

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Little Things Which Make Allowance Money Melt.

SOME UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Picture Hats Grow More Beautiful. How the Sleeves Are Being Changed—Black Taffeta Gowns Are Useful and Stylish.

Waistbands are mostly wide, but boned and fashioned so that they form a corset, a very pretty fashion when the bolero or blouse comes full above it.

On every side it is asked if the blouse will ever be considered out of style. This garment will live as long as fashion herself.

What a luxury loving nation we are getting, especially we women. I suppose this is the reason why we so often fail to make both ends of a dress allowance meet.



PALE BLUE MOUSSELINE

ready money. Apart from the fancy for white or pale gray gloves, which are de rigueur at the moment, there are all sorts of fascinating little dress fads.

For instance, the white tulle bow (which is another thing which never goes out of fashion, the ethereal ruffles with rose petals flung thereon, the white spotted veil, the many dainty chiffon blouses and white lawn shirts, not to speak of such trifles as silk petticoats, up to date collures, manure and aides de toilette in general, cost more, far more, than the more casual observer would imagine.

We require at least \$500 per annum for the accessories of the toilet before we begin to think of the necessities.

About Picture Hats.

The picture hats are quite the most beautiful in mode as ever seen. The extraordinary predominance of lace may account for this.

Of great interest to the ardent student of fashion are the alterations that sleeves are undergoing. There seems to be a charming impartiality regarding the manipulation of the same.

utterly disregarded, but in spite of this colors are much to the fore, emerald green being de rigueur in Paris.

There are all kinds of new straws, the prettiest being of a light, coarse make and very soft and pliable.

A good many tailor made gowns are being lovely embroidered in very various shades with a touch here and there in gold and silver.

BLACK CHIFFON HAT.

pulling below the elbow. A happy compromise is the prettiest. In light materials it is a charming idea to insert lace or embroidery down the sleeve, but it is never best to cut up the arm into several pieces and thereby ruin its shape.

do we note this in the Russian blouse with the new short basque. Pale green and mauve in pastel tones are distinct by de rigueur for cloth frocks, but for morning wear the mixed snowflake tweeds predominate.

Silk Gowns and Coats. The fashionable figure seen en profile is undeniably large, but this is due to the straight fronted corsets now so generally worn by those who dress smartly.

Chicago was a long way from the willow hats of Po Le Wah, on a tributary of the Yangtze, and Ng's head and Ng's little slanting eyes must have been in a continuous whirl from the minute she had given her life into the keeping of these white people who ran the steamboats and the trains and insisted you from one to the other like a package of tea.



LACE COAT

set and simply increases the size by standing out where it should draw in. Some of the best French couturiers will not take an order unless they can rectify the corset once or twice during the first weeks of wear.

Complete gowns of taffeta glass will be worn all spring, and those who require a useful black gown which is at the same time smart and adaptable should select taffeta with a bright glaucous finish and have it lined with nerve or nun's veiling to lengthen its days.

Improved Millinery.

Hats occupy the most important part in our toilets, and how vastly millinery has improved of late years! In fact, women of fashion today can not eat nothing but bread of the highest order, which is perfectly superb in its dazzling designs and brilliant coloring.

The all black hat is always popular and far too becoming and useful to be



MOURNING COSTUME.

came about that when Quong Hing, who kept accounts for the maker of candles and in the evening tilted the torches on a patch beyond the village, sought out Little Mah Ng for a wife, she flouted him and stubbornly vowed she would marry none but a brave soldier.

"I beg of you, my heart," he said, "look about you; our land is not now at war."

Quong Hing thought a few things about Go Len, but his thoughts are totally unfit for publication.

There are all kinds of new straws, the prettiest being of a light, coarse make and very soft and pliable. A light hat is a necessity in these days, when many women of fashion spend the greater part of the twelve hours in their headgear.

QUONG HING, STRATEGIST

By JOHN R. RATHOM

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Quong Hing, accountant in a tea store on South Clark street, waited at the depot of the Santa Fe railroad with fear in his knees and anxiety sizzling in the neighborhood of his carefully greased and braided cap-top.

Chicago was a long way from the willow hats of Po Le Wah, on a tributary of the Yangtze, and Ng's head and Ng's little slanting eyes must have been in a continuous whirl from the minute she had given her life into the keeping of these white people who ran the steamboats and the trains and insisted you from one to the other like a package of tea.

But a telegram from good friends in San Francisco had relieved him from worry in this direction. Indeed, his present condition of mind was caused more by her rapid approach than any thing else, for Quong Hing had called her to him by false pretenses, and now, as the time for the meeting drew near, he was afraid his secret might not stay long in his own keeping.

The whole trouble had started from a silly old village crone whose husband had followed a nose Gordon to the wall of Peking and whose gallant death in the face of the enemy had been dredged out to all the young maidens in the village through the long years that came after.

"Marry a warrior, children, if you would be proud of your husband, a man of blood whose enemies shall fear him. That is the kind to bring joy to your hearts my little ones."

At the flying of the new year kites, even at the little baptismal lanterns feasts on the river and at the morning long clothes washing on the stones by the muddy sedge there was old Go Len with her nodding head and her sage advice. The girls listened respectfully as they grew up to young womanhood, and heeded too. Thus it



HE MADE HER GOODBYE UNDER THE WILLOW BY THE WELL.

came about that when Quong Hing, who kept accounts for the maker of candles and in the evening tilted the torches on a patch beyond the village, sought out Little Mah Ng for a wife, she flouted him and stubbornly vowed she would marry none but a brave soldier.

"I beg of you, my heart," he said, "look about you; our land is not now at war."

Then she answered, "Go thou to a foreign land and make war. You shall be a warrior just the same."

Soon he got a letter from his brother in America, and in his despair he made up his mind to go. The night before he went off in the sampans down to Hankow on his way to Shanghai he bade her goodbye under the willow by the well.

He pleaded earnestly with the little girl. When he came home with a fortune would she marry him? But she only blushed and looked on the ground.

Three years later the raw village lad had become a trim, intelligent member of his colony in Chicago's Chinatown. Quick wit and an aptitude for figures had given him his place in the big tea store. He had a snug sum in the bank and a little more invested in his brother's business. Moreover, he had joined the Clark street branch of the Salvation Army.

The good people with the flaming banners and the big drum were very proud of their conquest. They liked to march him out with them and have him help them pray and sing in front of the big Joy Yet Lo restaurant and the opium houses that lined the street.

His heart remained true to the little girl at home, but her letters, sent through the village writer in answer to his passionate epistles, still showed that her faith in the blessing to come with a warrior husband was unshaken.

One night Quong Hing sat down on his bunk at the back of the store and began to think hard. Was he not a warrior after all? To be sure, not a soldier seeking blood or warding off the sword thrust, but a warrior just the same, marching out when the electric lights flared up and conquering sin. Then Quong Hing looked off his shoes and went to bed with the thought simulating in his mind.

Next morning he went out in his second new Salvation uniform and sought a photographer. "You catch him picture like me?" he said to the camera man. "I velly much oblige you fiveen dollars please!"

So he stood in front of the camera and gazed into it with a stern and uncomprehending air. The photograph was a thing to be proud of. He sent it off in time to catch the next mail and with it a letter to Little Mah Ng.

"My heart's joy," he wrote, "you see by the picture that I am at last a great warrior. Each night I go out with my array and the banners and the drums. We march the streets of this land and win great victories. Our army is the Salvation and our battle-cry is a strange heathen word, 'Halle Lu Jah.' So come, my pearl. Fly to me as you promised under the willow tree. I tell my good friend Nam Hing Loong in Hankow to pay the tials for your passage on the great ship, and in San Francisco are those who will watch and send you safely through the strange land to where I wait. Come, then, to your warrior."

So this was how Quong Hing came to be waiting at the depot. He saw the locomotive swing around the curve into the maze of tracks. Then, just as he was bracing himself and brushing the final specks from his uniform, he heard the familiar beat of the big drum and looking behind him saw all the bonneted lassies of the Clark street corps drawn up in line to welcome the hero.

Quong Hing said "Glory Hallelujah!" under his breath and he never said it more fervently in his life. In another minute Mah Ng was in his arms, the lassies waving their tambourines about the couple and the one-eyed colored man beating the big drum as if he meant to break the parchment of die in the attempt.

The little slant-eyed innocent with the peach blossom cheeks was the proudest woman in the world at that moment. My warrior, she whispered to him, they are all like Chinese or Caucasian sometimes. My warrior, if the maidens in Po Le Wah were only here to see!"

His Ruling Passion.

A little old man, stooping and white haired, with a rusty hat and long used coat was bending over the rows of volumes in a dusty antique bookstore not many miles from East Twenty-third street the other day. There was about him something of the flavor of old time books and last century literature. He might have stepped out of one of those old engravings which show strolling collectors absorbed in their treasures, while small boys pick their pockets from behind pockets already well drained, though, by the collector's ruling passion.

Suddenly he picked up a book eagerly, blew off the dust and poked his nose between the yellow leaves. A young man himself a lover of old books, who had been watching the old fellow with interest and a certain literary affection, asked almost timidly, "Have you made a find?"

"Sh' you young fool?" said the mild old collector. "Then in a whisper he added, 'I can get this book here for \$1.10 for \$1.10 I tell you and sell it to a collector I know for \$5. The other day I picked up a book for 5 cents in a pawnshop and sold it for...'"

But the young man was gone. —New York Tribune.

He Would Get Over.

"If he's as good as he looks," said Lord Archie, "he'll do."

"They him, yer honor; try him," said Delaney confidently. "I've a grand field and plenty o' jumps."

The colt was saddled, and Lord Archie mounted. He first galloped round the field, about twenty acres in extent, and then took him over a couple of hurdles, a wide turf fence and finally a stone wall quite five feet high. King Brian jumped like a stag, he could go a good pace, and his mouth was perfect.

"How about water?" asked his lordship.

"Wather, is it?" said Delaney, with supreme disdain. "Sure, if ye put him at the river Shannon he wouldn't balk."

"Do you think he'd clear it?"

"Well, no, yer honor," replied Delaney thoughtfully. "I wouldn't go as far as that. But, bedad," he added, with an air of conviction, "what he didn't jump he'd swim!" —London Answers.

Obedying Orders.

Says the master of the house to his servant as he prepares to lock himself in his study and work, "I am not in if any one calls, mind."

A quarter of an hour later he rings the bell. No answer. He rings it again. Still no answer. He opens the door furiously and cries to the servant in the ante-chamber: "Did you hear me ring?" "Yes, sir; but you told me you weren't in, and I couldn't think of taking a bell's word before yours, sir."

Between Friends. Ethel—Yes, I like Charley. He is one of those fellows that put the best foot foremost. Edith—Gracious! Is one of his shoes worn out?—Ohio State Journal.

THE INTERVENING ANCESTOR

By ISABEL M. ASHTON

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Out on the wide veranda of Washington Manor an Italian orchestra was playing a Hungarian air. Within the great white pillared house on the heights the annual reception of the Daughters of the Perpetual Evolution was being held in strict accordance with the traditions of an impressive and patriotic order.

Taken all in all, it was a day of triumph for Mrs. James Henry Melton. She had always longed for ancestors, and now that she had established the fact that she had a revolutionary one her cup of joy was filled to overflowing. The house in which she lived had belonged to an old American family which had long ago lapsed into hopeless bankruptcy.

Mrs. Melton was overcome with vexation a week later when she received notification from the grand secretary that her application could not be granted for the reason that her ancestor, Colonel Edmund Taitton, had been so unfortunate as to have commanded a regiment of Hessians.

"This disappointment the Daughters of the Perpetual Evolution had been founded and Mrs. James Henry Melton became the first regent of a new chapter Ancestors from the feminine side of the house were accepted. She had purchased the old house on the outskirts of the metropolis, for it was said that General George Washington had once used it as his headquarters. It was far from a comfortable dwelling house at the best, and Mrs. Melton frowned upon modern improvements. The rooms were gradually filled with strange wares from antique shops and the building was dedicated as a perpetual shrine to the father of his country.

French officer had planted. There was also a stately elm supposed to have been placed there in its infancy by the hands of the great liberator himself. The house became the headquarters of the Daughters of the Perpetual Evolution, and now there was talk of selecting Mrs. Melton as the grand regent of the order in the United States. The organization had grown and Mrs. Melton was engaged in making persistent avowals of her unworthiness to be the head of such a distinguished body. The reception which she was giving on the day preceding the annual election was seized upon by some of Mrs. Melton's friends as an opportunity to increase her capital as a candidate.

Under such circumstances and with her mind upon such large ambitions, it was exceedingly distasteful to her that young John Dunstan should persist in his attentions to her daughter. Isabel Melton had ideas of her own, and she had on several occasions expressed unsympathetic opinions of the Daughters of the Perpetual Evolution. She had not even asked for admission to the local chapter. Such heresy as this Mrs. Melton could attribute only to the influence of young Mr. Dunstan. He made washing soda which he called by a patriotic name. The title was emblazoned on the fences along many miles of railroad. To Mrs. Melton it seemed remarkable that a daughter of hers should look with favor on anybody who was not of the purest Revolutionary strain. There was Richard Waldo Perkin, for instance, who fulfilled every condition of eligibility. He was the direct descendant of one who had

followed the fortunes of the Continental army." He was rich and his mother was actually thinking of furnishing the funds for the casting of bronze tablets which the Daughters might place on certain public buildings in the metropolis.

"If you only had some warlike forbears," said Isabel Melton to Dunstan that afternoon as they sat beneath the historic oak, "I think that we might easily overcome the maternal objections."

"Mine did not begin fighting until the Mexican and civil wars," replied Dunstan. "They became generals and colonels, but, after all, that does not count for much. Strange that the new name for the washing soda did not soften her any."

From the house there issued a babel of voices. Apparently many expressions of wonder mingled with the general approval. Relays of Daughters hurried from the lawn to the great front door. Richard Waldo Perkin in resplendent uniform hurried down the cindered walk.

"You really must come in," he said. "It is the most interesting thing you ever saw. Mr. Melton says he will not examine them until you come—the papers, you know. A secret cupboard has been found near the old mantel."

Around the fireplace the Daughters of Perpetual Evolution had forthrightly. The air was filled with exclamations. In the center of the group was James Henry Melton, the husband of the prospective regent, a white whiskered, benevolent person, waiting to read an aged, yellowed paper.

"This house being now completed," he read, "I, Ebenezer Huntington, wish to say in this year of grace 1800 that it was built after the independence of our country had been achieved, and at no time did it serve as a headquarters for General George Washington. Only a few years have passed, yet there are several hundred evil plagues, and—"

Mrs. Melton rushed forward, too late to stop her husband. Had he known the contents of that paper and the consequences which it bore he could not have acted with such remarkable lack of diplomacy.

He heard later the views of a fearful woman who sat in a room strewn with torn and aged papers and still festooned with the decorations of the most disastrous reception in all her days. A certain Mr. Perkins, who had found the secret spring by accident, had just taken a hasty and apologetic leave, and under the oak Isabel Melton and John Dunstan sat looking hopefully at the sky of early spring.

The Salmon.

Whether we consider beauty of form and color, gaminess, food quality of abundance and size of individuals, different members of the salmon group stand easily with the first among fishes. The salmonidae are confined to the northern hemisphere, and north of 40 degrees they are everywhere abundant where suitable waters are found.

In North America alone not fewer than sixty-two species and subspecies are now recognized by ichthyologists. Some of the species, especially the larger ones, are marine and anadromous, living and growing in the sea and entering fresh water only to spawn. Such are the five species of salmon of the west coast of America. Still others live in the smaller rivers and running brooks, entering lakes or the sea as occasion serves, but not habitually doing so. Such are some of the species of trout of the genera salmo and salvelinus. Others, again, are lake fishes, approaching the shore or entering brooks in the spawning season, at other times retiring to deeper waters. Of these are the whitefishes and herring of the great lakes and northward. Outing

The March of the Caravan.

Perhaps the weirdest and most impressive of the many unwonted memories that the traveler carries away with him from travel in the east is the recollection of the camel caravans which he has encountered at night. Out of the black darkness is heard the distant boom of a heavy bell. Mournfully and with perfect regularity of iteration it sounds, gradually swelling nearer and louder and perhaps mingling with the tones of smaller bells signaling the rear guard of the same caravan. The big bell is the insignia and alarm of the leading camel alone.

But, nearer and louder as the sound becomes, not another sound and not a visible object appears to accompany it. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, there looms out of the darkness, like the apparition of a phantom ship, the form of the captain of the caravan. His spongy tread sounds softly on the smooth sand, and like a great string of linked ghouls the silent procession stalks by and is swallowed up in the night.—Persia and the Persian Question.

Curing a Doctor.

An eminent physician of London, who was remarkable for continuing his visits to his rich patients after he had turned his disorders out of doors, attended a lady of some celebrity in the world of wit for three months after her recovery and regularly stayed with her until, in the English manner, he received his dismissing fee of 5 guineas. Wary of his expensive calls and concluding that to lessen the fee would be to lose the visitor, she ventured to give him 4 guineas at the conclusion of his next call. He looked anxiously in his hand, then on the carpet and stood for some time in evident embarrassment. "Have you lost anything?" inquired the lady. "Why, madam, I thought I had dropped a guinea." "It is only a mistake in the person, sir," rejoined the fair patient. "It is I who have dropped the guinea." The doctor, of course dropped his visit.