Mr. Dooley Preaches a Lenten Sermon.

By F. P. DUNNE.

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"O-ho," said Mr. Hennessy, "twinty-wan days to Saint Pathrick's day."

Ar-re ye keepin' Lent," asked Mr. Dooley.

"I am," said Mr. Hennessy, "I put th' pipe back iv th' clock day before yisterdah night. Oh, but th' las' whiff iv th' ol' clay was plisint. Ar-re ye keepin' Lent?"

"I am that," said Mr. Dooley. "I'm on'y smokin' me seegars half through an' I take no sugar in me tay. Th' Lord give me stren'th to last till Pathrick's day! I'm keepin' Lent, but I'm not goin' up an' down th' athreet tellin' people about it. I ain't anny prouder iv keepin' Lent thin I am iv keepin' clean. In our fam'ly we've always kept it. I raymimber seein' me father tuck away th' pipe, cork up th' bottle an' put it in a thrunk with something between a moan an' a cheer an' begin to find fault with th' wurruld. F'r us kids Lent was no gr-reat hardship. It on'y meant not enough iv something besides meat. I don't raymimber much about it excipt that on Ash Winsdah ivrybody had a smudge on his forehead; an' afther awhile th' house begun to smell a little iv fish an' about th' thirtieth day th' eggs had thrown off all disguise an' was jus' plain, yellow eggs.

"Yes, sir, in our fam'ly we all kep' Lent but me Uncle Mike. He started with th' rest' and f'r a day or two he wint up an' down th' road whippin' butchers. 'Twas with gr-reat difficulty, Hinnissy, that he was previnted fr'm marchin' into th' neighborin' saloons an' poorin' out th' sthrong waithers on th' flure. F'r a short distance me Uncle Mike was th' most pious man I have iver met. At such times he organized th' good S'ciety an' wint ar-round inlayatin' mimbers. To hear him talk about nine o'clock on Ash Winsdah mornin', ye'd think he was jus' goin' into th' arena to fight a line befure th' onholy Roman popylace. He'd take down 'Th' Lives iv th' Saints' an' set r-readin' it with a condescindin' smile on his face like a champeen athleet goin' over th' ol' records. 'Oh, yes,' he seemed to be sayin', 'they were all r-right, very good in their day, no doubt, but where wud they be now? They'se no mintion iv Saint Jerome goin' without his smoke an' I haven't had a pipe iv tobacky since twelve o'clock las' Choosdah night an' here it's nine o'clock Winsdah mornin'.' Thus he wud look casully to'rd th' back iv th' book to see whether p'raps something mightn't 've been put in about him at th' las' moment an' thin he wud throw it down an' say to himself: '"The Lives iv th' Saints" f'r eighteen hundred an' fifty ain't out yet,' an' march savagely fr'm th' room, kickin' his nieces an' nevvews as he wint. At four o'clock in th' afthernoon he was discovered be me father settin' on a saw horse in th' woodshed, puffin' away at a pipe with a bowl like a small stove that he'd took away fr'm a German, an' singin' to himself.

"But me Uncle Mike though a gr-reat warryor in his day an' th' soul iv s'ciety was not a model f'r a long-distance Christyan champeen. He started with th' rest iv us, but he always pulled up lame. Th' throuble with him an' the throuble with th' rest iv us is that we explot to be canonized in time to show th' brief to th' fam'ly at dinner. So I say I don't go ar-round cillybratin' Lent. I don't expict Father Kelly will sind down th' Father Macthew Fife an' Drum Corps to serenade me because I left that lump iv sugar out iv me tay an' put in twice as much milk. Whin th' postman comes to th' dure with th' usual line iv bills an' love letthers fr'm th' tailors, me hands don't thromble expictin' a note fr'm th' Pope tellin' me I've been canonized. No, sir, I congrathylate meslig on me sthrong will power an' rayflict that sugar makes people fat. I am niver goin' to place anny medals on annywan f'r bein' varchous, Hinnissy, f'r if varchue ain't always necissity, me boy, it's th' nex' thing to it. I'm tim'prate because too much dhrink doesn't agree with me; modest because I look best that way; gin'rous because I don't want to be thought stingy; honest because iv th' polls foorce, an' brave whin I can't r-run away.

"Dock Grogan, who's an ol' Pagan, don't agree with Father Kelly on more thin two things, though they're th' frindliest iv inimies; an wan iv thim is Lent. Father Kelly says 'tis good f'r th' soul an' Dock Grogan he says 'tis good f'r th' body. It comes at th' r-right time iv th' year, he says, whin ivrybody has had a winther iv stuffin' themselves an' floodin' their inteeryors an' settin' up late a night. It's a kind iv a sthand off f'r th' Chris'mas holidays. We quit atin' meat because 'tis Lent—an' we've had too much meat. We quit smokin' because 'tis Lent—an' we have a smokers' heart. We quit dhrink because it's Lent—an' we want to see if th' brakes ar-re wurrukin'. We quit goin' to th' theaytres because it's Lent—an' we're sick iv th' theaytres. If it wasn't f'r Lent in March none iv us wud live till th' Foorth iv July. 'In Lent,' says Father Kelly, 'I get me congregation back.' 'In Lent,' says Dock Grogan. 'I lose mine!' 'Lent,' says Father Kelly, 'brings thim nearer Hiven.' 'An' longer away,' says Dock Grogan. 'It's hard worruk f'r me, but I like it,' says Father Kelly. 'It's my vacation time,' says Dock Grogan, 'but I don't care f'r it.' 'It makes thim think iv th' nex' worruld,' says Father Kelly. 'An' gives thim a bether hold on this,' says Dock Grogan. 'It's rellijon,' says Father Kelly. 'It's medicine,' says Dock Grogan.

"So I say, no medals, plaze, f'r me on secount iv that lump iv sugar. I done me jooty an' no more. Whin th' divvle timpted me to put in th' lump I said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan, I'm too fat now!' That was all. I done what was r-right because it was r-right an' pious an' a good thing f'r me to do. I don't claim no gratichood. I don't ask f'r anny admiration iv me piety. But don't I look bether, Hinnissy? Don't ye see I'm a little thinner?"

"Not an inch," said Mr. Hennessy, "Ye're th' same hippypotymus ye was."

"Well, well," said Mr. Dooley, "That's strange. P'raps I'm a bether man afther all. How long did ye say it was to Pathrick's day?"

A THEOLOGICAL TIPSTER

By EDWIN LEFEVRE.

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AT FIRST Wall Street thought Silas Shaw's "religiousness" was an affectation. What purpose the Old Man desired to serve by the calculated notoriety of his church affiliations no one could tell. It is true that many ingenious theories were advanced, some going so far as to hint at repentance. But deep in the hearts of his fellow-brokers, and of his friends and his victims alike, was the belief that old Shaw, in some not generally known way, made practical use of his ostentatious enthusiasm for things churchly as politicians resort to more or less obvious devices to "capture the German vote" or to "please the Irish element."

One day, after a series of skirmishes and a final pitched battle in "South Shore" between the Old Man and the bears, when the pelts of the latter, after the capitulation, added nearly a half million to the old fellow's bank account, certain luminaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church were called into consultation. Silas Shaw had long thought about it; and now there was much conferring and more or less arid and misplaced sermonizing by the theologians and much soothing talk by the Old Man's lawyers; and more Methodist clergymen and more lawyers and more talk; and then a real estate agent and an architect and a leading banker and, at last, just one check from the Old Man.

The next day the newspapers announced that the Shaw Theological Seminary had been founded and endowed by Mr. Silas Shaw. But even after the Old Man had devoted his ursine spoils to this praiseworthy object, Wall Street continued skeptical.

And yet, Wall Street made a mistake—as it often does in its judgment of its leaders. Silas Shaw really had a soft spot in his tape-wound and ticker-dented old heart for all things ecclesiastical. Next to being a power in the Street he loved to be regarded as one of the pillars of his church. He heard with pleasure, of week days, the wakeful staccato sound of the ticker; but on Sundays he certainly enjoyed the soothing cadences of familiar hymns. And if more than one hardened broker expressed picturesque but unproducible opinions of the old man, so also more than one enthusiastic young minister could tell pleasant stories of how the old stock gambler received him and responded to the fervent appeal for the funds wherewith many a little backwoods church was built.

Shaw's generosity was so notorious among the church people that the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell, pastor of the Steenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church and a trustee of the Shaw Theological Seminary, felt no embarrassment in applying to him for assistance. It was not Shaw's church, but in Dr. Ramsdell's charge there were one or two bankers well known in Wall Street and several members of the New York Stock Exchange. It seemed particularly fitting to the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell that the name of Silas Shaw, followed by a few figures, should head a Protestant chapel in Oruro, Bolivia—the most uncivilized of all the South American "republics."

"Good morning, Brother Shaw; I trust you are well."

"Tolerable, tolerable, thank'ee kindly," replied the sturdy old gambler. "What brings you down to this sinful section? Doing some missionary work, eh? I wish you'd begin among those da—er—dandy young bears."

"Ah, yes," said the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell, eagerly. "It is precisely appropos of missionary work." And he told Silas Shaw all about the plan for carrying the light into Bolivia by building the only Protestant chapel in Oruro, where it was incredibly tenebrous—worse than darkest Africa. The reverend doctor hoped, nay, he knew, in view of Brother Shaw's well-known devotion to the glorious work of redeeming their benighted Bolivian brethren, that he could count upon him, etc.; and the subscription list——

"My dear Dr. Ramsdell," interrupted Shaw, "I never sign subscription lists. When I give, I give; and I don't want everybody to know how much I've given."

"Well, Brother Shaw, you need not sign your name. I'll put you down as X. Y. Z., he smiled encouragingly.

"No, no; don't put me down at all."

The good doctor looked so surprised and so woe-begone that Shaw laughed.

Cheer up, doctor, I tell you what I'll do: I'll buy some Erie for you. Yes, siree; that's the best thing I can do. What do you say to that?" And he looked at the doctor triumphantly.

"Ahem!—I am not—are you sure it will prove a—hem!—a desirable investment? You see, I do not—ah—know much about Wall Street."

"Neither do I. And the older I grow the less I know."

The reverend doctor ventured a tentative smile of semi-incredulity.

"That's right, doctor. But we'll make something for you. The booming, I mean, benighted Bohemians——"

"Ahem!—Bolivians, Brother Shaw."

"I meant Bolivians. They must have a chance for their souls. John," to a clerk; "buy 500 shares of Erie at the market."

"Yes, sir," said John, disappearing into the telephone booth. To buy "at the market" meant to buy at the prevailing or market price.

"Brother Shaw, I am extremely grateful to you. This matter is very close to my heart, I assure you. And—ah—will—when will I know if the—ah—investment turns out profitably?"

"Oh, have no fears on that score. We shall make the stock market contribute to your missionary fund. All you'll have to do is look on the financial page of your paper every evening and keep posted."

"I fear, Brother Shaw," said Dr. Ramsdell, deprecatingly, "that I shall have no little trouble in—ah—keeping posted."

"Not at all. See here," and he took up his paper and turned to the stock tables. "Draw up your chair, doctor. You see, here is Erie. Yesterday, on transactions of 18,230 shares, Erie Railroad stock sold as high as 64¾ and as low 63 1-4, the last or closing sale being at 64½. The numbers mean dollars per share. It was very strong. Haven't you got a report on that 500 Erie yet, John?"

"Yes, sir," said John. "Sixty-five and one-eighth."

"You see, doctor, the stock is still going up. Well, every day when you look on the table you will see at what price Erie stock is selling. If it is more than 65 1-8, why, that will show you are making money. Every point up, that is, every unit, will mean that your missionary fund is $500 richer."

"And—Brother Shaw—ahem!—if it should be—ah—less?"

"What's the use of thinking such things, Dr. Ramsdell? All you have to remember is that I am going to make some money for you; and that I paid 65 1-8 for the stock I bought."

"You really think——"

"Have no fears, doctor. You understand, of course, that it is well not to give such matter undue publicity."

"Of course, of course," asserted the doctor. "I understand." But he did not.

"Nothing more, doctor?"

"No; I thank you very much, Brother Shaw. I—er—most sincerely hope my—ah—Your—I should say—ah—our investment may result in—ah—favorably for our Bolivian Missionary Fund. Thanks, very much."

"Don't mention it, doctor. And don't you worry. We will come out O. K. You'll hear from me in a week or two. Good morning."

The reverend doctor went across the street to the office of one of his parishioners, Walter H. Cranston, a stock broker.

Mr. Cranston was bemoaning the appalling lack of business and making up his mind about certain Delphi advice he contemplated giving his timid customers in order to make them "trade," which would mean commissions, when Dr. Ramsdell's card was brought in.

"Confound him! What does he want to come around bothering a man at his business, for?" he thought. But he said: "Show him in, William."

"Good morning, Brother Cranston."

"Why, good morning, Dr. Ramsdell. To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

"I've called to see you about our Missionary Fund. You know I take a great deal of interest in it. We desire to build a chapel in Bolivia, where the light is needed, Brother Cranston, as much as in China, I assure you. And it is so much nearer home."

"Doctor, I really——" began Cranston, with an injured air.

"I want your valuable autograph to head the subscription list," said the clergyman with an air he endeavored to make arch and playful, "Don't refuse me."

"Why don't you try some well-known person?" said Cranston modestly.

"To tell you the truth, Brother Cranston, I did try Silas Shaw." And he added hastily, "Not but that you are sufficiently well known for my purpose."

"What did the old ras—the Old Man—say?"

"He said he never signed subscription lists."

"Didn't he give you anything at all?"

"Oh, yes; he—er—he did something for me." The doctor's face assumed a portentous air.

Cranston's eyes brightened. "What was that?" he said.

"Well," said the clergyman, hesitatingly, "he said we would come out O. K. Those are his own words, Brother Cranston."

"Yes?" Cranston's face did not look promising for Bolivian enlightenment.

"Yes. He-er-told me he would make the stock market contribute to the fund."

"Indeed!" Cranston showed a lively interest.

"Yes, I suppose since you are in the same business, there is no harm in telling you that he bought some stock for me. Five hundred shares it was. Do you think, Brother Cranston, that—er—that will mean much? You see, I have the fund close, very close, to my heart; that is why I ask."

"It depends," said Cranston, very carelessly, "upon what stock he bought for you."

"It was Erie Railroad stock."

"Of course, Dr. Ramsdell, your profits will depend upon the price you paid." This also in a tone of utter indifference.

"It was Brother Shaw who paid. The price was 65 1-8."

"Aha!" said Cranston. "So the Old Man is bullish on Erie, is he?"

"I do not know what you mean, but I know he told me I should read the paper every day and see how much above 65 1-8 the price went; and that I would surely hear from him."

"I sincerely hope you will, doctor. Let me see, will $100 do? Very well, I'll make out a check for you. Here it is. And now, doctor, will you excuse me? We are very busy, indeed. Good morning, Dr. Ramsdell. Call again any time you happen to be down this way." And he almost pushed the good man out of the office in his eagerness to be rid of him.

No sooner had the ground-glass door closed on the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell than Cranston rushed to the telephone and put in an order to buy 1,000 shares of Erie at the best possible price. By doing this before he notified his friends he proved that he himself firmly believed in Erie; also, he bought his stock ahead of theirs and thereby, in all likelihood, bought it cheaper. He then rushed into the customers' room and yelled, "Hi, there! Everybody get aboard Erie! Silas Shaw is bullish at Old Nick on it. I get this absolutely straight. I've thought all along the old rascal was quietly picking it up. It's his movement and no mistake. There ought to be ten points in it if you buy now."

The firm of Cranston & Melville bought in all that day, for themselves and their customers, 6,200 shares of Erie, doing as much as any one else to advance the price to 66½.

All that week the reverend doctor was busy collecting subscriptions for the Bolivian Missionary Fund. He was a good soul and an enthusiast on the subject of that particular subscription list. So he told his parishioners how Brother Cranston had given him $100 and Brother Baker, another Wall Street man, $250, and Brother Shaw has promised—he told this with an amused smile, as if at the incongruity of it—to make the stock market contribute to the fund! Brother Shaw had done this by buying some stock for him, and had assured him, in his picturesque way, that it would come out O. K. in a week or two. Everybody to whom he told that fact developed curiosity regarding the name of the stock itself. They showed it in diverse ways, according to their various temperaments. And as he had told some he felt that he should not discriminate against others; so he told to all impartially the name of the stock. It would not harm Brother Shaw, he supposed—and he supposed rightly. He experienced, in a gentle, benevolent, half-unconscious sort of way, something akin to the great Wall Street delight—that of "giving a straight tip" to appreciative friends. The Bolivian Missionary Fund grew even beyond the good man's optimistic expectations.

But a strange, a very strange, thing happened. Erie stock, according to the doctor's daily perusal of the dry financial pages, had been fluctuating between 65 and 67. On the following Tuesday, to his intense surprise, the stock table recorded: "Highest, 65¾; lowest, 62;" on Wednesday the table read: "Highest, 62½; lowest, 58; last, 58." On Thursday there was a ray of hope—the stock sold as high as 60, and closed at 59½. But on Friday there was a bad break, and Erie touched 54 1-8, just 11 1-8 points below what the Bolivian Missionary Fund's stock had cost! And on Saturday the stock declined to 50, closing at 51 1-4.

That Sunday the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Ramsdell preached to the gloomiest congregation in Gotham. Wherever he turned his gaze he met reproachful looks—accusing eyes, full of bitterness or of anger or of sadness. An exception was Mr. Silas Shaw, who had come, as he often did, to hear his friend, Dr. Ramsdell preach. His eyes beamed benignantly on the pastor throughout the long sermon. He looked as if he felt, Dr. Ramsdell thought, inexplicably contented. Had he forgotten his promise—the promise from which benighted Bolivia expected so much?

The two men met after the service. Dr. Ramsdell's manner was constrained; Mr. Shaw's affable.

"Good morning, Doctor," said the grizzled old operator. "I've carried a small piece of paper in my pocket for some days in the hope of meeting you. Here it is." And he handed a check for $5,000 to the clergyman.

"Why—er—I—er—I—didn't—the stock—er—go down?"

"Sure!"

"How is it then that——"

"Oh, that's all right. It came out just as I expected. That's why you get the check."

"But—ahem!—didn't you buy 500 shares for me?"

"Yes; but after you left I sold 10,000 shares between 65 and 67. Your congregation, Doctor, developed a remarkable bullishness on Erie." He chuckled gleefully. "It was to them that I sold the stock!"

"But my—ahem!—impression was that you said the stock would go up."

"Oh, no. I never said that. I merely told you we'd come out O. K. And I guess we have." He laughed joyously. "It's all right, Doctor; these pesky Bolivians will be enlightened, you bet."

"But," said the doctor, with a very red face, fingering the check hesitatingly, "I don't know whether to accept it or not."

"Oh, you're not robbing me," the old stock gambler assured him gayly. "I made out quite well; quite well, thank you."

"I—I—mean," stammered the clergyman, "I don't know whether it is right to——"

Shaw frowned. "Put that check in your pocket," he said sharply. "You earned it."

Dainty Underwear and Negligees.

By MAY MANTON.

Every true woman is a lover of dainty underwear. The eager shopper who declared she could resist all the fascinations of silks and laces, but was sure to fall victim to the lovely things in negligees and French muslins, represents a large sisterhood. To be showily gowned is often vulgar. To be richly dressed is by no means always an enviable state, but to be enabled to indulge in the exquisite garments of nainsook and lawn that are so temptingly offered is to know true luxury. Developed along athletic lines as we may, wear as many masculine ties and shoes as we will, the inherently feminine remains and shows itself in just such details as these. Somewhere in fiction there is a heroine who, being of a saintly turn of mind, felt it a duty to dress with severe plainness in spite of her wealth, but who could never resist the temptation of a silken underskirt, and that same weakness, if such it be, exists in every real woman's nature. This present age of luxury has but developed the tendency that already was there. Fine as we think ourselves, exquisite as many of the new under garments are, our grandmothers and great-grandmothers knew the same tastes, felt the same charm and expended hours of time in fine weaving and in that painstaking stitching of which we, who live in an age of machines, know little, if at all, with results beautiful and attractive if somewhat more practical than those which come from the use of filmy fabrics and much lace.

This present season offers a large variety and a wide range of choice in underwear as in other things. We live in an age of luxury and it is as apparent in these things as in the multiplicity of our gowns, the sumptuousness of our furs, the splendor of our jewels. The woman of to-day as surely revels in dainty sleeping garments, in delicately fashioned underclothing as she does in her tailored gown, her Paris hat and her well-fitted gloves. Happily that prettiest of all garments, the chemise, has returned to favor. There was a time when it was held over-bulky, and, therefore, undesirable, but we have learned to use soft fabrics and have done away with the objection. Fine French nainsook, linen batiste, French muslin and mull are the materials now chosen. As the entire chemise can be gathered up into the hand its folds cannot mean any measurable increase in size. Favorite models are in sacque, or French, style, without fullness at the neck, and are finished with berthas of lace or are themselves inset with lace or are embroidered. At the lower edge is a frill, so that the garment serves as a short petticoat as well as covering for the body.

By far the most exquisite of all the styles shown are those embroidered in French style onto the material itself. These are often cut quite plainly and edged only with a narrow lace, or are made with shaped falls, or berthas, in which case these last are embroidered. Beautiful as lace is, nothing means the perfection of this work. Such specimens as are offered for sale are embroidered on the other side, where labor, even of the most skillful sort, costs far less than here, but it is by no means intricate, and any clever woman can do it who has the time to spare. One dear little bride of the winter occupied all the leisure of her engagement in just such work with the result that her trousseau was the envy of all her girl friends, yet represented only a modest outlay. While I am a most earnest advocate of moderation in such matters and due regard for the eyesight, which is of more value than many fine garments, her example is a good one and goes to show that the needlewoman's art is being revived. Pointed falls or berthas are exceedingly pretty and are much used. As I stated above, the favorite laces are German Valenciennes, or, if one can afford the luxury, the real, but cluny is used, and some renaissance is seen, although this last is far too perishable to be commended. No matter how dainty our undergarments may be, in the very nature of things they must be able to bear laundering. Anyone who has attempted to wash renaissance lace knows how difficult it is to make it look really well and how completely and how readily it is ruined by the use of the iron.

Corset covers are of several sorts, but none is so popular as the French model that is drawn up snugly at both neck and waist. It has its variations. In some instances it is cut below the waist, in others it is cut off at that line and seamed to a smooth circular portion; but essentially it is the same. There are but two seams, those under the arms and the neck is cut round or square as preferred. Again fine embroidery knows no rival. The handsomest and the most attractive covers are so finished, but lace is used in profusion nevertheless. Imported models are worked to form an edge, and with eyelets in the design through which the ribbon is threaded. Where lace trimming is used, beading is applied, and the ribbon is threaded in and out of its openings. An exceedingly showy cover is one mass of lace insertion and beading at each front, and shows each row of beading threaded with ribbon. Far daintier to my eye, as well as more practical, are those with a lace edge and fine embroidery worked in for several inches below. The use of a corset cover is to conceal the corset. These flimy lace trifles are absolutely transparent and must needs fall of that end unless some lining is used. Garments that are too fine for use fail of their purpose and can never be truly elegant, let them be made as they may. A novelty is the handkerchief cover, and exceedingly charming and daintily feminine it is. Two handkerchiefs of ordinary size are required with lace insertion to join the pieces. The exact method is a little difficult to make clear with the pen, but the handkerchiefs are cut into triangles, joined by means of the insertion and are drawn up with ribbons. Any pretty, fine ones will answer, but those with fine embroidery on the edges are preferred. Still another sort is made of flouncing simply drawn up and held over the shoulders by means of ribbons tied in bows. These last are exceedingly pretty, yet are the simplest things possible to make and mean the minimum of labor for the laundress. The embroidered flouncing is straight, and when the ribbons are removed becomes perfectly flat and without gathers. Ribbon bows and ribbon ties made a feature of all sorts, and, indeed, of all underwear. The washable ones are preferred, but, as to be really charming, they must be threaded afresh after each washing—it really matters little whether the ribbons will survive the tub or will not. Happily recent improvements in the old-time bodkin have rendered this task of replacing less tedious than once was the case, and a very little time given once a week can be made to mean as charming a collection of be-ribboned underwear as could be asked. Other models are the one-piece and the French cover varied by fine tucks at the waist in place of being merely drawn up to fit.

Nightgowns are exquisite. If beauty and luxury in the garment mean temptation to sleep, modern rest should indeed be perfect. At the moment low or half-low necks with elbow sleeves are the favorites and, assuredly, they will be welcome during the coming summer, let those of us who will doubt their wisdom now. Pretty and charming models slip on over the head and are without openings. The necks are variously round and square and are finished with deep, pointed falls, or berthas, or with a flat trimming of lace or are embroidered as already described. The elbow sleeves almost uniformly are frilled. No other finish is so graceful or so becoming. Exquisite trousseau sets are shown in finest linen batiste all hand-embroidered and with frills of the same. Others again are trimmed with genuine Valenciennes lace and may or may not be further enhanced by hand-work. The very finest of all show hem-stitched seams and bands of the batiste, embroidered in fleur de lis or some favorite flower, in conjunction with the lace, but beading of the French sort also is used and is quite sufficiently elaborate for general use. For the less costly gowns and sets, nothing takes the place of the German Valenciennes, which is durable and effective in one. All sorts of novelties, however, are introduced. In the outfit of a February bride was one set of sheer batiste trimmed with deep frills of the same material, with woven dots, that were lace-edged and set on to the gown by means of lace insertion. The two fabrics made a most satisfactory effect, and formed just sufficient contrast. Cluny lace is used and is durable but scarcely so light and delicate looking as the Val.

Lingerie petticoats are greatly worn. While those of silk are by no means displaced, white ones now appear upon occasions from which, only a short time back, they were banished. That there is an inherent charm in a spotless underskirt of white no woman will deny. Not even the frou frou of silk quite compensates for the glimpse of snowy ruffles caught on lifting the gown. The latest shown are of finest batiste and are trimmed with needlework and with lace

MODERN FABLES.

By GEORGE ADE.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE ESCAPE OF ARTHUR AND THE SALVATION OF HERBERT.

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Once there was a Lonely Man who Married, thinking that he would find a Home, but, instead of that, he ran into an Experiment Station.

The other end of the Team was the

original Recipe Shark and Family Doctor.

She was a bright, eagle-eyed Party with a high throbbing Forehead, and she was always on the lookout for New Wrinkles. Any time that she picked up the Lady's Household Friend and read about a Cure for Chilblanes, she would cut out the Article with the Button-Hole Scissors and then for Days afterward she would be snooping around for a Case of Chilblains, so that she could work on it.

She had about 3,000 of these Home Remedies up her Sleve, and, any time that Arthur complained of the slightest Ache or Pain, she lit on him like a Bee on a Flower and started in with one of her famous Treatments.

She loved these private Clinics, with Arthur strapped to the Operating Table. He had been blistered in so many different Places and handed so many kinds of Dope that he became Leery in time and always claimed to be feeling Immense, even though he did not think he would live through the Day.

She had some awful Things rubbed up for him any time that he showed up with a Bad Cold. She would give him Vinegar Tea and a Lump of Sugar soaked in Kerosene. Then she would parboil his Feet and hand him a few Onion Poultices and put him to Bed with all the Covers over him, and let him lie there and sozzle.

Sometimes she almost drove him to drink, but he did not dare to drink very much, for fear that she would give him some Secret Cure in his coffee and thereby rob him of a Thirst which he prized very highly.

The Missus was a firm Believer in all these How-To Flim-Flam that run in the Monthly Magazines.

How to Beautify the Home without spending a Cent.

How to live on 78 Cents a Week.

How to become a Lady Sandow by exercising 3 Minutes every Day.

How to lift a $2,000 Mortgage on a salary of $10 per week.

Usually, when he came Home he found her draping an old Mother Hubbard over a Shoe Box so as to make a Hall Seat, or else she had a Hot Poker and was burning a High Art Design on a Wooden Platter. Not one of the Fads got past Experimental Lizzie. She took a Fall out of every One.

Sometimes, when Arthur would come down to Breakfast, ready to punish a few Links of Farm Sausage, he would find in front of him a Bowl full of what looked a good deal like Asbestos Packing.

"Is it to eat?" he asked, backing off.

"The surest thing you know," was the Reply. "It is Hokopoko, the new tasteless Breakfastine, and it is recommended by all the Dyspeptics and Physical Wrecks."

"I don't want to get my dietary Hunches from the Death Chamber," said Arthur. "I should prefer to take my Tips from a good husky Farm Hand."

But this has 62 per cent. of Nitro-Glutine and one Tablespoonful contains the same Nourishment that may be found in 18 Pounds of Sirloin Steak."

"Say, why don't you buy a good, strong Dog and try these Things on him?" asked Arthur. "I refuse to take any more of this Chop-Feed. If you want to get it into me, you'll have to give me Gas and then inject into my Arm."

So she said she would Compromise by letting him have some Cereal Sausage. It looked just the same as Sausage, and you could not tell the difference until you started to Eat it.

What with the Health Underwear, the Electric Belts, the Pillows stuffed with Pine Cones, etc., etc., etc., Arthur was constantly reminded of the Fact that he was being used for experimental Purposes.

He did not enjoy a real Let-Up until little Herbert arrived. When Herbert

was three Days old, Mama began to read Books on the Child Mind. Within a Month she had little Herby propped up in the Crib doing Kindergarten Stunts with two or three Old Maids off on the Side Lines, coaching to beat the Band.

Arthur would butt in occasionally and try to protect his helpless Offspring, and then he would get a hard Call-Down. The Missus had a large

Scrap-Book full of Helpful Hints to Amateur Mothers.

She started in at Page 1 and gave Herbert the whole Works. Whenever any one who knew all about the Care of Children brought her a new Preparation she either fed it to little Herby or else rubbed it on his Back.

Arthur had the oldfashioned Notion that all a Kid needed was a Milk Diet and something Rubber on which to chew, but the Chief of the Experiment Station had a lot of Club Theories to be tested, and she was working on little Herbert every Minute.

This made it Fine for Father, because he could shake his Electric Belt and get some real Food by fixing it with the Hired Girl, but it was a fierce Lay-Out for little Herbert. Herbert never had a Chance to sneak out to the Club and tell his Troubles and get a lot of Sympathy.

Herbert had to stay right there in the House and let the Mothers' Club practice on him.

"He's a Wonder," said Arthur to his Friends at the Club. "If he lives through it, he'll make a grand Foot-Ball Player some Day."

When Herbert was six years of Age, the Scientific Mother had him reading Bliss Carman. Father tried to slip him Mother Goose on the quiet, but was headed off.

Still, Arthur was not discouraged.

"There is always one Hope for the Boy who is brought up according to League Rules," said the Father. "Wait until he gets into the Public School, and he will get wise to a few Things and probably flash a few unexpected Developments on Mother Dear."

Sure enough, when Teacher wrote a Note and said that Angel had shied a Brick at a Teamster and furthermore had licked the inoffensive Son of a poor Hod-Carrier, the Experimental Mother threw a Back-Twister and wondered why the Club System had failed to work out.

MORAL: As the Father is Bent, the child is inclined.

THE LENTEN GIRL

Her Duties and Diversions.

With the World, the Flesh and Monsieur le Diable duly foresworn, the Lenten Girl has fully entered upon the observance of the forty days of penitence as a period of spiritual meditation and physical recuperation. Where but recently her nights were given to dancing and dining, now her days are devoted to the church, to charity and to taking the much-needed rest which is to repair the ravages upon good-looks and the demands upon physical strength made by the social season. Gowned in penitential black, with a daintily bound prayer-book and a demurely sanctimonious air, the Butterfly of Pleasure, now the Maid of Penitence, looks as though thoughts of worldly vanities had ever entered her gracefully bowed head. With exemplary fervor she repents of her sins, denying herself all sweetmeats and aught else that might do harm to her moral nature—or to her complexion.

She realizes that Lent is a good time in which to perfect herself in the feminine arts of sewing and cooking, so forthwith joins a class in art needlework or takes up a course in culinary instruction, and pricks her pretty fingers in producing sinuous poppies and flamboyant fleu-de-lis in the now fashionably approved art nouveau manner on centre-pieces, banners or book covers, or with equal enthusiasm and industry bends over the fire with hot cheeks and scorched fingers, struggling with new and mysterious recipes and optimistically trusting to Lenten patience and the affectionate forbearance of her family to pass approving judgment on the completed product.

Inspired by the Lenten lesson of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, she devotes her afternoons to charity. She visits the sick, clothes the poor and feeds the hungry. She joins a sewing guild and dutifully participates in the work of making garments for the unclothed heathen or packing up boxes to send to the families of far-away missionaries. Like a herald of hope, laden with flowers, she seeks the hospitals, and with the blossoms she besows by the bedside of the sick, gives a glimpse of another, brighter world and leaves behind the soothing memory of a sweet and sympathetic presence.

After attending to her spiritual nature and to her culinary perfection, the Lenten Girl realizes that her complexion has passed through a trying ordeal during the gayeties and dissipations of a brilliant social season. Her mirror tells her that she shows the strain in tired eyes and pale cheeks, so she promptly flies away to the beauty doctor's to win back her bright eyes and glowing cheeks. She undergoes a thorough massage treatment which defies wrinkles and gives vigor and symmetry to tired facial muscles. She has her hair shampooed and her nails manicured and she goes to gymnasium classes and has her young muscles toned up to the concert pitch of perfect health, so that they will carry her, without a sign of fatigue, through the post-Lenten campaign of conquests.

All this beauty culture, tissue building, muscle training, athletic exercise of one sort or another, have really become a fad. The profession of the beauty doctor is a recognized vocation and systematic treatments of the complexion vie with Turkish baths in the regime of the woman of fashion.

Never has there been a time when athletics were so popular among women. Institutions or an atletic nature are booming now as they have never boomed before. Women are enthusiastic over indoor and outdoor sports and their enthusiasm isn't that of spectators, either. They want to do their own climbing, vaulting, jumping, and other exercises instead of watching their brothers. They do them well, too, as any one that has seen a lot of girls going through a series of gyrations on high and low parallel bars and vaulting poles in an up-to-date college gymnasium will corroborate.

If any one doubts the influence of athletics on the national type of young women, let him compare the robust yet supple athletic figure and strong, mobile, intelligent face of Gibson's acknowledged typical society girl with the pale, languid insipid individual whom until quite recently we were wont to recognize as a fair racial representative of her sex.

Fashion, too, has set its seal upon athletic accomplishments and the social chronicles vary their records of diamonds and dress with eulogistic comments on the expertness of women of wealth in handling the reins of either a pair or a four-in-hand, sailing a yacht, in golf, fencing, swimming and other physical diversions. Even as late as thirty-five or forty years ago, fashionable women had small acquaintance with fresh air and exercise. English women first set the example of out-of-door sports.

When the physical culture classes, the French music, art, current topics and sewing classes and the beauty doctors all thrive with increased patronage during Lent, none of them, or, in fact, the whole of them all told, begin to compare with the brisk business done by the dressmakers. While with sweet humility, the Maid of Lent gowns herself in black, yet she and her modiste between services are plunged in mysterious plans for the new frocks for after-Easter triumphs when the Butterfly of Fashion shall flutter forth from the penitential chrysalis. While it is no longer considered the ultra-fashionable thing to appear in all the glory of a new spring hat and gown on Easter Sunday, that date officially establishes the advent of the vernal modes, so that Lent brings a big rush of business to the dressmakers in the way of planning spring wardrobes and even those for summer. That women are adopting more and more the habit of "doing their summer sewing in spring" is indicated by the shops. The big, fashionable shops throughout the country begin to show their thin summer things just after Christmas and many spring hats were bought more than a month ago