

Kate Clyde

Writes From Saranac Lake of the Modes at That Mountain Resort—The Diversions Which Occupy the Time of the Up to Date Young Woman

THE path of the engaged girl is far from being all roses—at least so I am told in confidence by one young woman here. Man is essentially a domineering creature and wants to be vented with authority, whether he ought to have it or not. Oh, sorrow! He is what half the women in the world are bucking up against when they come right down to it. It's the ugly little word "mustn't" that makes all the trouble, and they find it out pretty early in the game. But a man never thinks he makes a mistake, and so long as he deals with the pale, anaemic type of girl he doesn't.



The domestic boss.

There is no doubt of it, a certain type of girl and woman is all the better for being governed with the rod, and there are some women so flippety, flippey, and irresponsible that they have to be held up in the corset of perpetual restraint and authority lest they flop over and fall to pieces, so to speak. For such the arbitrary husband is a blessing, but for the others the equal partnership basis is the only possible one. The main trouble is that you can't find one man in ten who will stand by it. He will begin all right with smiling acquiescence, but let any issue come up, and the right of centuries creeps out, and he bosses the woman and thinks she ought to submit to his bossing because she is a woman.

Why Some Girls Marry.

There are some women so unfortunately constituted that, without being the least bit manly, they resemble men in their dispositions. They have a sense of humor, a sense of proportion and a sense of justice. They dislike to make scenes, and they can make wide allowances for almost every phase of

the human character. They also like a good time and, to vary things a bit, a change of climes. They don't like embroidery, and they don't particularly care for gossip unless it is gossip worth while. But they do care for life and movement and hazardous undertakings.

Alas, when one of these becomes engaged she finds herself, owing to her weakness for some man, delicately, but firmly, tied hand and foot! For a few days she stands it, then slowly, but surely, she becomes her normal self again. She yawns and stirs restlessly; a little cord cuts into her wrist, she wriggles herself free, she sits up and looks around her, and to save her soul she can't help taking an interest in the landscape. By and by she manages to slip off for a little stroll. If she is let alone she will come back all the more gladly, benefited and refreshed by the variation. But is she allowed to do that? Not a bit of it. There is a hue and cry and a "mustn't do it!" the minute she moves. And that's why some girls marry a man—because they can't fall out of love with him, and not really because they are dying with joy at the prospect of listening to his restrictions to the end of their days. The world is making progress, think heaven, but it can't make progress fast enough to dispel the grim old piece of injustice that there is one rule for the man and another for the woman.



Automobile Veils.

Well, to leave the whyness of the wherefore, I want to tell you about the new automobile veils. They are of a perfectly stunning shade of red, something of a cross between salmon and orange. They come in all shades, toning down to the deep red of mahogany and oak leaves, and nothing can be more novel. They throw the old fashioned tone of red quite into the shade.

One of these veils seen recently was of a light tint of this new red spotted at intervals with large black velvet dots. It was draped around an envelope shaped hat and drawn into a knot under the chin, the whole giving to the face a charming, daisy reflection. The automobile veil may be of two lengths—so short that it ties under the chin a little to one side, or long, in order that it may be wound around the hat, crossed in the back and loosely tied with two long ends.

A very smart costume I saw recently was all in shades of tan, or, rather, ecru. It was composed of a short tunic and skirt applied with ecru lace medallions. This was worn over an embroidered ecru shirt waist. The hat was of ecru straw covered with one of the apricot colored veils, and finally over all this, when the wind began to blow cold, was drawn the long coat of



Jewelry Novelties.

There is such a craze for amethyst jewelry just now that there has fairly been a run on it, and some jewelers find it hard to supply their customers. First and foremost comes the heart of amethyst set in gun metal or in gold. It may be worn either on a thin gold chain or on a rope of pearls. On the latter it seemed very effective with a gown of delicate amethyst tinted silk and point d'esprit. Jewelry nowadays must match the costume or else be hopelessly out of date. The amethyst cross of large proportions is also worn, and so is the little necklace of amethyst beads which is particularly fetching with a white muslin gown.

Another jewelry novelty is a pink stone somewhat on the order of a pink sapphire. It is, of course, an imitation, but when encircled with pearls and used as a pendant it is very smart. Flat necklaces set with tiny flat stones connected by slender gold chains are the latest for collarless gowns. They may be obtained for two or three dollars each. The collarless gowns, by the way, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, still seem to be much worn during the hot weather.

Up here in the mountains we have not so much use for muslins, which are apt to become limp and sticky with dampness. The dress that scores is the voile gown made up a la russe. You can't sell a voile gown. It looks up severely like a cork. Dampness won't hurt it, cold won't make it look mean and, if made properly, hot weather won't even make it look out of place. A good example of this is a pink voile worn by one of the smartest of the younger set here.

It is made collarless, with a yoke of crisscrossed, dyed Valenciennes lace over a lining of pale pink chiffon. There is a shallow bertha of dyed lace. The sleeves are composed of three ruffles inserted airily with dyed Valenciennes and looped up in front to show the roundness of the arm. The inner ruffle is of plaited pale pink chiffon.

It was rather cool was of dark green with a mannish white pique vest trimmed with little silver buttons. The loose coat was partly held in at the back with a belt of suede kid of exactly that tint of gray which matched the silver. With this was worn a dainty pair of gray buckskin ties and a gray felt hat trimmed with metallic green plumage. Such a costume was partic-



AN AUTUMN MORNING HAT.

The illustration shows one of the new morning hats to be worn as soon as the straw and linen outing chapeaux have been put aside. It is of a slightly round pale gray felt very much on the French sailor order. It is raised at the sides by a bandeau and bow of black velvet ribbon. The crown is encircled with loops of the velvet, over which are silk appliques worked in black. The effect is exceedingly smart.

The skirt is tucked lengthwise, and between the tucks there is a striping of the dyed lace. The bottom is finished by three bias folds. The very wide belt of pink taffeta is shirred back and front over a boned foundation. Now, such a costume may be worn on almost any evening during the year and is therefore most useful. The girl wears it with a big pink bow in her hair, which is dressed low in charming fashion.

Already the corduroy fall costumes are being seen on these mountain resorts, and one worn the other day when

ularly smart with the background of the green woods.

Golf on the Wane? Golf, I think, is losing its popularity and will probably go the way of the bicycle. On the contrary, tennis is reviving, and the ever patient motor car Adirondack roads with calm unconcern, it is often run by the up to date girl, hatless and confident, for can she not run the machine as well as her brother and does she not understand its mechanism as surely as the chauffeur, even

to the extent of lifting the cover of the engine and getting down at the works? The automobile is certainly the best toy invented so far, and what is better still, it is getting cheaper every day, so that by and by even the wage earning girl may have one to run to and fro from her work, let us hope.

Most decidedly the world is getting to be a nicer place for women. For my part, I am only sorry I couldn't have waited a little longer to live, because things are going to be so much fairer and better even than they are now.

WOMEN IN KOREA. The women of the commonality in Korea are voluble and vivacious and ever ready to clap a handful of stars into the eyes of a husband or into those of a timid and shrinking tourist should the occasion arise. The women of the upper class are rigorously excluded from masculine eyes, and a hearty vote of thanks is due the committee who fathered this unwritten law. The dainty little Japanese museum teetering along in sandals or on wooden zeta is a genuine relief to the eye after a view of the uncomely Korean woman.

A TAFFETA MODEL IMPORTED FROM PARIS.

Taffeta gowns promise to be as popular in the fall as they have been during the summer, and myrtle green is the fashionable shade for a dress of this silk.

The charming model illustrated is from the celebrated maison of Douillet. The skirt hangs in fine tucks several inches below a yoke emplacement



and is trimmed lower down its graceful length with three bands of passementerie finished on each edge with a tiny tucking of taffeta.

A QUEEN'S WAGER.

There is no more ardent motorist than Queen Margherita of Italy, and an amusing incident in connection with her skill as a motorist is related. The queen had a wager with a friend that she could drive a motor for at least fifty miles without an accident, but the friend, whose experiences had apparently been painful, demurred. Queen Margherita often goes for long spins of fifty miles or more, and on this occasion when in a lonely place by the sea the tire gave out. The queen paid up with a pet dog which her friend greatly admired, but the dog howled so dismally all through the night that he had to be returned to his original owner, and it is a question which was the more delighted, the queen to receive her pet back again or the winner to be rid of the result of her wager.

Miss Constance Smedley and the Lyceum Club

THE world for woman also. It has been more than fifty years since a few brave women in America adopted these words for their motto. The world and the sea have traveled a long way since then.

A generation ago the idea of organization among women for mutual pleasure and profit took root. The woman's club has always differed from man's in that the women have had a serious idea at the foundation of their organizations. This was manifest in the first

feminine club; it is equally manifest in the Lyceum of London, that new club which is the culmination and highest, strongest realization yet achieved of the woman's club idea.

There is an English girl artist and writer, Constance Smedley, only twenty-three years old. She is known as the "luckiest girl in London," because everything she takes hold of succeeds whether it be an enterprise for herself or for others.

When Constance Smedley was sixteen she went into the office of a Lon-

don magazine one day and told its editor that she had a Christmas cover for the publication. The editor looked at her drawing, accepted it at once and paid her for it before she left the office. Verily, this reads like a fairy tale. It sounds scarcely more like it, but it is true. The first success gave her heart to enter the art field as an illustrator. Almost immediately she had an order to design a motor program for a theater. Her drawings had such excellence and spirit that they sold readily, and she speedily became one of the well known illustrators of British magazines.

Meantime she had begun to write. When she was only seventeen she wrote a play called "Mrs. Jordan," and Mrs. Patrick Campbell actually acted and appeared in this play written by a girl in short dresses. Mrs. Campbell has purchased another of the young lady's plays, "Gypsy Marie." While her ability to construct a successful drama was proving itself Miss Smedley wrote also a novel, "An April Princess," in line with the rest of her luck came ready publication and immediate recognition for "An April Princess." It appeared a year ago, and Constance Smedley became generally known not only as a successful illustrator, but also as a rising playwright and author. Lastly, in the field of authorship she has tried her hand at essays, writing, and her volume, "The Bourgeois Critic," has recently been issued by an American publishing house. No wonder Constance Smedley is called the "luckiest girl in London!"

While she was doing all these fine things another idea evolved in the brain of the extraordinarily successful young woman and bled till it got out in material form. Splendid form has length taken to the form of the magnificent Lyceum club for professional women workers in Piccadilly, London. No club building for men, even in London, the city of masculine clubs, is more luxuriously equipped than this for women who work and think.

The Lyceum club building is at 128 Piccadilly. It was formerly occupied by the Imperial Service club and was noted for its magnificence.

The feature of the plan especially dear to Miss Smedley and which also makes it of special interest to woman-kind the world over is that the Lyceum is an international club, taking in professional women from all lands. To become a member a woman must have given to the public some original work in literature, journalism, science, art or music or must be a university graduate or may be the wife or daughter of a man distinguished in any of the above fields.

Ladies outside of Great Britain to the number of 500 may be admitted as members on payment of an annual fee of \$5. There is no initiation fee. For the benefit largely of outside members fifty bedrooms will be maintained in the club. The plan has commended itself so warmly to the women of our country that already the Lyceum has a large number of American members.

The committee representing the American membership has some strong names on its list, notably those of Jeannette G. Gilder, editor of the Critic; Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Alice Hegan Rice of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" fame and Elizabeth Margbury. Jane Addams and Julia Ward

Howe are also American members. Constance Smedley attended the women's international council at Berlin and on her return to London took back with her to bite awhile at the Lyceum May Wright Sewall, president of the council. Other American members who have enjoyed a stay at the Lyceum the present summer are Laura Gill, dean of Barnard; Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley, and Mary E. Woolley, president of Holyoke.



MISS CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

be kept at the club a complete register of all the prominent editors and publishers in the world, with the kind of manuscript they accept and what they pay. There will be a most important information bureau maintained, whose object will be to give professional women knowledge that will be useful to them financially and socially. Through this information bureau it will be possible for an American woman writer who is a member of the Lyceum to place her work abroad. The managers of the club will undertake even to sell for members literary and art work that is marketable.

When the "luckiest girl in London" broached her plan to wealthy and leading Englishwomen she met with immediate favorable response. Some of the most influential ladies of England became active members of the Lyceum at once. They advanced gladly the money necessary to start the club. Its rent is guaranteed for the next seven years. Lady Frances Balfour, the brilliant sister-in-law of Great Britain's prime minister, is chairman of the club's executive committee, and Mrs. Moberly Bell, wife of the manager of the London Times, is its vice chairman. Sarah Grand, Mrs. Humphry Ward, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lucy Kemp-Welch are active members.

Branches of the Lyceum are to be established in one or more of the large American cities. This international enterprise is one of the most important ever undertaken by women for women. ALICE W. MORTIMER.

THE GRANDMOTHER WHO WAS AN ATHLETE.

THE other day at a seaside swimming resort the bathers who happened to look up at the moment observed just entering the water a lady whose physical appearance was so fine it fixed the attention at once. She was tall and nobly formed, her figure displaying strength, activity and gracefulness. One rather remarkable point about her was that while her face was entirely unlined, showing the soft, rose skin of a child, her hair was snow white. Her well built form, neither fat nor lean, full of the grace that showed every muscle obedient to the will of the occupier of that body, stood out in glaring contrast to the shapes and sizes of most of the other women at the swimming place. They were fat, sluggish, middle aged women who paddled feebly in the salt water in vain hope of reducing their flesh.

The handsome white haired woman plunged into the water and moved through it with the easy motion of the practiced swimmer. The eyes of the fat women who, hanging on to the supporting rope, spluttered feebly in the water followed enviously the movements of the white haired bather.

"Ah, there's a swimmer for you!" they exclaimed. "Who was she, and was she young or old? From her appearance the latter question was no one could answer. Her form and movement were those of a trained athletic girl of twenty, while her complexion was one that any girl of twenty might be proud to possess. But then her white hair and a certain undoubted look of maturity and experience in her face—well, who was she anyhow?"

The fat, helpless, middle aged women turned their clumsy necks and heavy double chins as best they might and watched her as an ox might view a race horse.

It probably gave most of them little joy to find out at length that she was as old as almost any woman there—in truth, a grandmother. She was of the type of athletic grandmother, however, if possible more active and certainly stronger and possessing more endurance than was the case with her at twenty. She had simply maintained her interest in physical and mental activities and remained to all intents and purposes young, even though a grandmother. She was devoted to horseback riding and bowling. Not long ago she won a prize by making a score of 200 at bowling. And she a grandmother!

This fine woman's daughter does not care for athletics. She is "too delicate" to join her mother, she says. It is a pity about that daughter!

But the white haired lady's husband is the young, big boy who is with her in physical culture. He, too, is a famous swimmer and horseback rider. She accompanies him on all manner of outings by land or sea and is as active and enduring as the best.

"Where he goes I go, too," she says as her bright black eyes sparkle.

Her husband, on his part, says his wife is the jolliest chip and comrade he ever had. She is never a drag on him because of physical weakness, real or pretended. On the other hand, he says she is an actual protection to him as she can make her excuse for not

joining all night "stag parties," from which those who attend emerge "with a head on them." To do him justice the husband has no wish to join such parties, so hides behind his wife.

Finally, here's to the up to date, athletic grandmother! May her type multiply till it includes all the grandmothers in this American land!

MARY GOULD LITTLE.

OVERSENSITIVENESS.

Thousands of people are out of positions and cannot keep good places when they get them because of the weakness

agines that people are criticizing his movements, making fun at his expense or analyzing his character when they are probably not thinking of him at all. He does not realize that other people are too busy and too much interested in themselves and in other things to devote to him any of their time beyond what is absolutely necessary. When he thinks they are aiming remarks at him, putting slights upon him or trying to hold him up to the ridicule of others they may not be even conscious of his presence. A man who appreciates himself at his true value and who gives his

neighbors credit for being at least as good as he is cannot be a victim of oversensitiveness.

ODD EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

There is one woman blacksmith in Chicago. Nine women are undertakers, four are plumbers and steamfitters, twenty-five are bartenders, sixty-six are lawyers, seventy-nine are dentists, 153 are listed with the clergy and 543 are physiatrists and surgeons.

St. Louis appeared in their home conventional costume, which was nothing mostly. The question of propriety was referred to the board of lady managers, who decided for the Ignorates.

If a lump gets overturned water will be of no use in extinguishing the flames. Earth, sand or flour thrown on it will do no good. To clean horsehair chair cushions brush and beat them well to remove all dust. Take a quart of hot water, add

your seat, Gentleman—it is no depraving, madam.

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MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER.

Ethel, the only daughter of the wife of President Roosevelt, bids fair to grow to maturity as full of life and spirits as Mrs. Roosevelt's stepdaughter, the dashing Miss Alice. Both girls seem to have inherited the restlessness and vigorous life of their father. While the high officials of the Republican party were at Sagamore Hill on their notification picnic Ethel Roosevelt took her camera and, aided by her brother Archie, snapped the dignitaries in a variety of unconscious poses. Miss Ethel, who is now twelve years old, is as full of play and mischief as a kitten or a young squirrel.

"THE EVER FEMININE LEADS US ON."

A woman in Russia until the day of her death, if she remains unmarried, is under the sway of her parents.

Every human being should have all that he needs in order to do his best work. In return for this all his work should belong to society, not to him.

Imaginary pain is real pain. The brain alone experiences sensation, and when that sensation results from delu-

sion it is quite as intense in character and exhausting in its effects as when a consequence of disease in the parts that feel painful.

Mrs. Eugenia A. Goff became known by drafting maps in a government department at Washington. Her income, however, probably does not equal the \$2,500 a year drawn by Miss Marie Macnaughton, French translator for

the bureau of American republics, who went to Paris with the peace commission.

A world without sympathy would be a cruel abiding place. Those who have suffered and received expressions of true sympathy from friends hardly dare think what their suffering would have been without a spoken word of comfort.

Happiness is not caused by impressions, but by expression. We are trans-

mitters of energy, not vats for storage. The living force of the universe is pushing through man.

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