

DOGS THAT GO INTO SOCIETY.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

HOW TO DRESS A DOG IN STYLE.

There is a craze just now raging in Paris for creating a class of so-called "fashionable dogs"—an aristocratic canine society made up of chiens du monde as distinguished, not only from the common curs of the street, but from the well-fed, well-kept naturally clothed companions of the bourgeois and professional and business people. Writing in "The New York Times," Mr John J. Waller gives a most interesting description of the modern society dog. It is not enough, he says, to possess an animal of pure breed and faultless manners; he must be of blue-blooded canine stock, perfumed and pampered with luxuries and dressed a la derniere mode de Paris, in costumes to suit the weather, the particular season of the year, and even in accordance with the etiquette of certain social functions which he may be called upon to attend. To meet the requirements of this new state of society which has risen in the fashionable world of dogs the "Canine Costumier"—or, in plain English, the Dogs' Tailor and Dressmaker—has become an absolute necessity, and one of the leading ladies of the "movement" assures me that very shortly these aristocratic pets are also to have their Directory—giving their names and addresses, their pedigrees, distinguishing qualities, and reception days.

GARMENTS FOR ALL WEATHERS.

Let me detail for you some of the features of this extraordinary craze for dressing up society dogs. A few years ago the classic wrap in blue or brown cloth, hemmed and braided and bearing the arms or the initials of the owner, was regarded as a piece of extravagance, but this is looked upon as a very commonplace covering in aristocratic canine society to-day. Now, in the shops of the Galerie d'Orleans you will find complete trousseaus for dogs of all sizes and all classes—toilettes de reception, mantles for cold days, and waterproofs for rainy days; dust coats for excursions, plaids for railways journeys, and gray linen suits for the seaside. And the imagination of these people who are so anxious to make the life of dear little doggie a really happy one does not stop here. This year they have gone one step further in rendering the sublime handiwork of the Creator ridiculous by providing their pets with sets of fine linen. No society dog which really respects itself would think of possessing less than a dozen undergarments of lawn, if it be in good health, or silk or surah if it should be subject to colds or nervous complaints! Then if the "poor darling" should be troubled with watery eyes, a dozen embroidered cambric handkerchiefs become an absolute necessity. And this is not all. His delicate little feet must be kept dry by boots, made to measure, of leather, or india rubber to suit his particular temperament.

DOGS IN BRIDESMAID'S COSTUMES.

I made particular inquiries, and found that the dogs' tailors in Paris can now count upon something like 5000 or 6000 regular customers from whom they receive orders for "garments" of one sort or another several times a year. One of the tailors took me into his confidence so far as to say: "For the most part our clients belong to the higher classes of society—people who can afford to pay high prices and who pay ready cash. The business is, therefore, a very profitable one, because the materials used do not cost very much, and we sell them at a very large profit. For instance, I recently had a very remunerative order from the daughter of a diplomat in Paris. She was about to be married, and I made a set of gala clothes for her dogs to match the liveries of the lackies in her father's household. As the bride entered the residence after the ceremony, her three dogs were awaiting her at the top of the grand staircase, dressed in these costumes with bouquets of orange blossoms attached to their collars and held in a silken leash by one of the footmen. The effect was marvellous. Then, again, the daughter of a rich banker, recently married, had another idea. I made to measure for each of her dogs—she had half a dozen—regular bridesmaid's costumes

of white faille embroidered with lace and garlanded with orange blossoms, while on their feet they wore small slippers of white satin, also specially made to measure!"

A DOG'S TROUSSEAU.

The following is a complete description of the trousseau of a really select society dog. First of all, I was informed, the collar has been changed from a mere steel or leather circle of servitude into a purely decorative article. That most in vogue just now is the shape of a man's collar, made of white celluloid with a bow in red celluloid fixed in front, while a little silver or gold Swiss bell is attached to take the place of a pin. Then on the left "ankle" in the case of a really fashionable lady dog, a gold bracelet, ornamented with coloured stones (in some cases real emeralds and rubies are used) must be worn. This also may have a gold or a silver bell attached to it. Now comes the trousseau proper. This is composed of undergarments for night and day in lawn or silk for summer and fine flannel for winter. Then there are the pocket handkerchiefs, in linen embroidered with lace, which are placed in a pocket on the left side of the overmantle, and bearing the arms or initials of the owner. The boots and shoes are of various patterns and materials—kid, calfskin, patent leather, or india rubber. The latter find most favour, and they are laced or buttoned on choix. Bow-wow has his boots put on when he goes out, and they are taken off for him at the door as he comes in, so that he does not dirty the carpets or the staircase after his promenade in the Bois.

MORNING GOWNS AND PARASOLS.

As to costumes, your well-bred lady of the canine aristocracy is furnished with a morning gown for the house, made of muslin or surah for the hot summer months, and of flannel for the winter. The costume de ville is made of all sorts of materials to suit the weather and the occasion, and just now it is adorned with a fashionable collette and Medici's collar. The robe may be trimmed in colours to match those of the dress of the dog's mistress. Then we have the seaside costume made of white pique or other light stuffs, and completed with a small sailor's hat to protect the delicate eyes of "ou-tou" from the glare of the sun. One fanciful Parisienne has determined to complete the costume during her visit to Trouville this summer by having a small parasol made of red silk, which will be held upright in a ferrule fixed in position upon the dog's back. This will also serve as an en-tout-cas in case of showery weather, to keep the glossy hair of the "precious beauty" dry.

A COMPLETE OUTFIT—£20.

But we have not yet quite completed our survey of the creature comforts of the Parisian society dog. Let us not forget the toilet requisites, for these include quite a collection of combs, fine and coarse, of brushes, of fancy soaps, and of perfume bottles. Then there is a doggie's cot, upon the arrangement of which just as much care and luxury are bestowed. The most favoured form at this moment is the Chinese pavilion upholstered in silk and covered in its exterior with white skin. Little windows are fixed in the walls for the double purpose of affording amusement for the spoiled inhabitant as well as giving him the fresh air necessary for his well being. The price of these luxurious little habitations for the "mashers" of modern dog society ranges from £5 to £20. As to the complete trousseau—upon what the tailor called a "modest scale"—the following figures were quoted:

Table listing items and prices: Collar with imitation stones 0 10 0, Bracelet with imitation stones 9 7 0, Half dozen undergarments... 2 10 0, Half dozen pocket handkerchiefs... 0 5 0, Two double pairs of boots (four feet)... 1 5 0, One morning costume... 0 17 0, One walking costume... 1 10 0, One travelling costume... 1 5 0, One seaside costume... 1 5 0, One costume de ceremonie... 2 10 0, One winter coat with fur collar... 2 2 0

Add to this £7 or £8 for a cot, and you have at once a bill of about £20. And this the tailor assured me was a very ordinary sum to spend upon a dog's outfit in Paris. Many ladies will pay as much as this for the collar and bracelet alone, ordering gold to be used, and inlaying it with real stones.

AIDS TO DEVOTION.

OUR FOREFATHERS' CONCEITS.

(By J. F. C. Frost.)

It seems difficult for mankind to worship without some aids to devotion not supplied by simple faith.

Man is but a poor thing after all, and requires many props and prods to keep him up to the high-water line of his moral standard. Even in the act of devotion the spirit is clogged by the flesh and all its ills, fancied and real, and requires aiding and stimulating.

There are orthodox aids to devotion such as music, ritual, and the cunning of art. These have received the seal of custom. The unorthodox are probably as efficacious to the individual, and would form a serious collection were they brought to light from the recesses of individual experience.

In our fashionable churches the scent-bottle is in requisition to brace nerves jaded by a life at high pressure, and perhaps also to subdue the demon inquisitorial with its perpetual tugging towards the realms of hats and bonnets. The fan, with its symbolical double movement, in cooling the fevered brow—alas!—also hypnotises the eyes of many victims. However, it would be heresy to doubt its efficacy.

The schoolboy, temporarily arrested in church in his striving after perpetual motion, brings out from the depths of his long-suffering pockets strange objects to aid his devotions: frogs, bits of string, lollipops, and the sly pin, whose capabilities he tests on his neighbours, probing their powers of endurance. There are the dried flowers laid between the leaves of the Bible, or Prayer Book, whose fragrance brings back many sweet memories. These and other aids were not scorned even by the austere Calvinists of the village of Drumtochty as they took their seats on Sacrament Sunday in the kirk. Ian MacIaren describes them: "The women had their tokens wrapped in snowy handkerchiefs, and in their Bibles they had sprigs of apple-riny and mint, and other sweet-scented plants. By-and-by there would be a faint fragrance of peppermint in the kirk—the only religious and edifying sweet which flourishes wherever sound doctrine is preached, and disappears before new views, and is therefore confined to the highlands of Wales and Scotland." In certain dark stone churches on the Continent it is not an uncommon sight to see women walk in with their chaferettes—little boxes with perforated lids lined with metal and filled with glowing charcoal—which they use as foot-warmers, and whose influence is delightfully soothing and soporific.

The Buddhist has his prayer-wheel, round which is pasted a formula of which multiplicity is, according to his belief, the surest road to efficacy. He accordingly directs his energies to the wheel, and in a few revolutions counts his prayers by the fifties, hundreds, thousands. The Brahmin's chief aid to devotion is diet—abstinence from any food calculated to heat the blood and hinder spirituality; here comparisons may seek to obtrude itself—but comparisons are odious.

There is nothing novel in aids to devotion; our forefathers used them, only in stranger form than is considered necessary nowadays—perhaps because of the longer services.

Among the most common were illustrated devotional books, one of which I saw in the British Museum. On one page there is a dandy canine with his smart red and green cap, his gloves tucked into his belt—which, by the way, seems uncomfortable tight—in the act of dropping his bone.

We turn over, and a tragic drama calls forth sympathy. Puss, attacked by rats, has taken refuge in the top-most turret of her castle, where she rings her alarm bell with might and main as the enemy clambers higher and higher. But Fate is inexorable, and the rodents are conquerors; they tumble poor Puss over the ramparts— one somersault in mid-air, and still grasping the bell, she lies lifeless under the walls of her castle, while a feline defender, distracted by grief, shoots his arrows at random.

The folly of priding ourselves that the sandwich man is a growth of the nineteenth century is here destroyed at one blow on a page of this "Book of Hours," where we find his prototype.

TO MAKE A CAT RESPECT A BIRD.

Very few people who keep birds care to have a cat in the house, lest some day Miss Pusey do some mischief. There is a very simple and effective means of teaching a cat to keep away from the bird's cage, and young people who are fond of pets will be interested; perhaps, in the experience of the writer.

He had a pretty little canary bird which he kept in his own room. One day he entered the apartment just in time to see the family cat crouching before the cage. He decided that something should be done to teach the cat a lesson. He got a long hair-pin and heated it red-hot; then he dipped it in water, which took the red glow out of it, after which the pin was placed on the bottom of the bird cage, one end protruding a little bit. Picking up the cat, he pressed one of its paws down on the hot wire, and the cat squeaked with pain and boiled from the room. Never afterwards would that four-footed pet go anywhere near a bird cage, it having reasoned with itself that if one portion of the cage hurt, any part of it might be expected to give pain.

DANCING BIRDS.

In Southern Brazil there is a little bird that comes as near to hobnobbing a regular "hoedown"—a minstrel song and dance—as it is possible for birds to do. It is called the "Dancing bird" by the natives. It is a tiny blue bird with a red crest. Mornings and evenings the little fellows gather in a group of a score or so on a smooth, sandy, or gravelly spot, or at least a spot that is free from grass or any obstruction.

Then one of the males flies to a twig somewhere overhead and begins singing in the jolliest jig-jog voice imaginable, and immediately the birds begin to step in perfect time with the song, and twitter an accompaniment, and, more than that, move their wings in time with the music as they step about.

Akin to this dance is one where there is but a single dancer on the floor at a time. The bird is known as the ruppicola, or cock of the rock—also a Brazilian bird. Like the little blue bird, it selects a smooth, hard floor as its dancing place, and there must be plenty of bushes about, for it does not seem to like spectators.

About this kind of platform the birds gather, some on the ground and some on the bush. Then all sing, except one who gets into the centre of the floor and goes leaping and gyrating in a most comical fashion until exhausted, then he staggers off; but another instantly takes his place and repeats his performance, and so they go on, if undisturbed, till everyone of them has had his fling.

A BONE-SETTER'S TRIUMPH.

Mr Frank Bousfield, in an article in the October number of "Casell's Magazine," writes:—"Among the most popular and widely known of English gentlemen jockeys is a scion of the house of Durham, the Honourable George Lambton. This gentleman, who, by the way, is still a young man, was badly injured in a hunting accident. To all intents and purposes he became a cripple, and was helpless for those manly sports in which he had excelled. Long months of orthodox treatment seemed likely to lengthen into long years, while leaving Mr Lambton pretty much what he was on the day of the accident. Luckily for him, a well-known Duchess had been under Professor Atkinson's care, and had become in consequence a warm admirer of the Hamilton-house methods. Her Grace persuaded Mr Lambton to give Mr Atkinson a trial. Accordingly the gentleman jockey underwent the system of manipulation, which, the bone-setter claims, is an improvement on and development of that of the Huttons. In a brief while Mr Lambton felt himself to be "as good a man as ever," and it is certainly true that he has already, since his cure, ridden several winners, a joy which he once feared was forever denied him. The fame of Mr Lambton's recovery spread rapidly, and made so small sensation in the circles of fashionable sport.