

Outfits and Ends of Spring fashions

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

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It is, to be sure, a little late to talk about fur coats, but I have a very particular reason for sending you this view of the ermine and broad-tail coat. I want you to notice the outline acquired by the wearer. This will be the one most generally accepted by the ultra smart woman for her Summer "over-all coat" of flowered satins or crepes. No Summer wardrobe will be complete without several of these coats, which will cover the wearer from ankle to shoulder.

As you will see by this photograph, there will be much fulness from above the knees to below the hips. To be exact, this fulness is greatest at the place where the little Dutch boy's pockets are placed. The effect of the fulness is as that given by the small boy who puts his hands in his breeches pockets and stretches them in what he considers masculine fashion. Such tassels as the one on this coat will be very fashionable, and will be used on everything but one's Hanger.

More in season is the delectable little dancing gown of canary yellow chiffon over white satin. The surplice bodice trimmed with lace continues to be a very great favorite. Some flesh colored chiffon must be used, as decollete effects, actual or only suggested, are absolutely imperative. The "Castle" cap of white lace makes an effectively Summery chapeau.

Height is the main characteristic of the Spring hats. The "Warship" wins its name from the peculiar effect produced by the high pointed brim. It reminds me of the high prow of an old warship. Developed in fine black milan, the hat is becoming only to those who have youthful, unlined faces.

A more generally becoming hat is the "Bee Hive," which has a slight brim shading the face. The crown is moderately high. The extreme height is, however, given by a pyramid of brown moire and yellow and brown flowers.

The slit and slashed and X-ray skirts of the past two seasons are, without a doubt, responsible for the present prominence of breeches in the Winter sports outfits—yes, actual "breeches," please note, and not just "knickerbockers." Perfectly cut and tailored and generally made-to-measure garments, these are modelled on exactly the same lines as a man's riding breeches, and altogether so immaculate and smart and (presuming the wearer to be blessed with a shapely figure) so becoming and attractive that every opportunity will be welcomed to discard the skirt and display the breeches.



"Warship" Hat of Black Straw, with High Brush at Peak of Brim.

For the legs, which were once never mentioned, and certainly, save on the stage, never shown, are now openly acknowledged and discussed, and so frequently and fully displayed by every day-time dress and evening toilette that women are not showing the slightest hesitation in adding this particular and rather piquant item to the outfit, which is altogether one of the chief reasons for the annual exodus to the mountains! For it is quite distinctly and exceptionally attractive, and has been so for the past two or three years. But this season it is altogether and irresistibly fascinating, inasmuch as colorings are simply gorgeous, and the whole scheme and style of every garment the perfection of charm as well as comfort.

For the matter of that, these are also the pleasing characteristics of the every-day tailor-made, which in many cases could, without a stitch of alteration, be equally well worn at the mountains as



Correct Outline for the "Over-All" Coat for Spring and Summer.



The "Bee Hive," Height is the Thing in the Brown Straw and Flower Hat.



Dancing Gown of Pale Yellow Tulle, Worn with "Castle" Cap of Lace.

In New York. For coats almost invariably display great width and consequent ease at the armhole, the majority, too, being cut quite straight and reaching almost to the knees, a tubular-breasted fastening insuring further protectiveness, and their belting in low down about the waist or at the hips, giving something of a sporting suggestion to every walking costume thus finished. Skirts in their turn are plain and short, while a side fastening of buttons can at a moment's notice be transformed into a more or less extensive side opening.

Memoirs of Mendel Beilis

Victim of Russian Persecution Writes His Own Story for The Bee Readers

I was born on May 23, 1869, in a very small village called Nescherow in the government of Kiev, in southwest Russia. My father, David Beilis, unfortunately became very poor in the days of my youth, and had not sufficient means to give me a proper education. The best he could do for me was to engage a Jewish teacher living in the village, who knew nothing of the Russian language, and had but a very poor knowledge of Yiddish.

I studied on and off with this teacher until I was 15 years old, but, to my great regret, I benefited very little, not so much on account of my own poor abilities as for the reason that my teacher himself knew so little. From the time I was 15 until I was 20 I was anxious to find an occupation, but unfortunately I did not succeed, and, until the moment arrived for me to join the army, I drifted from one job to another.

My life as a soldier, owing to my splendid physique, seemed to agree with me, despite the terrible hardships I endured. I joined the army in 1891, and was stationed at Twier, a small town not far from St. Petersburg. I was drafted to a grenadier regiment, and an idea of the kind of existence I led as a soldier can be gained from the fact that during the whole of my five years in the army I never had a single kopeck in my pocket. In consequence I went through many hardships until the happy moment when, with God's help, I completed my military service and returned to my native place, Nescherow. But when I reached there I found that our house was no longer in existence, and that my father, with his family, had gone to Kiev.

But I am progressing too fast, for I have been told that the readers of my memorial want a fuller account of my childhood and early life. I ask them to pardon the poor way in which I tell the story of my life, because I am only a poor workman who never learnt much, and also because the hardships I have had to bear through so many years have scarcely fitted me to give them my history as I should have liked.

I remember very little of the early days at Nescherow. Only one incident remains really clear in my memory. I can remember, just as though it was yesterday, often meeting a little boy, the son of a rich Russian living in our village, coming home from school. I saw that he carried a bag full of books with him, and wore a beautiful school uniform which I envied greatly.

One day I summoned up all my courage and ventured to ask him to teach me some of the things that he had been learning. He answered that he was unable to do this, but he gave me a small book containing the Russian alphabet. For several days I tried hard, in secret, to master this, but then, one morning, my Jewish teacher caught me with the book in my hand. As an orthodox, he became very cross, smacked my face until the blood came, and then tore the book to pieces. This was one of the great sorrows of my early life.

At the time I was born my father, for a Jew in a Russian village, was rich. He

owned a small distillery, and was doing so well that he was able to give my elder brothers quite a good private education; but, when I was between 3 and 4 years of age, my father was joined in his business by a Jewish friend, Mr. Zaitseff. Everything went well for a time, but then my father sold out his interest in the business to Mr. Zaitseff, with the intention of starting a similar business in Nescherow. I mentioned Mr. Zaitseff's name because in years to come he was to play a very important part in my life.

Unfortunately, my father had not sufficient capital to carry on successfully the new business, and after two or three years all his money had gone and he was a ruined man.

At this time my parents had eight children—four boys and four girls. Without a penny in the world, my father did not know which way to turn to support us. Nescherow left but little opening for a man without capital, and, therefore, he made up his mind to leave the village and try what he could do in a larger place.

Every one in Nescherow loved him, Christians as well as Jews. All were grieved at the idea of his leaving. Our Jewish friends came and volunteered to lend him money. Numbers of Christians came to the house and begged him to remain, offering him both money and employment. But my father was a proud man; he could not accept anything that had even the appearance of charity, and he declined all offers, although most grateful for them. Soon after, what remained of our home was sold, and we prepared for our departure.

I will remember the scene when we left. Almost everybody in the place came to wish us goodby. Our Jewish friends embraced us one by one, while the Christians, most of them in tears, kissed my father's hand and wished him "good luck." I have thought since that the proudest of my father's life. It was a rare thing at that time in a Russian village for Christians to go so far as to publicly declare their esteem for a Jew.

We started on our journey, but little knew what lay before us. At the moment we left my father had no idea of what direction he would take, but finally decided to make for Kiev. Of course, but, as I remember, that prospect did not frighten us much. Our little party of ten was quite cheerful when it took the road for Kiev, some miles away.

But we could only travel very slowly, and it was not long before our money was exhausted. Then, for the first time, we began to feel the pangs of real hunger. We had to find food and shelter as best we could. The winter cold seemed to grow worse and worse as we went on, and I do not think that during the last day or two of that march we children ever ceased from crying.

Finally we reached Kiev, and here our misfortunes began in earnest. My father had forgotten that Jews are not allowed to live in the "holy" city. In Russia it is only lawful for my race to live in certain prescribed places, called "The Pale of Settlement," and if we are found out-



Mendel Beilis at Work on His Story.

side of that we are liable to be arrested on the spot unless we can bribe the police to let us alone.

We had scarcely set foot in Kiev before the police seized my father and took him away to prison for being in the city without a passport. They did not actually arrest my mother and us children, but, nevertheless, they placed us in the jail also. This was my first experience of the inside of a Russian prison.

We were kept in the jail until set free on my father giving an undertaking to leave the city within twenty-four hours. But where were we to go? My father had made up his mind not to return to Nescherow. The "Pale of Settlement" were far away, and to reach them meant a long journey with the certainty of our being arrested at every turn, as had happened to us in Kiev. It was like falling out of the frying pan into the fire. We might have spent months in various prisons before reaching our destination.

My father could only think of one thing to do. He had a number of Jewish friends in Kiev who were allowed to re-

main there by the police because, although they were poor, they were at the same time skilled workmen, and, therefore, useful to the factories. To each of these he went in turn and begged them to each take care of one of us children. In the end he got eight of them to consent to do so, although God only knows that most of them were poor enough themselves.

Having placed us children, my parents decided to take the risk of remaining in Kiev. They knew they were liable to arrest on sight, but at the same time, only they would suffer. Besides my father had great hopes of obtaining employment that would enable him to bribe the police sufficiently to allow him to remain safely, as Jews are permitted by the police to live in Kiev if they pay well for the privilege.

But he little knew what was before him. Every one was afraid to give him work, knowing him to be a Jew and liable to instant arrest. If they did offer him employment it was for such wages as would scarcely have kept my mother and father alive, let alone us

children. They must have gone through a terrible time, for I know what suffering is; nearly all my life I have known little else. But they had been used to moderate comfort, and the blow must have fallen much harder upon them.

It was only their great love for their children that could have kept them in Kiev. I remember now how at night, with their faces hidden in cloaks for fear of being arrested, they used to creep like thieves to the house in which I lived, taking big risks just for the sake of a glimpse of one of their children. And I remember how, after they had gone, I cried myself to sleep, at the thought of their having to leave the warm fire and go out into the cold snow, with the chance that at any moment the police might take them to one of the terrible Russian prisons.

For some time I lived with the family who kindly took care of me, trying, as I grew older, to make myself a little useful to them. I had forgotten almost all the little that I had been taught, and there was no chance for me to learn more. This state of affairs went on for some time, until at last in despair my parents felt that the only thing for them was to return to Nescherow and take us with them.

Our journey back to Nescherow was just like our trip to Kiev. We traveled on foot, mostly by night, and we nearly starved on the way. By this time, however, we were more used to being without food, and, consequently, I do not think we suffered as much as before. At Nescherow on our return we met with kindness. My father's late partner, Mr. Zaitseff, had prospered in the years we had been away, and he gladly found some work for my father to do. It did not bring in much money, but it kept us from want.

I was now growing quite a big lad, and I thought I would also try and earn a little money to help my parents. It was not possible for me to attend a school in Nescherow, and so I looked for some work. I found occasional employment, where I earned a rouble or two a month and some food, but nothing seemed to lead to anything permanent, so I thought I would make my own way back to Kiev and see if I could do better there. I was really too young to realize the obstacles that I was up against in attempting this.

I set out for Kiev without a kopeck and managed somehow to reach the city, and at once commenced my search for work. After much trouble I found at last a job in a shop where I made myself generally useful and was given the sum of three roubles a month. Some of this I gave to the family who had looked after me when I was in Kiev before, and kept just enough to buy some food in addition to that supplied me by my employer.

This state of affairs went on for some time, during which my life was one long hardship. The proprietor of the shop knew that I was at his mercy; he knew that one word to the police and I should be arrested there and then, as I had no right to live in Kiev. He took every advantage he could of this, keeping me in a constant state of terror and treat-

ing me brutally. The food he gave me was of the worst. If I complained he knocked me about. If I suggested that I should be paid more money he simply beat me with all his strength.

But I had to stay. Having no education I knew there was nothing better in front of me, and there might be worse. If I was kept at work day and night, at least I knew that I was being kept from starvation. Still, the time came when I could put up with it no longer. I was then nearly 15 years old, and was so tall and big for my age that I looked a couple of years older. I was tired of the constant fear of losing my job and the inhuman treatment I was receiving, and the feeling that every time I saw my master he might say to me "Get out!" became like a nightmare.

I made up my mind to run away and see my parents again. I managed to reach Nescherow in safety, but my parents, although overjoyed to see me back, could do nothing for me. I stayed in the village for a short time, picking up a few kopecks here and there as best I could, and trying at the same time to learn to read and write well. But I was unable to secure regular work, and I began to wonder how I really could do something to make a position in life for myself.

So once again I started on my travels. First I returned to Kiev, where I was arrested for wandering without a passport. It was no use trying to remain there after this, so I set out again. This time I went to a place called Edinzi, which is in the "pale of settlement." On my way there I was constantly arrested for not having a passport, but at last, after having gained a thorough acquaintance with the inside of a number of prisons, I reached my destination. I scarcely ever dared to walk except at night, sleeping in a safe hiding place during the day. If I ever met any other traveler on the road he would spurn me like a dog, and "You dirty Jew" was the usual greeting. They would haul me off to prison, beating me on the way, and scarcely giving me anything to eat when I got there. When I was released they would drag me to the outskirts of the town, and I can recall many times their heavy blows falling on me while they shouted: "Don't you ever come back here again, dog of a Jew!"

Even at Edinzi I could find little to do. I kept myself alive, but that was about as much as I could manage. If I had had any education, and been able to write letters and do figures, I could have prospered, but as it was no one would give me anything but odd jobs. Small wonder, then, that after a time I became sick of this existence, and started wandering once more. I tried several towns "Within the Pale," but with the same result. Finally I had another try at Kiev. Here, after a time, I found a man who was in need of a shop assistant. He asked me if I was allowed to live in the city, and when I answered "No," he replied: "Then I can only give you very little money, because I shall have to bribe the police to allow you to stay." He paid me five roubles a month; but I did not get all

of this to myself. Very often a policeman would come into the shop, and say to me, "Where is your passport?" although he knew quite well that I had not one. Then he would say, "Give me money, or I arrest you." I would give him all the kopecks that I had and he would leave me alone until he thought I had more money.

This job through no fault of mine, did not last very long, and once again I wandered, trying all kinds of occupations, occasionally going home to Nescherow, remaining there for a short time. My parents were grieved that I could not make any headway.

One day, when I was nearly 21 years old, during one of my visits to Nescherow, I was at home with my father, when a policeman came to our room. I supposed he was going to arrest me, but this time, instead of taking me to prison, to which I was well accustomed, he took from his pocket a blue paper and handed it to me. My father read it to me; it was a summons to commence my military duties within a few days.

My heart sank within me. I had known all along that I should have to be a soldier, and yet I had always had hope that in some way I might escape. From what I had heard, life in the army appeared to me to offer a worse time than any I had yet experienced and I looked forward to it with absolute dread. But there was no way out. I said "goodbye" very sorrowfully to my parents and relations, and we all went broken-heartedly to parting, because we did not dare to hope to meet again. I left the house with feet like lead.

There were a number of other young men in the village in the same plight as myself. Under an escort we marched off to the nearest military headquarters. We were a most unhappy party; scarcely one of us had the heart to speak; some of the Christians seemed even more dejected than I.

On the way I discovered some of the tricks that were used to escape service. Among our party were some who had actually starved themselves for months in the hope that their emaciation and general weakness would lead to their rejection. Others had mutilated themselves by actually cutting off fingers, in order to make it impossible for them to handle a gun. These were the only cheery ones among us. Many of us lay awake at night crying, because we knew we would not see our friends for the next five years and perhaps never again.

The next day we were called one by one into a room where seven officers sat at a table covered with red cloth. Before them was a box with a large opening in the top. I entered, trembling in every limb. Suddenly I heard my name called.

"Mendel Beilis!"
I stepped forward.
"Here I am, your excellency."
"Approach and try your luck."
I put my hand into the box, well knowing that I was staking five years of my life against one chance in ten thousand of my winning. But it had to be done. In those few moments my

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