

A PAGE FOR FEMININE FANCY

THE MISDEMEANORS OF NANCY

By ELEANOR HOYT.

Illustrations by Penryn Stalwa.

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VII.—A LOVE SOUVENIR.

Nancy left town early one season. Friends advised her to go to White Sulphur about the first of May, and she decided to go with them. An inflammatory youth from old Virginia was moved to seek rural shades in the May time. No man of discretion should recklessly expose himself to the dangers of springtime, sylvan rambles and pretty girls. The combination would have been too strong for Nancy. Even if she had no good would be in danger of attack from the sentiment microbe under such conditions, and as for a Virginian—his fate was a foregone conclusion.

The time was May. The place was White Sulphur, and the loved one was Nancy. If it hadn't been Nancy it would have been some other girl. Given the time and place, the loved one is a minor detail. That philosophical fact being ascertained, the amorous Virginian should be glad that the fates filled out his unties so harmoniously, and that he had no good a run for his money; but, at last reports, this soothing feature of the situation didn't appeal to him, and Nancy considered him distinctly ungrateful. Personally, the young woman doesn't approve of Virginian methods. They are so unbecomingly sudden, she says. Of course, when a summer flirtation begins with May, one can't reasonably expect it to wear through the whole season; but there's no use in reckless extravagance and in doing the thing up in four weeks. They do these things better at Bar Harbor.

The young Virginian isn't really the hero of this tale, but his springtime susceptibility brought about the events, and his Danish mastiff did better. The dog entered upon the scene of action at Richmond, where the Virginian made his acquaintance upon the station platform. The mastiff was an eye-bright and vicious-looking pup, who was stirring things up for the baggage agent and the dog fancier who had come to get him. The young Virginian, who was well liked, and who knows a thing or two about dogs, interfered, and the obstreperous pup, whose name was Rex, recognized a congenial spirit and took to the stranger in a way that was his heart. The young man turned to board his train. The pup was determined to go with him, and once more there was war upon the station platform. The train was moving, and the butter-hearted mood, attributable to the season, was touched by his conquest of canine affection. He looked the brute over, listened to his whines, which were as long as a country parson's sermon, and offered the perspiring and irate dog fancier \$150 for the dog. The offer was promptly accepted, and in five minutes the traveler had resumed his journey to White Sulphur with an affectionate but rather freakish companion. As Nancy often remarks, "these southern men are so impulsive."

Two days later Rex and his master met Nancy. That was the beginning of the end. The master approved of the young woman, the dog tolerated her, and Nancy tolerated the dog. It was a party in affairs of this kind. He afforded an opportunity for a display of guileless and ardent affection that is an effectual promoter. Nancy had known men and dogs before.

The three strolled together, sought secluded nooks together, gazed at the moon together. Rex had to be sternly repressed at frequent intervals. He was devoted to his master, who had clinched his devotion with a wholesome fear by several sound and thoro thrashings after acts of disobedience. So the dog stuck to heel and passed chickens, cats, cows, children and other dogs with no greater evidence of emotion than a furtive wriggle. Moreover, he sat like a tranquil lamb with Nancy's arm round his neck, and only rolled his eyes pathetically at his master in pained protest. There are things no fellow should ask a dog to do.

So things went for four weeks. Then something happened. Rex wasn't responsible because he wasn't alone, but there was a full moon and a rustic seat, and Nancy went to her room at 11 o'clock, and cried so violently that she couldn't go down to breakfast the next morning. The only satisfaction her alleged chaperon could get out of her was the statement, between sobs, that moon was horrid, bats flew, unkind, unreasonable things; but a chaperon of experience can figure out a good deal from that. In the morning a note was handed to Nancy. She cried some more.

"I am going on the midnight train," wrote the inflammatory Virginian. "You have spoiled my life for me, but it is a satisfaction to think that you have afforded you amusement for four weeks. I am leaving Rex for you. You seemed to care for the dog. Perhaps that was a mere remaining love, but I could not bear to look at the brute again, because he is associated with you."

"Nasty tempers these southern men have," said Nancy, wiping her eyes. "I'd hate to marry any of them. Now a northern man would have said it was all his fault, and that he could love him, and that I would be sacred memory, and all that sort of thing. Don't talk to me about southern civility. Give me Bar Harbor."

"What are you going to do with the dog?" asked the chaperon practically.

"Oh, he'll be all right," the girl said, carelessly. "Poor fellow," she added, ambiguously, dabbing cologne water on her eyes and sniffing deeply.

"It looks to me," she experienced and suspicious chaperon, "as if that broken-hearted and guileless young lover were in a fair way toward getting even."

Nancy's income isn't large, at best, and hotel expenses had been playing havoc with a bank account already depleted by organdy frocks, picture hats and other amusements. But after the passing of the Virginian the financial situation became tragic. An active, voracious and bad-tempered mastiff at a swell hotel is a proposition that calls for gold—yes, for much more gold. Nancy found that out the morning after the storm, when, with suspiciously pink eyelids, she strolled down to the stables to look at her dog. She had had some idea of sitting down beside the great chains of sitting down and putting her arms around his neck, and dropping a tear upon his faithful head for remembrance sake. The sentiment appealed to her, and her artistic soul suggested that she and the dog would make rather a fetching tableau. It seemed a pity that the stableman would be the only spectator; but a genuine artist loves art for art's sake. Still, when the young woman discovered the German baron waiting in the stable door for a moment, she couldn't help feeling that the dog was a little unbecomingly placed. The program didn't turn out exactly as planned. Rex had no soul for art. The stableman had made him tired, and his master hadn't turned up, and when Nancy appeared and ordered him unchained, he promptly knocked her down and jumped on her in playful sport. When the baron and the riding master pulled him off, the radiant vision in organdy and pink roses looked sadly demoralized.



"Nasty temper these southern men have," said Nancy.

That night Nancy sat down and did sums. Then she went to the office and changed her second floor corner room for a small one on the fourth floor back. She was paying for a boxstall in the stables. The hotel was charging her an absurd price for dog board. One of the groomers, for a liberal consideration, had agreed to look after the dog's general comfort. The cook, for \$1 a week, would keep on preparing the meat that the Virginian had laid down for his dog; and Nancy's own waiter thought, under persuasion, that he could conscientiously promise to take three meals a day out to the boxstall. The chaperon grinned, and Nancy's compassion for the lovelorn Virginian waned; but, as she said, one couldn't allow an innocent dog to die, just because he came high.

The groom, who knew a good deal about dogs, and spoke as one having authority, said that the pup must have exercised, so Rex was turned loose, and promptly chewed holes in a valuable Italian greyhound belonging to a New York millionaire. Only Nancy's face prevented a suit for damages.

After that the dog's promenades were taken at the end of a chain, but he developed a violent dislike for the groom in charge, and in fact, for every one on the premises, except his owner.

She bent her shoulders to the burden and began taking him for his daily walk. There was infinite variety in the performance. Incidentally, there was tremendous entertainment for the other inmates of the hotel.

One day, a beautiful, pretty girl in a crisp gown walked calmly past the hotel veranda, leading a huge and tractable dog. More often, the morning quiet was shattered by a sound of scurrying, scampering, barking, scolding, protesting; and by the veranda swept a whirlwind of dust, in which might be vaguely seen an animal, striding, struggling, snuffing, dragging her hind legs, and chainling, a breathless, red-faced, stormy-eyed young woman.

The apparition shot down the driveway and vanished on the road; and there was a mighty chuckling on the veranda.

At the end of a quarter-mile, Nancy usually dropped off of the chain, and her available love souvenirs, and looked thru the country, while she followed in his wake thinking desperately of her responsibility. She was usually in a hurry, and Rex wasn't really vicious—playful rather, but his idea of humorous sport didn't find favor in the community. He chased cats, chickens, children, horses, with impartial zest. He caused one runaway after another, and on one occasion ran the luckless German baron into a swamp, where his horse stuck hard and fast. But dogs were his specialty. He was spolling for a fight continually, and even an ignoble conquest had its charm for him. He would have welcomed a woman worthy of his steel, but there wasn't a dog in the place who was more than half his size, so he had to get what amusement he could out of smaller fry. Most of the dogs at the hotel and cottages were of the lap-dog variety—delicate little darlings who were too precious to be left at home by travelers. Rex, being Charles spaniel, cocker spaniel, scribe terrier, all looked alike to Rex, and half the women in the hotel froze poor Nancy with gorgon glares and talked angrily about her in corners, while the men's resentment was tempered by sympathy.

"Why, oh why," wailed Nancy, "hasn't some one on the premises a pet bulldog, Swells to burn and not a bulldog among them. It wouldn't happen once in a thousand times."

"Indeed, miss, you'll have to have him shot," chorused the stableman and the hotel proprietor.

"If she had any sense of decency she'd have the nasty brute shot," snapped the women.

"She'd better have him shot before he kills some one," said the men.

Nancy, being a woman, wouldn't listen to the suggestion of violent and sudden death. Rex was fond of her in spite of his pranks, and women are soft-hearted about brutes.

"Why don't you send him away?" inquired kindly men.

"Where in the world would I send him? I board in the city," she groaned.

"Well, sell him. He's a fine fellow, but you could afford to take little or nothing for him."

"Sell him!" wailed Nancy, with desperate woe. "Don't you suppose I've had every man in the stables trying to give him away. I'd pay any one to accept him as a gift."

"Well, then, you'll have to have him shot. It always came back to that.

The thing went on for two weeks. Nancy was becoming thin and hollow-eyed, and the harmony of the neighborhood was shattered into bits. Rex was finally and permanently shut in his boxstall. One Sunday morning he escaped. Nancy, starting to church in a symphony of yelped, the dowager screamed, a growl, an agonized yelp. She dropped her prayerbook and fled around the corner. There was Rex. There in his jaws, was the statue of James Monroe, by Julia Bracken, a young woman of Chicago. The statue is pronounced one of the best pieces of portrait statuary exhibited at the exposition by an American artist.

"Kill him!" she implored, tragically.

He slipped the pipe into his pocket, gave one more appreciative glance to Nancy, and picked up a stick of firewood that lay beside the kitchen steps. A moment later Rex lay stretched on the ground, stunned. The dowager, sobbing hysterically, gathered up the story, but in which she stretched on the ground, stunned. The young man stood beside her and watched the dowager with bewilderment in his eyes.

"Why, I thought the little beast was yours," he said to the girl at his feet.

"No, the big beast was mine," she murmured feebly.

"Oh! by Jove! No!—I beg your pardon. I really didn't— you see, you said 'kill him,' and you looked at me, and—"

She looked at him again.

"I'm afraid you didn't kill him," she said sadly. Then she told him the story of her life since the arrival of the dog, suppressing various details whose omissions rather spoiled the story, but in which she couldn't expect the young man to be interested. He was most sympathetic.

"Why, it's a shame, a deuced shame! In it was all the men doing?" he raged in fine indignation. "See here, Miss—Miss—"

"Reynolds," supplied Nancy. "Ah, yes, thank you. See here, Miss Reynolds. Let me buy that dog."

She dimpled at him in radiant gratitude.

"Oh, will you let me give him to you?" she urged, in the eye of one who sees a great light in darkness.

He went to the office and sent this telegram to his business partner:

"Look out for my express. Turn him over to Smith's trainer."

That afternoon an express wagon rattled down the hotel drive and a crowd watched its going. It was an immense crate and from the crate floated back upon the wind the despairing howl of a vanquished and abused mastiff.

From the edge of the woods Nancy saw the wagon vanish over the hill. A month later the dog's new owner joined her.

"Well, that's settled," he said, comfortingly.

"You are so good." The tone was dangerous. The glance was more dangerous. "Where is your home?"

The question was irrelevant, but the champion of dames answered promptly: "New York."

"Ah," said Nancy. "I'm so glad you aren't from Virginia."

Extremely smart and stylish in appearance this dainty blouse is one that can be easily copied by the amateur. The round yoke is extremely shallow in front, long on the shoulders and is defined with a broad lace. To this the blouse and sleeve are applied with festooned rows of shirring, the blouse gathered into a shaped belt and the sleeve disposed in a double puff and straight cuff of the lace. Medallions matching the lace are applied at intervals and the soft lawn cut away beneath. This blouse fastens in front and a dainty finish is given in the Louis Seize cravat of pale yellow ribbon, bow-knotted at intervals and finished with two deep loops.

MENUS FOR A WEEK

- From Table Talk.
(By Special Permission.)
- MONDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal, Sugar and Cream.
Baked Eggs, Saratoga Potatoes.
Dinner.
LUNCHEON.
Chicken Salad, Short Steak, Olives.
Fruit, Shrimp Cocktail, Cakes.
DINNER.
Egg Soup.
Beef Loaf.
Mashed Potatoes, Brown Gravy.
Tomato Salad, Lima Beans.
Wafers, Peaches and Cream.
Coffee.
- TUESDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal, Sugar and Cream.
Baked Eggs, Saratoga Potatoes.
Dinner.
LUNCHEON.
Fruit, Sliced Beef Loaf, Cocoa.
Peach Dumppling.
DINNER.
Mock Blaque Soup.
Baked Potatoes, Stuffed Egg Plant.
Rice, Pepper Salad.
Wafers, Apple Tarts, Coffee.
- WEDNESDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal, Sugar and Cream.
Baked Eggs, Saratoga Potatoes.
Dinner.
LUNCHEON.
Mutton in Cucumber Shells, Tea.
Watercress, Cakes.
DINNER.
Barley Broth.
Browned Steak, Mashed Potatoes.
Wafers, Cucumber Salad, Cheese, Coffee.
- THURSDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal, Sugar and Cream.
Baked Eggs, Saratoga Potatoes.
Dinner.
LUNCHEON.
Milk Biscuits, Cocoa.
DINNER.
Split Pea Soup.
Chicken and Peppercorn Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes, Cream and Onions.
Wafers, Cold Slaw, Cheese, Coffee.
- FRIDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal, Sugar and Cream.
Baked Eggs, Saratoga Potatoes.
Dinner.
LUNCHEON.
Sardines, Quarters Lemons, Cocoa.
DINNER.
Cauliflower Soup.
Baked Fish, Brown Sauce.
Browned Potatoes, Stuffed Tomatoes.
Cucumber and Pepper Salad.
Wafers, Cheese, Coffee.
- SATURDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal, Sugar and Cream.
Baked Eggs, Saratoga Potatoes.
Dinner.
LUNCHEON.
Fish Salad, Fruit, Salad Cream, Cocoa.
Wafers, Fruit.
DINNER.
Irish Stew, Tomato Soup, Macaroni.
Lima Beans, Macaroni.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Wafers, Tapoca Custard, Cheese, Coffee.
- SUNDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal, Sugar and Cream.
Baked Eggs, Saratoga Potatoes.
Dinner.
LUNCHEON.
Roast Fillet of Veal, Browned Potatoes.
Tomatoes, with Stewed Corn.
Lima Bean Salad, Cheese.
Wafers, Peach Ice Cream.
SUPPER.
Potato Salad, Coffee.

THIS IS THE TIME TO BUY DAINTY ORGANDIES AND LAWNS FOR WINTER GOWNS OR FOR NEXT SUMMER

Thin Fabrics Grow More Popular Every Year for House Wear, and Even the Doctors Approve of Them for Our Over-Heated Homes—The Separate Jacket Will Be a Fall Favorite.



A MODISH NOTICE.

Extremely smart and stylish in appearance this dainty blouse is one that can be easily copied by the amateur. The round yoke is extremely shallow in front, long on the shoulders and is defined with a broad lace. To this the blouse and sleeve are applied with festooned rows of shirring, the blouse gathered into a shaped belt and the sleeve disposed in a double puff and straight cuff of the lace. Medallions matching the lace are applied at intervals and the soft lawn cut away beneath. This blouse fastens in front and a dainty finish is given in the Louis Seize cravat of pale yellow ribbon, bow-knotted at intervals and finished with two deep loops.



MISS DREXEL IS A LONDON FAVORITE

Simple lines still prevail in all of the dainty summer blouses, the little touches of elegance being usually so managed as to be removable at will. In this model of elegant simplicity silk mull is shirred around the neck, the shirring lifted in basting to the lawn yoke beneath so that they puff a little, portions that extend over the sleeve. A square bow without ends in the new parrot-velvet fastens the ends of the collar. The sleeve is a very large triple puff, the longest one on top and growing shallower to the wrist, where a lace ruffle appears. The blouse itself falls simply into the belt, and the collar of lace shows novel lines in the square.

MISS DREXEL IS A LONDON FAVORITE



MISS DREXEL

Former Philadelphia Girl is One of the Most Popular of the Score of American Beauties with Large Bank Accounts—Miss Gladys Vanderbilt is a Leader in the Younger Set.

DOLLS HONORED

Japanese Diplomats' Gift Placed in the White House.

The Japanese diplomats in Washington are welcome guests at the White House, and Minister and Mme. Takahira have contributed greatly to the pleasure of the president, the children of the president, and the children of the president. There is a Japanese corner at the White House for which these foreigners are responsible.

Last winter they presented Mrs. Roosevelt with a collection of Japanese dolls, dressed to represent court ladies and various types of high life in the land of the rising sun. Instead of sending this gift to the nursery, where Ethel, Archie and Quentin insisted they should go, Mrs. Roosevelt showed her appreciation by giving them a place of honor in the red parlor. Arranged in a gilded cabinet, they form an attractive decoration, their gorgeous robes of bright-colored brocade and gold embroidery artistically blending with the brilliant furnishings of the room.

Tourists are always attracted by the souvenirs from Japan, and many make inquiries as to their origin.

For the first time in history a married woman has received the degree of doctor of philosophy at Berlin university. The new doctor is Mrs. Helene Herrman, the wife of Dr. Max Herrman, professor of German language and literature at the university.