

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

When Mars Pays Us a Visit

People who study the stars are all dreadfully busy these days trying to find out if there are any people living on the planet Mars. Every fifteen years Mars makes us a visit, and its next call is on September 21. Then it will be only 35,000,000 miles away, which is a mere trifle among stars and planets.

Since the planet made its last call we have learned a great many things. We have better telescopes, and we have better ways of taking photographs. We have wireless telegraphy, too, and it has been said that if the Martians are trying to send us wireless messages there is no reason why we should not be able to receive them. So we ought to learn more from this visit of our celestial neighbor than we have ever known before, and as it has been coming nearer to us astronomers all over the world have had their telescopes fixed upon the planet.

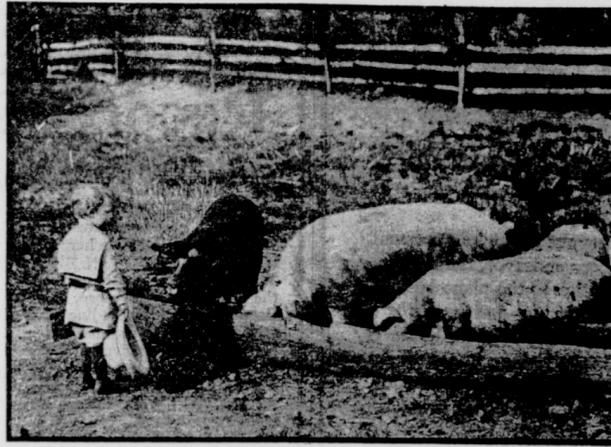
Of course, no one expects to see the Martians, but we may see things that will tell us whether there are any Martians or not. On the other hand, astronomers think there can't be any life, but Mars is so nearly equal to the earth in some ways it might be possible for people to live there. It hasn't a very pleasant climate, but people manage to put up with unpleasant climates on the earth. It hasn't very much atmosphere—less than our highest mountain tops—but still the Martians might be able to get on with that amount of air. It has very little water, too. But the Martians might be able to manage with less water than we do. In fact, that is the special talent of the Martians. If there are any Martians they are experts in the art of irrigation and are a great deal cleverer than we are in every way. They can't spend any time fighting and quarreling, as we do. They can't have any wars or international disputes, for if they were as stupid as that Mother Nature would just sweep them off the face of their little planet, which is much smaller than ours. If they want to go on living they simply have to put their heads together to save their water, and they must have found this out ages ago.

It is supposed that Mars had oceans, just as we have, but they all dried up long ago, and if there is any water left it comes from the melting of the snow at the poles. During the Martian winter white caps form over each pole, and during the summer they disappear almost entirely. These caps

are supposed to be snow, and as they disappear long lines are seen extending from the edges of the caps down to the equator. These gradually become plainer and plainer until they form a network over the whole planet. Some astronomers tell us that these lines are canals which the clever Martians have built to irrigate a desert planet; or, more correctly, they are canals with vegetation growing on their banks, because canals alone would be too narrow for us to see at a distance of 35,000,000 miles. People who don't believe in the work over the whole planet, and who think that it becomes solid. Professor Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, who has been studying Mars from the top of Mount Whitney, told us last week that there is no water worth mentioning in the atmosphere of the planet. Therefore, he says, the polar caps can't be snow, and consequently there can't be any Martians.

But it is hard to understand where the Martian canals came from without any Martians to build them. They are so wonderful that when they were first discovered by an Italian astronomer named Schiaparelli about twenty-five years ago people thought he was dreaming, and he even thought of himself for a while. Then when he discovered that some of the canals were double he was quite sure that his eyes didn't see straight. But he saw double so often that he had to give up the idea that his eyes were to blame. Now we have photographed some of these markings, and cameras don't see things that don't exist, the way our eyes sometimes do.

The canals run in perfectly straight lines—or occasionally in curves—for thousands of miles, and the double ones form perfect parallels. They run from the poles to the equator, and meet each other at points which are called oases, and where the Martian cities must be if there are any Martian cities. If the canals are not canals, but merely cracks in the crust of the planet, it is hard to see how they could be so straight, or how two of them could run for such long distances at exactly the same distance from each other, or why they should come together at particular points. All these things it would be very interesting to know, and if the Martians would only send us a wireless message and tell us a little about themselves we should be very grateful to them.



"Gee, what table manners!"
(Copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

The Bobbington Twins

BY FRANCES HARMER.

CHAPTER XII.

Jack perched himself on the arm of his mother's chair and looked triumphantly at Jean. The little girl was knitting some socks for a poor fisherman, and her low stool was close to her father's seat.

"Well, and now for some of those adventures of 'Ulysses,'" remarked Mr. Bobbington. "He had his hard times."

"As soon as he got away from one-eyed Polyphemus," said Jack, "he and his men bent themselves to the oars. Fast they rowed, and hard they pulled. On the fifth day they came to the island where 'Zeus' reigned. Now 'Zeus'—Jack saw that Jean was about to speak, and he hurried his words—"was the god of the winds."

"I know that," said Jean.

"'Zeus' went on her brother, 'was glad of company. He treated them very well, and they stayed with him for a whole month. He gave them a dinner party every day. Then Ulysses thought they ought to be pushing on, so he said he would have to go."

"'Zeus was too polite to try to persuade him to stay when he saw he really wished to start on his journey, but he knew that Neptune, the god of the sea, was the father of Polyphemus, whom Ulysses had blinded. He was very sure Ulysses was going to have a hard time of it on the sea, so he decided he would help him as much as he could. When they had said goodbye, 'Zeus gave him a big bag."

"Here, noble guest," he said, 'are all the winds but the west one—that I have left out to take you safely home. Farewell, and the gods be with you."

For nine days they sailed steadily westward, and the men began to think of their homes, their wives and their children, unseen through so many long years."

"Poor things," said Mrs. Bobbington.

"But," proceeded her son, "just as they could even see the lights on shore Ulysses, who had been steering for several hours, fell asleep. That did not matter. There was no wind about but the west wind, taking them on. The others were safe in the bag that hung by the masthead."

"However, the sailors, who had not been told what was in the bag, supposed it to be full of treasure. And when they saw their captain fast asleep they began to mutter among themselves."

"It is a fine thing to be Ulysses," said one. 'He gets all the fair words and all the fine gifts. We get nothing."

"There is gold and silver, no doubt, in that bag," cried another. 'Yet he keeps it all, and does not share his gifts with us.'

"And we," struck in a third, 'we do all the hard work for him."

"So they talked, until one said: 'We will take our share of the treasure.' He cut the bag open. With a terrible noise, out rushed all the winds, and soon, as they struggled together, the sea was in a storm. The great waves nearly overcame the ship."

"Of course the noise woke Ulysses, who saw at once what had happened. And the worst of it all was that the winds blew the ship back to the island of 'Zeus."

"He should have taken his men into his confidence," observed Mr. Bobbington. "There he wasn't as clever as usual."

Jack went on: "They were driven ashore. 'Zeus was surprised."

"What?" he said. 'Did I not give you enough? Have you come back to ask for more?'"

"Poor Ulysses would not even look up at him, he felt so ashamed. 'My men did it,' he cried, with his eyes on the ground. 'While I slept they unloosed the winds you bound!'"

"And so," went on Jack, "because 'Zeus would not a second time befriend them, but told them to leave his land, they again took to the boat. But now the winds, obeying the angry Neptune, drove them hither and thither, but never where they wished most to go—never to the rock-bound coast of Ithaca."

"The next adventure is a very short one, so we can have it to-night," went on Jack. "After six days and nights of storm, they found a port called Lamos. It belonged to the country of the people called the Lestrygonians. They were cannibals,

but this neither Ulysses nor his men knew. The city, which they were in a hurry to see, seemed deserted. There was no sign of man or woman. At last they saw a maiden.

"Tell us, damsel," cried Ulysses, 'who dwells in this city, and if they will be good to strangers?'"

"An old man, I'll go on," cried Jean, throwing down her knitting.

Jack was too much taken back to speak, and Jean's words poured out.

"She took him by the hand and led him inside a palace. A woman taller than the maiden, and she towered above Ulysses, called aloud. A man came rushing from an inner room at her cry. He seized—"

"He!" said Jack, breaking in. "That's all about a girl, and I'll go on. He killed one of the two men who had come up with Ulysses—for the others were still in the boats—and began to eat him. Ulysses and the other man did not wait. They rushed to the wall and sprang into the boat."

"Then Antiphan, for that was the name of the cannibal king, called to his people. They rushed forth and began to throw huge pieces of rock into the harbor. Ulysses and his men rowed fast. Of all the boats that had come into the harbor only one got out, the one in which Ulysses and a few of his gallant sailors were rowing with all their might."

"Ulysses looked back as they escaped from the harbor. There the water appeared more stormy than the sea without, for the rocks thrown by the cannibals had made great waves, and the dead bodies of the sailors were tossing on those waves. Ulysses dared not stay to pity; all had to row away as fast as they could."

"And to-morrow," said Jean, "it's my first turn in the adventure of Ulysses. It's all about a woman."

LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

"Puzzle"—The nearest and longest three lists of words were sent by Dorothy E. Willard, aged twelve years, of No. 41 Catherine street, Newport, R. I., who wishes a rolled gold bracelet (Miss Dorothy's list of twenty-eight words is printed below); and by Miss Margaret M. Henderson, aged thirteen years, of No. 41 McDonough street, Brooklyn, who chooses an interesting book. The last two originally contained thirty-two and twenty-eight words, respectively, and were both reduced to twenty-five words.

Blades (of grass), bottom (of girl's skirt), bracelet, book, bottle, ball, bow (on dress), band (around neck), bow (on head), brow (of girl), brow (of hill), bow (of boy), bush, barrel, board, brass, bow (on fence), box, bottle, bolt, brick, bone, boy, boots, buttons, breeches, body, bat.

"The two prize winners and their prizes in this contest are Ezra Reed Goodridge, aged nine years, of No. 11 Bedford street, Hartford, Conn., an interesting book, and Jessie Mackintosh, aged fourteen years, of No. 416 Northampton street, Holyoke, Mass., a sterling silver 'Tribune' badge.

Our Letter Box—See letters by prize winners.

HONOR LIST.

1. Gertrude Arbellet; 2. Merwin Ashley; 3. Kenneth J. Browne; 4. Eleanor Carter Bacon; 5. William E. Bennett; 6. Eugene Cronk; 7. Catherine Collins; 8. Sarah K. Colwell; 9. Willie Deane; 10. Constance R. Dibble; 11. Rosalind Dunkin; 12. Amelia Dobson; 13. James Finney; 14. Joseph Fraser; 15. Katherine Goodridge; 16. Margaret Hunter; 17. Edna Huntington; 18. Dorothy S. Hickok; 19. Minnie Jodorsky; 20. Julia Klumpke; 21. Ida E. Snow; 22. Mabel E. Linsley; 23. Thornton Merritt; 24. Harriet E. Moran; 25. Mildred M. Mitchell; 26. Elizabeth Massena; 27. Catharine Mackenzie; 28. Josephine McQueen; 29. Russell McAuley; 30. Anna McGarry; 31. Marian McQueen; 32. Ralph Nebrand; 33. Mary Olive; 34. Beulah Pack; 35. Elizabeth C. Perry; 36. Jennie Parker; 37. Elizabeth H. Ruger; 38. Hilda Rau; 39. Lewis S. Sims; 40. Julia Storr; 41. Catharine Elmendorf Snow; 42. Ambie H. Harris; 43. Constance Sauer; 44. Ida M. Terhune; 45. Edith T. Voorhes; 46. Olivia Weil; 47. Ethel Whitehouse; 48. Roberta Williamson; 49. Raymond Ward; 50. Julia F. Waterbury.

that daughter must be sent wherever good times beckon and be dressed as all the other girls are. What a blessing to all society would be a few women in each set (for one would be lost alone) who would agree that pleasures were to be adapted to the most modest purse strings in their circle! Such women would save many a colony from

failures among those men struggling to get on in the world in an honest way, for such causes are, more than is known, the reason why men of the fashionable set "go under" for no apparent reason. Until this tendency to spend "just a little more and pay up later" be checked much through the will continue to be chronicled as the aftermath of many a summer campaign.

Some Ways of the World

The use found for "antiques" is sometimes amusing. Recently a gorgeous soft cushion was worked by a fashionable woman from an old embroidered waistcoat, inherited from a French ancestor, who had been a celebrated beau and bon vivant. As the corners did not quite reach to the cushion corners she supplemented the waistcoat, which was of salmon satin, with pieces from a priest's vestment that she had picked up with some Chinese loot, using it also for the back. The pockets, with their silver lace, she left to tuck her handkerchief in when reading on the divan it was to ornament.

A popular girl declared that she knows the moment any young man is seriously in love with her, not from any change in his manner, but from the stony aloofness that comes over the members of his family and the married women who claim to be his "best friends." From then on her life is made miserable until she promises to be a "sister only," after which she basks in the sunny smiles of all the women related to him or merely taking a motherly interest in his affairs.

Tiresome beyond words are the women who exact attention from every one they know, and who show umbrage when circumstances prevent their friends from paying them visits both frequent and lengthy. When one is a guest in a place where several such women live, and pays only one call upon them, it results almost in open enmity in the future, for their selfishness is blind to the fact that

the hostess's plans come first in a guest's consideration. In some country houses any neighborhood calling is out of the question, for a list of guests for the entire visit is in each guest's room, and this she must observe to the letter if she would be invited again.

"Girls don't seem to have any influence on boys' manners nowadays, and in my time they had so much," said the white haired matron in a troubled tone. "It seems to me that boys are making modern manners; the girls follow them in everything. Why, my youngest granddaughter, who is just fifteen, borrows her boy cousin's necktie, calls him 'chum' and boasts that her baseball score is better than his. Fancy a girl's baseball team! And last week I actually came upon them boxing with each other."

"When I was a young girl no boy I knew would have dreamed of coming into my presence without a 'Hallo, Polly!' Ah, my boys were deferential in those days, because girls were girls and not imitation boys. Perhaps the new way is 'heaps more fun for girls,' as my granddaughter says; but it seems strange to an old-fashioned woman."

"It is generally taken for granted that a parent to be successful must be very elaborate and expensive," said a returned globe trotter. "Most of the pagans I have seen were carefully planned and costumed, and got up with no end of effort.

Our Letter Box

IN THE COUNTRY.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: You may like to read of my first stay in the country. We have a boys' guild in our church, and we all went camping recently.

The first night I could not sleep. The noises were so strange to me, the singing of the whippoorwills and humming insects. The cows had bells on their necks, and the man in charge of us said the cows were ringing up to the sky.

We used to take long walks, and sometimes we would get a ride home to the camp on a coal wagon or on the back of a carriage. The farmers were very nice; they often let us ride with them. It was very fun to ride around, climb trees with no one to chase you. I gained eight pounds! How nice it must be to live in the country all the time! I'm sorry to have to come back to the city. Your constant reader,

JAMES H. CAMPBELL (aged 13).
No. 553 Amsterdam avenue, New York.

A ROOSTER MOTHER.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Last spring our little bantam hen sat on her eggs, taking very good care of them. One day each of the little chicks broke its shell. They were all so cute, just like balls of down. Two or three days later a sad thing happened—a strange black cat killed the mother. We all felt very sorry and thought the chicks would die. That night I fed them and fixed a warm place in the coop. The next morning I went out to see how they were, and, to my surprise, I saw the little bantam rooster striding along with the little chicks following him. He fed them and kept them warm under his wings. He learnt to cluck for them just like a hen. On the whole, he took very good care of them; now they are healthy and happy. Hoping that this little story may interest you, I am, sincerely yours,

DOROTHEA COLE.
Englewood, N. J.

HER PET SNAILS.

Dear Little Men and Little Women: Although I read the letters in the "Letter Box" every Sunday, I have never seen one about snails, and so I thought I would write about them.

While in the country this summer I found a great many forest snails of all sizes in a pile of rocks, and I brought five of them home with me. Now they live in a large wooden box in which is a thick layer of dirt and moss. Two large blue stones, one on top of the other, help to make the snailery more like their natural home, and a saucer of water sunk in one corner supplies them with drink. Like canaries and goldfish, snails need very little attention, as all they require is an apple or some leaves of lettuce for food each day. Even if neglected for a few days, they will not get sick. Snails glide about more in damp than in dry

weather, so I occasionally wet the stones and dirt in their box. I like to watch my pets, as with their horns stretched out to their greatest length, they go in search of something to eat. A snail eats by scraping the food with his lip-like tongue. He accomplishes more than one would suppose in this way.

Many people do not like snails because of their sliminess, but I think that they are very interesting, so much so that I can learn about them by close observation. Hoping that you will like this letter, I remain,

EMMA SHIFF (aged 12).
No. 219 West 102d street, New York.



D. CRAYFISH—CHIMNEYS BUILT, CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

Far away in the heart of the forest lies a dark swamp. Through it a lively little brook sings as it tumbles and races. If you should happen to be wandering on the left bank of this brook, about the time the whippoorwill begins his evening song, you might be so fortunate as to see a sharp claw, holding a ball of clay, suddenly thrust up through the soft mud. Of course you will stop down and peer about to see what it means. Here it comes again, with another clay pellet. Soon the claw placed it carefully beside the first one and then you discover that there is a whole circle of them forming the upper edge of a smooth, round burrow leading down into the bank. This is Mr. Crayfish's home and he is now toting by, but to let in the fresh air, as he is a firm believer in good ventilation. Ball by ball the chimney grows and as the first streak of dawn appears in the eastern sky, Mr. Crayfish presses down the last circle of bricks, surveys his work, with a satisfied air and retires for a well earned rest.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

AN EXAMPLE.

IF YOU TAKE ME AS I AM,
AND ADD TO ME "Y-O,"
THEN TAKE AWAY MY MONEY
(IN OTHER WORDS, MY DUGH)

THEN SUBTRACT THE LETTER 'K'
AND WITH THIS A BEE (B)
COMBINE—
THEN YOU'LL HAVE THAT HUMAN
ANIMAL
WHICH CUTS UP A MONKEY
SHINE.

This competition is open to all children who desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind.

This puzzle is an example in arithmetic, using words and letters instead of figures. The verse helps to explain the figures, and you are to add the letters forming the names of the objects as suggested in the verse. When you have added and subtracted as suggested, you will have several letters left. These letters will not be in their proper order to form the required answer, so you will have to rearrange them. See if you can guess the answer.

For the nearest and best three answers we offer the choice of a rolled gold bracelet, a sterling silver 'Tribune' badge, an interesting book, a sterling silver tea set, a sterling silver pencil holder for flat pencil, a set of Scottish postcards, a pair of pretty cuff or collar pins or an imitation ivory paper knife.

Things to Think About

CHARADE.

My first's a shallow vessel that is useful to the cook.

My second is a little wife who once lived in a book.

Charles Dickens wrote the story, and she wasn't very wise.

Although she had a dimpled chin and the very brightest eyes.

My whole's a Grecian maiden whom the gods sent down to earth.

They gave her a box that held all things of greatest worth.

But when she died was lifted all the good things flew away.

Except just one which men have kept up to the present day.

CROSS DIAMOND.

The centrais, reading down or across, will spell the name of a subject that many little men and women study at school and which nearly every one will be interested in until the Hudson-Fulton celebration is over.

1. In Hudson but not in Fulton.
2. A hole made in the ground.
3. The father of King David, the sweet singer of Israel.
4. A narrative of past events.
5. A form of literary composition.
6. A form of the verb to be.
7. In rhyme but not in reason.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
H
E
M
A
L
E
O
F
I
N

CROSS DIAMOND.
C
H
O
W
T
U
L
I
P
I
O
P
I
A
N
D
A
N
D

How to Win a Prize

Contest No. 1 (An Example)—Choice of a rolled gold bracelet, a sterling silver 'Tribune' badge, an interesting book, a sterling silver tea set, a sterling silver pencil holder for flat pencil, a set of Scottish postcards, a pair of pretty cuff or collar pins or an imitation ivory paper knife for the nearest and best three answers.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About)—Choice of a box of water color paints, an interesting book, a sterling silver clasp, a sterling silver 'Tribune' badge, a rolled gold bracelet, a pearl bead necklace, a rolled gold stickpin, a sterling silver pencil holder for flat pencil, a set of Scottish postcards or a pair of pretty cuff or collar pins for the nearest and best two solutions.

Contest No. 3 (Our Letter Box)—A prize of \$1 will be given for every letter printed under this

heading. The letter may contain incidents in your life, anecdotes of pets, novel school experiences, things seen in travel or made-up stories. These stories must be original and must be written on one side of the paper only. Letters entitled to the prize of \$1 are often crowded out for lack of space in the week they are received, but if such is the case they always appear in the page later.

Be sure to state your age.

Be sure to give your choice of prizes.

Be sure to give your name and address.

Contest closes on September 24. Age is considered in awarding prizes. Address your letters and answers to Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune, New York.

Dear Editor: I received the check for \$1 this morning, and I am very grateful to you for sending it. I have tried four times for a prize and this is the first time I have won. I am going to buy a little camera and when I get it I will illustrate one of my letters with it. Thankfully yours,
I. GOLDDRAM.
No. 71 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J.

Beyond the Financial Limit

Disaster Lies in Wait for the Woman Living Beyond Her Means That She May Keep Up with Her Set.

The end of a summer will bring from all sides, from the richest women to those less blessed with "filthy lucre," tales of how much more money they have spent than they intended when making their plans. One and all will grumble at the cost of their pleasure, and will insist that everything they did which took cash from their purses was as gall and wormwood to them. This all sounds plausible to those who hear these tales of woe from time to time, but always among the listeners, as well as among the observers of a summer career, one fact is more patent than all the virtues they as defaulters possess, and that is that they never are able to resist just one more good time, no matter how many they may have had. That extra chance of a justification, which comes from a suggestion made on the spur of the moment by some restless soul, always seems to be the very thing that will have been waiting for. Often it is the event that sets the climax of fondest anticipations concerning good times, but always it is the pleasure just beyond the limit, which is paid for later not only in dollars and cents but by hours of anxiety, an overdrawn bank account to a justly irate husband, and a refusal to be dissuaded.

From the woman who lives in greatest luxury to all appearances has little ready money with which to enter into the different pleasure parties that are the "Dutch treat" nature, and rather than spend her restricted allowance to her intimates she will plunge ahead with them until a halt is called by her husband and master, and most unpleasant will he make it, too, in ways from which there is no escape. The average wife of a wealthy man can

have charge accounts at all kinds of shops, and apart from this, unless she has money in her own right, the allowance made her is less than she had before her marriage, so to keep up appearances and not be considered a "quitter" by her set she runs into debt and lays the foundation for real nervous prostration by the worries she assumes with the owing of money.

The wife of the man with an uncertain salary is at some fashionable resort, and this type of woman plays her game of chance with all the address of a gambler, and gets all that each trick is worth out of every situation. Because "Jack" is generous when he has money, she trusts to a lucky turn in his affairs, and will even borrow from willing friends to tide over some time when fortune has not smiled upon him and she has voiced objections against her going the pace with such "win." She always excuses herself by saying that it is better for "Jack's" standing among his acquaintances to have her seen everywhere than that she can possibly go, and never does it dawn upon her that she is losing the respect of those very people, who know to a "T" what is happening to "Jack," for in these days of financial ups and downs Wall Street is like an open book, and every man is marked. Another year will invariably see "Jack" and his wife in very hard luck, and no matter what economies he may practice she will float along with the tide and run up bills in the same blind manner as before adversity came.

Where there are children the situation is even more difficult, because the ambitious mother wishes to make a place for her daughter socially, and

fallures among those men struggling to get on in the world in an honest way, for such causes are, more than is known, the reason why men of the fashionable set "go under" for no apparent reason. Until this tendency to spend "just a little more and pay up later" be checked much through the will continue to be chronicled as the aftermath of many a summer campaign.

The use found for "antiques" is sometimes amusing. Recently a gorgeous soft cushion was worked by a fashionable woman from an old embroidered waistcoat, inherited from a French ancestor, who had been a celebrated beau and bon vivant. As the corners did not quite reach to the cushion corners she supplemented the waistcoat, which was of salmon satin, with pieces from a priest's vestment that she had picked up with some Chinese loot, using it also for the back. The pockets, with their silver lace, she left to tuck her handkerchief in when reading on the divan it was to ornament.

A popular girl declared that she knows the moment any young man is seriously in love with her, not from any change in his manner, but from the stony aloofness that comes over the members of his family and the married women who claim to be his "best friends." From then on her life is made miserable until she promises to be a "sister only," after which she basks in the sunny smiles of all the women related to him or merely taking a motherly interest in his affairs.

Tiresome beyond words are the women who exact attention from every one they know, and who show umbrage when circumstances prevent their friends from paying them visits both frequent and lengthy. When one is a guest in a place where several such women live, and pays only one call upon them, it results almost in open enmity in the future, for their selfishness is blind to the fact that

anybody thinks of a pageant as an undertaking. And yet the most charming pageants I ever saw were absolutely spontaneous and unpremeditated.

"It was on the coast of Brittany, last summer. A band of young people who had been reading Greek mythology took possession of a golden beach, on a little green island off the coast, and in their young enthusiasm gave scenes in pantomime, in the sunny afternoons, from the ancient stories. Now it would be young Eros bringing down victims with his bow and arrow. Now it would be Prometheus hurling rocks, or Perseus rescuing Andromeda from a dreadful dragon. The costumes were the simplest—a bathing costume, a towel artistically draped, a strap around the head, with a knot of wild flowers nodding behind one ear. But the effect was delightful. I don't know whether it was the beauty and ardor of the young actors or the picturesqueness of the beach, with its outlying rocks. I suppose it was the combination. But anyhow, no pageants could be prettier."

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

The semi-princess gown retains all its favor, because it is generally becoming and adapted to a great many uses. This one is made of cashmere in one of the new metal gray shades, and is trimmed with bandings that shows touches of black and silver, while the chemise and under sleeves are of cream colored lace over white chiffon. There is a belt of mesaline in matching color, and the buttons, too, are covered with this material. The gown is closed invisibly at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 13 yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 22 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 1/2 yards of banding, 1 yard 13 inches wide for the chemise and under sleeves and 1/2 yard 27 inches wide for the draped belt.

The pattern, No. 5,677, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure, and will be mailed 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 2-cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.



NO. 5,677—SEMI-PRINCESS GOWN.