Old Clothes Almost Partake of Immortality

From One Owner to Another They Pass, Always Going Downward in the Social Scale. Some Curious Incidents.

The summer season is now well under way and folks before they hie themselves away to seashore and mountain are disposing of their winter and spring wearing apparel in order to make room in their wardrobes for fashion's recently-created dainties and conceits. Some persons send discarded garments to poor relations in the country, where they may be worn with impunity and without danger of any social rival's sharp eyes observing and thus obtaining a choice morsel for gossipy table talk.

Others who think that they have a knack for business exchange the articles for clothware and there are any number of peddlers who willingly give as much as 10 cents' worth of their stock in trade for clothes that will readily net them as many dollars. Then again there is a class of persons who are charitably inclined and give their clothes to servants or to deserving poor people.

Sometimes the wearing apparel changes hands a dozen or more times before it finally finds a place in the store of the old clothes dealer, who sells and sends them again on their travels.

A suit of clothes was recently traced on its round of changes in order to disprove a charge of theft, and this will serve to show how often such articles change hands. A certain Senator gave a suit to his waiter, who wore it for a while, and then presented it to the latter. This gentleman attended a cake walk in the garments, which were somewhat ample and he was so hurt at the remarks made by his best girl that he forthwith traded the suit off to a friend, who had it made to fit him quick by a busheiman.

ON ITS ROUNDS.

Hard times came and this fellow lost his job and the suit was sacrificed at a second-hand store, where a bootblack, whom fickled fortune had smiled upon and blessed with a period of prosperity, became the proud possessor of it. As times changed the suit of many owners came to another bootblack, who in turn sold it to a newsboy, and he to another to the same boy craft.

As the senator wends his way down Pennsylvania avenue in the morning he may see his suit, or at least what is left of it, adorning the person of a lusty-throated vender of papers, who plies his trade not far from Seventh street. This is by no means an exaggerated case, and there are many bed-carriers and day-laborers who to-day wear suits that once covered the body of a Supreme Court Justice, and mayhaps of even the Chief Executive of the nation himself.

Sooner or later in the history of a suit, unless by chance it be cut down and altered for the younger generation, it finds its way into an old clothes establishment. Only a small part of the stock of a dealer is bought at his store. The peddlers bring in a part, but the large quantity is collected by the old clothes gatherers who go from house to house.

Often pedestrians are stopped, and after inquiring if they have anything to sell, generally business cards are thrust into their hands in the hope that after looking at it they may come to the conclusion that they have something to sell, which is generally the case. A progressive up-to-date dealer has come to the wise conclusion that it is better to advertise and he is now enjoying a large and lucrative trade. It is quite dangerous to listen to the seductive and persuasive voices of the old-clothes men who accost you on the street.

HIS INNOCENT WIFE.

Some time ago one of these quick-witted, oily-tongued fellows convinced a gentleman that was on his way down town that he had something at home that he did not want, and was constrained to give the fellow his address. A few days later, when there was a decided change in the weather, he looked for a warmer suit, and found that his wife had not only sold his worn garments, but had also received the magnificent sum of 75 cents for a $40 suit of clothes which had been worn but a few times. Another dangerous feature in the selling of easily-recognizable clothing is the likelihood of meeting one's old friends under such circumstances, or being worn by such persons that it will be rendered evident that the articles disposed of for a money consideration required in a time of financial stringency.

A gentleman some time since bought a suit made of imported goods, which was pretty much on the English and exhibited a very loud and large check. After wearing it on several occasions, he came to the conclusion that it was too gaudy, and he sold it to a clothing store agent.

A few days after, while walking down one of the fashionable promenades of the city, he met some friends to whom he bowed graciously. But he was unable to account for their amused and quizzical glances until he noticed directly behind him a colored gentleman who wore a suit that was, without doubt, the one that he had owned and in which his friends had seen him dressed.

A lady who was vainly trying to keep up appearances gave a reception and for the occasion engaged a man-servant. She told him to be sure and present himself in a full dress suit. When the festivities were at their height, a dame whose husband has recently come into millions of dollars and cents suddenly caught sight of the major-domo who was trying to do the honors of the evening while encased in a sixteen-year-old boy's suit.

She recognized something familiar in the general make-up and, much to the hostess' discomfort, startled the guests by declaring that the butler had on her Willie's old suit.

There was a divorce case recently in Washington in which a suit of clothes figured. The husband did not like a suit that he had bought and he gave it to his wife to have dyed.

DISCOVERED HER QUILT.

Whenever he asked her about it she would give him an evasive answer and would become so flurried and excited that he suspected something was wrong. One day while passing a second-hand store he noticed his suit hanging out in front of the door. He then knew that his wife had deceived him and he accused her of infidelity. She confessed that she had given it to a man with whom she had been intimate and he had doubtless sold it at this store. This actually happened and by mutual consent a divorce was quietly obtained.

When articles of clothing are brought to a store the pockets are the first thing that receive attention and there are many stories told of how a wallet filled with paper has been placed in a garment in order to get from the dealer a large price, because he thinks he has a treasure of which the other party is ignorant. But it is seldom that the store-keepers find anything of much value but they often reap a harvest of oddly assorted articles.

Sometimes money and valuables are in the pockets and remain undiscovered by both the buyer and seller. The wife of a prominent lawyer of this city gave a card-driver a suit of old clothes and seventy-five cents for hauling away some rubbish. A few hours after it was discovered that her husband had placed some time before three twenty dollar bills in the pockets of the old pants in order to keep them from his wife, who had a habit of going through his clothes. A search was immediately instituted and after some difficulty the old driver was found but he had already disposed of the suit to an ashman.

The pursuit was resumed and this fellow discovered, but not until he had traded the clothes for a piece of harness for his mule. This owner had not felt satisfied with his possession and he sold it to a rag-man. Finally the rag-man was found wearing the coat and vest, but had cast in blissful ignorance the three $20 bills and the old pair of trousers into the mill with the rest of his rags. Here the hunt ended and the money, too, for that matter.

Another person received 50 cents for an old dress which had been worn several years before to the marriage of a cabinet officer's daughter. After a few days she happened to remember that each one of the forty or fifty buttons on the dress had been made of solid gold in accordance with a conceit of the times, and they were worth $2.50 a piece. There could not be found any clew to the whereabouts of this valuable article and it was never known whether the old clothes gatherer profited by his bargain or remained ignorant of the worth of the buttons.

THEY ALL DO IT.

Those who dispose of their old clothing are not confined to the middle and poorer classes but even the richest and most aristocratic often patronize the dealers on the sly. A lady not far from St. John's Church after a long period of deliberation sent for one of these men, but with instructions that he call in the evening. This he did and after considerable dickering about 8 o'clock emerged from the gate in the rear staggering under a huge bundle of clothing.

He proceeded for a short distance without molestation, when, as he came out of the alley, a zealous, sharp-eyed guardian of the peace caught sight of him. With an exclamation of surprise the bluecoat pounced down upon him, and, deaf to all explanations, carried him off to the station-house. There the bundle was opened and the rich haul of the suspected burglar placed piece by piece on the floor.

The inside of the pockets and the coat collar bore in indelible ink the name of a man of such wealth and prominence that the very idea of the fellow having bought the clothes, as he claimed to have done, seemed preposterous. The news of the alleged robbery spread and a crowd gathered around the house. The unfortunate old clothes man, with the contents of his pack strewn all around him, was placed in the patrol wagon. With the gong ringing out the alarm and a large crowd running alongside, the conveyance rattled noisily up the aristocratic avenue and stopped in front of the lady's residence.

The surprise and chagrin of the brave capturer of the bold burglar may be imagined when he had the door slammed in his face and was told to mind his own business, after having communicated the startling intelligence that the house had been robbed.

The public generally regard a second-hand clothes establishment with suspicion. Those in the humbler walks of life know better than this, however, for there they may obtain a suit or an overcoat of as fine texture as the wealthiest wear and pay for it a sum seldom exceeding $10. These institutions are of great benefit to the poor people and no one knows this better than the poor themselves.

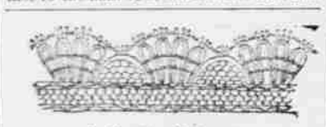
BOBBIN OR PILLOW LACE.

An Industry Engaging the Attention of Women Everywhere.

"Have you ever thought," said a bright lady not long ago, "that a common article of one generation is often a 'curio' of the next?" The object that called forth this remark, was a yellow piece of hand-made lace, known as "bobbin" or "pillow lace."

The making of bobbin lace has never been popular in the United States, but in England and the Continent it has been an industry that at times has been considered of national importance.

There are two general classes of hand-made lace, and with us, the higher class or needle-point, has entirely taken the place of bobbin lace. Ladies fond of decorative needle-work naturally take to the art of making "point lace," not only on account of its dainty and artistic character, but because it can be easily carried. For "thimble parties," and such functions, the dainty stitches form and multiply while malady, plying her needle in and out, adds her bon mot to the hum of social converse that fills



A Pretty Pattern.

the rooms when friends in tasty gowns sit in little groups with needlework that does not detract from the real object of the party, namely, its social feature. With bobbin lace, the size and weight of the cushion or pillow, the possibility of disarranging the work, the hanging bobbins, all tend toward making this lace what it is, a mechanical labor, rather than a pastime. And we are not fond of labor unless it is disguised.

It is said that for centuries lace was sacred to the service of religion only, on account of the amount of labor required in making it, the church alone could afford it.

Although as a work of art bobbin lace does not rank with needle-point, yet many valued laces are ranked with this class of work; Brussels, Mechlin and Valenciennes all are cushion laces.

Bobbin or pillow lace is supposed to have originated in Italy at the close of the fifteenth century, although it has been claimed that it is a German invention, but as the history of the art does not begin at Sr. Annaberg earlier than 1561, and lace was exported from Italy in 1536, the former country may claim its origin. Germany and Switzerland, and other countries in time specialized this work, and in the course of time characteristic laces were produced that had a local character, such as Brussels, etc.

Lace makers form the fabric entirely during the progress of the work, and the implements are wooden bobbins, a cushion, a pattern, and very fine thread.

The piece of lace referred to at the beginning of this article was described by its owner as having been made in Europe, in the "twenties" of this century. It was made on a "reps" cushion of a green color. This pillow was filled with bran or sawdust until it was hard.

The bobbins were small elongated spindles tapering and swelling at one end into little handles. The finest of thread was wound on some of these bobbins, others had a coarse flax thread on them, and these bobbins in turn answered to the warp thread in weaving.

The lace was made according to a pattern which was pricked upon smooth parchment showing where, in the pricked holes, the pins were stuck, for these pins that went through the parchment into the stiff cushion were the "points d'arret" for the formation of the stitches that made the pattern in the lace.

It is said that the art of cushion or bobbin lace is reviving in England, but the length of time required in making it, the mechanical character of the industry, and the beautiful and cheap machine made lace, often hard to detect from the hand made, all would tend toward its unpopularity as an industry with us.

VIRGINIA BURTON.

Discriminating.

"This almost ferocious diversion" is how a Spanish paper alludes to the game of football.—Exchange.

The Lady and the Tramp.

"Ah," said the lady to the tramp,
"You've eaten of my food,
And all I ask is that you may
Be full of gratitude."

His voice showed deep emotion as
He answered with a sigh:
"I can't be full of gratitude,
Because I'm full of pie."
—Detroit Free Press.

Her Symphony.

Her gown's a dream of ecstacy,
Her feathered hat a symphony,
And she is just in clover.
Alack, the hat she wears to-day
For some poor man will spoil the play
Before the week is over.
—Boston Courier.

These Women Are Very New

THEIR PROFESSION IS HORSE THIEVING.

A Vocation in Which the Wit of the New Woman Has Worked Famously.

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As a means of making her way in the world horse stealing appears to be growing in favor with the new woman and those of her sex who are merely wicked. Those of her who have tried this form of mental and physical effort seem to have won as conspicuous laurels in their chosen field as do those others who have preferred to study law, take post-graduate courses, or bike in bloomers. It may be true, as that very learned man, Herr Strindberg, asserts, that a woman cannot, by reason of mental inferiority, make as good a cup of coffee as a man can, but when it comes to stealing horses she has proved that her mental qualites are quite the equal of his.

But no matter how much daring and success the woman horse thief may pursue her vocation, the "eternal feminine" will sometimes assert itself, as it did in the case of that curly-haired one in Montana, whose curling iron, carried in her hip pocket, led to her detection and arrest. But sometimes she drops the "eternal feminine" with her skirts, and, as long as she wears trousers,

Mrs. Helen Scott.

seems to be as manlike as any of her companions in crime. Such was the case with the young woman in Missouri, who was the leader of a gang of horse thieves, and whose sex was never suspected until after her arrest. And in the meantime her raids upon stable and pasture had been particularly daring and successful.

Of all the women whom fin de siecle degeneracy, or love of adventure, or need of extracting a living from the world, has driven into this form of activity, the one with the most checkered career is Mrs. Helen Scott, of Southern New Mexico. For four years this woman was one of the leading spirits in a gang of ex-cowboys, who had become horse thieves. They ranged all over Southern New Mexico and Arizona, and slipped over the line into Old Mexico whenever the sheriffs and deputy marshals were too warm on their track. They captured more horses, disposed of them to better advantage and eluded the officers of the law more successfully than any other band of horse thieves in the southwest. One of the men, after they were finally captured, privately declared that much of their success was due to the wariness and astuteness of Mrs. Scott's counsels and methods. She dressed all that time in men's clothes, and nobody would have guessed from her appearance that she was anything but a slender, handsome boy. Her companions all knew her sex, and among them and the sheriffs who chased her for four years she was known as Curly Hank Holder—shortened usually to Curly Hank. For her hair, unlike that of the Montana woman, did not need the curling iron to keep it in waves and curls all over her head.

Mrs. Scott had been a wife and the mother of four children before she took to outlawry. During her married life she had lived in Texas, where existence for her had been as patient, uneventful and dutiful as it is for thousands of other wives and mothers. When her husband died she took her children to El Paso and struggled along, earning a living for them as best she could. Then one day she put them to board with a poor woman and disappeared. For four years afterward she would appear once in two or three months, make them a short visit, pay for their board in advance, buy clothes for them, make them presents, and then sink into the unknown again.

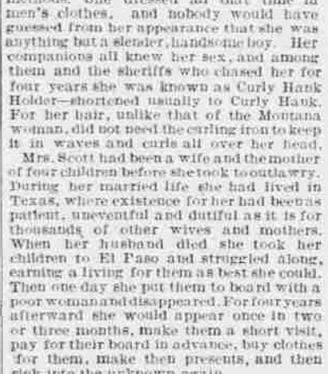
But the battle of wits between outlaws and sheriffs, however long it may last, is bound in time to be won by the sheriffs. And so at last Mrs. Scott and her cowboy band were capture din Dona Ana County, New Mexico, and taken to Las Cruces for trial.

Mrs. Scott's case aroused much sympathy, for her face was refined and attractive, her manner modest, and her speech that of an educated, cultured woman. And of course lawyers and judge and jury and everybody else in the community were much impressed by her fine, womanly appearance, her lawyer made the most of the feeling in her favor that was possible and she was found not guilty.

After the trial was over, Mrs. Scott, in conversation, frequently admitted her connection with the horse thieves. Asked how she came to adopt such a life, she replied:

"I had to make a living for my children, and was tired of struggling along in the hand-to-mouth sort of way. I tried my very best, and all I could do was to get them barely enough to eat and wear. I wanted to do more than that and this was the only way I could see of accomplishing anything else."

There may have been truth in what she said, but it certainly was not the whole truth. A part thereof is that she was deeply in love with the leader of the band—a six-foot specimen of cowboy skill and daring. It was probably a case in which love said "Come," and the



At the Head of the Cowboy Troop.

woman obeyed. He did not get off as easily as she did, for the jury found him guilty. But while he was waiting to be taken to the penitentiary he escaped from the county jail, as everyone believed, by her contrivance and help, and was found concealed in her room. He was retaken, and is now serving his time in the Territorial penitentiary. Her evident connection with his escape was winked at, because of the favorable impression she had made, and the general belief that she had given up horse-stealing for good, and intended to earn an honest living. Her eldest children were adopted into good families, and the other two were placed in an orphan asylum. A small sum of money was collected to tide her over immediate difficulties, and a chance was given her to try her hand at housework. She has done so in a good many households of that region, and there is a concensus of opinion among those households that Mrs. Scott's talents do not lie in the domain of cooking and housecleaning. She is too likely to forget the weekly washing while absorbed in the

Mrs. Scott's New Vocation.

attempt to paint her mistress' portrait, and to let the dinner burn while she embroiders a sofa cushion for the parlor.

For in Mrs. Scott's education, as sometimes happened twenty years ago, the accomplishments were not as much neglected as were some other things, and her return to respectability and opportunity has revived the desire not to get rusty.

"Did you really enjoy that wild life?" the mistress of a household in which she worked asked her one day.

"Yes, I did," she replied with some hesitation. "That is, I did, after the very first of it. At first I felt queer in men's clothes and it seemed as if everybody who saw me must know at once that I was a woman, and I was so afraid of exciting suspicion and getting the boys into trouble. But I began to like it. It was so free, and there was always enough excitement and risk to keep your wits alive and your nerves on edge. Of course, it is wrong, theoretically, to steal horses. I knew that, as well as any one; but we only took from those who didn't need them as badly as we did and mostly from those who, we knew, had been dishonest to somebody else, and I didn't consider it nearly so bad as hundreds of things that lawyers and business men do right straight along and nobody ever says a word about. Besides, I could make more money for my children than I could in any other way that I had ever tried, and I had become so discouraged with the other ways that when I found one by which I could make a comfortable living for them I was so relieved that I really didn't care whether it was right or not.

"I liked the boys' too. They were good fellows, every one of them, and as brave as they could be, and it is an outrage that they have been put in the penitentiary. They are better men to-day than half the other Americans in the Territory. They took my advice about everything we did, and they all thought I had good judgment about things, and we all liked one another and got on so well together. Yes, I must say that I really enjoyed the life very much. It was the happiest four years that I ever spent."

From which confession it will appear that Mrs. Helen Scott is as hopeless a complication of age-end degeneracy, new womanhood, female criminality and the eternal feminine as even Dr. Max Nordau or Prof. Lombroso himself need wish to investigate.

A UNIQUE SPORTING CARNIVAL.

Phenomenal Prizes to Be Offered at the French Exhibition.

The sporting community is to be catered to on a lavish scale during the next French exhibition. The big event does not take place until 1,900, but the outlines are already well defined and the committee on sporting has drafted a most attractive programme. The following details appear in the London Field of April 6:

"We are still some way off the great French exhibition of 1900, but preparations for it have already been commenced, and among other projects which have been put more or less into concrete form is one relating to the sporting department. A committee was appointed some time ago to draw up a scheme, and after deciding that the sporting section should be located in the large park to the east of Paris, known as the Bois de Vincennes, this committee has suggested that shooting prizes to the value of about 35,000 pounds should be offered, of which 20,000 pounds will be for rifle, revolver, and target shooting, 8,000 for pigeon shooting, 4,000 for heavy ordnance and 3,000 for bow and arrow and cross bow shooting. It has been suggested that the pigeon shooting ground should be so arranged that the competitions may take place from different points according to the direction of the wind. It has been decided that the regattas, for which liberal prizes will be offered, shall be held on the River Marne, which is close to the Bois de Vincennes, while bicycling, which is scarcely likely to have gone out of fashion in the five years' time, is not forgotten in the programme, the proposal being to set aside a sum of at least 5,000 pounds for a series of twenty fixtures, most of which will take place on a Thursday (always a half-holiday in France), and at which, in addition to regular races, there will be organized parades, notably of military cyclists of all nationalities.

"There will be no difficulty in arranging for these bicycle competitions, as the municipal council of Paris has already provided an excellent cemented track a quarter of a mile in circumference at a cost of 3,600 pounds, and the committee suggests that this should be somewhat enlarged and that stands accommodating 5,000 spectators should be built. Nothing is said with regard to horse-racing, doubtless because the committee presumes that the Jockey club, the Steeplechase society and all the conductors of the other meetings near the capital will act proprio motu, and there is every reason for anticipating that such will be the case, while the technical section of the sport—the display of sporting apparatus of every kind—will be included, of course, in the general plan of the exhibition itself, and there will persumably be international shows of live stock, as in 1878 and 1889. The various proposals embodied in the committee's report may not all be adopted, but it is practically certain that most of them will be sanctioned by the general commission and that sport will be allotted a place worthy of it in the great exhibition which is to mark the passing away of one century and the coming of another."

They Often Make Mistakes.

Mrs. Brownstone—I should think you would feel afraid, living way off here in the country, with so many tramps about.

Mrs. Meadow—Well, I am, sometimes. I s'pose you don't have tramps in the city.

Mrs. Brownstone—No, indeed. We have nothing to fear but the police.—New York Weekly.

Total Clearance Sale OF SUMMER GOODS.

To-morrow we shall begin to close our entire stock of Dry Goods, Underwear, Hosiery, Corsets, Suits and Skirts, &c., at wonderfully reduced prices. The immense stock is now being arranged and marked. The sacrifice is enormous—the prices will be the lowest ever quoted on any first-class stock in this city. Our stock is perfect and complete, the goods fresh and new—everything is of the latest fashion and style, and that makes this frightful price-slaughter the more extraordinary.

EVERY PRICE MEANS A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

Dry Goods.

18 and 12½c Scotch and American Ginghams. Choice patterns, not remnants	7c
15c India Linen, very fine	10c
12½c India Linen	8c
12½c India Dimities, beautiful and choice colorings	9c
18c Crossbar Jaconets, very fine	12½c
8c Percale	5c
10c Fruit of the Loom Muslin	6¾c
49c Block Brilliantine	35c
46c Blue or Black Storm Serge	33c
8c Best Apron Ginghams	5c

Corsets.

59c Corsets, several styles, grand qualities	37c
$1.00 R. and G. and C. B. Corsets, white, black, and gray; also ventilating	69c
$1.25 and $1.50 C. B., R. and G., and Sonnett, in white, gray, and black; also best ventilating Corset made	96c

Ribbed Vests.

50c Ladies' Ribbed, Pure Lisle Thread Vests, all white ribbon in neck	25c
25c Ribbed Vests, high or low neck	12½c
29c Boys' Vests and Drawers, Jaeger Mixture	17c

Silk and Laundered Waists

$4.00 Silk Waists, blouse fronts, large sleeves, lined and whaleboned	$1.79
$2.50 Fancy Wash Waists, blouse fronts, crinkled collars, very large sleeves	$1.25
$1.39 Crepon Waists, same style as above. Choice and pretty colors	69c
59c Laundered Waists	37c
75c " "	49c
$1 " "	69c
$1.25 and $1.48 Laundered Waists	95c

Suits.

$2.50 Duck Suits, Brighton jacket, full wide skirts	$1.25
$3.00 Serge or Covert Cloth Suits, extra wide skirts and pure wool	$4.98
$14 and $12 Brilliantine Serge and English Homespun Suits, the best of this season's production	$6.98

Separate Skirts

Choice of our $4.50, $4 and $3.50 Brilliantine and Diagonal and Checked Skirts, in black and colors, lined throughout, gouded back, velvet thing	$1.98
$9, $8 and $7 Crepon, Brilliantine and Novelty Skirts, must be seen to be appreciated	$3.98
$4 and $3.50 Ladies' Capes, stylish and suitable for the cool evenings we are having	$1.79

Silk Belts.

39c Silk Belts, large variety of buckles	24c
75 and 98c Silk Belts, very elegant assortment of buckles	48c

Children's Caps and Dresses

35c Children's Caps	18c
50c " "	33c
75c " "	46c
$1 and $1.25 Children's Caps	69c
25c Children's Slips	12½c
39c Children's Dresses, long or short	21c
50c Children's Dresses	25c

Hosiery Dept.

50c Lisle Thread Hose, drop stitch hose, plain and fancy tops, fast black hose	25c
33c Ladies' Fancy Top Black Boot Hose	19c
15c Ladies' Fancy Top Plain Black and Russet Hose	9c
12c Children's Narrow Ribbed Hose. All sizes. Excellent qualities	8c

Wrappers.

75c Calico Wrappers, ruffle around yoke, cut full	46c
$2.48 and $2 Lawn and Percale Wrappers, extra large sleeves, yoke front and back; skirt 4 yards wide	$1
$2.98 Black Lace Stripe Dimity Wrapper, very stylishly made and the choicest wrapper obtainable	$1.69

Cotton Underwear.

25c Ladies' Drawers, embroidered edging on bottom with tucks above	17c
39c Chemise, full embroidered yoke	25c
98c lot of Corset Covers, Skirts, Gowns, and Chemise; very choice good	69c

Handkerchiefs.

7c Ladies' Handkerchiefs	4c
18c Embroidered Handkerchiefs	11c
25c and 35c Embroidered Handkerchiefs	19c

Ribbons

8c, 10c, and 12½c Ribbon, all silk, variety	5c
15c, 18c, 20c all Silk Ribbons	12½c

Gent's Furnishings

25c and 29c Men's Gauze Underwear, assorted styles, big value	19c
50c Men's Underwear, all shades, superior quality	29c
19c Tan or Gray Sox, regular made	10c
Anchor Brand Collars, 3 for	25c
$1 Laundered Shirts	69c
$1.25 Colored Laundered Shirts, perfect fitting	89c
69c Fancy Laundered Shirts, with and without collars	46c
50c Wide End Four-in-h and Scarfs	25c
25c Summer Suspenders	19c

CLARK'S, 734-736 7th Street N. W., Between G and H.

Memories of the Great Worth

HOW THE LATE COSTUMER LIVED IN HIS HOME.

Experience of an American Girl Who Visited the Great Dress Artist in His Own Home.

Some years ago when I was a young girl and in charge of a chaperon who was given to the vanities of dress, I had while in Paris, various opportunities of seeing M. Worth, the famous mantua maker, under other than commonplace everyday circumstances. One of these was when we were invited to visit his villa in the suburbs, where he lived the year round.

Dimanche was the day named for our visit—the only day when he was to be found at home—and so on a bright Sunday afternoon we made by rail the little journey of six miles, and had no difficulty in finding the house.

We entered through a porte cochier entirely enclosed in glass, and were soon welcomed by our host himself, who appeared in a flowing silken gown of gray lined with gorgeous yellow satin and wearing a fez on his head from which streamed a yellow tassel. He apologized for his "working dress"—which, however, became him wonderfully—by explaining that he was superintending some decorations in a room, and would we not give him the benefit of our opinions thereon.

WORTH'S TASTE AS A DECORATOR.

The apartment had the appearance of a rather spacious hall, with square pillars at intervals; the floor was being laid in white tile, a space about a yard in width having the design of a fish in brilliant colors in the center of each tile, the next space that of an eye, the next of a butterfly, etc. Nothing could have been more odd—even bizarre. M. Worth was hesitating between covering the pillars with similar tiles or hanging them with plates of Dutch blue.

The entrance to the main floor of the house presented a charming vista—the succession of rooms opening into each other—revealing at the extreme end a conservatory of thrifty palms among which a fountain was playing.

The walls of one room were covered with plates of exquisite Sevres china, held in place with silvered clasps. In another room was furniture that had once belonged to Marie Antoinette, that poor queen whose belongings must have been endless, and in this salon were curtains bordered with medallions in which were wrought copies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, exquisitely embroidered by the Worth workwomen in the Morte-saison.

SUGGESTIVE OF HIS TRADE.

The amount of embroidery everywhere gave a millinerish effect to the rooms, and when Madame Worth appeared and we were refreshed with wine and cake it was at a table with an elaborately embellished "drawn work" cover with serviettes to match. The kitchen of this richly appointed house was on the top floor, reached by a spiral staircase. Mr. Worth declared that the only suitable place for a cuisine was in the top of the house, so that no odors could be detected below.

Madame Worth was a saleswoman in the cloaking house in which Worth was employed when he first came to Paris from England, and from which he emerged to set up business for himself. She was a pleasant, domestic looking person, and the mother of two sons, one of whom, still in his teens, was detailed to show us about the grounds—M. Gaston, I think. I thought him one of the nicest of lads. Manly, frank, unaffected and taking a healthy and natural interest in his outdoor pets, as well as in the trees and garden.

Worth's taste and judgment were far from unerring, his costumes were sometimes even ugly, but they rarely failed to have at least a note of distinction, they were not commonplace. I remember one evening when we dropped in at his establishment by invitation, to see some evening gowns that were to go to some ladies of rank and fashion. We had the privilege of seeing the "great man," with his own fingers rearrange the draperies of his workwomen, and with a pin or two produce an entirely different effect, giving to them the final touch they lacked—that of style.

WORTH'S IDEA OF PERFECT DRESS.

I once asked him if he dressed women according to his own ideas of how they should be dressed.

"Bless your heart, no!" he laughed. "I dress them as they wish to be dressed! My ideal of dress for women is nearest realized in the Turkish costume. It is capable of beautiful decoration, it is beautiful, comfortable, graceful, beautiful. But you women will have none of it; you want always something new, different, striking, exaggerated, and I, of course it is my business to please you, voila tout," ending with about the only French thing about him—a shrug.

Worth was of medium height and build, had the dominant and brusque manner of the English, but with his dark complexion, hair, mustache, and eyes, looked more like a Turk or Russian. He betrayed little of vivacity or suavity of the French, but assumed rather the manner of an autocrat, whose opinion and decision were not to be questioned. MARY WAGER FISHER.

The Legislator's Rabbit Dog.

Among the amusing discussions during the legislative session at Tallahassee was that on a bill of Sullivan's, of Escambia, providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The reading clerk had just read the title when an old gentleman, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose and with great gravity and dignity said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to that bill. I'm opposed to it because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He ain't much on looks, but I tell you, when that dog gets on a hot trail in the broom-sedge and a little later you hear his voice a-yelpin' in a high key and the yelps a gettin' faster and faster, till by and by you just can hear 'em down in the holler, and you go there and you see the little beach-legged yaller rascal barkin', his eyes bright and his forehead wrinkled with excitement, under a sartin tree, jes' got you a long pole and meat is your'n for dinner."

There was breathless silence during this eloquent appeal on behalf of the rabbit dog. When it had been concluded others rose up and paid glowing tributes to the qualities of rabbit dogs they owned until one would have believed that a thing necessary to a man's candidacy for the legislature in the State of Florida is a first-class rabbit dog.

The bill, by the way, was killed by a large majority.—Florida Times-Union.

Delicately Organized.

Dick—Nan, please explain why you buy candy at 15 cents a pound for the children and the very best for the pug?

Nan—Well, Dick, the children will eat the common candy, but Fido is so refined that he won't.—New York World.

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