

THE ARMY RELIEF SOCIETY

SCENES AT GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY ARMY RELIEF SOCIETY AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.



MRS. DANIEL S. LAMONT, President New-York Branch, Army Relief Society.

MILITARY GARDEN PARTY

Rain Couldn't Spoil Army Relief Benefit at Governor's Island.

One ought not to criticize the workings of Providence, but really observed one of the guests at the garden party which the New-York branch of the Army Relief Society and the garrison gave yesterday at Governor's Island for the benefit of the society. And she looked disconsolately at the turf.

But the garden party did not mind the rainy sky. It took place just the same, most successfully, and it was the subdued grays of the women and the presence of umbrellas and stray mackintoshes that betrayed the fact that the weather man was not quite kind. All over the campus and beside the immaculate brick walks were chairs and tents.

Flugs hung from the barracks, the arsenal, the officers' houses and the army buildings. Bright flowers of yellow, black, red and white, and blue among the foliage of the trees, and lines of colors in the rigging of the steamers which ferried guests to and fro, gladdened the eye, while trig young officers bustled about and orderlies paced up and down in what the uninitiated perceived to be the proper way.

General and Mrs. Corbin received informally. No one would say how much the party was likely to net for the society. One thought \$5,000; another \$10,000. It may be something between. But, much or little, it was a brilliant, charming, and of-the-common entertainment, at which every guest had a good time.

Setting the greenward were the refreshment tents, each in charge of a group of matrons. The Goodwin tent, where Mrs. E. H. C. Goodwin, Miss M. Goodwin and Miss B. Goodwin presided, was draped profusely with flags and decorated with greenery, the latter the gift of Mrs. Martin, of Fort Hancock.

Mrs. Corbin, groomed in a broderie Anglaise, with a high white hat and lace veil, served tea and sandwiches in one tent, which was naturally a social centre. She was assisted by Mrs. C. H. Humphrey, Mrs. Murray and others.

CARPET CLEANING advertisement with contact information for T. M. Stewart.

THEY OPEN HEADQUARTERS.

Republican Women All Ready for Presidential Campaign.

The Woman's Republican Association of the State of New-York is taking time by the forelock and has already begun to work for the election of Theodore Roosevelt as the President of the United States. The first campaign headquarters was opened yesterday afternoon at No. 23 East Eighth-st., and a meeting preliminary to the organization of work in the neighborhood was held there under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles Lloyd, chairman of New-York County.

MAY GO BACK WITHOUT BABY.

'Gentleman from Hawaii' in Quandary Over Proposed Adopted Child.

"I'm not at all sure that I shall adopt a little daughter after all the commotion that my advertisement seems to have aroused," said Daniel Bidwell, of Hawaii, yesterday, at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. "I'm not pledged at all to take a child home with me."

"In the notice that I put in a local paper a couple of days ago, you will see that I said I would pay \$100 to any one who could tell me where there was a healthy and attractive girl two or three years old that I could adopt. That doesn't mean that I would have to adopt her, you see."

"If you don't take her home with you, you'll be in the \$100, of course," was suggested by him. "Well, I don't know about that," Mr. Bidwell answered. "If I find the child who fulfills my requirements, she can't adopt her. I may leave the money, at least, if the family is in need of it."

"I've had some rather amusing experiences. In my advertisement I expressly stated that the child must have refined features and no indication of foreign parentage. At one house where I called in answer to a letter I was received by an octo-noon who had a little girl clinging to her dress. The baby didn't give much indication of colored blood; yet it is needless to say she didn't suit. I have made only one other visit for this purpose, and the child I saw there is the one I shall probably take if I decide to make a choice. She's a pretty little thing, with big blue eyes, but she's shy, and she hasn't made up her mind yet. Her mother has one other child, and isn't able to support them very well, although they are not exactly poverty stricken."

MONEY RECEIVED.

M. A. of Manhattan, has sent \$2, to be used where most needed.

SARATOGA BRANCH.

Mrs. George P. Lawton, president of the Saratoga Branch, reports that her Sunshine work is progressing beautifully, and is always near to her heart. She sends ten magazines each month to different members, besides all kinds of reading matter to others; many hundred scrap pictures are given, to be made into books for hospitals and kindergartens, etc.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.

A manager in a publishing company in Manhattan has written a letter to the T. S. S., containing the following request: He says: There is a young man of twenty-four (German extraction), employed in one of our departments.

FOR OTHERS.

The electrical books offered by Mrs. Bissell, of Newark, N. J., have been requested for a young man in Manhattan, and the donor will forward them.

LOVING DEEDS.

It is often the "little kindnesses" that show forth the true spirit of sunshine, involving, as they do, an earnest desire to help another and self-sacrifice in the performance of them.

SOME PAQUIN CREATIONS.

Artistic Court and Stage Gowns in Exclusive Designs.

Among the superb gowns which were worn at their majesties' court last month none elicited greater admiration than the gowns designed and made by Messrs. Paquin, Ltd., No. 39 Dover-st., Mayfair, London, W.

An exquisite creation of white tulle, embroidered with a lovely design in silver, was worn by Mrs. Charles Hall. The bodice was trimmed with Brussels lace. The train, of pale blue velours, souple lined with pale pink Liberty satin, was trimmed with pink tulle and blue roses.

BRYAN MAWR COMMENCEMENT.

Degrees Conferred on Eighty Young Women - Carroll D. Wright Made Address.

Philadelphia, June 2.-The annual commencement exercises were held to-day at Bryn Mawr College. Degrees were conferred on eighty young women, representative of every section of the country.

THE TRIBUNE SOCIETY

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

BE NOT TOO LATE.

Oh, be not too late with the tender word For which a soul may long. Whose quiver, no longer stirred In the heart which suffered wrong. Oh, be not too late with the generous deed Which may brighten a weary way; For while you tarry, the poor man's cry, When the spirit hath left its clay!

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THE TRIBUNE PATTERN advertisement for a tissue paper pattern of a girl's blouse costume.

"P'tite Bleue."

"P'tite Bleue." That was her name, and nothing more. No one at Colarossi's seemed to know exactly how she came by it. Perhaps it was her eyes, which were of a cerulean hue and lit with happiness and sunshine-or so she often seemed to be.

All of the models who came to P'tite Bleue were more popular or petted than P'tite Bleue. She was so cheerful-in a word, so petite. For nymphs and young girl studies there was none better. For the Venuses and Junos, or even the mondaines, one had to fly to the less refined charms of Suzanne or Louise or Martine.

No one knew exactly whence P'tite Bleue had come. One morning, a Saturday in June, hot and oppressive as though a thunderstorm brooded over Mont Valerien to descend on Paris at sundown, the matre brought her into the studio. She was shy with that exquisite shyness which should never leave a woman when having dealings with unknown men-the timidity which, alas, so often evaporates in the atmosphere of the studio and life class, but which, happily, never left P'tite Bleue.

The matre, if he troubled himself upon the point; the massier and the rest of us often wondered how it was that P'tite Bleue, unless she came of a "model" stock, could pose as she did from the very first. But upon this point she was silent. If over a cafe noir at the Taverne du Pantheon when money was less scarce than usual, or at the Cafe des Lilas when funds were low, we asked her, she would laugh lightly and say, with sometimes a strange, faraway look in her blue eyes: "Ah, yes; I pose well because I love it. Voilà!"

P'tite Bleue was just the same to us all till Paul Angier came to the school. It was always "Bon jour, M'sieu Antoine," "Bon jour, M'sieu Edouard," or "Au revoir, M'sieu McPhail," as the case might be and little or nothing more. But with the coming of Paul Angier, who was speedily nicknamed "M'sieu Adonis," but not contemptuously, everything seemed changed. It became apparent to most of us that something had crept into P'tite Bleue's life which had not existed in it before. Soon it was seen that she, as it were, posed for Angier. Not that she either neglected her work or had lost interest in it; but, when posing, her eyes sought his figure in the circle of workers before her, rather than travelled, as had been their wont, over each of us in turn with mild interest or curiosity.

"The little god has been at work with P'tite Bleue," said Lorin Chivers, who came from New-York; and he was right. This strange little god is always busy in the Quarter, always waylaid by the hosts of students, and their amies along the Boulevard. Formerly, P'tite Bleue, after the pose, was soon ready to wend her way down the steep and narrow stairs, and across the pebbled courtyard into the Rue de la Grande Chaumiere, and away along the Boulevard for her little appartement in the Rue Nicolet; sometimes she would pause to speak a word with the massier, who generally emerged from his den on seeing her, or perhaps, she would stand and put a finishing touch to the hang of her veil or pose of her torso before the somewhat inefficient mirror arranged by the glass door. Now she lingered over her toilet after posing, and went away reluctantly.

Before Angier came, she had seldom waited for any of us. If any one wanted to take P'tite Bleue to lunch at "Le Chat Blanc," or to hear the music in the Luxembourg Gardens, he had to clean up smartly and hasten after her. Now we often found her outside the dingy portal near the doorway of the little laundry, waiting-for Angier.

We used to shake our heads for this sort of thing was quite a new phase of P'tite Bleue and upset our analysis of her character completely. Paul Angier, whose dark eyes contrasted so with her own, and whose brown beard was trimmed with such nicety that even a woman who hated such things might have forgiven him its possession, looked hard during the dance, cleaned up in a leisurely manner, usually resumed his coat deliberately, and went away down the stairs almost last of all, because he knew P'tite Bleue would be waiting, and into her cheeks would come a wild rose hued flush at the sight of him.

At first some of us felt jealous-not that we disliked Angier, but because P'tite Bleue had hitherto belonged to all of us, had accepted invitations to luncheon, to dinner or to Buller on Thursday or Sunday nights, with a truly royal and unspecialized graciousness. Now she simply vanished with Angier. A small, dainty figure, dressed with the inexpensive grace and chic of the Quarter. Where they went for some weeks none of us discovered. At first on his entry at the school Angier had frequented Le Chat Blanc, the upper room of which, overlooking the ill paved street, is still the resort of many kindred souls. But after he and P'tite Bleue had fallen victims to the little god, whose business is said to be brisk in the fair springtime, he no longer came there.

Sometimes we suspected it was Angier's funds ran low, and there are few who work and live in the Quarter with whom this never happens-P'tite Bleue would come to take luncheon with one or the other of us, and be gay and bright and repay us by her wit and naive criticisms of the pictures on the easels at Colarossi's, with all the time a reserve of something which we suspected she kept for Angier alone.

At length we discovered their dining place, quite by accident. It was a little restaurant in a narrow street to the westward of the Odson-a place where two could dine at the price of one. Some of us went there once or twice, but both P'tite Bleue and Angier were so evidently distressed by our intrusion that we left them alone to play out their little idyl, destined to end in tragedy, amid the odors which seem inseparable from a "Dejeuner a Frs 1.25, vin compris."

A little while, and we heard that Angier, who could paint, as we all were willing to admit, had sold a couple of copies which had been commissioned by an American tourist who had seen him at work in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, and on the strength of doing so he had taken a small studio far out along the Rue de Vaugrand. From that time Angier came less and less frequently to the school, and after the summer vacation, on our return we found P'tite Bleue gave only three sittings a week, instead of the almost daily ones of yore.

In reply to our questions, "Why don't you come oftener, P'tite Bleue? Has any one left you a fortune?" or "Are you going to give up posing at the schools? Are you sitting to some great matre, P'tite Bleue?" she only smiled and said, "No, Messieurs, I am not relinquishing my work at the schools. But," with a queer, proud glance in her eyes of forget-me-not blue, "M'sieu Paul needs me for his great tableau. Ah, yes, indeed you should see it! It will obtain him a bronze at the least."

ness of thinly disguised poverty. She was gay and her eyes less bright. But to all offers of help-and there were many, for all had loved P'tite Bleue-or suggestions that we missed her at Colarossi's, it was ever the same reply, "Paul needs me for the completion of his picture. Ah, M'sieu Jean, you should see it!"

"Ah, this marvellous 'machine'!" one would reply, remembering other wonderful pictures which, when commenced, had been destined never to be finished, or had existed only in the brains of the artists themselves. One day-it was in December, and the snow lay white in the Luxembourg Gardens and on the roof of the Palace, and less white in the streets underfoot-P'tite Bleue came back to the school. We heard some one coming slowly, almost weakly, up the steep stairs, and when the door opened near the stove it was to disclose poor little P'tite Bleue. Not the nymphlike, smiling model of yore, but the pale, thin, worn P'tite Bleue which starvation and bitter cold, and, perhaps, even homesickness, had wrought. Suzanne was posing on the throne, the personification of well cared for, well formed womanhood, partially facing the door; and so she saw, without turning her head, P'tite Bleue enter.

We were all of us too struck by the pitiful figure to say much, until Suzanne's "Ma foi!"-expressed with all the emphasis of which the two words are capable-broke the silence. Suzanne had always been jealous of P'tite Bleue, and now that the class was thrown into confusion, she forgot she was posing. "Ma foi!" she repeated, "posing to M'sieu Paul Angier has done you good, and no mistake. What a frimousse! You had better mount up here-instead of me."

P'tite Bleue said nothing. The massier had stepped to her side, and was conversing with her in a low tone. "Is it possible you do not understand?" he overheard him say, while Suzanne regarded her erstwhile rival scornfully. "I am very sorry. We, as it happens, require a model such as you were. But"-glancing at her thin hands and face-"best impossible."

P'tite Bleue's lips quivered. She gave one glance at the rows of faces gazing at her pityingly from behind or round the corner of the easels, many of which were familiar to her, and then turned slowly away. As the door closed upon her, an idea entered the massier's head. "Tell me," he asked, quickly, "didn't one of you fellows say that Debussy wanted a model for his picture?"

"Yes," replied a little Alsatian named Jules Meyer, "for 'La Lutte pour la Vie.'"

"That will suit P'tite Bleue," the massier exclaimed, and away he rushed down the stairs. He did not return for some time, and then, when he did, we heard P'tite Bleue's story.

It was one that is by no means fresh to the Quarter. Angier had worked at what was to be a chef-d'oeuvre; worked day and night, worked without taking heed that he was earning no money, while his slender store was diminishing steadily if slowly. P'tite Bleue, though she must have had misgivings-for it is the woman who first knows when the cruise is running dry-backed him up loyally. At last the end came.

There was neither money, food nor fuel. The owner of the studio was, not a philanthropist, and so he turned them out. From the studio in the Rue de Vaugrand he had migrated to a mansard in a small street leading out of the Rue de Madame. Angier was ill and in despair, and P'tite Bleue had wandered in search of employment, from studio to studio, leaving-for reasons of delicacy and shame-here application at Colarossi's till the last resort.

Everywhere, she had told the massier, the answer had been the same. Sometimes framed delicately, sometimes pityingly, sometimes with a brutal frankness which said: "Get your bones covered with some flesh, and your skin less blue before you offer to pose. You should go to a clinique and pose there."

In that poverty stricken mansard in the Rue de Madame during the few weeks following her reappearance at Colarossi's, P'tite Bleue, sad at heart, but uncomplaining, with the patient heroism of a woman who loves a stricken man, carried on the struggle. M. Debussy gave her a little employment, for she filled in a gap as one of his misérables in the huge canvas on which he depicted "La Lutte pour la Vie" with all the naturalistic skill of his school-the pathetic figure of a starving, hopeless woman with haunting eyes.

Few of us were able to afford her much, but we did what we could. And many books were foregone to enable us to do it. Even Suzanne one day softened and contributed the highest amount of the lot, one franc, taken from the five she earned by sitting. Let us believe that it was a recrudescence of dormant feminine pity which prompted the gift, and not an admission that her rival was no longer within the field of practical competition.

In January-quite at the end, a terrible day of gloom and bitterly cold-McPhail hurried up the stairs with the news that Angier was dead. He had gone to see him, in the wretched truck, with P'tite Bleue weeping beside him.

"He should never have entered the Quarter," ironically remarked McPhail; "he could neither stand the racket nor the disappointment. And there are boys who make easy ways out of life for those who fall therein," he added.

P'tite Bleue, gallant little soul, had fought hard; but she could not succeed in transforming a man of intentions into one of accomplishment. P'tite Bleue! Where did she go? We never knew; she vanished after the simple funeral in an ill kept corner of the Cimetiére du Mont Farnes, and we like best to think of her as having returned to her home amid the pleasant fields and sunny skies of Calvados, of which she speaks but once-the day Angier was buried.

"Twere best so, for he had been the grand passion of her woman's life." (The Sketch)

Property For Sale or To Let advertisement with contact information for T. M. Stewart.