EAGER TO POSE FOR CHARITY

WOMEN OF SOCIETY WHO DISPLAY REAL SKILL.

Mrs. Arthur Burden's Appearances as a Dancer—The Hope Farm Fete Hampered by the Weather—The Young Married Set Much in Evidence.

New York women of society are always willing nowadays to take part in charitable affairs, whether it be to pose passively in tableaux, dance their most graceful steps in Grecian festivals or Bohemian ballets or merely stand behind the counter and sell all they can for the bazaar.

This mood of willingness to share in the outward and visible signs of benevolence had a curious result three weeks ago. The conclusion of the Hope Farm fair on the lot adjoining the Lenox Library found more women of society with bad colds than any similar season in the past had witnessed. It was not the dancers alone who suffered from the unseasonable weather. Even the women who stood at the booths found that no amount of wraps would avail to prevent them from catching cold. Such an experience may serve as a temporary setback to New York's enthusiasm for being charitable, but such a feeling probably will disappear before the first December charity tableaux are announced.

The outcome of the Hope Farm festival settled a question which New Yorkers thought had received its answer years ago. This open air fête was modelled on the plan of the kirmess of former years. Its appeal was not confined to any class of society. All the different sets were invited to take part, whether they represented Long Island or Westchester, the horsy set or the artistic set.

Just as the uncertain spring weather made it impossible to hold these entertainments out of doors, the cold weather all but ruined the Hope Farm fête. It is now settled that open air entertainments can never be attempted in the springtime here. The amount of profit that may be made at a charitable entertainment is too important to have it jeopardized by the chance of cold and rain. It is inconsiderate of a climate to be so unfavorable to social life when the seasons in Paris, London and Vienna are just now at their height and open air life is an important feature of existence in these cities.

No other member of New York society was so active in the cause of charity during the last winter as Mrs. Arthur Burden. She danced in modern dress with Harvey Ladew at Mrs. Vanderbilt's Plaza tableaux, with Mr. Hester in the Grecian festival at the training school and in the Bohemian ballet from "The Bartered Bride" at the Hope Farm entertainment. Mrs. James Eustis appeared in both the Greek dances and the Bohemian ballet, but was not so lavishly generous in giving her services as Mrs. Burden.

Mrs. Burden comes from a family that is fond of amateur theatricals. Her aunt Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, has been devoted to amateur appearances for years and is one of the few New York women of society who speak French well enough to act in that language. It was she who some years ago converted the large loft over her father's stable in West Fifty-sixth street into a theatre and there acted in French with a number of her youthful associates, playing the title part in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which is an undertaking that most amateurs would balk at even if the text of the play had been translated into English. Then the Misses Hewitt, who are related by marriage to Mrs. Burden, have for years been in the habit of giving entertainments that exploited some novel feature of amateur art, whether it were dancing, acting or singing.

Miss Harriet Daly, who posed in the tableaux organized by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., had the advantage of picking out a prima donna rôle without having the disagreeable responsibility of having any more to do than look the part. She had always confessed that of all the operas Puccini ever wrote the work that she loved the most was "Madama Butterfly." So she selected that operatic heroine when Mrs. Gordon Douglas chose *Hedda* and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney decided to be seen in the gorgeous dress of *Herodias*. Her duties were merely spectacular, since Geraldine Farrar, who had sung for Mrs. Vanderbilt a few weeks before, volunteered to sing one of the scenes from the opera before Miss Daly posed. It was a bold thing to challenge comparison with the appearance of the beautiful Miss Farrar, but the amateur came successfully through the ordeal.

Mrs. Joseph Harriman was active principally as a saleswoman at the Hope Farm fête and has never consented to appear in any other capacity in charitable affairs, although she is most enthusiastic in the field she has chosen. Mrs. Harriman was Miss Eugenia McLean of Baltimore, where there is perhaps less enthusiasm for taking part in public charity enterprises.

Mrs. Charles de Loosey Oelrichs, who was this spring first noticeable in charity affairs, was Miss Marjorie Turnbull of Morristown. She had not been before the public until this Hope Farm bazaar, which drew in many of the young married women, since it was decided by the managers that the débutantes were to have very little to do with the affair.

They had been sufficiently entertained throughout the season, so it was decided that the young married couples, as well as those that had been in society for several years, should be put into the most conspicuous place at this springtime fair.

Included in this young married set was Mrs. Anson W. Hard, Jr., who was Miss Florence Bourne of Babylon, L. I. Mrs. Morton Nichols is another matron still youthful enough to figure in the charities that are intended to interest the younger set.

The present ease with which women are able to gather recruits for their charitable affairs comes in a large degree from the growth in society's numbers during recent years. The habit of describing social functions so minutely has taken away the old shock that used to come from the sight of their names in print to women in society. Then the desire to show their talents to a wider field than their immediate friends tempts many of the gifted women of society to appear in public, and many of them reveal talents that compare very favorably with some that are seen on the professional stage.

MRS. JOSEPH HARRIMAN.

PHOTOS BY AIME DUPONT NEW YORK & NEWPORT

MRS. CHARLES DE LOOSEY OELRICHS — MRS. ANSON G. HARD.

MISS HARRIET DALY.

HIS DEFENCE PERFECT.

Showing That You Can't Lose at Home if You Win Elsewhere.

You can't lose at home when you win elsewhere. This isn't cryptic.

Just to prove that it isn't meant to be cryptic: This man got home at 3 o'clock the other morning. His package was only of medium size, but it was obvious. His wife was sitting up in bed, bolstered by both of the pillows. The skirmish was on immediately.

"You're keeping it up, aren't you?" she began.

"What, the pew rent?" said he, with a feeble attempt at gayety. "I didn't know I sent 'em a check. Did I?"

"Oh, you're funny this time, are you? Well, I'd rather have you come home in your regular ruffian's mood. That seems more natural."

"Uh-huh. Let's fan it over in the morning—I mean at getting up time. I'm all for the hay now."

"Oh, there's nothing to fan over, as you call it—nothing whatever. You know just how things stand. I have only to add that you'll be lumbering in here in this condition some morning to discover that you've lost your home."

"Sounds good to me. This thing of paying rent has been getting my Angora for a long time now."

"What's that that rolled out of your trousers pocket? It's a poker chip!"

"B'jee, so it is! A dollar chip, too, that I forgot to cash in!"

"Oh, you're very airy about it, aren't you? Me wearing a miserable old three dollar and a half hat that I have to smother with a veil to keep folks from laughing at me, it's been so warped out of shape already by the wet weather! You out playing poker and drinking with a lot of low lived rowdies till after 3 o'clock in the morning!"

"Poker isn't playing. It's working."

"If it was working you wouldn't have anything to do with it, for of all the trifling, ambitionless——"

"These feathers feel pretty good. Supposing we postpone the rest of it till breakfast, eh?"

"We'll do nothing of the sort! I'd like to become acquainted with the sound of my own voice once in a while, and goodness knows it sounds strange enough to me, I have so little use of it, with nobody around to talk to, and I don't wonder you don't feel like talking after bellowing around for eight or ten hours over a poker table with a pack of loafers, and——"

"Loafers, hey? Well, your brother Jim must come under that head, because he was in. Lost the use of his pipes, too, saying 'That beats my two pair.'"

"Well, it's your fault if my brother was with that crowd of brutes. You are not content with making me miserable, but you are deliberately trying to ruin my youngest brother, and until he met you he was one of the nicest——"

"Hi-hum! Stop that kidding. Little Jamesey could teach me new stuff for fourteen years, and then I'd only be in the kindergarten compared with him."

"I don't believe he ever touched a card in his life until you——"

"Well, I never taught him to dish 'em from the middle and underneath the pack, that's a pipe, and he'd have tried to pull that stuff to-night if we hadn't all been there with the lamps on his moves."

"I don't know what you mean, but I do know that I'm in rags and tatters, and I'm even ashamed to go to the market in the morning, and if you expect me——"

"Don't expect anything. Say, let's chop it and do that continued in our next thing. Sleepy."

"I've seen men going to the dogs, but I've never seen a man going so rapidly as you are. You haven't any more pride left than a grasshopper. You don't even brush your clothes any more There was a time when you had at least enough regard for me to——"

"Me for Morpheus. Let's cancel all dates for the present and make it twenty minutes for a new book. In the morning, I mean at breakfast, you can go as far as you like and write your own ticket; but it's getting along toward sun up now. Forget it, won't you?"

"I went down town to go through the stores this morning—yesterday morning, I should say—and I met Mrs. Neatwad, and she treated me to lunch, and I didn't have a penny in my pocket to treat her to ice cream soda, and when we came home she had to pay the carfares too, for I only had the nickel for my own fare home, and I was never so embarrassed and mortified in all my born days, and she's just the kind of a cat that will go around and tell everybody——"

"Why don't you beat her to it and tell everybody about it first? Well, good night—morning, I mean—doll heart!"

"Doll heart! I wish you wouldn't insult me with your sarcasm."

"Sarcasm nothing. Mean it. Every word of it. So long, angel face."

"It's perfectly contemptible for you to lie there and ridicule me after the way you have——"

"Who's ridiculing? Nothing of the sort. Let's go find old man Nid-Nod. Good-by, tweet."

"Me going around with my feet all but on the ground, and I've been just wild for a pair of those champagne colored street slippers, and I saw a pair in a window a couple of days ago for only $6, and I just stood there gawking at them like a fool, although I knew there wasn't a chance on earth that I'd ever get a pair, and——"

"Say, all kinds of queer things are liable to happen if you'll only let me get this sleep out of my system."

"Oh, yes, there's a lot liable to happen when my husband trots around with a lot of roysterers that have eight or ten times as much money to spend on themselves as he has; and if I were a man I'd just simply——"

"It didn't set me back any bundle to hold up my end with that bunch of fatheads to-night. You watch little Sunlocks's smoke, that's all—he gets his'n once in a while."

"Oh, I suppose what you call breaking even satisfies you, but it's not often that you do even that, and if I didn't know any more about cards than you do, for all your boasted knowledge, I'd try beanbag or something that——"

"Tush and slush and things: if you'll only give me a chance to lay up a few lines of slumber ——"

"Very well, but I'm telling you now that I simply must have $8 to-morrow—today, I mean—to get some little things that I had put aside at the stores, and——"

"Oh, stop talking about that chicken feed—eight dollars! I hate to listen to conversation about that sort of junk. How would eighty bucks suit you?"

"Eighty! Ha, ha! If I ever had eighty dollars in my hand all at one time, why, I'd become so crazy that——"

"Would, hey?"

At this juncture he darted out of bed and produced a bulgy, corpulent bundle from his trousers pocket.

"Well, eighty's just cigarette change. Here's a hundred and a half for yourself. I win a couple hundred more than that. Now go buy everything in New York. How about some sleep? Do I get any of the slumber now?"

"Dearie!"

"Huh!"

"Do you really mean to tell me that you won all that money and that you are giving me all this for myself, and that—— Well, you clever, crafty, smart old thing you! You old love! Well, of all things! My dear, I didn't mean a word of it about the boys, and you can have them up here for your little game whenever you want to, and I'll fix a nice supper for them," &c.

There's no chance on earth for you to lose at home when you win away from home.

10,000 GIRLS IN EARNEST

YOUNG WOMEN IN BOSTON STUDYING MANY THINGS.

Most of Them Seeking Practical Knowledge—Plan to Establish a Union for Them—Knew Science of Cooking and Are Ill Fed—Their Social Life.

BOSTON, June 5.—Boston is to have something like a Harvard Union for young women. This institution, to give it a long name, is to serve the convenience not of a single university but of many schools, general and technical.

Although Boston long ago ceased to be the literary centre of the country the city is still in a very important sense an education centre, and almost as much for young women as for young men. Radcliffe, the University of Boston, the Boston "Tech," Simmons College, the Normal Art School, the Museum School of Design, the Conservatory of Music and many other schools great and small have several thousand young women from places in Massachusetts and New England outside the city; from distant parts of the United States, from Europe, Asia, Africa and the isles of the sea. Persons who are fond of large and round numbers say that there are 10,000 women, mostly between the ages of 17 and 25, attending these schools and living for the most part in dormitories and boarding houses.

Others go in and out of town daily to their studies and many live with relatives and friends. Perhaps the hazarded total of 10,000 includes a good many that find homes in this last fashion, but the homeless make up a large and distinctive class of the young spinster population.

Now the wonder is that a town fairly dripping with active sympathies for the lonely, a town that has a refuge for neglected domestic pets and a home for disabled horses has so long left all these young women to shift for themselves. A woman who came to Cambridge some years ago to take a technical course and brought a letter to the clergyman whose church she attended complains that neither the pastor nor his assistant made any attempt to seek her out, and she was left in utter loneliness.

Hers was probably an extreme case, for there have been efforts, sporadic and systematic, to look after these eager young students who live in and about Boston eight or nine months in the year and have no natural social relations. Some excellent women give afternoon teas to girls whom they suppose to be lonely. The students appear at week ends, at dinners and at other ordinary social affairs. Those young women who attend some church regularly are included in such social gatherings of the congregation as they have time for.

In the dormitories, large and small, of such an institution as Simmons College there is a community life. Perhaps every considerable school that is attended by young women from out of town has some form of social organization. There is a social life of the studios in which the girl art students have their share.

All of these efforts taken together, however, do not supply the social needs of these thousands of young women. In fact their social needs are so different from those of other women resident in Boston that ordinary means cannot meet their requirements.

Young women at school in Boston are in a very different situation from young men. On the average, the girls have much less money to spend, and they are much more in earnest about their studies, because they come to school for a serious and practical purpose.

That indefinite thing called culture is not the chief object of many girl students from out of town, and still less do they come hundreds of miles to a strange city for the sake of four years loafing, athletic and social amusement. They are terribly in earnest, and it must be confessed that a good many wear the traditional gold bowed glasses of the caricatures.

Simmons College, for example, has thrown overboard the whole classic paraphernalia of education and teaches even modern languages mainly with a view to their practical use in technical studies. Most of the hundreds of girls attending its classes are fitting themselves to be professional housekeepers, librarians, stenographers, private secretaries and the like.

Even some of those who attend the university schools are mainly occupied in strictly utilitarian studies. Busy young women such as these who are trying to save time and money do not want the form of relaxation supplied by ordinary social gayeties.

It is supposed, however, that they would welcome the sort of social opportunity to be offered by a more or less distant equivalent of the Harvard Union. The institution will not be a charity any more than the union is, and it is probable that the various schools whose students will be admitted to the advantages of the place will find it wise to contribute to its support. Individual fees will thus be attractively small.

The place will not be elaborate in appointments, but it will furnish reading and idling rooms, and there will be teas, receptions and the like at suitable hours. Since the young women have quite enough of lectures in the classroom it will perhaps be unique among Boston's public and semi-public institutions in not undertaking to provide its members with too much of such intellectual pabulum. Of course it will not be able entirely to escape the accustomed Bostonian means of culture, for where ten Bostonians get together nine listen while the tenth lectures.

One problem of student life in Boston the contemplated institution cannot easily solve, that of food, for even if it should provide a single centrally located restaurant where young women could be wholesomely and decently fed at a moderate price the gastronomic needs of these scattered thousands could not be met. Boston women students know more about the science of cookery than any others in the world, but perhaps there are not 10,000 worse fed young women among the presumably educated classes of any city than those in the Boston schools.

The raw material of food is very high priced in Boston, and the device of employing relatively cheap cooks, while it saves a good deal on cost, does not contribute to the most wholesome and palatable preparation of the expensive raw materials. No town has more cheap restaurants or worse.

Girl students and others with notions about economy and health go a good deal to certain cheap and scientifically conducted restaurants, one of which at least is said to furnish with each dish a careful analysis of its nutritive value. Some of these places have repellent names suggestive of gastronomic hospitals. The food is said to be sound and well prepared in even the worst named places, but no person with a lively imagination or a sense of humor finds it easy to enter the "Gastronomic Kitchen," the "Health Food Buffet" or the "Dyspeptic's Delight."

If the projected union for girl students can take this matter of proper feeding in hand, and while looking out for health not forget æsthetics and the palate, it will do much for the educational system of Boston.

An Oregon Schoolma'am.

From the Seaside Signal.

Miss Charlotte Church, who is teaching in a new schoolhouse on the Necanicum, is baching in a cabin about a mile from her school, having no near neighbors but wild animals.

SERVING WINES AT DINNER

VINTAGE CHAMPAGNES SHOULD NOT BE TOO COLD.

Temperature for Clarets and Burgundies—Rules for Pouring Out Wine—The Matter of Decanting—Cooling Rhine Wine—Delicacy of Fine Brands.

When the late Ward McAllister undertook the social regeneration of New York's smart set he found much to criticise in the form of its entertainments. The habit of serving wines as he found it in those days aroused his special disapproval.

Of one hostess he said that at her table the champagne was invariably hot, while the soup was usually cold. He charged one of the noted Newport entertainers of that day with no less a crime against the rules of good eating and drinking than the custom of ordering clarets and burgundies from New York grocers a week or so before they were needed, the wines in consequence being drunk perhaps a day or two after their arrival.

If it is true that New Yorkers ever did such things it is certain that they do not do them now. They have learned better during the years that have intervened since the time they were supposed to be ignorant of the difference between warm champagne and muddy red wines. Various causes have combined to bring about this desirable result.

There are many more families to-day that entertain elaborately. As a result of this there are many more experienced servants, and one of the things in which foreign butlers are trained is the proper serving of wines.

Then guests at the dinners given today have greater opportunities to notice the quality of the wine that they drink. The number of wines served at formal dinners now is much smaller than it used to be, but dinners are also simpler in the matter of food. So the wine that is served may be drunk with greater opportunity to test its quality.

There is no reason why New Yorkers should not be familiar now with the ways in which to serve wines that their qualities may be in their best estate. Not only are the well trained servants more numerous than they used to be, but the hotels which make a specialty of their service have greatly increased in numbers in recent years.

Dining out is more popular than it used to be, and persons now make a specialty of knowing as much as possible about wines and the correct way of serving them. Just how extensive their knowledge may be is a matter it is not well to inquire into too deeply, but they manage to speak to the waiters with an appearance of great authority.

One of the first principles of this knowledge is the fact that all champagnes should be cooled to 32 degrees. That is the rule for most wines. It takes much knowledge of champagnes to know that certain kinds should be drunk at the cellar temperature.

"The average champagne," said the presiding genius of the great wine company tucked under the hotel on Fifth avenue, "should be served at a low temperature, but in my opinion vintage wines should never be put on the table at any colder temperature than that of the cellar in which they have been stored. That is particularly the same as saying that the temperature should range from 55 degrees to 65 degrees, since that is the temperature maintained in a first class cellar.

"It is at this temperature that the best qualities of a vintage champagne are to be enjoyed. Its bouquet, its rare flavor and the peculiarities that make it valuable are in my opinion lost when it is served at too low a temperature. That it is worth while to take the necessary trouble to get the best out of a vintage champagne is shown by its rarity.

"There are vintage wines dating from 1874, and then came an interval of ten years. It was not until 1884 that the vintage was good enough to produce an unusual wine. Then came five years with no more vintage wines. Anything that comes so unfrequently must be worth taking care of.

"The English theory that sweet wine should not be served as the dry light champagnes was never held here. The effect of freezing champagne until it is frappé shows how much better the bouquet of the rare wines will be preserved if they are served only at the cellar temperature. Unless a wine that is frappé is drunk immediately it is useless. The next day it is flavorless. The old vintage champagnes are corked not with the ordinary cork but with a narrow one that has the hardness of wood and they remain effervescent."

This authority departs from the usual view that burgundy should be served at the temperature of the room. He believes that the cellar temperature displays its merits at their best. This means a temperature between 55° and 65°.

But he concurs in the belief that sherry, madeira, tokay and malaga should be of the same temperature as the dining room. These wines should not be kept, however, at this temperature all the time. It would probably cause renewed fermentation, especially in the case of the red wines. They are brought to the correct temperature by the treatment they receive after leaving the cellar.

That less frequently seen wine, port, should be at the temperature of the cellar and had perhaps best be placed in the dining room a few minutes before dinner. As it is the last wine to be served it will have attained the temperature of the room by the time its turn has arrived.

The fashion of decanting port still prevails in England, and nearly all still wines are treated in the same way. Here the fashion is followed less frequently, since few butlers are willing to take the trouble necessary to decanter wines properly. In England, where butlers are more common and more accustomed to do their work well merely for its own sake, the candle bright is always applied to decanted wines.

This means that a glass of red wine with a candle put behind it should shine brilliantly clear. Any cloudiness comes from sediment that has slipped from the bottom of the bottle into the decanter, and such inefficiency would mortify a conscientious English butler.

Claret is another wine which the English are still in the habit of decanting, although at the more formal dinners in New York it is served in bottles, not infrequently in the elaborate silver cradles in which the bottle reclines in order that the sediment may not be stirred up. The English view is that decanting when carefully done results in a much clearer wine, since the last two or three glasses of claret in the bottle are likely to be muddy when they are served with the bottle on its side.

The same holds true of burgundy. These two wines are always drunk at the temperature of the room, and careful butlers in private houses as well as waiters in hotels take a great many precautions to insure the perfect condition of the claret when the time for dinner comes.

Even if claret is to be decanted it must be brought from the cellar to the dining room in the morning and kept there until an hour or two before dinner to get the correct temperature. The theory of the careful butler is that in taking a bottle of claret from the cellar he is plucking a piece of fruit. He has removed a living thing from one medium to another when he carried the wine bottle from the cellar to the outside world. So it is his duty to treat the wine just as he would some fruit that had to be prepared for the table.

Of course it is presumed that the wine has been in the cellar long enough to become used to its new surroundings. Wines require a long time to recover from the effects of moving, and it is said that a trip from a cellar downtown to the home of their owner may so upset very old wines that it will take them months to recover.

All wine dealers recommend a rest of at least six months for old claret. The younger and less expensive brands are of course fully possessed of much color and flavor in a much shorter time. Those persons who still like to drink their claret out of a decanter are cautioned that the authorities believe that it should under no circumstances be allowed to be taken out of the bottles more than two hours before it is to be drunk.

"There are a number of things about the serving of claret," THE SUN'S informant said, "that few persons take the trouble to learn. It is not enough that the wine be of the temperature of the room and that it be so poured out as to allow no sediment to escape.

"A glass should never be filled with claret. Two-thirds of a glass is all that should be poured out. To fill a glass to the top makes it impossible for the person who drinks it to enjoy the bouquet.

"It should be poured out slowly, moreover, as that makes the surface perfectly smooth and prevents the ugly bubbles that appear if the wine is hastily poured out.

"Then a waiter, whether he be in a gentleman's house or a hotel, should never pour wine into a glass that has not been quite emptied. It may be that the drinker prefers to have the last drop. When he has emptied the glass altogether the time has come for more to be poured out for him."

Rhine wine and moselle are the better for being thoroughly cooled. The rhine wine should never be iced and a sudden cooling is believed by connoisseurs to affect the taste. The idea to be kept in mind is the temperature of the cellar in which it was stored originally.

Except in very cold weather the right temperature may be imparted to rhine wine, moselle and sauterne by putting the bottles in the open air for an hour before they are to be used. As this treatment in very cold weather would cool them excessively it has been found sufficient under such circumstances to put them in a pantry or some room with the door open or even to place them for two or three hours in a hallway where the door is frequently opened to the air

BEAR IN WASHINGTON TOWN.

Went to Market and Helped Itself at One of the Stands.

From the Tacoma Ledger.

Intense excitement was created in Bellingham this afternoon when a huge black bear weighing 200 pounds ran amuck in the heart of the city and finally made a raid on a stand of the public market. The animal was first seen ambling along the beach two blocks from Main street early this afternoon and scores of people rushed from stores to get a glimpse of it. After hiding in a clump of bushes on an embankment for half an hour the bear made its way to a barn and was underneath the building when a woman went out to collect eggs.

Seeing the animal within twenty feet of her and rushing in her direction, she dropped her apronful of eggs and, shrieking at the top of her voice, rushed to safety. Venturesome youths drove the animal away from the barn and it ran into the bushes again.

An hour later it climbed the hill and shambled up one of the main streets to the public market place. When discovered by the market master it was devouring a bunch of radishes. Frightened away, the animal started down the street and was making a dash for a fleeing pedestrian when it was shot by a hotel man with a revolver. A second shot from a Winchester caused its death. Nobody has claimed the animal, and it is not known whether it is a tame bear or a wild animal that wandered into the city last night.

THAT SUIT OF HERS.

An Instalment of Sartorial History Heard by a Husband.

"John, dear, may I interrupt you just a moment?" timidly began Mrs. Tibbs.

"Yes, dear," replied Tibbs, laying down his paper.

"I want to talk to you about my suit. I am worried to death about it."

"What suit is it, my dear? You don't need another suit, do you? You just got a suit."

"John! How can you say such a thing? You know I haven't had a suit for a long time," retorted Mrs. Tibbs. "Anyway, you said I could have it."

"Oh, did I? Well, how about the suit you just got? The suit we've been talking about so long?"

"That's the suit I mean."

"I am quite sure you told me the other day that you had ordered it."

"Well, you never more than half listen to what I say." She fished two samples out of her portemonnaie. "Now I want you to tell me honestly which of these you like better. Please put your mind on it for just a minute."

Tibbs took the samples and eyed them languidly.

"When did you get them?" he asked.

"Those are the same that I showed you before."

Tibbs looked at them a little more closely.

"So they are," he admitted, "but why are you asking me about them again? Do you think I'll change my mind?"

"Which do you really like?" she went on, ignoring his question.

"I told you the other day I liked the light goods," he answered rather abruptly and tossed them into her lap.

"That's just the trouble. Men have such queer taste. I hoped you'd like the dark stuff."

"Do you like the dark thing better?" asked her husband.

"No. It does not make a particle of difference to me. Auntie likes the dark cloth better, though, and Mabel likes the light, but she's going to get a light suit made the same way and I didn't want them to be so near alike. We go out together so much, you know. But Mabel was awfully nice about it. She thought it might be nice if they were something alike. Goodness! I don't want to make a mistake."

"I don't see how you can make a mistake," said her husband reassuringly. "If you like them both it makes no difference which you take. Shut your eyes and grab."

"Why can't you treat it seriously? I suppose you men simply don't understand."

"I admit I don't understand. You asked my advice and I gave it the best I could," he replied.

"Well, what is it you don't like about the dark material?"

"I thought it looked rather cheap. That's all."

"Now isn't that funny? You think the dark looks cheap and I think the light looks cheap, and besides it seems kind of sleazy. That's the reason I ordered the dark."

"So you've ordered it after all? You just said you didn't order it."

"What I said was that I didn't order it the other day."

"What is the argument for if it's all settled?"

"I can change the order easy enough. Of course I wouldn't think of taking the dark if you think it looks cheap."

"I didn't say it looked cheap."

"You certainly did. You said it looked cheap."

"Well, if I did I didn't mean it. What I meant was that it looked comparatively cheap. Compared to the other, you know."

"Well, don't you think the light stuff looks kind of sleazy?"

"Maybe it is, but that's one reason I like it."

"Well, if I can't get the dark goods perhaps I'll take the light after all."

"What do you mean by not being able to get it? I thought you said you had already ordered it."

"I did, but Monsieur Blanc, you know, only has the samples. He has to send out and buy the material after you select it. He said he'd call me up this evening and tell me whether he could get it or not. He knows I'm worried to death. There's the telephone now. I'll bet you that's who it is."

"Now what do you think of that? Isn't it exasperating?" she exclaimed upon her return to the library after a long conversation with the tailor.

"What's wrong now?"

"He says he can't get the dark cloth."

"That's good," exclaimed her husband. "That puts an end to the argument."

"Why, John, how stupid! Don't you see that he tells me he can't get the dark goods because he wants to sell me the light material?"

"I don't see how that follows at all. He doesn't care which he sells you. He wants you to be satisfied."

"Then that makes it worse. If the dark is really all sold out, it proves what I thought, that it is the best. Goodness! I don't know what in the world to do."

"You'll have to do something What did you tell him?"

"I told him to go ahead with the light. What else could I tell him?"

Tibbs heaved a sigh of relief and picked up his paper.

"Now just one more question, John, and I won't bother you any more. How would you have the skirt made, pleated or plain? They're making them both ways. Now auntie thinks——"

"Gee whizz!" interrupted Tibbs, rising and jerking out his watch. "I almost forgot an important engagement. I'm half an hour late as it is. I'll not be out late. Don't wait up."

DON'TS FOR THE FRESHMAN.

Rules That Columbia's First Year Oarsmen Have to Obey.

A rule exists on the Fort Lee ferryboats of which the company running the boats probably has no knowledge. It was not made by the ferry management.

Every afternoon up to the end of May a group of young men wearing black caps with small white buttons on them took the boat from West 130th street, but instead of passing forward remained at the rear of the boat. The reason for this was to be found in a list of rules posted in one of the rooms on the Columbia crew's barge, anchored at Edgewater on the Jersey side:

Freshmen must ride on the rear of the ferryboat.

There were other rules for the candidates for the first year crew at Columbia, which these young men obey with some show of resentment. There isn't any help for them, and there isn't anything they can do except to wait for next year, when they will be sophomores and able to inflict things on the class of 1913. The other regulations are:

Freshmen must keep quiet on the barge.

Freshmen must obey orders of upper classmen.

Freshmen must obey Pete implicitly.

Freshmen must keep out of the varsity room except to weigh.

Freshmen must keep on the right side of the boat when downstairs.

Freshmen must not use varsity room as a thoroughfare.

It can be seen that it is a trifle irksome to be a freshman oarsman. The men have to do all the odd jobs about the place, shifting boats and the like. To this end they are put under the control of Pete, who is Peter Roessle, for years the boatman of the Columbia crews. However, they are saving it all up for the next entering class.

Moving up to Poughkeepsie didn't help the freshmen any, because the barge with the obnoxious sign tacked up simply was towed up the river.