NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

POOR MOTHERS' NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

Given yesterday by The Tribune Sunshine Society at the Methodist church, East One-hundred-an d-ninth-st., near Madison-ave.

SUNSHINE DINNER.

New Year's Treat for Mothers' Circle of the T. S. S.

The Golden Rule learn well by heart
To guide thee on life's way;
And from its precepts ne'er depart,
Nor from its truths e'er stray.
—(Eliza Lawrence Jones.

This was the verse which, printed in Old English on a white card, accompanied by New Year wishes of Mrs. P. F. Frost, the president, was handed to every Mother (with a capital M) as she entered the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Saviour, East One-hundred-and-ninth-st., yesterday afternoon for the New Year's dinner.

Not that the mothers who make up the Mothers' Sunshine Circle of the T. S. S. need any reminder of the Golden Rule. They remember it at least once a week when they meet to sew for the poor and needy, and it was just because they remember it so well that the officers and friends of the circle gave a complimentary New Year's dinner yesterday for them and their husbands.

Anybody who happened into the big parlor of the church about 4 o'clock would have seen a row of women sitting down one side of the room and a row of men sitting down the other side, facing them. Dividing the temporarily separated couples stretched a long table set out with a tall vase of palest pink carnations and great dishes of brilliant fruit, and nestling among all this magnificence were dishes of cranberry jelly, white celery, olives, bonbons, sweet pickles, pickled pears and goodness only knows what. Every once in a while the small dishes were punctuated by a dish of cold ham or a gravy boat.

Overhead were graceful festoons of sunshine yellow crêpe paper, coming from the four quarters of the room and meeting overhead in a sunshiny New Year's bell. Miss Genevieve Frost was responsible for the charming decorations.

At 4:15 o'clock Mrs. Frost clapped her hands as a signal to begin. The husbands of the Mothers started for the other side, and with unerring precision picked out the womenfolk who belonged to them. It was like the beginning of the cotillon. While every one stood back of his chair the Doxology was sung, then the Rev. Dr. James S. Stone, the pastor, invoked the divine blessing, and after that all the chairs were pulled out, with a prodigious scraping, and the dinner began.

It was a lovely dinner, too. The turkey could not have been juicier, nor the mashed potatoes more like snowdrifts, nor the stuffing more aromatic with sage and thyme. And there was real cream for the coffee, and ice cream and homemade cake to top off with. Miss Clara Kraus, Miss Elizbeth Korn, Miss Genevieve Frost and Miss Charlotte Weimer, the young girls who waited on the big table and its ninety guests, had to work hard.

The youngest member of the circle, James Wheedon, who has been only three months in this vale of tears, was present, of course. "Jimmie" is a great social success among the Mothers. Yesterday he was in great request. Every Mother wanted to hold him, so he was handed about like a bouquet of flowers or a sweet little poem. To the Mothers he was better than either. When it came time to be photographed "Jimmie" was photographed along with the rest. A room had been set aside for the accommodation of the children whose parents could not come without them. Here "Jimmie" held court, surrounded by his eight fond brothers and sisters, at such times as he was not receiving the compliments of the season from the Mothers.

These members of the Mothers' Sunshine Circle have a fine way of doing their work. If they hear of a poor woman suddenly widowed they turn to and get her up some mourning. If they hear of some other mother who needs clothes for her baby they all go home and look over their own little baby duds and get together a pile of small clothes for the woman who hasn't any. This is their idea of sunshine. Sometimes it is one kind of sunshine, sometimes another.

About the time the ice cream was beginning to look as if a January thaw had struck it, Mrs. Frost made her little speech of welcome, at the same time thanking the Mothers for their help through the last year. The Rev. Mr. Stone also spoke, and there was singing by all and much pleasant chat before the gathering dispersed. Mrs. F. S. Allen is secretary of the circle, and Deaconess Mary F. Grant treasurer. The Mothers—there are about thirty of them in the circle—are going to take as their motto for the new year the little sunshiny "Golden Rule" stanza, which was written as a special greeting to them by Mrs. Jones, of Syracuse, mother of Miss Virginia L. Jones, the president of the Syracuse T. S. S. branch.

GLEANINGS

Her street gown is the one in which a woman is oftenest seen by her neighbors, and on which her sartorial reputation depends, says the modern Priscilla. It is this that she dons for shopping and travel tours, for morning calling, church and all practical purposes. Bearing the brunt of wear for one—and perhaps several—seasons, it cannot be too carefully considered.

Pointed fingers are said to indicate a love of luxury, combined in many cases with a tendency to idleness. Here may be seen the influence of heredity. Ancestors of the past in easy circumstances had no need to work. They had hard places smoothed for them, and servants did the laborious tasks. So their skin remained fine and their muscles unstretched, and their finger tips in fair shape. They bequeathed the sign of ease, rest, affluence, to their posterity. Tramps of the genus "Weary Willie" often have this sign of pointed fingers. Money did not descend with the luxurious instinct. Workers bequeathed square, flat tips to posterity, and, with them, stores of energy. Square fingers on a well proportioned hand show much ability to reason and to plan, and to carry out plans. The owner of the pointed fingers may reason equally well, but is likely to lack executive ability.

The picture postal card craze affords a good idea for church bazaars. If there is an artist in the congregation who can decorate a lot of cards with drawings of the church or city, or with any appropriate design or motto, they will readily sell at from five cents upward, according to the amount of work expended on them.

It is a popular fallacy that the first love is the true one, unique in its excellence, says an exchange. As well say that the first picture of a painter is the best of all he will paint in the course of his life; that the first speech, the first book, the first statue, the first composition will be the best of the statesman, novelist, sculptor or musician, as the case may be. First works have all the imperfections of uncertainty, of inexperience and ignorance. And it is rather by chance than by anything inherent in the nature of Cupid's ways that the first love turns out to be the great one.

The masculine equivalent of the word needlewoman is probably not found in any grammar or dictionary. Yet the use of the needle by men is not at all uncommon. Sewing is a masculine occupation in India, and without going so far afield "needlemen" may easily be found. In Europe the art of needlecraft has some illustrious male devotees. The Grand Duke of Hesse, according to "The Boston Transcript," is devoted to embroidery, and among the treasured possessions of Queen Alexandra is a magnificent shawl crocheted by the Crown Prince of Denmark. J. Cathcart Wason, the representative of Orkney and Shetland Islands in the British House of Commons, knits his own stockings, and only the chaffing of fellow members has deterred him, it is said, from plying the knitting needles in the smoking room of the House of Commons. Gerald Balfour, nephew of the British Premier, is also fond of knitting, while Victor Bowring-Hanbury seeks mental relaxation in fine embroidery.

The Daughters of the American Revolution expect to hold their next Continental Congress, which is scheduled for April 19, 1905, in their new Memorial Continental Hall, in Washington. The building, which will be used as a national headquarters and museum for the collection of historical papers and relics, will not be complete by this time, but it is believed that it will be so far advanced as to permit of the occupancy of the auditorium. The hall is to be a white marble structure, and will cost $400,000, $180,000 of which has already been raised. The completion of this memorial to the men and women who aided the cause of American independence, not only on the battlefield, but at home, is regarded by the Daughters as the great work which they now have before them.

Mrs. K. Daly, who was for some time physician to the wife of the Ameer of Afghanistan, has recently returned to England. She says that the women of the royal household of Cabul, "instead of leading an idle life, scorn vain delights, and take great interest in knitting, embroidery and other feminine pursuits, and also work on sewing machines." She contradicts the popular fancy which pictures Eastern women in flowing, diaphanous robes, and instead puts them in everyday English costume.

LUCKY.

From Town Topics.

Howell—She is lucky at bridge, isn't she?
Powell—Extremely. I have seen her win, even when she played a square game.

Simpson's—London.
IN-THE-STRAND.
The Historic OLD ENGLISH TAVERN
Real Old English Fare.
The cut off the joint. The open roasting fires. Travelling joint wagons. Prime Sirloins of Beef. Saddles of Southdown Mutton. Scotch Salmon. Fine Stiltons. Old Ports and Burgundies, and all the famous features of the OLD SIMPSON'S will be revived in the new SIMPSON'S.

Housewives' Exchange.

ANNUALS VERSUS DIARIES.

When we were young, some forty years ago, our parents and guardians impressed upon us the desirability of keeping a diary. It was supposed to act as a checkrein upon our too impulsive natures, for surely we should be guarded about our words and actions if we intended to inscribe them in a book, which might some day fall into the hands of strangers, or, still worse, into the hands of a friend.

These records no doubt caused us much humility at times, especially when we turned back to review our actions in their naked truth, divested of those extenuating circumstances which we realized at the time, but did not record. They also incited a spirit of self-glorification when we penned our triumphs over the evil that surrounded us.

With all due deference to our elders, we think that on the whole these diaries of the inner life were but a waste of time—a source of temptation to the weak and presumption to the strong. In the most exemplary lives there is much that is better unwritten.

We need only to recall the stepping stones on which we crossed the river and reached the ground on which we stand, and a yearly book or annual is sufficient for this.

Those who keep no written record of their passing lives are often sorely perplexed to remember the sequence of events which bear upon the future, and which should have been duly recorded as to time and place.

How often we hear one asking of his own family: "Was it in such a year that we moved into town?" "How long is it since Cousin Ephraim was drowned?" "In what year did we go to Niagara?" "Is it nine or ten years since Anna married?"

All these questions could be answered by referring to a yearly book, in which no daily or weekly entries have been made, but which contains the most important events of the year, that have not been forgotten in themselves, but are hard to locate as time passes by. Such a book would be of great value, though it contained only a few written pages. H. E.

TAM O' SHANTER.

Mrs. A. J. Horne, New-York: To crochet a Tam o' Shanter cap two skeins of Starlight Scotch yarn and a bone crochet hook, No. 10, are needed.

Begin in the centre with 6 chains, join round, work over a length of yarn to make it thick.

First Round—Work 10 stitches under the chain.

Second Round—Work 2 doubles into each stitch.

Third Round—Two doubles into every 3d stitch and 1 into every other stitch.

Fourth to Seventh Round—Two doubles into every 4th stitch, 1 into every other stitch.

Eighth to Twelfth Round—Two doubles into every 12th stitch, 1 into every other stitch.

Thirteenth to Twenty-third Round—Two doubles into every 16th stitch, 1 into every other stitch.

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-ninth Round—Two doubles into every 28th stitch.

Thirtieth Round—Without increase.

Thirty-first to Thirty-sixth Round—Narrow by passing over every 28th stitch.

Thirty-seventh to Forty-seventh Round—Pass over every 16th stitch.

Forty-eighth Round—Increase by working 2 in every 6th stitch.

Forty-ninth to Fifty-sixth Round—One double into each stitch.

Work these last rounds tighter than the rest, or with a smaller hook.

Make, over a cardboard, a thick tuft for the top.

HOUSEWIFELY HINTS.

A good oldtime housewife offers the following rule for starch: Mix one tablespoonful of starch with four tablespoonfuls of cold water and pour on this three quarts of boiling water. Boil for twenty minutes. Then add one teaspoonful of salt and a piece of paraffine wax half the size of a nutmeg. Stir until the wax is dissolved, then cool and strain through cheesecloth. To add lustre, soak the articles in this preparation for six hours.

The following recipe is highly recommended for its efficacy in cleansing fabrics without injuring the texture or "starting" the color, however delicate: Grate two potatoes of ordinary size into a bowl containing one pint of clean, cold water. Strain carefully through a sieve, allowing the liquid to fall into another vessel containing an additional pint of cold water. Let it settle and then pour off the water and bottle it for use. It may be put into a clean fruit jar. Rub the soiled garment softly with a sponge dipped in the potato water, after which wash it in clean water. Dry carefully in the shade and then iron it. Use the sediment left after pouring off the water for cleaning heavy clothes, rugs and carpets.

Another housewife contributes also a few excellent hints:

Try a poultice of tea leaves as a cure for burns and scalds. Pour boiling water over the tea, and as soon as the leaves are soft, and after they have cooled off a little, form a poultice of them over the burn and cover with cotton. The pain, it is said, will stop immediately.

A small teaspoonful of pulverized borax or a teaspoonful of ammonia in a washbowl of tepid water makes a good cleansing bath for the sick.

It is said that thin silk stockings, if worn under the ordinary cotton stockings, will prevent chilblains, as well as keep the feet warm.

Sago jelly is a nice dish for an invalid. Add six tablespoonfuls of sago to a quart of boiling water, and stir frequently until it has formed a thick jelly. Sweeten with five or six tablespoonfuls of sugar and flavor with vanilla, nutmeg, cinnamon or lemon. Pour it into small moulds while it is still hot, and when cold serve with a little cream.

The various brushes used about the household and for toilet purposes can be made stiff and fresh by a thorough washing in good soap and cold water, and then drying, bristles downward. For the finer hairbrushes use borax instead of soap. When brushes are hung up let them hang with their backs to the wall.

RISEN CORN BREAD.

H. H. H.—Marion Harland gives a recipe which calls for one pint of Indian meal, two cups of risen sponge taken from your regular baking of wheat bread, half a cup of molasses, or, what is better, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, one tablespoonful of lard (melted) and one cup of flour, or enough for a stiff batter. Mix it well, put to rise in a buttered mould until very light and bake one hour. It is well to scald the meal and stir it in while blood warm. A. S.
New-York.

WHAT THE BRIDE FURNISHES.

Kate, Jersey City.—The bridegroom-elect in this country furnishes the house entire, as a rule, with the exception of the household linen, which from time immemorial the bride has brought to the making of the new home. "For every bed," says Margaret E. Sangster, "she must count on three pairs of fine muslin sheets, three pairs of pillow cases, three bolster cases, a pair of blankets, two counterpanes and an extra quilt; for her bathroom, three dozen towels and a half dozen bath towels; for her maid, if she have one, six towels and two bath towels; for her table, four tablecloths and two dozen napkins, with two finer tablecloths and two dozen napkins for great occasions; for the kitchen, three dozen crash towels for dishes and four roller towels. The linen shops and linen departments of the department stores have these bride's housekeeping outfits all ready made up from $50 to $1,000. Of course, where the sheets are made at home, the tablecloths and table napkins bought by the yard and hemmed at home, etc., the cost is greatly reduced."

DR. SLICER ON "ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS."

Dr. Thomas R. Slicer will begin a series of six lectures on "Poems of Destiny" this morning at 11 o'clock at the League for Political Education. The subject of the first lecture will be "Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles: Destiny as Inevitable Fate." On Wednesday morning Miss Adele M. Fielde will lecture in the course on "Current Events." Her subject will be "The War in the East." Mr. Ely's class in Greek history and literature will meet on Thursday morning.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Nine Gored Skirt, No. 4,928, for 10 Cents.

Full skirts continue to increase in popularity month by month, and are made graceful and attractive in many ways. This one is novel and in every way desirable, and combines box pleats with inverted pleats, giving an unusual effect. As illustrated the material is resedo crêpe de Chine, with trimming of chiffon velvet bands, but there are many others equally appropriate; in fact, anything that is soft enough to allow of the many pleats being correct.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 14½ yards 21, 10½ yards 27 or 7½ yards 44

NO. 4,928, NINE GORED SKIRT.

inches wide, when material has figure or nap; 12¾ yards 21, 10½ yards 27 or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap.

The pattern 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.

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.

MINISTRIES.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by;
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly;
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear;
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer;
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
But I have heard";
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy:
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well.
—(Amos R. Wells.

MONEY RECEIVED.

Mrs. M. A. Stone has forwarded $5, received from a friend, "to aid the good work of Sunshine"; G. R., $5, as special cheer, with sunny New Year wishes; M. B., of Manhattan, $2 50, "to be used where most needed."

CHELSEA BRANCH REPORT.

The president of the Chelsea branch makes the following excellent report of Christmas cheer, passed on through the kindly and successful efforts of her branch members. She writes:

Knowing so many cases in need of Christmas cheer, where illness and consequent loss of employment had reduced living to a bare existence, we got together some pretty "leftovers" from the bazar, and a few "donations" from outside, and arranged an impromptu parlor sale through the untiring efforts of four of the members (whom I wish publicly to thank), and the kindness of our friends, and raised nearly $90. With this amount was bought seven and one-half tons of coal, an abundance of substantial and hearty food, and eight families were made happy.

In the case of the father who has been seven weeks ill, the December rent was paid in full—the family's gratitude was boundless.

Clothing and shoes were provided for three men out of work, and employment procured for another man.

One man who was ill, and to whom we sent a ray on Thanksgiving, came to my door at 10 p. m., on his way home, and gave me $2 for "somebody who needs cheer now, as my family needed it then."

The members of the branch have decided to have an apron and bag sale just before Easter. I shall be very happy to have aprons from every branch in America. This is such a beautiful way to pass on ideas of one's own handiwork, and aprons—every kind, shape and description—are so salable, especially practical ones, that I can sell one thousand easily. Since this fund will be used primarily for working women's outings, also sick children, I am sure every one will be glad to help in that direction. Yours for all sunlight in darkened lives.
Mrs. P. A. GREENE.

THANKS FOR SUNSHINE.

The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth Annex, Seton Hospital, acknowledge with much pleasure the box of beautiful and useful things received from The Tribune Sunshine Society. They and little "Alith," with the other children, send many thanks, with loving New Year greetings to The Tribune Society.
Spuyten Duyvil, New-York City, Dec. 30.

The dolls in the box for these consumptive children were contributed by Mrs. Raynolds, of Plainfield, N. J. James H. Bryce, president of the Geneva (Fla.) branch, sends "sincere thanks for the Christmas greetings received from the office, as they carried sunshine to a number of hearts and homes."

A Vermont member writes her thanks "for the pretty and acceptable gifts from T. S. S."; a "shut in" in Delaware County, N. Y., enjoys many pleasant trips by the aid of the illustrated books of travel that reach her frequently through the office, and she hopes they will continue to come, as that is the only way she can travel.

Miss Thomas, of Kentucky, writes that words cannot express her gratitude for the Christmas cheer received through the office, and she trusts "that God's blessing may ever rest on the T. S. S." A very needy member who lives in an isolated place seems surprised that the T. S. S. should have remembered her at the Christmas tide, when there are so many to keep in mind, but it is to such as these that the T. S S. is pledged, first of all, to remember—to try to make bright the desolate ones. A suffering member who never leaves her bed, nor is free from pain, writes: "My heart is too full for speech, but I think you know how grateful I am for the many Sunshine kindnesses done for me, not only at holiday time, but during each year of my painful life." A poor man in Missouri, completely paralyzed, sent "profound gratitude for his Christmas remembrance"; an invalid in New-Hampshire says she will be able now to have a bedside table with the Christmas money sent to her. This is a comfort and convenience she has long desired. A member living on a farm, remote from a village, writes that the box of cheer was a great help, and that even the thimble put in a workbag filled an immediate want.

A Maine invalid says that nearly all the Christmas gifts she received came from the T. S. S. This helped to make the day more pleasant, as the days are cold and dreary, and she has been ill all winter. A crippled member in Indiana, with only one hand, tells of her great pleasure in receiving Christmas money. A struggling woman in Illinois, who cares for an aged invalid mother, writes: "For our Christmas joy and many other good gifts we are indebted to the T. S. S." A crippled boy in Alabama says: "Sunshine always seems to come just at the time of greatest need. I used my Christmas gift for medicine." Into a quiet home in Missouri the holiday greeting carried its message of good will and thoughtfulness. A blind member in Connecticut, who was remembered, says, "I have more pleasure from the T. S. S. than anything else that I belong to. I thank you." Another blind member in Minnesota was equally grateful, and active members in North Carolina have sent messages of thanks and good wishes for the coming year.

INVALID'S GREETINGS.

It is not the people in good health who send out all the sunshine into the world, for many invalids do even more than their part in making the world happier for others. One member who has been an invalid for years still remembers with special holiday greetings sixty others. Another has made gifts to twenty-five other "shut ins." One in Maine sent cheer to six others, and another, in New-Hampshire, responded to a list of addresses from the office, besides cheering all her Tribune Sunshine correspondents, who are numerous. The thousand and one rays of helpfulness contributed by individual members, both well and ill, can never be recorded.

A PUZZLE THAT PUZZLES.

Take the number of your living brothers; double this amount; add to it three; multiply the result by five; add to it the number of living sisters; multiply the result by ten; add number of deaths of brothers and sisters; subtract 150 from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of deaths; the middle figure number of living sisters; the left figure will show number of living brothers.

Selected by Mrs. S. from the calendar of the Free Industrial School for Crippled Children.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

A muff chain is a necessity to the woman shopper who is continually taking her hands out of the muff to make change or examine materials. A pretty chain, delicate in workmanship, but strong, which was bought recently to go with a set of chinchilla, is of gun metal with small green stones set in at every two inches.

A butterfly hairpin of jet, to be worn when the hair is dressed high, costs $4 95. There are three long prongs to secure it on the hair with the butterfly perched on the top of the pin.

The lovely gilt bags which have the appearance of innumerable shining fish scales are being marked down now. Some of them are on gilt frames and are used as handbags, while others which close by a drawstring make useful opera bags.

Scotch flannels, suitable for shirtwaists, are selling now for 28 cents a yard in a Broadway store. They are a yard wide and come in a variety of colors, the prettiest being an old delft blue, with a white stripe. They are advertised as washable.

For everyday wear with the winter shirtwaist suit turnover sets of heavy linen decorated with English embroidery may be bought for 50 cents. Besides brightening up the suit which begins to look a bit dingy before winter is over, the little cuffs are really useful as protectors of the edges of the blouse cuff, which usually begin to show wear before any other part of the suit.

An exquisite hair ornament is in the form of a cluster of berries on a stem. Diamonds form the fruit and gold the stem.

She who is interested in taffetas will find some bargains in lining and petticoat silk at a store on Broadway. A good quality for this purpose sells at 59 cents a yard.

A tea caddy that costs a pretty penny for such a small article—it is only five inches high—is entirely of silver in a high, fine, chased design.

A Woman's Reflection.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

Lady Woffington sat in her "den," as she termed the daintiest of boudoirs, engaged in an unusual occupation. Her ladyship was thinking. The cause of this unwonted exertion was a chance remark which she had overheard that morning at the Academy.

It was the Private View, and among the pictures which called forth general admiration was a portrait of her own beautiful self.

The artist was one of the most famous portrait painters of the day, and the knowledge that he had rendered her practically immortal filled her heart with triumphant delight. Drawn by admiring friends, she soon found herself in front of the picture; it hung in one of the finest positions on the line. The usual crowd surrounded it; but a few, recognizing Lady Woffington, fell back a little, making way for her approach. She found herself immediately behind two men, who were standing close to the portrait, too much engrossed to notice the presence of the original. One of them, a tall man with a stoop, Lady Woffington recognized as a famous but eccentric artist, whom she occasionally met at fashionable receptions. The other, a smaller man with a remarkably fine head, she did not know. It was the artist who was speaking as she came up.

"Yes, it's a wonderful portrait," were the first words she heard, "but you see he had a lovely model."

"That's true," rejoined the other, "it is a beautiful exterior. I wonder if the Ego resembles it. That's just where the difference between our work lies. You are concerned only with the outside appearance. I have to dive into the inner man to find out what the Ego is like and what it lives for."

An almost imperceptible "Sh—sh" from his companion caused him to cease abruptly. The artist had caught sight of Lady Woffington standing close behind them, and without another word he drew his friend away.

"Hal," said Lady Woffington, as she took her affianced husband by the arm, "look, who is that little man with Clive Mellcot? Do you know him?"

"That—no—oh—ah—yes, believe that's the fellow I saw at the club last week. Some one said he was the new author—latest rage, you know. I forget his name, but he wrote that book 'Workers' that made such a sensation last year. But why on earth do you ask, Bee? He's not much to look at."

"Indeed, I always like little ugly men like that," returned Lady Woffington, smartly, "they're always so much more interesting and original than the great, handsome, ordinary ones"; this with a mischievous look at her tall and extremely good-looking fiancé. "However," she added, "you had better not lose this opportunity of taking in so much 'joy forever.' It isn't often you get the chance of seeing two Me's in front of you, sir, so look and be satisfied. Then tell me which is the lovelier Me of the two."

Hal paid the desired compliment in loverlike fashion, and for the time being her ladyship was contented and the author's odd remark forgotten. But in the afternoon, curiously enough, that same comment suddenly came back to her recollection; she even began puzzling over it. She would not have confessed to any one that, literally, she didn't know what the man meant. The scantiness of Lady Woffington's knowledge was so well covered up by her charming way of saying nothing brilliantly that few, if any, of her friends suspected her real ignorance. It was the term "Ego" that mystified her now. "Egoism" and "Egotistical" she translated "conceit" and "conceited." It was annoying to find these significations did not fit with "Ego." She decided finally that the term must refer to either the mind or the soul; and as Lady Woffington possessed merely a nodding acquaintance with those mysterious parts of her being, either solution made her feel rather uncomfortable. She resented this feeling—it was against her principles, and accordingly must be banished. She flung the disturbing thought from her mind and rang for tea. That stimulating beverage, supplemented by a light French novel, entirely restored her equilibrium, and it was with the lightest heart that she finally went off to dress for dinner. On this occasion the dressing was particularly elaborate, for she was giving one of her select little dinner parties.

Lady Woffington's recherché little dinners had become quite famed even among the brilliant circle of friends which formed her particular "set," more especially so since the death of the late Lord Woffington, who had played the part of dragon to the beautiful princess with more vigilance than was thought necessary by his attractive wife.

But his late lordship was a keen man of the world. In marrying the lovely Miss Winter he was perfectly aware that he was conducting a business negotiation. He shared his title and fortune and gained in exchange the most beautiful woman in London to grace his table and ornament his home. The only one who suffered, apparently, by the arrangement was poor, handsome Hal Cavendish, who, formerly engaged to Miss Winter, had to be got rid of as gently and firmly as possible.

But at last Lady Woffington's diplomacy and patience had met, as she considered, with their due reward. Death had withdrawn the only drawback attached to the title and fortune, viz., her husband.

Hal Cavendish was still unmarried, and, could Fortune have been kinder? He was now an earl with a sum of £300,000 at his disposal.

After this, events followed in their natural order, and the day of the Private View found Beatrice within two months of her second marriage. On the evening of that day Hal arrived, as usual, about half an hour before the other guests, in order to get a short time alone with his adored fiancée. He thought he had never seen her looking more bewitchingly lovely than she did as she came forward to greet him, dressed in a wonderful gown of white lace and chiffon adorned with crimson poppies, and he gazed at her a few moments in silent admiration.

"Dear me! Do I really look as nice as all that?" she asked gayly, in answer to the look. "It's quite one of your best virtues, Hal, to be able to pay delicate compliments without saying a word. I must say I myself thought I looked rather well, and quite envied you the privilege of being able to gaze on such a picture all dinner time. It will have such a soothing effect upon your nerves if there happens to be too much pepper in the soup or mustard in the mayonnaise."

Hal laughed. "Well, there's not much fear of such a terrible mishap here," he said, "for the soups and sauces sent up by your cook are always perfect. But you've not told me yet who are coming to-night."

"Oh, just the usual set," she answered lightly. "Allie and Geordie, of course; Tommy Greaves, Reggie Beauchamp, Daisy Charrington, Sir Godfrey and her ladyship, and Dick Gordon."

"I never can understand your liking for that fellow," Hal said; "he's a doubtful sort, at the best, and hasn't even the recommendation of being a good companion. In fact, I don't know any one so objectionable, bumptious and egotistical—besides, he's too decidedly fond of you, Bee, for my liking."

"Of course, you dear, jealous old boy, and that's exactly why I like him so much. Doesn't every pretty woman like every man who openly adores her? And as to his being bumptious and egotistical, he isn't so to me, don't you see? In fact, he's just the opposite, and so ready to do anything I ask him that I just keep him hanging round as a kind of handy man, useful for emergencies, a sort of 'this-exit-to-be-used-in-case-of-fire' individual, and he plays the part to perfection."

"Which means, I suppose," said Hal gloomily, "that in case of my demise he would do very well to take my place, especially as his prospects of becoming heir to his uncle's baronetcy look very healthy."

"Now, that's what I call a rude remark," said Beatrice, with the air of one deeply offended. "I've a great mind not to speak any more to you for the remainder of the evening." She turned poutingly away, but, in a moment, seeing the cloud remaining on her lover's face, she ran up to him and with a charming air laid her head on his shoulder saying, pathetically, "It's cruel of you to say things like that to me, Hal, when you know I don't think that silly Dick Gordon is fit to hold a candle to you, and I can't help being in love with you in spite of your tiresome title." This was said with so pretty a pout that Hal would have been more or less than man to have resisted it.

Having disengaged herself from his rapturous embrace, Beatrice, partly in order to avoid a return to the dangerous topic, and partly because the word had called to her mind her cogitation of the afternoon, remarked, "Talking of egotistical, Hal, reminds me that I wanted to ask you the exact meaning of the word 'Ego.' Does it mean mind or soul?"

"Both, I should say," he remarked, in some surprise, "it's just the first person, singular—but why on earth do you ask?"

"Oh, I came across it the other day," said Beatrice, with as much truth as she judged necessary for the occasion. "Then my Ego," she went on, "is just simply I myself, the Me altogether, I suppose."

"Exactly," said Hal, smiling tenderly at her, "it's just the lovely Self that lives inside this lovely form."

"But," she objected, "I don't know which is the real Self, so how could I tell what it's like—what it lives for, you see," she added hastily, fearing she had said too much, "there's such a lot of Me's, and they all get so mixed up that I often don't know which is which, let alone know which is the true and genuine article."

"For instance?" said Hal, questioningly.

"For instance, then," she went on, "there's the Me that simply delights to be frivolous and do all it can to shock the dear, good people; the Me that loves a gay life with all sorts of amusements, theatres, dancing and everything. Then there's another Me that loves to go to church, say its prayers, and be good, that thinks it would be beautiful to give up this dear, wicked world and spend the rest of its days in a nunnery. Now, how can any one join all that complicated set together and make one of them? I'm sure I did my best to bring them all up in the way that they should go," she added, pathetically, "but they used to all squabble together so dreadfully that I gave it up at last as being too exhausting."

"Well, what happened then?" asked Hal. "Did they all rush to the top at once?"

"Oh, no," she answered, helplessly, "I let them alone to do as they like, so whichever comes to the top first stops there till a stronger one jumps up and knocks it down. That stays until it's knocked down in its turn, and so it goes on."

Further conversation was here prevented by the announcement of the first guest, and for the remainder of the evening, during which Lady Woffington was even more brilliant and entertaining than usual, Hal had no further chance of a private talk with her. On the morning following the dinner party she received a letter from her old family lawyer, which she read with feelings of unalloyed pleasure. It informed her briefly that by the sudden death of an old bachelor uncle she was sole heiress to his fortune of £80,000.

This piece of news she joyfully preserved as a sort of sugar plum for Hal when he called for the customary morning's ride. She felt piqued at the indifferent way it was received.

"Really, Hal," she said, "one would think I'd asked you to take me to the British Museum, instead of telling you I'd come into a nice little fortune—you look almost glum, and here was I expecting you to fall off your horse in sheer delight."

"And proportionately disappointed, I suppose," returned he, smiling, "that I've not. Of course, the money's all right, Bee," he continued, cheerfully, "it's very nice, and all that, but since you have already the income from the Woffington property, and my own estate is pretty decent, I really don't see we particularly want it."

"Not want it!" echoed Beatrice, with amazement written on every feature. "Why, Hal, you must be crazy! Did ever any one hear of any sane being in this world of Mammon saying they didn't want money! Why, it isn't possible to possess too much of such a precious thing as that, and you talk as if we're both millionaires, when, as a matter of fact, half a millionaire is the very utmost we shall make put together and spread out!"

"Well, chérie, as long as you're satisfied I shan't complain," said Hal. "But who is this kind uncle of yours? I never heard you speak of him, let alone thought you were expecting him to leave you money."

"That's just it, I didn't, and that's why it's so perfectly charming of him," replied Beatrice, with glee; "though why he did it puzzles my poor little brain to imagine. I never was any particular favorite of his—in fact, I'm perfectly positive he always looked upon me as the most frivolous of my frivolous sex. He must have left it to me just because he had no one else to leave it to, and, now I come to think of it, I really don't believe he had. You see, my mother was his only sister—he had no brother—and I'm just her only, and, consequently, extra precious child."

"Didn't you ever visit him?" asked Hal.

"Gracious heavens, no!" said Beatrice, in half affected dismay; "why, he was a regular recluse and had a perfect horror of women! He was always dabbling in metaphysics, or some sort of physics which weren't exactly medicines, you know, and spent most of his life mixing up nasty compounds of all the herbs he could lay his hands on. He was always trying to find new kinds, too, and spent years and years travelling abroad for the purpose. What on earth he expected to discover history will never learn now, but as he has retired from this mortal life, and the strong smell of herbs, at the respectable age of seventy or seventy-five, we must conclude that the tiresome things would neither liquefy into the Elixir of Life nor solidify into the Philosopher's Stone."

"For my part, I should think he must have been a very interesting character," remarked Hal. "I should have liked to have seen the old fellow over his herb pots. And you never saw him, Bee? What a pity!"

"Oh, yes, I did, as long as my mother was alive. He used to come regularly about once a year, and I remember he always brought me a small box of sugar candy, which he would solemnly hand over as if it were a case of diamonds, remarking at the same time that it was the only really wholesome sweetmeat fit for a child, and warning me that it should be 'well sucked and taken, a small portion at a time'! Now, if there was one sweet in the world I did hate it was that sugar candy! The very word wholesome was enough to turn one against it. All my pet abominations, such as porridge, cabbage, suet puddings and rhubarb, are so wholesome!"

"What a lot of nonsense you talk!"

"Yes, I do talk nonsense, don't I?" said Beatrice, complacently; "but that's one of my greatest charms. It's just that, and, of course, my prettiness, that makes me so attractive. There," breaking off suddenly, "there goes that hideous old Dowager Duchess of Glenthorne! It seems impossible to believe she was ever beautiful!"

"Yet she was one of the reigning beauties of her time, wasn't she?" asked Hal.

"Yes, about seventy summers ago! I can't imagine any one losing her beauty and living on like that. Why, sooner than that, I'd take poison or bury myself alive in a convent!"

Hal smiled. "It's amusing even to think of you in a convent," he said; "why, you'd turn the place into a pandemonium and have all the nuns skirt dancing before the horror struck Mother Superior could say 'Bo.'"

(To be continued.

A TIME FOR PLAY.

The Business Woman's Need of Recreation and Social Intercourse.

"If the business woman could only remember that a little genuine recreation is to the week what the summer vacation is to the year, if she could learn to play as enthusiastically as she works, to laugh as well as she talks, she would soon be quite a different person," says a woman worker of long experience. "Usually the woman of business cannot have the pleasure of entertaining her friends as she would like to entertain them, because she has neither the house space, the time nor the strength. Any yet none of these obstacles can alter the fact that the business woman, of all women in the world, needs the mental revival to be found in a new atmosphere, in the interchange of ideas with people whose daily routine is different from hers, and in the escape, for the time being, from the consciousness of competition to the seclusion and rest of a home roof. But she often hesitates, and sometimes refuses, to accept repeated invitations from the friends who have more leisure than she has because she dislikes to be under obligations which she cannot repay in kind. On the other hand, the friends who have the means and leisure to entertain too often fail to see the social value of the business woman and do not give her the opportunity to refuse. Neither one realizes that if the woman of leisure has something to give which the woman of business does not possess it is also true that the business woman can bring into an evening company something that does not come with mere house space and money and leisure. If both could only grasp this fact the foolish notion of 'obligation' and 'social debts' would soon fade away. The woman of business and the woman of leisure are interdependent, but, unfortunately, they do not yet know it. Necessarily the home-keeping woman has, in some ways, a restricted life. She is shut out from the world of men and women who bring definite things to pass. It would do her good to come oftener into contact with the stern discipline of the business woman's routine, that medium through which the business woman's mind is constantly storing up impressions and memories of men and things which she rarely has the chance to express.

"If only as a physical safeguard, the business woman needs to know that there are people who do not consider life hard work, nor such a serious puzzle after all, and that, so far from being a human sponge, she has a great deal to give to these very people, provided she allows herself to be drawn out. Still, not stopping to think of these considerations, she frequently renounces social life, and turns to the theatre as her chief amusement during the winter months. Usually she lives in a boarding house chosen without regard to the congeniality of the other boarders whom she sees at a brief breakfast, before going directly to her work. She is apt to take her luncheon at a restaurant where dozens of others, all with the same time limit, are striving to get served and back to work again. Then, the day's duties over, she has to stand up in a car for part, if not all, of the way home, packed in with more of the same people as tired as she herself. When dinner is over, and she at last gets to her room, it is no wonder she exclaims that she is tired of the whole human race, and doesn't want to speak to a soul for a week! In moments like these she fails to make the distinction between the noise, rush, bustle and crowding of the mass of people downtown, and the intercourse with friends in a serene, leisurely, home atmosphere. She decides she is too tired to go to that little reception at Mrs. So-and-So's, or to run in to see her friends uptown, so she takes the only alternative that suggests itself and buys a ticket to the theatre.

"At the theatre she sits in a comfortable seat and is amused for an entire evening. She laughs hard and cries hard, and her relaxed mind responds to all the vicissitudes of the people on the stage without fatigue, because the responsibility for their joys and sorrows does not lie upon her shoulders. She forgets the technicalities of her life, and blots out effectually herself and her troubles. The theatre has many good points, but as the one recreation taken instead of social intercourse, it is a defective substitute—defective, because, during the whole evening, the spectator has neither had any outlet for her own thoughts and observations, nor has she established any mutual interests with the others who make up the audience. She has given nothing for that which she has received, except a coin at the box-office.

"The business woman needs the woman of home duties to rest and refresh her, but no more than the woman of home duties needs the trained, clear mind, and the experience of the woman of affairs to round out her social gatherings and make them solid and sane."

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