NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

AN ORGANDIE GOWN.

It is pleated and has three flounces at at bottom, each of which is finished with Chantilly lace. The loose sleeves are finished in the same manner, while a galloon of this material runs around the waist over the bust. A narrow Chantilly galloon also edges the low cut, rounding neck of the garment.

A RAG CARPET INDUSTRY.

IN THE C. O. S. WORKROOMS, WHERE POOR OLD WOMEN FIND EMPLOYMENT.

There is one class of the city's population that is sorry indeed to see summer come around, for it means that its ordinary source of livelihood is closed against it. It is composed of the cleaning women, the women who go out by the day to sweep, scrub, wash or do odd jobs in private homes. Like the deserted cats, left to glean a precarious living in the alleys, these poor old women find the friendly door locked against them and the income stopped when the hot days come on. The family is luxuriating in the cool breezes of beach or highland, and the old scrubwoman sits in her lonely attic and wonders where the next meal is to come from.

The wandering scribe in search of a "summer story" can find it up in the sewing room of the Charity Organization Society Building, in West Twenty-eighth-st. There a company of the women who in winter help to keep clean the homes of the well to do upper West Side are taking their vacations over the carpet rags. The New-York Charity Organization Society is famous for its rag carpets. Orders come to it from housewives in every section of the Union. In St. Louis, Denver and all the way along out to the Pacific Coast one can find the rag rugs of the New-York Charity Organization Society. But, curiously enough, they go principally to the sections where people were born and brought up on rag carpets—to Boston and Nantucket, to Maine and "up State" towns in New-York.

PRETTY DENIM RUGS.

The peculiar superiority of the Charity Organization Society rag carpet lies in the fact that the rags are cut very short, which gives much better color effects; and only new rags are used, and those of the best quality, which naturally makes a better carpet than the half worn garments that used to be put into the oldtime rag carpet. The society leaves large bags with dressmakers and tailors, having upon them the address, with a request to notify when filled.

In this way large quantities of rags and remnants are collected. Another source of good material is in the out of date samples of wholesale houses. Out of these scraps fine rag rugs are made, which find a speedy sale at 75 cents a yard. They display one rug at the sewing room made entirely of velvet scraps, which is a thing of beauty. Then there are the denim rugs, for which the superintendent buys bolts of denim. This industry began with rugs of Colonial blue and white, which are still the favorite, but now they make denim rag rugs of yellow, red, green, maroon or any shade ordered. Many rugs are made to match rooms finished or decorated in certain shades, and these are exceedingly pretty and popular, especially in chambers furnished in cottage effects. A decorator recently ordered a set of rugs in lemon and white for a bedroom in those colors.

STORIES OF AGED WIDOWS.

So the old women bereft of employment by the summer drift up here to sew carpet rags. They get 40 cents a day in groceries, clothes or coal, and their dinner, and if a Charity Organization Society visitor testifies that they need money to pay rent they receive money. They are mostly old women, widows.

"I cannot understand," said the matron, musingly, "why the husbands die before the wives in so large a number of cases. The women seem to have so much more vitality and longevity than the men. They last on, year after year, husband dead, children dead or all grown and scattered, and they left alone in some dreary lodging house."

These women have nearly all been servants in early life. They have married workingmen, and after a busy life of bringing up children have found themselves without means of support in old age. Ask one of them how many children she has had, and she will reply, "Four living and five dead, thank God!" or "Five living and six dead, thank God!"

It may seem strange that they do not find homes with their children, but it is not so queer upon investigation. The children are commonly pursuing the same path trod by their parents before them—a tenement flat, swarming with children; a man earning $10 a week, at the most; a slatternly drudge of a wife. There is neither room nor food for another, and, though her own may be willing to take her in, there is usually efficient opposition on the part of the son-in-law or daughter-in-law. Then, again, the old woman does not want to live with her children. She has always been used to her own home. She she her own poor bits of things—old furniture, keepsakes and heirlooms. If she goes into the home of one of the children she must take a subordinate position. She likes to keep her own roof over her head, be it only one poor room.

So she does odd days' work in the winter, and in summer sews carpet rags for the Charity Organization Society. And, odd as it may seem, she is quite contented and happy in her surroundings. The distinguishing characteristic of the lower stratum of the poor seems to be its perfect content, so long as it has a meal ahead. One who studies the recipients of charity cannot avoid the conclusion that discontent is the yeast of all progress.

VARIED ASSORTMENT OF DISEASES.

The old women find unlimited material for conversation as they sew their carpet rags. It is principally diseases, of which each possesses a varied assortment, and remedies, of which there is a whole materia medica unknown to the schools. Kerosene holds a prominent place in the list, being given for anything connected with a cold. And they have recipes for the decoction of all kinds of queer messes for specific ailments. The matron, having bronchitis, was anxiously assured that if she would eat one fried green pepper every morning for breakfast she would be cured. One whole day they spent talking about operations, and another was pleasantly put in in the discussion of funerals, of which all were competent to speak from wide personal knowledge.

"Occasionally one who has 'seen better days' is found in the circle," said the matron, "and then is when the sympathetic heart must be wrung. There was a nice little old English woman who used to sew in the mending room. She had her own servants and horses in England. Husband dead and property lost, she turned to America, half for a better chance to earn her living, half to hide her poverty from those who had known her in affluence. She sewed beautifully, and had acted as janitress and caretaker. Increasing age drove her to the Charity Organization Society's rooms, but she was still ambitious for independence. Had she only the capital to take a flat or house, and let rooms to respectable working girls and women who wished to board themselves, she was sure she could keep it neat and clean and make it homelike for them.

MADAME'S FORMER GRANDEUR.

"Then there was Madame, an American woman, who had lived so long in France that she was practically French. She had crossed the Atlantic some dozens of times, according to her own story, and had travelled around the world. She had lived at a New-York hotel where her expenses were $14 a day. Then she had gone down, down, down, till she reached one room in a tenement, when, deserted by her husband and her means exhausted, she was forced to apply to the Charity Organization Society for aid. Still, Madame was not wholly unhappy. She could not be so long as she had an audience. The daily opportunity of expatiating to them upon her past grandeur kept her in tolerable spirits, and she 'made up' for them with abundant face powder and a blond wig. Although, strictly speaking, she may not have directly claimed acquaintance with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, still her conversation implied an intimate intercourse with them in times past. Her familiar accounts of the gentry and nobility were the only things that brought a smile to the lips of the little English woman, and the latter was occasionally aroused to set Mme. La Française right upon some delicate point of precedence.

"Then there was the cook, who had also in her way fallen from better days, perhaps from a more autocratic position than any of the rest, if mistresses are to be believed. At any rate, she had been a good cook, commanding good wages year after year. Then, in the cold room of a hotel, she had dropped a large piece of meat upon her foot as she went to hang it up. Thinking nothing of the injury, she continued to work, though her foot pained her more and more. Eventually there were repeated operations, several bones removed from the foot, two or three years' loss of time, crutches, inability for active work, and the charity workroom."

W. C. B. L. BALLOTS ALL NIGHT.

PROTRACTED CONTEST OVER THE DELEGATES TO SUPREME LEGION FOR 1904.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Saratoga, N. Y., July 20.—The delegates to the Women's Catholic Benevolent Legion of the State of New-York achieved the distinction of holding the longest continuous session of any organization that ever assembled here, yesterday afternoon. It began at 3 o'clock, and, with the exception of a brief recess at 8 o'clock last evening, the legion continued its deliberations until 4 o'clock this morning. The principal business was the election of seven delegates to attend the convention of the Supreme Legion, which will meet in Washington in February, 1904.

The greater New-York delegation hoped to obtain four out of the seven delegates, and the struggle for the supremacy was mainly responsible for the all night balloting.

The following were finally chosen: Mrs. Patrick N. Quinlan, of Saratoga Springs; Mrs. Mary Meyer, of Rochester; Mrs. Mary Haggerty, of Long Island City; Mrs. Mary E. Gibney, of New-York City; Miss Mary McFadden, of Albany; Mrs. Katherine Roesch, of Poughkeepsie, and Mrs. Catherine Fannon, of Brooklyn. Alternates were also chosen.

GIFTS TO EDGEWATER CRECHE.

The trustees of the Edgewater Creche acknowledge the following contributions: Donald MacKay, $100; "The Helpers' Club," Miss Mary Whitney Bangs, treasurer, $82 75; Mrs. S. V. Harkness, John Greenough, "In memory of Peter Richards," Dr. J. Morgan Howe and Mrs. J. W. Auchincloss, $25 each; G. G. Williams and Miss C. Phelps Stokes, $20 each; Mrs. P. J. L. Searing, H. H. Cook and Miss K. I. Thomas, $5 each; Mrs. Benjamin Kittredge, "A Former Dispensary Surgeon in New-York City," "A King's Messenger," James M. Case, James M. Speers and Norman Barbour, $10 each; Englewood Presbyterian Church Sunday School Primary, through Miss E. P. Booth, R. M. Olyphant, Mrs. F. B. Swayne, Mrs. R. Stobo, Mrs. J. Hugh Peters, Miss Margaretta Westervelt, Oliver G. Barton, Charles A. Briggs and "Papa's Birthday," $5 each.

OFFICERS OF COLORED CLUBS.

At the convention of the Northeastern Federation of Women, held in Brooklyn last week, the following officers were elected: Miss Roberta J. Dunbar, of Rhode Island, president; Mrs. A. W. Wiley, of Brooklyn, first vice-president; Mrs. John Ross, of New-Haven, second vice-president; Mrs. Byron Gunner, of Newport, third vice-president; Mrs. M. Cravatt Simpson, of Boston, fourth vice-president; Miss Mary E. Jackson, of Providence, general secretary; Miss S. Ella Wilson, Worcester, assistant secretary; Mrs. M. H. Dickerson, Newport, treasurer, and Mrs. Hannah Smith, Boston, chairman of the executive board.

FREE SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS.

In the summer series of entertainments at the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East Fifteenth-st., the programme for this evening will be devoted to recitals and impersonations. The entertainments are free to all women.

VISIT TO WOMAN POTTER.

CLAY WORKING AN OCCUPATION WITH MANY ADVANTAGES—POSSIBILITIES OF THE CRAFT.

"This is such comfortable, restful work—just the thing for nervous people," said Mrs. Cornelius Poillon, yesterday, in her New-Jersey pottery. "Of course," she added, "one can have nervous prostration when the kiln is opened and the work of days is revealed in ruin, but there is no hurrying the clay, nor, in fact, any part of the process. It is steady, painstaking effort that achieves success."

Mrs. Poillon is a potter. That is, by long and diligent experiment and undaunted courage, she has learned the potter's secret of clay mixing, and all the pottery, both for decorative and kitchen utensils, made in her establishment is the product of formulas worked out by herself.

To get the formulas was the difficult part of her undertaking, for every potter guards the secrets of his mixtures with jealous care. It was only because the potters had little fear of a woman learning their art that Mrs. Poillon was admitted by certain ones to their establishments for experimenting purposes.

"Potters," said Mrs. Poillon, "are the most charming men in existence, and the most 'cheerful liars.' With the most suave manner and fetching blandishments, they will make you think that they are giving you a perfect formula, when, as a fact, they are throwing you off the track all the time."

Mrs. Poillon began her efforts in pottery with china painting. But the possibilities of that process were limited, and a great admiration for the colors and depth of underglaze was her incentive to enter the field of experiment. With three lessons, in which she learned what the underglaze colors look like and how to apply them, she started to work out results.

HER UNTIRING EFFORTS.

A small kiln was built in a New-Jersey town, and there Mrs. Poillon worked for an entire summer before a single good result in color was attained. To be sure, there was one exception in the underglaze blue, but as cobalt blue cannot be destroyed by heat that was not classed as an important achievement. The goal of all her efforts at that time was to produce a finished landscape in the various tones of green, brown, gray, etc. To produce a perfect piece of underglaze work, the ware on which the decoration is painted, the colors used and the glaze covering the whole surface must all be in chemical harmony, and to attain satisfactory results the worker must be familiar, through long experiment, with all these factors and their action under intense heat. The second summer found Mrs. Poillon still in pursuit of these ends, and at last, after patient trial, she won. Each shade of every color was tested on all the different wares, with all the various glazes, until a definite knowledge of results was gained. The cost of firing each kiln as an experiment was $30. So, although the work was fascinating, the expense was a serious drawback.

"A perfect understanding of his mixtures is as necessary to the potter as to the baker," said Mrs. Poillon. "China clay, stone, ball clay and flint are equivalent in the potter's work to butter, eggs, sugar and flour in the baker's processes, different combinations and proportions producing different wares."

ART OF MIXING.

In order to learn the art of mixing, Mrs. Poillon gained admission to a pottery, and there shovelled and mixed side by side with day laborers. All the practical experiments she supplemented with study abroad, and gradually the work which began as a recreation assumed the character of an ambitious enterprise.

At present Mrs. Poillon, with her assistants, is making her own wares, her own colors and her own glazes. It is her work, as a true potter, to mix the clay and colors. Skilled laborers do the throwing, pressing, casting, jiggering and hand modelling, as the various processes are called.

The place in which the work is done might be mistaken for a junk plant. A high board fence decorated in lavish profusion with gaudy billboards entirely conceals every suggestion of the pottery excepting, perhaps, the top of a misshapen chimney, which does not intrude itself upon the observation. The gate, a section of the fence set on hinges and containing serial portions of the decorations, is only visible to the initiated. Upon opening the gate a scene of disorder wild to the point of picturesqueness presents itself. There is every kind, sort and description of vagrant box, barrel, "sagger," tub, board and timber and an old wagon or two long unused. Pottery, broken and unbroken, dried and undried, baked and in the biscuit, is scattered in every direction, and serves to blend the medley into something like harmony.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

In the inclosure is an old brick furnace, emitting, at the time of the reporter's visit, Plutonian fumes and filled with saggers containing cooling porcelain. The pottery itself is a series of unpainted sheds thrown together, apparently, as business demanded enlarged accommodations. Tubs of wet clay, drying casts and moulds, the simple machinery demanded for the work, a few people leisurely working in various departments and an old horse that travels far every working day, without "getting anywhere," complete the equipment. The potter's wheel, old in the days of Pharaoh and too little used in these days of machine made and stereotyped wares, is a part of the outfit. Only workmen skilled by long practice can use the wheel. They are known as "throwers," and few are to be found in this country. The kitchen utensils are made by a machine known as the "jigger" or in moulds. All this work is done by laborers.

Suggestions for designs, decorating, coloring and glazing, as well as the preparation of the materials, are the work of Mrs. Poillon.

"There is nothing about work in clay that a woman cannot do successfully," said Mrs. Poillon. "In it she can find wide scope for original expression."

GLEANINGS

"We have plenty of amusing things happening in charity work," said a bright woman who is prominent in New-York club circles as well as in philanthropy, "and one gets sidelights on human nature that prove diverting from the tragedies we encounter. I work a great deal among the colored people, and their ways of doing and of looking at things are often extremely novel, to say the least. Not long ago my colored girls' club gave a rummage sale, and in the course of the evening one of the club members came to me and said she had lost her pocketbook. I, of course, expressed my regret, and chided her for being so careless as not to take proper care of her purse. I knew her to be a bright, capable young person, but I was scarcely prepared for what ensued.

"'You just watch me get dat pocketbook,' she remarked, with some assurance.

"'Do you know who has it?' I inquired.

"'No, ma'am, I dunno who's got it, but I know where I left it,' she replied, with perfect confidence.

"At this she started for the door, and I saw her turn the key in the lock and then remove it. Holding the key in the air, she lifted her voice and bade every one in the room give attention.

"'I's done locked de outside door of dis here room, and I wish to say dat it will not be unlocked until my pocketbook is returned to de place where I left it. I'll not mention de exac' locality, 'cause de person what took de pocketbook knows, and if it is not returned within the nex' ten minutes dere'll be trouble.'

"At the expiration of the ten minutes she unlocked the door. The purse had been returned.

"At that same rummage sale I purchased a hat for one of the club members and made her a present of it. She was a tall girl, named Sarah, and she wore the most grotesque hat I ever saw. So I purchased the new hat on condition that she was to discard the old one. She made a choice among the millinery supply, and looked quite presentable in the one she selected as the most becoming. But she carried the discarded hat home under her arm. The next time I saw her I was surprised to see that she wore the old hat.

"'Now, see here, Sarah,' I protested, 'I made you a present of a new hat so that you would not wear this old one again, and now you are wearing it the same as before. It is not becoming to you, and I wish you would not wear it. Are you saving the new one?'

"'No, ma'm,' she replied, 'I isn't savin' the new one. But I cain't afford to wear it, 'cause it's a reg'lar hoodoo. You see, I hasn't had a mite of luck sence I began to wear dat new hat. Dis one always brings me luck. You see, I plays policy, and when I wears dis old hat I always wins.'"

Three bachelors were having a congenial time over a chafing dish the other night, when No. 1 told his companions that Miss Lovey Dovey had called with her mother early in the evening, and the only thing he regretted was that neither of his housekeeping colleagues was at home to meet her.

At the announcement No. 2 expressed his regret, and No. 3, who was stirring the rarebit, looked sorry, and asked if it was really true that they were to lose him—if he was going to desert them and—liberty.

No. 1 looked conscious and nodded.

"Wish you luck, old man, I'm sure," said No. 2. "What's she like? Is she pretty?"

"No," said No. 1, doubtfully, "I don't suppose any one would call her pretty."

"I hope she's rich," ventured No. 2, as he sprinkled some paprika in the rarebit.

"Heavens, no; she isn't rich."

"Accomplished, I suppose?" said No. 3, in a questioning tone, as he drew at his pipe. "Musical, doubtless. You're so fond of music yourself."

"No, she's not musical."

"Probably she's stylish. Style always catches a fellow like you. A good figure is preferable to beauty any day."

"No, she's not stylish. I should say she is hardly tall enough to be regarded as a good figure. She is perhaps a trifle stocky."

"I suppose she is fond of society—attracted you because she was a good dancer. The light fantastic always did catch you."

"No, no," protested No. 1. "She doesn't dance at all; neither does she care much for society."

"Ah, indeed!" said No. 2. "Well, I suppose she's literary. After all, a good mind in a woman is what appeals to a man. A woman who can talk well is bound to have a lively disposition, and not apt to get morbid."

"No," said No. 1, "I don't think she is literary. If she is I haven't discovered it. Then she's not much of a talker, either. She's rather quiet."

"Ah, indeed! Well, I suppose she's clever. Has ideas, and all that sort of thing—a kind of a 'new woman' sort of a girl."

"No, thank heaven, she's not that. Anything but that for me!"

"Well, great jumping John Rogers, man, what's the attraction? Here's a man who is going to desert a home like this one for a girl who isn't pretty, not rich, no accomplishments, can't sing, dance, play, talk, has no ideas, is not even stylish nor has a good figure! Now, I should like"——

"Come," said the man at the chafing dish, as he poured the rarebit over the toast, "draw up and open that ale. I'll tell you the attraction—she's a good listener."

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

BEFORE NIGHT.

It is the hour when faints the long, gold day;
That hour when all the spent world sighs to rest,
The low wind sleeps, the lilies idly sway,
And drops the bee into the rose's breast.

Now the last weary swallow wheels on high,
A flash of silver on the rosy light;
Soon the first star shall gleam in the still sky,
And earth be clasped by the cool arms of night.

Now the round notes of restless birds are dead,
Peace on the scented land and shimmering sea;
Now sorrow fades as fades the sunset red,
And with the tender night comes peace to me!
—Eleanor Norton, in Harper's Magazine.

The request from Plattsburg, N. Y., for the foregoing poem has been responded to by Miss Galpin, of Manhattan, and it is republished as desired.

APPRECIATE SUNSHINE.

Miss J. Olmstead, president of Manhattan branch No. 11, writes as follows:

Please accept thanks for the Sunshine outing for the party of twenty to Coney Island. I took two deserving mothers and their babies, and every one had a fine time. They had refreshments and the children a ride on the merry-go-rounds.

George L. Marsh, assistant headworker at the Union Settlement, No. 237 East One-hundred-and-fourth-st., expressed the warmest thanks for the box of books and magazines sent from the office, and said that the best possible use can be made of all such good cheer contributions.

Miss Kate E. Hawkins, an invalid member, says: "The package of sunshine sent from headquarters reached me just in time for a birthday greeting. I really appreciate the many little kindnesses that make dark days turn to bright ones for me."

The little injured boy in Cuba, N. Y., and his family are especially grateful for all the bright rays of sunshine that have reached their home. The $2 contributed for this boy was sent from the office to procure some delicacy for the child.

PARTY FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

Some hot day during the coming week Mrs. Florence Hart Jerome, of the Mizpah Circle branch, will have charge of a Sunshine trolley party for colored children. A special car will be secured and about sixty will enjoy the outing. They will be selected on the West Side in the vicinity of Sixtieth-st.

Miss Sutherland reports wools received for a blind woman from R. V. Halsey. Everything will be made up into sunshine to be "passed on."

CHEER FOR AN INVALID.

Mrs. Catherine Knoepfel, the invalid member of No. 10 branch, who is helpless from rheumatism, has been taken to St. Luke's Hospital for a few weeks with the hope that something may be done to relieve her great suffering. She is extremely fond of flowers, and if some of the members will occasionally send her this form of sunshine it will be a kindness greatly appreciated.

Mrs. J. P. Farnsworth, of Rhode Island, will respond to the request of Mrs. Jane Lyle, of Florida, for a magazine.

CHILDREN HELP BABIES.

The Arlington (N. J.) Juniors, Mrs. Belle V. Dutcher president, have sent a box of condensed milk to the United Aid Society of Jersey City for the nursery babies. The matron says this Sunshine gift will prove a godsend to these little ones. Owing to the prevalence of measles among the members of this junior branch and the absence of many others, it has not yet sent its contribution to the outing fund, as it did last year. Nevertheless the members will undoubtedly do their full share toward making others happy, for the young folks of this branch are always active and cheery workers.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Miss Brockett has contributed two boxes of flowers and two shirtwaists as cheer for others; some unknown friend in Wilmington, Del., has sent hymnals, a Testament, booklets, etc.; Jessie H. Christie, of Brooklyn, two prize books for the "Plant children, of the Little Mothers" branch; reading came from M. E. S. and Mrs. I. P. Morris; two bathing suits and a box of silk pieces, from Mrs. and Miss Waldo, of Staten Island; two trimmed sailor hats, from Miss Brockett. The hats and bathing suits were sent to the "Little Mothers," which will prove of great value to the girls who go to Pelham Bay Park for a holiday. A liberal contribution of laces, ribbons, unfinished fancy work and useful remnants came from Mrs. Morris, of Manhattan, magazines from H. E. S. and a box of sunshine powders from Mrs. H. Goodell, of Pasadena, Cal.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, the president of the T. S. S., accompanied by her husband, has gone to Richfield Springs for two weeks. The president never allows herself more than a short vacation in summer, as her philanthropic work for poor children demands so much time and energy during the hot weather. Mrs. Frederick Milholland and family, of the Hill branch, Brooklyn, are spending three months in the Adirondacks. Mrs. F. A. Greene, of Manhattan, is sojourning for the summer at Newtonville, Mass.; Miss Eva Gorham, of Boston, has been visiting in Manhattan; Mrs. Clark Sumner and family, of Montclair, N. J., are at their summer cottage at Point o' Woods.

CHILDREN CLEAN THE STREETS.

A street cleaning squad, comprising all the children of the neighborhood, has been formed in one of the most crowded and unsanitary districts of Boston, which is known as the "New-York Streets." To stimulate the zeal of the youngsters promises have been made of a party or picnic to all the children of the cleanest streets at the end of the season, and to each of the "captains" of the streets of a week in the country. Parents have been asked to co-operate with the children.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF WOMAN'S FIVE-GORED SHORT PETTICOAT, WITH HABIT BACK, NO. 4,187, FOR 10 CENTS.

Petticoats that fit to a nicety and are made with the same care as the skirts beneath which they are to be worn are a necessity of the modern wardrobe. This excellent model for the shorter sort has been designed with special reference to the latest styles and will be found entirely satisfactory for all figures, but a decided improvement to all those women who aim to reduce apparent size. Being cut with a habit back it avoids all folds and fulness over the hips, while it flares freely at the lower portion and allows perfect freedom. The pattern is perforated for the dip in front.

NO. 4,187—WOMAN'S FIVE-GORED SHORT PETTICOAT, WITH HABIT BACK.

To cut this skirt in the medium size 4¼ yards of material 27 inches wide or four yards 36 inches wide will be required, with 4¼ yards of embroidery for frill and 2⅞ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 4,187, is cut in size for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inch waist measure.

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

THE BOERS ATTEND CHURCH.

WESSELS AND DE WET WEEP IN THE PRESENCE OF A BUST OF WASHINGTON.

Seventeen of the Boers who are here on their way home from the English prison camps on the Bermuda Islands attended the morning service at the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church, in East Eighty-fourth-st., yesterday, at the invitation of the pastor, the Rev. H. Hebler. It was said at the church that a prominent German club had invited the Boers to spend the day as its guests, but that General W. C. Botha had replied that on Sunday the Boers went to church. They arrived at the church about 10 o'clock, and were introduced to the Sunday school children as "heroes." Several of the smaller children were dressed in the typical Dutch costume. The sight of these children evidently brought vivid recollections of home to the soldiers, for they all talked eagerly of their own children and of next Wednesday, when they will sail for Cape Town.

The service was in the German language. Mr. Hebler, in his sermon, described the lives of the visitors while prisoners in Bermuda, and said that their faith in God had surmounted all the trials imposed upon them by their captors. Their ministers had been taken from them, he declared, and attempts had been made to prevent their morning and evening worship, but, in spite of all the difficulties, every morning and every evening songs of praise had arisen from the prisoners' tents.

The Boers were entertained at dinner by Jacob Steiger, of No. 1,625 First-ave.

A dozen of the Boers went to the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday night. Generals Wessels and Stein, Lieutenant De Wet and the others were keenly interested in the hotel and its furnishings. Many of the women guests followed the men about, talking to them and listening to their comments on what they saw and to incidental stories of the war.

In the art room they came across a bust of George Washington. An immediate quietness fell on the group, and the conversation died away. All gazed at the bust in silence. General Wessels wept. So did young De Wet. A young woman in evening dress walked up to the lieutenant and began to talk to him. She led the conversation to other subjects than the war until she had him and others of the warriors smiling.

ANOTHER GOSPEL TENT OPENED.

MOST OF THE CONGREGATION DRIVEN OUT AT NIGHT BY THE RAIN.

The evangelistic committee of the New-York Presbytery opened a gospel tent in the field at One-hundred-and-eleventh-st. and Seventh-ave. yesterday. The Rev. Dr. Francis E. Marsten, chairman of the evangelistic committee, conducted the services.

"This gospel tent work, which we are here to begin to-day," he said, "stands for a great idea and a deep conviction. The church of our time must seek men, and the most important work in our religious experience is evangelization. That work the Presbyterian Church has nailed to the masthead. It proposes to keep it there as the signalization of the most important duty of our age. The conviction has deepened in our Church that stately edifices and elaborately prepared sermons and divine government, and the fatherhood of God do not complete the round of church duty, but only touch the circumference."

He declared that the tent, which had been named "Glad Tidings," was not to make Presbyterians, but Christians.

Among the other speakers were the Rev. Drs. John B. Devins, Editor of "The New-York Observer"; J. Lloyd Lee, Frank H. Foster, of San Francisco; and Frederick Shearer.

The tent, which has a seating capacity of four hundred, was filled to overflowing, and it is expected that the nightly services which will be held until the end of the summer will be largely attended.

The evening service yesterday was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Russell. Dr. Russell had just begun to speak when the rain came down in torrents. In a few minutes the water began to drip through the tent, and a majority of the congregation hurried out.

The Rev. Dr. William C. Stinson, of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, was to preach the sermon yesterday afternoon in the gospel tent "Evangel" at Fifty-sixth-st. and Broadway, but he was unable to be present. He is said to be a victim of poison ivy or some similar noxious plant which he ran across in the country. His place was taken by the Rev. James Hunter, of the Anderson Memorial Reformed Church.

CAMP MEETING ON OSSINING HEIGHTS.

The seventy-first annual camp meeting in the grove on Ossining Heights will begin on Saturday, August 9, and will close on Sunday evening, August 17. All the services are to be under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Charles W. Millard, presiding elder of the New-York District, New-York Conference. Thursday of the camp meeting week will be reunion day, beginning with the love feast at 9 a. m. The camp meeting is to be held under the auspices of the New-York and Hudson River Association, an organization of Methodist Episcopal laymen, and the intention is to make all the services evangelistic in character.

CAMP MEETING AT SEA CLIFF, L. I.

Sea Cliff, Long Island, July 20.—There opened in a grove close to the village this morning a Methodist camp meeting that is designed to be carried along on the old fashioned lines of years ago, when a camp meeting was a countryside affair. The meeting is under the auspices of the Sea Cliff Methodist Church, of which the Rev. Dr. C. W. Parker is the pastor. The services to-day were in the open air under the trees. Only the preacher's stand had a cover over it, and this would not have had one except that the covering was designed to act as a sounding board. The whole congregation of Dr. Parker's church attended, and the attendance from the other churches was so large that all had slim congregations. Many Methodists from other places also came.

This morning's sermon was to be preached by the Rev. Dr. Neely, of the Sunday School Union, but he was suddenly called to Canada yesterday, and sent his assistant, the Rev. Dr. Charles Rhoades, to take his place. Dr. Rhoades preached at both morning and evening services, and addressed the children after the Sunday school meeting this afternoon. The meeting will last a week.

SAYS THE FRIARS MUST GO.

THE REV. DR. BABBITT ACCUSES THEM OF GREED, ROBBERY AND OPPRESSION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Rev. Dr. Dean Richmond Babbitt, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, McDonough-st. and Tompkins-ave., Brooklyn, preached yesterday on "The Friars and the Friar Question." He said in part:

This country is bringing a greater liberty to the Philippines than it has ever been able to bring, or can bring under present conditions, to Cuba—for the darkness, oppression and superstition of the great masses of the Filipinos are greater than among the masses of the Cubans, and American liberty has a freer hand and a wider scope. Commercial and mercantile considerations have too long obscured grander and nobler elements in the Philippine situation. We have opened a door in the Philippines, but the wiser, more thoughtful minds are not considering whether flour, machinery and cotton goods are going through that door, or sugar, coffee, spices and hemp are coming this way through that door. The American people have seen with satisfaction the Stars and Stripes carried through it by an army, except in few cases, of which they are proud. They have seen a thousand American school teachers sweep through it, who dared to read their Bible without a priest at their elbow, and still not teach their Protestantism in the Philippine schools except by the purity of their lives and examples. They have seen wise, tactful, tolerant American Governor General Taft go and come through that door, and now they are on the qui vive for what? Whom next are they watching to pass that door? They are watching, expecting two hundred Spanish friars to come through that door. Spanish friars, mark you; unclean, indolent, greedy friars as they have been found to be, oppressors and robbers of the people; and having passed that door, the American people expect that they will take passage on ship like the recent Spanish soldiers, so that the land that knew them will know them no more forever.

It is a sad thing when religion lends itself to greed and robbery. That is what it did as centre in the friars. I am not condemning the whole Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines, though three hundred years is a long time for an unsuccessful religious experiment. I believe among the five hundred native Roman Catholic priests there is much piety and goodness. It should be admitted that the Roman Catholic secular priests are loved by their flocks; that a large degree of whatever intelligence and advancement in civilization the Filipinos possess has been bestowed by that Church. Yet liberty languished there, and saddest of all, the very friars who bore the chalice of religion to the thirsty souls of the people became their greatest oppressors. History is withal but repeating itself. The gist of this "friar question" is that men set to convert souls have converted lands to their own uses. Religious orders vowed to poverty have fattened to riches on the people's land. What Savonarola said of the friars and Luther said of the friars, and Wycliffe said of the friars, the Filipinos say in this twentieth century of the friars. But there is no word so scathing, no epithet so blistering, no adjective so hot and burning with indignation in our prolific English language as to be too strong to apply to one of these greedy, fraudulent Spanish friars who have ground down the Filipino tenants with a pitiless landlordism to which Ireland in its deepest misery is a stranger. Four of these orders of Spanish friars—the Augustinians, the Dominicans, the Recollects and the Franciscans—have so outraged the justice, the liberty, yea, the very religion of the Filipinos; have so concentrated in themselves the despotism, fraud and greed of Spain that the people killed some of them, imprisoned others and drove the rest from their ill gotten lands at the peril of life and limb.

That is the gist of the "friar question." And the generosity, magnanimity and justice of our government seek to buy those ill gotten lands through the Pope, to whom those orders owe allegiance, to pay a fair price for them, to let them out to the people who have been robbed of them, and to have the friars now living on charity in Manila depart from the islands for the good of the islands and themselves. How is our government met? It sends a business commission to Rome—an unprecedented step for America. It gives the Vatican an opportunity to make a return step toward recognition at Washington, so long coveted and so abhorrent to Italy and the American people. It spends many weeks in fruitless negotiations with those who, but in words, seem not to recognize the justice, the generosity and magnanimity of the American Government. But the friars must go, and the American people will never tolerate the recognition of the temporal power or admit that Rome is a nation within all other nations.

CHILDREN AND FLOWER BEDS.

George T. Powell, who is director of the School of Agriculture and Practical Horticulture, and who is interested in the cultivation by children of flower beds, said yesterday that if he could have the training of the city children on vacant lots for two months he could send out several thousand boys ranging from fifteen to eighteen years of age to farms. He said it would be a capital thing for the boys, and they would be a real service to a great many farmers, but they needed some practical instruction or training before they went out to farm service.

Mrs. Henry Parsons, of No. 250 West Forty-fourth-st., who has charge of the movement to have children plant flower beds in the De Witt Clinton Park, has received a letter from R. Fulton Cutting inclosing a contribution to be used in paying the expenses of a gardener to oversee the planting. Mr. Cutting in his letter said: "Your work is creative and the response given by the children to its encouragement of virtue is full of promise. When the city can see the way to the formal incorporation of a movement such as yours into its educational system, we shall not need to spend so much money in the preservation of order and the punishment of crime."

EXTERIOR OF THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON, AT NO. 20 COCKSPUR-ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

This magnificent ground floor office has been secured by arrangement with the International Sleeping Car Company, whose chief office it is, and every convenience for the accommodation and general information of Americans will be provided. Here may be found copies of The Tribune and the leading London newspapers. A register is kept for the names of visitors, and these names will be cabled regularly to The Tribune office in New-York, for publication here for the information of friends at home. Tickets by rail or steamship to all parts of the world are sold. Train de luxe berths and staterooms on all ocean steamers may be engaged, information regarding hotels and the best routes to be taken in travelling, and facilities for correspondence. The central location of the premises, within from five to ten minutes' walk of nearly every first class hotel in London, and their position at the junction of Trafalgar Square and Cockspur-st., will make The Tribune Headquarters of the greatest convenience and assistance to Americans visiting Europe this summer. Arrangements have been made to have the principal coaches which run from the Gordon Hotels and the Hotel Cecil during the season make a stop at The Tribune Headquarters, where places on the coaches may be booked in advance, and those who wish may assemble there in the morning and take their places when the coach pulls up. These coaches make daily trips to the most interesting places in the country, such as Hampton Court, Burford Bridge, etc.