

TELLO IN HIS SANCTUM.

Talk with the Young Editor of "The Sunny Hour."

Heap of Shoes in All Stages of Repair—Although Tello Is Only Fifteen Years Old He Has Edited His Paper for Two Years.

The editor was in his sanctum. He would see me. No ceremony whatever is required to obtain an audience with him. His friends are counted by thousands. They are found in several of the courts of Europe, upon upper Fifth avenue and among the poor and humble of the slums. He is the president of the Barefoot club, an organization that



AMONG THE GAMINS.

has for its patrons one thousand of the best known people in the world. He is a welcome guest at the most fashionable receptions in this great metropolis of the western world. He is loved and known to every ragged gamian who walks our streets or who goes home supperless and unhappy to bed.

Telemachus d'Apery, or Tello, as he is best known, is a lad of fifteen years, who divides his time between attending school at Chappaqua, Westchester county, editing a journal for boys and girls happily named the Sunny Hour, and dispensing the benefactions that flow into him from generous friends who love him and the philanthropy which he so beautifully exemplifies.

As I entered his editorial room, situated in a hall room on the third floor of 18 West Fourteenth street, he was busily engaged in preparing his leading article for the forthcoming number of his publication. He is not a large boy for his age, but his face is a very striking one and leaves an impression that is sure to remain in the memory. Outside his window the bustling throng on Fourteenth street surges to and fro; the hungry hucksters haggle over the goods with which they try to tempt the idle shoppers and the noise of two lines of street cars add discord to the general hum. And yet, amid this din, the young editor goes steadily forward, composes rapidly, "thinks his thoughts," completes his charitable schemes and publishes his paper. It is a literary den such as is rarely entered. The walls are covered with autograph letters from the greatest, the noblest and the humblest of his friends and admirers. Side by side are messages of congratulation from the khedive of Egypt and Johnny Baxter of Cherry Hill, from Monsieur de Giers, imperial prime minister of Russia, and Sister Clarence, of the Foundling hospital, thanking him for his steadfast devotion to the friendless boys and girls of his own town. In one corner is a heap of shoes in all stages of repair, some newly cobbled, others requiring the immediate attention of the shoe physician and still others again hopelessly ill beyond all possibility of mending. Ten minutes later, to anticipate, a poor little ragged urchin from the streets has knocked at the door, timidly entered in response to cheerful words of welcome, and has been fitted with stockings and a pair of resoled shoes from this assemblage of footwear. Tello explains that to such visitors as this he always hesitates to give absolutely new shoes because of the fear that the parents will steal them while the child sleeps and pawn them at the corner shop for liquor. To all his friends he therefore says: "Send the worn articles, not the new ones, because the children are most likely to be permitted to enjoy and benefit by the latter."

"I began the Sunny Hour when I was thirteen years old," said young Tello. "I hadn't any very definite ideas about it, but I visited many of my friends in

profit that its books show at the end of the year goes to buy tinsandy candy for the barefoot Christmas tree. I am glad to see that many other rich and prosperous newspapers have followed the good example of the Sunny Hour in giving these Christmas entertainments to the poor children of the streets, the boys and girls who have no homes of their own, whose lives are all anxiety and care, whose stomachs are often painfully empty, whose eyes are familiar with tears, whose clothing rarely fits and more rarely keeps them warm, whose heads are often bare of covering, whose chapped hands are mittenless and whose frosted feet truly tell them when winter comes. These are my friends.

"Are you not often imposed upon?" I asked. "Yes, I often was when I began this work, but that doesn't happen any more. I have four hundred boys and girls on my list. They all know me and I know them. I visit them at their homes or in the hospital when they are sick. When a stranger comes he or she brings a note from some of these little friends of mine."

"And you always honor them?" "I should say I did. I would as lief have a letter of recommendation as to character from a newsboy whom I had known and trusted and who believed in me as from the president of the United States. It is mutual respect that makes friends true, and some of my sincerest friends haven't a dollar in the world, sleep in the Newsboy's home and have to 'hustle' every day to earn money enough for their night's supper and morning's breakfast. Dinner is something that they don't take into consideration. If they get it they are happy, and if they can't get it they are—what do you call it?—yes, philosophers. They have learned to do without so many things that the mere trifle of a dinner doesn't cause them anxiety. For example, here is one of the letters I received:

DEAR TELLO: Here's Joey Cogan has a friend of mine all the time his mother stole his boots six him if you kin. Patsy Brogan.

Yes, you know me in Cherry street.

"That signature is as good to me for a pair of shoes as Mr. Vanderbilt's would be. If there's a pair in the house that fits him he gets them."

"You are very fond of hunting, are you not?"

"Yes, I have a gun, and in good weather spend considerable time shooting. You will notice in this drawer that I save all the wings of the quail and pigeons that I shoot. They are very acceptable to the little girls for trimming their hats. The small ones we use for trimming dolls' hats for the Christmas tree. I have never been a girl, but I do know that nothing renders her so happy as a doll. My experience is that as between a dinner and a doll the girl will always take the

latter. I do not like to speak of the many friends who have helped me in this work, because it might be indelicate on my part; but to them, far more than to me, belongs the credit of this work. Mrs. Calvin S. Brice has been kind enough to ask me to her house and her son and daughters have shown me the greatest kindness. Sir Edwin Arnold has interested himself in my work and has written two poems for the Sunny Hour. Among the other contributors I can mention the Queen of Roumania, the Prince of Montenegro, Prince Albert, of Monaco; Mme. de Lebedeff, Mme. la Duchesse d'Uzes, Dr. Rafael Nunez, president United States Colombia; Hon. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Pierre Loti, Mr. Sho Nemoto, of Japan; Countess of Martel (Gyp); Mr. Sully Prudhomme, French academy; Mme. Juliette Adam, Paris; Hon. Adam Brown, M. P.; Mrs. Mary D. Brine, Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde, Olive Harper, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss Sophy Sweet, Edward H. House, Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss Annie Douglas Bell, W. O. Stoddard, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D.; Miss M. M. Friend, Marion Harland, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and Miss Marguerite Shepard.

"And you are fond of sports yourself?" "I am very glad to go to a game of ball, and during the season I follow the fortunes of the New Yorks with breathless anxiety."

"Whenever I can spare the time I go to the Polo grounds to see the game, and I feel good whenever a fine play has been made. I am a collector of butterflies, and it affords me great pleasure to go to the natural history museum, search there until I have found a specimen similar in character, copy the name, attach it to my specimen and put it in my case. Senator Brice's son delights in electrical experiments and with him I pass many happy hours, though I am not well informed regarding the principles of electrical science. He seems to be, and his playroom is a very interesting wonder shop. But have forgotten that I must not talk about my friends. They love me and trust me and I must be true and honest to them."

These are the true and honest principles of a reporter and editor, and I certainly have no wish that Tello d'Apery should have any others.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

various parts of the city and secured about three hundred subscriptions before I published my first number. I never had been to the public school, because my mother taught me all that I knew at home. My father is a professor of the French language and I have learned to speak it fairly well—as well as I do English. I can see now, after the slight experience that I have had in the very difficult art of composition, that years are required to learn to write with accuracy. Quite as likely as not I never shall learn. At present all I attempt is to say what I have to say in the simplest possible language and I must confess that I sometimes think that I succeed very poorly in this. I do not permit the Sunny Hour to earn one dollar a year for me, but every particle

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TELLO J. D'APERY.

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TWO SCHOOL APRONS.

Both Are Durable and Useful and Can Be Made Easily.

The figures with this article present pretty models for all-round school aprons for children from nine to twelve years of age. Figure 1 is represented gives an apron in polka dotted, dark blue calico trimmed with ruffle of same, and white linen braid. It is easily



FIG. 1.

made, and easily ironed. The only difficulty to be found in fitting it is to get the right kind of slant for the bretelle-shaped pieces that are a combination of the front bodice part. Care must be taken to have them lie sufficiently high on the shoulders not to slip, and the end must come exactly to the middle of the waist band in the back. If more of a slant is given in cutting them they can be lapped over each other behind, the left-hand one being attached to the right-hand belt piece and vice versa for the right-hand one. The front bodice is shirred a little into the waist-band. The same model can be utilized for an apron of victoria lawn, cross-barred muslin, dotted muslin, etc., in white, and if desired, trimming of embroidered ruffling can be used on it. The skirt goes all the way round.

Figure 2 shows a somewhat similar design, but it is all put in one and



FIG. 2.

shirred to the form above and below the waist line, so that the bodice portion goes all round. Hollow out the bodice a little under the sleeves, but not much; then make a sleeve similar to the apron itself in miniature, and set them in, strengthening them with narrow bands underneath the shirring. This is a pretty model for colored and white goods alike. There should, of course, be something put behind the shirring at the waist line to strengthen and keep it in shape.—Ohio Farmer.

SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.

Ground Coffee Burnt on a Shovel Prevents the Spread of Disease.

One of the simplest disinfectants of a sick room is ground coffee burnt on a shovel so as to fill the atmosphere of the room with its pungent aromatic odor. If two red-hot coals are placed on a fire-shovel and a teaspoonful of ground coffee is sprinkled over them, at a time, using three teaspoonfuls in all, it will fill the room with its aroma, and is said to have the hygienic effect of preventing the spread of various epidemic diseases. The odor is very agreeable and soothing to a sick person, where other disinfectants prove disagreeable. Physicians who doubt the power of coffee as a disinfectant frequently recommend it as a deodorizer, and it is certainly one of the very best and most agreeable. Most of the expensive disinfectants sold in the shops have no special power as such, but are simply deodorizers, the two being frequently confounded. It is best, however, to obtain from a physician in cases of dangerous epidemics something that will certainly destroy the germs of the disease, as well as deodorize the room.—N. Y. Tribune.

Embroidery as a Garniture.

Embroidery is this year to be greatly favored, and leading houses are exhibiting very elegant costumes finished with this beautiful garniture. These are of plain China silk, sheer and beautifully tinted wool fabrics, zephyr goods, French ginghams, organdies, India muslins and silk grenadines. More beautiful than ever are the Persian gauzes for summer dancing toilets, with gay jardiniere borderings in shaded silks. They are to be made up over silk or satin de Lyon the shade of the gauze. These last mentioned exquisite fancies are not designed for general usage, nor were they intended for ordinary mortals. Fortunately, however, there are left for these a little world of artistic and beautiful embroidered materials, which although less elaborate in design and far less extravagant in price, have all the novelty, delicacy and beauty of effect of the more costly textiles and patterns.

Cream for the Hands.

A very simple and efficacious cream for the hands may be prepared as follows: Take two ounces of lanoline and two ounces of glycerine, place in a small jelly can and stand in a warm oven until the lanoline is entirely melted. Then add a few drops of attar of roses, lavender or rosewater, and stir the whole briskly while cooling, otherwise the lanoline and glycerine will separate.

A Puzzling Reply.

Col. Yerger, having waited a considerable length of time for his supper at an Austin restaurant, as a sort of a hint asked the Irish waiter what o'clock it was.

"Twenty minutes to ate, sor," was the reply.

Col. Yerger was puzzled to know whether the waiter meant twenty minutes to wait, twenty minutes to eight, or twenty minutes to ate.—Texas Siftings.

A Chance Shot.

"Brother Gutrox," said Rev. Mr. Wilgus, "did you ever reflect that your wealth is not really your own—that it is but committed to your hands as a trust yet to be accounted for?" "That is the way I got hold of most of it," answered the great man, surprised into sudden candor, "but I don't see how you discovered it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Too Close.

Mr. Lotos—Have you any idea what are the relations between that young Rivers Ide and our Lena?

Mrs. Lotos—I don't know; the young people seem to be very close-mouthed.

Mr. Lotos—It'm; so I thought when I discovered them on the parlor sofa, this evening.—Puck.

Inexpensive Offerings.

"Brother Byllins is eloquent in prayer," said one member of the congregation to another; "but I don't think he's very liberal when the contribution box passes."

"No; his offerings to the Lord are confined almost entirely to suggestions."—Judge.

A Barren Existence.

Strawber—Mangle and his wife have gone out west and are living on a ranch.

Singerly—How do they like it?

Strawber—He likes it well enough, but she is miserable. I hear she says she can't tell when the next-door neighbor has a new dress.—Cloak Review.

Complimentary to Ethel.

Clarissa—Come now, Ethel, was it a genuine unsolicited proposal — no leap year business about it?

Ethel—Of course it was. The idea that I could propose to any man!

Clarissa—Well, you must excuse me, dear, but it seems impossible that such a thing could happen.—N. Y. Press.

About Himself.

Woodward—Is that man you were talking to awhile ago an oculist?

Jefferson—No, he's a lawyer. Why did you think he was an oculist?

Woodward—Well, he had so much to say about the I that I thought he must be a professional.—Detroit Free Press.

Natural.

"I think my little dog's smarter than my brother," said Willie. "They're both a year old and the dog can walk twice as well as Tommy."

"He'd ought to," said Jimmie. "He has twice as many legs to do it with."—Harper's Young People.

Vengeance Will Be Sweet.

"Well, little boy, what's your name?" "Shadrack Nebuchadnezzar Jones."

"Who gave you that name?" "I don't know. But yer can bet cher life if I find out, when I gets me growth, they'll be sorry for 't."—Life

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.



Boy—Say, mister, will you give me a cent?

Mister—What do you want to do with it?

Boy—I want to give it to that feller over there. He sez if I will give him a cent, he will knock yer tall hat off.—Golden Days.

A Long-Headed Father.

"You weren't mad, then, when your daughter cloped?"

"Not much."

"Why did you pursue them so hotly for twenty miles?"

"I was afraid they might repent and come back."—Judge.

Bound to Assert Itself.

"If it hurts you, dear," said the surgeon, as he applied the splints and bandages, "ery all you want to. You will feel better."

"Thank you, doctor," replied the little Boston girl. "I never weep. It wrinkles the face."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Even with the Grip.

Rimer (entering the editorial sanctum)—I have written a poem on the grip, sir.

Editor (who is just over a severe attack of the malady)—Well, it deserves it.—Jury.

Singular Ignorance.

"Do you know that Mrs. Coldwater actually asked me to-day what a jag was?"

"She did?"

"Fact. The idea of a woman having a husband and not knowing what a jag is!"—N. Y. Press.

Well Understood.

"Your brother seems to pay no attention to the girls, does he?"

"Oh, no; he has to escort me everywhere until I'm married."

"Yes, I heard him say he preferred to be a bachelor all his life."—Household Monthly.

A Fortunate Man.

"Blithers is so deaf he can't hear himself talk," said Binks.

"He's in luck," said Banks.—Brooklyn Life.

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6:05 p. m. for Lynchburg; no connection beyond.

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