The tailor-made walking dress holds its place more tenaciously than ever, and it deserves so to do, for the great designers have literally lain awake nights over the problem of how to make it more fascinating than ever. No woman will admit that she doesn't look well in a tailor-made, and I can't help admiring her courage, for an artistic tailor-made is, in one sense of the word, the gown of to-day. You can't be in the fashion without it. It corresponds to the cutaway of male attire. You may, as the men do with that, wear your tailor-made everywhere, hence it is an economical gown, even when it costs you considerable

A Tailor-Made Dress.

money. The one pictured is the very perfection of outdoor garments, with all the prevailing points of style. The bell skirt, the jacket and the shirt front effect give a mannish look that is rather pronounced, but always natty unless carried farther than in this example.

This particular gown is made in Russian green woolen material, the skirt being in one piece and having two rows of black galoon on the bottom, and the two pockets set obliquely and also trimmed with the galoon. The jacket has coattails, and the back pieces are cut all in one with the flaring collar, and, in order to fit the lining to the material, they must be cut on the cross. The lining of the collar must be sewed on to the side pieces. The shoulder seams extend to the edge of the collar. The seams between the coattails and the side pieces are left open so as to insert the galoon, which runs to two points marked by buttons, in masculine styles. The fronts of the jacket are double, the corselet forming the pointed vest.

The glastion shirt front may be either in biege or gray cloth, or in gold yellow bengaline, and is made with a single pleat in the middle with small gold buttons, for ornament only, as the plastion hooks under the pleat. The sleeves are puffed at the top and in flaring cuffs trimmed with the galoon, and so are also the fronts of the jacket and the basques. The cuffs must be stiffened with buckram. FLORETTE.

A Most Unique Affair.

Dogs are all very well in their place, but that place is evidently not the drawing room, according to the report we have received of a swell canine reception given by a society belle in Paris. Owning four blue-blooded spaniels whose manners were well nigh perfect she decided to give an afternoon tea for the dear things where they could meet a few other aristocrats of dogdom.

The four entertainers were trained to sit on plush cushions, never eat without first being supplied with napkins, and in fact behaving in the most decorously dog-like manner possible.

Cards were issued, and on the day set the swell guests, accompanied by their owners, arrived. Footmen in gorgeous liveries were to wait upon their canine highnesses, and the most delicate dog crackers, real cream and bonbons had been furnished by a well-known caterer.

Alas, however, the guests failed to behave according to the laws of etiquette maintained by their hosts and hostesses, and a row ensued which, if it had not occurred among such high-bred creatures, would have been termed an ordinary dog fight, such as plebeian street curs are wont to indulge in.

Be that as it may, the melee was entirely satisfactory from a sporty point of view, and the footmen and owners were powerless to interfere. Refreshments were grabbed from the tables, plates of cream spilled over the rich carpet, and, dreadful as it may appear, even the four well-behaved spaniels joined in the excitement with most ill-bred ardor.

When the last yelp had subsided into a faint echo and sundry guests had been whipped into submission the poor lady who had originated the brilliant scheme sank into a chair with a deep sign, as she surveyed the wreck, and murmured, "Well, I am satisfied; it has been the most unique affair of the season."

How to Make a Glovemender.

Gloves have a faculty of calling upon the aid of thread and needle more frequently than any other article of a woman's apparel. So, if you want to give her a useful Christmas present, send her a glovemender.

To make an elaborate one, buy a small silver ring. At different parts of this ring sew pieces of narrow blue ribbon. Let them hang down a short distance from the ring. To the first one attach a pair of silver-topped scissors; to the next any odd-shaped blue silk needle-book; tie on the third piece of ribbon a silver finger, which you can have made at any jewelry store. This is to put on the finger of the glove while mending. Sow to the last piece of blue ribbon a braided stand of different colored silks. Have the silver ring hang from two broad pieces of ribbon, which are fastened with a bow at the top. A glovemender is just as useful and less expensive if steel scissors are used and a wooden glove finger.

Decrees of Dame Fashion.

NEWSPAPER racks of linen crash. The edge outlined in feather stitch. Across the front the words: "For Our Daily Visitor."

A STANDING work-basket fitted up at home. Upon the handle perch a flock of swallows. Birds are used this season to garnish in innumerable ways our love offerings.

SIX downy pillows luxuriously breathing an invitation to bide a wee. Christmas morning the maiden fair who has them in charge will settle the beauties by standing off and tossing them into place. The artistic merits of this move would have to be seen to be appreciated.

A FLUFFY, puffy little breakfast cape for chilly mornings. Through snowy mounds of worsted is caught a rosy gleam of an interlining. It is nothing more than elegant tissue paper, but the effect is good. This dainty shoulder wrap is created from the drop stitch, this stitch producing a waved effect that is charming. Lustrous ribbons, milky white, gather into place the extra fulness at the throat.

DALILLAH, CANINE QUEEN.

I am a sculptor and an enthusiast. I have an eye for form. I continually see the very thing I want. But there, the painters have the pull of us. Any pretty girl, be she a duchess or a milkmaid, will sit to be flattered in oils by my friend Jones, for love—for love, mark you! With me it is different. After weeks of delicate attention, when I get a really shapely young person into a good humor; when I have regaled her and her objectionable mamma or aunt with pate de foie gras and champagne, and then introduced them into my great studio, carefully warmed at considerable expense, the desired object agrees to sit, but only in her clothes. Fancy producing a Venus Anadyomene in her clothes—her accursed nineteenth century clothes, dress improver and all.

As for models, bah! It is a very curious thing, but a model has only one feature—either it is face, or bust, or legs, or hands. There is little Jackson, her face is lovely, but her hands! Poor little Jackson, she has to work so hard that her great hands are abnormally developed. Then Rosa Myers has, of course, all the requisites for bust and shoulders from the sculptor's idea, but she is as brown as a berry, and has a nose like an eagle. The public admire the "Hypatia" of Robinson, R. A. I don't. To me "Hypatia" is a monster, a sort of built-up Frankenstein's monster.

It is about a year ago now. I had a Hebe in my mind, and was looking for a Hebe—a complete Hebe, form, face, style; none of your composites for me. I had been looking about for nearly a week. I had seen two Hebes—one was Mrs. Gore Charmington, the professional beauty. I would have tried it on with her if I had been an R. A., like Robinson—it would have been a mutual advertisement; but being only Jack Harper where was the use?

Then I saw Polly Jukes. Polly is a perfect Hebe; but Polly, though she plays as Polly Jukes, is the wife of Groker, the eminent low comedian, and Groker is awfully particular. He would never have consented. No, there was nothing for it but to wait. I had gone on waiting and searching to no purpose, as I said, for about a week. It was in Oxford street where I saw her, a dear little woman and a poodle dog. Hebe! Hebe! Eureka! It is the only word of Greek I know; as a sculptor I always use it when I can. Her walk was perfect, head well set on, shoulders sublime, natural waist, ankles a poetic dream. Hebe was found. She was quietly dressed, and evidently belonged to the lower middle classes.

I passed her—face, the very thing; hair, a natural wavy blonde. She led the poodle, a big white one, by a chain; the beast had a bell on. As I stopped to study once more her spine and shoulders, I caught my legs in the chain and fell. It was just as well I did, for it gave me the opportunity to speak to her. She was greatly excited. I pretended to be hurt, but I took care not to curse the infernal poodle. As soon as I got clear of the chain the beast sat up and begged. I flicked the dust off my knees, brushed my hat and then stood rubbing my elbow. Hebe was quite unhappy over it.

"Down, Bolo!" she cried, and the demon poodle became once more a dog. Then she hoped I wasn't hurt.

I went off into flowery compliment; then Hebe laughed a little laugh; a charming little laugh; her teeth were perfect.

I offered to lead the dreadful Bolo, and I hung on. At first Hebe declined to trust Bolo to my charge. Perhaps she thought I wanted to steal him; but after awhile she relented. By this time we had reached Portland place. She was going, she said, innocently enough, to Portland road station. I was also, strange to say, going to Portland road. Long before we got to Portland road I had asked her to pose to me. She hesitated. The woman who hesitates is lost. She agreed.

But she stipulated. "I don't mind posing for you," she said, "for your statue, for I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to ask me to do what's wrong; but I must bring a friend, if only for propriety's sake; and you must give us some supper."

Of course I closed at once. When would she come?

"Well, if you are ready, to-night."

I jumped at it. "Supper at 10 for three, though two is company and three is none," and here horrid visions of a frowsy aunt or dreadful red-nosed mother flashed through my mind.

"No, no; supper for four. There will be Bolo."

As he heard his name, the monster commenced to walk on his hind legs. I was leading him, and already little boys began to follow us.

"I won't forget him," I replied, with a smile; "it is to Bolo I owe this chance of making a name in art."

I always say that—about a name in art; it invariably fetches them—it did fetch my Hebe. Her innocent, trusting eyes gazed fondly into mine. I gave her my card.

"At 10, then."

But she had willed it otherwise. "I will meet you at Pugsley's at 9," she said; "I will bring my friend and Bolo."

Bother her friend! and especially bother Bolo! She meant coming. I could see that. I had darkly hinted at my little suppers; I had bragged of champagne and pate de foie gras.

She relieved me of Bolo, and tripped down the steps of the Underground Railway. "Pugsley's at 9," she said, and kissed her disengaged hand to me. Then she turned the corner.

I hurried home. I had plenty to do. I stoked up the big stove. I wheeled the staging, covered with its professional green baize, into the right place near the stove, then I rolled up my big modeling frame and a great mass of moist clay on it into position, then I put the studio in order a bit. I put my big Japanese screen up for her to disrobe behind—even the models use the screen for disrobing. Then I had in the man from the confectioner's for the supper; a glazed tongue, a pate, some pastry, and lots of confectionery; three bottles of champagne; some green Chartreuse; perhaps the friend who played propriety would fuddle herself over it—old women often do. Then I bought a big bouquet—they like it; it is attentive, artistic and French. Then I smoked a pipe quietly and thought of the pose of Hebe. Then I arrayed myself for conquest and started for Pugsley's.

Now, I had never been to Pugsley's. I knew where it was, and what it was—a music hall, a second, or even third-rate music hall in a low neighborhood. Never mind, I had Hebe in prospect. Perhaps she would not turn up; but no, I had seen it in her eye, her honest eye; she meant to come.

I arrived at 8:30 at Pugsley's—a vile beer-and-stale-tobacco-smelling place. I took off my watch and put it in my job as soon as possible. The performance was—ugh! so were the audience.

But I saw nothing of Hebe. It was 9, and she had not shown. Was she laughing at me after all?

Tinkle! tinkle!

Joy! I had heard that sound before. It is the bell of Bolo—of Bolo, the objectionable but talented poodle. I look round; but no Bolo, no Hebe. Suddenly the dirty little curtain rose, and I saw a man, an ugly man. He had a hang-dog look, a big red nose, and was dressed as a clown. Four wretched dogs stood in a row before him. He put them through their paces. They leaped, they begged, they marched, they jumped through hoops; but they did not amuse me.

I was in an agony of suspense.

Where was Hebe? Had my ears deceived me? I certainly did think that I had heard Bolo's bell. I looked from the stage all round the rather thin audience of counter-jumpers and shabby swells and their womenkind. Suddenly there was a tremendous round of applause. Above it all I distinctly heard the tinkle of Bolo's bell, but nowhere could I see him. I looked in every corner, but in vain.

"Bolo! Houp-la!"

Heavens! I turned to the stage. There was the big-nosed man, there was Bolo, and there, in the spangled dress, or rather undress, of an acrobat, was Hebe. My Hebe! Her magnificent hair was let down in a mane—that is the only word for it.

The place, the people, Bolo, the big-nosed man, and Hebe swam before my eyes in my excitement. I hurried to the bar and asked who Hebe was. In answer, the young person who presided placed a bill in my hand. It announced that Dalillah, the Canine Queen, assisted by Signor Spiffini, would give her unrivaled entertainment with the world-renowned troupe of trained dogs, and Bolo, the phenomenon.

Fancy being in love and engaged to sup with a Canine Queen!

I looked again at Dalillah, alias Hebe. She was a very shapely person. Had she not been so I would have fled.

Ah! she kissed her hand—to me—I know it was to me. I blushed to my waist with pleasure. The way she did it was inimitable. I did not know then that she kissed her fingers every evening at the close of her unrivaled entertainment.

The curtain fell.

A sort of half waiter, half potman, a nameless nondescript, touched me on the shoulder. "She's expectin' you at the stage door," is said in a hoarse whisper, and then it held out its hand. I put a shilling in the hand. It winked; a leery, loathsome wink.

I hurried out. Down a dreadful court was a grimy hatch; over it burned a lamp, on which was written "Stage Door." A few of the dangerous classes loitered near. I confess I did not like it.

In a few moments, however, all was right. Signor Spiffini, all smile and noise, appeared, leading his four dogs; then came Bolo and his bell; and last Hebe, little Hebe, all smiles and blushes.

She held out her hand. She was a practical little thing. "We'd better have a cab, with all these dogs," she said. "Bill, fetch a cab!" (she called it keb). Signor Spiffini clapped the four chains into my unexpected hands and disappeared. All four dogs pulled different ways. It was bewildering, very; but there was no time for explanations. A four-wheeled cab drove up to the entrance of the court. The signor held the door politely open. Hebe entered; Bolo jumped in; I, unused to the charge of four strange dogs (the "renowned troupe") struggled in as best I could. All four chains were round my legs, and the troupe struggled wildly.

"Where to, guvnor?" asked the long-nosed signor.

I told him—there was no escape. Then he got in, too! The boys cheered us. Bolo jumped on my lap and licked my face all the way home despite my struggles. They talked to me, but what with the noise of the cab, the contortions of the renowned troup, and the caresses of "the phenomenom," I could hear nothing.

We arrived at my studio. I opened the door with my latch key. I hurried in; my seven guests followed. I had lighted the studio elaborately; six burners (argands), arranged like footlights, burned before the platform; on the big iron standard were four other strong lights.

"My dear," said Hebe to the signor, who had secured his troupe at once, "let me introduce you—Mr. Harper, my artist friend, our host; my husband, Signor Spiffini."

"In the profession, guvnor," said the signor, with horrible familiarity; "but to pals like you, Jack Spiffkins."

Her husband! Her husband to play propriety—a pretty friend. A frowsy aunt or a moldy mother would have been preferable. But the man her husband (now my pal) the too familiar Spiffkins! Horror! I am a man who is not easily abashed. I had been put to expense. Supper, a bouquet, liquor—expensive liquor. But my model was worth it all. Hebe! it is of Hebe I must think, not of Dalillah, not of the Canine Queen, least of all of Mrs. Spiffkins. We sat down. They seemed to like their supper. I did not.

"I don't mind it I do, guvnor," was all I could extract from the signor, as I pressed on the wretch the various expensive delicacies. I tried to find the foot of the smiling Hebe under the table. At length I thought I had succeeded; she seemed to blush, and did not withdraw it. Alas! it was the sensitive tail of Bolo, who emitted a sudden scream of anguish.

"What's the screen for, guvnor?" said the signor, as he took off half a champagne glass full of green Chartreuse—he was not surprised, he merely smacked his lips. "What's it for?"

"Well, it's where Mrs.—um—Spiffkins will disrobe, you know, to dress for Hebe."

The signor whistled. Hebe blushed—blushed a real good innocent, healthy blush.

"Luck to you, guvnor," remarked the signor, pledging me with a too familiar nod.

I placed my glass to my lips in courtesy.

"Drink fair, guvnor, I say, drink fair."

He turned his glass bottom upward. I had to do the same.

"And that's where Mrs. S.'ll stand when she's dressed for Hebe?" said the signor, maliciously dwelling on the word, and indicating the stage with his thumb.

I nodded.

"'Ere's to yer, guvnor; drink fair."

The wretch pledged me again, and compelled me to empty my glass—my champagne glass that he had ignorantly filled with green Chartreuse. He ate, she ate, Bolo ate. They all enjoyed it.

I did not, however. The room began to swim. He pledged me again and compelled me to drink. I don't remember any more.

* * * * *

Next morning at 9 I was aroused by the charwoman who "does for" me. "Ain't you well, sir?" she said; "'ave you had a accident?" I could only answer at first. I could move only my head. There was a strangling sensation at my neck. I shook my head in answer—my poor head, that seemed to be opening and shutting.

There was a tinkling sound. A bell, Bolo's bell. I opened my eyes. Bolo was gone, so were Hebe and the signor, so was the renowned troupe.

Horrible indignities had been heaped on me. I lay imbedded in my moist modeling clay—stuck fast in it. Boung my neck was Bolo's collar, with the bell. It was that which half strangled me. On the table lay a pink card:

Benefit of
DALILLAH, THE CANINE QUEEN,
and
SIGNOR SPIFFINI,
Pugley's Music Hall,
March —, 189—
Admit Bearer and Friend.
Come early. Complimentary.

That's all. No, not quite all. The charwoman told me that my cabman had been waiting 11 hours, and he demanded £1 3s. I paid him.

Did I go to that benefit? I did not, sir.—*The Argonaut.*