FARIZADE, SMILE OF THE ROSE

By C. J. Mardrus.

THERE lived a Persian king named Khosrou-Schah, to whom the Disposer had given goodness, youth, beauty. In him there was such a sense of justness that during his reign the tiger and the horse walked side by side and drank of the same waters.

This king was accustomed to take walks by night, disguised, in company with one of the dignitaries of the palace, in order that he might see what went on among his subjects and cure any evils of government.

One night as he passed through a quarter of the city inhabited with poor people, he stopped before the door of a house, from which he heard the voices of young girls, and looking through an opening in the door he saw three young girls, who, their repast ended, were seated at the table in conversation.

These three young girls were faultlessly beautiful, but the youngest appeared the most beautiful.

The first said:

"My wish is to become the wife of the pastry cook of the sultan, because you know how I love pastries, and above all those delicious puffs which we call the puffs of the sultan. But there is only the chief pastry cook of the sultan who can make them."

And the second said:

"I am not so ambitious. I would content myself simply with becoming the wife of the chef of the sultan. I could then taste all the wonderful dishes which are only eaten in the palace. There is, above all, the dish of cucumbers stuffed and cooked in the oven. I would not forget from time to time to give you some, if my husband would permit me."

Then the two sisters turned to the youngest, who had remained silent, and bade her express her desires. But she lowered her eyes and refused to speak for a time, until at length she, blushing, said, in a voice soft and like running water:

"Oh, my sisters, I wish to become the wife of the sultan, and the sons which Allah would permit to be born of our union would be worthy of their father, and the daughter whom I would love to have, would have the smile of the skies, her hair would be golden on one side and silver on the other; her tears, if she cried, would be so many pearls falling; her laugh, if she laughed, would sound like the tinkling of gold, and there would be as many rosebuds on her lips as could bloom."

The sultan and his vizier, amused to the extreme, departed without hearing further.

But the sultan felt within him a desire to see all these wishes come to pass, and ordered the vizier to mark the house well. The next day he directed the vizier to go and get the three girls and bring them to him.

The three girls were brought to him and he made one the wife of the chief pastry cook and the other the wife of the chef of the palace and the youngest he took by the hand and placed her on the throne by his side. And the marriage of the youngest was celebrated with surpassing splendor, while that of the other two sisters, according to the ordinary usages.

Thus jealousy and spite penetrated into the hearts of the older sisters and from that moment they plotted the downfall of their youngest sister.

The sultana, on her part, never ceased to bestow on them marks of her affection and notwithstanding their obscure rank, received them on the most intimate terms.

In due course of events, the sultana gave birth to an infant prince, beautiful as the crescent of the new moon, and the two older sisters, far from being touched with the goodness of their younger sister, found this the occasion which they had waited for to torture the heart of the young mother.

They took the child without the mother having seen it and replaced it by a little dead dog, which they produced before all the women of the palace.

The sultan, at this news, at the limit of his grief, went and closed himself in his apartments and refused to occupy himself with the affairs of the state. And the sultana was plunged in affliction.

The newly-born was placed in a basket by his aunts and abandoned to the waters of the canal, which passed the foot of the palace and was found by the keeper of the garden as it floated on the water.

No children had blessed the union of the gardner and his wife and thus it was that when he found this beautiful child he hastened to his home and, giving her the child, said:

"Peace upon you, oh, wife! Here is the gift of the Creator. Let this child which I bring you be our child."

And he told her how he had found it floating on the waters of the canal.

And the wife of the gardener took the child and loved it.

The next year the poor mother gave birth to another child, more beautiful than the first.

And the two sisters watched with hearts filled with hate and without more pity than the first time they took the child, as they had the first, and put it in a basket in the canal, and produced in place of the child a cat.

And Allah, who watches over the destinies of children, put this one also in the care of the keeper of the gardens, who took it to his wife and they loved this one also as their own child.

And the sultana gave birth to a third child.

This time it was a young princess.

And this child met the same fate as the other two, and it also was rescued by the gardener.

But the sultan could now no longer restrain himself, and he condemned the sultana to death. But when he had seen her before him, weighed down in tears and sorrow, he took pity on her and ordered her to be locked up for the rest of her life.

The years passed on, and when the three adopted children of the keeper of the garden had attained adolescence they appeared wonderfully beautiful.

The oldest they called Faride, the second Farous, and the girl Farizade.

And Farizade had a smile of the sky, her hair was golden on one side and silver on the other; her tears, when she wept, were pearls; her laugh, when she laughed, was as sounds of tinkling gold, and her smiles were as rosebuds.

And thus it was that all those who approached her, when they spoke to her, called her Farizade, Smile of the Rose. And all marveled at her beauty, her goodness and her wisdom.

Surrounded with the affection and respect of her foster children, the gardener's wife, having lived her allotted life, was called to receive the mercy of the Judge.

And the gardener could not bring himself, in his great sorrow, to desire longer to live at his house, where they had lived so many happy years, and he went and threw himself at the feet of the sultan and petitioned to be allowed to go; and the sultan, as a reward for his long and faithful service, granted him a magnificent domain near the city, with a richly furnished palace and a garden of perfect art.

Here at length he also passed into the hands of his God.

He was mourned by his adopted children as never father had been, and he carried with him the secret of their birth, which, however, he himself had only known imperfectly.

The two brothers and their sister continued to live, and as they had been raised, in wisdom and simplicity. They had no other wish than to live in this perfect union and happiness.

One day as Farizade, according to her custom, was walking in the garden, one of her servants came to her and told her that a good old woman solicited the favor of resting for an hour or two in the shadow of her garden, and Farizade, whose heart was easily moved, ordered food and drink, which she herself took to the old woman, desiring to be in the company of persons of experience and learn their words of wisdom.

After the old woman had rested for a time she looked at the young girl and said:

"I have passed my life in going over the earth, and never have I rested in a more delightful place. But I wish you would have in this garden the three incomparable things which are wanting."

Farizade was extremely astonished, and she requested the old woman to inform her what these things were. And the old woman replied:

"The first of these three things, if it was in this garden, all the birds in this garden would come to look at it, and, having seen it, would sing in chorus. It is the speaking bird.

"AND WITH THE GOLDEN CAGE——SHE DESCENDED THE MOUNTAIN."

The second of these things, if it were in this garden, the breeze which makes the trees sing would stop and listen, and the strings of the harp and of the guitar would become silent. And this is the singing tree. Because neither the breeze of the trees nor the strings of the harp can render a harmony incomparable to the concert of the millions of invisible mouths which are in the leaves of the singing tree.

"The third thing, if it were in this garden, all the waters of the garden would stop in their murmuring travels and look at it. And this is the golden water."

And Farizade cried:

"Oh, mother, where are these three things found?"

And the old woman said: "They are found in a place situated toward the frontiers of India, and the road which conducts there passes directly behind the palace which you live in. You have only to follow this road 20 days, and on the twentieth day ask the first person you meet where the singing bird and the speaking tree and the golden waters are, and this person will direct you."

And the old woman murmured a benediction over the young girl and departed.

Thereafter her garden ceased to please Farizade, and she never ceased to think of these three things and to desire to possess them.

She at length told her brothers what the old woman had said and they were at the limit of astonishment, and seeing that their sister was inconsolable at the want of these three things they promised to go together and find them for her.

But she would not let both of them go, fearing that if evil should befall them she would lose both at the same time, and it was agreed that Faride, the older, should go in search of them.

Before he departed he gave to his sister a knife, and told her that if the blade became rusty she would know that a great accident had happened to him, and that if it should become covered with blood that he was no longer among the living.

He traveled during 20 days and nights, and on the twentieth day he arrived at the foot of a mountain, and there was a tree, under which was seated a very old man.

The face of this old man was hidden under his long eyelashes and long beard, which was thick and white. His arms and legs were of an extreme thinness, and his hands and his feet had nails of an extreme length.

On being addressed by Faride the old man attempted to respond, but with a voice so choked with his beard that Faride could not understand his words. Faride took scissors from his bag and cut the hair of the old man and his moustache and his nails.

And when the old man was relieved of these encumberances he smiled and spoke in a clear voice and said:

"I will help thee with my counsel and my experience."

And Faride told him that he searched for the singing tree, the speaking bird and the golden water."

The old man answered:

"I know the place where these things can be found, but the service you have rendered me is so great that I cannot willingly expose you to the terrible dangers of such an enterprise. Many young men before you have passed here never to return."

But the old man seeing that he could not persuade Faride to return, put his hand in a sack which he had around his body and drew therefrom a ball of red granite.

"This will conduct you where you wish to go. Mount your horse and throw this before you and it will roll and you will follow until it stops, then tie your horse to this ball and ascend the mountain of which you see the summit from here.

"On all sides you will see black stones and you will hear voices which are not the voices of the earth. They will be voices of the invisible and they will hurl words which will freeze the blood in your veins. But by no means listen, because if you turn your head while they are calling you, you will be changed to one of these stones, but if resisting these calls, you arrive at the summit, you will find the speaking bird, the singing tree and the golden water."

Faride jumped on his horse, and with all his force he threw before him the ball and the ball rolled before him until it came to the mountain and then stopped.

Faride descended from his horse and commenced to ascend the mountain.

At first he heard nothing, but as he proceeded he saw blocks of stones which represented human figures petrified, and suddenly from the rocks a cry was heard, and this cry was followed from right to left with other voices of the invisible.

One demanded to know what he wanted there; another said, kill him and throw him down the mountain.

But Faride did not allow himself to be frightened by these voices until at length so frightful an uproar was raised, now on his right, now on his left, and in front of him and behind him, that he became frightened and forgetting the advice of the old man, he turned his head and was immediately turned into a block of stone. At the foot of the mountain, the same thing happened to his horse and the ball of red granite returned to the old man.

That day Farizade, according to her custom, looked at the knife which she carried, and although so brilliant the day before, it was now tarnished and rusty and she knew that a great misfortune had happened to her brother.

Farizade blamed herself greatly for having permitted her brother to go in search of these strange things, but her brother Farous attempted to console her by announcing his purpose to go in search of his brother and release him from captivity. Refusing to be dissuaded from this purpose, he gave his sister a string of pearls, telling her that if they changed their color she would know that the same fate had befallen him, he started on his journey.

On the twentieth day he found the same old man, seated in the same place, who told Farous what had happened to his brother and warned him of the dangers that would beset him.

Farous attempted to ascend the mountain, but suddenly hearing the voice of his brother, he turned and was likewise turned into stone.

In her palace, Faride watched the string of pearls and saw that one after the other they lost their color, and she cried:

"Oh, my brothers, devoted to my caprices, I will join you."

And forgetting her sorrows, without delay she disguised herself as a young man and departed on the road to the mountain.

On the twentieth day she met the old man who told her the fate which had befallen her brothers. He told her that she had not been deceived as to the three incomparable things, but she had not been informed of the dangers which surrounded them.

Seeing that Farizade was determined to attempt to release her brothers, the old man said to her:

"Here, oh, daughter, is the ball of granite which will conduct you, but you cannot deliver your brothers until you have become mistress of the three marvels, and because you wish to expose your life for the love of your brothers and not because you desire to acquire these wonders I will protect you against the call of the invisible voices."

And as he gave her the ball of granite he also gave her two pieces of cotton with which to fill her ears.

And so it was that Farizade passed safely through the horrible noises that beset her on all sides and reached the summit and silence rested on the mountain.

The voice of the speaking bird was heard, saying, "Farizade, I am your slave."

And Farizade delighted, forgot her sorrows and asked the singing bird where she could find the singing tree and the bird told her, and that it would be sufficient to plant the smallest branch in order to grow a beautiful tree like that which she saw, and Farizade went toward the tree and hearing the leaves sing she knew she was in the presence of the singing tree, the golden water and also the singing bird showed her.

And Farizade took a crystal urn and filled it with the golden water.

And with the golden cage of the singing bird, and the branch of the singing tree and the urn of golden water she descended the mountain, and as she went she sprinkled the stones with the golden water and all were changed into men and together they descended the mountain where they mounted their horses after Farizade had likewise delivered them.

On their way the young men departed one by one, after expressing their gratitude to Farizade, until on the night of the twentieth day, Farizade and her brothers arrived in their domain.

Farizade made haste to place the bird in the garden and with her own hands planted the branch of the singing tree and the branch took root and became a beautiful tree while music exhaled from its branches. And she took a drop of water from the crystal bowl and it bubbled and sparkled into a sparkling stream.

One day in a path of the forest the two brothers met the sultan, who was much surprised to see two noblemen of so striking an appearance whom he did not know and on inquiring of them, was filled with joy to know the sons of his faithful servant.

The Sultan desired to know why they had not presented themselves before him and they pleaded that they had one sister whom they loved greatly and had no desire to leave.

The Sultan was touched by this fraternal union and unselfishness, and the desire came to him to visit them in their home.

Farizade, when she heard that the sultan was on his way to visit them, was much concerned how best to entertain him, and hastened to consult the speaking bird, who told her she must serve only one dish, that a portion of cucumbers garnished with pearls, which Farizade in great wonder and fear proceeded to arrange.

The sultan entered accompanied by the two brothers and they seated themselves in the garden beneath trees protected from the heat. And the first thing which struck the eye of the sultan was the stream of golden water, which he examined in admiration, and suddenly he heard the concert of the singing tree, and he listened with delight, and then the voice of the singing bird was heard.

And the sultan thought within himself that he would give his throne to live thus.

The dish of cucumbers and pearls being now brought before the Sultan. Observing the pearls, he exclaimed:

"What innovation in the garnishing of cucumbers, and since when have pearls replaced rice."

And Farizade was on the point of dropping the plate in her confusion, when the speaking bird raised his voice and calling to the sultan, said:

"Oh my master, and since when could the children of the sultan become changed into animals at their birth? Since, O, King, you have believed in a thing so incredible you have not the right to become astonished at a thing so simple."

And suddenly the bird said to Farizade, whose face was veiled:

"Raise your veil, oh Farizade, before your father."

Farizade raised her veil and her hair fell about her shoulders.

And the talking bird said:

"Your daughter, oh king, whose hair is golden on one side and silver on the other, and pearls of joy are on her eyes and roses on her lips."

And the sultan at the same time looked at the two brothers and he recognized himself in them, and while the sultan was still perplexed with emotion, the speaking bird recounted rapidly the true history of his children.

And after they had overcome their emotion, the sultan said:

"Let us go in haste to find your mother."

SHOULD CHILDREN VISIT THEATRES?--By Professor Lino Ferriani, University of Rome

IT is an unpleasant but absolutely unnecessary talk to oppose certain almost criminally foolish methods in the bringing up of children in vogue in many well-to-do families, which prove how little the majority of parents know of what benefits their children physically and morally. Methods of education harmful to the children may be excused in parents who are so situated economically that they cannot give the necessary time, but they are unpardonable in parents who have the time and opportunity to think and learn how to make children into useful men and women.

It was Spencer who said that he thought it strange that while he who thought of taking up a trade, no matter how insignificant, must pass a long apprenticeship, nobody thought of learning the difficult art of educating children—an art which, we may add, today has become a science.

In 70 out of 100 cases the children of well-to-do families are so mismanaged during their bringing up that it is almost a miracle that not more are utterly spoiled. The child of the wealthy apparently has all the material comforts of life, but very often suffers from almost complete lack of mental food, which is not less important to produce a healthy mind in a healthy body.

I hope I shall be forgiven for telling here a personal remembrance. Many years ago, shortly before the appearance of my book, "Unnatural Mothers," the great apostle of the children, Jules Simon, author of "The Worker of Eight Years," wrote to me: "You are right—there is everything to be done, not only in Italy, but also in France. I am not thinking of the extremes in America. Our Latin race is different. But I wish that the rich, who are in a position to do so, may learn to educate their boys and cut away from the old insane pedagogic methods of reward and punishment under which the children of today are suffering. In your book you fight a holy war, and I hope to see it translated into French."

"Insane methods of reward and punishment"—that is it. I shall not here take up the various kinds of punishments and rewards which tend to awaken jealousy in children, but shall only deal with one form of reward often used by the well-to-do—that of taking the children to the theatres.

This form of reward would be far less dangerous if the plays selected harmonized with the ability of the child to understand and suited to develop its intelligence, but often this is far from being so. I say this reward would be far less dangerous than it is, for there always remains the fact that going to the theatre robs the child of its sleep. But that is, after all, the smallest danger. Children are taken to see plays intended only for adults, and often for adults who are fond of what is piquant.

It goes without saying that this is almost criminal thoughtlessness or stupidity in the parents, who thus help to plant in the soul of the child the first seeds of immorality.

Even if we suppose that this is the exception, and that most parents keep their children away from immoral plays; even those who allow their children to see dramas and operas intended only for grown people commit a grave error.

What happens then? If the child is dull, it is bored and yawns and falls asleep in its mother's lap or on her shoulder. The sight of a child sleeping in such a place is sad to behold and invites anything but criticism flattering to the parents. If the child is bright and possesses a vivid imagination, the exertions of the brain to understand and follow what is heard and seen, and the mental excitement, are exceedingly dangerous to the young mind and body, which it takes long to overcome. During the night following such a visit to a play the child sleeps restlessly and uneasily; the following day it is inattentive at school its mind works to find out that which it did not immediately understand in the play, and almost invariably it keeps on working until it, with the assistance of some older person, has found out why, for instance, in "Lou-Frou," the mother leaves her good husband and daughter, and thus it forms ideas which are immoral.

Even the pantomimes of today are dangerous, because they show comedies, dramas and tragedies as you see them at the other theatres. Pulcinella, Fagiollo, Sandrone, Pantalone and all the other figures which used to delight us as children only kept the name, and the place in which they act are not fit for the tender souls of children.

Parents will ask where are they to send their children, and I shall answer with another question. "Is it, then, absolutely necessary to send children to the theatre?" That is the question. In the meantime it is useless to speak of the theatre as long as there is no theatre for children, and such a theatre should be one where plays are acted during the day, not during the evening. Give us a theatre of this kind, and then it will be time to take up the question. Through studying the souls of children for more than 27 years, experimentally and scientifically, I have reached the firm conviction that we should have no theatre for children, if for no other reason because at times it arouses in the child an excitement which is dangerous to its mental and physical equilibrium and the gradual development, especially of the imagination, which is the main factor in transforming children into grown people. There are two more things connected with the theatres—the crowd, the brilliant illumination, the music, the splendor, the toilets and the thoughtless verbal remarks heard, which exert a dangerous influence upon the soul of the child. To visit the theatre, I will admit, is a pleasure to many children, but it is nevertheless a pleasure which is more or less dangerous to the delicate organism of the child, because it awakens impressions which the child cannot understand and which it takes a long time to correct if it interprets them wrongly.

Dr. Necker, the prominent scientist and president of the big sanitarium at Leipsic, said to me once when we were talking about this subject: "The theatre acts upon the child like alcohol, by dulling its sensitiveness and exciting it." And Professor Aschaffenburg wrote to me once: "If I see a child attentively looking at a play I always ask myself if its parents are stupid or bad that they do not see the crime they commit. In many cases such a child is to be pitied, and the pity grows if the child is a girl and the play is one with passionate love scenes."

Tais is also the opinion of Dr. Charcot, who says that the theatre is a slow poison for children, given them by the unthinking hands of their parents.

KICKED EITHER WAY.

Admiral Evans Shows How Hard It Is to Satisfy a Sailor.

From the New York Sun.

Admiral Evans was discussing the navy as it used to be before the advent of steam and armorclads.

"There was an altogether different atmosphere, a different feeling among the men in the old sailing days," the admiral said. "There was a greater feeling of affection between the men and their superiors, and whenever anything went wrong every sailor felt that it was his right to take it straight to the old man as the captain was called.

"And a job it was to suit those fellows, too. I remember that in the Spanish war I had two or three of these old salts on my ship, and as we lay down in that southern climate we couldn't keep our water in a decent condition for drinking. Up comes Ben, one of my old sailors, to complain that the water wasn't fit to drink.

"Well, finally I thought out a brilliant scheme of passing pipes back and forth through one of the cool rooms, and soon we had water that was both fresh and cold; only ship in the fleet that had it, too.

"I had scarcely settled back to take it easy when word was brought to me that Ben insisted on seeing 'the old man.'

"I knew there was no stopping him, so I asked him to come up. He marched into my quarters, pulled his forelock just as if he felt some respect for me, and muttered:

"'Complaint to make, sir.'

"'Well, what is it?' I barked back at him.

"'About the water. It's too cold. Hurts my teeth.'

"'Huh! Hurts your teeth, does it? Well, go and have your teeth pulled.'

"Ben grinned and marched out perfectly satisfied. He had had his say, and that was all he wanted."

LOVING DOCTRINES FOR CHILDREN -- By Landon Carter

MANY fashionable up-to-date guardians are now theorizing and arguing disappointments to the noble means of educating children, forming their character and teaching self-control. There is, perhaps, a great deal of meaning to be found in such theories and also benefit to a limited extent. However, it is a very dreary doctrine and perhaps likely to be over-indulged in by those inclined to pessimism—just as more can be accomplished by amity and forbearance, than by frequently correcting. So, also, is encouragement rather than disappointment a more satisfactory means of influencing childhood, for youth is not in itself always hopeful. To it each disappointment appears doubly final, because it is new and there are no remembrances of outlined sorrows and victories gained to encourage future effort. Over-indulgence is, of course, equally harmful, for by it children are almost invariably rendered incapable of appreciating justice or ever valuing anything by true and proper standards.

In no phase of life, however, can any doctrines or rules be universally applied. There are always certain fundamental principles, but with every different condition must even they be tempered, for what to some might be but encouragement, to others would prove demoralizing, and while to some, certain punishment would be but just, by that same method would others be bitterly wounded and perhaps cowed into deception.

If a happy medium of gentle justice cannot be universally employed, perhaps the lesser of two evils is indulgence rather than continued severity, for love is stronger than reason, and what it fails to teach perhaps nothing else can so consistently emphasize or accomplish. Holland in his "Kathrina" portrays beautifully and states unreservedly that "the heart is wiser than the intellect and moves with stronger hands and surer feet toward wise conclusions."

If theories and bare justice, prompted by mere intelligence, were a more beautiful influence for children than simple mother love, then, indeed, would chaperons, companions and governesses be more satisfactory guardians for children, but, then, what would become of "the little hand that rocks the cradle" and what tender memories in after life would there be to guide, influence and govern us?

With experience one must necessarily learn that our civilization would be helplessly imperilled without the higher power of sentiment, and it is this invisible force that we need and as a community strive to encourage. George Eliot says "that the eminence and nobleness of a people depend on its capacity of being stirred by memories of striving for what we call spiritual ends—ends which consist, not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul," and if this living force of sentiment in common makes a national consciousness the remembrance of childhood, regulated only by justice, rather than mercy, could hardly inspire pleasant thoughts, much less gratitude, which binds with honor the present and future to the past. Whether happiness should come or not we should undoubtedly try and prepare children to do without it, but when tenderness can more satisfactorily than severity accomplish the desired result, it seems unnecessary to embitter childhood with stern measures. Can we not all remember with keen bitterness such chilling remarks as "Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by-and-by?" and how with quivering lips we have sobbed piteously at what we have felt to be a pack of love and sympathy, and then, in the other extreme, comes the remembrance of those gentler influences swayed by affection and in comparing the latter gratitude with the intensity of the former bitterness one is forced to award the palm to the gentler issues and acknowledge that life in itself necessarily entails disappointments, which may be better overcome by a reserve force of tenderness for more helpful than all wise theories is a simple draught of encouraging, sympathetic love, and in the man whose childhood has known caresses, no matter how depraved he may become in after life, there is always a fiber of memory that can be touched to gentle issues, and if childhood's every pleasure is to be counter-balanced by justice and disappointments and their happy little lives thus converted into a bare existence, what right have we to demand of them anything? For their little debts have all been liquidated, as in any other business transaction.

All due reverence to justice, but can one expect a child to take a nauseous dose of medicine because of reason or to cease their yearning homesick sobs, no matter what principle may be involved and what reasoning could ever compensate them in their strange surroundings?

Logical arguments and reasons may be absolutely necessary in a court of appeals, but in simpler life are simpler measures equally appropriate?

MEN WHO DRESS ON A FORTUNE A YEAR

Continued From the First Page of This Section

enough, if he is economically inclined. Two or three soft hats, at the same price, and a green Alpine, for morning wear, costing from $3 to $7, are really necessary, as are also a derby for riding, at $6; several golf caps, at $2 or $3 apiece; three or four straws, from $3 to $5 each; at least one good Panama, from $25 to $50; an ordinary auto cap, $2 or $3, and a fur one, of seal or Persian, from $12 to $25—these will let him out for headgear.

Silk hats, of course, he must have, if only two, at $7 each; but an opera hat he must not have, on any account. The mere ownership of an opera hat, for the last five years, has exposed a man to the guilt of "genthood," as the possession of counterfeit money affords strong chances for jail. So there's $10 saved, anyway.

If we allow $15 or so for the incidentals of the year—a whim or two which even the most saving of men ought to feel free to indulge in—$175 should cover his head decently in the course of the twelvemonth.

Now take the outer boundaries of the other end of him: At least half a dozen pairs of ordinary walking shoes, at $6 if he is stinting himself, at $12 if he wants pretty nearly the best his tradesman can honestly build; three or four pairs of low shoes, where the price does not diminish with the quantity of leather; one pair of riding boots, $18 to $25; four pairs of puttees, from $5 to $10; at least two pairs of hunting boots, from $12 to $18 a pair; a couple of pairs of tennis shoes, at $7.50; two pairs of golf boots, from $8 to $10; as many other pairs of yachting shoes—or better, four pairs—at the same price; and two or three pairs of dancing pumps, at $8. His footwear will cost him little short of $300, if he likes felt slippers and is bound to have shoes that are to be comfortable all around.

To start at his extreme periphery, on the occasions of his most out-of-door activities, he must buy at least four or five auto coats, of weights varying for the weather and the natures of cars, whether open or limousine. The duster will cost from $15 to $40; the rubber raincoat, $25 to $50; a plaid cheviot, lined with some such fur as muskrat, will cost from $100 to $200; and his other coat, with the fur outside, of muskrat or coon, will be about the same price.

He stands to sink $400 in his autoing apparel, at the least; for he must turn it all over to his chaffeur after a year's wear, if he would have his machine turned out with some show of credit to him.

He must have at least two fur overcoats for ordinary wear. His dress overcoat, black or very dark gray this year, can be lined with sealskin and have a sealskin collar, but no cuffs—above everything, no cuffs. Far be it from this generation of gentlemen to appear ostentatious!

His modesty will stand him, in sealskin, from $500 to $800; and cheap enough. His undress coat, in brown, with natural nutria lining and otter collar, will come at $350 or $400; if he prefers a lining of mink, the price will range from $500 to $700.

Then, there is his ulster, double or single breasted, as he may prefer, but an ulster, nevertheless. He pays very little—only $100—for knowing that the plebeian ulster is still indispensable amid the emergencies of life and the vicissitudes of the weather. And there must be a couple of raincoats, one heavy and one light, at from $30 to $50 apiece.

And yet other overcoats: The Inverness, for dress, cheap at $100; the overcoat of black broadcloth, double breasted, with silk shawl collar and cuffs, which is taking the place of the graceful Inverness, same price; two heavyweight overcoats, Chesterfield both, but one double and the other single breasted, at $100 each; at least one lightweight overcoat, in gray, with a velvet collar, made plainly, costing as much as the heavyweight affairs.

There must be two fall coats, one of them light in color and the other dark, and made double breasted with a plain collar, from $70 to $90 each; and, finally, two spring coats, one single breasted with a velvet collar and the other of black or dark gray, with a silk front, the prices the same as those of the fall coats. His overcoats, exclusive of those designed for auto wear, will amount to $2,500.

The price of his sack suits—from eight to ten a season, or from 16 to 20 a year—permits of no indefinite appraisement. Every one is worth $75, flat. The two frock suits—and surely no man can hope to buy fewer than two—cost $100 each. The morning suits stand a man from $50 to $90; and there should be no fewer than four of them. As for the Oxford suits, the joy of emancipation into their comparative riot of color, even at $75 or $80, must force the most moderate to indulge in half a dozen.

Two dress suits, from $90 to $110, will be enough to get along on; and a couple of dinner suits, at $90 or $100, will serve to bridge some other empty hours.

As for trousers, about eight pairs, at $20, ought to suffice, with the supplies that are included in the suits, and with 10 or a dozen pairs of outing trousers, at $18 or $20, in white and striped flannels, serge and unfinished worsteds.

Then are clothes of the strictly out-or-doors order: Two heavyweight riding suits, at $85, and three in lightweight materials, at $80; half a dozen pairs of white duck riding breeches, costing from $25 to $30; at least two hunting suits, $80 to $85 each; a heavyweight hunting cape, $55 or $60; a lightweight hunting cape at $50 or $55; four golf suits, at $75; angora jackets, for the auto, hunting and golf—a couple of them—at $20.

And of bathing suits, just one. If ever an American became so effeminite as to require two bathing suits his associates would insist that he wear ruffles. You can pay $10 for it, if you want to; but you will lose no caste, and you will gradually exhibit more physique, if you spend only 75 cents.

Taking them all together—suits, trousers, loafing coats and dressing robes, with other odds and ends of outer raiment—a man can be presentable for $5,000.75. He might even do it for less, if he could strike a bargain bathing suit, warranted to shrink and look disreputable enough for Newport.

Except for waistcoats.

That is a matter of individual taste and of the money market. Chicago's Mr. Farson likes them rather ferocious, tempered with curleycues. Some New Yorkers, before the slump, had inaugurated the plan of making the waistcoat take the place of the cravat as the outward and visible sign of their inner and spiritual mutability of taste. A few hundred waistcoats, while not, so to speak, de rigeur, were at least ad libitum.

But the conservative, simply correct man, can worry along with no more than 20 of them for the street, at $20 apiece, and, say, half a dozen, in silk, for dress, at $25—a matter of $500 or so, if he be content with plain, good form, and restrain from jeweled buttons. His self-denial will keep him all the nearer to the line of good breeding, for the whole tendency of tasteful men, today, is toward the avoidance of the splendiferous.

His silk underwear, 20 suits, from $20 to $50 a suit, can reasonably cost $750; his hosiery, of silk, some 10 dozen, at $5 the pair, $700; his pajamas, of silk—Mr. Lawson's apocryphal linings of sealskin to the contrary notwithstanding—will cost $500 for 20 suits even at $25; his shirts, 100 at least, at $5, $500; his kerchiefs no fewer than a gross, about $400; his cravats, some 200 at $5, $1,000; his gloves, at least 100 pairs at $5, $500.

He cannot do with less than a score of walking sticks, which will run from $4 to $50—about $600 for the year. He can, and he should, be moderate in sleeve buttons; half a dozen are plenty, at an average cost of $100 the pair. But scarfpins are almost as liable to the suspicion of being "old clothes" as a woman's ball dress; there, if nowhere else, he must spice his sartorial life with full variety, although, if he will meanly take advantage of the fiction of the "favorite scarfpin," he can smuggle himself along for a year on a couple of dozen. Even then, however, the most moderate prices, from $30 to $100, will raise his pin appropriation to the expensive neighborhood of $2,000.

The linen and underwear, together with the trifles that are so small yet cost so largely, will add no less than $7,000 to the annual outlay. It is our luxuries that come highest.

So there is nearly $16,000—$15,875.75, to be precise about it, and not to forget the brithest dud of all, the bathing suit—as the extent to which the man is set back in his income, who seeks to go forward with the fashions.

But it must not be overlooked that, when the yearly investment in clothing passes $2,500—indeed, although one be a poor gentleman, able to spend no more than $500—he must have a man to do for him. The valet, to use the term hallowed in English literature, is as indispensable to a gentleman as the toothbrush to a man. In reality, for anyone whose time is worth more than a miserable pittance of $7 a day, the man is an economy. But the expense attaching to his service must, at any rate, be charged to the wardrope.

He cannot be had today, in any degree of skill for the various offices he fulfills—care of clothing, shaving, bathing, massage, tactful and intelligent message bearing, and all the other duties that fall to him—for less than $1,800 a year. His "keep" cannot fail to be $500 for the year. And he will be a paragon, if, here and there, in one way and another, he doesn't manage to extract a couple of hundred dollars in cold cash, apart from perquisites, that ought to stay in his master's pockets. Whoever has a man that serves him satisfactorily and costs him less than $2,500 a year has found a jewel.

Total, $18,500 a year, as the price of being properly dressed in the United States. There are few in this class, it is true, but, it is said, there are some. Fashionable tailors will tell you that, on the other hand, there are many who spend $5,000 a year.

And that will turn a man out with fair decency in Europe, even among Englishmen, who drop in at their tailor's and order half a hundred suits as nonchalantly as the American orders a score. It is a saying of the American tailor that an Englishman buys three times as many clothes as the American, but that they cost him, on the average, only one third as much.

The motor-omnibus strike in London ended recently. The collapse was due to the fact that the strike pay, which the men declared was promised, did not amount to nearly so much as they were led to believe.

The resolutions indorsing La Follette for president, which were submitted at the recent meeting of the Republican state central committee of Wisconsin, were materially changed before they were adopted.