Interesting to Women.

WHITE CREPE DE CHINE TO BE WORN BY AMELLA STONE IN THE ROYAL CHEF.
Which opens at the Lyric Theatre on September 1.

BIBLE SCHOOLS EXHIBIT.

Boys and Girls Interpret Biblical Characters.

If any stranger had wandered into the Sunday school room of the Second Avenue Baptist Church yesterday afternoon he would probably have been considerably startled to hear a roomful of children exclaiming excitedly:

"Oh, they are killing him! They are killing him! He's killed!"

But there would have been no occasion for alarm, for it was only a traveller falling among thieves, who had emerged from under the piano for the purpose of rifling his pockets and stripping him of a considerable part of his raiment. The thieves were Chatham Square boys, and, with four or five of their companions, they were enacting the story of the Good Samaritan for the benefit of the pupils of the Vacation Bible Schools conducted by the New-York City Baptist Mission Society, the children having assembled for their commencement exercises.

The thieves wore red caps and sashes and carried formidable clubs, with which they pretended to belabor the poor traveller unmercifully. When they had left him supposedly naked and bleeding, a haughty priest appeared in purple robe and flowing pink turban, but when he saw the poor traveller he passed by on the other side and sat down in a chair at one end of the platform. Next came a Levite, in pink robe and purple turban. He took the trouble to look at the traveller, but having at length concluded that it was none of his business he went and sat down beside the priest.

At last a Samaritan appeared, clad in white, and when he saw the traveller he had compassion on him, bound up his wounds and carried him to an inn. In other words, he lifted him into a chair, where the innkeeper had been sitting beside the priest and the Levite.

While the drama was being performed the story of the Good Samaritan was read by Stephen Harding, principal of the Mariners' Temple School, from which the boys came, and when the actors retired only the fact that the scenes enacted were from the Bible kept the audience from applauding vociferously.

The cast of the performance was arranged as follows: Traveller, Alexander Chilburton; Priest, Tony Chaffino; Levite, Rocco Tuccia; Samaritan, Jeremiah Comenello; Innkeeper, Tony Domo; thieves, Tony Vanilla, Michael Taranto and Tony Debraccio.

The remainder of the programme consisted of singing, drills and recitations. There were Bible drills, among others, in which some of the children told Bible stories, and several tiny tots recited all the books of the Bible from beginning to end without ever a stumble. They even went to the trouble of mentioning, as they recited them, which were prophetical and which historical, etc.

The Swedish school sang a Swedish song. The Abyssinian school, composed of colored children, sang the Twenty-third Psalm; the Alexander-ave. school gave a milkmaids' song in costume, and the pupils of the Second-ave. school appeared as Indians in full war paint, with crocheted circular shawls, sheepskin rugs and other convenient articles for blankets. There were also a couple of brief addresses by the superintendent of the schools, the Rev. R. G. Boville, and the secretary, W. J. Jackson.

Mr. Boville said that whereas the public schools taught the three R's, it was the aim of the Bible vacation schools to teach the four S's, namely, Scripture, science, singing and sewing. Mr. Jackson stated that 3,150 children had been enrolled in the schools, with an average daily attendance of over 1,900.

At the conclusion of the programme prizes were presented by the director of the industrial department, Mrs. George B. Roys, to Marie Wilson, of the Abyssinian school, and Irene Ward, of the Alexander-ave. school, for the best work in sewing. Both girls had completed the best fifteen models of the Teachers College course in sewing, but Miss Wilson had had one extra model, although her teacher, Miss Lillie A. Lee, had been obliged to learn the work herself after the school opened. The Central Park school won a football by good conduct and regular attendance.

The afternoon closed with a round of cheering. Mr. Boville asked the little folks to indicate their appreciation of what their teachers had done for them by giving them three cheers, and the response was a thunderous outburst of applause, which nearly took off the roof. To this was added a still more significant indication of the way the children regard their teachers, when, having finished cheering, they remarked to one another: "I won't come next year if I can't have Miss A., or Miss B.," as the case might be.

After the salute to the teachers, John H. Larsen, principal of the Norwegian school, stepped forward and called for three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Boville. A wilder outburst of applause than the previous one was the result, and the principals wound up the salute by declaring that the superintendent was "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of New-York men."

Before dismissing the children, Mr. Boville told them that the vacation schools would continue in operation on Saturdays, and that daily sessions would be resumed next summer.

The room was prettily decorated with the hammocks the boys had made in the schools, and specimens of sewing and basketry were also on exhibition.

$20,000 FOR ITS FUND.

Gift Toward Endowment for Berkshire Industrial Farm.

The supporters and the well wishers of the Berkshire Industrial Farm have realized that earnest work and patient waiting bring their reward. A generous friend, who absolutely refuses to let his or her name be known, has given $20,000 to the institution, of which $15,000 is to be invested and held for a permanent endowment fund, and $5,000 used by the trustees for such purposes as they may decide upon. The farm is an institution for saving unruly and criminally disposed boys, from six to sixteen years old, by giving them a happy country home, with strict discipline, a common school education, steady work in various lines and trades, and a reasonable amount of play. It has been in successful existence for eighteen years, and has been entirely supported by its friends from all over the land and the moderate sums paid by the parents and guardians of the boys sent there for reformation.

The patrons of the institution consider this gift a perfect godsend, as it starts the endowment fund on a firm basis, and provides the means to help furnish some much needed cottages to extend the home life of the boys.

WOMAN'S HOTEL STRIKERS BACK.

About Half Return—Were Frightened Away by "Color" Story.

The latest news at the Martha Washington is that a considerable number of the striking chambermaids are going about their former duties. It is said that their reason for leaving with the housekeeper was that she had told them that colored maids were going to be added to the staff. When they found out that they had been deceived they said they returned and asked for their old places and some of them were taken back.

Another version of the causes underlying the recent contrempsi is that the chambermaids were only following the usual custom in the hotel world when they left with the housekeeper, housekeepers and stewards usually preferring to engage their own servants.

The manager refused to confirm any of these stories, but said that the hotel was well supplied with excellent help. The only inconvenience it labors under, he added, is due to the impression that it is paralyzed for lack of the same. This idea continues to bring numerous applicants for the places supposed to be vacant, and resulted in the addition of a few extra hands to the previous staff yesterday.

The machinery of the hotel is now running entirely as usual. Housecleaning, which was in progress when the strike occurred, is going on apace, and the old and new servants are getting on nicely together. One of the new maids was heard to remark that she thought that she had got into a very nice place, and that "them as did their work satisfactory" would have no cause to complain.

MENTAL JAUNDICE.

An Affliction Which Is Especially Hard on the Patient's Friends.

A new disease, or at least a new name for an old disease, has been discovered by a noted brain specialist of London. It is mental jaundice. Worrying over trifles is one cause. Greed, pride and prejudice are others. Whatever the cause, the effect is to make one look upon this beautiful world of ours with discontent and to find continual fault with our fellow travellers toward the grave, writes Robert Webster Jones in the September "Housekeeper." "Let a person once become infected with this disease," says the specialist, "and nothing but the most rigorous measures will effect a cure. I believe mental jaundice is on the increase, especially among the upper classes. It is the source of more unhappiness, to the patient as well as to those about him, than almost any other disease. Physical jaundice produces yellowness of skin, which, after a while, becomes yellowness of the eyes. This produces a condition of the eye which makes the patient see everything yellow. Mental jaundice is analogous. Its victim sees nothing in its true colors or proportions. Everything is distorted by his diseased mental condition."

What is the remedy? The specialist does not say, but it may be assumed that the cure rests almost wholly with the patient. Optimism may be made a habit as well as pessimism. It is well within any one's power to open the windows of his soul and let in the sunshine. Cheerfulness produces both mental and physical health. Let us avoid getting into that condition which invites mental jaundice. It is best combated by a smile on the face and a song in the heart.

A PRETTY TRIFLE.

Among the prettiest trifles in the way of smart dressing for the late August days are the little circular capes of some coarse lace—Cluny or Yak—dyed to match the color of the gown, or left in their natural color. Some of these fasten down the front with little black ribbon bows. Others have black chiffon arranged in stole fashion down either side of the front, with big rosettes of the same at the neck, and heading the fall of accordion pleated chiffon, which forms a sort of tassel at the waistline.

LARCHMONT "LADIES' DAY."

Especially Fine Programme for Yachtsmen's Feminine Guests.

"Queen's weather for the Larchmont queens!" remarked a gallant old Irishman on the veranda of the Larchmont Yacht Club house yesterday afternoon, as a motor car filled with merry, bareheaded young women, in white duck suits and shoes, their arms and faces sunburned to a bright red, chugged its way up to the stoop.

Yesterday was "ladies' day" at the club. As on every Thursday during the season, feminine Larchmont and all the women folk of the members and their women and girl friends had the freedom of the clubhouse and its delightful grounds. Rows of comfortable wicker rocking chairs were placed the length of the veranda. The private flag of the club and the Stars and Stripes floated gayly from the tall, white flagstaff. You could see your face in the brass cannon with which the corridors and the lawn were fortified. In the offing the yachts pranced at their moorings, or rocked, whitely and daintily, in the caress of some gentle swell. The cannas and foliage plants stood up crisp and jaunty, the turf was as green as green could be, there was a sweet breeze blowing in off the blue waters of the Sound, and, altogether, there were worse places on that sunny, blowy afternoon than the seaward stoop of the long, cool, beautiful clubhouse.

There was no formal dinner to the fair guests, but all through the evening the small tables that had been spread on the veranda outside the dining room were filled with private dinner parties. And then the entertainment began in the Theatre Pandemonium, which forms a big wing to the clubhouse proper.

"Pandemonium—that's a Greek word—it means a whole lot er noise, don't you know," the clerk was heard explaining to a visitor from out of town.

When the members of the Larchmont Yacht Club are alone they are much given to theatrical performances of a rollicking nature. There may be some distant connection between this fact and the name of the pretty theatre, which is open on three sides, save for awnings to exclude the wind. But on "ladies' days" they give something more serious, woman being the unhumorous sex. At least, on two occasions they have done so, and for both Charles A. Stevenson, of Mrs. Leslie Carter's company, has been responsible.

Mr. Stevenson is not only an enthusiastic and loyal member of the Larchmont Yacht Club, he is an equally enthusiastic and loyal member of the Lambs. The relations existing between the two organizations are exceedingly cordial, and the Lambs are ever ready to frisk for the pleasure of the yachtsmen. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "A Last Confession" was the pièce de résistance last night, Hugo Toland, formerly Blanche Walsh's leading man in "Resurrection," taking the part of the priest, while Mr. Stevenson was the penitent Venetian, who had been stabbed to his death. All the auditorium was in darkness, and the women held their breath as they saw the priest in Franiscan habit, kneeling, crucifix in hand, to hear the conscience stricken artist's romantic recital. By a clever electrical device they saw his face change to the very palior of death. And when he told how he had given his Lombard sweetheart a silver dagger with the injunction to stab him with it to the heart if he should be untrue to her, and afterward, they having quarrelled over another woman, he had suddenly snatched it from her and stabbed her to death—why, the cold shivers ran up and down the backs of the audience, and of the yachtsmen standing without on the lawn. It was the most thrilling piece of tragedy the Larchmont clubwomen were ever called upon to witness, and its effect was heightened by the original descriptive overture composed for the occasion by Manuel Klein, and played under his direction by an orchestra of thirty-five pieces from the Philharmonic and Damrosch orchestras. The draperies and scenery were from the Belasco Theatre.

A comedietta was presented by Miss May Duryea and W. H. Mortimer, and there were songs by Miss Helen Fredericks, and a monologue by James H. Cullen. M. Clay Greene was chairman of the programme. There were about five hundred women present. Many launch parties were present from the yacht clubs along the Sound.

HOUSEWIVES' EXCHANGE.

FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE OFFER.

In a recent issue of The Tribune I saw an article on "The Decline of Courtesy."

What but a "decline" can you expect when children are taught to say a blunt "What," "Yes," and "No" to their parents and elders, especially to the aged, who should command the respect due to their years and standing in the community, as well as to their greater knowledge?

Children were not so brought up fifty years ago or more, but had "manners" taught them.

Fairfield, Conn. READER.

As the Housewives' Exchange welcomes suggestions from subscribers as to the topics they would like to see discussed in its columns, it will offer $5 as a prize for the best article upon the above subject.

Are the manners of the modern American child bad?

Has there been a "decline" in juvenile courtesy?

Should "manners" be taught in school?

How do young Americans compare in this respect with the young of other civilized nations?

Are respectful manners compatible with the spirit of true democracy?

Although the Exchange reserves to itself the right to publish (without compensation) all articles entered in this contest, it will award the prize to but one. In sending in their views contributors are asked to address their letters to the Housewives' Exchange, New-York Tribune, New-York City. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only, must be accompanied with full name and address (if entered for competition) and must be received on or before September 10.

AMERICAN CHILDREN "TERRORS."

Seeing that a discussion relative to the "Decline of Courtesy" is invited by the Exchange, I send the following opinions in reply to some of the questions raised: I am the mother of grown-up children, and having lived on both sides of the "big pond," think that I can speak with knowledge of the manners of the American child. My first child is a British subject, and I think that her manners are certainly better than those of her brother and sister, born and brought up here. I am a Yankee for generations back, and my husband is a Britisher. I quite expected that during my residence abroad things would have progressed at home, but was unprepared for the brusque "yes," "no," "what" which greeted me on all sides, also for the "push," or the taking precedence of elders. Only occasionally does the young person stand aside for mamma to enter the door first. Now, my British child does not say "Yes, ma'am." "No, ma'am"; that is only used by "inferiors," never by social equals. "Yes, mamma," "No, mamma," "Yes or no, Mrs. Smith," and in place of the distressing "what" is "beg pardon," or "pardon," which takes no more time and is not beneath one's dignity. Often it is not the words, but the intonation which conveys so much. There is a certain aggressiveness about the children here which grates upon those brought up in the old school.

Long before the school age, manners should be inbred. The gentle courtesy of the parent should show itself even before the teeth come. Certain things cannot be taught, like spelling and arithmetic. The home influence is what clings to a man or woman through life. Mother's "No, my little boy," has sounded in the ears of many a man for his soul's good through a long life, when his cry may be:

> Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight,
> Make me a child again just for to-night!
> Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
> Take me again to your arms, as of yore.

But to go back to first principles. What of the average parents? The father, a young man busy all the week, resting on Sunday; nervous, excitable, worried, cannot be bothered with his child, except maybe to be entertained with some "cute" saying which he is apt to repeat to a friend, and not always out of hearing of those sharp little ears.

The mother, a girl brought up in comparative luxury, with digestion out of order, and nerves in a worse condition, is thoroughly unfit for motherhood physically, notwithstanding mentally she may have been a shining light. The everyday cares of her house—in this time of unsettled domestic service—are enough, added to her social functions, without the baby. But the little one has come, however unwelcome, and expenses are heaping up. "Money is hard to get and the bills are enormous," says the husband. This brings a quick response from the wife. Then ensues an irritating discussion which is apt to end in an oath from his lordship, who quickly leaves the house. The slam of the front door proclaims that he is off for the day, while the wife is left to nurse her grievance. The child, alas, has seen and heard it all, and quickly runs away, for papa is cross and mamma is crying.

I do not mean to say that there is no natural affection between parents and child, but there is a want of that even, gentle but firm influence which says "no" and means "no." There may be no end of caressing, as well as of scolding, but it is of a hysterical kind. The atmosphere is not soothing to the nervous system. That child knows well that if it keeps on begging long enough mother will give the thing craved to stop its noise. It may be the atmosphere—whatever it is, it is cruelly detrimental to the child.

Comparison is especially trying, but truth obliges me to say that no country that I ever heard of can lay claim to such a "holy terror" as the American child. A friend of mine in Glasgow one time entertained a well known American evangelist and his family. In speaking of the wonderful power of this great and good man over the multitudes whom he addressed, my friend remarked: "Oh, but his child was the worst I ever had under my roof. She never thought of minding a word from her father. Is she a fair specimen of young American children?" I of course repudiated this slander with vehemence, but alas! when I returned to my native heath I saw it all and more, too.

NORTH YONKERS.

TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY

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.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

The little traveller set forth
With one last smile of sweet content.
There are no footprints, south or north,
To show to us the way she went;
No tiny footprints in the snow,
No flower for token backward thrown,
"Sweetheart," we wept, "why must you go?"
Smiling, she went her way, alone.

The little traveller went her way
And left us all who loved her so.
She journeyed forth at break of day—
A long, long way she had to go.
The stars were paling in the sky—
Their kind eyes must have seen her start.
We could not see; we could but cry,
"Come back to us, dear heart, dear heart!"

The little traveller's tiny feet
Have found a path that we must find.
She was so little and so sweet!
We cannot linger, left behind.
We stumble, seeking day by day,
Oh, little traveller, who will send
A guide to point us out the way
To find you at the journey's end?

—(Francis Barine in Youth's Companion.

NOTICE.

Letters are received occasionally from admirers of the Tribune Sunshine Society showing that they have confused it with organizations of nearly similar name, subsequently started by persons whom they mistakenly believe to be still in the service of The Tribune. To avoid error all communications, packages, etc., should be addressed "The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York."

MONEY RECEIVED.

As a check for $10, sent by "Theodora" to be used toward the summer outing for the girls of the Enterprise Chapter was not received at the office, a duplicate check was sent in its place, so that the girls would not be deprived of the pleasure this money would give.

Miss C. E. Angell, of Tioga County, sent 25 cents for postage to forward sunshine contributed by her to the office; Miss Lucy Philo, 10 cents; Violet Emery, 10 cents, and Miss Doughty, five cents for badges.

THE "OLD LADIES'" OUTING.

Mrs. F. H. Jerome, president of the Ever Ready Branch, who kindly took charge of some of the members of the Old Ladies' Home, in Amsterdam-ave., when they had their annual sunshine outing, makes the following report of the good time:

The outing will long be remembered with pleasure by the dozen aged women who enjoyed the hospitality of the T. S. S. last Wednesday. Punctually at 10 a. m. they were awaiting me, and we started for Coney Island. It was an ideal day—sunshine everywhere, but none brighter than that which was reflected in the faces of the dear old ladies. The youngest of the party this year was sixty-nine and the oldest ninety-one. In spite of her great age the latter was the most sprightly of them all. No one walked about and enjoyed the sights more than she. A hot dinner was provided for these guests, and afterward we watched the bathers and enjoyed the delightfully cool breeze. Some popcorn and sarsaparilla closed the festivities of the day, and all were safely back at the home just at supper time. Every one desired to express her thanks and appreciation for a day full of pleasure and sunshine. The conductors and inspectors all along the line were especially kind and courteous to our party, and I was personally glad to be the almoner of this sunshine to these neglected old souls.

TO "PASS ON."

Two boxes of flowers—hydrangeas, brilliantly colored phlox and geraniums—were received yesterday from the Yorktown Heights branch. Two shirtwaists came without a name, wools from Montclair, N. J.; illustrated reading matter from Clara and Minnie Vreeland, two East Orange juniors. Clara has been taking flowers to a poor little girl who was badly burned recently. This was a very sweet sunshiny act. A dozen bound books were the gift of a friend who left them at the office without a name.

> Live out in the sunshine,
> For thee it was made;
> Get into its warmth;
> Don't stay in the shade.
>
> Joy cometh with cheerfulness,
> Tears come with gloom;
> Cheer creates a heaven,
> Darkness, a tomb.
>
> Get into the sunlight,
> Live near to thy Lord;
> You will ever be happy,
> If you obey His word.
>
> —(Faith.

VARIATIONS IN VEILS.

Chiffon veils often show a bit of embroidery on the hem, which gives them a charming note of daintiness and novelty. A veil of the most dreamlike shell pink will have four-leaved clover in pale green lightly powdered over its broad hem; or, maybe, it is a brown veil, which has little nasturtiums in a fashionable shade of orange sketched along its hem by the young girl who means to wear it with a mud-colored taffeta frock. The variations are limited only by one's imagination and skill with the needle.

Parker's bad beginning. How the Democratic candidate entered public life. Facts which indicate that he has always been a VERY PRACTICAL politician. SEE NEXT SUNDAY'S TRIBUNE.

FAIRFIELD THEIR HOST.

Little Fresh Air Girls Spend Joyous Vacations in Quaint Old Town.

Under the cool shade of a grove of large elm trees in the quaint old town of Fairfield, Conn., is a summer home for children sent on outings by the Tribune Fresh Air Fund. Throughout the summer, for many years, parties of twenty girls have been entertained at this beautiful place as guests of the people of Fairfield. Elm Cottage is the name of the little home where the poor children enjoy their fortnightly vacations, but so great is the interest of the Fairfield hosts in their fresh air work that they have planned for a new building, which will be erected next spring.

Elm Cottage is close to the shore of Long Island Sound, and one of the women of Fairfield who has great interest in the comfort of the guests had a road constructed from the home to the beach for the special use of the children. She also had a playhouse, finished in natural wood, built on the beach, and there many happy hours are passed in picnics and bathing parties.

Fairfield is an ideal New-England village. It is the scene of many historical incidents, and representatives of its old families go to Fairfield every summer.

The Rev. Dr. Frank S. Child, of Fairfield, is the leader in arrangements for entertaining the children.

In one of the recent parties for Fairfield was a little girl who sang to herself all the while she was in the Grand Central Station. The missionary who was with the party took the child up in her lap and said: "My! But you are a happy little girl to-day! Aren't you? She has been to Fairfield before and she knows what a good time is in store for her. Her brother went away last week with a Tribune Fresh Air Fund party, and when I asked this little girl if she wanted to go along with him, she said, 'Indeed, I don't. He won't have half as good a time as I will. He is going up among the rocks, and he can't have a swim. He got his picture tooked last year, and said that was more 'an I had. I got a doll, and that beats having yer picture tooked.'"

One girl pulled a rag doll out of her bag and showed it to the missionary. "See!" she said. "I'm going to give my dolly a bath every day, but mamma says I must not keep her feet in the water too long, cause then they would come off. Live people's feet don't come off in the water. Why won't my dolly's feet stick on when she takes a bath?"

Going through the train gate one day this summer a trainman said to one of the older girls bound for Fairfield:

"You girls are one of the small parties." "Yes," replied the girl, "there's only twenty of us, but we have more at Fairfield than a whole hundred some place else."

There is nothing in the way of amusement omitted at Elm Cottage. Each day has its particular programme of entertainment, and "even at night," as one child expressed it, "we play in our dreams."

Generally speaking, the table of the American is provided for the purpose of feeding; for the Frenchman it is for the purpose of refreshment, says Flora McDonald Thompson in "Harper's Bazar."

"It must nourish—yes; but of equal necessity it must please—please the mind also as the body—and there must be provided, too, diversion and repose. Thus is cooking an art with the French people, and a meal, whether of the rich man or of the poor peasant, is one of his finest ceremonies. The employes of Paris business houses are allowed from one to two hours for the midday meal, and it is an unwritten law of the French household that the servants shall have at least an hour for déjeuner and for dinner alike, during which time they are not to be called, except for grave reason, but are left free to seat themselves at table in the kitchen, where, even in very humble kitchens, they tuck their napkins under their chins and laugh and talk while eating and drinking, so enjoying a degree of leisure nearly unknown among all classes of Americans.

"As a rule, the Paris business man takes his midday meal in the bosom of his family. This is deemed such an important feature of domestic economy that the whole scheme of living is adjusted to that end; and one finds families of wealth and social distinction housed throughout the business sections in order thus to make it possible that the hour or two allotted to déjeuner may be spent by the man in his home."

A woman whose handsome back comb was forever slipping out of her hair had a little gold chain attached to it by means of a tiny hole bored through the upper right hand corner. To the other end of the chain was attached a shell hairpin. This simple device saved her many anxious moments, and she still has her comb.

A physician says he finds the following an excellent drink for his fever patients: Strain the juice of a grated pineapple and one or two oranges. Pour over shavings of ice to which a small quantity of powdered sugar has been sifted.

Muffins and gems made without eggs, but with more milk and butter, the batter beaten with a wooden spoon till it is very light, are said to be indistinguishable from those made with eggs.

"An Interested Reader" of "The New-Orleans Times-Democrat" writes to that paper suggesting a French name for the objected-to dish known in Northern boarding houses and a few homes as hash: "Suppose we call it 'Un pain de viande?'" she says. "Garnished with squares of toast and strips of sweet peppers and baked it is a delicate dish if well served and properly dressed."

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of House Jacket, No. 4,820, for Ten Cents.

Tasteful house jackets are among the good things of which no woman ever had a surplus. This one is peculiarly attractive, as it includes a big cape collar, which is eminently becoming and graceful, and the wide sleeves that always are comfortable. The model is made of dotted batista, with trimming of lace frills and insertion, but all materials in use for garments of this sort are equally correct. When liked, the sleeves can be gathered into cuffs, as shown in the back view, and the neck finished with a roll-over collar.

NO. 4820, HOUSE JACKET.

The jacket is made with loose fronts and tucked backs, and is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The sleeves are in one piece each, either left plain or gathered into straight cuffs, and the cape collar is arranged over the whole.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards 27 inches wide, three and three-quarters yards 36 inches wide, or two and three-quarters yards 44 inches wide, with nine yards of lace and two and three-quarter yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

The pattern No. 4,820 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

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

Amabel's Love Affairs.

BY ETHEL HOLMES.

"It's from Cousin Fred," said Dora with conviction.

"Ye—es," said Amabel slowly.

"I believe it's a proposal," said Lucy.

And Amabel said nothing.

"I knew he'd propose to you!" Lucy continued. "He fell in love with you straightaway. And he's never been really in love with anybody before," she added.

Dora was a little upset. Cousin Fred was so very good looking. Amabel smoothed out the note and read it again, which was irritating for the other two, who were dying to see what it said.

Amabel, the gay, the light hearted, the never serious, was looking just a little worried.

"I can't think what to do!" she sighed gently.

"Aren't you going to accept him?" gasped both the girls at once.

"It's a little awkward," Amabel began.

"But he's ever so much nicer than anybody else!" Lucy interrupted her.

"And you have encouraged him, Amabel," said Dora.

"But there are the other two," said Amabel uncertainly.

"What other two?" asked Lucy.

"The two I'm engaged to already."

"Engaged already!" gasped Lucy.

"To two men!" choked Dora.

"Yes, two of them," said Amabel hopelessly.

"You see," she explained, "it was like this. I was staying with the Lawsons for some dances, and Charlie Lawson proposed to me during the 'Blue Danube Waltz,' and, somehow, I couldn't say no. Then I went to stay with the Gibbs, and a Captain Harrison proposed to me one day when we went on a paper chase. We were simply miles from home, and it would have been so awkward to have said no then. And now—oh, dear! what shall I do, girls?"

"Of course, you are really engaged to the man who asked you first," said Lucy.

"Like invitations," said Amabel.

"Like bigamy," said Dora severely.

"Trigamy," suggested Amabel wickedly, and patted the note.

"You're never going to accept Cousin Fred as well!" gasped Dora.

"He's much the nicest!" Amabel assured her.

"Seriously, Amabel, you are engaged to the waltzing man," Lucy expostulated.

"Charlie Lawson," said Amabel with a resigned sigh.

"And you must write to the other man saying you have made a mistake," Lucy continued authoritatively.

"I'll write to Captain Harrison at once," said Amabel obligingly. "I never did really like him; only it was such a long way from home, and it would have been so awkward to have said no."

"Of course!" both girls assented indifferently.

There was very little sympathy for Captain Harrison.

"And this?" Amabel glanced at the note on her lap.

"Oh, of course, you must explain to Cousin Fred," Lucy remarked relentlessly.

"Should we explain for you?" Dora offered kindly. "It might be awkward for you, and we could just hint—"

"No, thank you," said Amabel. "I'll do my own explaining. You see, they are my proposals."

Which remark fulfilled its mission and silenced Dora.

"We will leave you to write your letters, then," said Lucy.

Amabel was looking at the note again.

"He says he will come for his answer this evening," she remarked.

"Poor Cousin Fred!" said the girls.

Amabel sighed.

"Poor dear man! I'll write him a little note, and just slip it into his hand when he comes, and then run away, and he can read it, and go home quietly afterward."

So Amabel wrote two letters, and posted one of them. The other was tightly screwed up in Amabel's hand when the front door bell rang in an agitated manner just after 6 o'clock.

Amabel, in her prettiest frock, waited alone in the girls' own sitting room, kindly lent by Dora and Lucy for the melancholy occasion.

It was very nearly dark, but there was a pleasant flicker of firelight. The door opened, and a tall young man came hopefully into the room. Amabel shut her eyes, held her breath, and extended her little white hand and the note. The hand was eagerly seized and kissed.

"Darling!" whispered a very glad young man; and a little paper note fell unheeded to the floor.

Outside, at no very great distance away, Dora and Lucy waited with hearts full of sympathy for poor Cousin Fred. The sympathy became a trifle uneasy as time went on, and no heavy, heart broken tread was heard to descend the stairs and seak the front door.

Presently they ventured a little nearer to the sitting room door. All was quiet within.

Then the door did a trick common to doors; it came a little way open of its own accord. It had been liberally provided with india rubber piping to stop the draughts, and was consequently eccentric in its method of closing.

"Only the door; never mind, dearest!" said Cousin Fred's voice in a curiously muffled tone. "Why, what is that little white thing on the floor?"

"Oh, it's mine," said Amabel's voice. "I wrote it for you; it's a confession—please read it."

Somebody got up quickly, and returned with a soft rustle of silk.

"Confession, you dear baby! What an idea! Stick it in the fire; I don't want to know all your little sins, you precious silly!"

"Oh, but I have been really very bad!" said Amabel in an ashamed voice. "Ever so bad; you've no idea; and you ought to know, really!"

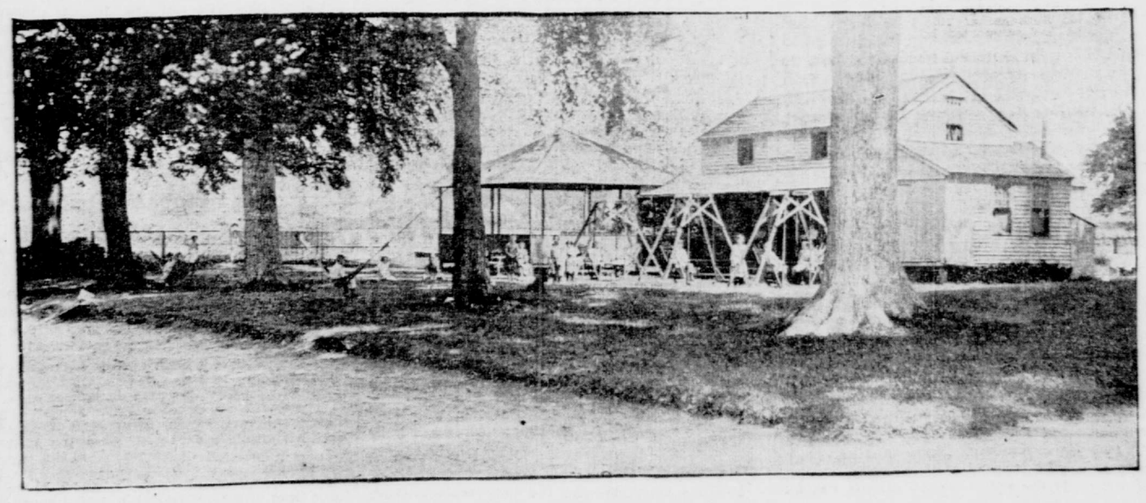
"Give me the terrible list, then," said Cousin Fred severely. Dora and Lucy grasped each other's hands. Poor Cousin Fred!

"Are they all here?" he continued.

"Ye—es, that is, all the important ones," Amabel answered. Then the sleepy fire flickered up suddenly, in joy at having something to burn.

"What a darling you are!" Cousin Fred began, but the rest of the remark, if there was any, was too smothered to reach any further than Amabel's little pink ears.

That evening Amabel wrote to Charlie Lawson.—(The Bystander.



ELM COTTAGE, FAIRFIELD, CONN.,
Where Tribune Fresh Air children spend joyous vacations.

A Presidential Campaign
Is always a
Hot One
And the many numerous arguments which always arise help to make it so—
Keep Cool
—fortify yourself with the most
Complete Political Register
And Ready Reference Book published,
The Tribune Almanac,
1904.
Sent by mail, Paper Cover, 25c.; Cloth Cover, 50c.
Address, NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.