MRS. GILLIG AND HER FIANCE HAVE THE SAME DESIGNS TATTOOED ON THEIR ARMS

Criminologists Say That Tattooing Is a Sign of Degeneracy, but Daring Persons in What Is Called Society Have Submitted Their Arms to the Needles of Experts in the Production of Indelible Pictures.

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Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

TATTOOING as a social fancy may derive new vogue in America from the example of Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, the charming lady who, before her recent marriage to Mr. Gouraud, was known to international high society as Mrs. Amy Gillig.

It may claim an added romantic interest from her employment of it.

For the bluish-black designs which Mrs. Gouraud bears upon her shapely arms, and which are portrayed for the first time in the accompanying illustration, are a token of love.

They are the outward and visible symbol chosen by Mrs. Gouraud herself to testify to her soul affinity with her present husband, who bears upon his arms their tatoo counterpart in meaning and in execution.

It was before the marriage of the Gourauds—before Mrs. Gouraud's divorce from Henry M. Gillig had made that marriage possible—that Mr. Gouraud and Mrs. Gillig submitted their arms to the painful process of the needle of the Japanese etcher of heart troths upon human parchment.

And thereby hangs an extraordinary romance of two continents.

The gods showered many gifts upon Amy E. Crocker at her birth.

Wealth was hers as the daughter of Judge E. B. Crocker of San Francisco, a Central Pacific magnate and many times a millionaire; spirit showed in her from her earliest years; beauty early and lavishly dowered her for conquest; a capacity for romantic attachment fitted her to become the heroine of three great romances.

While scarcely more than a schoolgirl, Miss Crocker eloped with R. Porter Ashe, a nephew of Admiral Farragut. Neither family objected to the marriage; but doubtless it seemed to both the young people that the depths of their attachment deserved romantic measures to circumvent obstacles which did not exist.

But the marriage so hastily entered upon under such romantic circumstances did not prove happy and Mrs. Ashe soon secured a divorce, to the deep interest of California society.

In 1888 the charming young widow, who had become a favorite in Eastern society, married Henry M. Gillig, commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. As his wife she won wider fame, and, by her wealth, her wit, her charm; by her activities in travel, at the theater, in sport, in foreign circles—she became one of the famous belles of that great international society to which Cairo and Nice are as familiar as London and New York.

It was in 1889 that Mrs. Gillig made the fateful acquaintance of Jackson Gouraud.

Mr. Gouraud was of English birth and so recent an arrival in the country that his accent and mannerisms made him a noticeable contrast to those about him. He was and is a clever musician, and at that time was earning a livelihood by writing and singing comic songs. "Coon songs" from Mr. Gouraud's pen were also in demand, and several of them are still sung by singers unaware, perhaps, of his interesting personality.

Mrs. Gillig's marriage with the yachtsman proving unhappy, she presently sought first a separation and then a divorce; for some time the two saw but little of each other before Mrs. Gillig removed to Dakota to acquire a legal residence there, preliminary to divorce proceedings.

Meanwhile, a strong attachment sprang up between Mrs. Gillig and the handsome young musician. They found in each other kindred spirits. They resolved, as the sequel showed, to join in some common expression of their faith in their lasting affinity.

It was for this purpose that, on March 30, 1899, Mrs. Gillig sent her Japanese servant to a tattooing establishment to ask that the best of Japanese artists be sent to her house, 102 West Thirty-fifth street.

To that summons a skillful designer called Horitoyo responded, and under Mrs. Gillig's direction pricked several designs upon her arms, one of them being a dragon's head in red, green, blue and black—a curiously grotesque conception, and certain to be a conspicuous object when displayed against a woman's white skin in evening dress. Less conspicuous, but in its way more interesting, was a monogram upon the other arm.

The next day—March 31—the same Japanese artist who had decorated Mrs. Gillig's arm, was called to the Holland House. His patron this time was Mr. Gouraud, who said to him:

"I wish you to tattoo upon my arm a monogram like that which you placed upon Mrs. Gillig's yesterday."

In an affidavit recounting these facts, the monogram is described as a snake so twisted as to form in its sinuous writhings the initials "J. G."—Mr. Gouraud's own.

It was the monogram of a passionate attachment, not hidden in tiny jeweler's script upon the inner surface of a golden ring which might be lost or thrown away, but arms of the lovers—to endure so long as they shall live, neither to be hidden nor effaced. Meanwhile the divorce proceedings went the leisurely way of matters legal, until in December last Mrs. Gillig was freed from her bonds and free to assume new ones.

Society, which had taken a keen and kindly interest in the loves of Mr. Gouraud and Mrs. Gillig, expected a speedy wedding. Nor was expectation disappointed, for about six weeks ago the prophecy of the tattooed monogram "came true," and Mr. and Mrs. Gouraud received the congratulations of the American colony abroad, where they were married.

Since the etching of the monogram upon Mrs. Gouraud's arm hundreds of society men and women have applied to have their skins decorated.

There is foreign precedent for this and precedent of the highest social and even royal rank. For among those who have submitted to the pain of the needle are the Czar of Russia, Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Henry of Prussia, Archduke Stephen of Austria, Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the King of Sweden, the Duke of Genoa, and even the future King of England—though the present Duke of York was tatooed as a sailor's prank while he was a midshipmite, and had no edict of fashion in his boyish mind.

Tatooing has even been a political issue. The most famous cartoon of American art was that which appeared in Puck in the presidential election of 1884, representing James G. Blaine as the star attraction of a political sideshow, his skin covered with references to the attacks then made upon him.

In view of the favor it enjoys among the wealthy and highly educated ladies of society, it is a curious fact which must be added that, according to Lombroso, tattooing has a savage origin and, where it is found among civilized peoples is resorted to mainly by the criminal, the idle, the degenerate—by those unfortunates who have failed to attain the best gifts of their age.

Out of 100 children in the Turin reformatory, Lombroso found that 40 bore tattoo marks on their bodies.

Alberghetti, another criminologist, found that 15 per cent of the criminals in a prison at Milan had tattoo marks on their persons.

Lombroso proves to his own satisfaction that tattooing is a characteristic mark among instinctive and habitual criminals, especially among those guilty of assault and murder. While murderers and those of brutish inclination indulge in it, he says, forgers and swindlers, whose intelligence is on a higher plane, do not practise it.

The beginning of tattooing dates far back in history. It was first practised among Phonecian sailors many hundred years B. C. From the Phonecians it found its way among other seafaring men. It seems to have disappeared, more or less, among the Caucasian race in the first two or three centuries of the Christian era.

The South Sea Islanders and other savages practised it from the earliest ages. Magellan, in passing through the Straits, mentions having seen natives "with strange devices" on their bodies.

STATUE OF ST. LOUIS FOR FOREST PARK

A suggestion for the proposed statue of Saint Louis drawn from Giotto's painting which is the recognized portrait of the French king after whom this city was named.

PARK COMMISSIONER FRANK P. RIDGELY proposes that a statue of Louis IX, King of France, known in history as St. Louis, be placed in Forest Park before the opening of the World's Fair. He believes that modern statuary runs too much toward the exploiting of military heroes and civic celebrities and that St. Louis would be recreant in the eyes of foreign visitors to the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Louis IX was known as the "most Christian King." He was born in 1214 and died in 1270. He was the oldest son of King Louis VIII and Queen Blanche, daughter of King John of Castile.

He was made a saint 27 years after his death by Pope Boniface VIII. King Louis was an early crusader who sought to win the Holy Land from the Saracens. These wars were not considered unrighteous, because they were waged in a holy cause. The remainder of his reign was peaceful. He established a reputation as the arbiter of quarrels of all Europe and more than [illegible] averted through his intercession with the powers which then ruled the old world.

He was noted for his pious life, his almsgiving and his temperance.

At the age of 21 he married Margaret, eldest daughter of Raymond Beranger, Count of Provence.

During his time the French monarchy was at the height of power and reputation in Europe.

In the later years of his reign Louis was the refuge of the injured and oppressed. The Gascons appealed to him rather than to their own sovereign to save them from the barons who plundered them. He died in the afternoon of Aug. 23, 1270, on a bed of ashes to which he had been removed at his own request.

His body was divided. The heart was buried in the Church of Monreale, near Palermo, Sicily. The bones were solemnly interred at St. Denis, France, in the following year.

Reports of miracles worked at his tomb led to his canonization. The city of St. Louis was named in his honor.

ROMANCE OF THE TURKISH MINISTER'S BEAUTIFUL SISTER

THIS is the story of a Turkish maiden who, brought to Washington by her brother, the Turkish minister, and guarded by him with constant watchfulness from all the social customs of the Western World, has yet managed to lose her heart like a real American girl.

Betrothed by her brother to a man whom she has never seen, the decree has gone forth that she must be sent to Turkey to marry him, leaving Hussein Bey, her sweet heart, behind.

Will these two lovers of the East submit like faithful Moslems, or will they furnish an American denouement for their American romance by devising some method of eluding the fate that has been marked out for them?

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Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

By ZONA GALE.

I ASKED Miss "Star-Eyes" Ferrough, sister of the Turkish minister, and newly betrothed to a man she has never seen, her ideas about love and marriage. As she speaks nothing but Turkish, she merely opened her eyes and looked at me. I thought her reply to that question delightful for any language.

About this little Miss Ferrough, one of the two "veiled women of Washington," the sympathy and interest of half the diplomatic set are centering. She will start back for Constantinople July 5, betrothed by her brother to a man she has never seen, and will not see until her wedding day. But that isn't all: Into the life of the Turkish girl has come something few other Turkish women ever know before their marriage—a romance. And in spite of the waiting merchant in Turkey, the story is being sympathetically told in Washington that Hussein Bey, secretary to the minister and by far the handsomest man in the diplomatic corps, has won the heart of "Star-Eyes."

I went to the legation in Washington to see the silent little girl who drives about in Washington, her face swathed in the black silk yashmak, who has been to but two social affairs, both women's luncheons, in the 14 months at the capital; and who has never in her life spoken to any man but her brother and Hussein Bey.

"My sister," said Ferrough Bey, "is past the age to marry in Turkey. She is to be married as soon as we get home. Three men wish to marry her. She will be the wife of one of these. Certainly she will not see him until her wedding day. Then she will see him before he sees her. It is the custom.

"Hussein Bey is my wife's brother and my secretary. The story that my sister is in love with him could not be true. It is absurd that my sister could be in love—absurd! Why, she is a Moslem."

That settled it! When you're a Moslem, it seems, you cannot fall in love, because you are a Moslem.

I looked about the little drawing room and I could not at all picture it presided over by veiled women. It was a cheery, cosy little place, with a profusion of crayon portraits on walls and on easels. I noted with fervor that in all the legation I could see from my chair, there wasn't a single Turkish cosy corner. The room looked exactly like the drawing rooms where American girls come down in pretty gowns to receive men callers.

And then the "Star-Eyes" passed through the hall.

It was the merest chance that I saw her. She came through the door from the porch, pushing back the fall of thin black silk that forms a full hood and veil to the black silk robe she wears on the street. She was enveloped in this. But I had a sight of her face—a plump little face with heavy eyebrows and big round eyes.

I don't remember whether the robe had sleeves or not. And she may have had on serpent bracelets and bangle things in her hair, or she may not. But she was very little, and very young, and she was going to marry somebody she might wish she could keep on not seeing. I didn't believe she liked any of it after her study of Washington through carriage windows.

I knew she spoke no English, so I turned to the minister again.

"Does your sister like the Turkish way best, really, do you think?" I asked.

"My sister is a Moslem," he repeated comprehensively, and offered me coffee again. As for "Star-Eyes," she kept on down the hall to the big room where the two women live and which no other human eye but Ali Ferrough's ever sees.

In spite of the assurance of Ali Ferrough Bey, however, those intimately associated with the minister's family say that "Star-Eyes" and Hussein Bey are the heroine and hero of a real romance. Hussein Bey reminds one of a Bedouin, and is extremely good-looking. He came to America when the Ferroughs came, and his home is at the legation. His duties keep him a great deal at the house, and in the big empty room across the hall from the drawing room, where the minister has his office.

The wife and sister of Ali Ferrough, of course, have access to the room. And even though "Star-Eyes" is a Moslem, it was not hard for the little romance to begin, or for every day to foster it. Madame Ferrough and "Star-Eyes" have bicycles.

Up and down the strip of macademized road at the side of the legation the two Turkish women learned to ride. So great has been public curiosity that more than one carriage has been driven laboriously up the ascent to the house that the occupants might catch a glimpse of the mysterious figures. Those who saw them say it was Hussein Bey who, with Ali Ferrough, gave patient instruction to the women. While the pupils were learning the veils were never discarded, but now the two women often appear on the short walk awheel and in short waists and skirts, looking as if they never heard of a yashmak.

It was when a luncheon was given in the winter at the Russian embassy that Washington women began to take an interest in the little Turkish girl and her love affair. A Turkish girl's love story was a novelty even in love stories, and everybody wanted to know. They all knew the good-looking "Mr. Hussein," as he is called, and his love for "Star-Eyes," who was no more to be loved than the stars themselves, won sympathy at once. The women of the embassys were very cordial to the little girl, but they could learn nothing of her love affairs. She won their hearts, though, with her dainty kisses and the shy pressure of her hand.

"This good-looking young Turk," they said among themselves—"why doesn't he run away with her? Only fancy eloping with a Moslem!"

Meanwhile Hussein Bey has gone quietly on about his duties, and if he has ever known that he was pointed out as the hero of a specialty in love stories he has given no sign.

The presence of the two women at the Russian luncheon gave everybody hope that "Star-Eyes" was going to be allowed to see something of the world. When Ali Ferrough accepted for the women a luncheon invitation to the Haytien embassy Hussein Bey was very nearly congratulated in the street.

The Haytian embassy luncheon, however, which was given a month later, ended the association of the two Turkish women with the outside world. Men servants were employed at the luncheon and it was said by some that the Turkish minister regarded this as an affront. However that may have been, Mme. Ferrough and "Star-Eyes" have never since accepted an invitation from women of Washington.

At the Turkish legation it is no secret that the hands of little Miss Ferrough prepare the breakfast every morning which is sent up to the secretary. She is a famous cook of strange dishes, delicately made and prettily served. Whoever the merchant in Turkey is, Dr. Young, the woman physician at the legation, and the few others who have eaten what "Star-Eyes" can cook, say that he is in luck.

When Ali Ferrough was recalled to his country every one felt that upon the return to Turkey the romance of "Star-Eyes" and Hussein Bey would have a happy ending. Then the minister announced the betrothal of his sister to the Turkish merchant.

There is an obvious reason why Hussein Bey has not formally become a suitor for the girl's hand. He is of noble family, but he has neither warehouses nor fleets, and is simply the paid secretary to the man whose sister everyone persists in believing he loves. So when the family sails away home it is more than likely that Hussein Bey will not accompany them.

If only "Star Eyes" could speak English! Her own account of the love story of a Turkish girl would be worth learning Turkish to get.

"What would you do if she refused to marry this merchant?" I said to Ali Ferrough as I left.

Ali Ferrough Bey puffed his fat white cigarette and smiled through the smoke.

"You American girls," he said, "you have the most—different ideas!"