

# KATE CLYDE

Admits That Woman's Tendency Is Not to Neglect Midsummer Bargains. When the Mercury Soars, Prices Are Not Infrequently Attractive.

ON the whole, one doesn't save much money by staying in New York all the summer," remarked my friend, who was trying it.

"Why?" I asked. And at the same time I noticed that she wore a remarkably pretty gown.

"Isn't it a dear?" she cooed. "It was marked down from \$36 to only \$24."

"Then I understand."

"And that hat—I suppose it was marked down from \$35 to \$18?" I suggested.

"How did you guess it?" she cried.

"Oh, just intuition. No wonder that you find staying in town expensive. That is the third new costume I have seen you wearing during a fortnight. Come, own up. How many sales have you attended?"

"My dear, I just couldn't help it. You never saw such cheap things in your life—silk gowns marked down to \$10, hats, parasols, imported dresses, for almost nothing. And you know there is nothing to do during the daytime but shop. All your friends are out of town, and it's simply dismal. Let me tell you how I spent my time. In the morning I roll over and press a bell. That means coffee and rolls and a little fruit; I don't believe in heavy breakfasts during hot weather. Then I jump into my bath of sea salt water and afterward have a nice cold spray. By that time I am ready to put on a white walking skirt and a thin white waist, and, attired thus coolly and seductively to the eye, I wander forth for my little constitutional."

Those Potent Windows.

"Now, it is perfectly stupid walking along deserted streets where you can't look in at any windows, so what more natural than that I should wander

down Fifth avenue—the commercial end, of course—and finally arrive in Twenty-third street. Ah, my dear, that is my happy hunting ground. You never saw anything like it! One day a window will be filled with the loveliest burnt orange and white hats marked so ridiculously low that one simply has to go in and try one on to see whether the color is as becoming on an off. Well, of course, it is, and you have it sent home, because you can always use one more hat, especially with white gowns. Then in the next window are woolen gowns, the very thing you will need a month or so from now, and, really, in dear, silk linings and all, they are positively half price. Then the shoes, the underwear, the silk and pongee coats—they positively make one gasp!"

"And I suppose you stop buying in time to go to dinner?"

"Yes, or afternoon tea. And I am so tired and feel as if I had had such a good time. Then I sleep a bit and afterward dress for dinner. Very often I go out to dinner. There are always plenty of men in summer time, thank heaven! And after supper or dinner, or whatever it is, we often go out auto-mobiling. We just slip long linen or pongee coats over our flannels and tie a long chiffon veil over our hats, and away we send at the rate of I don't

know how many miles an hour. Anyway, it makes a breeze even on the hottest night."

Rather Luxurious Economy.

"Very nice, but it sounds rather expensive. I think it would have been cheaper, on the whole, for you to have gone to Narragansett Pier. At least that would have kept you away from the shops."

To keep away from the shops—that is the problem for the woman with a small income. Oh, fatal temptation! Worse a thousand times than morphine or rum! (begging your pardon for mentioning them.)

Shopping is the sole diversion of many women. They wear their prettiest clothes in the shopping district because they have no other occasion to wear them, and they watch the sale announcements in the papers with the same eagerness that a gambler watches the stock market quotations. They know the price of everything to a cent and know just how much it can be skimmed. They are the people who buy and return and buy over again. It's a great lark to them if it isn't to the sales people.

Even the fashionable set out of town at this time of the year cannot resist the shops. Shopping parties are made up, with lunch at some expensive hotel, and a return home in the cool of the afternoon. The shopkeepers know this weakness perfectly well, and in spite of the town being apparently deserted they fix up their windows even more attractively than usual, and then sit back and wait, like wary spiders, with their webs spread out before them.

Prudence and Sunburn.

The sensible woman goes far enough away so that transportation costs too much for her to run in to town every few days. She invests in stout shoes and plenty of short skirts and the sort of shirt waist that can be washed in extract of dynamite by the local laundress and no harm done. Then she lies on the beach and digs her toes in the sand and tries to pretend that she is perfectly happy without French heels, lace petticoats or a man. It is great for the health and great for the purse, but I'm thinking it's bad for the complexion, for I saw one of these damsels the other day, and positively her skin could hardly be distinguished from the brown hat she wore. At first we thought she was a mulatto. Now, that girl was foolish. It will take her months to get rid of that, and she will have a mighty hard time doing it.

As a matter of fact, anyway, I think the day of the tanned girl is gone by, together with the era of short skirts and stout, hobnailed shoes. We like a complexion and some feminine graces nowadays.

I myself am away up north writing this to you. I am on the borders of picturesque Lake Champlain at the



A Dainty Frock of Foulard.

This charming little frock is of "old green" flowered foulard. The skirt is in Paquin tucks at the bottom and gathered in several rows at the waist. A gathered yoke fits closely around a tiny emplacement of tucked lawn and lace and blouses back and front over a girde of the silk. The sleeves are butterfly in effect, made by a line of shirring running from the elbow almost up to the arm eyes, where they spread out in winged effect. A deep cuff of tucked lawn finishes at the hand in a frill of lace.

big hotel there that looks like a cross between what it really is and an old chateau. It is perched away up on top of a bluff, and you can see way down the succession of gayly flowered terraces until your eye reaches the broad expanse of sparkling blue water and the little steamboat landing, where now and then a gay little yacht will come to anchor.

One of the greatest attractions to me is that we are only three and a half miles out of Plattsburg, and the garison is stationed there. Nothing even the hops like the presence of uniforms, and their wearers certainly know how to flirt and to dance well. The only danger lies in a girl believing what they say, and there is little danger of that for the initiated.

Indeed, it is just as well not to believe any man, whether he is a soldier or not.

Linen Looks Cool.

Before I close I want to speak of the linen costumes. There are several of them here. At the beginning of the season the frocks and frills gown was all the rage. By that I mean the tiny jacket with its wide belt and a correspondingly fussy skirt. Now all that is being changed. The latest suit is of white linen cut strictly tailor made, with a three-quarter coat, half fitting in the back and loose in the front, and a tailor made skirt. To be ultra chic these costs should have a tiny tailor made velvet collar, the shades of velvet being black, scarlet or green, in the order of their popularity. These suits are worn with a dainty blouse and a hat trimmed with the color of the collar. Over the hat is worn a long white chiffon veil, brought around, plainly crossed in the back and tied under the chin. White canvas shoes, a pretty white lace petticoat and a white silk parasol complete a charming costume. One sees nothing but coats and skirts now. The shirt waist costume seems to have disappeared from the realm of smartly dressed people.

If you cannot afford a regular little dress, daintily made stick to the coat and skirt model—and wear the coat.

Thus says fashion.

*Kate Clyde*

Lake Champlain, N. Y.

THE PRETTIEST CHIN.

The prettiest chin in the world, not always the strongest, is the "left" chin. It is found often in sweet tempered, mirth loving, easy going women fond of approbation and endowed with artistic tastes. The girl with a cleft chin loves to be loved and is here apparently to be a pet. Men love her, and so do women, and her entire existence is bounded by her affections. She isn't always constant, by the way, but she is never vicious.

## A WALKING GOWN FOR THE AUTUMN.

This chic little walking gown is just the dress for morning wear in the autumn. It is fashioned from blue gray ed in side platts and stitched in graduated lengths from about the knee in



front to a foot below the waist in the back. The blouse has an emplacement of garters forming a collar, tiny vest and sleeve epaulets. A small basque finishes the bottom of the blouse. The sleeves are moderately full and are finished with an odd cuff cut in tabs, under which hangs a dainty lace ruffle.

QUENCHING THIRST.

Every child should be taught that thirst quenching does not depend so greatly on the quantity of fluid that is swallowed as on the length of time during which liquid is kept in contact with the tissues of the mouth and throat. A small quantity of water used as a mouth and throat wash will relieve thirst more than a pint swallowed hastily.

# Carmelita Beckwith,

Editor of an Electrical Magazine

"I SHALL not be free till the afternoon," telephoned Carmelita Beckwith. "A ship has just come in that has some new kind of electrical heating apparatus, and I must go down to the dock to see it."

It was a characteristic message from Miss Beckwith. Wherever anything new is to be seen in the electrical line, whether in the field of lighting, heating, power or anything else, there she goes to inspect it and see if it is worthy of mention in the monthly bulletin of electrical news which she edits. She has charge of the advertising department of one of the leading electrical light and power companies in America.

Numerous women are writers of advertisements in other branches of business. Miss Beckwith is the only one who writes electrical machinery advertisements, and not only that, but she is the manager of her company's publicity department.

It is surprising the variety of things this young lady does. If a great dinner is to be given and the banquet hall is to be adorned with electric lights, Miss Beckwith arranges the decorations, table and other, till the whole room seems a gleam of gems of many colors. Then when all is to her mind she summons the two expert photographers who are at her command, and just at



AN ATTRACTIVE LINEN GOWN.

The gown illustrated is of green linen strapped with white. The skirt, made in a queer sectional fashion, is rather complicated for the lay mind to take in exactly, but is formed almost entirely on a seven gored foundation, over which is a deep fitted emplacement. The waist is tucked and strapped and has full sleeves and deep cuffs. A stock of the material finishes the neck.

POINTS WORTH READING ABOUT WOMEN.

The eating of fruit which is neither green nor overripe, together with the drinking of plenty of pure water, is a good thing for anybody.

Women have their places among the public entertainers and instructors at the St. Louis fair. Miss Wilhelmina Lowe is the harpist in Festival hall. Among the lecturers is the learned and wonderfully eloquent Mme. Lydia von Flukestein Mountford. She spent many years in Arabia and the orient studying Bible history. She lectures in oriental costume.

Miss Daisy Stevenson of Rochester is one of two women butchers in the United States.

It took a hundred years for the great George East to be appreciated sufficiently for her fellow countrymen to erect a monument to her. She was born in Paris, July 5, 1804. Although a monument commemorating her centenary is in the Luxembourg, the sculptor is the famous Solari.

He (designing)—What a terrible thing it would be if some racial should marry you for your money! She (discouragingly)—It would be for him—I found it out.

Dr. D. Winans, president of the Woman's Relief Corps of the Grand

the right moment, the feast is snapshotted. Miss Beckwith has the strangely beautiful electric light pictures reproduced in her magazine the next month.

A little time ago a dry dock operated by electric machinery was completed. Miss Beckwith wanted to print a description of it. She went in person to the dry dock, was admitted to the scene of operations, talked to the construction superintendent and the workmen, witnessed the workings of the machinery, then went to her office and wrote a clear, concise story of the new electrical dry dock.

"I wasn't going to sit in the office and write about a dry dock," said she. Again, perhaps it will be to interview Edison, Tesla or some other brilliant achiever in the electrical field that she goes out. The interview afterward reported for her magazine is always entertaining reading. Miss Beckwith has a peculiarly sunny, cheerful style of writing. Her style is like her face. Of the magazine of which she has charge she is editor, leading writer, reporter and boss of the makeup. It is one of the handsomest and most artistic of periodicals, with its illustrations ranging from full page scenes to dainty little pictures set into the margin of the pages.

But this young woman does much more than edit a trade periodical. Every time we enter a street car we amuse ourselves reading the illustrated advertisements. Many of them rise into the realm of real art, they are so taking and pretty. Miss Beckwith designs such street car posters for her company. Every year she designs and publishes scores of cards, leaflets and pamphlets, all of which make mention, directly or indirectly, of the merits of electricity. One of these cards with an artistic red head is labeled, "About Telephoning," contains suggestions on the best method of using a telephone, among others these:

The manner in which a person uses a telephone makes either a good or a bad impression, and is to a great extent an index to his character. Abruptness and discourtesy over the telephone is a stinging. It is folly to lose one's temper because one does not get immediate connection. This is rarely the fault of the telephone operators.

The voice will be heard distinctly if the lips are placed within an inch of the mouthpiece. One should talk naturally, as if the person spoken to were standing near by.

Another card, recommending a certain kind of incandescent lamp, makes in bold type at its head this announcement:

A Good Reason.—There are six, maybe a dozen, but one is sufficient.

Yet another ingenious and artistic leaflet sets forth the merits of electrical cooking stoves and household appliances, from a waffle iron to electric curling tongs. Still another is devoted to electric fans. All are described with a minuteness of technical knowledge that shows how well the young lady knows her business. One pretty card is devoted to the care of electric lamps, and here is one of its gems:

If your lamps are dusty or old, you don't get all the light you pay for. A rub or two with a barely dampened cloth may be all that is needed; then, if you don't get enough light, you require a new lamp.

There, too, are the company's printed circulars to its customers, such as those making rates and contract announcements. These are also prepared by this most capable and businesslike girl. The electrical domain is so broad and new discoveries and inventions replace the old so rapidly that it takes a very



MISS BECKWITH.

"took" about equally to writing and electricity. Some of her first work as editing a schoolboy's department in a monthly magazine. She also has done much work on New York newspapers. But she first truly found herself when she was put at the head of a photographic and typewriting department in Thomas A. Edison's own offices in New York. She herself now dictates to her stenographer through a phonograph.

She knows all the parts of an electric motor and once wrote a witty little book called "Motoritis," in which the old time electric car motor tells the story of its life and how its eye bolts, nose pieces and teeth had to be adjusted. It was supposed to listen to the conversation of those who were arranging it for service and to wonder when they spoke of its brushes why it did not have any hair. Then they spoke of "switches" for it, and these served it instead of hair.

Before accepting her present responsible position Carmelita Beckwith had ample preparation for it. She has been private secretary to several firms, in connection with whom she became well acquainted with machinery, electrical and otherwise. But it is electricity and electrical machinery that have always interested her more than anything else. But she has a hope and an aspiration not connected with the life of the city. She longs for the country, an existence among the trees and flowers and under the blue sky. She hopes to own a farm.

Miss Beckwith is a prominent member and chairman of the committee on membership of the Municipal Art League of New York, whose object is the beautifying of streets and public places.

MARILLA WEAVER.

## A SUMMER VACATION ON A HOUSE BOAT.

FOUR young women belonging in New York city are having a delightful summer on a house boat. They rented the craft already furnished, had it towed into the quiet waters of a peaceful, sheltered bay and there anchored it, to remain during the three months of July, August and September. The rent of the furnished house boat, including the expense of having it towed by a tug to the peaceful bay, was \$175. The craft has two large rooms and a flat roof, with an awning over it. Hammocks swung there make life a dream of comfort, and the distance from the shore insures safety from the mosquitoes, that pest of the Atlantic coast.

Being in a region where fish, crabs and lobsters abound, the house boat dwellers have an abundance of sea food of the freshest kind at small cost. The girls do their own housework. A boy is engaged to bring them fresh water daily from the shore. One of the two rooms the girls use for their cot beds; the other is kitchen and dining room in one. For fuel the ladies burn in their kitchen stove the scented driftwood that lies in heaps along the shore and perhaps repeat meanwhile a famous New England poet's verses on a driftwood fire.

Fruit is cheap, vegetables are cheap and sea food is cheap. The ladies have more than the luxuries of a fashionable seaside hotel, and it all costs only some \$4 a week apiece. The eternal glare and noise, the army of greedily underlings, the brass bands, the uncomfortable dressing three or four times a day—all this the girls escape. Being only "we girls" they can each wear a kimono all day if they choose, and nobody will know, nobody will care. When they desire a visit from friends they notify them, such, at least, as have not gone out of the city.

The summer is absolutely restful. The shore view affords them the sight of living green. Across a narrow tongue of land is the open sea. All day long the breakers sound there, but softly, as if fitting in summer. At night they are lulled to sleep by the voice of that surf which makes eternal music for those who love the sea.

Thus for considerably less money than it would require to live at home in New York city the ladies will enjoy a three month's summer outing by the sea. It is not the "rag" parties that have all the pleasure in these new woman days.

Strange it is that more of the American people do not adopt the plan of summering in a house boat. In Great Britain this is common, especially along the Thames river. In our country are lakes and rivers without number for those to whom it is not convenient to live in a seacoast house boat. A boat can be hired or bought for a small sum and a whole family loaded into it. The boat can be towed from place to place quite inexpensively, and thus change of scene can be had. The children and all the family can have their baths in river or lake. Grocery supplies can be taken on the boat, while wherever a landing is made dairy products and green foods can be obtained cheaply at the best quality. Some of the house boats already constructed are provided with sails, by which they can be propelled when the wind is right. Tired women could read, write, sew and rest, likewise do what few have

time for in our American civilization—think.

The house boat idea commends itself specially because of two considerations—healthfulness and cheapness. The whole family can learn to swim, there is opportunity unsurpassed for pursuing nature studies. Yet so queer are we Americans that we leave this delightful and independent house boat living almost wholly to persons of the lower, more ignorant classes, to such an extent that in many places the term "house boat" is a name of reproach.

MARY GOULD LITTLE.

WHAT IS A "SNOB?"

According to one authority, a snob is one "who vulgarly affects gentility" or pretends to a superiority he does not possess.

The snob invariably apes and cringes to his superiors and is overbearing to those whom he considers beneath him. The snob regards wealth and position rather than character. The snob leads no one so much as himself. His affectation of nonchalance is spurious. He in the very nature of things is a most self conscious personage, and he merely affects to be unconscious of his audience. All the time he is anxiously awaiting the effect of his efforts to dazzle or impress.

BREAK IT GENTLY.

Excitement is often the cause of strange telegrams as well as other queer manifestations. A man who had been among the passengers of a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On reaching a place from which he could send a telegraphic message he forwarded the following dispatch to his brother: "I am saved. Break it gently to my wife."



MISS PAULINE MORTON, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Paul Morton, the new secretary of the navy, is a very good looking man, and his daughter and namesake, Miss Pauline, appears to have inherited the comeliness of both her father and her handsome mother. There is at least one place in this country where daughters, if they are young, pretty and unmarried, and their parents are wealthy, are of more importance than sons, and that is in the Washington official social circle. Pauline Morton fulfills all the above conditions, and her debut in Washington society the coming season will be an event of importance. Pauline Morton's grandfather, J. Sterling Morton, was secretary of agriculture in a Democratic cabinet, that of Mr. Cleveland. Miss Pauline Morton speaks French, which will be very useful to her in the diplomatic circle. The Mortons will entertain on a generous scale. Besides Pauline, they have a married daughter, Mrs. William Chapman Potter, who lives in the City of Mexico.

swimming matches for women. Lady Constance Mackenzie formerly held the championship.

Senora Zolla de Castro, wife of the president of Venezuela, will visit the St. Louis fair with her husband the coming autumn. She is a beautiful, cultivated woman, with a fond for birds, of which she has a great collection. There are living birds in cages in and around her home at Caracas.

Miss Annie Peck of Boston has sailed for South America to make the ascent of Mount Sorata, in the Andes, between 21,000 and 25,000 feet high. She also proposes to visit the crater of Sabana, the highest volcano in the world. The expense of the expedition is paid in part by persons interested in South American exploration.

Miss Yeomans is known all over California as a butterfly catcher. She runs a regular international butterfly exchange and finds it very profitable.

much epaulet salt as the water will absorb. Paint over the window while hot, and when dry you will have a very good imitation of ground glass.

The decorations of the Machinery building at the St. Louis fair were designed by Miss Melva Beatrice Wilson of New York.

Miss Vere Dawney is the champion woman swimmer of Great Britain. For the past three years she has won the ladies' challenge shield at the Bath

Army of the Republic, is an Ohio woman, from the city of Troy. Although still in the prime of her usefulness and activity, Mrs. Winans organized an aid society for the soldiers during the civil war.

An almost invisible cement for mending glass is made of tinsalms boiled in spirits of wine.

If you want to shut off the view from any window you can do it very cheaply by dissolving in a little hot water as