ONLY WOMAN'S PAGE

BATHING SUIT OF BLUE BRILLIANTINE, COLLAR OF FRENCH BLUE, WITH BANDS OF WHITE.

COSTUMES FOR BATHING.

DIVERSITY OF FABRICS EMPLOYED IN THEIR MAKING—COLORS IN EVIDENCE.

In July a woman's fancy lightly turns to bathing suits. The fashions and fabrics employed are sufficiently diverse to please all tastes. The old fashioned twilled flannel is used to a limited extent only, as experience has proved it to be the most burdensome as well as clinging material that could possibly enter into the construction of a bathing dress. Brilliantine and serge are much to be preferred, and all the better grades are made of one of these materials.

It is difficult to account for the apparent preference for black. It is better for stout women, of course, as it tends to reduce the appearance of size, but is the least picturesque color that could be selected. The idea held by many that it "holds the color" better is not wholly warranted by facts. White, deep maroon, navy blue and almost any shade of gray retain the original tint through daily immersions as long as the bathing suit lasts.

A feature of the bathing costume of this summer is that the neck is left uncovered and the sleeves are mere puffs over the shoulder. The usual form of cutting the neck is the square, and a shield of contrasting material is inserted in the front of the blouse. An extremely dainty costume made to be worn at Newport is of heavy dark red satin with white and black stitch satin trimmings. The skirt has a narrow circular ruffle edged with black satin and with two black satin bands stitched just above the hem. The sailor collar on the blouse and the shield front are of white satin with bands of black, and a black anchor is embroidered in each corner of the collar. The belt and stockings are black and the shoes are of white canvas with cross gartering. The hat to be worn with this costume is of white fancy straw trimmed with red and black poppies, and is tied under the chin with narrow ribbons of red and black.

A simpler costume is of dark gray serge. The skirt is in three pieces, with a good deal of flare, and pleated at the back. It is trimmed with white linen braid. The blouse has sleeves to the elbow

SUIT OF GRAY BRILLIANTINE.

and has a square neck with narrow yoke of white serge, into which the full front of the vest is gathered. A modified sailor collar of white serge is continued to the waist line, and the belt is of the gray, with white braid trimming. Stockings and shoes are black, and a white silk handkerchief is knotted in "mammy" fashion over the hair.

To improve a bathing costume is, as a rule, the most imbecile act of which a woman can be guilty, and yet there are times when one so wishes that it were possible. A daring girl who found herself last summer, just for two days, far from the madding crowd, and within easy reach of a delectable spot of water, but without a bathing costume, desperately resolved to evolve one. Having left the city on a rainy day she had worn a black silk moreen underskirt that had "seen better days" and practically was discarded. She had worn, also, a black India silk blouse with fitted lining, for which her respect had begun to diminish. In her suit case was a pair of black silk wheeling bloomers. In those three garments of black lay the solving of the problem. The moreen skirt was cut to the proper length from the top and the fulness laid in a pleat. The sleeves of the blouse were cut off to the elbow and the rest caught up to the shoulder in a puff. The neck was turned in surplice wise and a large white silk "neckerchief" knotted loosely around and tied in a knot over the bust. The hose of her ordinary wear served for bathing, and as shoes are never obligatory the costume was complete, and when the young woman donned it she looked as if she wore the latest thing in Paris fashions. The silk moreen proved to be perfectly adapted to the purpose, as it is soft but absolutely incapable of clinging to the figure. This summer a girl friend has had one made on exactly the same lines as the "improvisation" in bathing suits.

A French costume is in black crêpe de chine with bolero trimmed with white silk fringe and a broad tie of turquoise blue with white fringe. Another is of red bunting with blue tie under the broad turned over collar that finishes the sailor shaped neck of the bolero.

Colgate & Co's
VIORIS
PERFUME, TOILET WATER, SOAP.
The most delightful of all Violet scented toilet articles.

GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

The seven stages of woman's life may be reckoned as composed of multiples of seven. The first seven years are infancy, the second seven childhood, the third seven girlhood, the fourth group brings a fully developed womanhood. From twenty-eight to thirty-five—the fifth seven—might be called the infancy of age, for in those years one learns to exercise the faculties and perceptions that have been developing in the previous groups. Up to the age of forty-two the lessons go on. Character is being matured and fixed, the definite trend of life established. After that few changes are made in the real person. Slight variations and modifications of opinion there may be, but nothing deep or vital is likely to transform the life. The common phrases, "A confirmed old bachelor" and "A confirmed old maid" applied to unmarried men and women over forty are tacit admissions of that fact, intimating that mental and physical habits are so strongly rooted that the adaptability of earlier years has ceased to exist, and the person is incapable of adjustment to a new environment. The tale goes on. Fifty-six, a sturdy middle life; sixty-three, the encroachment of age; seventy, the span of existence—the decade of sevens, beyond which lies a mere waiting for the end.

One sometimes wonders why "affectation" is spoken of invariably as something deeply reprehensible. In point of fact, there are few persons more objectionable than those who pride themselves on being "natural." They are given to saying disagreeable things, to selfish insistence on having their own way, to a score of undesirable traits that make one long for some artificiality, since nature is so unlovable. If it is natural to be sweet-tempered, low-voiced, guarded in speech, sympathetic, self-controlled and tactful, by all means be natural. But most people, alas! must study to acquire those lovely qualities, and if the effort induces a little suggestion of affectation it surely may be forgiven in view of the result. What is at first a "pose," physical or mental, ends by becoming an ingrained habit of body or life, and even if the process remains obvious how much better than the naturalness that refuses to be trained.

There is some discrepancy between the statements frequently made that women are becoming indifferent to marriage since their entrance into business and the fact that a man who advertised a week or two ago for a wife received a thousand applications. His advertisement was not a gaudy and picturesque "personal," but an unadorned statement that a farmer with six children wanted a wife. Such an advertisement does not appear alluring, yet one thousand pairs of eyes, falling upon it, found a suggestion of the poetry of "home." Let pessimists and the carping critic of the new woman take the lesson to heart. The average woman works for wages only when necessity compels, and gladly drops the business life when a home is offered by the average man. The artistic temperament is the only exception to this rule. The woman with an inborn love for music, painting or writing finds that the supreme interest in her life, and may refuse the responsibilities of family cares that would interfere, but mere business has no such hold.

Many people assert that the principal reason women do not marry, but go into business, is because men have become too selfish to care for family life and too restless to be contented in it. The sophisticated young man prefers the unrestricted ease of bachelor life. Marriage involves duties, and duty is not a popular word.

HE OBJECTED TO THE SAILOR HAT.

A funny story is told in Paris of a Kansas City girl who was studying art. It happened several years ago, but has not lost its interest even now in the Latin quarter. For some occult reason or inexplicable whim the masculine students disapproved of the sailor hats worn by the English and American girls, and made themselves generally obnoxious by rude comments. One day the Kansas City girl was going to her little room from the atelier where she studied. In one hand she carried a portfolio, in the other a tightly rolled umbrella. After a time she was followed by a sallow youth, whom she recognized as a poet and a leader in the warfare upon sailor hats. He followed her, block after block, loudly expressing his disapproval of the hat she wore, until she became exasperated beyond endurance, especially as his objections took the form of paper and bread balls thrown at the offending chapeau. Turning suddenly, but calmly, in front of a large café she asked sweetly: "Am I to understand that you desire me to remove my hat, Monsieur?" The poet, long and lank of hair and lean of aspect, answered unhesitatingly, "At once, Mademoiselle."

"In America," said Mademoiselle, genially, "gentlemen always remove their own hats in making a request of the ladies. Allow me!" And a well directed blow of the tightly rolled umbrella sent the poet's cherished silk hat spinning into the boulevard under the feet of horses and wheels of carriages. He stood paralyzed with astonishment, and the crowd at the tables broke into loud applause, while the girl escaped safely down a side street.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH

MELZINGAH CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION ERECTS A MONUMENT ON NORTH BEACON.

Melzingah Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Fishkill, N. Y., celebrated yesterday in a unique manner on the summit of North Beacon, a mountain between 1,500 and 1,600 feet high, opposite Newburg Bay.

For some time past the chapter has been engaged upon the project of erecting a monument to commemorate the burning of beacon fires on this summit as signals during the War of the Revolution. Notwithstanding the difficult ascent of the top, a large concourse of people assembled to witness the interesting exercises.

At 7 o'clock the brass band which had been playing patriotic airs struck up "America." This was followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Russel Headley, of Newburg, son of the late Joel T. Headley.

Mrs. Samuel Verplanck, of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, New-York State Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, gave an address touching lightly upon some of the legends connected with the locality, and dwelling extensively upon the origin of the beacon fires which were burned on the peaks above and below the Highlands. The Rev. Dr. J. Howard Suydam, now of Rhinebeck, and formerly of Fishkill, gave an address on patriot subjects, and was enthusiastically received.

Miss Emily De W. Seaman, Regent of the Chapter, then stepped forward and unveiled the monument, which was draped with an immense American flag.

The monument is made of native rocks found on the summit of the mountain, where they have lain for centuries. These have been placed together with the strongest cement, and form an obelisk twenty-seven feet high, surmounted by a flagpole, from which a flag will float on all legal holidays.

At 8:30 o'clock large bonfires, which had been prepared on the summits of North and South Beacons, were lighted. Immediately responses were flashed back by similar fires across the river at Newburg; from Sky Top, at Lake Mohonk; from Break Neck Mountain, at Cold Spring, and from old Fort Putnam, at West Point. Rockets were sent up at the various points, and red fires, together with a brilliant display of fireworks, closed the ceremonies.

Melzingah Chapter has been one of the most energetic in the State in carrying out the patriotic work of marking the historic spots in and around Fishkill.

THE RED CROSS AT LADYSMITH.

SISTER BORLASE DESCRIBES THE NURSES' RATIONS DURING THE SIEGE.

One of the Red Cross sisters who passed through the trying ordeal of the siege of Ladysmith is now in England and almost daily is called upon for a recital of her experiences during that exciting period. Sister Borlase was one of the first Red Cross nurses to drive to Krügersdorp from Pretoria after the Jameson raid.

"Young Cronje," she says, "was among the wounded, and at first refused to accept aid from the 'rooineks' women,' but was glad to after a while, and his father was most grateful to me."

Of the women in the town during the siege she said: "They behaved beautifully and bore their sufferings as bravely as the men. They showed no fear, and almost the only tears shed were by the women who had to leave their husbands behind and take train for Durban. I was in Ladysmith a month before war broke out, and remained there until I had to go to Intombi Spruit after the sick and wounded were removed there out of reach of shell fire.

"At first the women and children retired at night to the sandholes dug in the Klip River banks, but when they began to be accustomed to the situation they remained in their homes as calmly as before the war and did everything in their power to help. They gave up their best rooms to the wounded and sick civilians and nursed them as if they were their own. In the early part of the siege, while there still were fruit and vegetables, they threw open their gardens and allowed the Tommies to help themselves freely.

"Afternoon tea was served every day by the women almost to the time that we were relieved, although it was without sugar and with literally a 'drop' of milk. It was all done to keep up the spirits of the besieged and make our sufferings seem lighter for a moment.

"The cows were milked under military supervision, lest any of the precious fluid should be lost."

Sister Borlase has with her a portion of her last rations, consisting of a piece of almost black dough and a biscuit "that any respectable dog would scorn." She emphasizes the fact that officer and enlisted man shared the same rations and the same treatment in hospital. The nursing sisters' rations were black coffee and black bread, and they did their own cooking in the open air on antheaps.

"It all became commonplace after a while, and the noise of the shells seemed as matter of fact as the din of London."

Sister Borlase sails this week for South Africa to resume her duties as military nurse.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF GIRL'S DRESS, NO. 3,575, FOR COUPON AND 10 CENTS.

Red and white striped madras, white lawn and allover embroidery with edging and insertion to match are the materials combined in this attractive and dainty little frock. The full body is arranged over fitted linings, which close in centre back, the upper portions of which are covered with the embroidery to round yoke depth. The pretty bertha of unique shaping is made of the white lawn, to match the sleeves, and its edges are handsomely trimmed with insertion and edging. This lining may be omitted, and the waist finished with the bertha in guimpe style. The lining may be used with the sleeves as a separate guimpe, to which the embroidery is applied in round yoke outline. The sleeves are gathered into wristbands of insertion finished with a frill of embroidery.

The full round skirt is deeply hemmed at the foot, gathered at the top and joined to the lower

NO. 3,575—GIRL'S DRESS.

edge of waist, a band of insertion forming the belt. To make as illustrated will require 2¾ yards of striped madras, 32 inches wide, 1⅝ yards of white lawn for guimpe, with sleeve and bertha, and ⅜ yard of allover embroidery for yoke and collar, 3 yards of insertion, and 4½ yards of embroidery.

This girl's dress, pattern No. 3,575, is cut in sizes for four, six, eight and ten years.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN COUPON, ENTITLING TO ONE PATTERN, ANY SIZE, OF NO. 3,575.

Cut this out, fill in with years, name and address and mail it to the Pattern Department of The Tribune.

No. 3,575. ....years.

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Inclose 10 cents to pay mailing and handling expenses for each pattern wanted.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

PUDGIE'S FIREWORKS.

(Written for the Children's Corner.)

Grandpa was asleep in the big armchair; his spectacles were poised tremulously on the bridge of his nose, and an impudent fly was exploring his bald head.

"Oh, dear! It's the tediousest day that ever was. I wish grandpa 'ud wake up!" Pudgie (that wasn't his real name, but every one called him so) looked dismally about the quiet room. There was absolutely nothing to do, and it was so hard to wait till to-morrow. It would then be the Fourth of July, and Pudgie was going to have a grand time.

He went over to the sofa and drew a little wooden box from beneath it. He had examined its contents twenty times that day to see if by any cruel chance his precious fireworks and torpedoes would dissolve into smoke and sail away.

No, they were all there—two cannon crackers, six skyrockets, three pinwheels, four flower pots, ten Roman candles and a "snake in the grass," besides little firecrackers and torpedoes without number. They all looked so innocent and sleepy, yet what a noise they would make on the morrow! Pudgie's eyes shone at the thought. How grandpa would shout, "My goodness gracious!" and jump sky high, and grandma would say, "My dear, do be careful of those wicked things!" and little sister would run and hide her head in mother's lap and cry and laugh by turns.

Pudgie closed the lid with a sigh. If only every day could be Thanksgiving or Christmas or Fourth of July! He didn't see why the Fourth couldn't come twice a year, instead of once.

Pudgie again looked at grandpa. The spectacles were desperately near the edge now. He wondered how long it would take for them to tumble on the floor—about five minutes and fifty-nine seconds, he guessed. The fly was smoothing his wings with a very, very skinny leg, and looking at him wickedly out of one eye. Pudgie wondered how the fly could see with such ridiculously small eyes, likely not further than an inch from his nose, but did flies have noses?

After a moment's thought Pudgie drew nearer to investigate, and to his infinite surprise he found that Mr. Fly had not only a nose, but gold-rimmed spectacles on it, like a smaller edition of grandpa's! And as Pudgie looked further he discovered that Mr. Fly was completely dressed in bottle green, with a waistcoat and a tiny watch-chain!

"Well, sir, what are you staring at me for?" asked the fly, bluntly. "I have been taught it is very rude to stare at people!"

Pudgie blinked his eyes and stole one hand nervously up to his neck to see if he were all there. He was very much frightened and quite gasped for breath. The fly looked at his open mouth and chattering teeth scornfully.

"You are all alike," he said, "you think to catch me by holding your mouth open, just as old Deacon Skinner caught my poor wife's great-uncle in church last Sunday; but I'm too cute for you!"

Pudgie snapped his teeth together in a great hurry; he didn't want to give offence.

"But—but I never knew flies could talk," he faltered.

"Humph! How do you think we can scold the cook when the soup isn't just right, or hail a trolley car when we are bound for the beach if we haven't tongues in our heads? Not talk, indeed!" The fly bridled up and cast a withering glance at Pudgie.

"My goodness gracious! here come my wife and family!" suddenly cried the fly. "I didn't expect them so early, though I told them to be in time."

Pudgie looked up, and, sure enough, circling above his head, was a lady fly and four baby flies. They were heading straight for grandpa's bald spot, and Pudgie was speechless with astonishment. Mrs. Fly was all in black gauze, mourning for her great-uncle, Pudgie thought, and the babies were in green and blue, with little threads of silver on their wings—for they had wings, though so many strange things had happened that Pudgie wouldn't have been much surprised to see them sailing through space in air-machines or balloons.

"Dear, dear," puffed Mrs. Fly, as she reached her husband's side—she was fat, and wabbled dreadfully. "Dear, dear, it's a fearful journey from the ceiling, Sam."

Pudgie was afraid she was going to have apoplexy, and thought he had better go for a glass of water, but he didn't dare to speak to a stranger without an introduction.

Mr. Fly saw his hesitation, and performed the ceremony promptly. "And now," said he, "we had better get good seats before it begins."

"Before what begins?" asked Pudgie.

"Why, what do you think, little goose? The grand 'fireworks fandango,' of course," answered Mr. Fly.

Pudgie was no wiser than before. "I—I never heard of a 'fandango,'" he said. "Is it anything like—like a death dance?"

The fly was silent a minute. "Well," he said, meditatively, "I guess that's about it; only fireworks don't die, you know—they blow themselves up."

"You mean people blow them up," corrected Pudgie.

"No, I don't," snapped the fly; "on the glorious Fourth the members of the great Society of Fireworks and Torpedoes determine to die for their country, and so they consent to ignite with the aid of a small band of punk-workers and parlor matches. It's a fine thing to die like that! On the night before they always give a grand ball, with farewell speeches, and toasts, and a patriotic peroration—and that's a 'fandango.'"

"Thank you," said Pudgie, politely. He was just going to ask where it was to be held, and if they had to present cards at the door, when a silver bell tinkled, and almost as if by magic the room was in a perfect hubbub. The mantelpiece swarmed with flies and mosquitoes and June bugs; the ceiling, too, was entirely covered. It had been reserved for the poor relations, and a party of moths fluttered around, like policemen, trying to keep order.

Pudgie took a seat on the sofa, and his friends, the Fly family, sat near him. The chairs backed respectfully into the corner, and the rug rolled itself up and hurried out of sight for the dancing; the lace curtains fanned themselves vigorously, the pictures grew sedate and wise-looking—they were to be the judges—and, funniest of all, grandpa's spectacles sailed up from his nose and settled themselves on the window sill, next to the poker and shovel, that had come out of the coal closet to view the entertainment.

There was another tinkle of the bell, and then, from under the sofa, came Pudgie's precious box, led by four mice in livery. Mr. Fly flew down and pressed a button, and the lid sprang open. Then there was a grand march; first came the two huge cannon crackers carrying banners, red labels hoisted on two long punk sticks; next to them came a small band of firecrackers, playing "Hail Columbia" on Pudgie's tiny music box; then a body of Roman candles, two abreast, in their gay uniforms of scarlet and yellow, blue and green. These were followed by the three pinwheels, whirring round and round on their queer little legs; then a great company of torpedoes, led by the drum-major—the "snake in the grass"; after that came the four flower-pots, marking time to the music, and the six skyrockets brought up the rear. All gasped as they came into view like sentinels on the outposts, and Pudgie hardly took his eyes off their brilliant costumes.

They all marched into the middle of the room and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Pudgie knew it by the tune, but he didn't think they got the words quite right. It went like this:

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What only last night was a vision of beauty?
The army of martyrs that welcomed the fight
Have smoked into vapor and perished for duty!
The pinwheels have sped,
And the rockets are dead,
While the ghosts of the crackers groan high overhead;
But they fell for their country with fire and zest,
And the Fourth of July on their laurels shall rest!

Pudgie joined in the chorus boldly, even if he didn't know the words, and Mrs. Fly gave three cheers when it was over. Then a Roman candle got up to make a speech.

"Fellow crackers and torpedoes," he said, loudly, "we are here for the last time before going into battle. We are glad to give our lives for our country, glad to"——

A sudden cry rang on the air.

"Who's that?" demanded the irate speaker.

A little firecracker popped into the middle of the room and began to twitch violently from side to side. "I don't want to blow up," he said, tearfully. "Smoke is bad for my lungs, and the smell of punk upsets my stomach. You are all mean, horrid things, and I won't die yet—so, there!"

There was a moment of awful silence. Pudgie's eyes seemed bursting out of their sockets. Then the candle started for the rebellious cracker, but the cracker was too quick for it and ran under grandpa's chair, and fought desperately when any one came near it.

"Oh, please don't kill him! Please don't!" cried Pudgie; but there was no need. The little firecracker got so excited that it began to splutter; his pigtail burst into flame, and—pop! in a moment he went off with a great bang. The sparks set fire to the Roman candle, and he shot up to the ceiling. Then a whole pack of crackers caught fire, and siss! boom! ah! they all went off at once under grandpa's chair!

Pudgie yelled, and the flies and bugs scurried off into the distance, and then—why, then Pudgie woke up—to find that the spectacles had tumbled off grandpa's nose, and that the fly was still walking on grandpa's bald head.

"Well," said Pudgie, as he rubbed his eyes, "I'm awful glad it wasn't true!"

ALICE GARLAND STEELE.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Chicago, July 4.—A dispatch to "The Times-Herald" from Ottumwa, Iowa, says that the cause of woman suffrage has suffered a reverse by a decision handed down by Judge Frank W. Eichelberger in an injunction case recently brought by citizens of Ottumwa against the City Council and city officers of that city. Some time ago Andrew Carnegie offered the city $50,000 for a public library on the condition that the city guarantee $5,000 annually for its support. According to the statute women were permitted to vote on the proposition to accept or reject the offer. By the women's vote it carried. Opponents of the measure began injunction proceedings, and Judge Eichelberger has announced his decision, as above stated, on the ground that the Constitution does not recognize as voters any except male adult citizens. The decision is an important one, and as it is the first case of the kind in the State it may be carried to the Supreme Court.

RECORD NOT EASILY SURPASSED.

Amelia E. Barr has a record that it would be difficult to surpass. She has reared fourteen children, prepared a professor for Princeton College, and incidentally written thirty-two books.

IN MEMORY OF LAFAYETTE

UNVEILING OF THE GREAT FRENCHMAN'S STATUE IN PARIS.

GIFT OF SCHOOL CHILDREN OF AMERICA ACCEPTED ON BEHALF OF FRANCE BY PRESIDENT LOUBET.

Paris, July 4.—In the presence of the President of the Republic, M. Loubet; the United States Ambassador, General Horace Porter, and a brilliant assemblage of representative Frenchmen and the most prominent members of the American colony here, the statue in honor of Lafayette, the gift of American school children to France, was presented to the nation by Ferdinand W. Peck, president of the Lafayette Memorial Commission, and was accepted by President Loubet in behalf of France. The exercises were according to the programme, with the exception that President Loubet took the part assigned to M. Delcassé. The monument was unveiled by two boys representing the school children of France and America—Gustave Hennocque, great-grandson of the Marquis de Lafayette, and Paul Thompson, son of the projector of the monument.

The morning broke with bright sunshine, but ominous clouds soon put in an appearance and by 10:30, the hour fixed for the opening of the exercises, the sky was overcast and the guests, who had begun to arrive about 10 o'clock and who, mostly tempted by the beautiful weather, came without umbrellas, now looked regretfully at their fragile summer gowns and mirror-like silk hats. At one time a few drops of rain fell and the officials hastily sought the loan of umbrellas for the President and the front-row personages, but happily the heavy clouds passed off without further sprinkling.

American flags and trophies in French and American colors were displayed on numerous buildings and on or over American houses throughout Paris, and the Parisians on waking found the Stars and Stripes floating from the pinnacle of the Eiffel Tower, thus dominating the whole city.

LOCATION OF THE MONUMENT.

The location of the monument is within a small railed-in garden which henceforth will be known as Lafayette Square, and which lies in the centre of the quadrangular Place du Carrousel. The latter is surrounded on three sides by the Palace of the Louvre, and divides it from the Gardens of the Tuileries. A specially erected barrier cut off the Place du Carrousel and only ticket-holders were allowed to pass. Within Lafayette Square itself, amid trees whose foliage formed a refreshing background, was built a circular grandstand, which was entirely draped with crimson cloth, and in a space in the middle rose the statue of Lafayette enveloped in the folds of the American flag. The whole square and the Louvre were profusely decorated with bunting, and detachments of Republican Guards, mounted and on foot, were stationed around and lined the entrance to the square. The entire body of American Exhibition Guards, in their white helmets, assisted in maintaining order and acted as ushers.

The scene within the amphitheatre was most striking and picturesque. The rising tiers of seats were filled with about 2,000 invited guests, a large proportion of whom were women whose handsome costumes greatly contributed to the color effect. A portion of the stand was reserved for President Loubet, the Cabinet Ministers and other leading French officials, Ambassador Porter, the Diplomatic Corps, Commissioner Peck, Assistant Commissioner Woodward, Major Brackett, secretary of the Commission; the National Commissioners, Ambassador Draper, of Rome; Minister Bellamy Storer, of Madrid, Ambassador Charlemagne Tower, of St. Petersburg, and Minister Harris, of Vienna. President Loubet was given the seat of honor in the centre of the front row, having General Porter on his right and Commissioner Peck on his left. In the same row were the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Lorenzelli, and Archbishop Ireland. On the platform in front was a tribune for the speakers, draped with the American and French flags. Beneath it, standing on either side of the statue, were an American soldier and sailor, bearing the Star and Stripes. To the left sat Sousa's band.

The American Military and Naval Attaches, Kerr, Heistand, Baker, Sims, Mott and Poundstone, entered just before the hour of opening, escorting Mrs. Daniel Manning and Mrs. Potter Palmer. A moment later a fanfare of trumpets outside announced the arrival of the President of the Republic, who drove from the Elysée in a pair-horse landau, without an escort. As he entered the amphitheatre Sousa's band played the "Marseillaise." General Porter and Commissioner Peck met and escorted the President to the platform. The band then played "The Star Spangled Banner." The entire assembly uncovered while the national anthems were being played.

GENERAL PORTER'S ADDRESS.

General Porter advanced to the tribune and welcomed the guests in the following words:

In the name of the school children of the United States whose generous contributions made possible the erection of the imposing statue which is about to be unveiled, and in the name of our Government, which added so liberal a donation to the fund, I extend to all here present a cordial welcome. Upon this day, the anniversary of our country's birth, within sight of yonder memorable concourse of the nations, in the presence of this vast assemblage of the representatives and citizens of the Old World and the New, and in memory of a struggle in which French and American blood moistened the same soil in battles fought for a common cause, it is a fitting occasion upon which to solemnly dedicate a monument in honor of a hero of two continents, the immortal Lafayette. This statue is a gift from the land of his adoption to the land of his birth. Its purpose is to recall the record of his imperishable deeds; to testify that his name is not a dead memory, but a living reality; to quicken our sense of appreciation and emphasize the fidelity of our affection. A recital of his deeds inspires us with the grandeur of events and the majesty of achievement. He needs no eulogist. His services attest his worth. He honored the age in which he lived, and future generations will be illumined by the brightness of his fame.

The following portion of the General's address was delivered in French:

I extend a cordial greeting to all who have gathered with us to-day to take part in an event of international importance. Americans do not fail to appreciate profoundly this evidence of sympathy, especially on the part of the high officials of the French Republic and the eminent representatives of foreign Powers whose presence here honors the occasion and adds distinction to the ceremonies. We assemble here upon an anniversary of the birthday of the American Union to unveil a statue which the school children of the United States present to the country which generously cast its strength with us in battling for our National independence. This monument is the tribute paid by grateful hearts to the memory of a man who had the rare good fortune to be the hero of two countries, and who was the highest personification of the great principle of liberty secured by law, a man who, in America as well as in France, at all times and in all places was ever ready to make the most heroic sacrifices whenever liberty needed aid or weakness called for help, the friend and pupil of Washington, the chivalrous Lafayette.

During the sanguinary struggle which resulted in securing liberty to the American Colonies there were some who gave to the cause their sympathies, others a part of their means, but Lafayette shed his blood; he gave a part of himself. Living, he was honored by the affection of his American comrades; dead, he is enshrined in the hearts of their posterity. In erecting this statue to this great representative soldier, America has at the same time raised a monument to the memory of every Frenchman who fought for the cause of our National independence. May the presentation of this gift and the good wishes which accompany it strengthen between the two great sister republics the bonds of friendship which have so long united them and which nothing should be permitted to weaken.

SPEECH BY COMMISSIONER PECK.

Commissioner Peck made the presentation speech, saying, in part, as follows:

In thus eulogizing thy son, we do not forget, O, France, thy generous gift in our hour of need. We do not forget that out of thy treasury came timely support to our impoverished young country when our struggle of the Revolution was done. We do not forget these words you uttered: "Keep one third of what we have loaned you as a gift of friendship, and when with the years there comes prosperity you can pay the rest without interest." For this our country to-day pays thee homage with tears of gratitude. We also thank thee for the hallowed ground where a nation's children lovingly place this offering; for this beautiful site in thy historic Garden of the Tuileries, made sacred by a thousand memories of thy past. Here, surrounded by great palaces filled with the works of the grandest masters, will stand forever this memorial; but we thank thee above all for Lafayette. From thy soil he came with his banner of freedom to lift the yoke of oppression which our forefathers endured in the eighteenth century. When in our struggling Colonies the altar fires of liberty were burning low, our hero fanned with his enthusiasm the slumbering embers into an undying flame; and after this noble work was done he caught up a spark that when carried back to this country burned into the stones of Paris that trinity of words so dear to the French heart: "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!"

A signal was then given and the boys previously referred to, dressed in white flannel suits and sailor hats and wearing tri-color sashes, pulled the strings releasing the American flag enveloping the statue.

As the flag dropped and the heroic statue of Lafayette offering his sword to the American cause was unfolded to view a scene of great enthusiasm occurred. The whole assembly arose, cheered and waved hats, handkerchiefs and American flags, while Sousa's Band played a new and specially composed march, "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty." When the ringing applause subsided President Loubet stepped to the front of the platform, and again cheers broke forth, Americans and Frenchmen uniting in hearty shouts of "Vive Loubet!" "Vive la France!"

ACCEPTED BY PRESIDENT LOUBET.

The President spoke but briefly, alluding to the traditional friendship of the two republics, the entire audience remaining standing uncovered until the end of his remarks. He said:

Gentlemen: This magnificent monument consecrates the time honored friendship and union of two great nations. In generous impulse the Government of the United States, the House of Representatives and the Senate have given adhesion to the ceremony which brings us here before the image of this common ancestor. But the initiative of this fête springs from the school of youth nourished by the beautiful examples of history and the noblest traditions. I am happy to associate myself with the cordial thanks which the Chambers have already sent to the people of the United States, and which I renew in the name of entire France. The spectacle of these two republics, penetrated this moment by the same emotions and animated by the same thoughts, is not less a lesson than a fête. It shows that among nations as among individuals the calculations of selfishness are often more opposed to their interests than the generous movements of the heart. When Lafayette crossed the ocean to help a distant people win its independence he was not the plaything of heroic folly. He served a deep political object. He was about to found the friendship of two peoples on the common worship of their motherland and liberty. This friendship, born in the brotherhood-of-arms, has developed and strengthened through the century which is ending. The generations which follow us will not let it become enfeebled. They will strive to multiply the amicable relations and exchanges of sympathy between the two shores of the Atlantic, and will thus give a precious pledge to the peace of the world and to progress and humanity.

OTHER ADDRESSES AND A POEM.

A brief address by Richard Thompson, projector of the monument, followed, and then Mrs. Daniel Manning, representing the Daughters of the American Revolution, spoke.

A poem by Frank Putnam, dedicated to the occasion, was next read by Miss Tarquina L. Voss.

At the conclusion of the reading of the poem General Porter entered the tribune, and in introducing Archbishop Ireland read the following letter received by the Archbishop from President McKinley:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, June 11, 1900.

Dear Sir: Within a few days I have approved a resolution of Congress which voices in fitting terms the profound sympathy with which our people regard the presentation to France by the youth of America of a statue of General Lafayette. It has given me much pleasure to learn that you have been selected to deliver the address on this most interesting occasion. No more eminent representative of American eloquence and patriotism could have been chosen, and none who could better give appropriate expression to the sentiments of gratitude and affection which bind our people to France. I will be grateful if you will say how we honor in our National capital the statue of Lafayette erected by the French people, and convey my hope that the presentation of a similar memorial of that knightly soldier whom both republics are proud to claim may serve as a new link of friendship between the two countries, and a new incentive to generous rivalry in striving for the good of mankind. Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

The Archbishop delivered an eloquent address in French, saying in part:

Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette! Oh that words of mine could express the full burning love which our Revolutionary sires did bear to this illustrious son of old Auvergne! Oh that I could pronounce his name with the reverence with which my countrymen across the sea wish me to pronounce it before the people of France! In America two names are the idols of our National worship, the burden of fireside tale, the inspiration of the poet's song, the theme of the orator's discourse—the name of him who was the Father of his Country, George Washington, and the name of him who was the true and trusty friend of Washington, Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette.

Wealth and rank, the favor of Court and King, high distinction in the service of his own country, the endearments of wife and child—all that ambition could covet or opportunity promise the youth of nineteen summers put resolutely aside to cast his lot with a far off people battling against fearful odds, and that at a moment when their fortunes were at their lowest ebb and hope had wellnigh abandoned their standards. When the agent of America in France sadly confessed that he was even unable to furnish a ship to carry him and other volunteers, Lafayette said: "I will buy a ship and take your men with me."

Given a command in the army of independence, Lafayette was at all time the "preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche." The highest traditions of French chivalry were revived—a Roland, a Bayard, a Duguesclin lived again in the camps and on the battlefields of America. By his magnanimity of soul and by his grace of manner, not less than by his military prowess, he won all hearts and became the idol of the American Army. He proved himself to the inmost fibre of his soul an American, as proud of America as the proudest of her patriots, the champion before all contestants of her honor and her fair name. More cheerfully even than his American companions in arms he bore the terrible hardships of the war; again and again he pledged his personal fortune to buy food and clothing for his men, who knew him by the familiar appellation of "the Marquis," "the soldiers' friend." In camp and in battle his influence was boundless; a word of cheer from his lips roused the drooping spirits of his soldiers, a word of command sent them headlong against the enemy. A visitor to the American camp, the Marquis de Chastellux, could not help remarking that Lafayette was never spoken of without manifest tokens of attachment and affection.

Like all true soldiers he loved glory, yet at the mere hint that the general good suggested other plans he quickly relinquished the opportunity to gain it. More than once when brilliant achievements were within reach he yielded for the sake of harmony his recognized right to precedence of command. And no episode of the whole war is so radiant with grandeur of soul, so redolent of sweetness of heart as that of Lafayette before Yorktown, awaiting the coming of Washington that the honor of victory might belong to his beloved Commander-in-Chief.

But much as Lafayette deserved and receives our love and honor in return for his personal services in the cause of America, his chief title to the gratitude of our people is that his heroic figure ever looms up before their entranced fancy as the symbol of the magnanimity which France as a nation displayed toward our country in her laborious struggle for life and liberty. The value of the aid given to us by France in our war for independence is inestimable; the joy which the memory of it awakens in our souls is that which comes to us through the consciousness of our National life itself. France sent across the sea to shed their blood for us her brave soldiers and seamen, commanded by the very flower of her nobility. It was France's ships of war that protected our coasts and kept our ports open to commerce, reducing the British naval occupation of American waters to the harbor of New-York. It was the co-operation of France's army and navy that gave us the great victory of Yorktown. The victory of Yorktown was final and decisive. It won the independence of America.

The speaker was frequently applauded.

The ceremony concluded with American melodies, finishing with "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

THE PRESIDENT'S CONGRATULATIONS.

Washington, July 4.—The following telegrams were made public at the White House to-day:

Paris, July 4.

President McKinley, Washington:

The American Chamber of Commerce, in banquet assembled, sends you on this festival very sincere congratulations. It earnestly hopes that the cordial relations between France and the United States will ever continue.

PEARTREE, President.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, July 4, 1900.

Peartree, President of the American Chamber of Commerce, Paris, France:

I cordially reciprocate the congratulations of so representative a body of my fellow countrymen as the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

FOR A FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

Paris, July 4.—A leader in the "Eclair" on the subject of the unveiling of the Washington statue here yesterday says that the friendship between France and the United States which now exists may be followed by an alliance. This newspaper says that when the Franco-Russian alliance was first spoken of it was considered impossible. Few persons, now as then, are believers in the Franco-Russian alliance. Nevertheless, the idea is gaining ground. As a result of the reciprocal manifestations of friendship a society is about to be formed, under the presidency of Leon Beourgeois, called the "Union Franco-Americaine." Its object is exclusively patriotic, and party politics will be ignored as a result of a desire to strengthen the bonds now existing between the two peoples and the two Governments.

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