

# YVONNE OF THE FOLIES BERGERE

BY PRINCE VLADIMIR VANIATSKY

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Anastasia Maxinevna Metchkine was waiting impatiently in the great Gare du St. Petersburg. The Orient express was due, bearing her dearly beloved spouse and lord to her. Anastasia Maxinevna was well past her prime, and had grown short and stout and puny.

But the train was late, despite the fact that Gen. Alexis Pavlovitch Metchkine, actual privy councillor, was one of its passengers.

But at last, with shrieking of exhaust steam, the express drew into the Gare, and in a few moments Anastasia Maxinevna was clasped in the arms of her dearly beloved husband. He saluted her on each cheek, gravely asked after her health, and the children were remembered. He showed no emotion at seeing "the bride of his heart," as he had once so tenderly called her, a phrase which she often used in reference to herself when with him.

Gen. Alexis Pavlovitch Metchkine was the most dreaded bureaucrat in the whole regiment of bureaucrats who rule the official world of Petersburg. He was a man of six feet, and so burly of build that he seemed a giant. His hair was cropped so close that it reminded one of a convict's shaven poll, but his whiskers grew with all the riotous luxuriance of the earth at springtime. Great, immense, bushy appendages they were, carefully brushed and combed, so that they stood out from his massive jaw like a misplaced halo.

But while he was a dreaded official, Petersburg held him up as a model family man. So circumspect was he that never a breath of scandal had tarnished his name. A kind and loving husband, a stringent and commanding father, he seemed to be the highest type of the Russian man of affairs. His wife was dressed in the most exquisite costumes from Paris, there were no jewels too expensive for her, no things which she needed that she could not obtain.

The general's two sons, army officers both, were blessed with a generous allowance. But the general forbade them the society of actresses and women of a liberal disposition. They were free to gamble and drink—in moderation, of course, and, basing other people's desires upon his own, what the general considered "moderation" would have been wild excess in the average man.

"Let the dears hunt for female society among the innocent daughters of our friends," said Anastasia.

"Upon no account must they know any of those actress creatures," exclaimed the general. He did not use the word "creatures," but a rich Russian phrase which savors of things inexpressible.

"Oh, what a wise father they have!" Anastasia's glance was laden with tenderest affection.

Alexis stroked his whiskers. "I know what is best for them," he murmured.

But young Lieut. Peter Alexovitch Metchkine was made of a Gargantuan metal, which resembled somewhat the composition of his distinguished father. He was of as burly a build as the actual privy councillor, and, barring the whiskers, an exact prototype in facial characteristics. The other brother, Lieut. Alexis Alexovitch, the eldest son, was a small, weasel-like man, with an inquiring eye. There was something so shrewdly calculating about Alexis' eye that the men of the regiment said there must be Jew blood somewhere in the Metchkine family or in the Odonorovs, from which house Anastasia had come.

The clerks and subordinates whose official duties brought them under the direction of Gen. Metchkine moved on tiptoes. It was the fourth morning after his return from Paris and Berlin, whither he had made a semi-annual trip for the inspection of the latest appliances in tram and steam travel.

"The old bear is in a frightful tune this morning," said his secretary. A sub-chief of the division raised his hands.

"God pity the man who crosses him!"

As the two stood talking a voice of thunder rolled out of the general's private office. "Where is that lazy, good-for-nothing rascal of a Popov?" he roared. The secretary ran, fawning and obsequious, to the general.

"What is it your excellency desires?" he humbly implored.

"My sons, both of them. Go for them and bring them to me immediately." The secretary bowed low. "Take the troika," roared the general after him, "and have them here in half an hour." The secretary backed out of the office, bowing at the door.

"Stop your foolishness and fly," yelled the general, and threw an empty inkstand after the retreating form. The door closed just in time, and the heavy glass smashed into pieces against the massive oak door.

He hurried to the Officers' club where he felt confident of finding the general's sons.

"Lieut. Alexis Alexovitch and Lieut. Peter Alexovitch Metchkine," called the secretary at the door of the Officers' club.

"The Lieut. Alexis is here; the Lieut. Peter has just gone out," returned the hall porter.

"Then tell the Lieut. Alexis that Gen. Metchkine desires his presence immediately."

Alexis slipped out into the hall. "Oh,

Popov, is that you? I will be with you in a minute." He drew on his hussar's coat.

"Where is the young excellency, Lieut. Peter?" asked the secretary.

"I think we will find him in a house just off the Kasan square," said Lieut. Alexis, and he gave the driver directions. The troika dashed madly into Nevski prospect and from thence into the Kasan square, where the magnificent colonnade of the Kasan cathedral was almost hidden in the blinding sheet of snow that fell continuously. They had not reached the destination when they came upon a hired britzka making its way laboriously through the snow-storm. Its occupant was young Peter Alexovitch.

"Come with me," cried Alexis, "the old bear wants us both."

"Good heaven," cried Peter, "here is another raking over the coals!"

"I suspected as much," replied Alexis, and a sly smile wandered around his narrow mouth. The younger son jumped into the troika, and it made its way back through the snow to the ministry of ways and communications.

"Ah, you young dogs!" he cried as the sons entered his presence. "Popov, begone!" and he glared at the secretary, who lingered at the door. Popov ducked, as though fearing a repetition of the inkpot episode, and closed the door after him.

"I have just received a report from a member of the secret police," stormed the general, "that you two are much seen in the company of two actresses who live off the Kasan square. Hence you are no sons of mine; I curse you and cast you off. Swine that you are, you shall no longer receive the comforts of my home and the company of your chaste father and mother."

Hardly had the secretary placed his ear to the door for the second time when there was a swish-swish-swish of skirts, and a tall woman entered the anteroom to the general's office.

"I must see Gen. Metchkine immediately," she cried. She opened a card-case and produced a card. It was wonderfully engraved with a countess' coronet.

"It is impossible to see his excellency, the general," exclaimed the secretary.

The countess cast a glance of scorn at him. She stamped her foot. "Dog of a dog!" she cried, "take my card in."

"It is impossible," returned the secretary.

The woman brushed by him and opened the door.

Gen. Metchkine was standing at his desk, violently cursing his two sons. As the woman entered Lieut. Alexis turned to his father.

"Who is this?" he asked with a sneer.

"Oh pretty," cried the woman in a cuddling tone, advancing towards the astonished general, "I came immediately upon the receipt of your telegram." She approached closely to him; the scent of a heavy perfume came in stifling waves from her bizarre garments. Yet the general made no sign, staring at her from his little pig-eyes with an expression of wonder.

"Ah, if I am not mistaken," suavely spoke Lieut. Alexis, "this is Mile. Yvonne Martin of the Folies Bergeres."

"I am," briskly returned the young woman, "and I presume that you are the sons of my dear, dear Lexy."

A series of rumbling sounds came from the general's throat; it seemed a miniature volcano in eruption.

"Do you mean his excellency, Gen. Metchkine?" asked the suave lieutenant.

"Certainly," pertly replied Mile. Yvonne, "but he's my dear Lexy all the same, aren't you, dear?" she asked, going close to the general and patting his whiskers with her hand.

At last the general found power of speech, and broke forth in a torrent of Russian phrases that are untranslatable.

"I do not understand Russian, dearest Lexy," lisped Yvonne, "so please speak in French. I know you are overjoyed to see me."

"The general is charmed to see you," said Alexis, and drew up a chair. "Pray be seated. My brother and I will retire. I am sure neither my father nor you wish to be interrupted after your long separation. It must have been fully a week." With a discreet bow Alexis retired, and Peter followed in his wake.

"How luck it was that Lotty knew of Yvonne," cried Alexis with a laugh. "And how much luckier that she reached here just in the nick of time," returned Peter.

"That was not luck," exclaimed Alexis. "Friedman of the secret police, told me that he would make his report this morning at ten o'clock. The Paris express arrived at 18 minutes after that hour. The telegram told Yvonne to come on that train. She went from the Gare directly to the ministry, and I sent you to the Kasan so that we would not reach the ministry until a few minutes before her arrival."

Yvonne is still singing in Paris, and the general makes his semi-annual trips there. But his sons are not interfered with, and they have a much more generous allowance than formerly.

"It is a good thing to have sharp brains," Alexis repeats often in self-congratulation.

## A MAIDEN'S MINUTE.

An unsophisticated youth, Unused to women's ways, forsooth, Dropped in once when his lady fair Had cute kid curlers in her hair, Of course, all these he never saw, But met his bride's papa, Who led him to the parlor, where He heard her voice float down the stair— "Wait just a minute."

The youth sat down and talked with dad Of weather good and weather bad, And kept the road-beds in repair, And what things should be tariff free, And whether moons were made of cheese, And all the solar theories, And how to navigate the air, And keep the road-beds in repair, And countless other subjects, too, Before the maiden came to view, In "just a minute."

—Kansas City Times.

## THE BRUTE.



She—Poor Ethel has had a great deal of trouble since she obtained her divorce.

He—How's that?

She—Hubby has kidnaped her pet dog three times.

Getting It Right. They asked him if his name was Tahft, And merrily the big man laughed, "Why, no," he said; "my name is Tart, Which, as you will find by consulting the various dictionaries and paying particular attention to the marks indicating the correct pronunciation of the words therein, Almost, if not quite, rhymes with 'raft.'"

The Confusing Anthem. Mary Anderson de Navarro, at a luncheon in New York, told a story about her little boy.

"In our church," she said, "the choir one Sunday morning sang the anthem, 'We all like sheep have strayed.' 'You know how that anthem begins—'We all like sheep, we all like sheep.'"

"Well, at the end of those two phrases my little boy whispered with a puzzled frown:

"I suppose they mean they all like mutton, don't they?"

Considerate. Above the clanging of the engines Nero's fiddle squeaked its loudest.

"Funny time to play the fiddle when Rome is burning," scoffed the fat senator.

Nero chuckled. "Best time of all. I can't disturb the neighbors."

And then the great man screeched forth the notes of "Ain't It a Shame, a Burning Shame?"

How She Read. While auntie arranged the pantry shelves, her little niece handled the spiceboxes and called out each spice by name. Presently she said: "Auntie, I can read."

"Can you, dear?" answered auntie.

"Yes, auntie," came the reply, "but I don't read like you do. I read by the smell."—Delineator.

A Name Suggestion. "Was Bill much excited when he heard the news?"

"Very much so, and they took a very commercial way at the store to soothe his agitation."

"How so?"

"The manager said: 'Bill, collect yourself.'"

Reverence. "Why did you lift your hat to that man? He didn't look like a preacher, and I haven't heard anything about a great statesman or a renowned philosopher living in this town."

"Gee, didn't you know who that was? That was old man McSweeney. He's the father of one of the greatest pitchers in this part of the country."

A Mean Man. "There is an old proverb," she said, "which tells us that one never knows what one can do till one tries."

"I know it," he replied, "but it's misleading. There are some things we know we can do without trying."

"Then, without kissing her, he got his hat and bade her good-night."

Feminine. Though cherishing the loftiest ideals, she still retained something of the quality of her sex.

"Is—it—er—perfectly safe for a woman to drive?" she faltered, hesitatingly, as she hitched her wagon to a star.—Life.

The Danger. "What we want," said the fervid speaker, "is a man who is not afraid of a trust."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and at the same time we don't want one who is so fearless that he will eat out of its hand."

Painful Progress. "You don't seem to be getting along well," groaned the victim in the chair.

"No," rejoined the dentist. "I have evidently struck a snag."

## AN UNSYMPATHETIC AUDIENCE.

"I dined with Somerset Maugham at the Ritz in London," said a poet, "Maugham, who now grinds out a million dollar comedy every month or two, began by writing tragedies in German."

"From tragedies in German to 'Mrs. Duff!' I cried. 'How did you come to do it, Somerset?'"

"He peeled the silver wrapping from a great black cigar."

"My German tragedies," he said, "had few hearers, and those hearers were sympathetic. I, in those days, was like the science professor who found, one night, that his audience consisted of but a single person."

"The amphitheater was very large. The audience, a little man, sat high up and far back on the last bench."

"My friend," said the professor, genially, "why don't you come nearer? You would hear much better on the front row."

"Oh, rats!" said the audience. "I didn't come in to listen to you. I came to get a warm.""

Teddy in the Jungles. It was in darkest Africa.

"This hunt shall not be in vain!" thundered Teddy the strenuous.

"Aye, aye, mighty chief!" chorused the dusky guides.

"We shall bag a white rhinoceros and a white elephant."

"We shall!"

"And if for any reason we fail to sight a white rhinoceros and a white elephant we have a ton of whitewash in our caravan to use on the black ones. Forward!"

With a mighty thrashing of undergrowth, Teddy and his band vanished into the forest.

Spring in the Park. They strolled through the park. Every few seconds he would blissfully squeeze her hand. And all the loungers and nurse maids on the benches grinned their broadest.

"Clarence," she whispered, red with blushes, "stop this instant."

"Oh, don't worry, darling," he laughed. "I am only showing my sentiment."

"Yes, but I don't like that kind of sentiment."

"Why not, dear?"

"Because it is 'public sentiment.'"

ON THEIR HONEYMOON.



Cynthia—Stop this instant, Hiram! Don't you see there are a hundred people watching you kiss me up here?

Hiram—What do I care, Cynthia? Ain't this here the observation tower?

As It Appears. "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." So from these lines it would appear that those who at all nonsense sneer And curl the lip, no matter when, Are plainly not the best of men.

Travel Up-to-Date. "Travel is awfully expensive, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I saved a lot on my last trip."

"How's that?"

"Oh, I collected enough soap and towels to furnish my house for two years, and besides, I took my camera along and forgot to take any films, and I've got enough hotel writing paper for the baby to scrawl on till he's grown up."—Yale Record.

Drew the Line. Baron Munchausen had just told one of his stories, and somebody in the crowd had questioned the truth of it.

"That's all right," said the baron; "I know I'm a liar. But I lie merely for fun. I don't lie either for spite or for profit. I'm not a member of any Ananias club."

Thus, while contributing to the incubation of unveracity, he escaped the imputation conveyed by the short and ugly word.

Not His Forte. Generous Hearted Dame—You have not either of you said a word in acknowledgement of the food I am giving you.

Saymold Storey (with his mouth full)—Lady, me pardner here, Mr. Wareham Long, will hev somethin' to say wen we're done eatin'. He allus makes the arter dinner speeches, mum.

Matter of Shape. Mrs. Youngwed—I want three pounds of steak, please.

Butcher—Yes, ma'am. Round steak?

Mrs. Youngwed—Oh, I don't care whether it's round or square, just so it's nice and tender.

Bang. Phil—Gee, that's a loud suit you have on.

Flam—Yes, it's crash.—Yale Record.

Had to Be. "He's a good loser, isn't he?"

"Yes, he has to be. His wife plays bridge."

# FOR THE HOSTESS

Advice and Suggestions as to Social Etiquette and Forms of Entertainment, by Madame Merri.

## Period of Mourning.

Please answer through your column of "Questions and Answers" these questions: What is the proper length of time for a person to wear mourning for a husband, father or mother, sister or child, and should a person wearing black pay social calls if the calls were made before the person went in black? Should any person's call be returned while in mourning? X. Y.

Books of etiquette prescribe two years of mourning for a husband, one year for a parent and one year for a child. A person in deep mourning is not supposed to return calls for six months. Personally I think the question of mourning must be settled individually, not by an outside person who does not know the circumstances.

A Bride-Elect's Queries. Should the bride and groom wear gloves at a small home wedding and how is the wedding cake served now, if at all? Also, what are the duties of the maid of honor?

FRANCES H.

Gloves may or may not be worn. It is altogether a question to be settled by personal preference. The bride makes the first cut in the wedding cake; the waiter finishes and passes to the guests. The maid of honor immediately precedes the bride in the bridal procession, stands by her side, holds the bouquet, puts back the veil and arranges the glove (if one is worn) to receive the ring, the finger having been previously ripped.

Senior Entertainment. I write you to add me in an entertainment for the seniors of the high school. I am the wife of the superintendent and we have a small cottage. I wish to serve refreshments in two or three courses. The affair will be in the evening in the month of May—about 15 present. Can you give me some good ideas or tell me of some good books that I may get? MRS. J. H.

I heard of this scheme being carried out successfully and think would suit you. Each member of the senior class was asked to come wearing an article indicating a book studied, also an article to indicate their chosen profession in life. Guessing the books and prospective "calling" made lots of fun and there was no dullness, I assure you. Serve iced tea or lemonade with wafers and ice cream with strawberries; small cakes. I can send you the name of several books if you will send to me personally in care of the paper.

Hats at an Evening Wedding. Will you kindly inform me whether it would be right for maid of honor and bridesmaids (six) to wear hats at an evening wedding? Would it be well to have the six bridesmaids dressed alike or differently? The colors are blue and white. Will you please give me a few suggestions for dress of maid of honor and bridesmaids? Also what style hats and what kind of flowers should be carried to carry out the color scheme? BLUE BIRD.

Hats of leghorn with wreaths of forget-me-nots and blue tulle trimming would be lovely and perfectly proper. The maid of honor could wear blue, the maids white over blue. All the gowns should be similar in character. White roses tied with blue gauze would be pretty for bouquets.

Entertainments for a Sunday School Social Club. As a reader of your question box I am very much interested, and will be pleased if you will answer a few questions for me.

I am a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday school, and the class that I belong to has organized a club and has elected me president. As I have never held office before would

you kindly give me a few pointers as to how I should entertain, and would it be suitable to serve cocoa and rolls, or have you a menu that is not common nor expensive?

I am 16 years of age and the girls are all younger than myself, and I am a working girl. How shall I open up and preside at the first meeting?

If you know anything more of interest for our club your advice will be appreciated. D. S.

As it is a social club I do not think you should be at all formal. You merely act as hostess, appoint the hostess for next meeting and appoint an entertainment committee, if you think that is necessary. I should serve cocoa with a marshmallow in it and dainty sandwiches, with chopped nuts, raisins and dates between, all mixed together with a bit of cream or syrup, so that it will spread. You can bring your fancy work, play guessing games, have charades and do all sorts of things. I think girls always have a fine time together.

Acceptance for Card Party. Please tell me the proper form of "acceptance" for an invitation to an afternoon card party. Should a reply always be sent to such an invitation? FAIRFAX.

A reply is imperative one way or the other for a card party. Take your visiting card, write "accepts," with day and date written. Send by post or messenger.

Party Calls Necessary. I want to ask you a question, and would be so glad if I could have a reply soon. If I send regrets to invitation to party do I make a party call the same as if I accepted? CLARICE.

You must pay a party call just exactly the same as if you had gone to the party. Your obligation is just the same. MADAME MERRI.

IN VOGUE.

A number of men have been seen recently wearing light gray overcoats with black broadcloth collars and cuffs.

Flowers, as usual, are important in connection with spring headgear, and wings are smart on hats of moderate size.

Just now there seems to be a race between the dyer and the dressmaker to see which can produce the most new effects.

One of the new bandings in white lawn is embroidered all over closely with one color in a small leaf and dot pattern.

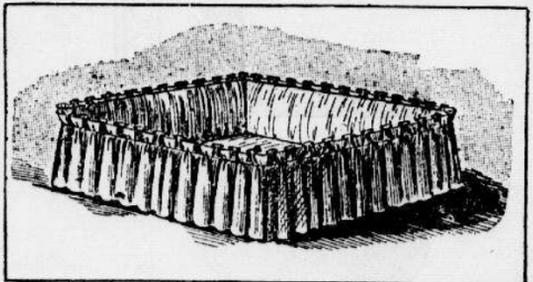
For pretty dress frocks there never was such an assemblage of thin silk and cotton materials as there is at this moment.

Billiken belts for the children have the smiling face of the god of "things as they ought to be" gleaming from the buckles.

Pink is one of the favorite colors in Paris at the moment. Most of the gowns of this shade have a relieving note of black.

Charm of Fluffy Jabot. There is an evasive charm about a fluffy jabot. It gives an "air" that is hard to define. One of its tacking ways is its absolute daintiness. The very essence of freshly laundered crispness is the jabot, for, of course, no one ever thinks of wearing one more than once, or on rare occasions twice, without submitting the lacy trifle to the laundress. This rule must hold good with all launderable accessories if one would be well groomed.

## Useful Tray



In the accompanying sketch may be seen a very useful tray that can be made in various sizes. In quite a small size for the dressing-table for pins and odds and ends, or in a larger size for the writing-table for letters, or in a still larger size for needle-work.

It is easily arranged with the aid of any flat cardboard box of suitable shape. The inside is slightly padded, with cotton wool, and then lined with whatever material may have been chosen. The little frill, gathered at the top, runs all round the exterior of the box, and is of sufficient length just to touch the ground and can be lightly tacked on in its place. The box from which our sketch was made was lined with white satin, and the frill running round the outside was of the same material in a pale shade of pink. Smart little ribbon bows may be tacked on at each corner, and will help to make the tray ornamental as well as useful. Little sets of these trays made in three sizes should command a ready sale at a bazaar, and might well be added to the list of articles to make by those kind people who set aside part of their leisure hours for work of this description.