

have pleased me most, and for which I can imagine skipping all the other courses—that is the alligator pear. I do not hesitate to confess my weakness for this delicate vegetable (or is it a fruit?) and fancy that I could easily have passed the raw fish, the bread fruit and the pig and have devoted myself to the alligator pear. And by the way, the alligator pears are really quite an important item in the exports from Tahiti now, besides the oranges and vanilla, etc.

Mrs. R. also told me about the coffee of the island, which it seems is not enumerated among the exports, but which grows in all the gardens there. The people go into their gardens and pick the coffee berries, which are of course prepared in the same way that all coffee berries are treated. But Mrs. R. found it to be a most delicious coffee. She had not heard of any large plantations of coffee, but only of the small supply that the people get from their own gardens.

She spoke, too, of the beautiful scenery of the island—the mountains, the valley and the sea—all in so small a space as to form a glorious effect. Of the people she saw, of course, but little—her time there was too short. But she was impressed with their gentle natures and their soft voices, and their evident desire to please and to be of service. She told me that she was very sorry to have so short a visit, but to stay longer she would have had to await the Mariposa on her next trip, a stay of thirty days, and that was too long. She would gladly have prolonged her visit ten days more, but she was compelled to embark and start for San Francisco on the Mariposa on her return trip.

Sailor suits are almost always pretty and becoming, and just the thing to wear on an ocean steamer running through the tropics.

One of the illustrations shows a sailor suit that is in very good style. It is exactly like the suit of a debutante of last year, who this year made the trip to Tahiti. It is of duck and so made as to draw over the head like a sweater, and it can be worn either with or without the little vest. The skirt is quite short, which is not only proper but necessary on board a steamer. The sailor hat worn with this suit is very pretty,

while one's dress must be very light and cool and simple, still it may be pretty and becoming.

Gloves are, of course, out of the question, but light mitts can be worn to prevent the hands from being browned "to a turn." In Paris, mitts have been all the style this year, and there are many different styles in lace and net. The handsomest of them are netted by hand of fine twist, and there are both black and white real duchess and point lace mitts, and there are also openwork silk mitts in colors to match any gown.

A particularly necessary adjunct in the tropics is a parasol, more especially now that hats are being reduced to such small proportions, and in this line the choice is bewildering. There is the smart coaching parasol with the club handle, or the dainty lingerie parasol, that goes so well and looks so attractive with the lingerie hat.

The coolest parasols, or rather those that have the coolest appearance, are made of white taffeta. White is said to be the best color for absorbing the heat rays of the sun. The helmet hats of Indian or African English travelers are always white, though some of them are adorned with a loose green band around the base.

A parasol of pale mignonette green more, trimmed with frills of narrow lace on the border and on top, is very dainty and attractive. It is something new to see a painted parasol, but there are a good many of them this summer. I saw a short time ago a very pretty one made of white taffeta, with a hand-painted trailing design, of water lilies, and their long green stems. The handle was white enamel.

A dress that can be worn both on the steamer and on shore at the island is a white pique, linen or duck skirt, with a shirtwaist of cool lawn, especially when a lingerie hat and parasol are added. It is a costume dressy enough for afternoon tea. Afternoon tea at Tahiti, by the way, is not exactly the same thing as that function in San Francisco. In Tahiti it is served on the broad, shady veranda, and drunk cool with plenty of lemon and without milk, and very refreshing it is.

The lingerie hat is the best to wear in

eru lace, though I confess to a preference for the embroidered linen ones.

Another illustration shows a particularly pretty linen suit that I saw at Davis' the other day. So pretty that I had it photographed on that account. It was a lovely shade of blue, made with a very long coat, which buttoned straight down the front with white bone buttons. Its only ornamentation was that the collar and cuffs were made of blue panne velvet. This combination was striking and effective, though it may seem an odd one.

It goes without saying that all the costumes that I have tried to describe can be worn on any trip to the tropics, but it is of Tahiti that I am thinking all the time. People go to the Hawaiian Islands or to Panama or Central America for business or to visit friends, but when they get aboard the Mariposa bound for Tahiti it almost always means simply a trip for rest and recreation. The long sea voyage is salutary, the rest is delightful, and the stay at the island is just long enough to enjoy the beautiful scenery there and to create an interest in the simple and gentle people that live there. The descendants of the old royal family—the Teva family—still exist there, and



ORGANDIE DRESS AND LACE HAT

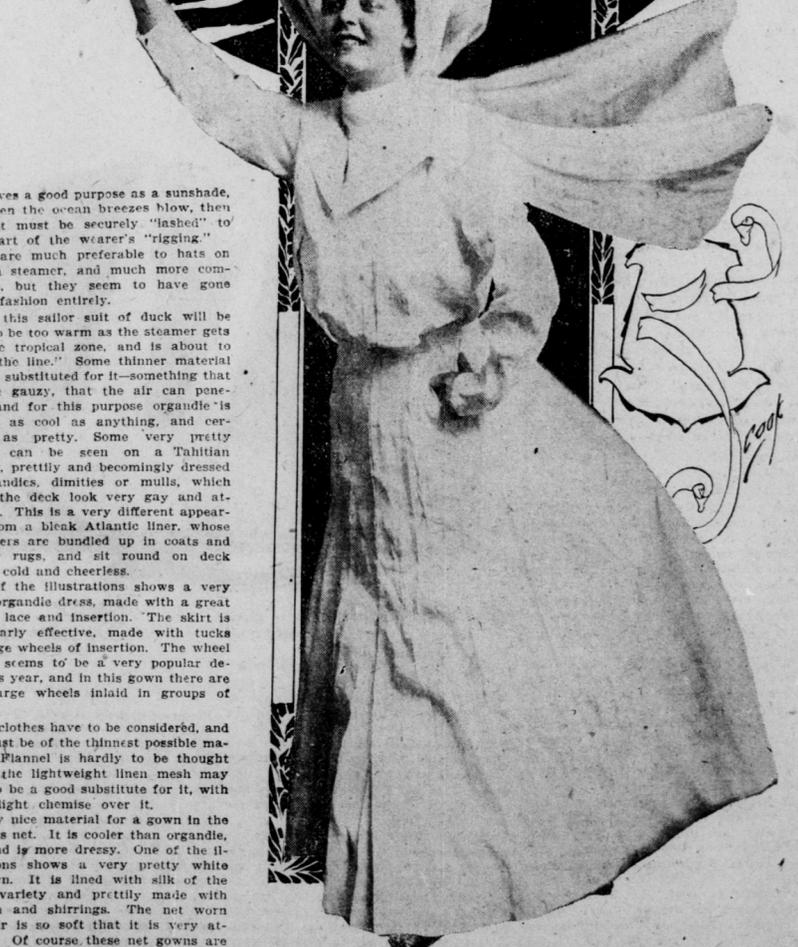
BLUE LINEN DRESS

WHAT TO WEAR

on a trip TO TAHITI

BY ELIZABETH AMES

SUITS FROM R. D. DAVIS & CO. PHOTOS BY VAUGHAN & KEITH



DRESS OF WHITE NET

GARDEN DRESS OF ORGANDIE

ing the duties, the functions and the etiquette of the royal family. Now, however, the blood is a good deal mixed by intermarriage with the French, and the race is more or less degenerate and listless. After all, perhaps, the stay of four or five days is long enough.

HANK AND LYSANDER

Fables for the Foolish

LYSANDER had so much ambition that it kept him awake nights. To be sure he wasn't quite certain what he was ambitious for or what particular department of human endeavor was to be gladdened by his strenuous participation, but that was a mere detail that could be attended to in the course of time after he had got down to business. One of his principal occupations was to lie on his back and gaze up at the fleecy little cloud, picturing to himself the while, if not oftener, the roseate future that was to be his when he could get around to it. The extreme jealousy of his dreams was compensated for by their great breadth and intensity. No matter what he set out to do he was convinced that he would be the only strawberry in the ice cream, to speak seasonably. Sometimes he could get far-away glimpses of himself holding down the Presidency of this United States and giving away pens that he had signed tariff bills with. There is nothing strange about this, as the native born American youth who has not seen himself in the White House must have something wrong with the ocular equipment of his imagination. Then Lysander would shift the scenes and decide that he was cut out for a hero; not a cheap hero of the ordinary, evanescent variety, who has never done anything more than save two or three hundred lives at the risk of his own, and has written a book about the experience that he never investigated, but a genuine, dyed in the wool invention, proof hero who worked at his trade all the time. When he should get fairly under way the Hero Fund Commission would find its work cut out for it looking after Lysander's activities. Perhaps he would keep his eyes fixed on the hero graft for two or three weeks and then he would decide to be a great author. You will notice that he was never anything but great wherever and whatever he was. To tell the truth Lysander had rather more than done anything particularly great or heroic, but all he lacks is the chance. In the meantime he does his brother the honor of boarding on him most of the time and telling him how to run his business and what should be done to reform the world. Hank says nothing and sells groceries. His son holds down the principal chair in the office of counsel for the International Railroad Syndicate, Limited—very limited—and his daughter has cornered one of the oldest and most impetuous titles in Debrett's list. He has three colleges and a home for disabled grocery-men to his credit and the treasurer of the national committee puts his name at the head of the list when the year's rounds campaign year. Thus we can see with one eye tied behind us that Hank is qualified to be ranked as one of the solid citizens of the community, while Lysander is still one of the most ambitious—and useless. The lesson that care and deliberation can extract from this brief but touching double-barreled biography is that the man who hitchhikes his wagon to a star should first make sure that he has enough power turned on to carry him up the steep grades. Copyright, 1903, by Albert Britt.

It is something new and interesting to take the sea voyage of thirty days or so to Tahiti, and to sail through tropical airs, balmy, soft and warm, tempered by the ocean breezes. And it is new and interesting to see the customs of a lazy, tropical race, to whom fashions are not only unknown but unthought of. The one garment worn by the native women is merely a Mother Hubbard, loose and free, and utterly devoid of style or grace. What is it to them that sleeves are worn large at the top, down to the elbow, with a tight cuff from elbow to wrist? The meaning of a lingerie petticoat with a detachable flounce is as obscure to their unsophisticated minds as was "Barabbas" to Charles Lamb. They would scorn the confinement and imprisonment of a corset at any price, and one can fancy their terrified incredulity at a corset costing the sum of \$250—almost a Prince's ransom. They little know that when excursionists start from this port for their tiny kingdom the subject of clothes is carefully considered, and large trunks are packed with all kinds and degrees of garments to be worn first on board the steamer and then on land. The single steamer bound for Tahiti is the Mariposa, and it is described to me as being a very comfortable and pleasant steamer to make a sort of home on for about four weeks, for the round trip is usually about thirty days. Now thirty days of traveling, and traveling in tropical weather, with no laundry facilities to be had, means a whole lot of clothes in pretty large trunks. We must start out, too, with warm wraps, underclothing, coats and rugs, which are shed gradually, one by one, and the lighter garments substituted for them. Leaving here in June and encountering the cold and foggy air and the rough winds of our coast, my friend was well wrapped up in her coat, and kept her steamer rug well around her when she sat on the deck. On the third day out the coat and steamer rug were discarded, on the fourth day a lighter dress was tried, and on the fifth day a costume for tropical wear was finally and permanently assumed. Perhaps it is not always smooth sailing on tropical seas, and possibly my friend was particularly favored, but she describes the voyage as pure delight. Calm, peaceful and tranquil, the waves were scarcely rude enough to rock her to sleep, and the moonlight nights on the ocean were warm and delightful. Her description has fired me with a desire to go. It seemed so different from my experience in crossing the Atlantic, where we were pitched and rolled about by angry

seas, where sleep was difficult and spasmodic, and where seasickness made life seem not worth living. There, when we ventured on deck, we found some pallid sufferers like ourselves wrapped up to their eyes in rugs and cloaks, clinging to their chairs and looking as if the "crown of martyrdom" could not compensate them for their misery. Then, too, there are always a few extremely obnoxious ones who parade in an offensive manner their freedom from seasickness, odious men who delight to smoke their cigars in the face and eyes of the suffering crowd, and whose emanation from all the trials and hardships of the voyage only emphasize the general dejection of the others. All this is so very, very different from my friend's description of her voyage to Tahiti that, as I said before, I am wild to go there, and shall certainly try to accomplish it. Her dresses, she told me, were all of thin lawn and dimity, after she reached the day of change, that is, the fifth day out. How many such light and cool garments she had I do not remember, but she must have had a great many, for the stay at Tahiti was only about four days, surely not long enough to wash and iron many of her beautiful robes and underclothes and lingerie, and soft and fluffy muslins. She told me that one of her fellow-passengers was a native Princess, who, as soon as the steamer came into the tropics, immediately put on her Mother Hubbard gown, which she wore with all the grace possible to that primitive garment. The Princess was gracious and communicative, and it pleased her to answer questions about the people of Tahiti and their customs. She bemoaned the contact of European civilization, which she thought was answerable for the degeneration and shrinking of her people—and she delighted to tell of their simple and kindly natures. And so the voyage passed, a delightful trip and a health-giving rest, and the island was reached at last. My friend, Mrs. R., was of course fortified with letters of introduction, but her stay there was very short, and she was mostly with the Goupils, who were most hospitable and kind. This family is by far the most important one at the island. They gave Mrs. R. a native dinner, which she seems to have enjoyed immensely. The menu will no doubt sound peculiar, and perhaps not altogether appetizing. Beginning with soup of some singular kind, the meat course was called by the familiar name of oysters, but turned out to be raw fish with a dressing of lemon juice—"perfectly delicious," said Mrs. R. (only excuse me, if you please, from eating my fish uncooked)—then prawns, something like miniature lobsters or magnified shrimps (the description was not very clear), baked bread fruit, fried plantains and roast pig. The pig, she was careful to explain, was home raised, clean, and of unexceptional character. But I forgot the one item which would

and serves a good purpose as a sunshade, but when the ocean breezes blow, then this hat must be securely "lashed" to some part of the wearer's "rigging." Caps are much preferable to hats on board a steamer, and much more comfortable, but they seem to have gone out of fashion entirely. Even this sailor suit of duck will be found to be too warm as the steamer gets into the tropical zone, and is about to "cross the line." Some thinner material must be substituted for it—something that is more gauzy, that the air can penetrate, and for this purpose organdie is perhaps as cool as anything, and certainly as pretty. Some very pretty women can be seen on a Tahitian steamer, prettily and becomingly dressed in organdies, dimities or muslins, which makes the deck look very gay and attractive. This is a very different appearance from a bleak Atlantic liner, whose passengers are bundled up in coats and steamer rugs, and sit round on deck looking cold and cheerless. One of the illustrations shows a very pretty organdie dress, made with a great deal of lace and insertion. The skirt is particularly effective, made with tucks and large wheels of insertion. The wheel pattern seems to be a very popular design this year, and in this gown there are some large wheels inlaid in groups of tucks. Underclothes have to be considered, and they must be of the thinnest possible material. Flannel is hardly to be thought of, but the lightweight linen mesh may prove to be a good substitute for it, with a fine light chemise over it. A very nice material for a gown in the tropics is net. It is cooler than organdie, even, and is more dressy. One of the illustrations shows a very pretty white net gown. It is lined with silk of the softest variety and prettily made with insertion and shirtings. The net worn this year is so soft that it is very attractive. Of course, these net gowns are hardly appropriate for steamer wear, but they are just the thing after the steamer reaches Tahiti, and the passengers are on shore. It must be understood that it is not all "Mother Hubbard" gowns in Tahiti. There is quite a little society there, and

the tropics. It is light and cool, and looks cool, and is really a consideration, and is, besides, very pretty. Quite an elaborate one is shown in one of the illustrations, made of blue chiffon and

still preserve the early poems and songs of this interesting race. The songs are mostly love songs, full of poetic imagery and tender passion. Some of the poems are long effusions, recount-