

Interesting to Women



THE SEVEREST OF THE SEASON'S SHIRTSWAISTS.

THE CO-OPERATE BAZAAR.

Its Funds in Aid of Home for Girls on Small Salaries.

Money is supposed to open all doors, but there is at least one place in New-York to which no one who earns more than \$4 a week can gain admission. This is the Co-operate, a home for working girls, at No. 345 West Fourteenth-st., for the benefit of which a bazaar is to be given on Thursday, April 7.

The Co-operate is one of the institutions of which New-York probably will never have too many. The unattached woman, whatever her salary, has a hard time to find satisfactory food and shelter in New-York, and when it comes to finding it for from \$4 to \$7 a week the question of how she does it is a difficult one to answer, and leads to one of the darkest and seamiest sides of New-York life.

It was through an effort to find a home for one of these girls that the Co-operate was founded, in 1883, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. B. Wilson. This young girl, who was an unaccompanied heroine, had been managing to live and look respectable and even to spare something for her church on a salary of \$4 a week, and when Dr. Wilson tried to secure a home for her at a price such as she could afford to pay he found many doors open for degraded women, but not one for the respectable.

The result was the Co-operate, which was started in a basement, and now has accommodations, not altogether uncrowded, for about forty girls. They pay from \$10 to \$15 a week, and facilities are provided for the most comfortable living. If they wish to, in the basement. As soon as their salaries pass the point of \$4 a week they are required to leave for want of money. There is always a long waiting list, and every atom of space is utilized, and many girls have passed through the institution and many have saved by it from utter despair.

"In another twenty-four hours," said one, "I would have been on the streets in the river." The money which the young women pay for board only covers the expense of food. The subscription covers part of the rent, which is \$15 a month, and the balance, \$3, "comes by the raven's" the officers say. As these birds are somewhat scarce, the Co-operate is in a constant state of irregularity that is desirable in money matters, the bazaar has been arranged to help them out. It will take place at the hall being curtained off in the evening of April 7, and on this one occasion the possessors of wealth, provided they are disposed to give, will be invited.

The affair is in charge of the board of lady managers, which includes the following: Mrs. J. Taylor Brown, president; Mrs. John S. Bennett, vice-president; Mrs. Frederick A. Carpenter, secretary; Mrs. Howard M. Chamberlain, treasurer; Mrs. John S. Hays, Jr., director; Mrs. A. T. Howell, Mrs. A. M. P. Calkins, Miss G. Ransom and Mrs. A. S. Conover.

NOTES OF NEW-JERSEY CLUBS.

Delegates from ten of the federated clubs of Newark held a meeting on Tuesday morning in the Free Public Library, for the purpose of discussing nominations for officers of the State Federation. An informal list was made out. The question of nominating a Newark woman as president, to succeed Miss McKean, has been agitated of late, but at this meeting Mrs. Andrew J. Newbury, of Jersey City, who is now the first vice-president of the board, proved to be the favored candidate.

The ticket suggested is as follows: President, Mrs. Newbury; first vice-president, Mrs. Henry P. Bailey, Newark; second vice-president, Mrs. John L. Meeker, Newark; third vice-president, Mrs. R. H. Dodd, Montclair; fourth vice-president, Mrs. R. A. Tuetnik, Saturday Club, Asbury Park; recording secretary, Mrs. William E. Taylor, Saturday Club, Newark; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Frederick S. Bennett, Woman's Club, Englewood; treasurer, Mrs. Charles J. Silvers, Elizabeth; auditor, Miss Mary A. Burroughs, Teachers' Club, Camden; directors, Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Brick County Club, Newark; Mrs. Albert Field, of the Orange Club, and Miss Annie L. Tichenor, of Philadelphia. The federation seems to suffer from an embarrasment of riches than from a scarcity of good candidates. The president of the Newark club, Mrs. George S. Fowler, presided over the

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Girl's Dress, No. 4,698, for 10 Cents.

Bertha waists always are becoming to little girls. This pretty frock shows one combined with a simple gathered skirt, and is charmingly graceful at the same time that it is eminently childish. The model is made of old pink velveteen, with trimming of ecru lace bands, and is low at the neck with elbow sleeves, but the bodice can be made long and the neck high whenever they are so desired, and all the many materials in vogue for little girls' frocks are appropriate.

NO. 4,698—GIRL'S DRESS. The most anything that may be liked. The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and three-quarter yards, 21 inches wide, five and three-quarter yards 41 inches wide, with seven yards of banding and seven-eighths yard 18 inches wide for yoke and cuffs. The pattern No. 4,698 is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.



Established 1852. Complete sets of clear and brilliant Dorflinger Glassware. C. DORFLINGER & SONS, 3 & 5 West 19th St.

FAIRS IN PARIS.

Of Them There Is No End and Scarcely Any Beginning.

Paris, March 21. Outside the vast sheds of the Temple, which for nearly a century have stood on the site of the old State prison where so many victims of the Revolution, including the little Dauphin, son of the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette, languished and died, huge placards bearing the mendacious device, "The First Paris Fair," are floating to-day. Only in one particular, however, does the First Paris Fair bear out its title; it is a temporary gathering of merchants and wares, and is in truth a new commercial enterprise, having little in common with those institutions associated for centuries with the name of a fair.

For fairs in France, and in Paris in particular, there is no end, and indeed scarcely any beginning. Of indigenous and almost spontaneous growth, since that instituted by King Dagobert in 629 A. D., in the priory of St. Denis, they have been the hardest of annuals. The great Foire au Jambon (Ham Fair)—which, by special privilege, was held every year until recently on the Parvis de Notre Dame, though now relegated to the more distant Boulevard Richard Lenoir, has assumed constantly greater importance as a mart, and the still more popular Foire au Pain d'Epice (Gingerbread Fair) maintains even more consistently the old traditions of the medieval fête. The impromptu stage laid upon trestles on which the actor of those days went through his bits of "business," to the immense admiration of his simple audience, is represented to-day by a pretentious little building with foot-lights and curtain; the booths in which the fat baby and the mermaid may be seen for a few sous are now cunningly draped and lighted with electric lamps; "Aunt Sally" is so gorgeously attired as to be scarce recognizable, and it is with a thrill of surprise that the irreverent performer with the balls finds that she condescends to fall when hit, for all the world like the unadorned black figure of a country village.

It is not only "Aunt Sally" who has, however, been improved almost out of knowledge in the Gingerbread Fair. The real "clou" of the fair is not these side shows, nor even the stalls at which the savory cake can be purchased in the form of every best known and unknown to the keepers of the Zoological Gardens, on which you can have your name added in crisp, white or pink sugar. If you like, the cake has given its name to the show, but it is the roundabout, turning to music, centres of brilliant light and perfectly irresistible in their modern dress, which are the principal attraction of the fair. Under elaborately painted canopies and in a blaze of electric lamps those plunging dolphins, fat, pink pigs and rearing horses spin dizzily round and round, amid shrieks of laughter from spectators and riders alike. Far into the night the entertainment is kept up, and a lively trade in refreshments is carried on as the small hours of the morning approach. The little old Bretonne, in her pretty lace cap, who makes such wonderful cakes which melt in your mouth with a velvety softness like nothing else on this side of the water, does the most business. Eaten hot from the stove, her "galettes" taste very good, and they are the origin of the popular American waffle.

The Gingerbread Fair, however, with its medieval air, has nothing in common with the fair which has for years past been associated with the Temple. Here in the long alleys set out under the dingy and bare roofs of those enormous sheds the rag merchants of the capital have been accustomed for nearly a century to set forth their curious wares. Apart from a small sprinkling of foreigners, attracted by curiosity to one of the sights of Paris, there were here none but bona fide purchasers of the cheapest and humblest kind of household goods, young persons of the poorest classes, about to set up housekeeping on nothing a year, and that uncertain, and able only to aspire to the worn-out goods of others. Here were ancient beds, rickety chairs, bits of threadbare carpet, dilapidated cupboards; in another alley were the rag women, properly so called, with a fearsome collection of wornout finery, venerable mantles, moth eaten furs; here and there a bit of brocade, telling a story of past splendor; little soiled kid dancing shoes of old fashioned cut and finish, which probably played an active part in some long past ball-odds and ends such as these were daily hunted through by the poor, who looked upon the place as a veritable mine of treasures to be had for an old song.

The Temple Fair has been an institution since the early days of the nineteenth century, but its demolition had been determined upon when the scheme of the First Paris Fair was broached. To sweep away the rag women and utilize their location for a serious industrial enterprise, in which all kinds of goods made in France should be exhibited, and, indeed, if possible, to try to interest other nations of Europe in the affair and make the show in some sort international—this was the plan proposed by the syndicate which took the matter in hand. Merchants on their way from the Leipzig Fair might, it was hoped, be induced to bring samples of their wares to the Temple, and a great fllip to trade be thus obtained. In this, however, they failed. The First Paris Fair contains nothing that is not of home manufacture. The phonographs, graphophones, cylinders, all are of French make; the scientific toys, displayed upon stall after stall, are of bewildering variety and ingenuity, and none are "made in Germany"; stoves, porcelain, furniture, bronzes—almost every department of industry is represented. The place is a vast collection of samples, with an air of business overtone. There is nothing that suggests a fair. The title is a misnomer, but it is certain that none could have been chosen which could have enabled the First Paris Fair to rival in the affections of the populace the brilliant gingerbread fair of Vincennes and Neuilly.

Items of Social Interest.

The Colonial Assemblies will hold their final meeting at Delmonico's on the evening of Thursday, April 4. General dancing will begin at about 9 o'clock; supper will be served at 11 o'clock at small tables, which will be decorated in keeping with the Easter season. At 12 o'clock Mr. Chivers will lead the cotillon, assisted by Miss Adele L. Boyer, of Brooklyn. Many novel features will be introduced in the cotillon, and the favored thing that suggests a fair. The title is a misnomer, but it is certain that none could have been chosen which could have enabled the First Paris Fair to rival in the affections of the populace the brilliant gingerbread fair of Vincennes and Neuilly.

The patronesses of the Colonial Assemblies are Mrs. John Strong Foster, Eugene Coleman Sledge, Mrs. A. V. T. Billington, Mrs. S. De Plaine Ellis, Mrs. Julian D. Fairchild, Mrs. Robert Wood Johnson, Mrs. C. Barclay Ward, Mrs. Henry A. Mandeville, Mrs. Russell Marsten, Mrs. Harry Norton Marvin, Mrs. Ebenezer Sturges Mason, Mrs. Julian H. Meyer, Mrs. Joseph Martin Schuck, Mrs. Charles Sprague, Mrs. William C. Roberts and Mrs. E. Mery Wall.

The Colonial Assembly board of governors is composed of Theodore N. Ripson, William Chivers, E. Bieseker Ripson, Robert Livingston Stedman, Guy B. Hurlbut, Allen M. Rogers, Lyman D. Hall and Kenneth Mason.

Among the members of the Colonial Assemblies are the Misses Louise Acker, Bessie E. Atwater, Adele L. Boyer, Clover Boldt, Bage, Martha, Burke, Barclay, Madeline M. Brown, Ethel Bentwood, Mrs. J. H. Brown, Mrs. J. H. Brown, Mrs. A. Cugie, Marie Chaffillon, E. Grace Coventry, Maud E. Crombie, Delight Dickinson, Dinnity, Florence D. Dyer, Mrs. J. H. Dyer, Mrs. J. H. Dyer, Mabel M. Hoffman, Christine Hallett, N. C. Hense, C. J. Hense, Clara Kuttroff, Bertha Lawson, Henry C. Smith, Joseph R. Schenck, Willis Sprague, Robert Livingston Stedman, J. W. Southack, James G. Saxe, E. T. Simondetti, Alma C. Staron, William A. Tamm, William Tallman, Charles S. Whitton, E. Berry, J. H. Allen and F. Warfield.

A donation musical tea will be given at the home of Mrs. Henry S. Bowron, Graham Court, Brookline, on Thursday, April 7, at 8 o'clock.

Those who desire to send reading matter to the soldiers of the Philippines should forward their packages to Captain Charles McDonald, U. S. A., Medical Department, Washington, D. C. From there it will go by transports, free of charge. The California members who wish to send mail packages to the soldiers should send them to "Office of the Day, U. S. Army Headquarters, Manila, Philippines Islands."

There is in Manhattan a brave little boy of thirteen who helps support his mother by delivering packages for a laundry. He is a delicate little fellow, and is obliged to be out in all kinds of weather, and he is not allowed to go to school to him as a storm coat. Who will provide it?

WILL SEND PAPERS. J. S. J. C. of Brooklyn, kindly offers to send the Woman's Pages to Mrs. A. J. Brown, in place of Mrs. Rickett.

RECEIVING ORDERS. Miss Kate E. Hawkins, of Essex, N. Y., reports that she has received several orders for her flowers from Sunshine friends, for which she is very grateful. She is glad to hear that the flowers are possible, and the aid given to this invalid will be most helpful.

REMEMBERED AN AGED ONE. A member of Manhattan Branch No. 3 called on an aged woman who lives alone and is ill, and took to her jellies and money for coal and some Easter delicacies.

A LITTLE GIRL'S WANTS. A little girl in North Carolina writes to the office that she never saw an Easter egg in her life and wishes the office would send her one. She also wants a pair of shoes. No. 19, so she can go to Sunday school. Like many other girls, she fancies that anything asked for will be supplied, and it generally is. As it is, however, neither of the articles asked for is at the general office.

NEW-BERLIN BRANCH. The New-Berlin (N. Y.) branch was busy during the winter collecting and distributing second hand clothing to needy ones. It has recently sent a barrel of clothing to Bangor, Me., and has responded to requests in the column wherever it was possible to do so.

AN EASTERTIDE SONG. Kind Nature sings through all our earthly way, There is no death; All is the breath Of life that opens to an Easter day.

And Love sings, too, amidst all the pain and strife, And hope is kindled in the heart of every one. Hear what it saith: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." O glorious song of Nature and of Love! Sing it, ye angels, in the glory of the East. All hearts sing There is no death, 'tis life from God above. ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD, T. S. S. Member, Boston, Mass.

GOOD CHEER. Have you been 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's light they appear— Pass it on.

FORGET. Life is so short, let us forget The wormwood and the gall, The bitterness of life and death That come to us like all.

Let us forget the hasty word, The look of scorn, or hate; Doing our best, while life shall last— It soon may be too late.

Life is so short, let us forgive, And keep with the sinners way, And let us be for us, I ween, One glad sweet Easter Day. —Helen Palmer Lewis.

NOTICE. Letters are received occasionally from admirers of the Tribune Sunshine Society showing that they have confused it with organizations of nearly similar names, and means to be used by them. To avoid error all communications, packages, etc., should be addressed to the Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York.

EASTER OFFERINGS. Miss Augusta Selts, of New-Jersey, has sent \$10 as an Easter offering. To be used where most needed, and "Mount Vernon" \$1 as a ray of sunshine for some poor, lonely woman. Mrs. L. M. Stanton gives \$1 as T. S. S. dues, and "A Reader of the Tribune" \$1 toward the outfit fund.

T. S. S. GREETINGS. The T. S. S. has found it impossible to distribute all the cheer it desired to before Easter Sunday, but the greetings will be continued during the week. The list of those who need substantial cheer is a long one, and the office regrets that it can do but little for any one, but the neediest, the sick and poor and the blind are always remembered first. There are many hundreds who need no financial aid, but who stray into the rays of sunshine has come into their lives if only a card or booklet reaches them, as evidence of a kindly remembrance.

ASKS FOR SUNSHINE. President of the T. S. S.: There is great need of sunshine in one of the East Side families that the New-York Home Economic Association stands sponsor for. The mother is a member of one of the tenement cooking classes, a quiet, gentle woman who has made a most admirable advantage of her time, to get out of the slum, and she has offered him to go to the slum, and this means board at \$5 a week, besides the doctor's bills and other necessities. She has no other means, which mean, God willing, the life of her husband. At the same time she must support herself and her children, and she is taking orders for shirts, initials, etc. If she could have a little money, she would be able to get on in this world, for this is one of the cases where "swift kindnesses are best." Yours, in deep appreciation of all that the T. S. S. is daily accomplishing. E. P. TELLFORD, a T. S. S. Member, Brooklyn.

A GLAD SOME MEMORY. The full amount of the mortgage fund so generously contributed by Sunshine friends for the aged sisters was forwarded in time to allow them to pay the mortgage on Friday, when it was due. Glad they will be to receive the desired amount with a deal as generous as it was unexpected. The branch has received an additional \$10 from the friends of the T. S. S. who will add to the comfort of the sisters.

SOLDIERS' READING. Those who desire to send reading matter to the soldiers of the Philippines should forward their packages to Captain Charles McDonald, U. S. A., Medical Department, Washington, D. C. From there it will go by transports, free of charge. The California members who wish to send mail packages to the soldiers should send them to "Office of the Day, U. S. Army Headquarters, Manila, Philippines Islands."

STORM COAT NEEDED. There is in Manhattan a brave little boy of thirteen who helps support his mother by delivering packages for a laundry. He is a delicate little fellow, and is obliged to be out in all kinds of weather, and he is not allowed to go to school to him as a storm coat. Who will provide it?

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A Plain Little Tragedy.

Through the soaked streets she went, unmindful of the hurrying crowds and haunted by some words of an old song:

He turned his right and found about on the Irish shore, With "Adieu for evermore, my love," and "adieu for evermore!"

It was, indeed, "adieu" forever. Her late come lover had an hour ago asked her and she had refused him, and all was over.

Her thoughts went aching over the past. Twenty years ago, when she was a girl of eighteen, she had come here to Liverpool from her home in the narrow life of the island there had been no chance for her to earn the help toward the family support that was imperatively needed. Seven brothers and sisters, all younger than herself; the shifless father—half farmer, half sailor, and making his other occupation—the anxious, tired, overworked mother—serving, managing, complaining—it was all a woful weight on the spirits of a girl setting out, solitary and friendless, to shape a career in a great, strange city.

At school Anne Quayle had given indications of what had been considered literary gifts. The girl herself knew that there was something in her that she could not but give expression to would be worth it, but with the clamorous demand from home for help forever in her ears, there was no leisure to think of anything but the devising of some means to meet the struggle in the "Manx hills. How well Anne remembered the first weeks of anxious searching for employment—it was a gloomy November weather, just like this—and how quickly under that disillusioning experience her hopes of "literary" work faded, and she was willing at least to share her father's lot of tailoring for one of the big city firms. It was a relief, and Anne meant when the immediate pressure was relieved to seek other employment more congenial and satisfying to her ambition; but fate, that holds in her hand jewels for one and stones where she feels another, kept Anne fighting the coast in making for fifteen long years. First her father and eldest brother were drowned, and the second had fallen into a lingering consumption. The nearest she had been a help—run away and had never been heard of. The two girls next in age to Anne had been brought to Liverpool by her. She had a hope of making with them a home for the mother and younger ones away from the grinding, profitless life of the hill farm. But they wearied of the monotonous tending and saw no charm in the prospect of a home merely for their peevish mother and themselves. They went in presence and as early as they could, to homes of their own. To Anne it was strange and somewhat appalling—the absence in her own work done unaided, and the absence of her mother and the little ones. Their individual interests seemed to be sufficient for them, and although Anne was tolerably well married they never offered to take Anne out of her dreary lodgings or to make their homes home to her.

"Well, work is plentiful now," Anne said to herself, "and by keeping strenuously at it I can manage to have a little home ready for mother and the children and myself."

But, behold, when, after a year's close toiling and the bending of every energy to the accomplishment of her purpose, she had succeeded in saving by the most modest sum necessary her mother refused to leave the old home. It would break her heart, she said, to get out of sight of Sleubellion, away from the hearing of the Sunday bells of St. John's, and Crosby. To keep on in the worst part of town, but there was no alternative, and so she sent them the money she had meant to use for so different a purpose, and kept on toiling and saving and sending until the two youngest girls found openings in life for themselves, and left the mother alone. She was an old woman by this her activity subsided by years and aches and the stillness that fell upon her life when the last of her flock had left her. There are some women whose maternal instinct only reaches as far as the baby stage of their children, to whom the appeal of infancy is irresistible, but who can regard their grownup daughters with the hard judging eyes of a critical stranger. When Mrs. Quayle, with the sun of hope in her eyes, had seen the last of her farm had left her, took her leave of the Crosby bells and Sleubellion, it was not to Anne she turned, but to her three married daughters. It would be untrue to say that the eldest did not feel this keenly, but in her sad life she had learned to try to look to the future of the some ways of her own charity in her construction of others' doings.

"The loneliness of the forsaken home is in her heart," she said to herself, "and she should live within the sound of children's cheerful voices again."

The money she had sent to her daughters, under the pressure of Anne's help, was not to be used for the first time to take up the career that she had longed so vainly for as those years. But, alas! the day of freedom may be overlong delayed. Thirty-three and eighteen are so different—the eyes with which which Anne looked at her daughters were not the eyes of a mother, but of a woman who had seen her own life and the life of others.

"I can't leave my mother," she had said, "and I could not if I were to go with you." "I had striven with impetuous warmth to put aside this objection, but some instinct told me that the approval of the some ways of her own patience would never be."

"You would never live with her," she said, with a frown, and with all his fervor and heat he had been unable to alter this conviction of hers. Perhaps, six months from now to-day's disappointment would be hers. The day would be hers, the poor Anne, going home through the rain, cold, with the quenching of this one gleam of "the home" that she had seen in her eyes, and the starting forward with dreams and hopes and the joy of her life.—The Tattler.

Her book was well received by a few whose opinion was worth having, but to the general mass of readers it was "too pessimistic." They acknowledged that it was a "near compelling" tale, but while weeping over imaginary sorrows was well enough in simpler, happier times, in the present world of hard work and a near compelling tale, it was the cheeriest writer who was wanted. Away with melancholy!

Anne did not rebel against this judgment; she knew that there was some truth in it, and she felt that to trace the causes of many of her sorrows and wrongs back to their source in human selfishness and avarice was to waste her time. With the few words of praise that welcomed it at the beginning, her poor meagre opus was allowed to die in the hands of the book-doctor.

It was this book, however, which brought her one lover to her. It had found in another country a reader who perceived in it the wild, brooding Celtic feeling and fire that satisfied his literary cravings and filled him with a keen desire to know something about the author. It was a time of peace and mother herself is very reasonable in the matter. She agrees with us in thinking that you are the only member of the family free to take charge of her."

And so Anne took her mother to the little house in the slum street that was her best home, she could provide. Sweetened by love and patience and willing service, it was to the patient for a time a happy one. The habits of the little one do not desert one in old age, and no sooner had the old woman grown accustomed to the atmosphere of gentleness and peace about her than she began to appreciate it and harked back to her old whimpers and self-pity. Ah! if she had the use of her limbs and if she had in her possession the money that Margaret had not scrupled to accept from her, how quickly she would be back in her own home—no longer a dependent on another's floor."

She wept wild tears that seemed to pour Anne the most tragic ever shed by mortal. This rebellion at the inevitable, this unreasoning but most natural craving for what had been unsatisfying at the best, was in the daughter's eyes, a most cruelly poignant instance of the old struggle between wealth and poverty, and the old struggle between the secret of the infinite patience with which she strove to make bearable her mother's stress of an exasperating and peace about her than she began to appreciate it and harked back to her old whimpers and self-pity. Ah! if she had the use of her limbs and if she had in her possession the money that Margaret had not scrupled to accept from her, how quickly she would be back in her own home—no longer a dependent on another's floor."

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