

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

By KATE CLYDE

"FIRE!" There is a swish, the sharp crack, and Howard Dent sends his golf ball spinning over the tree tops. A gasp of admiration follows, but Howard himself doesn't seem satisfied, for he shrugs his shoulders and, lighting a pipe, strolls away toward a clump of trees where a girl in a red dress is demurely sitting. She is the new girl Howard has rushed this season, but we who know him allow him at least two more. The fun of it is that each girl thinks she is going to get him. Howard is a typical Saranac man. By that I don't mean a native, but a New Yorker who by force of circumstances is obliged to spend most of his time here. Howard, poor fellow, has a weak spot in one lung which prevents him from carrying his share of his father's business, so he spends his time hunting, fishing and, yes, flirting, for I won't leave out his chief accomplishment, and he only goes down to New York for a month or so in the dead of winter to take in the latest ragtime and the most popular cocktail— in a word, the newest masculine fads and fancies. As a result he cuts a tremendous figure in Saranac both with the men, on account of his uncanny successes at golf and billiards, and with the women by reason of his unexcelled skill in jollying. Many a woman after a two weeks' campaign on Howard's part blushingly admits to herself that she would joyfully take his weak spot in the lung, money and all, and when Howard himself reaches the diagnosis of her feelings he invariably does one thing:

There is a clump of trees not far from the hotel, and beneath this there is a rustic bench known as the fatal seat, for the evening of the last day Howard respectfully leads his victim toward this bench, and there they stay for a matter of two hours, while the moon rises and casts strange and romantic shadows about Howard's burly figure and the slender silhouette of the girl. He, the initiated, smile to ourselves, for we know as surely as if we were told that it is the girl's last evening and that on the morrow Howard

will begin to hypnotize another victim into believing herself the future Mrs. Dent. What he says during that last conversation on the fatal bench no one has ever been able to find out, but from his bowed head and reverential manner people have judged that he was telling the story of his life. Whatever it is, it is deadly.

There was a time when I myself was on the way to the fatal bench, but I lost my nerve three days too soon and compromised on a platonic friendship. I thought it was safer.

From all this you may gather that men in the Adirondacks do not confine themselves exclusively to fishing for trout and shooting wild animals. There is something in the mountain air which is positively more inspiring than the sad sea waves which we hear so much about. I have had (I say it without conceit) several proposals. They have ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous. I have had a man tell me he loved me while we were watching a storm on a mountain top and another stammer forth the blushing admission while we were at table and I had my mouth full and couldn't answer. You will admit, therefore, that my experience has been varied. But never in my life did I feel so delightfully romantic as when— Oh, well, never mind. It was here in the Adirondacks, not this year, but two years ago. I remember they were playing a little Irish folk song called "Ashore"—a plaintive little air, perhaps you have heard it. Of course, the man was poor, and so I forgot him like a senile girl. But just two weeks before I left New York to come up here what do you suppose happened? Old Van Alstyne and I were dining at Sherry's. Van Alstyne is rich, and the feast was fit for an epicure. Just as I raised my champagne to drink his health the band began to play that same air, "Ashore." As in a mist, the glittering lights, the flowers, the gayety, faded away, and the lake at Saranac rose before me, with the moon shining gently down upon it and the dark blue line of the forest beyond:

And the waves are still calling to the shore
As they did in the dear dead days of yore,
And my heart is forever thine, Ashore.

I am longing for thee, Ashore.

I set my glass down hard, and the champagne spilled over my hand. Van Alstyne was knitting his eyebrows and looking at me sharply. I hastened to smile back at him. It doesn't do to let a man know too much. And the other? Oh, well, that was only the witchery of the Adirondacks. That's why I say to you, Be wise and don't let any man propose to you here.

I am not the only romantic one. You should see them at the Amersand



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

GOWN OF EMBROIDERED NET FOR STATUESQUE FIGURE.

dances. Why, the last time there was one couple, a tall, Gibson looking man and a little girl in a pale blue dress, and positively they did nothing but sit in one corner all the evening. I wondered where the chaperon was until I discovered her also under the influence of the place. The dear, white haired old lady sat with an equally white haired old widower, and as we passed her I saw her tap him on the arm with her fan and murmur in the most coquettish way in the world: "Why, you naughty boy! The idea of your calling yourself old!" It's the same thing on the golf links. There is a particularly nice, shady spot near the eighth hole, and when that is occupied there is a fence you have to drive over at the fifth tee, and, really, most people get tired right there.

There is one thing you can't do in the Adirondacks—ride a bicycle. You can walk a bicycle, as some one put it, and that is mainly what I did on the only ride I ever took, which was to Lake Placid and back.

It is only ten miles each way, but I give you my word I was exhausted. I had a nasty accident too. Ben Hunt's fox terrier, Mr. Dooley, persisted in accompanying me. Now, Mr. Dooley is particularly fond of trotting directly in front of the wheel, and as a result I rode most of the time with my heart in my mouth. At last the expected happened. I was coasting down a villainous hill where the road pitched sheer off on both sides into a deep ravine. Mr. Dooley was galloping merrily ahead when suddenly he sat right down in the road to scratch himself. My front wheel went directly over his hard little body, and down I went over the embankment. If it had not been for a branch of a tree which caught me by the skirt, goodness knows what might have happened. When at last I arose to my feet and went to look for the mangled remains of Dooley, that exasperating animal ran to meet me, wagging his tail joyously. He was without a scratch. If he had not wagged his tail, I might have forgiven him, but that was adding insult to injury. I promptly peeled a switch, and for a few minutes the woods rang with canine howls.

Perhaps the greatest sport of all is coaching. There is a splendid black and red coach drawn by four grays, and we have great fun driving over to

Lake Placid and dining at the Ruessaumont. They have a Swiss chalet effect in the dining room, and the waitresses wear the peasant black velvet bodice and white cotton blouse. It really makes things taste better. Then there is the drive home by moonlight, with the horn tooting joyously all the way. Ah, coaching is a great sport, particularly if you sit on the box seat, which you may be sure I always manage to do.

From my corner of the piazza I can hear the tinkety plunk of Howard Dent's guitar as he sings that ancient ditty, "You'll Get All That's A-coming to You." Howard's version does not follow the original, but it contains the names of all his enemies and is well worth listening to. The girl in the red coat is looking up into his eyes. I see Niles Robinson approaching with his bag of golf sticks. Well, I must go and play a game.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

A ROYAL FISHERWOMAN.

The Duchess of Fife is facile princeps among England's royal fisherwomen. Most of the duchess' angling is on the Dee, where she can play and land a salmon with the best of her guests. The Princess Victoria is very nearly as keen an angler as her sister. The queen also knows how to use a rod.



I went over the embankment.



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

GOWN OF SPOTTED NET OVER PAINTED SILK.

IN WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Mrs. Calve has made a great fortune by her singing and now owns an extensive estate near her native town in the south of France. "I still work very hard," she said recently. "There is always something in my art that needs improvement, something that I can keep Mrs. Calve at the front. It is her belief that there is no perfection without hard work, and she has always conscientiously refused to sing any role in which she has not perfected herself. A Chicago preacher has offered two white girls a cent reward for each member of the congregation whom they find

sleeping during the sermon and gently waken. He says it is annoying to him to try to preach to slumbering sinners, or saints either.

A young Parisian woman edits and manages what is no doubt the most daring publication in the world. It is circulated among members of the light fingered fraternity, the editress being a kleptomaniac of no mean order and also an inventor of several devices to assist her subscribers in following their craft. Items of interest are solicited, and if useful to "the trade" are liberally paid for. The paper has no title and is undated and unnumbered. The illustrations of touch gloves, false beards and other novelties are reproductions of black and white drawings made by the editor and contributors.

It is little known that the Duchess of Fife is a clever designer and is herself responsible for much of the beautiful decoration of the interior of Mar Lodge. From the mantelpieces to the wall papers and every design has emanated from her clever hands, each design being a simple and artistic arrangement of fruits, ferns or flowers which she herself has gathered.

Mrs. B. Maud Hird is the latest sensation in Boston. She is the granddaughter of Daniel Webster,

HELEN WILMANS

Mental Science Leader

A REMARKABLE WOMAN



MORE than 25 years ago in California lived and toiled a farmer's wife. She had many children, and the farm was mortgaged. The woman was born in fat Illinois in the midst of plenty and had had a good education. She married very young. Then came the incumbered farm in California, the large family of children, the unremitting toil known only to farm women whose husbands have mortgaged not only their ground, but also the life and strength of both themselves and their wives. The outlook for such women is scarcely less dreary than that of the slave in chains in Siberian mines.

The hapless California farm wife struggled on as she could, doing often a man's work as well as a woman's, the grinding toll, the brain crushing debt, the flock of children hanging to her just the same. The only thing that moved was time. That at length brought her freedom, but it was the freedom of a pauper. The children grew to maturity and went their way, the mortgage that pressed upon her was foreclosed at last and she was driven off the farm and out into the world without a penny to show for all her effort. Helen Wilmans, the farm wife, was getting some more education.

When she was a schoolgirl back in Illinois, Emerson had lectured in her town and singled her out among the pupils because of her large, noble looking head, which he commented on, saying that he thought she might be heard from some day. During the years she milked cows and hoed cabbages her mental horizon was not bounded by the cows and cabbages. Even then she dreamed of writing and of living her own life, a life, above all, free. She probably would never have done it, however, if the farm had not been sold over her head. When the very last prop on which her hope had leaned broke beneath her, again the day dream of writing returned. She was foot loose now and homeless.

Helen Wilmans took a resolve which showed at once how brave and how ignorant she was. She would go to San Francisco and earn from her writing pen that living she had not been able to secure from the profits of the pign. She had not money enough to pay car fare to San Francisco. The village tailor lent it to her. Away she went, plunging into deep waters without an idea how to swim. She wrote, wrote thoughts bold, sharp, radical, free. Some editors saw the stuff that was in them, but most who saw refused to buy for that very reason. The song of the free is not what the average reader wants, though he perhaps thinks he does. A very few editors bought her effusions, and a very few people read them.

Starvation looked Helen Wilmans, the dauntless, in the eyes and rattled his fleshless fingers in her face. She herself has told how in those days she seriously meditated suicide. If she could not live, then she would die, like a brave woman, at once, not spin out agony. It does seem that nearly all who achieve anything uncommon are squeezed by the fates till they cry out in their torture and burst their bonds.

Do things merely happen or are there telepathic wires connecting persons and events that in space are thousands of miles apart? Among those that had read Helen Wilmans' writings was a Chicago editor who appreciated them. In the nick of time, just in time, perhaps, to save to the earth this remarkable, inspiring life, he wrote, asking Mrs. Wilmans to accept a small pension on his paper. She did so immediately. It was just when the wave of Mental Science, so called, was beginning to ripple.

It struck Helen Wilmans, struck her hard. To make a mental picture of your high desire, to hold it in your mind day and night, to will and work toward it, hustling perhaps none the less because you are inwardly willing

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPE.

"SHE was," wrote the novelist, "the sweetest woman ever sent into the world to help a man back to rectitude."

Ivie Rose laid the book down, looked at herself in the glass and pondered. In the novel the youthful, beautiful, wealthy, accomplished, pure minded Dorabella de Lancy, for whom lovers were sighing in hearth, turned from them all and married Bunko Bob, the billygoat of the mountains, to reform him. Bunko Bob, so the tale went, was wont, mounted upon a bucking broncho, to gallop into barrooms, with a gun in each hand and a knife blade between his teeth, and shoot bottles down men's throats, meantime breathing forth fire enough to scorch a hole in a blanket, particularly after he had been in the barroom half an hour or so.

But sweet Dorabella de Lancy married him and made a man of him. After she had been making him over a year or two he trundled the baby wagon along the street mild as patent lemonade. When he spoke in the S. R. Y. M. M. R. (Society For Keeping Young Men In the Middle of the Road), there was not a dry eye in the

house as he told what his angel Dorabella had made of him, closing with this sublime flight: "Me noble wife! To love such a woman and be loved by her would change a man's whole nature no matter how low he had sunk."

That was what the novelist said he said. Ivie mused long. What bliss to be loved like that! Even after he had been married two years Bunko Bob spoke of Dorabella as "me noble wife." In all her experience of humanity Ivie had never heard a husband address his other half in those words. In the select circle in which she moved it was generally "old woman."

Ivie resolved to find a bad man and marry him to reform him. She would play in her mind that she was lovely and accomplished and that lovers were sighing for her in heaps.

First find your man. The wickedest man she knew, the meanest and most ill favored, was Cross Eyed Jim, the terror of the henroosts. Him would she seek, him would she make a man of, finishing him off on model lines. Cross Eyed Jim, the terror of the

henroosts, did not appreciate his good fortune at first in being played for by the beautiful and accomplished Ivie Rose, but gradually he yielded to her gentle influence. They eloped. They were wedded. Ivie began at once her sweet, womanly mission of transforming a crooked stick into an angel of light.

In practical life, however, the divine feminine influence was a dead failure. There was nothing in it. Cross Eyed Jim told his beautiful and accomplished wife to attend to her own business, that he was boss of that roost and would let her know it. She did not believe it possible that the novelist who evolved such glorious imagery could be so mistaken, and she made one more effort to help Cross Eyed Jim back to rectitude. Then he beat her, he pulled her hair, he took all her money, he swore dreadfully. In the dead of night she fled back to her mamma. When her divorce case was on in court, the judge asked her:

"What made you marry such a man?"

"I married him to help him back to rectitude," said Ivie.

ASTROLOGY.

People Born Under Virgo.

THOSE born between Aug. 23 and Sept. 23 belong under Virgo, the virgin, an earth sign. Persons governed by this constellation are said by astrologers to have naturally the best physical constitutions and the strongest intellects of any of the whole 12 human types ruled by the zodiac.

The sign of Virgo is centered in the bowels, and her people have great aspiration after the good things of the material world. While they should have perfect health, they are rather strangely given to fancying themselves ill and are apt to doctor themselves overmuch. Their true health will be found in not tinkering with their physical systems, but in living outdoors with nature all that is possible to them, not thinking or talking of their ailments.

Virgo subjects are accurate mechanically and have perceptions that take in all at a glance. Being so capable themselves intellectually, also able to achieve material success easily, they are apt to think very well of themselves and to look in contempt on those less well endowed in the race for existence. This disposition occasionally develops into a sneering habit, which makes them a terror to those around them and at length is deadly to them.



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

HANDSOME BLACK CHIFFON SUMMER BOA.

believes in the limitless growth and power of man. She believes every human being can achieve comfort and prosperity; likewise she believes supremely in her own preaching. By practicing it she has won splendid success. Her inspiring, ringing words are flung out to all mankind:

"You can be what you will to be!"

LILLIAN GRAY.

Eleanor Kirk says of Virgo persons, "They are the individuals who feel called on to tell disagreeable truths to people for their good." Don't do it, Virgo. Look at your own faults and be silent. Virgo persons have a deep, steady, powerful nature that can accomplish anything it sets about. Many of the earth's most famous ones have been Virgoans. They are extremely fortunate who are born under the virgin sign if they understand themselves and do not let the animal nature run away with them. Moreover, they look young till late in life.

Virgo subjects are generally very fond of friends born under the air signs of Libra and Sagittarius and will be happiest when married to these subjects or to those born under their own sign. Libra is the sign immediately following Virgo, and individuals born from Sept. 23 to 29 are said to be "on the cusp," or turning point, between Virgo and Libra. Such have more lightness, airiness and enthusiasm than the solid Virgo subjects.

CLARA BRANSOMBE.

ONE AMERICAN MARCHIONESS.

It is a curious fact, but there is only one American marchioness—Minnie, marchioness of Anglesey, the widow and third wife of the late Marquis of Anglesey and stepmother of the present peer. There are no fewer than four duchesses of American origin, and every other rank of the peerage is well represented by daughters of Uncle Sam.

yeoman, and there are several good fishing streams in the neighborhood.

Among the public bequests in the will of Mrs. Matthew Vassar, Jr., daughter-in-law of the founder of Vassar college, was \$5,000 to Vassar college to found a scholarship in memory of her mother, Louisa Van Kleeck Beach.

Sachet powder sewed into the seams of the dress or skirt gives a pleasing impression, but the best plan of all is to have the bag sewed in which each well dressed woman unveils her garments when not in use. Such scents, it need scarcely be said, should not be mingled, but each kind and the garments impregnated therewith should be kept apart.

of Louis Philippe, has just celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday at Schloss Ebenthal, her seat near Vienna. One of her sons is the Prince of Bulgaria, and the eldest is Prince Philip, son-in-law of the king of the Belgians. One of her daughters is the Archduchess Clotilde, wife of the Archduke Joseph and mother of the Duchess d'Orleans.

In Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind student at Radcliffe, the instructors in English are beginning to believe there is hidden an author of the first rank.

The cross of the French Legion of Honor has been bestowed on 35 women. It is interesting to recall that, ac-

cording to her own confession of some years ago, Queen Alexandra's favorite dish is Yorkshire pudding, her favorite pastime millinery, another favorite occupation "minding her own business."

Empress Charlotte of Mexico, widow of the ill-fated Maximilian, passed her sixty-second birthday recently. To the new generation the surprising tragedy that deprived her of her husband and her reason seems more years away than her 62.

Mme. Patti's first Welsh home was not Craig-y-Nos, which has now been sold, but Waterton Court, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire. The building is not a pretentious one, but is of the class of houses built by the average