## BY CAROLYN WELLS

till trip from Liverpool to London I found to be a green glimpse of England in the shape of a bio-But the word green, as we say it in our haste, is utterly inadequate to apply to the color of the English landscape. Though of varying shades, it is always green to the n-th power; it is a saturated solution of green; it is a green that sinks into the eye with a sensation of indelibility. And as this green flew by me, I watched it from the window of a car most disappointingly like our own Pullmans.

I had hoped for the humorous absurdities of the compartmented Eng-lish trains. I had almost expected to see sitting opposite me a gentleman dressed in white paper, and I involuntarily watched for a guard who should

tarily watched for a guard who should look at me through a telescope, and say, "You're traveling the wrong way."

For my most definite impressions of English railway carriages had been gained from my "Alice," and I was annoyed to find myself booked for a large arm-chair seat in a parior car, with my luggage checked to its London destination on "the American plan."

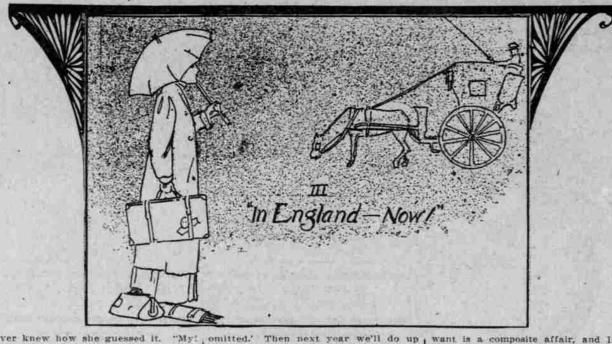
What, pray, was the use of coming abroad, if one was to have all the comforts of home?

As if to add to the unsatisfactoriness of my first impressions of English travel, I found myself sitting opposite a

young American woman.
We faced each other across a small table, covered with what seemed to be green baize, but was more likely the reflection of the insistent landscape.

The lady was one of those hopeless, helpless, newly rich, that affect so strongly the standing of Americans in

to talk at once, apparently quite obliv-lous of the self-evident fact that I wanted to absorb in silence that flying green, to which her own nature was evidently quite impervious.



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She was blatantly pretty, and began talk at once, apparently quite oblivious of the self-evident fact that I ranted to absorb in silence that flying reen, to which her own nature was vidently quite impervious.

"Your first trip?" she said, though I sights which should on no account be

the single stars, and after that we can take things more leisurely."

"You've never been over before, then?" I observed.

"No," she admitted, a little reluct-antly; "I went to California last year. I think Americans ought to see their own country first."

the single stars, and after that we can

own country first."

I couldn't help wishing she had chosen this year for her California trip, but the accumulation of green vision had somehow magicked me into a mood of cooling amiability, and I good-naturedly assisted her to prattle on, by offering an encouraging word now and then on, by offering an encouraging word now and then.

"He's so good to me." she said, nod-ding toward her husband. "He says he welcomes the coming and speeds the parting dollar. Isn't that cute? He's an awfully witty man."
She described the home he had just built for her in Chicago, and it seemed

to be a sort of Liberal Arts Building set in the last scene of a comic opera. For a moment, I left the green to it-self, while I looked at my unrefracseif, while I looked at my unrefractive countrywoman with an emotion evenly divided between pity and envy. For had she not reached the ultimate happiness, the apotheosis of content only possible to the wealthy Nitro-Bromide? And what was I that I should depreciate such soll-filling satisfaction? And why should my carping analysis dub it ignorance? Why, indeed?

After a few more green miles, an important mannered guard, who proved to be also guide, philosopher and friend, piloted me to a dining-car which might have been a part of the rolling-stock of the Pennsylvania rail-

rolling-stock of the Pennsylvania rail-road.

Nothing about it suggested the an-ticipated English discomfort, unless it might be the racks for the glasses, which, after all, relieved one of certain vague apprehensions.

But at dinner it was my good luck to sit in a quartet the other three men-

sit in a quartet, the other three mem-bers of which were typical English I suppose it is a sort of reflex ner-

vous action that makes people who eat together chummy at once. The fact of doing the same thing at the same time creates an involuntary sympathy which expands with the effects of physical

I patted myself on my mental shoul-der as I looked at the three pleasant English faces, and I suddenly became aware that, though of a different color. they affected me with exactly the same sensation as the clean, green English

scenery.

This, I conclude, was because English people are so essentially a part of their landscape, a statement true of no Americans save the aboriginal Indian

My table-mates were a perfect specimen of the British matron, her hus-band and her daughter. I should de-scribe them as well-bred, but that term seems to imply an effect of acquisition by means of outside influences. They were rather well-born, in a sense that implies congenital good-breeding.

Their name was Trayers, and we

slid into conversation as easily as a launching ship slides down into the water. Naturally I asked them to tell me of London, explaining that it was my first visit there, and I wished to know how to manage it.

"What London do you want to use?" asked Mr. Travers, interestedly. "You know there are many Londons for the entertainment of visitors. We can give you the Baedeker London, or

compile it as I go along. You know Browning says The world is made for each of us, and so I think there's a London made for each of us, and we

thave only to pick it out from among the myriad others."

"That's quite true." said Mrs. Travers. "You'll be using, do you see, many hits of those Londons mentioned, but combining them in such a way as to make an individual London all your proper na

own."
The prospect delighted me, and I mentally resolved to build up such a London as never was on land or sea.
"But," I observed, "aside from an individually theorized London, there must be a practical side that is an inevita-ble accompaniment. There must be facts as well as opinions. I should be most glad of any hints or advices from experienced and kind-hearted Lon-doners."

"Without doubt," said Mr. Travers,

"the question trembling on the tip of your tongue is the one that trembles on the tip of every American tongue that lands on our shores—"What fee shall I give a cabman?"

shall I give a cabman?"

"I laughed outright at this, for it was indeed one of my collection of tongue-tipped questions.

"But sadly enough," went on the Englishman, "it is a question that it is useless for me to answer you at present. An American must be in London for four years before he can believe the true solution of the cabfee problem. The correct procedure is to give the cabby nothing hevend his to give the cabby nothing beyond his adept in the making of picturesque legal fare. If you give him tup- phrases.

you believe the theory now, because you hear me set it forth with an air of authority; but it will take you at least four years to attain a true working knowledge of it. Moreover, you will ask every Englishman you meet will ask every Englishman you meet regarding cab-fees, and so conflicting will be their advices that you will change your tactics with every hansom you ride in."

"Then," said I, with an air of independence, "I shall keep out of hansom cabs, until I am fully determined what course to pursue in this regard."

"But you can't, my dear lady," continued my instructor. "To be in London is to be in a hansom. They are inevitable."

"Why not omnibuses." I asked.

"Why not omnibuses?" I asked, eager for general information. "I have long wanted to ride in or on a

Mr. Travers' eyes twinkled.

Mr. Travers' eyes twinkled.
"You have an American joke." he said. "which cautions people against going into the water before they learn how to swim. I will give you an infallible rule for 'buses: never get on a London 'bus until you have learned to get on and off of them while they are in motion."
"What waggery!" observed Mrs. Travers, in a calm, unamused tone.

Travers, in a calm, unamused tone, and I suddenly realized that I was in the midst of an English sense of

The dinner progressed methodically through a series of specified courses, and when we had reached the vegetable marrow I had ceased to regard the green distance outside and gave my full attention to my lucky find of the Real Thing in English people.

Mr. Travers' advice was always ex-cellent and practical, though usually hidden in a jest of somewhat heavy We discussed the English tendency

to elide letters or syllables from their proper names, falling back on the time-worn example of the American who complained that Englishmen spell a name B-e-a-u-c-h-a-m-p and pro-nounce it Chumly. "But it's better for an American."

"But it's better for an American, said Mr. Travers, "to pronounce a name as it is spelled than to elide at his own sweet will. I met a Chicagoan last summer who said he intended to run out to Win'c's'le."

"What did he mean?" I asked, in my ignorance.

ignorance. "Windsor Castle," replied Mr. Trav-

ers, gravely.

The mention of Chicago made me remember my companion in the parior

remember my companion in the parior car, and I spoke of her as one type of the American tourist.

"I saw her," said Mrs. Travers, with that inimitable air of separáteness that belongs to the true Londoner; "she is not interesting. Merely a smart party who wears a hat."

As this so competently described the As this so competently described the lady from Chicago, I began to suspect what I later came thoroughly to realize, that the English are wonderfully



HE TREATS YOU TO HIS OPINION OF YOU IN CHOICE BILLINGSGATE.

casionally raised their heavy, creamy | beauty at a ball. Yet. beneath that Remembering Mrs. Travers' aptness in coining phrases of description. I tried to put Rosalind Travers into a few words, but was obliged to borrow

from the Master-Coiner, and I called her "The Person of Moonshine." By the time I was having my first interview with real Cheddar cheese, the Traverses were inviting me to visit them, and I was gladly accepting their delightfully hospitable and unmistaka-

bly sincere invitation.
Scrupplously careful to bid goodbye
to my Chicago friend before we reached
London, alone I stepped from the train
at Euston Station with a feeling of

at Euston Station with a feeling of infinite anticipation.

Owing probably to on over-excited imagination, the mere physical atmosphere of the city impressed me as something, quite different from any city I had ever seen. I felt as if I had at last come into my own, and had far more the attitude of a returning wanderer than a visiting stranger.

derer than a visiting stranger.

The hansom-cabs did not appear any different from the New York vehicles of the same name, but I climbed into one without that vague wonder as to whether it wouldn't be cheaper to buy the outfit than to pay my fare. My destination was a club in Picca dilly

dilly—a woman's club, which I had joined for the sole purpose of using its house as an abiding-place. The cab-driver was cordial, even solicitious about my comfort, but finally myself and my hand-luggage were carefully stowed away, the glass

was put down, and we started. It was after dark, and it was raining, two conditions which might appall an unescorted woman in a strange city. The rain was of that ridiculous Eng-lish sort, where the drops do not fall, but play around in the air, now and

then whisking into the faces of pass-Miss Travers had said almost nothing.

I had read of the mental blankness of the British Young Person, and was not altogether surprised at this. ers-by, but never spoiling their clothes. It was enough, though, to wet the asphalt, and when we swung into Piccadilly, and the flashing lights from know there are many Londons for the entertainment of visitors. We can give you the Baedeker London, or Dickens' London, or Stevenson's London, or Bernard Shaw's London, or Whistler's London."

London."

"Or our own W. D. Howell's London," I finished, as he paused in his catalogue.

"I do not know," returned Mr. Travers. "Nobody knows; but the fact replication of you in choice Billingsgate. Whereas, if you give him no gratuity. But the girl was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original the most beautiful things in the build, with a face of transparent whiteness. Her soft light was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original the most beautiful things in the whiteness. Her soft light was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original the most beautiful things in the whiteness. Her soft light was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original the most beautiful things in the whiteness. Her soft light was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original the most beautiful things in the whiteness. Her soft light was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has an original the most beautiful things in the whiteness. Her soft light was a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has a delight to look at. By no means of the pink-cheeked. It has a delight to look at. By no means of the pink at t everywhere dived down into the street, and rippled themselves across the wet blackness of the pavement, I suddenly realized that I was driving over one of the most beautiful things in the world. I looked out through my hansom-glass darkly, at London. Unknown. nivsterious silent but enticing with

mocking elusive witchery, I was con-scious of an implied promise, that my London would yet unmask, and I should know and love her face to face.

A Week's Experiences. New Orleans Times-Democrat.
The year had gloomly begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's He was beset with bill and dun,

And he had very little

"This cash," said he, "won't pay due I've nothing here but ones and A bright thought struck him, and he "The rich Miss Goldrocks I will

But when he paid his court to her. She lisped, but firmly said, "No "Alas," said he, "then I must die!" His soul went where they may souls They found his gloves and coat and hat, And the Coroner then upon him



## WOMEN'S MANY HUED FOOTWEAR

"MERELY A SMART PARTY WHO WEARS A HAT."

FOR the next two months it will be a toss up in point of extravagance between headwear and footwear. To tween headwear and footwear. To pay 118 for one pair of walking shoes is only moderately extravagant, and the number of pairs of shoes and ties necessary to a fashionable wardrobe is far ahead of the number of hats, which is saving much. saying much.

style and color from which to choose are style and color from which to choose are the case of old ladies, and to be care-responsible for this, says the New York Sun. At one time a woman's street shoe, like a man's dress suit, was necessarily "Once upon a time a custom order

black, and there was no very great temptation to lay in a big stock. Then came colored spats. These took for a while, but got to be so common that fashion discarded them, Evidently they had fostered a love for ornate street footwear and soon smart women ocgan to bring back from Europe shoes vamps and uppers of contrasting s and materials variously trimmed. The conservatives in dress almost lost their breath when two particulary stylish young matrons first appeared wearing short black walking costumes and shoes made with patent leather unders and pure white uppers, and in the same seaso pearl gray uppers in conjunction with black vamps and sides were seen often in That was more than two ago, and the fashion has grown

None likes the fashion better than the

"For every pair of women's shoes or-dered two or three years ago, three pairs are now ordered," said one, and he ex-plained that this applied to the women of other cities as well as to New Yorkers, the former placing most of their orders

Perhaps. It's a No. 5, though, but The fashion of matching the shoe to the gown and the fact that there are now no end of models of shoes differing in

> shoe meant common sense lines and comfort more than style. Now it means style first, then the shoe must look small and it must represent the acme of comfort. Our job is far from being an easy one, and that is one rea-son why the cost of custom-made shoes

> is a good bit higher now than for The shoe for the Chicago woman was The slice for the Chicago woman was of fine black kid, with uppers of pearl-colored suede, finished with white mother-of-pearl buttons. The vamp had no tip, the heels were of a medium that the cost was \$18. high French model. The cost was \$18 "Of late," the dealer went on, "fash lonable women have shown a decided preference for ties over high shoes

> Even in the coldest weather, openwork stockings and low cut shoes have been popular with New York women. "Now that Spring Is here, the high Now that Spring is here, the high shoe is having a vogue. Weather has nothing to do with it; fashion has everything to say. The New York woman is willing to wear sandals in midwinter and top boots in midsummer it fashion orders it.

newest models are in fact cut higher than the ordinary shoe, the tops being made of a thin waterproof, cravener or thin leather.

"Cloth and suede tops are warmer than leather tops, therefore one of the most stylish of the Spring shoes is made of patent leather or kid or brown calf in a contrasting color."

The dealer showed these leathers in

the whole skin. They included many shades of blue, green, brown and red; there were ecru, yellow, dark and light; orange, pink and champagne. Failing the desired color, a skin is dyed to

the desired color, a skin is dyed to match a sample.

If uppers are wanted to match a street gown all the wearer need do is to produce the material. Thus a pair of patent leather shoes had tops of a light gray striped material, the stripes about half an inch wide and arranged to meet in a V over the insten. The to meet in a V over the instep. The effect was very pretty.

The same style shoe in russet brown

was topped with a quarter-inch gray cravanette. cravanette. Other models included pat-ent leather finished with Yale blue kid leather tops, dark browns topped with white cloth speckled with brown and russets with uppers of champagne.

The combination of black and white, black and cream and black and champagne, in the new models, are startling, but stylish, as a young woman who had just purchased a pair of shoes made entirely of white kid except the vamp, which was of patent leather, remarked. It took her some time to choose between this style and one which had a black vamp and heels and all the rest.

vamp with an eighth-of-an-inch wide black band of patent leather. Side by side in one establishment were a pair of nauve shoes touched up with white but-tons and a pair which combined a vamp of pale blue kid with white uppers, heels and sides. This same design combined also a brown vamp with white heels, sides and uppers and brown vamp and cham-pagne colored sides and top.

If anything, the varieties of low cut

pence, he looks at you reproachfully

if you give him fourpence, he scowls

at you fearfully; if you give him six-pence, he treats you to his verbal opinion of you in choice Billingsgate. Whereas, if you give him no gratuity.

THE ONE WITH THE PLAID TRAVELING CAP.

shoes are more ornate than the high cut. For example, there is one model made of fancy leather—that is, leather veined with" colors to form a leaf design. This is seen at its best in brown veined with ecru and red. In one case a tie of this leather cut with a short vamp and a medium Cuban heel was finished around the edge with a half-inch wide band of gold gal-

A particularly novel design of the runs up well on the front of the foot, some-thing after the fashion of a Juliette bed-room slipper, and is finished with a high French heel and a short pearl buttoned opening a little to one side of the front line. In one example the champagne colored suede was embroidered in a double row of oblong eyelets across the front of the foot.

A tie with the vamp of one color and two-toned stripe, and a similar model the remainder of quite another color in dull brown leather had uppers f seems to be one of the most popular very dark gray quarter-inch stripe models both in ties and pumps, and for ordinary wear the brown or ecru vamp leads all the rest. Compared with brown the black vamp is nowhere. Shown at one of the best custom shops are brown tles and pumps finished between the sole and the upper with narrow white beading.

In one medium high tie of russet leather there are white eyelets and laces Gray and white mixed pearl buttons, by

other cities as well as to New Yorkers, if fashion orders it.

"For the time being, shoes with New York.

According to this shocmaker, there are placing to fashion. Cutting out of gold with black heels with black to stand upright instead of lying flat worm more than ties. Some of the sides and across the sides a

## THE HOTEL CLERK &



CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE

he goes across the aisle feet first and for a farrier, and he can whip his with one well-directed kick shifts it two | weight in wildcats-if stuffed. points to larboard. Leader John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, works a neat wallpaper design of art nouveau scratches on Sub-Leader DeArmond, of Missou-

doubt If some of those Southern members would know a cartel if they met it coming down the big road from Car-tersville. Young Mr. Heflin, of Alabams, is the only one of them that has made any noticeable effort to revive the old custom and you know what a kidney stew with masked potatoes and bolled onions he made of it. Heflin's one of the youngest fathers that the prohibition wave has. He was going down to a church social in his capacity as a parent, to speak on the subject of temperance, and so natural-ly he took a gun about the size of a

pair of skates in his hip pocket along with his manuscript showing what the hellish liquor traffic had done. A col-ored party hauled out a bottle of sloe gin on the street car and Mr. Heflin's ardor was fired and he inaugurated a little crusade of reform of 41 caliber that took in at least one innocent bystander. He had a style of marks-manship like a Roman candle. In the old days they wouldn't have let Heflin carry the cotton batting to a real duel. "After all, Jeff is my favorite in the new school of constructive statesman-

tween this style and one which had a black vamp and heels and all the rest of the shoe white, and another which had white uppers and white heels with had white uppers and white heels with Another striking model was entirely of white leather finished with black beels.

Shoes.

In evening slippers the most notice able novelty is in the trimming of the land white uppers and white heels with had white uppers and white heels with all obling buckle of gold with jewels, real or imitation, sunk into the surface, or of a comparatively small stiff bow made.

"It's a funny thing, Larry, but outside of the Southern statesmen, the Southerners don't seem to be the hotheads they used to be, if they ever were. The average Southerner these times wears a derby rl's face with his finger nails.

"Not a gun anywhere. No resort to socks from a Yankee if the price is the code. No exchange of cartels. I right. The only big feud they've had in Kentucky in a year was the row over the new organ in a Baptist Church in Owens-

"How about them fierce, long-haired guys with the slouch hats you see in the bar here every night?" asked the House Detective.

Oh, you mean those conversational firebrands that're always committing ar-son with their mouths?" said the Hotel Clerk. "They're professional Southerners, Larry. They don't grow down South. You don't find 'em there. The climate of the North is best suited to their cuiture. It's a word and a blow with them a word and then blow for three or four

"But I love to hear them spout. They always belong to old Southern families There aren't any new Southern families anyway-it's only the prime old vatted, bottled-in-bond Southern families we hear about up here. It's the proud boast of every one of those cooking sherry sports that he springs from fight-ing stock. And so he does. He'll spring the length of this room from anybody who remotely resembles fighting stock.

And he loves to boast about the rich
cavaller blood that flows in his veins.

Any such blood he's got was delivered at
the wrong address. I've been down South.

Larry, and I know. If a professional
Southerner from this lower way to Men. Southerner from this town went to Mem

as a common nuisance.
"The young female professional South-

plaid sample, as you may have noted, Larry. Generally, she's in the chorus of somes Broadway show, and her accent ain't on straight. It sounds too much like the Southern dialect they talk up-state—in the Southern Tier. But any-way, she don't have to be born down South to make her eligible. longs to a show that plays South Bend, and gets all her regular divorces in South Dakota, she's qualified for active membership in the Ladies' Auxiliary New Yerk Local of the Self-Made South-

"I heard that taffy-haired dame from the Casino, that comes in here every evenin for tes, sayin the other day that her ps was a Southern planter," said the Hotel Detective. "I wonder did she tell

the truth?"
"Yes, she did," said the Hotel Clerk. "Her father's in the undertaking bust-ness in Atlanta."

## A Little Hint.

Detroit Free Press.
I love little children,
So charming and sweet:
Their eyes flashing sunlight,
The sound of their feet,
I'm fond of the youngsters,
But still, for all that
It's no sign that I want them
To sit on my hat.

I'll rondle the bables
And jog on my knee
The rosy-lipped children,
Wheever they be,
But still, though I love
All the bables, so cute
I don't want their finger-marka
Left on my suit.

My heart is a playground

Where children may run; I want all the toddlers To revel in fun. But though my heart beets For each sturdy young chap I don't want an ink well Spilled into my lap.