FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

EXQUISITE EVENING GOWNS.

—(The Lady's Pictorial.

TOTS AND INVALIDS WORK

Pitiable Conditions of Sweatshop Labor as Told by Dr. Daniel.

People who buy readymade clothing and who at the same time know something of the evils of sweatshops are apt to consider themselves free from the danger of germs, as well as from moral responsibility, when they pay a good price for their things. But no one could retain that consolation after hearing the talk on "Illegal Sweatshop Work" given yesterday morning before the Woman's Municipal League by Dr. A. S. Daniel, of the New-York Infirmary for Women and Children.

"I don't suppose there is a woman in this room who is not wearing some garment or part of a garment made in a tenement house," Dr. Daniel said. "Some of the 'white list' stores take such garments from middlemen, not caring to inquire, perhaps, where they came from. Our best tailors send work to tenement house sweatshops to be finished, and the common assurance of merchants and manufacturers that the work is all done on their own premises will not always bear investigation. I once found a child lying ill of smallpox among a lot of hats. I asked the child's mother if the firm for which she worked would disinfect these articles, and she said no. It was a Broadway house, and Broadway houses never disinfect things. Now, some of our swellest hats come from Broadway houses.

"The tenement house sweatshop is the most hideous variety of this evil. In it work never stops, either for birth or death. From 3 o'clock a. m. until 11 o'clock p. m. the workers ply their needles. The sick work as long as they are able to hold their heads up, and I have known a tuberculous patient to work on the very day that he died. The children begin as soon as they can guide a needle, and work as long as their strength endures or the work lasts. I have known a baby only eighteen months old to earn 50 cents a week.

"The average income of one of these families is about $3 31 a week, and the average rent is $8 57. This necessitates the taking of boarders and lodgers until not a ghost of decency is left.

"It is absolutely impossible to regulate this kind of labor under the present law. There are fifty factory inspectors for the State of New-York, and 50,000 would be insufficient to inspect these tenement house workrooms. When Elizabeth-st. was raided the other day the inspectors thought they had cleared out all the workrooms, but to my certain knowledge the work was being carried on that very night behind locked doors, in bedrooms and backrooms. On Wednesday the work was being done openly, and if any stranger were now to enter any of these buildings a cry would instantly go through it and all work would be concealed. As all these people are foreigners, the cry would be in a foreign tongue, unintelligible to the inspectors, for, I suppose, there are none of them who understand Yiddish or Sicilian.

"There is only one way to deal with the problem, and that is by the absolute prohibition of manufacturing in the tenement houses. Such a law might work hardship in some cases, but this would be more than offset by the good it would accomplish. If women must add to the income of their families, it is better that they should be forced to do it in factories. They will earn twice as much there as they could at home, and in the factory we can at least have some assurance that young children and persons in the last stages of consumption will not be employed."

The meeting was held at the City Club, No. 55 West Forty-fourth-st., and the president, Miss Margaret L. Chanler, presided. A resolution condemning the extension of the subway through Bronx Park was passed, and Miss Helen K. Hoy was appointed to represent the league at the Rapid Transit hearing yesterday afternoon.

Miss Catherine Leverich stated that the boys' club work would be carried on hereafter in co-operation with the Board of Education, and it was also announced that arrangements had been made for the investigation of public laundries by Miss Frances E. Kellor.

WEST END'S NEW OFFICERS.

The annual election of the West End Women's Republican Club took place yesterday afternoon, and passed off very quietly and peacefully. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. H. S. Tonges; first vice-president, Mrs. J. L. Niver; second vice-president, Mrs. John Francis Barry; third vice-president, Mrs. Francis Richards; recording secretary, Mrs. Louis E. Manley; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. G. Brown; treasurer, Mrs. J. E. Rood; auditor, Mrs. Frank Churchill; historian, Mrs. P. R. Dillon.

The only change made in the official ticket was in the election of Mrs. Manley as recording secretary, instead of Mrs. S. B. Schenck.

The club voted to send a protest to Governor Higgins against the reappointment of John McMakin as Labor Commissioner, and also decided to secure a home of its own. Heretofore the club has met in the rooms of the West End Republican Club, but the retiring president, Mrs. Augustine Wilson, said yesterday that she thought they had arrived at the age of wisdom and ought to have a home of their own.

The dues were raised to $2 a year.

In Your Medicine Chest

always keep a bottle of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar,—the quick and safe cough and cold remedy. It's sold by all druggists. 25c., 50c., or $1 a bottle.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

HOUSEWIVES' EXCHANGE.

WHO DARES TO BE SIMPLE?

The simple life is a life that is clear, pure, straight, unaffected, kind, true, yet strong, resolute, persistent and unchangeable in its central purpose. It is applicable to every walk and calling—to the high, the low, the great, the small. Any one, irrespective of vocation or position, may lead the simple life. It is character coming out into the open, undisguised by guile, deceit, presumption or pretence. It is speech and conduct reduced to the plainest forms. It is genuine worth, unfettered by useless garments. It is truth without alloy. While any one may lead the simple life, it is the most difficult possible of attainment because no one dares to be just what he is in the clearest, plainest expression of it unless he is what he ought to be. The greatest and the best souls dare to be simple.

Brooklyn. C. B. T.

WHAT IS THE SIMPLE LIFE?

Bernard Shaw said in a recent lecture, or, rather, is credited with having said, that "the simplest life that could be lived by any one was precisely the sort of life lived by the people around him." Such a dictum, to my way of thinking, simply begs the question, and casts no light on what we really want to know, viz., what the simple life is and how to live it.

In a city like New-York, which is where "Inquirer" says she lives, we find "people around" us living all sorts of lives from that of the $8 a week office assistant, in her hall bedroom, to the daughter of the millionaire, and from the 'longshoreman, in his cheap sailor lodging house, to the smart clubman, in his automobile on the avenue. Out of all this, what shall one choose? All these kinds of lives are lived by the "people around" us.

But what Mr. Shaw meant—if he meant anything more than one of his clever epigrams—is, more likely, the kind of life lived by the people in our set. Mere physical proximity as exhibited in the fact of happening to live in the same city surely counts for much less in determining whether our life shall be simple or complex, than social connections. But to live the life of our set is frequently one of the most agitating and wearying of experiences, for what does it mean but trying to keep up with the procession—to be as good as the next?

Critics of American life tell us that one of the vices of society in this country is the passion for heading the procession, for being better than the next. But where this passion for going the other fellows one better is not so marked—as in England and France—are conditions more favorable to the simple life? Evidently M. Wagner found it necessary to nudge his fellow countrymen on this point.

The simple life must be, I think, independent of the place where one lives and the people one lives among; it must be a thing of the spirit, apart from and independent of these external factors. I wish I could go on further and say just what it is. It must be something disassociated from the flutter, worry, restlessness and hurry in which most ambitious New-York women live. I wish I knew just what it is. I should be glad to live it.

Brooklyn. R. C.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Five Gored Tucked Skirt, No. 4,930, for 10 Cents.

Skirts in round length that touch, or just a little more than touch, the floor make one of the most fashionable of all handsome street suits. This one is exceedingly graceful at the same time that it is simple in the extreme, and is adapted to all materials that are soft enough to take graceful folds, but is shown in raspberry red chiffon broadcloth.

NO. 4,930—FIVE GORED TUCKED SKIRT.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 yards 21 inches, 7½ yards 27 inches or 4½ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 4,930, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

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

HEADACHES FROM COLDS

Laxative Bromo Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy, removes the cause. Call for the full name and look for signature of E. W. Grove. 25c.

TRADE SCHOOL PROGRESS.

Encouraging Reports at Second Annual Meeting—New Plans for School.

At the second annual meeting of the board of directors of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, which was held yesterday afternoon at the school, No. 233 West Fourteenth-st., an amendment was approved increasing the number of board members from twenty-seven to thirty. The title was also changed from board of directors to board of administrators.

William Jay Schieffelin, treasurer of the school, reported gifts of $26,356 during the last year, of which $11,000 is from Benjamin Guggenheim, and is the remainder of the $50,000 which he promised the school at its start, two years ago.

Professor Mary Schenck Woolman, director, read her report for the year. The latest enrolment includes 113 old pupils and 195 new girls, most of whom entered the school to learn millinery or dressmaking. The operating and pasting departments are less popular, she says, but a plan is being matured to place before the mothers of girls intending to enter the attraction of power operating and pasting, in order that the classes may be more evenly divided.

"Since the opening of the school," said Mrs. Woolman, "127 girls have been placed in trade. Investigation among them has ascertained that the average weekly wage of Manhattan Trade School workers who have taken up dressmaking is $4 76; operators, $5 43; pasters, $4 81, and milliners, $4 28. This average is brought down by a number of girls who were sent away from the school because of poor work, but who, nevertheless, were included in the statistics."

Last year the school made $406 10 more than the cost of material. The year before it fell short by nearly the same amount.

The officers elected are: President, Miss Virginia Potter; vice-presidents, Dr. Felix Adler; John Graham Brooks, Mrs. Theodore Hellman, Mrs. Mary Ollesheimer, Mrs. V. Everit Macy, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer and Dean James E. Russell; treasurer, William Jay Schieffelin; assistant treasurer, Lewis M. Greer; secretary, W. Franklin Brush, and assistant secretary, Mrs. J. M. Price.

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.

BEAUTIFUL THREADS OF GOLD.

Weaving into a workaday life
Beautiful threads of gold!
A thread of joy, with a strand of strife,
And ever the hands which hold
May fashion them into patterns rare,
Or designs of beauty, new and fair,
Till the Master Weaver finds them there,
In beautiful threads of gold!

Weaving them in with a patient hand,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Filling them in as the Master planned
When He laid life's sombre fold.
Weaving them in with homeliest cares,
Over some burden another bears—
Rejoice that the Master Weaver spares
Some beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with the hopes and fears,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Brighter the gold of the thread appears,
As the web of life grows old.
Weaving them in with a smile and song,
Such wonderful threads, so fine and strong,
Under the good and over the wrong,
Weave beautiful threads of gold.

—(Selected for the column by Mrs. L. W. M.

FOR A STRUGGLING ARTIST.

Mrs. A. B. Stone has sent to the office $10, received from a friend, which is to be used for the benefit of a young woman artist, whom the T. S. S. is especially desirous of helping. She is a talented young woman, who took the competition prize at Cooper Union, but her instruction has been confined to figure drawings. If she can have instruction in composition work her earnings would be greatly increased. Now, she is struggling to support her mother and invalid father and cannot spare a dollar for the lessons she needs. Oftentimes she works late into the night to earn the most meagre livelihood for herself and dependent ones. In fact, it is known to the office that at times there has not been sufficient food for these people, who are well born, refined and educated. The office has given some temporary helps, but the president realizes that the truest and best kind of sunshine will be to aid this young woman to receive the instruction that will enable her to help herself and those dependent on her.

THANKS FOR CHEER.

Miss Eliza R. Shier, president of the "Bird Club," at Landrum, S. C., desires to thank heartily the unknown friend who sent "Bird Portraits," by Ernest Thompson Seton, for the profitable instruction of her members. The Christmas greetings from the T. S. S. office were also appreciated and thanked for.

Mrs. J. Parker, of Michigan, writes that the contents of the Christmas box were equally divided between her family and that of Mrs. Emery, as directed, and everything was so nice that the two families were enabled to have a thoroughly joyous Christmas.

Mrs. M., an invalid member in Connecticut, says that, with the warm bedsocks and the afghan sent to her, she is able to keep comfortably warm in spite of the poor circulation caused by years of illness. For these comforting rays she is deeply grateful.

LETTER FROM THE PRAIRIE.

Mrs. C. McGay, of Montana, writes:

Many, many thanks for the lovely Christmas remembrances from the T. S. S. I think that one appreciates the pleasant little surprises out here even more than in the city, as our diversions are so few. We had a quiet day, as there was a heavy snowfall and the friends we expected could not come. We had invited eight to dinner (and to spend the night, necessarily), but, as their homes are sixteen and twenty miles distant, a snowstorm, with a keen, strong wind directly in their faces, on Christmas morning, made it impossible for them to come. A snowstorm on the prairie is a dangerous thing, as it might involve losing the road, and consequently one's life. It is impossible to see landmarks, of which there are few enough at the best, and one who has never been on a prairie cannot imagine the wideness of the solitude and the helplessness in a driving storm. So we had our turkey and plum pudding by ourselves, with candles and a bright fire by way of special celebration. The tablecover is charmingly pretty, and I shall take great pleasure in finishing it. The slumber shoes were the prettiest I ever saw. As those you sent me last year are still good, I passed them on as sunshine to a friend, Mrs. Alfred Wright. We are actually out of books—not an unread novel on the bookshelves. My husband and I send a thousand good wishes for the continued prosperity of the T. S. S. and a happy new year to all its members.

AN OFFER.

Mrs. Gould, of Delaware, has kindly offered to make up into useful articles any wools that may be forwarded to her. At present the office is quite bare of this kind of material, but it will forward a box to Mrs. Gould when a sufficient amount has been received. Her skill in fashioning pretty things is unlimited.

REQUESTS.

Has any one copies of "Scribner's" for July, September and October, 1904, to "pass on" to a member to complete a file?

Miss Ida F. Heston, at the Crozer Home for Incurables, at Upland, Delaware County, Penn., would like some flower seeds for the home.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

An express box received yesterday from Danielson, Conn., without a name, contained new quilt pieces, unfinished work and wools. Mrs. W. Lockwood, of No. 3 branch, has contributed some warm clothing for the needy family in West Forty-seventh-st., Manhattan. Some unknown friend in New-Jersey sent two dainty infants' sacks, and two pairs of bootees. In a box from Long Island were three new flannelette dresses for little girls, all beautifully made, even to the buttonholes, and a narrow embroidered collar turned over the neck collar of the dresses gave them a "dressy" look. Accompanying the box was the following note:

This package is contributed and made by an elderly lady in her eighty-seventy year. She trusts the little dresses will do some poor child good in this cold weather. Many wishes for the success of your society. M. C. W.

Mineola, Long Island.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

Boil the basket, made of willow;
Boil the blanket, boil the pillow,
Boil the booties, boil the hood,
Boil the spoon and boil the food,
Boil the nurse; 'tis safer, maybe;
And don't forget to boil the baby.
—(Newark News.

The Breaking of Charlie Oxenham.

BY FRANK STAYTON.

"I have been sport of the gods long enough."

Charlie Oxenham started life with a large heart and a wonderful belief in everything and everybody. He went to a public school and learned a number of the useless things they studiously taught him and a few of the useful things they did not teach him. In spite of his devotion to cricket and hockey, his intellect developed apace; and inclination led him to a pen, a sheet of paper, and his imagination—little realizing the price he would have to pay for the knowledge to use them.

He taught himself to write. Of course, he read everything he could lay his hands on. He plunged into Scott and Stevenson; he greedily devoured Thackeray; then Kipling waved his wand and showed him the wonders of the world. Naturally, he attempted imitations, and barbarously murdered the styles of his favorite authors; but he was learning to find his own style, which was slowly developing, unperceived by those who read his work, unnoticed by himself.

Then came six months in London, and a succession of visits to the theatre. This led to a study of the British dramatists, ancient and modern. Of course, he wrote a play. Every young man of twentp writes a play. His was not accepted, and it is doubtful if it was ever read.

At the age of twenty-three he found himself alone in the world, with a few hundred pounds in the bank and an immense belief in himself. He determined to make London his headquarters, and, with that object in view secured a couple of rooms near the Temple, furnished them with a few necessaries and some luxuries, including a rolltop desk, a bookcase and a few choice engravings. Here he would sit and write on every conceivable subject, and in every conceivable manner. He joined a club—an imitation Bohemian Club, to which any one could be admitted, provided he had his subscription in his pocket. He became a regular first nighter, and wondered whether his plays, when they came to be produced, would silence the gallery into decent behavior—for once.

A few of his stories were accepted, and some of them were printed; but his progress was very slow, and his few hundred pounds soon diminished in an alarming manner. He determined to work even harder and to give up all unnecessary luxuries.

One day—by some unexplainable accident, due, I rather fancy, to the absence from town of his regular reader, who had gone into the country to nurse her only surviving invalid aunt—a popular actor-manager, happening to glance at a pile of manuscripts that had been put onto a table until the least consequential Commissionaire could find time to do them up and return them "with many thanks for letting me read your play, which, however, I do not consider quite suitable for this theatre, and which I am, therefore, returning with many regrets," had the temerity to rake one out of the heap, which, as he had no appointment to be photographed or interviewed for at least two hours, he sat down and read forthwith. When his secretary came to remind him that the Biograph Company were waiting to take pictures of him, to be shown to music hall audiences under the title of "Mr. Blankstruther in His Dressing Room," he merely waved that enterprising young gentleman out of the room and continued to read. When he had finished the play he sat for some time in deep thought. "I think I could play that part," he murmured to himself, with becoming modesty. "It's a good part; it's a long part; there are practically no other parts in the piece worth mentioning. I'm sure it's a part that would suit me. I wonder if it's a good play."

His wife came in about 6 o'clock to drag him out to dinner. He was full of the discovery he had made. "Confound it!" he fumed. "Miss Laughton read it and was going to send it back, and I might never have even heard of it. It's too bad! I shall engage a new reader. Miss Laughton will have to go."

His wife protested. "Oh, but she can't possibly, dear," she urged. "She's the best maid I ever had, and she is so useful at writing autographs—she imitates both our hands to perfection. If we send her away, I know what it will mean. You'll keep putting off engaging another reader, and Saxby, your dresser, will read all the plays, and then you'll write letters to the papers complaining of the scarcity of dramatists."

"Very well. Say no more about it," replied Blankstruther. "But I shall produce this play. What's the author's name? Oh, Charles Oxenham. Never heard of him. I wonder who he is."

The next morning Charlie found a letter in his box, with "Macready Theatre" on the envelope. He opened it eagerly. This is what he read:

"(Business letters should not be marked 'private.')

"Macready Theatre, London.

"Dear Sir: Kindly give Mr. Blankstruther a call at the above address any morning this week at 11 o'clock. Yours truly,

"MICHAEL DERONE, General Manager."

Charlie could scarcely believe his eyes. He read and reread the note. He glanced at the clock. It was just 9 o'clock, so he bolted his breakfast, threw the morning paper unread into a corner, and started to dress himself very carefully. He changed his mind as to what he would wear at least a dozen times, but finally emerged, dressed in a frock coat and top hat, at 10:50 o'clock precisely. Fearing to be late, he jumped into a hansom and was soon deposited at the Macready Theatre.

He went along the passage to the stage door and inquired for Mr. Blankstruther. The stage door keeper looked him up and down, then, with a great effort, bereaved himself out of his seat behind the glass partition, and wheezily descended the stairs. Presently he returned. "Not come in yet," he grunted. "Better inquire at the box office."

"Mr. Blankstruther is out of town," said the box office clerk.

"But I have an appointment at 11 o'clock," said Charlie, anxiously.

"What name?" inquired the clerk.

Charlie told him. The clerk telephoned through to the offices upstairs. "They are expecting him every minute," he announced. "Better sit down and wait."

Charlie obeyed instructions. He amused himself by studying the various people who came in to book seats. Finally, at 1 o'clock or a little after, Mr. Blankstruther dashed up in a cab and rushed upstairs as though the dogs of war were snapping at his heels. Charlie strolled over to the box office and reminded the clerk of his appointment. The clerk repeated his telephonic inquiries, and, after a few moments, announced that Mr. Blankstruther would see Mr. Oxenham in a few minutes.

At last the bell rang. "Mr. Blankstruther will see you now," said the clerk. "Up the stairs, through the saloon, second on the right."

Charlie flew up the stairs and arrived at the door named completely out of breath. He knocked nervously. "Come in," said a voice. He obeyed it. Blankstruther appeared to be a genial and jolly sort of fellow, and Charlie conceived a violent liking for him. He talked warmly of the play and expressed a keen desire to interpret the leading part. "Of course, there are one or two little things that require altering, but they can be done at rehearsal. Otherwise, the play is as right as rain," he added, consolingly.

Charlie ventured to breathe the word "Terms."

"My dear boy," replied Blankstruther, "you must discuss all that sort of thing with Derone, my manager; he knows my views, and will give you all the information you want. If you agree to my proposals, the play will go into rehearsal soon after Christmas. By the way," he added, "I haven't the slightest objection to your attending the rehearsals. Some managers are prejudiced against authors. I'm not. I don't mind owning that I can't run my theatre without them."

Charlie protested that he was the easiest man in the world to get on with. "By the way," interrupted his companion, "I don't like the title. It doesn't seem to me to mean anything. It's very pretty and poetical, I grant you; but surely it would be better to call it by some name that would appeal to the man in the street. Why not, 'The Marriage Handicap'?"

Charlie flushed. "Isn't that rather trite? It sounds like a literary oleograph," he protested.

"My boy," replied Blankstruther, "don't be led away by subtlety or symbolism. If you want to succeed be obvious, blatantly obvious. Don't suggest things; hammer them home. Remember your English audience leaves its brains at home when it goes to the theatre. Make your good people good, and your bad people bad. Label 'em. Don't try to make your characters real. They want to be told a fairy tale. If you once try to tell 'em the truth, you're done."

"Surely an author should 'draw the thing as he sees it'?" urged Charlie.

"No, my boy," replied Blankstruther, impatiently; "he must draw it as his audience wish to see it. He had better take his views of life and his theories and his sincerity and drop 'em in the Thames, if he hopes to be a successful playwright. Superficiality is the keynote of the British stage," he concluded, rising and holding out his hand.

Charlie took the hint. "Go in and see Derone—first door on the left," said Blankstruther. "Good-by. Glad to have met you," and Charlie found himself in the passage.

He knocked at the first door on the left, with his courage in his boots, feeling unaccountably depressed by what the actor-manager had told him. "Come in," said Derone. Charlie did so, and introduced himself.

"Pleased to meet you," said Derone. "Have a cigarette?"

Derone was the type of young man that is gradually securing a controlling interest in the British drama. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he gave people the impression of being a charming and cultured gentleman. He had come into the theatrical business without any knowledge, but, by keeping his eyes open, he had speedily secured a position of confidence, and now his advice was asked and his opinion valued on all kinds of matters, from stage decoration to salaries.

Derone read Charlie the draft of a contract he had drawn up. "It is our usual contract," he observed. "They all use it, from Pinero downward."

Charlie opened his eyes. "It's not exactly what I expected," he admitted.

"My dear sir, you can't expect to get the same terms as men who are known and who have been through the mill," said Derone.

"But you said it was your usual contract"—began Charlie.

"The clauses are the usual ones. The terms are not always the same, as you can understand," replied Derone.

After a good deal of argument, Charlie, with a sigh, accepted. He was to get £100 down on account of fees, and a small royalty on every performance. Blankstruther was to have the option of taking over the whole of the acting rights within two years of the London production. It was a shockingly unfair contract, but beginners have to learn by experience.

Charlie left the theatre with his head on fire. It was not at all what he expected it would be. Instead of the amicable arrangement between two gentlemen that he had looked for, it seemed to him like the worst kind of business deal between two city sharpers, each trying to get the better of his opponent. However, it was no use crying; and, at least, he was to have a chance of making his voice heard.

For three months he worked steadily on a new play. Occasionally he dropped in on Derone to hear what was going. He was getting rather anxious. Fortunately, he had received his £100, but that would not last forever. He finished his new play and started it on its rounds. He had two copies typed, which was expensive work, but he thought it safer. It was so hard to get a play read; managers kept them locked up in their cupboards for months. An author was lucky if he could get four managers to read one play in a year; and, when it was read, the opinion was of little value. The managers seemed to imagine that any one was capable of rejecting plays.

Charlie began to lose confidence in himself. By now he had four plays going the rounds. Occasionally he renewed the covers, as they were beginning to look shabby. They were very favorably reported on, but the managers all had their plans made so far ahead. They regretted very much they could not see their way to making Mr. Oxenham an offer for his play. Sometimes he maliciously put pieces of paper in between the leaves, and when the play came back he would find the pieces of paper untouched. When he read in the papers the usual managerial complaint that there were no dramatists, Charlie felt inclined to write that there were no managers capable of judging a play or with pluck enough to give a new man a chance.

At last he received a letter from Derone to the effect that his play would be put into rehearsal on the following Monday. His spirits revived, and he burned the letter he had just written to his landlord giving notice that he would be leaving his rooms that day fortnight.

He arrived at the theatre half an hour before the rehearsal was called, hoping to have a few minutes' chat with Blankstruther, but he had not yet arrived. Toward 12:30 o'clock the members of the company began to straggle in, one by one, having had to postpone several important social engagements for the purpose of hearing the play read, which annoyed them. Every one wondered who the worried looking young man who was pacing up and down the stage could be. At last Blankstruther arrived. After a few more minutes were wasted in pleasant conservation, chairs were placed in a circle, and Blankstruther started to read the play, having hurriedly introduced Charlie to the company. He was in a hurry, and he read it very badly. Charlie watched the people's faces anxiously. Nobody was interested. Every one was bored. There was only one exception—a girl. Her eyes filled with tears at some of the scenes which were very delicately written, and Charlie's heart went out to her.

Rehearsals began. Blankstruther cut and slashed and altered without consulting Charlie. One day he stayed away as a protest, but no one noticed his absence. The whole meaning of the play had been altered to suit Blankstruther's particular style; the comedy had been vulgarized, the pathos had been practically eliminated.

On the first night it received the usual mixed reception. On the next morning, the papers spoke warmly of Blankstruther's magnificent attempt to save a poor play from disaster, and hoped he would speedily find a better one to replace the unfortunate production of the night before. One or two of the thoughtful critics saw promise in the work, but their notices came too late to be of much use. The play was withdrawn after six performances, and Blankstruther, having let his theatre to a French company, went off holiday making. Charlie accepted the verdict standing up like a man, but when he reached his rooms he broke down utterly.

Then things began to go very badly with him. Charlie had been for a long time engaged to a very nice girl in the country. They had known each other as children, and were to be married directly Charlie had made what they considered was a fair start. But the morning after the play was withdrawn, he received an incoherent sort of letter from her to say that she couldn't stand the way her people behaved to her any longer, and that she had promised to marry a wealthy young officer who was quartered in the neighborhood, and she knew he would never forgive her; but it all seemed so hopeless, and she would never forget him, but he must never think of her again.

Then Charlie's nerve went to pieces. His plays came back to him with machinelike regularity. He would write half through the night, but his money was exhausted, and he could not afford to pay for the typing of what he wrote. He had given up his rooms and taken a small one somewhere off the Gray's Inn Road.

. . . . .

I lost sight of Charlie completely for some months; but one night, on coming out of the Avenue Theatre, I saw what appeared to me to be a very familiar figure. I crossed the road and followed him. There was a nasty fog, and the Embankment was looking the reverse of cheerful. The figure in front of me stopped opposite the Savoy and turned to look over the coping. It was Charlie. I went up to him and touched him on the arm.

He turned to me with a look on his face I shall never forget. "You were a minute too soon," he whispered. "Damn you, why did you follow me?"

I saw he was badly in want of food, and he spoke in a wild, irresponsible manner. I hustled him into a cab and drove him to my rooms. When we reached them he had fallen asleep. I roused him, and somehow got him upstairs, and put him down in an armchair in front of the fire. He looked ten years older than when I had last seen him. His face was drawn and lined, his cheeks were hollow, his clothes in the last stage of shabbiness and dirt. I made him sip warm milk and brandy, and after a while he became almost his old self.

He told me his story. Bad luck had dogged him. He could get nothing accepted. I know his work was good; he had an easy, graceful style, and he wrote of things as he saw them. When I first knew him he would often walk up and down his room spouting Kipling's "When earth's last picture is painted." The words went down to his very soul—as they must to the soul of any man who makes essays in artistic creation. But there was no place for him in the world. He had lived for a time in one room in Holborn, working day and night; he had seen managers who had spoken charmingly to him about his work, and had hinted mysteriously of something in the future. But he had had the present staring him in the face.

He broke down in the middle of the story and sobbed like a child. Then he startled me by quietly fainting. I rang for the porter, and sent him off for a doctor, and, in the mean time, undressed Charlie and got him to bed. He was simply a living skeleton. What he must have suffered no one will ever know. When the doctor arrived Charlie was delirious. He sent me out to telephone for a nurse.

For nearly a week we fought for his life, but he had no desire to live. We got the fever under, but the exhaustion that followed was the worst sign. The doctor was perfectly candid. "He hasn't got a chance," he asserted, "unless you can revive in him a desire for life."

I was sitting with him very early one morning. The nurse had gone off duty at midnight, completely worn out. About 2 o'clock he asked what the time was, and, after he had taken a little nourishment, he began to talk.

"I wonder why God puts you into the world with Hope and Ambition and Belief, and then starts to break your spirit by drying up all the good that's in you and pushing you down every time you try to rise." He spoke quietly, with no trace of excitement.

I ventured a reply. "Perhaps it's because you—the real you—can't find yourself until you've had to look life squarely in the face."

"I don't believe that," said Charlie. "I don't believe in anything—now. I'm beaten. I've tried hard to be brave and to go on fighting; but I'm done. I don't want to go on any more. I'm just too tired of it all to want to live. . . . I know what it is to dread going to bed at night because of having to wake up in the morning and face it all again. Life's nothing but worry, and disappointment, and temptation. You are shown things you long to possess, and then they're sharply withdrawn from your reach and put where you can only see them and long for them, but can never call them your own. . . . Oh, I'm so tired of life! It's so cruel—not only to me, but to nearly everybody. Just a few seem to have all the luck—the sort who don't care and don't think, and who are selfish and self-indulgent, and without principle. . . . The pain of the world has eaten its way into my very soul. I'm glad I'm going out. So'd you be—if you were me."

There was a long silence. Only once did he stir, when, toward morning, he clutched my hand and murmured a girl's name very softly once or twice. As the dawn showed dimly through the Venetian blinds and the streets began to hum with the life of the city, the silence in the room became almost oppressive. I crept to the fireplace and endeavored to coax the fire into life, then moved quietly to the bed and listened. The silence almost spoke to me. I looked at the boy. The despair had vanished from his face. He was smiling. I touched his hand. . . .

Charlie had solved the problem for himself.—(The Sketch.

A FIELD FOR WOMEN.

Welfare Work Needs Them if They Have Executive Ability and Tact.

That welfare work is especially adapted to women possessed of executive ability and tact and an unfailing fund of common sense was pointed out by Miss Gertrude Beeks in her lecture on this subject before the School of Philanthropy yesterday morning. Miss Beeks, who is secretary of the department of welfare work of the National Civic Federation, clearly defined the chief aims of this phase of social work.

"It involves," she said, "especial consideration for physical comfort wherever labor is performed, opportunities for recreation, educational advantages and the providing of suitable sanitary homes, its application to be measured by the exigencies of the case. Plans for saving and lending money, insurance and pensions are also included."

The application of welfare work to department stores is similar in some respects to its use in manufacturing establishments. The physical value of luncheon rooms is alike in each, but the providing of recreation for employes cannot be carried so far in stores as in factories, while the question of housing obviously does not enter the problem. There are, however, practical opportunities for education in stores just as in factories—such as millinery and cooking classes, libraries and special instruction for younger employes to prepare them for better positions. Classes in salesmanship are a new feature, and Miss Beeks held them to be a particularly important one in the adjustment of the employe to her work.

Miss Beeks dwelt on the fact that the railroads have made much progress in the extension of welfare work. She held that the prosperity, contentment and productive capacity of the railroad employes, who are the largest single class of workmen, is of vital importance. One great company, she said, has led the way in promoting railway provident associations, because they retain and attract a superior class of employes and increase their good will. Grand Chief E. E. Clark, of the Brotherhood of Conductors, was quoted as saying that the railroads are in the front rank of large employers who have an interest in the health, welfare and contentment of their employes.

Considerable progress has been made in applying welfare methods to the mining regions. Here there is ample opportunity for the work, which may range from the mere provision of rooms where the miners can change their clothes when entering and leaving the shafts to wholesale demands for more sanitary homes, the care of the sick and in extending education. There are pressing difficulties in the mines, however. One large corporation which maintains a welfare secretary has employes speaking twenty-seven tongues. The work has flourished, nevertheless, and in spite of a long strike it is in better shape than ever.

Miss Lillian D. Wald told of the work of the Nurses' Settlements, of which she is head worker. The Settlement in Henry-st. comprises three houses, and there is another in Seventy-eighth-st. The nurses from these Settlements, she said, are the people's nurses, rather than doctors' nurses. There is no red tape about calling them, every call by letter, telephone or word being answered at the first possible moment. A nurse does not always fit the needs of the family which has sent the call, but she puts the members on the right track for a physician, a dispensary examination, a charity visitor or whatever they do need.

The East Side people have the greatest regard and consideration for the nurses, Miss Wald said. They apologize for calling upon them at night or on Sunday, and are extremely grateful. The nurses' service is seldom misunderstood and is almost never refused.

TIFFANY & CO.

Pottery and Glass Department

Continued China Sale

At greatly reduced prices to facilitate removal, Minton, Doulton, Cauldon, Crown Derby and Coalport plates and cups and saucers

Also fish and game sets decorated by Mussill, Wilson, Hart and Wright

Union Square New York

GLEAN-INGS

The woman of artistic taste and nimble fingers will always find plenty to do as a designer and maker of jewelry, according to a writer in "The Ladies' Realm." The ornaments produced by such workers meet a demand that is said not to be satisfied by the ordinary trade jewelry. The latter is exquisitely finished, while amateur work is much rougher. At the same time, however, there is more spontaneity and originality in the amateur work, and there are numbers of people who would never think of buying a necklace or a tiara from a regular dealer in jewels, but who are glad to acquire a unique specimen from the hands of a clever woman worker. Intending students of this art are advised to begin with wire work. Charming ornaments can be made in wire alone, silver wire being the most effective and easily worked. Gold is as easy to manage, but more difficult to solder. By the addition of jewels to the wire designs, elaborate and beautiful effects can be produced, and the setting of small jewels is said not to be difficult. The ornaments which afford the finest field for designers of wire work jewelry are perhaps pendants, as here the designer is not limited by any considerations of shape or size, as he is in the matter of brooches, earrings, rings or bracelets.

A pretty idea for a children's party is a flower dance, with garlands of paper roses, chrysanthemums and carnations intermingled with greenery. Sixteen garlands are required, and should be fastened to a hook in the ceiling, well out of the way of gas jets and open fires. The grand chain of the lancers is an appropriate figure to be executed with these garlands.

Motoring modes have done a great deal for the economical woman who does not motor, for she can avail herself of the cosey fur coats in opossum, pony skin, musquash and several of the lesser furs which have been revived with new and greatly improved dressings. Many of these are quite smart enough for ordinary occasions, as well as for travelling, motoring, driving, etc.

You may not know enough to advise our statesmen about the tariff, and, as none of them seem to understand the matter, it is very possibly too deep for any of the present generation, says a writer in "Harper's Bazar." But the care of the streets, the construction of the school buildings and much concerning the conduct of the schools themselves, the disposition of garbage and ashes, the position and maintenance near towns of nuisances like abattoirs, soap factories and chemical works, which many times cause great discomfort and even epidemics before a maddened public opinion roots them out and puts them where they ought to be—all these matters are a part of the government, as much as the currency and the tariff and the foreign policy. All these affairs come under the head of "municipal housekeeping," and women should feel as responsible for their conduct as men.

"On the other side of your kitchen door is another race, another language, a different religion, an alien civilization," said a bright woman the other day in discussing the problem of domestic service in New-York City. "Even if your maid speaks English, you have not the same language. When she leaves your house for her Thursday out she vanishes into the unknown, so far as you are concerned; yet there she lives her real life and has her real interests.

"Is it any wonder that problems arise when two civilizations meet under one roof in a relation that, while it is economic, has just enough of family life to complicate it? The problem of domestic service in its most aggravated form is to reconcile two demands—the maid's for as little work as possible for the most money; the mistress's for the most work for the least money. That is a task that calls for more intelligence than you will find in the intelligence office.

"It is clear that we need a sense of mutual relation; we can never get along until mistress and maid have a common cause; and this means that they must understand each other better than they do now, and we must understand the servant's side of it particularly, because help must come from the higher intelligence.

"I do not believe individual effort will do much toward solving the problem of domestic service; no sooner have you solved it with Jane than Bridget takes her place, and Jane goes out into somebody else's house to face a new problem there. But I really believe that we have at least made some progress toward an intelligent conception of the facts in the case."

WASTING AWAY

It's the small but constant loss of flesh that indicates physical waste—the gradual slipping away of healthy flesh, pound by pound, which no ordinary food seems to restore. Scott's Emulsion will restore it. This Emulsion is the greatest flesh builder obtainable. Scott's Emulsion first stops the wasting—that's one gain. Then when it supplies new flesh and takes one back to normal strength and weight, that's another gain and a big one.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.