

FURS THE KEYNOTE OF PARIS FASHIONS

By LA RACONTEUSE

Paris, December 1.



Truly the present season is showing a trend toward fur in fashions. Never before has so much fur been worn, both in the form of neck pieces and muffs and also as trimmings. One ambitious dressmaker has gone so far as to make up a skirt of leopard skin, which, despite the fact that it savored strongly of the glaring "drowsy" atmosphere, was nevertheless attractive and charming.

One simply cannot get along without plenty of fur, and a great variety is to be desired. The combinations of fur are now really surprising. For instance, the leopard-skin skirt, referred to above, was bordered with skunk.

Many of the muffs and stoles show great contrasts in the combinations of furs and colors. Several attractive muffs and stoles of leopard skin combined with black fox gave excellent results, while dyed furs of the new tango red have been used as trimmings for pieces made of mink, sable, ermine and skunk.

Again, returning to the kinds of furs one must wear, there is no one fur to be classed as "the thing," although sable and ermine seem to have first choice. The demand for furs has so far exceeded the supply that the fur dealers are reaping a rich harvest from the present high prices.

There is also much imitation fur on the market; some of it good and much of it bad. Quite a bit of this imitation fur is foisted on the unsuspecting purchaser as the real thing. When one's purse will not permit the buying of real fur, the next best thing is to frankly ask for a good imitation, which in most cases will serve the purpose as well as the real fur. Especially for trimmings the imitations are particularly useful. It is neither wise nor economical to cut up large pieces of real fur into small strips for trimming when a first-class imitation can be bought at a reasonable price.

The choice of materials for afternoon and evening frocks presents the same variety that has been seen during the past few months. Velvet is becoming more and more a much used material for evening gowns, and one also sees many coats of it. To a certain extent it is also used in place of fur as trimming. One rarely sees velvet and fur together nowadays.

The various kinds of charmeuse, crepes, chiffons and other light materials are still seen in great profusion. Almost any material that can be satisfactorily draped can be used as a dress foundation, but the original material is so disguised with lace braids, tunics, fur and a wealth of other trimmings as to be scarcely recognizable.

One of the most charming of matinee frocks, shown in the photograph at the left is made of the new "Chan de Pomme" charmeuse. This creation is from Redfern. Matinee frocks are now preferred in the pale tones, because the brilliant lighting of the playhouse makes a subdued tone seem more suitable to the occasion. The model illustrated has the bodice built on the prevailing kimono lines, blousing fully in front, cut in a V-shape, and trimmed with crossed bands of skunk, which sketches a bolero effect. The skunk bands are fastened in the middle of the front with a huge passementerie ornament. The upstanding Medici collar is of Ocree lace and comes to two points in front. The sleeves, cut in a V-shape over the arms, show a flounce of the same lace, which falls over the elbows, concealing them. The high draped belt is of satin, crossed in the middle of the front, encircling the hips, and is caught up in a deep fold. The skirt is lifted under the belt in front, giving the charming and lengthy silhouette. Two gathered flounces of lace, edged by a band of skunk, give the tunic effect. The skirt is also draped in a pannier movement by drawing up to the front, and a fold of the charmeuse falls at the back.

One of the prevailing materials for evening frocks is silk cashmere, and a pretty toilette of this material is shown at the right. The costume is of apricot silk cashmere and the bodice is made over a foundation of light pink silk muslin, galloon embroidered and beaded. A very wide band of applique lace, edged with a band of sable, passes over the shoulders, veils the arms and falls in two long ends to the front and back. These points are finished with long beaded tassels.

The skirt is shirred very full at the waist line, which is rather high, giving the Empire effect. It is partly trimmed with incrustations of beaded embroidery and finished with a round train.

It hangs in most graceful lines to the feet, presenting the lithesome silhouette now so much desired.



My Fight with a Mad Buffalo.

Thrilling Details of an Encounter in Which an African Explorer Was Desperately Wounded and His "Moving Picture Man" Killed.

LIEUTENANT PAUL GRAETZ has gained a great reputation in Germany as an explorer of savage lands. He is noted for his use of the newest scientific apparatus.

Lieutenant Graetz has just completed his second journey through

Africa by motor boat. He spent a year and eight months on the journey. During this time he was terribly wounded in a fight with a gigantic buffalo, while his companion, the cinematograph operator, Octave Fiere, was killed. Lieutenant Graetz here describes this tragic adventure himself.

By Lieutenant Paul Graetz.

WE start at daybreak on our journey down the Zambezi River. The region we are passing through is extraordinarily rich in game. Antelopes of various species continually run before our eyes. On both banks appear endless wastes of immensely high swamp grass. From time to time we run onto the sandy bottom, and our boys jump out and push the boat.

Suddenly we are electrified by the cry "Buffalo!" On the river bank we see three mighty buffalo staring at us in wonder. Commanding the boys to be quiet, I raise my rifle to my shoulder and fire.

The foremost of the buffaloes gave a little jump into the air and disappeared. We examine the bank at the spot where the buffaloes stood and see two of them running away. The third is nowhere in sight, showing that he is dead or badly wounded. We land and discover his tracks leading to a small spring of water. He is nowhere to be seen, but I know from experience that he will surely return to the place where he was wounded.

I take up a position where I can command this spot and still avoid being surprised by the buffalo in the long grass. I check my friend Octave Fiere, who wishes to push into the grass.

In a few minutes we hear a short, angry roar, and a crashing of the grass. The native boys run in every direction. The wounded buffalo, with big, wide-spreading black horns, comes out on the spot where he was wounded. When he sees us he disappears in the grass again.

going up the Zambezi River. Then I had my boat, the Sarotti, brought up and we had breakfast. Fiere and I stretched ourselves out for a quarter of an hour's rest on the Sarotti.

Suddenly we are again aroused by the cry from our boys: "Buffalo! Buffalo! Buffalo!" James, the cook, comes running in to tell us that the boys have discovered the buffalo lying very badly wounded in the grass.

This is good luck, for I have given that buffalo up as lost. I hurry ashore. Fiere stays a little while to get ready his cinematograph apparatus. I find the boys spread out in a semi-circle. The buffalo is not in sight. We push forward about a hundred yards into the thick grass.

Then, taking me entirely by surprise, the buffalo bursts upon me from the grass right in front of me. I fire once, and I think I hear Fiere shoot. There is no time for a second shot before the brute rushes upon me. I am able to step a little way out of his path, and fall down as I do so. I crawl into the high grass and press my body as close down to the roots as I can. This saves my life, for otherwise the buffalo would immediately have spitted me through with his tremendous horns.

In a few minutes he is above me trampling around me in the grass and trying to get at me with his horns. I can feel his hot breath, he is only a few inches away, and I feel sure that he is going to get me.

In my desperation I seize his horns, hoping that in his badly wounded condition my strength may be sufficient to overturn him or that I can hold him off long enough for Fiere to shoot him.

All this takes only a few seconds.

The buffalo shakes me about furiously with his shaggy head, and as he does so his sharp horn enters deeply into my right cheek. I cry out in pain and feel myself hurled far forward.

I regained consciousness on the river bank, with two crying boys beside me.

"Where is Swana Fiere?" I asked. "They are bringing him now," they answered. "He is dying."

"And the buffalo?" "He is dead!" A thick stream of blood, saliva and foam flowed continually from my mouth, and the right side of my face.

The boys carried me into the boat. Every movement caused the blood to flow afresh. I realized that I was bleeding to death.

"Bring me the medicine chest, quick," I said; "get me needles and thread."

I could not stop the whining of the boys. I lost my power of speech.

There was a hole as large as my fist in my right cheek. The entire lower lip was hanging down. I thrust the curved needle through my flesh an drove together the jagged flaps of flesh. The pain was excruciating.

"Heavens, leave me consciousness until I can close up this wound!" I prayed.

My lower jaw was broken in two places, near the ear and at the lip.



Lieutenant Graetz, on His Motorboat on the Zambezi River, After He Had Partially Recovered from the Buffalo's Attack.

From the broken part a long splinter of bone with three teeth stuck out, held only by the gum. The whole outer gum was torn away and jawbone and roots of teeth showed up white through the red mass.

The horn had penetrated my tongue and torn it partly away at the root. Teeth, fragments of the tongue, and bone, mixed with blood, flowed from my mouth.

With great speed I sewed by the wound until I had stopped the flow of blood. This is no small undertaking for a layman when he is operating on himself.

The boys put up the tent and arranged the bed for poor Fiere. They cut away the clothes from his body



Dead African Buffalo, Showing the Enormous Horns which Injured Graetz and Killed His Friend.

with scissors. He had been spitted by the buffalo's horns in three places. His left chest muscles hung down loose, but his heart and lungs were untouched.

On his left side, between the heart and the thigh, there was an immense gash through which the bluish red intestines could be seen. There was another large gash in the left thigh.

I managed to sew up Fiere's wound that exposed the intestines. They washed him and bound his other wounds. I was powerless to do any more.

Fiere and I lay helpless on our field beds, while two runners went to the nearest station for a doctor. The night came full of pain for me, but Fiere appeared to breathe calmly and peacefully. I felt as if



Lieutenant Paul Graetz, of the German Army, in Exploring Costume in Africa.

had passed away painlessly in sleep. I thought of the anxious widow with her three children, waiting for him at home. The spectre of poverty hangs over the little home in the Paris suburb.

The body was carried away on a stretcher to the distant station at Kasama, while I was left alone, waiting for the doctor.

Afterward I learned from the boys the facts about our fight with the buffalo. At the first charge of the brute the boys, being unarmed, had naturally run away. When they came back they found Fiere, the buffalo and myself lying in our blood.

When Fiere saw me struggling with the buffalo he was unable to shoot for fear of hitting me. He fired in the air and the animal left me and turned on him. He then fired again, hitting the buffalo in the head, and inflicting a mortal wound. But before the animal died he had strength enough to give Fiere the wounds that caused his death.