

GIVING AWAY SPRING HATS

Annual Function for Some New York East Side Girls.

STRANGE PROCESSION IS NOTED

Uptown Women Make Them and the Prize Winners of the Sunday Kindergarten Association Get Them.

NEW YORK, April 9.—One afternoon quite recently there was a strange procession that wound its way from Baxter street and the region contiguous from Norfolk and Monroe, even farther afield from the Front street section of Brooklyn, from uncharted regions in Bush Beach and Coney Island. It came to single file, not in halations it was feminine and unobtrusive.



TWO FOR SISTER.

pink and yellow, more striking than evenly, and she held by the hand "little sister" who was also entitled by virtue of high marks in attendance, politeness, punctuality and some other "cardinal virtues" to the privilege of choosing from some five or six spring hats the one she felt to be most in accord with her peculiar style of head-dress.

She and sister are both members of the Sunday Kindergarten association and every year a society of philanthropically-minded ladies who do not believe that evil suggestions, hints or wishes, nor because one is decked in a wreath of poppies on an ornate-lined straw one must necessarily be worldly-minded meet for several days and trim hats, the result of their endeavors being distributed to the prize members of the aforementioned association.

has been kept to the demands of beauty as well as to that of utility. Between the rows of hair, stepping lightly on cats, walk the "bonnet list," who are admitted into the house by two and three, permitted a few moments for selection, then with their spring bonnets tightly clasped to their throbbing breasts are smoothed out, while the next in line are admitted.

We recognize here Annie Blaudens, who has an awful moment when she discovers that the woman she has selected trimmed with a pink wreath and blue streamers, is not quite so high in the crown or wide in the form as the dark blue and brown mixed straw with the bunch of scarlet poppies right at the cunning little place where it turns up, flops over and is fastened down.



MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

unbecoming and weighty and the chances are that she will walk to Sunday Kindergarten unescorted while Rosie, who stalks in, casts a contemptuous glance around, negligently drops her hand on the nearest hat to her, which happens to be a perfect beauty of soft tinted straw and dainty wreath, will snap up all available masculinity on the block.

There is, too, the Little Mother, hess her generous soul, who deliberately picks out a hat for some one at least eight years younger than herself and driven to a corner, admits that she is going to take it in sister instead of selecting one for herself. There is Joie Charon, who perches the Napoleonic tricorne on her fluffy hair and marches with military step to the door, wrapping her pink plush coat about her, bequeath which she has concealed the torn brim of her winter's felt, of which she is suddenly ashamed.

"No sports are allowed," explains one of the teachers, "except those that are compatible with the Lord's day and hope of the 'morning' class are sternly prohibited, as this is not a place for dissipation." The district which it really covers is practically the Mulberry Bend section of Manhattan and the slums of Brooklyn, with radiating lines to further points, while the name "Kindergarten" has been chosen rather for its popular meaning and in a figurative sense than for any intrinsic meaning.

In the summer months the kindergarten is peripatetic. The children are taken to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and on patriotic observation tours, including the Morris-Jumeil mansion, the Gracie, Fort George, and the Gracie mansion. The original idea of the kindergarten was partly derived from that of Anna Bronson Alcott's remarkable school for children held in the Masonic temple in Boston, while its positive teachings may be traced to the writing and personal superintendence of William T. Harris, former United States commissioner of education, who was connected with the Concord School of Philosophy.

Besides the spring donation of hats there is an annual Twelfth Night party, at which prizes are also distributed, the list not so closely drawn between lunar scores; there is also a Thanksgiving dinner and the latest annual of affairs shows that more than \$1,000 worth of rewards and gifts were distributed during the last twelve months, including clothing and works of art.

One of the questions in the primer favored is a few nice great names in literature of authors who were mental debtors to transcendentalism? Another reads: "Define nominalism, realism and idealism." "Into what you classes are mortal philosophers commonly divided?"

The answer to this deserves quotation, as it is said that one of the honor pupils can recite it backward and another in her sleep. This latter statement, however, is not vouched for, but it sounds reasonable.

Charles Wilbur de Lyon Nicholas, modestly admits the authorship of the primer, and the Ladies of the Spring Hat Sewing class acknowledge that they do not attend the regular sessions of the Sunday Kindergarten association, yet the hats speak, however, in silent eloquence of their deep rooted interest.

Advertisement for 'The Man in the Lower Tenth' by Mary Roberts Rinehart. The Great Mystery Story to Ten by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Author of 'The Circular Staircase'.

I was in the house for a week. Much of that time I spent in composing and destroying letters of thanks to Miss West, and in growling at the doctor. McKnight dropped in daily, but he was less cheerful than usual. Now and then I caught him saying me as if he had something to say, but whenever it was he kept it to himself. Once during the week he went to Baltimore and saw the woman in the hospital there. From the description I had little difficulty in recognizing the young woman who had been with the murdered man in Pittsburgh. But she was still unrecognizable. An elderly aunt had appeared, a gaunt person in black, who sat around like a buzzard on a fence, according to McKnight, and went, in a mixed figure, into a damp handkerchief.

On the last day of my imprisonment he stopped to thrust out a case that was coming up in court the next day, and to play a game of double solitaire with me. "Who won the ball game?" I asked. "We were licked. Ask me something pleasant. Oh, by the way, Brannon's out today." "I'm glad I'm not on his bond," I said pessimistically. "He'll clear out."

"Not he," McKnight pounced on my face. "He's no fool. Don't you suppose he knows you took those bones to Pittsburgh? The papers were full of it. And he knows you escaped with your life and a broken arm from the wreck. What do we do next? The Commonwealth continues the case. A deaf man on a dark night would know those bones are missing." "Don't play so fast," I remonstrated. "I have only one arm to your two. Who is trailing Brannon? Did you try to get Johnson?"

"Unless we can find the man who occupied lower seven," I suggested. "I'll ring if I need anything." Mrs. Kington called to the door, where she stopped and waited indignantly. "I only hope you won't laugh on the wrong side of your face some morning, Mr. Lawrence," she declared, with Christian fortitude. "But I warn you, I am going to have the police watch that house next door."

I was half inclined to tell her that both of us were under surveillance at that moment. But I like Mrs. Kington, in spite of the fact that I make her life a torment for her, so I refrained. "Last night, when the paper said it was going to storm, I sent Euphemia to the roof to bring the rug in. Eliza had slipped out, although it was her evening in. Euphemia went up to the roof—it was 11 o'clock—and soon I heard her running downstairs crying. When she got to my room she just folded up on the floor. She said there was a black figure sitting on the parapet of the empty house and that when she appeared it rose and waved long black arms at her and spit sparks." I had finished my dinner and was lighting a cigarette. "If there was any one up there, which I doubt, they probably sneezed," I suggested. "But if you feel uneasy, I'll take a look around the roof tonight before I turn in. As far as Euphemia goes, I wouldn't be uneasy about her—doesn't she always have an attack of some sort when Eliza rings in an extra evening on her?"

So I made a superficial examination of the window looks that night, visiting parties of the house that I had not seen since I bought it. Then I went to the roof. Evidently it had not been intended for any purpose save to cover the house, for unlike the houses around, there was no staircase. A ladder and a trap-door led to it, and I required some nice balancing on my part to get up with my useless arm. I made it, however, and found this unexplored part of my domain rather attractive. It was cooler than downstairs, and I sat on the brick parapet and smoked my final cigarette. The roof of the empty house adjoined mine along the back wing, but investigation showed that the trap-door across the low dividing wall was bolted underneath.

There was nothing out of the ordinary anywhere, and as I assured Mrs. Kington. Needless to say, I did not tell her that I had left the trap-door open, to see if it would improve the temperature of the house. I went to bed at midnight, merely because there was nothing else to do. I turned on the night lamp at the head of my bed, and picked up volume of Shaw at random (it was "Arms and the Man," and I remember thinking grimly that it was a good bit of a chocolate cream soldier myself, and prepared to go to sleep. Shaw always puts me to sleep. I have no apologies to make for what occurred that night, and not even an explanation that I am sure, of I did a foolish thing under impulse, and I have not been sorry. It was something after 2 when the door bell rang. It rang quickly, twice. I got up drowsily, for the maid and Mrs. Kington always lock themselves beyond reach of the bell at night, and put on a dressing gown. The bell rang again on my way downstairs. I lit the hall light and opened the door. It was wide awake now, and I saw that it was Johnson. He held a headstone in the light—his crooked mouth was twisted in a smile.