

OUR FASHION LETTER



For Spring Wear.

What a blessing the new rucked sleeves are for girls with thin arms! Given the right description of lace, or chiffon, and moderate care in the matter of construction, these sleeves cannot fail to be becoming to the arms—and hands! Yes, very specially the latter, because sleeves which reach well over the wrists have a happy way of making the hands look wonderfully small and white.

Evening gowns, for quiet parties, of black mousseline de sole, look fascinating when made in the pinaflore style, with the bodice drawn up over a transparent blouse of ivory point d'Esprit. This blouse should be cut a little low at the neck, with bebe ribbons run through a soft tucker of chiffon, and the sleeves should be finely rucked from shoulder to wrist.

A gown of this genre, with a waistband of Sevres blue mirror velvet and a touch of blue at the breast, could not fail to look charming, and it would be exactly the rich thing for dinner wear at one of the big hotels or restaurants.

It is important to realize that tucked sleeves should fit the arms tightly, or practically so; in fact, the pressure of the material on the arms should be sufficiently insistent to keep



An Original and Pretty Design.

the tiny folds in place. In all cases tucked sleeves should be cut "on the cross," and it is a good idea to have half a dozen very small hooks and eyes on the under seam near the wrist.

Of the making of fringes, and of the wearing of same, there is no end! All the new linen frocks are trimmed with fringes, and also with many tassels, and superb fringes are posed on evening gowns of crepe de chine, velvet and taffetas. With these fringes bias folds of material are very much used; indeed bias folds are playing an important part in the fashions of

the hour. Frequently they are of the same material as the skirt, but sometimes they are of velvet and of satin in a slightly deeper tone of color. Graduated bands of velvet ribbon run the bias folds very close, as a skirt trimming, but the ribbons belong almost exclusively to the world of robes d'interieur, whilst bias folds are lavishly used on dinner gowns.

Quite the most attractive of the p-t-ticats worn will be the blue serge tall-or-made frocks are black and white striped satin, the lines perpendicular on the skirt and horizontally placed on the blouse, which is either killed or plainly hemmed or decorated with medallions of black lace. Another good silk petticoat is made in shot silk with double-killed flounces cut into Vandykes at the edge, no other trimming being vouchsafed. These, too, are particularly suited to the serge dress. For the voile gown I would recommend the glace petticoat.

For the economical I commend the petticoat of double-width alpaca in black and white check, with a shaped flounce trimmed with three graduated rows of black velvet ribbon. It is necessary to buy the very best quality alpaca and then I would guarantee its wear for three seasons. The same virtue, I regret to say, cannot be accredited to any known make of glace silk, nor accorded to any tried brocade or stripes.

It cannot be truly said that the fashions lean amiably towards the desires of the thrifty, whom I would advise to remain faithful to the tailor-made cloth coat and skirt until the summer is quite established, when under clever home directions plain voiles may be successfully treated in combination with vest and undersleeves of ecru figured net, special trouble being taken to secure the wide armhole of Japanese style, which is, indeed, easy enough to achieve, and is like to enjoy a continued run of popularity. As I have previously said, it is not difficult to manipulate, and will conceal in its hanging folds a few of those defects without which the amateur-made costume is never quite complete.

Minor matters which are just now receiving special attention are belts and buckles, the newest of the latter being of filigree gold raised almost in dome shape and decorated in the center with a single large jewel, amethyst, or olive for choice. The belts are of leather of all colors, soft or shiny of surface, and the elastic belts still intrude in every conceivable color, the newest elastic being of gold and of gold and silver interwoven. The plaid patent leather belt is perhaps more novel than attractive, and to the really slim waist no belt is more becoming than that contrived from a wide piece of ribbon pinned into the center of the back and drawn tightly through a chased silver or gold buckle in the front. But these are particularly suited to the voile or silk frock, the cloth coat and skirt, or our immediate desires call for sterner stuff, and for these leather and kid I would most highly recommend, holding a special brief for those which are shaped briefly in the center at the back and possess only one buckle, that one buckle being set in the front.

ALL FEARED THE COMET.

Frenchman's Opinion Caused Uneasiness for Many Years.

It was falsely reported a few weeks ago that an eminent Italian astronomer had made an awful prophecy as to the havoc about to be wrought upon this planet by a comet. The incident had a memorable precedent in the case of Joseph Jerome Lafrancais de Lalande, the popular French astronomer of a century ago. Lalande differed from Newton's view that Providence had so arranged matters as to make collision of the earth with a comet impossible and wrote a paper to prove that it was only very improbable. This paper, which was to have been read with others before the French academy on a certain day in 1772, got crowded out; but the Parisian public, hearing of it, made up its mind that Lalande had predicted the impending destruction of the earth and sure panic ensued that the police had to order the publication of

the paper to reassure the public mind. But even then it was popularly believed that the paper had been deliberately toned down and comets continued for a quarter of a century.

Guilty or Not Guilty.

In a western court not many months ago the clerk asked:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," said the foreman.

"What say you—do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"We do," replied the foreman.

"You do? Do what?" asked the clerk.

"We find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty," said the foreman.

"But, gentlemen, you must explain," said the clerk.

"Of course," responded the foreman.

"You see, six of us find him guilty and six of us find him not guilty, and we've agreed to let it stand at that."

EACH AT HEAD OF CLASS IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

INTERESTING POINTS IN MAKE-UP OF JAY GOULD AND TOM LONGBOAT.

ONE THE PRODUCT OF CAREFUL TRAINING, THE OTHER NATURAL PHENOMENON.

All the Advantages Wealth Could Give Have Been Lavished on the Young Son of George Gould, While the Marvelous Indian Runner is Illiterate and Mentally of Weak Character—Two Most Extreme Types Ever Perfected at Same Time.

Boston.—Jay Gould and Tom Longboat the athlete of education, the athlete of nature.

The one is a product of wealth, of brainy endeavor and of careful training. The other is the running-machine of the Onondagas, the slim-legged Indian who carried off the Marathon race in Boston in April and smashed all world records for 25 miles, in spite of sleet and cold and crowded course, without visible strain.

The one is heir to millions, a man of culture, of education, of high intelligence. The other is an Indian from toe-nail to top-knot, poor, illiterate, of an intelligence so low that he is treated by his trainers as nothing more than a running-machine. Yet these two opposite types have something in common—they are each at the top of their class in the world of sport, they each have grit and staying power and fight instinct.

When Gould battled for the amateur court tennis championship of the world in England last month, he put into practice the lessons of years of careful training at the hands of experts. He employed all the generalship that a naturally bright mind, aided by skillful teaching in the game, could summon up. Little more than a boy, for Jay Gould is only 18 years old, he shows in his game the restless energy that his grandfather showed in another field of endeavor. He shows the same generalship, albeit a more courteous and sportsman-like generalship, and the same tenacity and unswerving purpose.

Tribute From Opponent.

"Gould is a bit of sheer whalebone," said Eustace Miles, the great English amateur. "I can testify that it is simply awful to play against him, he is so restless."

"Yet nobody could wish a more courteous opponent. His chief strength lies in his service and also in his skill in hitting the ball into the winning gallery. His other strokes are very sure. Playing against him is like playing against a relentless machine."

This bit of sheer whalebone is the son of George Gould, financier and railway magnate, who inherited the greater part of the famous Jay Gould's hoard. He is about five feet ten inches in height, a clean cut, manly chap, of lithe and active figure, and polo and many other sports have contributed to make him the athlete he is. It goes without saying that his multimillionaire father is an ardent backer of all his athletic activities.

Money Not Considered.

Instructors were engaged for the boy, some of the best in the world, and large sums were spent in young Jay's tennis education. One of the instructors who had a hand in moulding Jay Gould's tennis form received \$10,000 a year. When he goes abroad to play, Gould engages a gymnasium in France for his training—expense no obstacle.

One of the best known of English critics says of Jay Gould:

"I believe Mr. Gould to be the most remarkable amateur tennis player since Alfred Lyttleton came to Lords, a few years after leaving Cambridge, and beat J. H. Heathcote. For so young a player, Mr. Gould is almost unique. His great reach, his quick eye, and his keen realization of the value of playing for a winning opening make a profound impression."

Indian is a Wonder.

And what about the Indian, him they call a running-machine? That's what he is, nothing more. Tom Longboat can run 25 miles faster than any man living, but he cannot converse intelligently in English, he could not write a letter, he is a man of as primitive ideas as any of the red-skinned braves whose blood courses through his veins.

He is a physical phenomenon, this Indian. He does not know how to run—that is to say, he has no "form" or finish, he knows none of the arts by which trained runners save themselves and gain speed. Yet he competes off practically five minutes from the world's record for 25 miles, and finished with a broad smile and many

bows toward the crowds of fair spectators who applauded. "That" was through sheer inability to feel fatigue. Those who witnessed the start of the great race on April 19 were amazed to see how Longboat began his long journey. He ran flat-footed. He twisted his body. He carried his arms like a sprinter going for a hundred-yard record.

Got Down to Work.

So it went for eight miles, and the Indian was well up in the lead. Then those who followed him in motor cars and on bicycles saw a change take place. The Indian appeared to be awakening to an enjoyment of the run. He got off his heels and came up on his toes, running lightly. Yet he stayed with the rank and file for nearly 16 miles. Then he turned to his manager, who was beside him in a car.

"How far?" he grunted.

"About ten miles more. Hit 'er up and shake 'em," said the manager.

So Tom left the crowd. Such running had never been seen before. The last mile of the 25 miles, some of it uphill, was done in four minutes, 46 seconds, not so far off the world's record for the flat mile.

"You beat the record five minutes," the Indian was told afterward in the hotel.

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently. Then he was told the time he made.

"Fast!" he queried in guttural tones.

"Very fast. Were you running hard, Tom?"

Longboat humped his shoulders and shook his head.

"No. Too many teams," he said laconically.

"Aren't you tired?" asked a newspaper man, for he had seen the Indian



Jay Gould and Tom Longboat Compared

come upstairs after the race two steps at a time.

Longboat seemed surprised at the question, as though he did not know the meaning of the word.

"Hungry," he grunted, deep in his throat. So they sat him down at a table and passed him a menu. Tom took it in both hands, eyed it curiously one way, then another, and finally gave it over to his manager.

"What do you want to eat, Tom?" asked his manager.

"Meat," said the Indian.

"What kind of meat?"

"Meat," was the stolid reply.

Has All Indian's Stolidity.

To all questions put to him by would-be interviewers, the great Indian runner grunted monosyllabic replies, jerking out, "Yes," and, "No," or shaking his head. Whether he understood the purport of these questions is doubtful, for his manager finally said that it would be useless to talk to him and he himself would give whatever information was desired. One thing was certain—that the Indian knew obedience.

He is never allowed to run without a manager being near in some sort of vehicle. For, the story goes, that in one race in which he engaged, and in which he ran alone, Longboat's manager, summoned hurriedly, found the runner engaged in conversation with some lady spectators. The Indian had to make up over a mile to win, but he did it in one of his marvelous bursts of speed.

Marvel of Endurance.

There are not a few who claim that Longboat does not particularly realize what distance he is running, and that it is all the same to him whether he runs ten miles or 50 miles. Lean, rather awkward, with only average development of leg muscles and of chest, there is nothing about Longboat's physique to suggest the phenomenon.

Probably his strength lies in his respiratory organs, for he has never yet been known to tire and always finished almost as strong as when he began the run.

Give Longboat a clear course for 25 miles, good weather conditions and something to spur him to his utmost, and what could he do the distance in?" his manager was asked.

The latter shook his head. It would be impossible to say. But he would make all existing records look "sick" and would probably establish figures that would never be beaten.

In all races in which he has engaged, Longboat has never been "extended." He will insist on turning his head from side to side and watching things along the course with the liveliest personal interest. If a lady waves at him, he understands, grins and waves a hand in acknowledgment. It is estimated that he usually loses several minutes by taking notice of things beside the route in his long races.

To Be Given Education.

The Canadian people are raising a fund to educate Longboat in acknowledgment of his Marathon win. It may be that in educating him, they will spoil the running machine.

"Longboat is more like a machine than a man," said a sportsman who has watched him in many races. "It is a good deal like winding up a clock. You tell Longboat to run a certain distance in a certain time, and to keep just so far ahead of the others, and he will do it to the letter."

But how would this type of athlete compare in a trial with the Gould type, the athlete who combines physical fitness with mental alertness, who is the highest type of athlete?

In a trial of sheer endurance the Indian type would win. Not because of

DEAD MERCHANT

HE SOMETIMES DRIVES TRADE AWAY FROM THE TOWN.

HINDRANCE TO LIVE MERCHANT

Are as Much to Be Feared as the Competition of the Catalogue Houses—Should Be Awakened or Buried.

Why should the home merchant be patronized instead of the mail order house? The subject has been exhausted almost and from all points of view and all sides there is no valid reason why the merchant at home should not—excepting two, price and articles wanted.

It is not the intention of the writer to jot down a pleasant flow of language or to produce an interesting bit of reading matter, but merely to state in a few simple sentences what I have seen and learned of the competition between the catalogue houses and the home merchants. In the first place no one community suffers greatly in this competition. That makes the problem all the more difficult in solution. I mean by this that the majority of buyers in no one community purchase by mail. The business of the mail order house is scattered over a large territory, the number of orders coming from any one community compared with the whole is comparatively small to the number of orders in the town. There is an exception to this in a community where the home merchants are dead ones and ask exorbitant prices.

To illustrate. There is a little city in the central part of Wisconsin, a beautiful little place, with its shady streets and pleasant homes. It has several general stores owned by live, wide-awake merchants who are hustling for business, yet are always pleasant and ready to visit with a customer. They are not put out at any time to show goods, taking down bolt after bolt of cloth and maybe then not making even a five-cent sale. They take that as part of their business; they are always

Column after column has been written deploring the fact that the buyer spends her or his money away from home, that she or he is helping to build up the mail order house to the detriment of the home merchant. The sentiment is good and the cause is worthy of the efforts being made to stop this underflow; but no amount of writing, and no amount of home patriotism will ever overcome the bad effects of the dead merchant in the little town. The truth can be plainly seen.

Let us turn back to the general stores and look up the proprietor of any one. He probably will be found busy waiting on a customer, but if not he will tell you that it is not the catalogues alone that he fears, but also that it is the lethargy of these two dealers. They are helping to drive away trade from home.

I have wandered from the subject and gotten ever on the buyers side of the fence; but isn't it well at times to look at the other side of this pitiable story? I started to write a few lines on "Why People Should Trade at Home," and have gotten into the field of "Why the Home Merchant Should Induce People to Trade at Home." It may be fair to the little town to once in a while throw a few shovels full of earth on the dead merchant, lest he stinketh and polluteh the rest.

EDWARD T. HALE.

SOME REMARKABLE HORSES.

Wonderful Stories About the Steeds of Famous Men.

In his letters to Lord Granville, published by the Royal Philosophical society, who was also greatly interested in natural history, Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian institution in America, relates how the horse of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus, would at night, on hearing a blast of the trumpet from the soldiers on guard showing the approach of the enemy, run at great speed to his master's tent and with his teeth grab the sleeping monarch and shake him until he sprang into the saddle and galloped toward the enemy.

Also that the great Caliph Haroun-el-Raschid in the eight century in marching toward the forces of Queen Irene



When the local editor and the local merchant put their shoulders to the wheel of local progress the town will move, its industries will thrive, it will prosper. But remember the editor cannot do it all; he asks and must have the merchant's assistance.

willing to send post-haste to the city for any article they may not have in stock that is wanted by a customer; their stocks are up-to-date and free from shelf-worn goods. These men make the humblest customers feel welcome in their stores, and particular attention is paid to waiting on children, giving them even better measure and quality than their elders would receive. And these men are advertisers. Their ads in the local papers are changed regularly and show time and study. They meet the mail order man more than half way in special sales and clearing of odds and ends. Here is an instance where there is no legitimate excuse for a person sending away for goods. And the people do not. Very few articles of general merchandise are shipped into that city. The buyer and seller are working in harmony to their own betterment and advantage.

All Cutting Sawing.

Knives, no matter how carefully sharpened, are little saws; the grinding away of the steel, done by the stone, is not an even work, but when the edge gets thin it is a process of tearing away tiny bits of steel by the grit of the stone. This tearing makes the teeth. A fine stone makes fine teeth, a coarse stone coarse teeth. A carving knife, used on meat, is sharpened on a coarse stone or a steel, and has coarse teeth, although its edge is thick. Its action in parting the meat is more that of a saw than a fine wedge. No matter how soft it may be, it will not cut easily unless it is drawn over the meat and not simply pressed down. A razor, however, with its paper-like edge, will cut into flesh with a simple pressure—it is a wedge dividing the fibers of flesh just as a wedge of iron divides the fibers of the log it splits. But a razor is a saw, too, only as it is ground on the finest stones and later finished with a leather strop, its teeth are very fine indeed—hundreds and hundreds to the inch of blade.—St. Nicholas.

The Actor's Complaint.

The physician looked grave.

"I give you," he said, "but ten more years of work."

"Grinding his teeth, the actor hissed malevolently:

"Curse you, why didn't you tell me this before? Are you aware that you have rubbed me of at least seven farewell seasons?"

of Constantinople constantly had a number of trained Arabian horses (direct descendants of the famous horse owned by Ishmael 4,000 years ago) thrown forward as scouts, who from time to time returned to camp and by a peculiar whinny and neigh reported the proximity of the enemy.

But, to come down to the present day, it is related by a retired New England clergyman, whose sands of life had nearly run out, that one day on leading his horse down through a lane to a brook for a drink the animal suddenly halted and, turning its head round, grabbed up with its teeth one of its hind shoes which had just dropped off, and holding it in its mouth with the nails dangling, it backed up against a stone wall and clapped it onto its hoof and with a few violent kicks malled it on again.

But look at the other side. The city which we have in mind has one hardware and one furniture store. Both have fairly good stocks for the size of their circle of trade, but just step into either one of these stores. The proprietor may be in the back room or the back yard for all you know, but by and by some stir is heard and leisurely he makes his appearance—neither store has need of a clerk—and probably with some grumbles about being disturbed, asks what is wanted. There might as well be placards in the store announcing "Buy what I've got and keep still!" and "We are busy, don't disturb us." No effort is made to show you an article; nothing is ever taken down from the shelves unless directly asked for. Neither hardware nor furniture man acts willing to get what you want if he does not have it in stock. And again—neither one of these stores believe in advertising. They use no space in their home papers; a newcomer would never know the city possessed such places of business enterprise. Who ever heard of a country hardware or furniture store having a special sale, or harvest sale or the like? But why not? These two storekeepers are bitter against the mail order houses. "I wonder why?" I talked with the railroad agents in that little city and he said lots of hardware and furniture was shipped in. He said, "One day I made out an express order for \$34 to pay for a bill of hardware. I told the man to go up and see if the merchant couldn't fill the order. He went but soon came back, saying that he didn't have half of the stuff on hand and that he wouldn't cut a bit on what he did have."

Where the Difference Lies.

"What is grand opera as distinct from light opera?"

"Oh, you pretend to appreciate one, but you can appreciate the other."

CHILD SUICIDES IN GERMANY.

Number So Great That Causes Are Being Studied—Cities Not to Blame.

Suicide among school children has become so frequent in Germany that the authorities are devoting serious attention to the causes of it. In Prussia alone there were 1,152 cases between 1882 and 1905, or something like three a month. The yearly number has been even greater in the last two years, it is said. A general discussion of the subject took place lately in Berlin at a meeting of the Society of School Sanitation.

Of the number given above, 812 cases were of children attending the lower grade of schools, and 342 the higher, but in spite of this the tendency to suicide appears to increase with age, as the number of children over 15 years who kill themselves was about four times as great as the number below that age. The boys also were four times as numerous as the girls.

In a great majority of cases the suicidal act was committed at home or

near home and not at school or after leaving school. The causes, too, even when school matters were connected with them, usually had their strongest elements in the home.

In more than a third of the cases fear of punishment, dread of examinations or shame at failure to pass examinations was the prime cause. But in many of these cases, perhaps a majority of them, it was the attitude of the parents, actual or expected, that led directly to the deed.

The lack of correspondence between the actual powers of many children and the results exacted from them by a rigid school system often form the basis of trouble. But the thing that renders it acute is the assumption of irreflexive parents that the child must be able to do what the school exacts of it—what other children do.

"He can if he will," was described by one of the speakers as a suicide provoking dictum, as common as it is foolish, since it ignores the fact that human beings are so often deficient in the power to win.

Ten per cent. of the children's suicides were caused by insanity or ner-

vous excitation in a pathological degree. Some of these cases were traceable to hereditary conditions, including alcoholism in the parents.

The remaining cases were almost without exception due to domestic causes, ranging from poverty to shame at the misconduct of relations, especially parents. The influence of morbid books was distinctly traceable. No grounds could be found for the theory that the conditions of modern life led to suicide among children. The proportion of cases was fully as large in places of the smallest size as in crowded centers of population.

He and She.

"Of course, Jack, you know you'll have to ask papa."

"I've already asked him, dear."

"You mean, concealed thing! Did you think you were so sure of me?"—Chicago Tribune.

An armless couple were recently married in Ohio. They have no intention of going through life hand in hand.