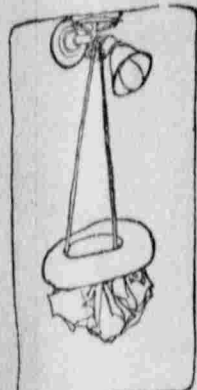


KATE CLYDE

PLAYS PRATTLES OF GOLF FASHIONS

I HAVE just come in out of the pouring rain. My coat is wet, my shirt is dripping and my hat—alas, my expensive hat—is one mass of limp chiffon. I bought it at a new place on the Avenue, and really it is very pretty—just a simple sailor shape with the brim curled upward, with no trimming save one of those red mousseline scarfs embroidered at the ends. Of course I shouldn't have worn it in such weather, but you needn't say it is ruined, although the scarf lies as it is a pancake. Let me teach you a trick. You hold the hat upside down and pin the ends of a long ribbon one to each side of the crown. Then you throw this loop over the gas fixture or anything convenient and, behold, the law of gravitation acts as your friend. The wet chiffon lengthens and lengthens, and when the hat is dry and you turn it right side up again your trimming fairly stands on tip-toe. The only time I have known this trick to fail was with Peggy Clement's chiffon hat. Peggy is so careless. She let the string slip, and the hat hung sideways. Naturally it dried sideways, and the next day poor Peggy looked as if she had been struck by a cyclone.



Throw the loop over the gas fixture.

Do you know I am in the country at present? Yes, this letter is dated New York, but you know it must be dated somewhere, and I never would do to tell just where I am because I am in disgrace. After that society reporter succeeded in interviewing me and everything I said (and didn't say) appeared in the paper mamma thought I had better disappear for awhile, and so the next day she sent me down to Cousin Marie's place on Long Island. If it were not for the golf, I think I should die, everything is so very stately and proper. You see, Cousin Marie spent a long time on the other side. She likes to live in the English style and pretend she has an estate. Of course, one of the nicest things about an estate is that you can set yourself above other people who haven't any. We are horribly exclusive.

But to return to golf. Cousin Marie belongs to the swiftest club here. Why, a new member, a young man, once joined the club, and at the end of six months he handed in his resignation because during all that time he happened to hit a rich bachelor.

Somehow or other, I don't know how it happened, but inside of a week I was on speaking terms with everybody on the links. I suppose it was because I am such a bad player. I start to drive eastward, I brace myself, address the ball in the most professional manner, make a few preliminary wishes and

then—biff! that nasty little ball goes sailing through the air due west, and, of course, it either hits some unsuspecting person or else scares him almost to death. I say "him" because, while it's queer, I have never hit a girl yet. I suppose it is because they are so much more nimble and get out of the way quicker.

Cousin Marie is horrid. She says I do it intentionally; but, of course, I wouldn't do anything so cruel. Besides, I am trying very hard to master the game, and I really ought to become an expert soon because Dick Calder, Ben Remick and Jack Van Tyne are all teaching me. I take a lesson from each in turn. Jack Van Tyne is the nicest teacher. He is very careful of me and doesn't let me get tired; so after I have made a few drives we sit down and discuss the theory of the game. There is a very nice, quiet place behind a clump of bushes near the seventh hole.

I really think Cousin Marie was angry because one of the persons I happened



FLOWER TRIMMED EVENING COSTUME.

to hit was a rich bachelor she was trying to get for her daughter Helen. She had been very careful not to introduce us, but, of course, after the accident the least I could do was to tell him how sorry I was. Poor fellow! He was very nice about it, too, although the ball caught him in the right knee, and he hobbled around for the rest of the day. Then the next morning naturally I had to inquire whether he felt any better, and the result is that we are now very good friends.

I find that there isn't so much in golf itself which is amusing. The incidents connected with it are diverting, however. Last week it poured. When it cleared off, the ground was soaked, but in spite of that all the golf fiends were out, among them Bessie Norris. I can't say I like that girl. She is making a dead set for Jack Van Tyne. Her ball lay in a little hollow, and she raised her loft and gave a tremendous chop. As it happened, she didn't hit the ball at all, but gave what Dick calls the "agricultural stroke"—that is, she lifted the biggest chunk of mud you ever saw. The whole thing flew up in the air, and, my goodness, I wish you could have seen the color of her face afterward! I went behind a tree and laughed until I cried.

My suit is the latest thing. It is of very deep blue with a white hair running through it. The skirt reaches my ankles and is very flared. The jacket is an Eton, with changeable collar and vest. That is now the correct thing. The little collars button invisibly. I have three white vests and a red one with tiny gold buttons. My hat is a

dear! It is made of white stitched tulle with a red satin polka dotted tulle scarf. Then, too, I have a stunning flannel waist for cold days. It is of gold green broadcloth and opens over a narrow red vest, also of cloth, very much stitched. Three pairs of gold buttons connected by tiny gilt chains cross this vest and hold the front in place. Rather loud, you say? Not a bit of it. Nothing is too giddy for the links.

Yesterday Cousin Marie took me to call on a young matron who has just returned from the other side. She has a charming house furnished with great taste. We remained to lunch, and I couldn't help noticing that the dining room was furnished in old rose with white woodwork. I thought this was very odd until the hostess told us that over in Paris the dark, antique looking dining room is going rapidly out of style and that the present fad is to have the room where one eats as cheerful as the other rooms. I don't see myself why it shouldn't be so.

Another thing which was distinctly French was that she wore a rose dress which harmonized beautifully with the decorations. This was so pretty that I must describe it. It was made of tulle, which is all the rage. From the knees down the skirt fell in tiny tucks. Running around the hips, down the front in a panel and around the bottom of the skirt was a wide cream lace applique edged with a tiny velvet cord of, not black, as you might suppose, but the deepest myrtle green. It is by such odd touches that you recognize a gown which comes from Paris. The waist opened over a full front of deep cream chiffon, and the rose fronts were decorated

with the applique in a plaid design outlined by the narrow line of velvet.

By the way, I neglected to mention that at the luncheon the finger bowls were each decorated with a single long stemmed pink rose wound about the rim, while on the surface of the water floated pink petals.

After luncheon our hostess took us up stairs and showed us some beautiful linen and lingerie. Her most prized tablecloths are perfectly plain damask without a single figure, but so lustrous that they look like satin. However, in Paris, so she said, they are making very ornate cloths representing entire scenes from celebrated poems and novels. Of course, these are only for the faddists, who are always on the lookout for new extravaganzas.

As for the lingerie, how shall I describe it? There was one evening petticoat with no fewer than 15 narrow ruffles embroidered by hand. And, oh, I almost forgot the prettiest thing of all! Her name is Violet, and instead of using her initial each piece, even the tiniest handkerchief, was embroidered with a single violet blossom. All the smart women are following this fad, she told me, and if you don't happen to be blessed with a flower name why just choose a blossom and mark everything you own with it. That sounds nice, and I'd like to try it, but the flower must be an appropriate one, and since I am exiled my temper is so bad that nothing but a cactus could fitly represent



The finger bowls.

Kate Clyde
New York.

MARGARET FULLER

A Monument to Be Reared to the Memory of This Wonderful Woman

BACK in the eighties summer people tarrying at the old Surf House, Fire Island, had two objects of interest pointed out to them in the neighborhood. In early morning after a storm they were told to go to the great lighthouse and see the dead birds that lay all around the base—maddened mites that had dashed their little brains out against the heavy glass which covered the revolving lamp. On pleasant mornings when the air was good for a long walk the summer people went northward along the beach four miles to look at the black masts of a ship which thrust themselves up through the ever foaming breakers skeletonlike and tragic, like fingers pointing skyward the souls of those who went down in that ship, the Elizabeth, bound from Leghorn, Italy, to New York.

She was wrecked in a terrific storm July 16, 1850, and in it, so old Fire Islanders told the summer guests, perished Marchioness Margaret Fuller Ossoli, her Italian husband and their beautiful boy Angelo. They told us—for I was one of the fitting summer people—that Margaret Fuller could have been saved or her husband could have been saved or the little boy. There was a chance for one more, but only one, among the few that escaped from the ship with their lives. Well, Margaret would not go and leave the marquis, he refused to survive while she perished; so the whole devoted family went to death together.

Years moved on, and little by little the melancholy masts crumbled away. I don't know just when they finally disappeared, but when I revisited Fire Island in 1897 they were no longer visible.

But the sandy, mosquito haunted, scrub woods covered shore opposite the scene of the tragedy was now called Point o' Woods, and it held the beginnings of a thriving summer colony, made up of aesthetic and intellectual individuals devoted to the "highah cultchah"—some giving it out, others absorbing it. One of the prominent summer residents was and is that distinguished lady, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake of New York. She it was who at the head of the movement to erect at Point o' Woods, opposite the spot where the Elizabeth was wrecked, a memorial to Margaret Fuller. Funds will be raised by subscription, and the enterprise will be in charge of the Point o' Woods Village Improvement society, of which Mrs. Blake is president. The monument will consist of an artistic pavilion facing the breakers and will bear a suitable inscription.

It is time there should be materialized some sort of remembrance of one of the greatest women America has produced. In all the continent there is to this day not a stone to mark her memory except a small tablet in a church at Cambridge.

But that she was cut off at 40 Margaret Fuller's name would have stood in literature with the names of George Sand and George Eliot. As it is, her book, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," is the ablest work on the rights and intellectual development of the feminine sex ever penned this side of the Atlantic. It is almost out of print now, more's the pity, for it is fit to stand alongside Mary Wollstonecraft's "Rights of Woman" and John Stuart Mill's "Liberty." It is an inspiration to all women who have anything in them to be inspired.

The gifted New England woman seer and poet was born in 1810. A wave of great souls washed all around the earth in 1809-10 and left upon the shore of life Gladstone, Darwin and Leo XIII among others in Europe. Here Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Margaret Fuller were some of those it gave us.

Like many another genius and some who are not geniuses, Margaret was born with expensive tastes and very poor. She was so extraordinarily gifted in mind that at the age of 6 she read Latin, and at 8 she was wont to slip off one ear and read Shakespeare and other heavy literature hours at a time. She was not altogether a pleasant child to live with in those days, being freakish and subject to long fits of what in ordinary persons are known as "the dumps," but in geniuses is called "melancholy." Margaret felt herself even in childhood

to be "somebody." At 18 she was the most learned woman in America. Her gifts showed especially in the brilliancy of her wit and fancy in conversation. Her talks were so much in demand that they presently took the form of conversations, more frequently monologues, to which people gladly paid to listen. Margaret Fuller was the founder of the parlor lecture.

As a teacher and inspirer of all that is best and highest in young women she was unequalled, and she knew it. She was asked what pay she would demand to become a teacher in a school. She answered, "The same as the governor of the state."

She simply fitted her idea of the teacher's financial due to her lofty conception of a teacher's qualifications.

It required some time in those slow days for her fame to travel from Boston to New York, even though New York

not wear kid gloves because animals had to be killed to make them. She wore silk gloves. Once she laid her finger upon Margaret's hand as they started to a reception and exclaimed in wonder, "Skin of a beast! Skin of a beast!" Margaret instantly laid her hand upon the other's arm and retorted in accents yet more withering: "Entrails of a worm! Entrails of a worm!"

Miss Fuller had wonderful, large, brilliant eyes, though she was otherwise very plain, but Emerson records of her that she was "always carefully and becomingly dressed." The great New England sage was quick to note a woman's attire.

In 1847 Margaret went to Italy, and there love came and marriage, and all her life blossomed out anew. She planned great books when she should return to America with her husband. Undoubtedly they would have been written but for the ocean tragedy off Point o' Woods, where the monument is to be. There are those who say no great achievements planned ever fail to the ground, but that those who conceived them and left them unfinished return in another incarnation and complete the things they left undone. May it be that Margaret Fuller will come in a new incarnation and do the work for literature and for women that she had sketched out! Who knows?

ALICE W. MORTIMER.

A WEALTHY "PAUPER."

The police of Levallois-Perret, a suburb of Paris, were informed some little time ago of the sudden death of an old woman named Marguerite Blassau, who had long been regarded as a pauper,



LACE AND NET GOWN.

and all the rest of the land took their literature unquestioned from Boston. What Boston approved "went" in 1840.

In 1846 Miss Fuller removed to New York, to Horace Greeley and his Tribune. On The Tribune staff she wrote mostly literary reviews, living meanwhile in Greeley's family. Three persons more gifted, more eccentric and more "set" in their ways never came together under one roof than Horace Greeley, his wife and Margaret Fuller. The three frequently went to receptions together. Under no circumstances would Greeley himself consent to be "dressed up," and Margaret and Mrs. Greeley were as full of fads as is an aesthetic old maid. Mrs. Greeley would

She had been in receipt of outdoor relief for a number of years and had been regularly aided as well by charitable persons. The police doctor who inquired into the causes of her death found some \$1,000 in bank notes concealed about her clothing, and further investigations revealed the existence, stowed away in the woman's mattress, of a small fortune, consisting of bonds to the value of over \$20,000 and a considerable sum in gold.

THE CAVALIER JACKET.

This new style in Eton jackets is so old that it goes back to the time of Charles I. However, this is true of all so called original styles, which can generally be traced back a few centuries. The cavalier jacket should not be attempted by the stout woman, for it is especially designed for her slender sister. The latter gains additional grace and plumpness from the many little velvet bows so artfully placed here and there on the coat. The model illustrated was worn by a brunette.



It was made of deep red broadcloth, with a yellowish lace collar, and the bows were of black velvet with gold aiguillettes. It would look equally well in blue and silver.

A CHILD'S QUERY.

When Mrs. Gladstone's favorite granddaughter, Dorothy Drew, was presented to Queen Victoria, she addressed her, as she had been instructed, as "ma'am." But the little seemed unsatisfied with the young lady's idea of a monarch's dignity, so she said: "Why do they call you 'ma'am'?" They call grandma that, and she is a queen. "It is quite right, my child," said her majesty. "I am a grandma, too, and all grandmas should be addressed as 'ma'am.'"

lenn literary life is Miss Bertha Runkle, the gifted young author of "The Helmet of Navarre," which has been on the market many months. As a serial it attracted more attention than "To Have and to Hold." Miss Runkle is a remarkable young woman. At the age of 22 years she has brought out a strong historical romance that has amazed veteran writers. Something in the achievement reminds one of Jane Austen.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAVES.

M R. AND MRS. CHARLES VAN HEBRIDES have a daughter, Cecilia. Little missy is only 8 years old, but remarkably bright and knowing, giving promise, indeed, of becoming in her turn as shining an ornament to feminine clubdom as her mother before her. In writing—yes, in reading papers she has written—the child is already advanced far beyond her years, albeit her spelling halts. But the brilliancy and keenly discriminative faculty of her intellect are plainly discernible in the following letter to her boy cousin Toffy:

Dear Cousin Toffy—I write to tell you I've got a brunz meddle at school. It was given to me for not talking. I think a girl that don't talk ought to have meddles, don't you?

This here one is my first meddle, but my mamma belongs to clubs and every one has its own meddles, and mamma goes into them and gets 'em for herself. She has six club meddles. Isn't she a great club meddler? Last winter my mamma went slumming among the pore. She took a dees-trick and went three times a week to find out how many wimmins of the pore created their husbands with a smile when they come home drunk. This was hard work and meddling

work and the Slety gave my mamma a fine one for it. It was silver, and they chased it and said on it:

This Meddle Is Presented to Mrs. Charles Van Hebrides For Her Filanthropic Work in Investigating the Condition of the Pore. The Pore and their Investigators Ye Have Always with Ye.

Go Thou and Do Likewise. Then mamma done some more filanthropic slumming work to find out how many of the mothers of the pore kept their children's hair parted, and the meddles gave her a meddle for that too. After that there was a little time before we went to the country, and my mamma put it in doing some more meddling filanthropic work. This time she went slumming among rich ladies to beg money to buy spectacles for nearedted horses and to get Campbell's hair blankets for homeless and orfin cats. And, Toffy, if they didn't give her another one, gold plated, for that too! One side of it had on it a horse's head with goggles on, just beautiful; the other side had a cat holding up its paws, while a big lady like mamma put a blanket around it. The lady's eyes had tears in 'em, the cat's too. Then mamma joined the W. M. C. the Woman's Meddle club. The mem-

bers put in money every week till enough is got to buy a meddle. Then they get one and they take turn about persenting 'em to one another on behalf of the Slety. She's got ten of this kind now, and she sticks 'em all down the front of papa's low cut vest and when he wants to wear it in a hurry he has to take 'em out and it makes him madd and he says things mamma tells him he wouldn't say to her before she was married. Toffy, after you and I are married will you say things to me you wouldn't say before? 'Cause if you do, I won't marry you.

When mamma goes into slety or to the theater or to a club meatin she wears all her meddles at once and they make the other wimmins jealous becortze they ain't got so many, and they hang close together like the pans and spoons onto a tin peddler's wagon and they tinkle like that too and it's just beautiful!

When I me a woman I me going to get more meddles than mamma and bigger ones and I'll wear 'em nite and day. Your affekshunly cuzin, CECILIA VAN HEBRIDES.

P. S.—I think my mother is the most meddlesome woman in America, don't you? CISSY.



CHIFFON TRIMMED PICTURE HAT.

WOMEN'S FORUM.

The empress of China is said to carry with her 1,000 dresses when she travels. These 1,000 boxes and are taken care of by 1,000 coolies.

Hetty Green says: "Women like to spend money, but they don't know how to make it. Women would much rather spend than earn. As long as women haven't save we're not likely to have many women millionaires in this coun-

try. A woman can get along as well as a man in any office if she only conducts herself properly and looks out for herself."

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, whose daughter is the present queen of Italy, comes, as King Victor Emmanuel has said, "of a strong race." Many times the natives of this little mountain principality have beaten their hereditary

foes, the Turks, in spite of the formidable armies which have been led against them. Every Montenegro carries a perfect armory of weapons in his belt, and, like their rulers, they are mostly big and powerfully built men.

Some of the eccentricities of the late Comtesse de Castiglione have come out. At the time of her death she had no fewer than five flats in different parts of Paris, four of which were chiefly used for storing rare furniture and other

objects. She lived in the fifth, in the street bearing her name. It contained many roughly made deal boxes and basket trunks packed with rich laces, furs, fans, scented bottles and jeweled knickknacks. There were 50 fans of the greatest beauty. A summary history of each, and on what occasions it was used, was written on a docket.

Greater attention to the eyesight of school children appears to be a pressing need of the age—in cities, at least. An

investigation by Professor Smedley of England shows that eye defects are increased one-third by the first three years of school life and that in ordinary schools 20 per cent have only two-thirds of ordinary keenness of sight, while in one school this proportion reached 45 per cent. The dullness of pupils is due in great measure to eye defects.

It would be difficult to say how many times King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited Paris during the exhibition

and how unobtrusively. She never registered her name at the embassy, but she was out sightseeing in the earlier hours of the morning, accompanied very frequently by the king of the Belgians and often by the king of Greece. Queen Alexandra was very human from a feminine standpoint, spent hours in the big buildings and bought toys without number for the children of the Duke and Duchess of York.

One of the conspicuous figures in American life is Miss Bertha Runkle, the gifted young author of "The Helmet of Navarre," which has been on the market many months. As a serial it attracted more attention than "To Have and to Hold." Miss Runkle is a remarkable young woman. At the age of 22 years she has brought out a strong historical romance that has amazed veteran writers. Something in the achievement reminds one of Jane Austen.