

Ah, well! 'Tis aye the happiest day comes swift to evensong;
With merrier comrades never yet did pilgrim pass along.

The paths that widest seem to part, still winding, turn and meet;
Perchance they do but homeward lead again our wandering feet.

Familiar faces vanish, but the voices vibrate still,
And nothing now seems far away, at the ending of the hill.

To one warm hand alone I cling, as fast the night grows late.
And crave that we may come at last together to the gate.
—(William Cranston Lawton, in The Century.

THANKSGIVING DINNERS.

Mrs. E. W. Lincoln has sent $10, and some unknown friend $5 for Thanksgiving dinners, and Mount Vernon $2, "to make some poor woman warmer and more contented on Thanksgiving Day."

STAMPS.

Mrs. Walton sends 26 cents and Mrs. Spencer 12 cents for postage.

CHILDREN'S MEMORIAL.

The "In Memoriam" branch of Brooklyn is reorganizing the Children's Memorial Branch of the T. S. S., which is a work beautiful in its conception and will be sunny and helpful in its practical results. The work heretofore done by members of this branch included only Episcopal children among its workers. Now it is to be entirely nonsectarian, as all Sunshine work is, and the Sunday schools of the churches of different denominations will be asked to have one or more classes in the schools associated with this memorial work, which is to carry cheer and sunshine to the hospital children in Brooklyn.

BEDROOM SLIPPERS.

Mrs. W. I. Wood, of Garrison, N. Y., who makes so many lovely slippers for Sunshine gifts, sends directions for making them in response to a request in this column:

Make a chain of from four to eight stitches, according to size of slippers required. Work in slipper stitch back and forth on both sides of chain for front of slipper until you have made it the required size. I usually have the soles and measure them, making the front deep enough to reach hollowed out part of insole. Then work back and forth on half of front till a strip has been crochetted, which, measured on insole, will meet the other half of front. This slipper will keep its shape perfectly. An open row for ribbon or elastic may be worked on upper edge of completed slipper, and finished with scallops. If these directions are not clear enough, I will send a small slipper completed as a guide. I use single Germantown wool. Widen at top of front by putting two stitches in centre stitch of every row.

REQUESTS.

Clothing for children and such comforts as outing flannel nightdresses for invalids, as well as comfortable wrappers, seem to be the most urgent of recent requests from members. Those who are not members cannot possibly expect to receive favors, and it is useless for people not connected with the T. S. S. to apply for assistance for others who are also not on the membership list. No organization would be large enough or rich enough to respond to all outside demands.

HELPFUL CHEER.

The monthly contribution of a Sunshine box from Mrs. Lincoln was received yesterday, and, like all her gifts to the T. S. S., the contents were of the most helpful kind. There were thirteen new flannel skirts of different lengths for children. They are made with waists, and even the buttonholes are worked with care. The box also contained outing flannel nightgowns and a skirt. The flannel skirts will be divided among the children who live in cold places, as they are so much warmer than those of flannelette. Two warm underskirts from another friend were placed in the box; also a contribution from Anna Readon, seven years old. Her gift consisted of a bag and needlebook made by herself, and in the bag she placed handkerchiefs and a game, as a gift for some "Little Mother"; and she also gave a muff and two hats.

Another box of especially fine sunshine came from "E." of Brooklyn. Every article was in perfect condition and beautifully laundered. Magazines were contributed by Mrs. Scheer, of Brooklyn. Mrs. Tyler, of Yonkers, has helped the office supply two wants by sending an excellent coat and waterproof for a girl. Some small sizes of women's shoes came without a name; also a parcel of shoes, wools, gloves, etc., and one of wools and unfinished work, both without names of senders, and a roll of pictures came from A. A. H., of Passaic, N. J.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

A pretty and sensible fashion of the coming winter will be the trimming of walking suits with fur. Ermine will be used as a lining and revers and cuffs will be bordered with mink or other short haired skins.

Light materials, such as voile crêpe and etamine, will be as popular as ever this season and are particularly well adapted to the modelling of the skirt composed of a couple of flounces, the upper one reaching above the knees.

Nature never evolved such dahlias, asters, orchids and roses as will adorn the millinery of the season. They are made of velvet, and are beautiful and varied enough to come close to Paradise and ostrich plumes in popularity.

The well dressed woman must always have a nice evening wrap—something of pale cloth, either the ever useful biscuit tone or something pale green or pale blue, or pink or cream color, and there is nothing like cream color for usefulness.

Doctor Rainsford and Deaconesses

In his introduction to the recently published year book of St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, comes out in frank favor of the marriage of deaconesses—a matter which has caused much discussion in the Episcopal Church of late. That women should not be admitted to the order of deaconesses until they are thirty; that it should be implicitly understood that they join for life, and that, though not bound by any vow of celibacy, it should be understood that they will not marry—this view, which seems to be gaining ground, he says, he regards as mistaken.

Dr. Rainsford says in this connection:

> I admit that much may be said for such a view of the deaconess order, but I contend that, should those holding such views gain complete control of the movement, in all likelihood it will fail to supply the needs of the Church. In opposition to this view let me briefly state mine. We admit deacons to the Church at twenty-two. I hold that at twenty-two or twenty-three a woman is at least as fitted to receive recognition in the Church's order as a man. If we postpone receiving her to thirty, we will get a class of women who, generally speaking, have tried one or two other means of life, and who go into the order as a sort of last resort. I contend that we need women to do the work that can only be done by trained women in our great cities in their first, fresh strength; that we say to those who are leaving college, You cannot come as a deaconess to work in the Episcopal Church until you are thirty, thus practically saying to the great majority of them, You cannot come at all. Can we afford to do without the fresh enthusiasm of early life? Can we afford to deny woman a place in our organized ministry who comes to us at least intellectually as capable as our deacons are and at least as mature in mind and purpose? I say we commit a grievous mistake if we do.
>
> What is the objection to admitting a woman at twenty-one, twenty-two or twenty-three? We are told she is likely to marry—likely to marry the clergy. Well, and if she does? The Church, in my judgment, will lose nothing either way. If a woman gives her first, fresh, strong, enthusiastic years—if there only be a few of them—she will do a good service, and if after that she marries she will do a good service. In a great number of cases, the clergy's marriages are failures—that we all know. The woman who has chosen this sort of work, and has proved her capacity successfully to engage in it, is not likely to make a failure when she stands by her husband as his wife. It is short-sighted policy to refuse women until they are thirty. It will check enthusiasm; it will cut us off from the women we want, and it commits the whole deaconess movement, if it be successful, to a narrower policy than it deserves. The women that feel called upon to pledge themselves to single life, in nine times out of ten, had better become Sisters. Sisters have done, and will do, a great work in the Church, but can we not see that there are thousands of women who in no way feel themselves called to forego their highest vocation—wifehood and motherhood—and yet believe themselves mightily called to give up their best years to the work in which the Church so sorely needs them?

The constant flux in population from downtown to the uptown residential quarters is altering all the old landmarks in the churches, as well as elsewhere. But Dr. Rainsford notes in connection with St. George's that, while his old parishioners are steadily moving away, "the plain people of a like class are not taking their places. They give up their tenement houses because they have risen to better things. Their social status has risen. As they move out Jews and Italians move in, and for neither can we do anything. The Italian ought to be reached, and can be reached, by the Roman Catholic Church. I would engage in no effort whatever to make him Protestant. He makes a very poor Protestant. The Jews, alas, when they leave their own churches, are atheists."

If the Jew and the Italian are outside the boundaries of Episcopal influence, the ordinary apartment house dweller seems to be equally so.

"I have to repeat what I said to you last year," says Dr. Rainsford, "that, practically, I find great difficulty in reaching the people who are living in apartment houses—I mean apartments from $35 to $100 a month. For instance, this spring I mailed six thousand letters to our neighbors, having, with great difficulty, secured an accurate mailing list. I know the majority of these reached their destination, or they would have been returned through the Dead Letter Office. Almost three thousand of these letters were sent to apartment houses. I did not receive thirty replies, whereas letters sent to tenement houses resulted in a large proportion of replies. Account for it as you may, the immediate result of the apartment on the religious life of those dwelling there seems unsatisfactory. The apartment dweller doesn't seem to have much sense of responsibility. Dwellings are readily given up. There is constant change. I have tried every way I know—I cannot reach the people in the apartment houses."

The Cure of a Cynic.

BY HERBERT A. MORRAH.

Avice Windlesham's appearance in Sandwith gave rise to a number of questionings. Mrs. Saxon, her hostess, answered them all in that decisive tone which is one of her most delightful characteristics.

"Yes, she is the daughter of Horace Windlesham. Certainly he was the man who ran away with Lady Felicia Cloyne. It is quite true he is something of a scamp. It is also a fact that he broke many hearts as a young man. Luckily, the cement of sympathy mended most of the fractures. The girl is quite an heiress. Her home life has not been happy. The pair have quarrelled over her terribly. Six months with one and six months with the other—what a life! And all the time such jealousy, because, while he has run through his own and his wife's fortune, the child has her own from her grandmother, and consequently the father and mother are more or less dependent on their own child's good will. It is a frightful position for her, but it is much better that people should know all about it now that she is coming to stay with me. The object of her visit is that she shall have peace, and I mean to see that the object is not defeated."

Naturally enough, Mrs. Saxon's words went far and wide and created a mild sensation.

Sandwith turned up the record of Horace Windlesham and talked it over.

Then came a careful scrutiny of his daughter.

A goodlooking girl; no question about that. Perhaps a trifle too tall? Nonsense; the Cloynes were always tall. People who knew Cloynham would remember a picture of her Elizabethan counterpart. The discussion became chilly at this point; everybody did not know Cloynham.

So Avice settled down at Mrs. Saxon's. She puzzled her hostess considerably.

"It is your outlook on the world," the latter explained. "I suppose Sandwith people either amuse you enormously or bore you to extinction. In my youth people were not so hard"——

"Hard to please?"

"No, dear; I didn't mean that. On the whole, I think you put up with my inflictions wonderfully well. It is your after-thoughts which are so perplexing to my mind—your considered judgments, as it were; they are so sweeping in their condemnation."

"Well, I try to look facts fairly in the face."

"And you see?"

"Recurrent failures. Repeated cycles of meaningless effort."

"There you go."

"I speak as I think."

"At twenty-three?"

"I have had plenty of time for reading."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Saxon, with the smile of a wise woman, "there are things you have yet to learn which are not in the books. And I had hoped"——

"You are thinking of marriage?"

"How your wits jump!"

"I have seen so much of it."

Mrs. Saxon was wringing her hands.

"But these things go in alternations!" she cried. "It is a well known law. At any rate, every individual is a fresh start. If everything had been amiss to date, you might make, or be, the germ of happiness."

"I think," said Avice, amiably, "you have hit on rather a pleasantly original idea. I wish I could live up to it."

"Haven't I introduced you to some very nice people? Aren't some of the men round here just what a healthful and practical mind would find it decidedly interesting to subdue?"

"I am not bent on conquests."

"Heaven help me to choose my words better! You are so critical. Luckily, I can leave it to you to refine my meaning. But it is all very disappointing."

"Then I seem ungrateful?"

"Please, Avice, please do not begin to blame yourself."

"I am full of imperfections, but I am not ungrateful."

"You embolden me to say what is on the tip of my tongue. Mr. Grayfield has already shown you some attention. His place, Frantifoy Hall, is quite adorable. There are peacocks"——

"I am fond of fine feathers, Mrs. Saxon, but I could not marry Mr. Grayfield even if he kept ostriches."

"And that beautiful, deep lake"——, murmured the other lady, tearfully.

"Would only serve for a drowning place if my husband's soul were shallow! You forget I should have to live with him."

"Well," expostulated Mrs. Saxon, undaunted by rebuffs, "you cannot speak so slightingly of Mr. Follicle-Burdenstone. His estate may be incumbered, but, at any rate, he is a clever man who is certain to go far."

"He thinks I have money," said Avice, coldly.

"And haven't you?"

"Possibly. But the idea of being marketable nauseates me. I would rather marry Sir Alexander Smellie."

"This is new to me."

"It is an old story."

"Then there is some one to whom you are not entirely indifferent?"

"These things sometimes have to be. There would, at any rate, be plenty to do in the Smellie establishment, for Sir Alec has a large family. If I did no worse, I suppose I ought to be grateful, seeing how disordered is the world."

"There is something behind all this," thought Mrs. Saxon to herself.

And then she was seized with an idea.

This resolute cynicism, this disgust with life, could surely be only a pose. If Avice could be persuaded to see the folly of it by observing the same affectation in another, would there not be a chance of a cure?

It so happened that Sandwith boasted a misanthrope of the first water.

Mrs. Saxon resolved that Avice Windlesham and Selwyn Moore should meet. So she asked the young lawyer to her next dinner party.

When he and Avice met, it was like the contact of fire and magnesium, a sudden flash in which much was revealed and something heard; then blankness and silence.

Avice was certainly struck by something in the man's spirit which responded to her own on the instant, though she had never seen him before.

He had youth, and yet he had maturity. The lines in his long, clean shaven face indicated sternly masculine intelligence. Avice could not help scrutinizing him favorably. In some ways it is not altogether a disadvantage to possess the cynic's face. Ability is generally written there, and power; there is penetration in the eyes which illumine it; there is passion even in the texture in the skin.

Avice was attracted, fascinated almost, and then quietly she set herself to resist all foolish impetuosity; to remember that cruelty, for instance, may have its abiding place in the most sensitive brain—that craft, which is a vice, some minds bring to such a pitch that their vanity will transform it into a virtue.

So she resolved to regard him with caution, with suspicion.

As the dinner progressed, they exchanged views in the usual manner, without the faintest idea of meaning what they said. Avice, in fact, began by merely tossing him a word now and then out of politeness, reserving her fuller confidences for the old colonel on her left, who had known her father thirty years before and was familiar with a side of his character to which she herself was a stranger, while Moore showed himself peculiarly attentive to the spectral spinster on his right, who sat in grimmest stiffness and drank in with evident appreciation his acid comments on the more sinister aspects of the feast.

At last he chose to drop a few words full of real meaning into Avice's ear.

"You are unlike these people."

"It is an impeachment one cannot resent. I might return the compliment, but, of course, you detest compliments."

"I hope," he said, "we are both of us above the ordinary human weaknesses."

And he frowned.

"Isnt it odd," she asked, "that people should try to enjoy themselves in a crowd, when they know that the more they see of their kind the more they must detest them?"

"You might have lived in Sandwith all your life."

"As for that, I don't think this place touches the summit of distastefulness."

"You are not a man."

"Does that really make any difference?"

"A man wants scope."

"Doesn't a woman?"

"We all want what we cannot get. It is only fools who talk of making the best of things."

They agreed in the end that the world was worthy, on the whole, rather of pity than of scorn.

After dinner Avice sang.

"Why do you sing such sad songs?" Moore asked.

"It seems a concession to sentiment."

"I do it," she said, with an intonation of sincerity, "out of consideration for those who would grow more unhappy still if they heard the music of joy."

. . . .

Mrs. Saxon failed to extract any pleasure from the introduction she had thus effected.

But the first meeting led to others. Moore, for all his gloom, was an acceptable person in Sandwith. And Avice knew her duty, at least, to her hostess, and never attempted to shirk an engagement. Indeed, she welcomed the daily round, which took her thoughts from an irksome correspondence.

For there were letters from her father, and letters from her mother, and it would be hard to say which of the two gave her a greater anxiety.

Things were, in fact, approaching a crisis.

Lady Felicia had long kept up a considerable town establishment. This was now done entirely on Avice's money. And Lady Felicia wanted more. What she liked was to control men, women, children and things. Avice was now a woman, but her mother held it a grievance that the law did not keep her a child. As for dominion over men, herein lay some explanation of the failure of her own romance. Still, it had to be remembered that Horace Windlesham had given her cause to complain. The rose leaves were crumpled almost from the first.

Though Avice might not care to admit it, she was fond of them both. And now, when they were both bombarding her for further concessions, when she saw that they were at her mercy quite as much as she was at theirs—when one talked of a handy revolver, the other of a possible overdose of chloral—her bewilderment grew, and, out of that, her bitterness.

She felt miserable. Would that she knew some one who could help her!

Mrs. Saxon was distraught and disappointed.

"My plan has failed," she said. "You have struck up something more than an ordinary acquaintance with Mr. Moore. Instead of crushing your morose tendencies, he has actually confirmed them. I begin to think you have seen too much of him."

"He interests me," Avice returned.

"What a concession!"

"He has always something suggesting congeniality of mind; he is not like Mr. Follicle-Burdenstone, for instance"——

"He is more admirable than Sir Alexander Smellie, perhaps?"

"I should not think of comparing him with a man who may some day be my husband."

Avice was flushing uncomfortably, and Mrs. Saxon quickly gave the conversation another turn.

"Of course, what you really like to think of in Mr. Moore is his professional ability. One always likes to know that a man excels at his work. In that connection, Sandwith, I assure you, is literally of one mind. We are proud of him. We think, in fact, that he is too good for Sandwith, that he would make his mark in London."

"You are speaking very helpfully, Mrs. Saxon. I had almost made up my mind to consult him about certain affairs of my own."

"Go to him! You can't do better. And, honestly, you relieve me. I was beginning to blame myself. . . . Of course, the thought was absurd . . . and it would never do. Forgive me. But, as a man of affairs, I would trust him with my life."

Avice began to smile, but, seeing Mrs. Saxon's startled expression, she turned the slight emotion into a sigh.

. . . .

So Avice sought the lawyer.

Somehow, his professional manner was very different from what she had expected.

He seemed to be on good terms with the world. Her own spirits rose.

"An awkward position," he said, as soon as he had heard her story. "Not hopeless, though. You can save yourself, if you have a mind to."

"I do not want to save myself."

"You owe them very little."

"They are my own people."

"I would not attack any one, of course. But strange ingratitude is sometimes begotten by generosity."

"I think it is a matter of duty. I do not want the money. It has never brought me happiness; it never will. It is that which has made me a bone of contention between them. I do not think I have an alternative, but if I have, I will not take it. Make the money over to them."

"Absolutely?"

"That is where I want your help."

"They ought not to have more than the life interest."

"I doubt"—— Avice began. "Anyhow, I leave it to you."

The lawyer was scrutinizing her very keenly.

"Have you," he asked, "have you thought of the future?"

"I may marry," she said, calmly.

"Ah!" he said, with bluntness.

"I have received an offer which—well, it is suitable."

"Perhaps I am also to be honored with instructions about settlements?"

She rebutted the sarcasm in his tone.

"I had that intention. But Sir Alexander Smellie will not expect that I should do anything."

"He is a very acute man of business," Moore observed.

"You know him?"

"I have had dealings with him."

"Your words sound critical."

"Perhaps I have my own views upon the marriage of convenience."

"Surely," she said, "you would never concede anything to the weakness of sentiment?"

"In society, no. But here we are talking business. In business, wholesome sentiment is everything. Here, a bond is a bond. Here, things are what they seem. Soundness and truth are the light I work by. You understand?"

"Then I am glad you will do what I ask," she said.

"Give me a week," was his answer. . . .

At the end of a week Sir Alexander Smellie walked into the Sandwith lawyer's office. He came by appointment. Avice was expected half an hour later.

This made it rather strange that in about twenty minutes' time Sir Alec might have been seen descending the office stairs, wearing an expression of certain vexation.

Avice arrived.

"Is Sir Alec here?" was her first question.

"He has gone," Moore said.

Avice thought he looked even graver than usual.

"You have seen my people?"

"All is settled. I have exercised the discretion you gave me. They are now in full possession of your fortune. They are satisfied. I prophesy their reunion."

"You made no conditions?"

"When it came to the point, I could not. All I could do was to try and impress upon them the greatness of your sacrifice."

"It is nothing."

"It is a great thing."

"I am safe enough."

"People have varying views about safety."

"But Sir Alexander?"

"A gentleman of the highest probity, of course. I did as you wished. I explained the facts. And then he went."

"Yes?" Avice was breathless.

"He was very sorry, of course, that all he has is settled upon the children of his first marriage. He was surprised at your action, and feared that the climate of the Highlands might not suit you."

Her eyes were filling with tears.

"I did not know you loved Sir Alexander," he said.

"You know it is not that! But to be thrown aside—just a discarded rag!"

"And I have made you penniless."

"That does not count with me!"

"What if I told you I had acted not as a lawyer, but as a man?"

"You bewilder me!"

He had risen. He was looking down upon her. She saw him smile for the first time.

"Don't you see? You gave me a free hand. Wasn't it enough temptation? If, when I met you, I was out of love with life, could not your spontaneous generosity, your goodness to others, work the miracle of a change? Your cynicism was so artificial; what you were prepared to do showed that. I carried out your wishes, and so corrected my own. Not that it was ever a genuine thing. I love the world. I want to shine in it. I want to make my own way in it. Could I come to you as easily if you still possessed that fortune? Come, I have made a beginning. Beyond Sandwith there is scope for us both. Well, what is to be?"

"Let's go and tell Mrs. Saxon," she said.—(The Sketch.

RECEPTION TO MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

German was in the air yesterday afternoon at the Woman's University Club, No. 10 Gramercy Park. It was scrupulously correct German, too, in most cases, polished with care for the occasion, which was a reception to Mme. Schumann-Heink. For over an hour she stood in the club parlor with Miss Maida Castelhun, president of the organization, shaking hands and chatting a bit with hundreds of women from Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other colleges and universities.

"How do I say in German, 'I enjoyed your new play immensely'?" asked a guest of her college friend as they neared Mme. Schumann-Heink, while "Listen, is this right?" came from further down the line, and the speaker launched forth into a sentence of involved German construction.

The singer-guest seemed to enjoy it all thoroughly, and she had a gracious smile for every one introduced. The guests stayed on and on, until the two large parlors and the dining room were filled to overflowing, hoping that Mme. Schumann-Heink would sing, but she left shortly before 6 o'clock without singing.

The entertainment committee for the reception included Miss Jean Palmer, Vassar; Mrs. William Brown, Vassar; Miss Carolyn Shipman, Smith; Miss Theodora Elwell, Radcliffe; Mrs. Frederick Trevor Hill, Smith, and Mrs. George Trask, Vassar. Miss Edith Gilman, of Radcliffe, served tea.

Among those present were Mrs. Frederick Woodbridge, Miss Adele Marie Shaw, Miss Helen Leah Reed, of Boston; Mrs. Vladimir Simkowitch, one of the vice-presidents of the Woman's University Club; Miss Elsa Meier, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch.

STILL GAINING.

August,	1904,	53%
September,	"	59%
October,	"	62%

The above figures represent the gain in net sales made by the Daily and Sunday

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