ILLUSTRATED FASHIONS

REGARD for becomingness in sleeves will count much in forthcoming spring gowns. There will be a large variety from which to choose, simple ones and elaborate ones, and many that are striking for novelty. The latter will be in great demand, of course, but their value should not be overestimated, for becomingness is, after all, the foremost consideration. A new sleeve advanced for the soft rich satins that are coming in again for evening gowns is the Charles I model, which looks like a bishop, but is tight at the top and very full when it reaches the wrist. The top usually is fitted with a sleeve cap or band of some kind. But it is hopeless to try to list the permitted sorts. Anything will pass muster provided it does not puff out directly at the top. Here the sleeves must fit flat. All kinds of fancy undersleeves and puffs are still worn, and the fancy elbow sleeve ending in a series of puffs is worn. Trimming of all kinds is permissible, and tucking, gathering and smocking are used a great deal. The long, tight dress sleeve ending in a point over the hand is found now and again, but most women go in for a fancy sleeve of some kind. Bishop sleeves are used, but are not as large around the wrist. They fit more snugly and the tiny puff seems more dainty in consequence.

Blouse or basque coats and tight-fitting three-quarter jackets will be stylish for spring. They are found in all light cloths, zibelines, Scotch tweeds and cheviots, as well as in the light-weight materials. Many are trimmed with stitched silk bands to match the color of the costume, and these are very dressy. Princess gowns, which are numerous, are elaborately trimmed, too, with narrow braid or stitched bands of silk and plain velvet. Boleros remain and the skeleton boleros worn so much last spring will be revived. These are trimmed with bands of silk, velvet or stitching. Lace is put on a great many new spring cloth gowns, but not in such quantities as will be seen later on summer get-ups. Light transparent cloths are tucked to a great extent and trimmed with medallions of cream or white lace and applique bands of the same. The goods is cut out to show the silk foundation, which is white in many cases. Some of these dresses are finished at the hem with several half-inch tucks.

Not a few of the foregoing points, with some others, appear in the four spring street gowns the artist has put in her first two pictures. In the initial picture is one of the new princess suits, a biscuit zibeline with narrow brown silk soutache trimming. Bands of the goods were finished with braid and gilt buttons. Over the shoulders was drapery of white silk. Makers who follow closely imported princess models have them loose in front below the bust line, but accurate as to fit above that and in the back of the bodice portion. The latter sort is more strikingly new, but the other is prettier and new enough, it would seem, for sensible women. One of the stylish blouse coats appears at the left in the group. It was biege canvas cloth, pleated, trimmed with bands of taffeta matching the goods in color, and finished with a white silk front. Piping of taffeta appeared on triple collar and double basque. What in the spring fashions is styled the three-quarter coat is shown by the next figure. This one was dull blue Scotch tweed, with cream lace collar and black velvet belt. A pretty use of colored velvet trimming is shown in the third of these figures. The dress goods was delicate gray, light-weight broadcloth, the velvet sage green. The trimming was handsome, a forceful argument for replacing the abundant and time-worn black velvet garnitures, by similar trimmings of gayer hues.

Reverings in white and biscuit shades are very pretty. They make up charmingly in shirtwaists and gowns, or may be used as yokes, sleeve puffs or collars. Some are very sheer, while others are rather heavy, the heavier weights being more desirable for waists. All kinds of sheer wash fabrics will be fashionable in shirtwaists, and a colored corset cover beneath will be permissible. The new challies are beautiful in design and texture, many at a short distance resembling silk. The satin stripe is still found among them, but small, dainty designs are especially pretty. These come in white and delicate tinted grounds and in several shades of red. Black and white combinations in this material are abundant and pretty. Challie will be worn very frequently for summer, as well as for house gowns and separate waists.

House dresses are made of almost any material these days, yet not in almost any old way, mind you. They show much diversity, some being remarkably plain, others as complex as notably fine evening attire. Yet, simple or complex, the fashionable ones are the result of careful planning. Their skirts are made full, many without any trimming whatever, but the bodices are nearly always trimmed in some fashion or other. Lace is used freely, and so is bright colored velvet in tiny bands. In no particular of these dresses is there greater diversity than in sleeves. These may be of the most simple or of the most fanciful sort, with all midway grades represented. Three pretty house dresses make up the top row in the next picture. First comes a pale blue silk crepe de chine, trimmed with silver sequins, hemstitching, spangled lace, tucking and blue velvet. Next is a pale green cotienne cloth, with vest of white moire silk banded with black velvet, and a triple collar outlined with lace. Last is a dress of cream albatross, cream lace, white chiffon and pink velvet.

By the time shirtwaists are worn generally outdoors, it is likely that the skeleton bolero in one or all its forms will be very numerous. Though made simply, its newer forms have a good degree of jauntiness, and from the hands of really good tailors it is a triumph of fit. Really when a girl buttons up her perfection "skel" jacket, it is all she can do to wiggle her shoulder-blades. One of these garments is shown here. It was sketched in bright red cheviot and a darker red velvet. In the shirtwaists that go with such jackets, tailors are as exacting as can be. The point they are bearing upon hard is the broad shoulder effect, which is emphasized by one, two or three pleats turning back. Heavy cotton materials in basket weave and glossy finish are made up in this way for present use. Some are trimmed down the front and on the cuffs with embroidery, while others are quite plain, with stitching only for finish. The shoulder pleat extending to the waist line is sometimes put in with an open stitch. White mohair waists made after this style are fashionable.

Silks had an off season last summer, but seem likely to be atop for the next six months. They certainly are plentiful and pretty, and then they are being pushed. Foulards are unusually beautiful. Silk gauzes for summer gowns are also fine and make up handsomely. Gauze is not exactly a new fabric, but it has blossomed out in new and varied colorings, charming designs and changed texture, and while it is gauzy to the usual limit of transparency, it has an element of durability that the old gauze did not possess. It will be used next summer for evening gowns and for afternoon. A model garden dress of it remains in today's concluding picture. This pretty dress was white gauze, figured with pink and corn-colored flowers. It was trimmed with cream lace insertion and tinted cluny lace. Some of the gauzes in black and white resemble satin foulards, but the daintiest of all is biscuit-colored gauze scattered over with white silk polka dots. The popularity of sheer fabrics for the coming season seems already assured. It is shown not only in textures, but also in embroideries. New batistes and linens show great variety in open-work design. They are in pattern gowns mostly, and the embroidery is shaped to suit both bodice and skirt. In some linen pattern dresses the skirts are quite plain. The linens are found in different pale tints and there is a variety of tints in the embroidery.

Silks will be employed largely, too, for fancy coats, long dust cloaks and waists of every description. The many and very successful efforts to make cotton fabrics look like silk seem to have stirred silk weavers to greater effort and so to have brought about the great variety of silks now in sight. Some of these are a bit ahead of the times, for women have become so accustomed to plain materials, and are so satisfied with their effect on the figure, that they look upon the new brocaded and flowered designs with dismay. Moire silks serve as a go-between for the present, a preparation for the more pronounced styles. The fashionable woman is ready to accept the short silk coat with her chiffon skirts for evening, but to fashion them from some large design in brocaded silk is another matter. Hence moire silk is being used for these little coats. It may be found in all the delicate tints as well as black and white.

New York, Feb. 14.

SPRING STYLES IN STREET WEAR.

SET FOR SUMMER COPIERS.

A MEAL FOR TWO CENTS.

How the Poor of London Buy Their Food and Fuel.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Few people except those who have tried it know how much in the way of provisions can really be bought for a shilling, and this article, which does not deal with shillings, but merely with farthings and pence, will doubtless come as a great surprise to many.

I had occasion recently to pass some few days in the extreme East End—the locality where poverty, disease and crime seem to walk hand in hand—and during the time I spent among them I was enabled to gain some slight insight into how the very poor live.

There is little doubt that, were it not for a particular class of shop, only to be met with 'down East,' it would be absolutely impossible for some of the poorer inhabitants of the slums to exist at all; as it is, the manner in which they scrape along can hardly be called living. The shops to which I refer are those which deal in farthingworths of provisions of all sorts, and Dorset street, Poplar, is a veritable colony of these "farthing shops"—shops, for the most part, of the universal provider type, where anything from a farthing packet of coal or bundle of firewood to a farthing packet of tea or coffee may be had, and where almost the only coins in circulation are coppers and the smaller silver pieces.

I spent a few hours in one of these shops, and from the purchases I saw made during my stay and the information gleaned from the proprietor, who was not averse from talk, I obtained some slight idea as to what it was possible to obtain the materials for a fairly substantial meal for; and I was greatly surprised to find out what a large amount of purchasing power a modest penny has in this respect when the buying is done by one who is conversant with the ways and prices of the farthing shops.

A few specimen menus of penny meals may be of interest in case any of my readers should like to ascertain for themselves what can be done with a "brown" at a pinch.

To take the first meal of the day, a very good penny breakfast can be had as follows: Bloater a farthing, margarine a farthing, bread a farthing, coffee a farthing, or two small kippers can be substituted for the bloater and tea for the coffee if desired. Should one desire to breakfast in style, and a two-course meal be preferred, a farthing rasher of bacon, a farthing kipper, a farthing's worth of bread and a farthing's worth of coffee or tea can be readily obtained; or, as a further change, a pork or beef sausage can take the place of either the kipper or bacon.

It may sound somewhat contradictory to talk of extravagance in connection with farthing purchases, but it is nevertheless a fact that this method of buying is without doubt the most extravagant form of housekeeping possible for a farthing packet of coal which I invested in weighed only a little over a pound and was of the poorest slab quality, and at this rate it figures out at something like £2 a ton. A farthing's worth of tea consists of less than a quarter of an ounce of very inferior tea, which is mostly dust, but which is sufficient to brew two cups if one has patience to let it stand long enough.

Very little time is wasted in doing business in these farthing shops, and the turnover, if small, is a very rapid one, for nearly all the articles sold are kept ready done up in packets behind the counter.

The customers for the most part consist of the wives and children of casual laborers and dockers out of work, and a visit to this farthing colony is calculated to give any one used to other surroundings something of a shock as they realize the truly terrible poverty against which some of these poor creatures strive from the beginning to the end of their lives.

The shops generally open every day, Sundays included, at 6 o'clock in the morning—sometimes earlier than that—and continue open till midnight, and often long after, and it is only by keeping almost continuously like this that the proprietors can hope to take sufficient money to earn a profit and a living for themselves, and this can be readily understood when one recollects that it takes no fewer than 960 farthings to make a sovereign.

For the Cure of Warts.

Good Words.

Warts are not a serious malady, so one can afford to stand by and see the vulgar treatment thereof. In Wexford, lying as it does, well within the civilized pale, they are cured by pointing a knot of straw at each disfigured digit, saying a prayer, and eventually burying the straw in its native manure heap. As it rots, so disappear the warts. If this fails, a white snail is rubbed over the hand and then stuck on a thorn. Both snail and wart are believed to wither together. A simple cure is to come across water accidentally in a hollow stone, and to wash the afflicted hands therein. The virtue of accident is so great that it prevents any further development of the hard growth. A more intricate remedy is devised in a county even closer to the metropolis than the one washed by the tide (Wexford). In Cavan, where I once acted as "local demon," the appearance of warts in a family is simultaneous with the disappearance of bacon from any neighboring cabin. In my office as justice of the peace such a case came before me.

"Why did you steal the bacon, Larry?" I inquired.

The culprit stretched out his hands, covered with curious protuberances.

"Musha! Look at them," he said. "I must cure them somehow, and nothing answers but bacon fat rubbed in."

"Why not use your own meat?" brought the confidential answer:

"It must be stolen bacon, your honor!"

The Price.

A man lived fifty years—joy dashed with tears;
Loved, toiled; had wife and child and lost them; died
And left of all his long life's work one little song
That lasted—naught beside.

Like the monk Felix's bird, that song was heard;
Doubt prayed, Faith soared, Death smiled itself to sleep;
That song saved souls. You say the man paid stiffly? Nay;
God paid—and thought it cheap.

—William Canton.

"Dear Sir—My hair was short and straight, but after using your marvelous hair tonic"—

—"It got long and curly."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE PUTTING ON OF GLOVES PROPERLY IS AN ART, SAYS A DEALER.

Some Good Advice to Would-Be Singers—Annoying Habits of Speech—Etiquette of Stationery.

"How to put on gloves?" said the head of the glove department of one of the big shops yesterday, repeating my query, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. "Let us go back a little further and start with the way to select gloves. When a woman steps up to the glove counter and asks to be fitted she should be careful not only to get the correct size of her hand apparel, but a glove which conforms to her particular type of hand. She may have a long slender hand with tapering fingers, or she may have a short, plump one with short fingers. In selecting her gloves she should bear this in mind. It is no longer good form to wear tight gloves. A woman should never wear a glove of which she cannot close the first button comfortably and securely. The vogue of the heavy cape skin gloves has done much to educate women to properly-fitting hand apparel. The well-dressed woman never crowds her hand into a tight-fitting glove that makes the flesh look cramped and compressed, with the result that the hand looks really larger than if it were incased in a glove of proper size.

"Now we come to the question of how to put on gloves. First of all, the fingers should be well opened. Every woman should own a glove stretcher—she can buy one for 25 or 30 cents. The idea is not so much to stretch the fingers as to get them opened up. Glove powder helps to make the gloves slip on more readily; 5 cents' worth will last a long time. Some women powder the inside of the glove; others prefer to dust the hand, as in this way the powder does not get under the nails. When the glove is well opened up the top should be turned back, the four fingers inserted and that part of the hand gradually, carefully and smoothly worked down. Let me enter a word or two of caution here—never pull the glove on by the top. After the four fingers are on, insert the thumb, turning over the top of the glove and working in the thumb as you did the fingers.

"There are several things to think about during the putting-on process. The seam which runs along the side of the hand should be kept carefully in proper position, and so with the finger seams. If these are pulled awry the shape of the entire glove will be spoiled. In putting in the thumb the seam should start in the center of the nail, round over the top of the thumb and run down the center of the inside.

"It pays to exercise care in putting on a new pair of gloves, for as they are shaped to the hand during the first wearing they will remain. The heat and the perspiration 'set' them, so to speak."

"You have told how gloves should be put on; now tell us how to take them off," the expert of gloves was asked.

"That part can be summed up in a few words. After the glove is unclasped it is drawn down gently from the top toward the fingers. Then turn the top back, gradually loosen each finger in turn, until the entire glove can be easily slipped off. In taking it off never turn the glove inside out, and when removed the glove should be carefully smoothed out and given just a little stretch lengthwise before being laid in the drawer. Women who strip off their gloves inside out, roll them in a ball and throw them in the bureau drawer need not wonder and lament why their gloves 'last such a little while.' Of course the best of gloves will wear out, but even the final catastrophe of utter uselessness can be averted for some time. The 'glove hospital' is now a feature of the glove department of the large and progressive shop, and the 'glove doctor' performs some wonderful cures with machine, needles, silks and leathers in the restoration of injured or disabled hand apparel."

Vagaries of Speech.

Columbus Dispatch.

Have you ever noticed how certain persons affect certain words and then say them over and over, never realizing that they have the slightest approach to a mannerism—or speechism, maybe that describes it better.

A girl here in town says "and by the way" exactly every two minutes and a half. She fires off this phrase as regularly as though it were shells and her vocal cords a repeating rifle, and it makes not the slightest difference to her that the topic she may be introducing isn't by the way at all, but on a very different conversational road.

Another pretty young woman says "just fancy," until her friends are reduced to a nervous collapse. She said "just fancy" when some one told her Dunn Taft's store had burned. She said "just fancy" when she learned that her skye terrier had the mange. If she had been in New York when the big subway explosion occurred, and had been blown as high as the tower of Madison-square Garden, there are friends of hers who say that she would have had nothing more forcible to utter as she descended than "just fancy." The people, too, who say, "don't you know," at short intervals are legion. There are dozens of them who never have any idea that they use this unmeaning interrogation, and are astonished or indignant when their attention is called to the fact that almost every other word is followed by it.

One very fastidious farmer of a family on the East Side has a way of saying: "It's a beautiful day, don't you know; " "These chops are particularly nice, don't you know," and only day before yesterday he was overheard reproving his daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, for doing identically the same thing.

"You say 'don't you know,' Helen, altogether too much, don't you know," he remarked. "It's a very inelegant and foolish habit, and I wish you'd try to break yourself of it, don't you know," and when she began to laugh hysterically, he felt very huffy about it and never saw the joke at all.

Another woman friend says "chaotic" at least a thousand times a day, and everything is in that blissful state to her, twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. Still another says "foolish" and everything from pictures to pies is described by this adjective.

There are dozens of vagaries of speech one might add to these few examples, for almost every individual has some pet word, or set of words that he wears threadbare by constant use, but to the observant soul, it does seem that a more choice collection of ejaculations might be made by his own particular friends, at least.

To Would-Be Opera Singers.

Lilli Lehman, in Success.

I am frequently asked: "If a girl should come to you for advice, before beginning to study for opera, what would you tell her?"

I am asked that question by apparently sane people who would laugh at me scornfully and justly, if I were to say to them: "Your plants—they look very well, indeed; all of your varieties of ferns and palms and orchids and garden roses, and your trees and vegetables, look well. Tell me, what do you do to them to make them grow?"

They would tell me that one plant needs much sunshine, and another but a little; that one needs great care, and another needs to be let nearly alone; that one must be watered weekly, and another daily; that some varieties need cold weather, and others die because of it. Yet they say to me: "How do you make a talented girl successful?"

Every girl of talent has her own road to success. Therefore, I can never say what that road is for girls. But I can, perhaps, help them to find it. There are some things that all girls must have or must cultivate who wish to become great singers.

Suppose that a girl has great natural ability and a good temperament—an illusive word, but a necessary qualification—there are four things she must have, to insure success — namely, intelligence, diligence, memory, a good master.

In writing this, I am laying down no "rules for a career," as they are absurdities to consider. Such rules are impossible of application, and are never asked for by a girl who intends to win success at any cost. These four suggestions are merely hints to the girl who has ability and boundless determination. She will understand that what I am now saying to her insures nothing whatever, but will simply help her not to make certain mistakes in her work—mistakes that often take years from one's usefulness as a singer, and seriously, if not permanently, injure the voice.

I admit that the first qualification I have mentioned is difficult to recommend. It is embarrassing to say to any one, "Become intelligent;" but, to succeed in music, a girl must bring intelligence to her work. It is not sufficient that she be gifted and enthusiastic—that mistake is too often made, and the result is bitter disappointment after years of misdirected effort.

Etiquette of Stationery.

Washington Post.

"If you are addressing a social or personal letter for local delivery in Washington," says a lady who knows, "you must not address it indiscriminately 'Washington' or 'City' or 'Town.' You are 'in town for the season;' not 'in the city for the winter,' if you are here socially. If you are here on business, you may be 'in the city;' but if you are in politics, you are 'at the Capitol for the session.'

"Then, too, with the growing exclusiveness of society which is not in the political and official circles, not only are calling cards reduced to plain 'Mrs. Smith,' but stationery likewise lacks house numbers and other printed details for the information of the commonality. A crest, a coat of arms, a country place name, if the writer is out of town, but that is all. It means that as the social circle becomes more exclusive its members become more intimate, and you are expected to know that Mrs. Smith, of K street, uses one engraved letter on her card, and that Mrs. Smith, of New Hampshire avenue, uses another.

"Also you are to instruct your engraver to give you a distinct style of letter, and under pain of death not to duplicate it for any one else. Then when it comes to letter-writing you are expected to know the special stationery handwriting of your intimate friends and to need no other guide. We are all getting to be quite Sherlock Holmesy in such matters, but it was going pretty far when one of the Mrs. Smiths dictated a note to her private secretary and expected me to know who sent it by the individuality of her style. I did, though. She wrote 'who to,' and I remembered.

A Pincushion Tea.

New York Evening Post.

A "pincushion tea" was the form an entertainment to raise some church funds took recently. It was held at a private house, though the church parlors should be equally available, and all ladies invited were requested to send or bring a pincushion, and everybody in attendance was asked to buy one. Nearly two hundred cushions were displayed of all sizes, material and designs, from the tiny vest-pocket pinholder to the dressing-table roll a yard long and gorgeous with lace and embroidery. Prizes were offered for the best cushion shown, and also for those of the most original design. The first prize was won by a cushion mounted as a frame to a mirror and made of padded pale green velvet. The most original design award was given to a creation showing a cart and horse and neatly dressed driver, the cart piled with war supplies for South Africa. A gondola cushion and one illustrating the "old woman who lived in a shoe" also attracted attention. The idea is a development from the apron and handkerchief sales, and was attractive and profitable from its novelty.

Smart Little Bits.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Large stars of narrow velvet ribbon with long ends, finishing with tassels of the same velvet, find a place on many dressy lace bodices.

A novel notion is a corset cover made of washing ribbon of delicate colors alternating with lace insertion.

Cashmerian galons figure on so many of the boudoir gowns and jackets which women favor when resting; for this purpose matelasse is much in favor, for it does not crease.

Children's coats are trimmed just as much with fur as their elders, panne sashes finding a place on most of the juvenile out-door garments. Gray squirrel is a favorite fur for the juveniles.

A few of the new petticoats have straight flounces with a scalloped edge, having a closely kilted flounce beneath white muslin ruffles, which are introduced on silk petticoats for evening wear, so that they can be removed and replaced.

A fashionable headdress is a couple of peacocks' feathers made entirely in colored sequins, reproducing the exact color of the plume, and they are carried round the coil of hair at the back. Knots of tulle for the hair are also edged with sequins.

A black point d'esprit boa made up over white silk and edged with gold braid is new and smart.

An Irish lace collar, covering the shoulders, is an essential part of a woman's wardrobe nowadays.

The Vanquished.

Shall those
Who have not known temptation
Wear the crown
Denied to those
Who battled, even if they fell?
Who knew
And chose
The good, and strove
To conquer for its sake?

When they are vanquished
Shall we heap
Reproaches on them—
Shall we say,
"See, they were sinful,
Let them die—
Bind not their wounds,
They have offended God?"
O Pharisees!

—Paul Kester, in McClure's Magazine.

AN APT PUPIL.

Teacher—Now, boys, each human body is like a little house, and must be cared for just as the houses we live in are kept. There are well-kept houses and untidy houses. If I am careful and do not take any risks to get sick in any way, what kind of a house do I remind you of?

Willie—Bughouse.

A PLEA FOR THE HUNTED

Pierre Loti, the famous writer and traveler, tells why he hunts helpless animals no more. He makes an eloquent appeal to humanity . . . . . .

My body, heavy as lead, lay sprawling amid exotic vegetation. Trees, the names of which I never knew, covered me with their shade, and a hundred paces to the left showed the wide expanse of a tropical swamp with uncertain luster in a frame of green.

I was too exhausted to sleep soundly and hardly lost entire consciousness. With closed eyes and lying on my side, I still saw the surrounding country and heard what was going on. And, all the time, I was dreaming all sorts of dreams, caprices and surprises, until, in the end, I became aware of the presence of a living being. Yes, a biped, but neither bird nor human. I was quite sure of that.

Its presence did not oppress me, but I longed to make sure, nevertheless, and tried to raise my eyelids. To be sure, there was another face right near, above my own. It peeped at me through the openings in the branches, straining its muscles with funny grimaces. A pigmy, I thought. Two round, extremely agile eyes, with an expression of childishness and youth in them—ah, and such an amount of inquisitiveness, truly woman-like curiosity!

And with the savageness common to all huntsmen I grabbed my rifle. But at the same time I found out that I was really asleep, my hand sank down listlessly, my right leg, bent to facilitate getting up, stretched out again. Morpheus, vanished for a moment, resumed his empire.

Meanwhile the funny little face continued looking at me—the more I slept the more conscious I became of its presence. Now I heard voices, too—the hum and buzz of a thousand insects. Immense dragon flies, with metallic glittering wings, a vast multitude of armored, wanton, feathered beauties, clad in the colors of the rainbow, flew by, dancing and pirouetting in the sunlight, enjoying the heavy air that is death to all not born on the soil. The atmosphere, pregnant with strange odors that threatened to stifle me, was their very elixir of life.

Slowly the feeling of stupefaction and confusion wore off and under the steady gaze of the little creature in the branches above I awoke. When fully conscious, I reached deliberately for the murderous weapon at my side.

At that moment my curious observer thought it time to withdraw. It was a young monkey. Leisurely, without a show of suspicion, indeed, somewhat reluctantly, he climbed from his perch. His movements vastly amused me, they were so comical, yet Mr. Monkey took every precaution not to make a noise. As he bent the branches and twigs aside to secure a passage way for himself he seemed the embodiment of ease and grace, and, his eyes fixed on mine, seemed to say: "Now, you will not harm me, will you? You are much too big and generous to seek to destroy a little one like me, who hasn't an evil thought in his head. See, I was not even impertinent, just a bit curious. But that iron stick in your hand I do not like at all. It looks dangerous and I prefer to get away from it. Once more, excuse my prying. See, I am off."

And further down the road I saw two large apes, the parents of the little one, I suppose, for they were issuing shrill notes of warning. But what was their anguish, what was the tiny monkey's good-natured appeal to me? I, the lord of creation, wanted his skin—a fine skin, it would make an elegant muff for my mistress in far-away Paris. I took aim and three seconds later the shot rang through the wilderness.

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Leaves rustled and fell in tatters, birds shrieked, animals of many kinds, dozing in the shadow, awoke and uttered startled cries. A butterfly, big as my spread hand, changed from one ebony tree to the other, filling its immediate environment with bluish luster and leaving a metallic sheen behind.

As he was shot, the little monkey tried desperately to steady himself on the nearest twigs, but had not the strength. His body rolled slowly from branch to branch, and reaching the last fell upon the ground. When I raised it, life was not wholly extinct, but power of resistance was. I handled it as I would a dressing case or valise.

Then I looked my newly-acquired property in the face. The monkey's narrow, shrunk lips twitched convulsively and his big childish eyes bore a never-to-be-forgotten expression. Horror of death, fear of the hereafter, anguish, ah, and reproach, were plainly painted on his features.

Yea, this insignificant animal hurled a world of execration against me in his dying gaze, and as I became aware of it, I saw my foolish, abominable act in its true light.

And I kept the monkey in my arms and caressed the dying head, oh, so lovingly—if it had been that of the most beautiful woman in the world I could not have fondled it with more tender sentiments. Above us, in the treetops, the parents of the young one I had murdered, continued to issue fierce cries and challenges. They ground their teeth. Fear to draw upon themselves the fate that struck down their hopeful, alone kept them from attacking and mangling me. What joy they would have experienced in scratching and biting me—but there was my rifle, symbol of civilization.

Leaning his forehead against my breast, the little monkey died. In his last moments the expression of fear and reproach had given way to that of absolute helplessness. He was as helpless and trusting as a sick child.

And I went back to camp at war with myself. I felt that to regain my self-respect, I must despise and loathe myself for the brutal deed I had done, for the despicable animality slumbering in my soul.

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During the five years following the murder of the little monkey I did not touch a gun, save when the service compelled me, and even then I felt great repugnance. Still, I was not cured of my evil passion, not entirely so, for one day I went hunting again. This time the environment was quite different. Instead of the bewildering luxuriousness of a tropical forest, a stony desert; instead of blue heavens and the golden sun, a colorless March day in a corner of the Island of Mitylene. How came I there? I was serving at the time on a small dispatch boat which made the outlandish port after being thrown about by the equinoctials for two days and as many nights.

After the storm—complete calm, and not a human habitation far and wide. There was only one hut, where shepherds or pirates may have sought rest at one time or another. But neither door nor roof remained, and the wind had swept the scant furniture seaward long ago; in short, a complete solitude. The landscape, rocks and steppe, scarcely any trees to speak of, but a concert of bird voices in the myrtle and fennel bushes.

"As there is nothing to do, what's the matter with fetching a dozen of yonder prima donnas and tenors for supper?" one of my friends said. Raoul was out of sorts and the infernal sameness of the food aboard ship made him worse.

Thereupon, without a moment's reflection and having only my friend's comfort in mind, I went out in that wretched desert, whose only excuse for existence were its myriads of song birds.

Eleven singers I shot without turning a hair; they fell quite a distance from me, mortally wounded, and died without agony, as far as I was aware. The lesson I shall never forget was furnished when I completed the dozen.

It happened eighteen years ago, and I have never hunted since, but even to-day I can hardly find words to describe the impression this last adventure produced on my mind, though, taking it all in all, it was less tragic than the death of the little monkey, for the creature my unerring bullet brought down in the midst of warbling was a mere titmouse, the commonest of birds. It was shortly after I left Constantinople, where I bid farewell to the luxuries of Oriental life. Psychologically considered, this wilderness, then, was the very place to work a change in my sentiments.

Just before firing the fatal shot I met a shepherd, the only inhabitant of the island. I addressed him in his own tongue and, kind and grateful as these people are, he showed me to a secluded spot, where daffodil lilies and big, violet wind flowers bloomed, filling the air with fragrance as in the valley of the Bosporus. And presently the sun broke through the leaden clouds announcing the coming of spring, and electrified by the sign from above, all the feathered hosts doubled their ardor in singing the praises of the creator.

On a rock within reach of me, amid a bunch of fennel about to flower, sat the titmouse. She was drunk with love and joy, the poor little one, for her mate was coursing over her head, chirping sweet nothings at her, and as she was answering him in her own, inimitable fashion, I took aim with the indifference that characterizes us as beasts, and fired.

Of course, I hit her—how could I help it?—and stifled the notes in her throat. In less than a second her pretty body was but a tattered ball, a bloody nothing, fit for two bites beneath the merciless teeth of some human monster. Ah, lilies and anemones that but yesterday were offered me by a beautiful white hand with painted nails, spring flowers of the Orient, symbols of innocence and sweetness, even you failed to turn my stony heart from that damnable, murderous attempt. And in the midst of you fell the inoffensive, tiny creature, the embodiment of joy and hope. I killed her as her marriage bells were ringing.

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I shall never be able to fathom the mysterious connection between the flowers, the bird, the deserted bungalow at the bosom of the Sweet Waters, my mistress's white hand and the widowed mate's chirps of horror, heaping reproaches upon me, but do know that the deed cost me many sleepless nights, that every little while it confronts me, spoiling otherwise happy hours. Perhaps I should not have told this last story; the tale of the murdered monkey might have sufficed to illustrate the point I was going to make, but I could not help it. The stain is on my escutcheon and the "damned spot" will not rub off.

In our days, when evolutionary tendencies rise with every puff of smoke of every chimney, fine men and beautiful women are trying to abolish our chiefest school of negation, strength and courage—war.

War upon men, my friends, will abolish itself if the chemists have their way, but what about war upon poor, inoffensive animals? Having confessed my sins and atoned for them by many hours of anguish, I now rise to appeal to all the good women in the world to help me stamp out and make infamous that horrible crime. Hunting is nothing short of cowardly, cruel rage of destruction. In his learned book, "The Blot Upon the Brain," dealing with insanity of power, William M. Ireland says: "When Toghlak, Sultan of India, arrived in the district of Beiram he plainly told his officers that he came not to hunt beasts, but men, and without any obvious reason, began to massacre the inhabitants, his loyal subjects."

PIERRE LOTI.

COMPLETE JEWEL OUTFIT.

What Mrs. Astor Might Wear at a Ball.

Frank S. Arnett, in Ainslee's Magazine.

"Suppose we imagine two leaders of New York society arrayed in as many of their jewels as they could wear within the farthest limits of barbaric propriety. Let us select at random Mrs. William Astor and, among the younger set, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr. Mrs. Astor we will suppose to have on some such gown as that in which her portrait was painted by Carolus Duran, although that particular gown of course now exists only on the canvas. We can also presume that she wears her $50,000 tiara of diamonds. About her neck is fastened a velvet band, to which are attached seven brilliants, valued at $70,000. Also from her neck hung three great necklaces with a total value of $150,000. Each of her ears bears $5,000 in diamonds. A magnificent stomacher incrusted with diamonds to the value of $50,000 clothes her in gems like a breastplate from waist to low-cut bodice, in the V-shape opening of which beautiful lace appears, embroidered with rare and almost priceless pearls. Some $10,000 in diamond ornaments are in her hair, and her fingers could but certainly would not be covered with at least $25,000 in rings. Although we have thus arrayed her in $225,000 worth of gems she has still left at home enough to ransom a missionary from Bulgarian bandits.

"Let us picture Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., formerly Virginia Fair, outrivaled by none of the younger matrons of the Vanderbilt family in the ownership of precious stones. She wears, of course, her $50,000 diamond stomacher, a perfect network of gems, presented to her by John W. Mackey, her father's partner, in those Aladdin's lamp days of the Comstock Lode. Her pretty neck is burdened with a perfect Golconda. On it is a superb $25,000 necklace of evenly-matched pearls, to which is attached a splendid pendant, set with a fiery ruby and a single pear-shaped pearl. From another pendant, a huge pearl, depend still other pearl and diamond pendants. With these is a $15,000 necklace of diamonds and softly chatoyant moonstones of India; and, struggling to be seen among this richness is a quaint and costly brooch representing a bit of bark on which three birds of turquoise are perched. Among $10,000 in rings sparkling on her fingers is a marquise set with a great pear-shaped diamond. A riviere of rubies and old mine diamonds completes a costume that would have brought a gasp from Cleopatra."