

**THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE.**

**Governor's Son Doubled His Father's Statement of Position.**

During a discussion of the manners of the sons of distinguished Americans, the other evening, an instructor in one of the private military academies along the Hudson River told this story:

"The faculty of our school were delighted when Governor Crane, of Massachusetts sent his son to us, and we all grew very fond of him, for he was a bright and extremely modest youth. In fact, his modesty was so marked that we often talked about it among ourselves. One day there came to the school a party of distinguished visitors, and the principal called up a number of the brightest boys in order to question them. Among these was young Crane.

"Robert, who is the Governor of Massachusetts?" inquired he, turning to the boy suddenly.

The youth thought for a time and then answered: "I am sure I don't know."

"You certainly don't mean to tell me you do not know who the Governor of your own State is?" replied the astonished man. "Think a moment longer."

"I am sorry, sir, but I really don't know," answered the boy.

"Why, Robert, your father is the Governor of Massachusetts," exclaimed the bewildered principal.

"Yes, he told me that himself once," answered the boy in the same quiet manner, "but I never believed it. I thought he was only stringing me." — *New York Times.*

**Olde Tyme Courtship.**

**Daan Cupid shotte atte my swetheart's herte,**

**Butte shee dodged and ye arrowe Mr. See I tooke ayme atte hyr swette redde lippe**

**And, in spyte of hyr dodgyng, Kr.**

**Ye dere lytel soule was quyte dymaynd,**

**Butte, explainyng I was ye Dr.,**

**I quyk applyde more two-lyppe salve**

**And in my armes' craydel Kr.**

**Shee whyspered that shee'd a syster bee,**

**And wolden't I bee just a Bro.?"**

**"Nette muche, pette!" I sayd; "trie thys instedde,"**

**Heir I jentlie gayve hyr Aoo.**

**"My trewe luye, canst thou notte bee my beyde?"**

**I questioned, and, pressed for ye Ana,**

**A softe voyce behynde myne care replyde:**

**"You're soe pressyng perhappes I Cana."**

**Nowe, "faynte herte never woane laydie fayr!"**

**Nee, nor ever charynged Miss to Mrs.—**

**And, ye luye a mayde, bee notte afrynde,**

**Butte, when arrowes fle wyde, trie Kr.**

**—Harper's Magazine.**

**Bird-Mad.**

Many persons not "to the manner born" are embarking on nature study, to the weariness of their friends. They sit in parks and fields with opera-glasses, and see birds that never were "on sea or land." And sometimes their bored friends rebel.

In a town where untrained observations rage, says the *New York Sun*, an elderly lady met an acquaintance in a shady avenue, and asked her:

"Do you know anything about birds?"

"No," said the other. "I'm sorry, but I don't."

"Sorry! Oh, you're such a relief! I just met Mrs. C., and she gaped my head, gazed upward, and said, 'Oh, did you hear that perfectly lovely spike-billed, purple-eyed ticklebird?'"

"I hadn't gone a block before I met Mrs. K. 'Hush!' said she, ecstatically, 'Don't move a muscle! Right up there, on that branch is one of those rare, exquisite, speckle-winged, ring-tailed screamers.'"

"You and I seem to be the only sane people. Let us rejoice in chorus."

**Disinterested Advice.**

A popular Cleveland doctor tells this story of a bright boy, his own, who had reached the mature age of 9 after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks. His restless nature has made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Any way she finally said:

"I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't you do it," said the boy.

The teacher thought she had made an impression.

"Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"Cause he charges two dollars a visit," said the scamp.

**Not Unreasonable.**

There lives in a Massachusetts town a young woman whose courtesy never deserts her, even in the most trying moments. Not long ago she stood waiting back and forth, holding to a strap in a crowded electric car on a rainy day.

A young man who stood next her had a dripping umbrella with which he emphasized his remarks to a friend. As he pounded it down on the floor of the car an expression of anxiety gradually deepened on the young woman's face, and at last, when the umbrella had become quiet for a moment, she spoke.

"I beg your pardon," she said, (in a clear, calm tone. "I am sorry to trouble you, but could you kindly change your umbrella to my other foot for a moment so that I may empty the water out of my rubber shoe in which the umbrella has been fastened?"

"Changing a man when he is down is the way to make him get up—but I'm always safe to do it."

**GOOD Short Stories**

Not long ago a coroner's jury in Ireland delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business: "We the jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."

A certain learned professor in a German university has a learned twin brother, living in the same town, who resembles him so closely that it is almost impossible to tell them apart. A townsman meeting the professor on the boulevard, stopped him, saying: "Par don me, but is it you or your brother or that I have the honor of speaking?" "Sir," was the reply, "you are speaking to my brother."

In his "Reminiscences," Frederick Goodall tells a story of Wellington as an art connoisseur. He paid Wilkie six hundred guineas for his "Chelsea Pensioners," and laboriously counted out the amount in cash. When the artist suggested that it would be less trouble to write a check, the great duke retorted that he would not let his bankers know "what a d—n fool I have been to spend six hundred guineas for a picture."

It is related of an Irish coachman that his medical adviser prescribed animal food as the best means of restoring health and activity. "Patrick," said he, "you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food." Remembering his case a few days after, he called upon Pat at the stable. "Well, Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with the treatment?" "Oh, shure, sir," Pat replied, "O! man age all right with the grain and oats but it's mighty hard with the choppet hay."

Howard Paul says that on one occasion William J. Florence, at the end of a not very prosperous engagement in San Francisco, announced a benefit for himself and his wife. The late John W. Mackay happened to be in town at the time, and wrote to Florence for one orchestra seat. It was duly sent, as a matter of course, and Mrs. Mackay remarked to her husband that, considering the friendship existing between the two men, she thought Mr. Mackay might have taken a private box at least. "Wait," said Florence, "he has not paid yet, and I am in no hurry." The benefit took place, Mr. Mackay came from Virginia City to occupy the seat he had taken and a day later he sent Florence a check for \$1,000.

Upon his return from Europe, a fortnight ago, Senator Chauncey Depew told the *New York reporter* that the rumor that he was suffering from a severe case of indigestion in Paris was incorrect. "I was troubled," he said "with rheumatism, and I may add that I found a permanent cure for it, and, for the sake of suffering humanity, I ought to tell you what the cure is. It is just a dally boat with electric batteries. In two weeks' time I was well, and now I never feel a twinge of the trouble that led me to take the treatment. It's great. It's true that after I got well I found out that the wires of the batteries had been disconnected all the time I was having my fun with them, but that is only a little incident. I was cured, and now I am not disposed to fall out with the method, for a mere oversight like that."

**Not a Recent Development.**

Talking of the personal journalism now in vogue, the author of "An Outlooker's Note Book" declares it to be nothing new, and quotes this paragraph on the Duke of Wellington which travesties the prevailing passion for minute details with regard to the private life of distinguished individuals at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "The duke generally rises a about 8. Before he gets out of bed, he commonly pulls off his nightcap; and while he is dressing, he sometime whistles a tune and occasionally damn his valet. The duke uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving, he chiefly breathes through his nose with a view, as is conceived of keeping the suds out of his mouth. The duke drinks tea for breakfast which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He eats toast and butter, cold ham, beef or eggs; these eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. At 11 o'clock, if the weather is fine, the duke's horse is brought to the door. The duke's horse on these occasions is always saddled and bridled. The duke's daily manne of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious "battle of Waterloo."

**A Plausible Explanation.**

The bewildering case with which the Irish mind solves political problems is illustrated by a story from the *New York Tribune*.

The race between two candidates for the office of State Senator in Portland Ore., had been very close, and on the day after election one Irish citizen, who had been in town but a short time, was questioning a friend about the result.

"How is it, Mike," he said, "that in many votes it should be neck and neck, become th' two min'?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, Pat," said Mike. "They're both very oppospiller min, an' I ye knowed wan ye'd be sure to vot for th' other—and both av thins as well known, do ye mind?"

"I do," replied Pat, solemnly.

**TO WEAR IN EVENING.**

**FORMAL ATTIRE HAS GAINED MUCH IN BEAUTY.**

**Immense Variety of Materials and Trimmings Now in Stylish Use Is Responsible—New Gowns for Afternoon Occasions and Receptions.**

**New York correspondence:**

**G**AIN of beauty is as apparent in the field of evening dress as elsewhere, because of the immense variety of materials and trimmings that are in stylish use, and that hence are available for dresses likely to have the most exacting inspection. The stylish stuffs most suitable for evening are a host, of course, but the number of usable fabrics is remarkably large. Among them are all the filmy, transparent materials, white cloths, delicately tinted brocades in silk, satin and velvet, and moires. Velvet chiffon is one new material that, in the light shades, is admirable for evening. It has the appearance of weight that genuine velvet has, but really is very light. White broadcloth is made princess cut, with



**OUTRIGHT NEWNESS IN EVENING GOWNS.**

very heavy lace for trimming. Crepe de chine also appear especially well when lace trimmed. Lama cloth beautifully embroidered in very fine white silk braid makes up splendidly. It is a trifle heavier than is the usual evening gown, but very stylish. Cloth of gold richly embroidered in chiffon flower ornamentation is fine. Sometimes the gown is white chiffon and cloth of gold in combination, gold lace and passementerie being used for trimming.

Combinations of materials are numerous, complexity being in great favor. Pink chiffon with black chiffon trimming, the whole over white silk, is a pretty

variety of passementeries. Bead pearls are put to such uses, too. For the princess dress, there hardly could be a better choice than white broadcloth, cream Irish crochet and cream chantilly, the last for the sleeve ruffles, though velvet and llama cloth are indorsed, and even a moderately heavy subelina has favor for such costumes. Next this is a design that could be finely interpreted in light green crepe de chine and cream and gold lace, with corsage knot and belt of burnt orange velvet. Peau de soie and white lace, or liberty satin and batiste embroidery would be suitable for this model, and the corsage knot could be set in or velvet. Pale blue, ocean blue, pink and bronze are stylish shades for such knots. For the last gown a fine selection would include pale blue mousseline over white silk, ecrú yak lace, and white chenille ornaments. Practically all the stylish transparencies will serve in this, and crochet or maltese laces may replace the yak web.

Much that is positively striking prevails in reception dresses. White, oyster and delicate gray predominate, but almost any light colored cloth is admissible, and black may be used. Velvets are the most favored of all materials, and are in black, gray and plum, greens, too, ranking high, a pretty light green counting as of especially dressy value, being brand new. Variety is supplied in plenty by stylish dresses of peau de soie, crepe de chine, transparent woods and light-weight silks and satins. Stenciled cloth and silk are finely combined, too.

Of the three reception models sketched the first may be considered as of light gray ladies' cloth embroidered in white and silver, with white silk vest finished

with black knots, burnt orange belt and steel buttons; the second is oyster llama cloth, applique of green silk grapes and leaves, and belt of darker green velvet, and the third as plum velvet, cream lace, white moire vest and lavender satin belt. But a host of adaptations is applicable to each, and doubtless by many of these the designer's ideas would not be lessened in their effectiveness.

**Fashion Notes.**

Darts that are cut out and laced together are altogether new.

The vogue of the bertha has brought the old-fashioned round, low neck into



**ELABORATE ATTIRE FOR RECEPTIONS.**

favor again as the popular shape for the neck of a low-cut gown.

Long coats of cloth make possible a protracted thin gown season.

White, plentifully lace-trimmed, is favored above all others for evening wear.

Only the long coats for real occasions are treated to the full deep lace bolero finish.

The merest apology for a complexion finds the fashionable mauve a becoming color.

Big sleeves are sure to be reduced by reason of our climatic necessity for coat sleeves.

An old fad which seems likely to come into favor again this season is the application of fur on lace, both in tiny hands, which are very effective, and likewise in bits and patches outlining or covering the form of one of the designs in the lace.

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**ACTRESS DUSE'S VENETIAN PALACE.**



Signora Eleanora Duse, the great Italian actress, differs from many of her associates in at least one respect—she does not seek publicity. To be sure, her managers, especially when she is on an American tour, use every legitimate effort to keep her before the public, and D'Annunzio's book, which reflected so little credit upon its author, brought her name into prominence in a somewhat regretful way, but this was not the fault of the actress. She belongs, in a sense, to the public life when she is on the stage. Her home life is her own. It is not the "home" life of hotels that Signora Duse is happy in, but rather in the home life of her ancient palace, on the Grand Canal in Venice. Her palace, which is the center building of the three buildings shown in the picture, is one of those quaint old structures which have made Venice an architectural beauty it is one of the show places of Venice. When it was built no one seems to know. Certain it is that it goes back a century or more, and that it was occupied by one of the noble families of Venice is established. Here, surrounded by all the comforts of a practical age, Signora Duse spends the happiest months of her life. A quiet life it is, apart from the glare of the footlights and the tinsel of the stage. She entertains, but on a modest scale. Privileged, indeed, are the few who have access to her delightful home.

**AN IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT.**

**The Determined Woman Met Her Match in Her Dressmaker.**

Most persons who attempt to emancipate themselves from established custom have periods of falling back into the old way again, baffled reformers. The real reformers are those who persist. The *New York Tribune* tells a story in which a woman who thought she had conquered was, after all, defeated. She considered herself a strong-minded woman, and had determined that she would have no more trailing skirts. She told her dressmaker of her decision in a tone which seemed to her not to admit of question or protest; but she did not know that the dressmaker, too, was a strong-minded woman, though in a different way.

"Oh!" said the dressmaker, in a tone of mild perplexity. There was so much behind that "Oh!" that the woman felt moved to assert herself.

"I will not," she exclaimed, "bring some a choice assortment of microbes."

"But you needn't get a long skirt soiled," said the dressmaker. "You hold it up, you know."

"It tires me to hold it up. I want to step out freely."

"Oh!" said the dressmaker again. It was her favorite argument, and it was apt to make her opponent wilt without knowing why. She had worked for that particular woman for several years, and had exercised over her a mild but invincible despotism.

"They are all made long," ventured the dressmaker, "except the heavy stitched walking-skirts."

"I don't care!" said the woman. "I will defy fashion."

This time the dressmaker's "Oh!" implied that to defy fashion was to invoke death or disgrace. The woman felt herself weakening before the inexorable judgment of the "one who knows."

"You're very tall," said the dressmaker, softly. "And slender," she added, after an effective pause. Her power lay in the fact that she never became excited and never gave way. A vision rose before the woman of her long, thin, lanky self, clad girlishly in a skirt that escaped the ground, with a pair of very substantial feet peeping in and out, like anything rather than "little mice." But pride came to her aid.

"Cut it short!" she ordered, sternly. "I mean," she added, "cut it about half an inch above the ground."

"The edge will cut out and collect dirt," said the dressmaker, sadly.

"Let it!" said the desperate woman.

"It's a light material, easily held up." The tone grew more melancholy, as if the dressmaker were fighting with adverse fate.

The woman was at bay. "I'll have it short!" she snapped, and the dressmaker relapsed into silence and depression. When the skirt was nearly finished she tried it on with a look of mute despair. The circular flounce is only basted on," the dressmaker said, finally. "It—it can be let down."

"What's all this length of stuff under the flounce?" asked the owner of the skirt.

"Well, I didn't cut it off, you know. The flounce can be let down. I thought you might change your mind."

meekly as if she were assenting to an act of self-sacrifice.

**A Persian Parable.**

There was a certain man who thought the world was growing worse. He was always harking back to "the good old times," and was sure that the human race was degenerating. Men, he said, were all trying to cheat one another; the strong were crushing the weak. One day when he was airing his pessimistic views, the calif said to him:

"I charge you hereafter to look carefully about you, and whenever you see any man do a worthy deed go to him and give him praise, or write to him about it. Whenever you meet a man whom you regard as worthy to have lived in the 'good old days' tell him of your esteem and of the pleasure you have had in finding one so exalted, and I desire that you write out an account of these good deeds for me that I may share your joy in knowing of it."

So the man was dismissed; but before many days he returned and prostrated himself before the calif. When ordered to explain his presence, he wailed:

"Have pity on thy servant and release him from the necessity of complimenting men upon their worthy deeds, O my master. And O Son of Muhammed, I pray thee absolve thy servant from the duty of reporting to thee all the good that is going on in the world."

"And why, O slave, dost thou come to me with this prayer?" the calif asked.

"Since I have been looking for what is good," the man replied, "I have had no time to do aught but compliment men for their splendid works. So much that is glorious is all around me that I may not hope to be able to tell thee half of it. My tasks lie neglected because I have no time—"

"Go back to thy work," said the calif. "I perceive that thou hast learned."

**Tom Reed "Makes" a Reporter.**

"Who made you?" "Tom Reed." Such would be the reply of —, a clever newspaper man who got himself established in Washington by a unique process. Tom Reed, when at the height of his czarship, lived at the Shoreham, where he held nearly as great court as in the House. Among newspaper men existed intense rivalry in the pursuit of his favors. One morning he was huffy. It was "Not a word!" to every reporter or correspondent, and the group knew he meant it. A newcomer, however, made play for a big stake and won. While his fellows waited on the stoop to see the speaker enter his carriage, this youth nestled under Tom's big wing, whispering at the door of the vehicle: "Mr. Speaker, for God's sake let me get in and ride around the corner with you! I swear I won't open my mouth. You haven't got to notice me at all. If you turn me down"—he became tragic—"it would ruin me forever in the estimation of my colleagues and rivals, but if they see me riding with you my future is safe." "Get in," said the czar, appreciating the situation, and the gasps of astonishment from the boys on the stoop as the desperate reporter took his seat indicated that a new and important factor in Washington journalism had arrived.—*New York Press.*

**Paradoxical.**

Clara—I am thinking seriously of bleaching my hair. Would you?

Maude—Well, if I did, I'd certainly try to keep it dark.

A man's good intentions would be worth more if he could get them cashed.