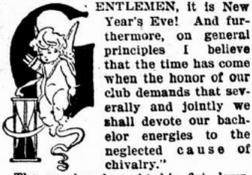


A New Year's Bureau of Chivalry

By MILTON MARKS



ENTLEMEN, it is New Year's Eve! And furthermore, on general principles I believe that the time has come when the honor of our club demands that we shall devote our bachelor energies to the neglected cause of chivalry.

The speaker brought his fist down with such a thump upon the table as to elbow that a glass that had stood too near the edge rolled off and broke in bits upon the hearth tiling. Each occupant of the club room started perceptibly at his easy chair. Nervous Mr. Emmet Keene dropped his newspaper in alarm. Solemn, dark-eyed Mr. Warren Gloom forgot to light his cigar, and held the lighted match in his hand until it burned the ends of his long, lank fingers. Ex-Alderman Samuel Hiller, who had been growing fainter as the sleigh with its load of young people was whisked into the distance by the prancing team. The members of the new chivalry rubbed their hands with satisfaction at thought of their evening's plans and did not mind their several tramps through the snow, when William had cleared the worst of it away from the veranda. Later that night many a "stovepipe" hat that had not had recent wear (for this style of headgear was not entirely common in Swam-

pucket) was taken out of dusty retirement and was given a whisk or two with a damp towel if it needed it; and many a woman of long black hair that had been tucked up for the morrow's wear. A gold-headed cane came to light with every tall hat, and New Year's day was full of promise.

The day dawned bright and clear. The snow was fine and hard and gave back a thousand sparkles for every glance from the bedroom window of the early riser. The ladies of Swam-pucket knew nothing of what was in store for them, but rose early to finish their New Year's cake and candy making and to attend to the thousand details of this day of nut cracking, and corn popping, and apple baking. Soon after breakfast a numerous tall and beribboned, but all with sprightly gait, might have been seen wending their way to a common rendezvous at the Bachelor club, and doubtless they were noticed by many, but the real alarm did not begin to be sounded by Swam-pucket society until the doorbells began to tinkle, tingle, tingle, that drew Mrs. Frey's attention to the door.



Her first caller took Miss Clarissa Frey entirely by surprise. As she entered explained, she felt as if the tide of time had taken her up bodily and set her back 30 years. When the doorbell rang she was not prepared for callers, being dressed, indeed, in her wrapper; but when she peeked through a side window had revealed the fact that her caller (world on end!) was Mr. Emmet Keene, dressed in evening with a bygone style of chivalry which she well remembered, even to the flaring white collar and black tie and the gold-headed cane, she flew with maidenly agitation to the very garret, leaving his admittance to others while she, alight in the spirit of the occasion, decked herself out with a wonder of a hoop skirt which her niece Phoebe had planned to wear that very night at a New Year's amateur play. Emmet Keene never had got ahead of Clarissa Frey, and he wouldn't do so at this late day if she could help it.

Mr. Keene was somewhat taken aback when, after a considerable delay, there entered the drawing-room an apparition that seemed to have a double in the storehouse of his memory. He tried to account for 30 years gone by, but for the life of him could not make it more than 20 in the figure before him. He had to admit, as he had done in times past, that Clarissa Frey was a remarkable woman. After the exchange of New Year's greetings and gossip Mr. Keene tried to explain the organization and purposes of the new bureau of chivalry, "a new—er—department of the Bachelor club," as he explained, with nervousness. But somehow the point didn't carry. Ly inadvertently mentioned the fact that the departure was founded upon the much discussed plea for protection from Mrs. Dexter Bloom, he found himself launched upon a deep and ethical discussion of women's clubs which ended only with the tinkle of the doorbells announcing the arrival of a fellow clubman, and indicating that Mr. Keene was not properly apportioning the time at his disposal among the members of the fair sex on his list.

Mrs. Dexter Bloom was a widow of considerable dignity and aggressive intellect. It cannot be said that she revealed any signs of agitation when Gen. Friessle Wiggins was announced.

Always Acceptable. A handsome lamp shade seldom comes amiss as a Christmas gift for a woman.

She was not subject to surprise. Much progressiveness had made her immune. Also there may have been another reason—but that is anticipating the climax of a New Year's "lighting spread" to which the Bachelor club took it upon itself to invite Swam-pucket society in the course of the day's calls. But Mrs. Dexter Bloom, despite her complacency, was quite sensible of Gen. Friessle Wiggins' commanding and graceful appearance as he stood on the threshold, silk hat in hand, meeting the half-natural, half-induced blush on her face with the bow of a courtier—but he shall be left to make his own call.

The theme of interest in the Globe office that night and in various other quarters was the impromptu "spread" of the Bachelor club. The composers were put to work setting up the "kid" reporter's spirited story of the day's New Year's calls, which was to have as a heading: "Old Boys Frolic! The things we do for you."

The organization of the bureau of chivalry was hinted at, and liberal space was left for whatever might develop at the spread. In the end a second story was written to cover the latter, for everybody said it was well worth it.

The Bachelor club opened its hospitable doors and kept them swinging until the place was fairly bursting with New Year's jollity, laughter and repartee—not to mention coffee and cake and good things to eat, as a little girl added who was present. Then, too, there was more romance in the air than the staid bachelor upholstery and hangings had absorbed in many a year.

The curiosity of some of the fair sex having been aroused by sundry inadequate references that had been dropped during the day to the organization and purposes of the proposed bureau of chivalry, it was naturally expected that the matter would be explained in full at the banquet. The members of the Bachelor club were somewhat divided as to how much of their plans on this score should be made public. It had at first been thought advisable to wait until the banquet and then to make a general announcement, for to be effective, the purposes of the bureau ought to be known to those who would require the services of the professional escorts which it would supply. But some members thought this would bring unpleasant publicity at the present personal stage of the proceedings, and that it would be best for the members to drop appropriate hints while making their New Year's calls. But the experience of Mr. Emmet Keene in divulging the matter seemed to have been the experience of nearly all who had essayed the embarrassing task. Nor had the general embarrassment of the situation visibly decreased by the time the coffee had been reached that New Year's night. Ex-Alderman Samuel Hiller, as a ready speaker, was urged by those near him at table to divulge the details of the club's mysterious plan. But in a speech that was considered felicitous, he referred to the whole matter to the editor of the plan, "to the esteemed and confirmed member of our club, Gen. Friessle Wiggins." That gentleman appeared to be visibly affected by the task confronting him. He stammered:

"Fellow members of the Bachelor club, it grieves me—he checked himself and looked hastily at Mrs. Bloom at his side, whose natural glow was heightened to that of a peony, "that is to say, it gives me pleasure." He paused again, this time to wipe the gathering beads of perspiration from his forehead. Drawing himself together, he started again: "As the poet said, the best laid plans of mice and men—Well, the fact is, boys, the plan has drawn back. I've talked it over with Mrs. Bloom, and she says that as far as the personal element is concerned, she thinks she will look after me herself—or, that is to say," but he never got farther, and fell back into his chair amid vociferous cries of "traitor!" and the enthusiastic applause of the fair sex.



A STRONG INCENTIVE.

Humper—I hear that the saloon-keepers have resolved to stop the custom of giving bottles of liquor to their customers for New Year's presents.

Bumper—They have, have they? Then hang me if I don't stick to my New Year's resolution this time.

He Imparts Information.

Little Ethel—Mamma told Freddy that if he wasn't good Santa Claus wouldn't bring him anything. Won't he?

Little George—Oh! Mamma's just throwing a scare into Freddy, and he's so little he don't know any better. Santa Claus leaves you things whether you're good or not—Fucky.

Heavy Drops.

Pete Green—Look here, Sam, when you comes home late on 'em, wife looks out ob de window, do she drop any insulations?

Sam Sparks—Well, you might call dem 'insulations, but I call dem flat-irons on 'em bootjacks—Chicago Daily News.

Back to Earth.

He—Good-by forever! I leave you now, never to return.

She—Well, for goodness sake, remember that it's cheaper to telephone than to send a messenger.—Lida.



O ANY of us in these stressful days find time for introspection, for glance ahead? In the slower past we seemed to have, even the most industrious of us, time for the "going apart alone," the inquiry how it is with you, my soul; but now we have little inclination for that, meditation is put away with the rest of the old-fashioned, un-modern.

An editor friend of mine was asked if they turned out much work in her office. "O, yes," she said; "we don't think, we just typewrite."

On the eve of the New Year let us be old-fashioned once more; look back into Time, and look forward. What has been the job of the last twelve months, what the outlook for the twelvemonth to come. Let us take stock. What resolutions should we venture on?

Wary of present materialism, we will look to character first of all. What retrogression have the past year? Have we grown a shade more selfish, lax, unsympathetic? And do we hypocritically look out for our own interests? Do we look with increased pride on the laxity and term it "tolerance," an advance in worldly wisdom? Are we satisfied with the narrowing of our sympathies, and do we speak of this as "more philosophy"? Quite likely.

And now comes the contemplation. How far do we want this to go on? Shall we let self-interest, a letting down of standards, unscrupulous go on to an old age ruled by mercenary motives, marked by low principles, by inhumanity? Heigho! Just this calling of things by their right names has brought us up short; we tremble a little over the careless past; are afraid of that unsavory old age. Maybe it would be well on New Year's Day to old-fashionedly put up some old-fashioned resolutions:

"For selfishness is death."
"I had a very unpleasant conversation with my conscience."
"Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he do not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun."

Let us go on taking stock. How is it with the health of the body? Has the whole matter to be considered—our evil habits, the waste of tissues; expended energy; the price of health? Or have we been in temperate of wine and meat?—the one evil no greater than the other. Have we thought and talked nothing but symptoms, been wholly concerned with the carnal? So many omissions, so many over-anxieties we may have been guilty of. Let us put in prominence on New Year's Day:

"A sound mind in a sound body."
"The best part of health is fine disposition. It is more essential than talent, even in the works of talent. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom."
Have we been cross, irritable, irritating? "Let a man practice the minor virtues." Have we been inaccurate, untruthful? "In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if every-faulting, every malformation, had been trained away."
Have we been hermit, or frivolous; one extreme or the other? Have we shut ourselves away from mankind, lived a life of selfish seclusion, untroubled ourselves with civic and social responsibilities, got ourselves into a state where any reminder of the great world outside seems unparadonably intrusive, unparadonably impudent? Look out, look out. Hang these words where your eyes may light upon them oft in the New Year:

"He prayeth best who loveth best. All things both great and small." And the over-frivolity. What has all amounted to; the late hours, the night-of-it piled upon night-of-it? No books, no thoughtfulness, no time for charitable deed, for hunting up neglected friend, for the kindly bodily duties. True, "We must have society. We cannot spare variety." But likewise true we must have some variety from Society. Body and soul need quiet, repose, an escape from jar and fret. And what is the New Year guide for this blundering?

"This the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society." It means the best of us, the best that it is possible to find a friend? Take heart from these words:

"Nor scold the seas, nor sift mankind, A poet or a friend to find. Behold, he watches at the door! Behold his shadow on the floor!"

Have we been too busy, too hurried to be kind, gentle, responsive; have we counted "business," underrated friendliness, let us hang this where the light will shine on it full and bright: "Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy." Have we been unrelenting; unforgiving, retaliatory? Dare we so continue, so belittle ourselves? "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it for the memory of a wrong."

Heigho! All the walls of all the rooms will be covered with motto; with advice and admonition. Let us see them with a seeing eye once in awhile.

KATHERINE POPP.

The Fashions of the Winter

One is impressed by the combination of thin stuffs and velvet, almost every good dressmaker will have a model showing this feature of the season's styles. Net and velvet are united, and with good effect, the net heavy and substantial, the velvet used as band at the bottom and rather sparingly otherwise. One excellent model of brown net thus trimmed was brought to our attention, and also a good black, made up over white. The brown had a brown foundation.



A peacock-blue broadcloth embroidered elaborately in the feathers of this proud bird, was completed by a hat of velvet in the peacock blue, one of the small tip-titled affairs we expect and see on every other woman we meet. Although the style is common, many of the individual hats are not at all common, still still style. A peacock green cloth of softest, most beautiful appearance, had one feature particularly noticeable; the sleeves slashed to the shoulder to disclose cream net undersleeves, and the vest made with a V at the neck to give another hint of the net waist.

Brown, which we seemed to think quite out of fashion, promises presently to be in the height of fashion. A warm shade in velvet is most effective when employed with rich dark furs, and recently we were attracted by a handsome seal coat made with rolling fronts and a straight, loose front of brown velvet, embroidered delicately in gold. Brown crepe de chine is exquisite. This well appreciated material now comes in all shades. Crepe de chine loses none of its vogue; we should say it is more in favor than ever. The lovely dahlias shades are particularly lovely in crepe; and also the lighter shades of red at present so much approved, the old rose and pinks. Yesterday a girl out for a walk flashed by in a chic costume of rose broadcloth,

the skirt a high princess, the coat short, with waistcoat of lace showing. One meets, day and evening, both such shades and dark; there is not now such criticism of overdressing as once there was. In the current phrase, everything goes.

A new shade is apricot, a pinkish yellow that, in spite of prejudice, is very fetching, and very becoming when becoming at all. It is especially good in soft cloths and in millinery. Glaring colors and combinations, we rejoice to say, are relegated to the background—are quite banished. Long may they stay away! The peacocks are brilliant, but they are beautifully, not crudely, brilliant. The tinsel used is not the cheap, showy sort, but of rich beauty, and lovely embroidered beilings are seen at the exclusive shops.

It may not be out of place to speak of the coiffure of the season and the style of comb in favor. The hair is done high on the head, with a very loose, puffy arrangement at back and sides. The preference is given to a single back comb, a wide elaborate one. A showy window the back may make use of the "rat"; alas, many who present a most untidy appearance, the pad showing through and adding to the dishevelledness. This style is good when not exaggerated; very bad when untidy. Lovely combs may be had with an edge of gold flange, the first cost considerable, but they never tarnish, can be handed down as an heirloom.

Taken by and large women this year present a neat, smart appearance, the tailored suits to have the credit. To be sure, there are loose effects, but the lines are long and straight. The new woman does not necessarily mean prim; today it means smart.

A few weeks ago we chronicled the use of ribbons as trimming, and would again call attention to the fact that they are distinctly in style. A showy window may have on display a half dozen costumes trimmed with ribbon, and to-day we passed before one filled with net evening gowns adorned with rows and rows of ribbon frills, the frills narrow and in colors. One white net had lavender frills; a prettier costume was of pink and white and one equal to this in prettiness was of blue and white. A very white tulle waist and skirt, the last, its sole trimming a soft tuff of pale blue high on one side.

To obtain the fashionable low flare for the skirt there is now in use a featherbone framework with silk founce at the foot. It does not interfere with the natural lines of the figure and does hold the skirt out gracefully. Some dressmakers make use of hair cloth bouffes, but the featherbone framework has good points. It is made up daintily, often the bones covered with shirred ribbon. It is not so expensive nor so heavy as a much befurred petticoat, and gives the right hang to the skirt above.

A smart raincoat is in box coat style, and has pockets above and below the waist. The favored colors are tans, Ox-fords and olive greens, and the coats now come in a heavier material than formerly, meeting the demand for a winter wrap. The separate long coat is growing in favor, a coat that may be worn with different gowns. Women have got tired of the suit with its tendency for the skirt to fade and presently not match the jacket; welcome the separate wrap.

A beautiful largish hat—none of the hats this year are very big—of violet plush is a dream. The plush fitted smoothly, this giving a satin sheen much better than folds or punts would have been. The shape was not unlike a longish sailor of years ago, the only trimming a ruche of white illusion. And concerning the color of hat one should wear, taste is divided between the hat that matches the costume exactly and the one that contrasts. A elegant gray gown and wrap were worn with a hat of peacock blue velvet; the effect very good. Peacock blue and peacock green are in highest favor in both millinery and gowns; the cheap feathers have not driven them out.

A maline neck ruff usually proves very becoming, and not a few are seen at opera and theater. They come in the delicate shades, perhaps the most popular in white. For afternoon occasions furs take their place. Afternoon toilettes are marked by rich colors, evening gowns seem best this year when in the delicate shades. Nothing is in higher favor than pale blue, pink and old rose. Soft materials lead, the clinging kind. White lawn and nainsook waists have an unprecedented vogue; where silk was considered the only choice of waist, now we have the dainty and seemingly simple lawn and nainsook. The same materials are also forward for chemise and undersleeve with gowns of velvet or broadcloth, the white goods daintily hand-tucked. It is a very pretty fashion.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

Zitting the Hat.

Do you know that the custom of lifting one's hat dates back to the age of chivalry? Knights, then, never appeared in public without their full armor. When they entered an assemblage of friends they removed their helmets. This action signified: "I am safe in the presence of friends." Thus the custom of gentlemen of to-day means the same thing—that he is in the presence of a friend.

Certainly a Bird.

Broe—I see four finger rings and 17 brooches were used in the construction of a marten's nest which had been lodged from beneath the eaves of a house in Frogmore, England. What do you think of that?

He—Well, I should say that what is a "bird," that's all.—Yonkers Statesman.

As a Matter of Economy.

"Why do you print so many dialect stories in your magazine?"

"Well, I'll be honest with you. We do it to save the cost of hiring proof readers."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Heartless.

Distressed Mother (traveling with a crying baby)—Dear me! I don't know what to do with this child!

Bachelor (in next seat)—Shall I open the window for you, madam?

Why New York Need Not Fear a Hostile Fleet

City Too Well Defended to Suffer from Attack of Most Powerful Foreign Fleet.

The visit of Prince Louis of Battenberg to this country is now but a memory—pleasant and picturesque—but the question which the British admiral raised as to the helplessness of New York before a fleet of the most modern and powerful battleships is still a living issue. In fact, like Banquo's ghost, it will not down, at least not until it is downed by the array of formidable facts as to the defenses of the great eastern metropolis.

Prince Louis is reported to have said—either in jest or in earnest—that the 16 battleships and cruisers which sailed into New York harbor under the command of Admiral Evans and himself could reduce the city to a heap of ruins in less time than the chef on the prince's flagship, the Drake, could prepare an omelet, and naturally the remark created no little sensation, and Father Knickerbocker nearly had cold chills, notwithstanding the warmth of the reception given to the royal guest, and forthwith the nervous old gentleman began to take an inventory of fighting stock and enumerate the strongholds which could be depended upon in the hour of danger to protect the vast wealth and interests of the city.

Are the defenses of New York city incomplete and insufficient? Could such a fleet of fighting ships as Britain might muster, or France, or Germany, get within striking distance of the city and pour in such

thunderbolts of fire and steel as to reduce the city to a heap of ruins? These are questions that are being asked these days not only in New York city, but throughout the whole country, for no such calamity as was hinted at by Prince Louis could befall the eastern metropolis without affecting the entire nation. Perhaps these questions have been answered before, but just now people want them answered again, if for no other reason than to prove that our royal guest did not know what he was talking about.

The 15 forts and batteries in and about New York harbor answer an emphatic no to the questions propounded. There are nearly 200 massive, powerful guns mounted in those forts and batteries, ready at an instant's notice to thunder forth such a mighty denial of the charges of weakness and inefficiency as to make a veritable sieve out of every armored battleship that would have the temerity to poke its nose within speaking distance of the American shore and New York harbor. Nearly 6,000 soldiers are on the alert day and night, and drilling constantly. Every day the big guns are oiled and polished and made ready for the time when they could come to get into action.

A hostile fleet approaching New York would be greeted by the shot and shell from Fort Hancock, Hamilton, Wadsworth, Rodman, Trumbull, Wright, Terry, Slocomb, Schuyler, Totten, Jay and other powerful batteries, long before they could come to get into action. At Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook, the most powerful guns in commission are mounted, and admitting that an attacking squadron would be able to safely run the gauntlet of mines with which the outer harbor would be filled, it would have to reckon with them. One of the guns is a 16-inch giant, capable of hurling a 2,400-pound projectile 21 miles at the rate of 2,300 feet per second. While this gun is not mounted, it being inexpedient to keep it in training in time of peace, it could be quickly placed in position and sweep the harbor approaches with its terrific fire. And even granting its ineffectiveness at the 20-mile range, there is no question that it would be a formidable weapon at the 10 or 12-mile range.

Should the attempt be made to reach the city by way of Long Island sound, the invading fleet would have to run a gauntlet of forts, beginning with Fort Rodman, near New Bedford, to Fort Trumbull, at New London, and on down the chain to Fort Wright and Terry, standing on islands that divide the fairway of the sound into narrow channels. But should the enemy get into the sound, a feet by the way wha-

and the Narrows, the case would be quite hopeless. But another factor must be reckoned with in considering the forces against which a hostile fleet would have to contend, and that is the fighting ships, big and little—from the great battleships down to the submarine destroyers and torpedo boats—of Uncle Sam's growing navy. What would this force amount to? There are five 16,000-ton battleships, which entered the water in 1904-1905, while there are others yet to be launched, 15 in all, namely: the Connecticut, Kansas, Virginia, Nebraska, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Mississippi, Idaho, Louisiana, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Vermont, South Carolina and Michigan. The Connecticut and Louisiana were launched a year ago and both are under contract to be delivered next year. The Virginia, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Nebraska are also a hand, and the contract for the New Hampshire has been closed, a step yet to be taken with the South Carolina and Michigan.

In addition to the above the armored cruisers California, South Dakota, Tennessee and Washington are all 85 per cent completed, and the protected cruiser St. Louis and Milwaukee, while the Charleston can be put in trim on slight notice. And of these must of course be added the Maine, Missouri, Kentucky, Illinois, Alabama, Iowa, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Kearsarge and Maryland, the ships which comprised Admiral Evans' squadron when he played host to Prince Henry.

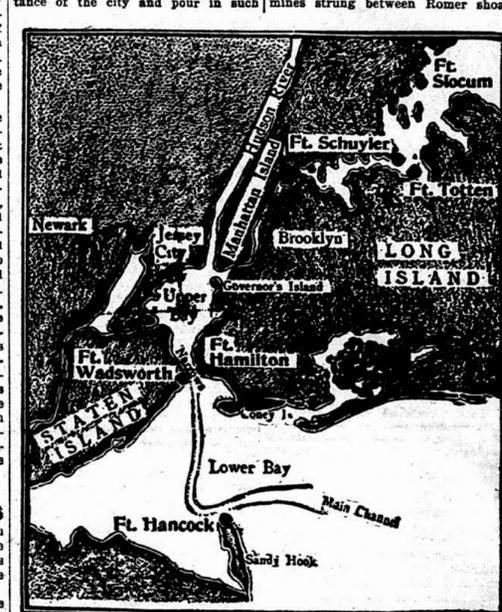
Gen. Gravel, who is in command of the Atlantic seaboard defenses, called when asked if New York would be jeopardized by a hostile fleet in time of war, and said emphatically: "It would be absolutely impossible for any hostile fleet to approach near enough to even cast an occasional shell into the city. Of that the city and country may rest absolutely assured. The inhabitants of New York could sleep as secure from fear of bombardment in time of war as it may now in time of peace."

"So well guarded is the city that the combined navies of the world, including our own, could not lay waste the city or reduce it to anything like ruin. But the city is not absolutely impregnable, except to sea attack. It might be possible for a hostile army to land somewhere along the coast and attack New York from the rear. But there would be a few obstacles barring the way to the back door as well as the front."

WILLIS S. EDSON.



MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING SIX OF THE GREAT FORTS THAT GUARD ITS NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN APPROACHES.



MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING SIX OF THE GREAT FORTS THAT GUARD ITS NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN APPROACHES.