

KATE CLYDE AT GAY BAR HARBOR

HERE'S no use talking. Bar Harbor is an ideal spot for warm weather. There is always a cool wind blowing somewhere. The only trouble is that there is sometimes too much of a cool wind. Dr. Blinks made the remark the other day that it was a wise policy for us to run away from hot weather this way, as both in heat and intense cold were good for the system and that the practice of society women in spending the winters in Florida and the summer in Canada is bound to tell in the end on their systems.



A score of yachtsmen.

a horse and ride around in the interior in search of adventures. Well, I don't envy him.

However, to return to Bar Harbor. The Clements have taken a very neat little cottage with a large veranda overlooking the water, and I am to stay with them. Nobody lives at a hotel here if it is possible to do otherwise. Hotel life is practically extinct, as it is in most of our large summer resorts. Really Narragansett Pier is about the only place where a pretty girl can arrive at a hotel with seven trunksful of clothes and proceed to capture a millionaire. There is no doubt, however, that in its old days Bar Harbor set the pace for this sort of thing and the famous "fish pond" at Rodick's started all the comic paper jokes about the wives of the summer girl, the scarcity of summer men and the fragility of summer engagements. Old Mrs. Clement tells me it used to be a great sight—the large hall at Rodick's, which gained its name of "fish pond" from the fact that it was the universal promenade where the girls angled for the men. She says that the modern Bar Harbor girl is not nearly so astute as her predecessor and that she doesn't have nearly such a good time. I'm not so sure about that. The modern girl does not make a big hotel the scene of her triumphs, but all along the shore the cottages of her friends the fun waxes fully as lively. There are gay house parties of congenial young people, epicurean dinners served on moonlit verandas and jolly little dances,

where the New England scarcity of men is remedied by a score of yachtsmen from New York. Then, too, there is no lessening of the old time sports. Buckboard drives are indulged in as much as ever, the same number of canoes are tipped over in Frenchman's bay on account of the earnest conversation of two people in said canoes, and the same number of couples are stranded on the islands in the bay because they are so occupied in watching the scenery that they forget all about the tide. By the way, I hear that the fishermen thereabouts make quite a respectable living by rescuing these absentminded people.

New style or old, the Bar Harbor girl is a stunner. She is strong and athletic, with less languor than the Newport maiden, but quite as much knowledge of the world. She believes in being chums with a man, because she knows, wise girl, that this chumming is the surest plan for ensuring his unwary affections. So she rolls up her sleeves and burns her arms recklessly as she rows and plays golf. She climbs mountains, and she helps him sail his boat, but all the time under her innocent exterior she is "getting in her deadly work," as my small brother puts it.

But don't make the mistake of supposing that she roughs it as regards her clothes. True, she wears a short skirt, but it is of dainty white pique with a satin belt and a snowy shirt waist of cobwebby texture. Her stout little shoes are of the shiniest patent leather, and her golf stockings rival the gorgeousness of the many hued butterflies. As for her sailor hat, who shall describe it? It is white of course—you mustn't wear anything else at this time of the year—but it has no straight brim, no suggestion of stiffness. There is a knowing droop over the left eye and a swirl of white around the brim which flatters the complexion and makes even the plainest girl look fluffy.

Peggy Clement wore one of these white hats when we all drove over to Somes sound and had a chicken and popover dinner. Her sailor was simply trimmed with a white gull's breast, and it looked most fitting against her dark hair. With it she wore a very stunning gown of pink linen with a corset effect of heavy lace. Those of you who are tall should try this corset effect. It is one of the smart things of the season. Yesterday a large party of us climbed



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

FRENCH NECK RUFF.

Newport mountain. It is a short drive, only a mile or two out of the village, and it makes a nice excuse for getting up a jolly party. We chose a beautiful day, clear, but not too warm. The first half of the mountain is fairly easy to climb because there is a beaten path. This winds in and out of the thick undergrowth, and the tall trees meet overhead, allowing the sunlight to filter through in little yellow patches, but when we left this wooded section we had to struggle up a stretch of granite rock, and that was not so much fun. The sun beat down on us, and the only vegetation was composed of mountain laurel and stunted blueberry bushes, which clung for dear life in the crevices. Lucy Whitcomb promptly gave out and had to be almost carried up the hill by Dick Nicholas. She is always doing that sort of thing, and really it is suspicious, particularly as in this case Dick was the one desirable man in the party. It's funny that men never see through this sort of thing, but—well, I shan't interrupt myself to moralize. When we finally reached the summit we felt it was well worth the trouble. The view was superb. On the one hand the open sea stretched out like a mass of turquoise sparkling in the sunlight; on the other the mainland swept out in a cruel, jagged line. The lighthouse on Egg rock showed up a strong white speck, and all over the water darted little white dots of sailboats. We had lunch, and the usual mishaps occurred. The salt was spilled into the sugar, and vice versa. Lucy Whitcomb gave a nervous shriek at the sight of a spider and turned to Dick Nicholas for protection, but her movement was so brusque that she knocked his cup of coffee over and spilled it on his immaculate white flannel trousers. We all of us were sorry

for Dick, because the coffee was scalding hot, but at the same time we were glad it had happened, because he became excessively frigid toward Lucy.

Just as we were busy putting away the things Peggy Clement gave an exclamation of dismay. Below the mountain a thin white sheet of fog was slowly but surely gathering, and all knew that the dreaded Bar Harbor mist was surrounding us—a mist which often stays for a week at a time. We simply threw things together and made a hurried departure; but, with all our haste, the fog closed in around us, and we lost our way. I say we because somehow or other Dick and I happened to be apart from the rest.

I don't know how we managed to be so careless, but we lost all track of the line of cairns which are put there for guidance, and an hour passed before we succeeded in finding the others of the party. That ought to give you some idea how thick the mists are here. Everybody seemed glad to see us back again. I suppose it made them nervous to reflect that a chance I was having at Dick. No one, however, made any nasty remarks except Lucy. But what else could you expect of her? I dare say she would have tried deliberately to get lost!

Kate Clyde

Bar Harbor.

GEM SPRINKLED LACES.

The very latest idea is that lace's subtle grace should be still further enriched, and artificial jewels are set firmly on its surface so that the gleam of diamond, sapphire or ruby will emphasize the design of the lace without detracting from its flexibility.

Imagine an old alenon lapped studded with tiny sapphires, a diamond here and there to mark a blossom a jewel. Knot this round a shapely throat or clasp it there with a gem set fastening. Next use the lappet as a shoulder strap for an evening gown, with roses for the other shoulder. Then nature and art will have done their best for the success of the frock, and she will be hard to please who is not delighted with the effect.

A butterfly of finest black chintilly set with small imitation diamonds, larger gems above forming the antennae, is the smartest hair ornament of the season. It is worn well to the front. The same butterfly as a shoulder or corsage ornament gives an up to date appearance hardly achieved in any other way.

A MOTHER'S RESOURCE.

There is an infant in Liverpool who, when he gets old enough to read about Sisyphus, will know how to sympathize with that mythical Greek. Baby was not in evidence on a certain afternoon when a visitor called on his mamma and asked if he were asleep.

"Oh, no," answered the mother. "He's wide awake, but he's busy just now, and babies never cry when they are busy." And the mother opened the door of the bedroom that the visitor might see for herself.

There on the rug, spread where the sun would not catch it, sat his little lordship, as sober as a judge, doing—would never guess what the child was doing. His hands had been smeared with some sticky substance, and to one of them stuck half a dozen tiny feathers. Baby gravely picked the feathers off his left hand with his right and then as solemnly set to work to pick them off his right hand with his left.

"My mother always kept her babies quiet that way," said the young matron, "and I find it works beautifully with Algeron. I always fix his hands so when I expect company, and he'll sit for hours trying to get the feathers off."

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Physicians in Alabama are taking much interest in the case of the four-legged child to whom Mary Maddox, a negress, gave birth at Opelika. The baby is a well developed male child. One pair of legs are in the ordinary position and, like the arms, are well formed. The extra pair of legs are near the arms and, while quite well formed, are small. The feet on the extra legs are regularly formed, with toes and toe nails, but have the appearance

SHALL WOMAN ON HORSEBACK RIDE THE CROSS SADDLE?

SOME ladies who play polo and follow the hunt have found the sidesaddle an unsafe and inconvenient seat for such active field exercise. They have therefore adopted the fashion of riding astride. One of the most noted horsewomen of New York's exclusive social set declares she will never ride a sidesaddle again, and she has friends who agree with her.

Boston for some time has looked favorably on the innovation, which is really no innovation at all, but only a revival of the ancient custom. The sidesaddle was invented for Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard II, because she was crippled in one of her lower limbs, and the deformity was manifest when her majesty bestrode a horse.

Ladies at the Boston show appeared riding in divided skirts specially designed. The costume of the New York ladies who ride astride is different. Instead of the divided skirt, close knickerbockers and top boots are worn. Outside of all is a coat reaching to the tops of the boots. In this costume the women of the New York Four Hundred "quit themselves like men" on the hunting field and on the polo ground.

Wearing the knickerbockers and boots and riding astride, the New York lady who originated the costume, as well as some others who now wear it, take jumps on horseback that are said occasionally to surprise even the best men riders. These ladies are the wives mostly of field sportsmen, who aid and abet their athletic aspirations and coach them in the equestrian games.

Chicago women riders are divided on the divided skirt and cross saddle question. Some declare it is the only way, others that riding astride by women is extremely un ladylike and they would die before they would mount a horse as Joan of Arc did.

Brooklyn has put itself on record emphatically against the cross saddle fad. The Brooklyn Riding and Driving club, the leading equestrian organization of the city, frowned with brow deep furrowed upon the proposed change. The ladies of the club affirm that the good old way is good enough for them, and they intend to ride in it. And some opponents are of opinion that it looks better for a woman even to lose her life in a ladylike manner than to be unladylike and save it. There are others who assert with yet more emphasis that, no matter how strong, athletic, active or physically ambitious a woman is, she has no business to engage in any sport that will necessitate the wearing of other than the strictly conventional garb of her sex. If the sidesaddle is unsafe; if, as the physicians testify, it makes a woman one sided and causes in time curvature of the spine, then let her not ride at all.

Physicians in England, where women ride horseback more than in America, first called attention to the tendency of the sidesaddle to make the female figure lopsided. So pronounced was the tendency that young girls who were learning to ride were ordered by their medical men to sit astride upon one side of the horse, then upon the other, to develop themselves equally. It is very common in Hyde park, London, to see young women riding with their feet upon the horse's right side instead of the left. This, of course, necessitates two saddles, one for the left side mount, the other for the right.

It was from London that the present fad of women riding astride was brought to the eastern shores of America. The first woman in New York to appear on horseback in man fashion was a young and beautiful English actress, who rode astride in Central park. It made a sensation at first, and the girl just escaped being arrested. After several repetitions of the spectacle, however, it ceased to shock, and now the municipal nerve has become more steady.

So far as heard from no cross saddle riding lady has yet disturbed the steady flowing nerve current of Philadelphia. In the mountain regions of the western United States women have always ridden astride more or less. The Indian

women, who never knew any better, probably set the fashion. It is not likely, either, that the pioneers of Colorado and California thought to take sidesaddles as part of their outfit. There are also mountain passes and canyons where the side mount is dangerous. At some of the mountain and mineral spring resorts are show places that can only be reached by riding burros over

gowns flashing in the light. The white women in Hawaii wear on horseback some sort of a divided skirt, which is both hot and heavy and not graceful. Personally my only experience of riding man fashion was had in Hawaii, going down into the crater of Kilauwa and afterward through the undergrowth and over decaying logs into the wonderful fern forest on the same mountain. From that trial I can testify that the cross saddle for women is much more secure and comfortable and less fatiguing than the sidesaddle. In the far north of Europe the sidesaddle fashion has never prevailed, and women ride as they always have ridden, astride.

"Use breeds habit into man." If the fashion should go into permanency, it will be nothing thought of in a year or two more in up to date regions. In the extreme rural districts, however, some time will elapse ere the popular habit ceases to be curdled as it was at Oak Gap at sight of the new fashion. Oak Gap is a mountain region which has little intercourse with the outside world. In that region the women all use

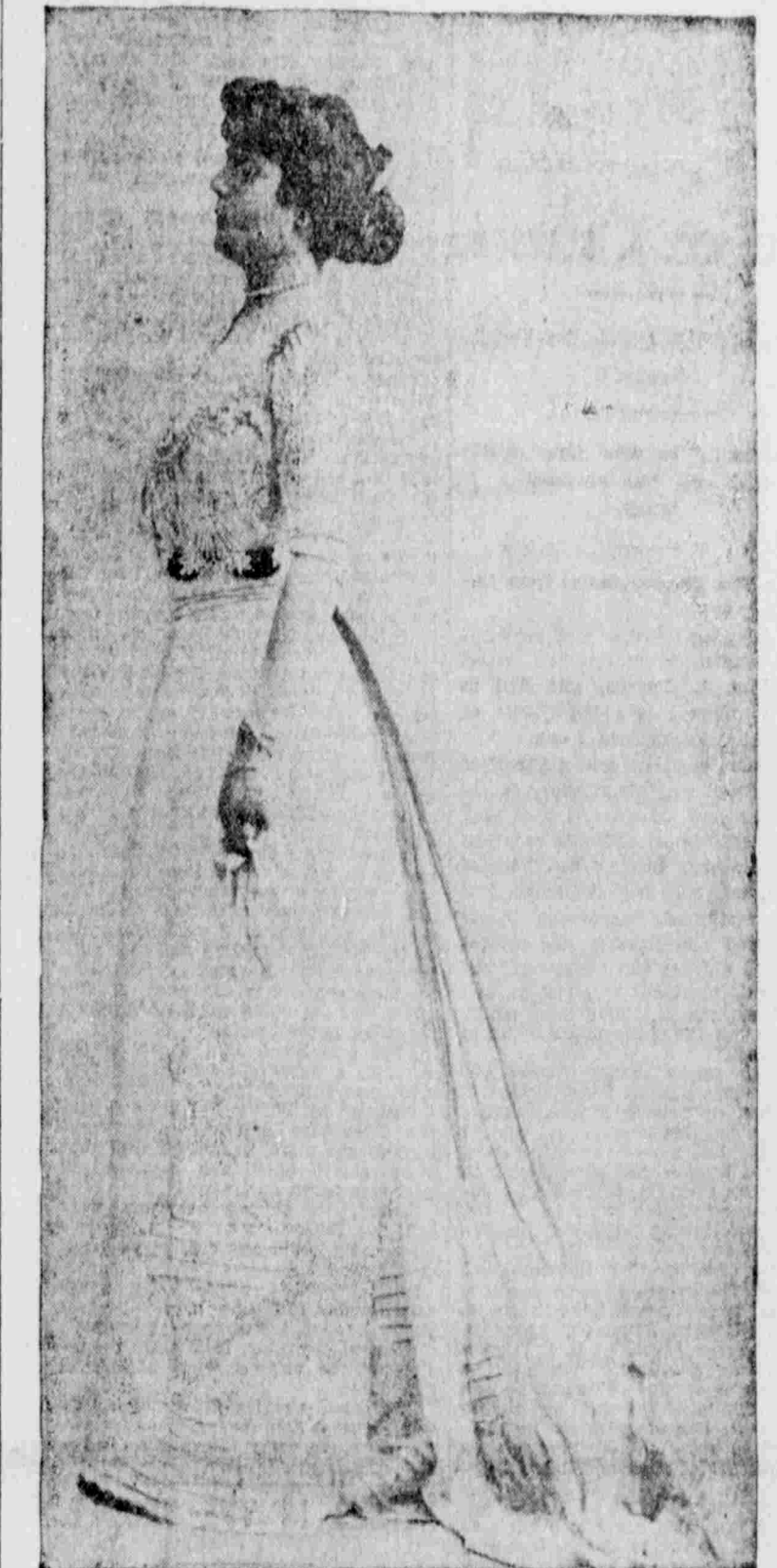


Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

DINNER GOWN OF LACE AND SILK.

rocky paths where a misstep of the animal would mean death to the rider. Here women visitors are requested to ride man fashion for their own safety. Sometimes they refuse, and, oddly enough, it is usually the ladies that are what is called "mannish" in appearance and manner who thus decline.

Wyoming is one of the states where women in some localities ride the cross saddle, and nothing is thought of it. In Denver graceful young girls dart through the beautiful streets mounted astride on swift ponies without attracting as much attention as a woman upon a sidesaddle would do. It is all in the fashion. In the Hawaiian Islands to this day women, white and brown, ride astride. The native women lope through Honolulu astride of their horses, with their brilliant red Mother Hubbard

to tobacco, and the trading of wives is not altogether unknown. A health resort is some 20 miles away, and visitors from there go to the gap to view the exceeding beauty of the landscape. Some years ago two ladies belonging to the most select circle of high life at home went on horseback astride to the gap. It was a fearful shock to the moral sense of the Oak Gappers, one from which they never recovered. To this day, instead of dating events from the birth or death of their children, they date it from that cross saddle ride and say of this or that thing in the plain English of the rural regions:

"It happened the year them two women come a-straddin down the gap a-horseback."

ALICE W. MORTIMER. Chicago.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPE.

MISS PUGG and Mrs. Terry met in the train going home from shopping.

"I do wish you'd stop off at my station and go home with me to dinner, can't you?" said Miss Pugg to Mrs. Terry.

"Oh, dear, no, I can't; I must go home to my baby," said Mrs. Terry to Miss Pugg. "I never let anybody touch himself but myself. I bathe him with my own hands and tie his little bells around his neck with ribbons to match my dress when I take him out. I have nurse attend to the children and keep them out of my way all day so that I can have time just to look after Baby. Nurse can see to the children's baths, but Baby is sure to take cold if I let anybody else wash him. I have to see that his fur is thoroughly dried. You should see him ship about and dance after I wash him, for all the world like a little angel."

"How old is the dear thing?" said Miss Pugg to Mrs. Terry.

"Oh, just turned a year. But he's more intelligent than a good many grown men. He sits at the table with me upon a chair. I make Teddy eat in the nursery with the twins to make room for Baby. He has his velvet cushion covered with a fine linen dolly so he can't feel the velvet with his

sweet little toes. I don't think he likes the touch of velvet; seems to cringe from it and cry. Oh, I'd die without Baby, I know I would. I'd just expire. He sits on end beside me and puts up his blessed fore paw tooties and begs for meat. I put away the finest bits of chicken for him all ways. You wouldn't believe how he likes ice cream. When we have it, and it runs short, I make Teddy do without so Baby can have his share."

"Dear me, how sweet!" murmured Miss Pugg to Mrs. Terry. "But I never saw him. What color is he?"

"Black, with a few white spots," said Mrs. Terry.

And Sourgrapes was horrified to find Baby was a dog.

"But you look pale and sad. May I ask why, if it won't grieve you too deeply?" said Mrs. Terry to Miss Pugg.

"Oh, oh, I've lost my Sweetie," she sobbed, "my own, honest Sweetie! She's dead. We did all we could to save her, but she was getting very, very old, almost 7 years. Sweetie would put up her dear little paws and her cunning little face to be kissed. She knew how to kiss as well as I do, and she used to lift her little angel nose and kiss me right on the mouth too cute for anything. When she was younger, she used to chase her tail

for an hour and amuse herself and leave me free to read the Lakeshire novels, but latterly I had to give all my time to her. I had to give up taking mother out to drive. I couldn't be bothered with anything else when Sweetie was so ill."

Again Miss Pugg's eyes filled with tears, her voice with sobs. It was some time before she calmed herself sufficiently to go on.

"First, she got so she couldn't bark. When I had been away and she heard my voice in the hall, I thought my heart would break when I no longer heard Sweetie's indescribable bark that used to shake her all over from end to end. Then next she couldn't roll her ball over the floor any more. Then she would just lie still, with her large, inefable dog eyes fixed on me by the hour. Stella Soffie always thought her red Irish setter child was fatter than my Sweetie, but, la, there was no comparison! There never was an angel like Sweetie! I always made Sister Tottie sleep in the nursery and took Sweetie in bed with me. It cuts me to the soul now when I wake in the night and miss her little cold nose against my cheek. Well, I had the dearest little rosewood coffin, lined with ivory white satin, for her."

And once more Sourgrapes was horrified to find that Sweetie was a dog.

ing dropped on one occasion a valuable brooch into the basin in which she was washing the feet of one of the poor women, she would not have it returned to her, but told the old body that it was part of her luck and that she was to keep it for herself.

In a new sketch of the Empress Josephine Ida Tarbell says that Josephine's prodigality caused great consternation in her budget. She was allowed at the beginning of her reign \$72,000 for her toilet necessities, and later this amount was increased to \$90,000.

To remove soiled spots in wall paper try rubbing with dry cornmeal or stale bread.



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

HOUSE DRESS OF LACE AND CHIFFON.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the late W. E. Gladstone, has accepted the post of warden of the Women's University settlement, Southwark, London. Miss Gladstone will go into residence early in September.

Even nowadays there are people who talk in a slighting way of the "harmless, necessary cat" and have not the respect for pussies that they ought to have. Cats of today are decidedly interesting, and even in kittenhood feline beauties are sold for enormous prices, while specially fine specimens win valuable prizes at shows. Lady Marcus

Brenford has perhaps the most celebrated cattery in the world. She possesses a fine collection of Siamese cats, several being descendants of Romeo and Juliet, the famous pair of temple cats which were a gift from the king of Siam.

A bas-relief by Clodion, representing fawns, nymphs and Cupids at play, has been discovered in a Paris nursery. The relief was carved for the Princess Louise of Conde in the eighteenth century, and when she became a nun the figures were covered with plaster. A Prussian cannon ball at the time of the

siege of Paris chipped off the plaster, showing the sculpture beneath. A French antiquarian society intends to present it to the Carnavalet museum, though the price asked for it is \$40,000.

Very high prices have been obtained for engravings at recent London sales. At the Reiss sale 144 engravings from Turner's "Liber Studiorum" brought \$6,160; Mantegna's "The Flagellation," \$1,275, and Fra Angelico's "The Last Judgment" \$1,025. At the Earl of Northampton sale Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Lady Bampfylde," by T. Watson, brought \$2,350; "Viscountess Crosbie," by Dickinson, \$3,125; "Lady Jane Halliday," by V. Green, \$2,300; "Lady Caroline

Howard," by the same, \$2,250; "Lady Harriet Herbert," by the same, \$2,200; "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," by Howard, \$2,500, and "Viscountess Townshend," by V. Green, \$2,300.

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of belonging to a sickly child. The child is robust and healthy, with all the faculties of an ordinary child.

For the second time in the history of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, in Nelson county, Ky., a woman has entered its gates. The woman is Mrs. Jean Faqua Beckham, wife of Governor Beckham. Mrs. Beckham recently visited the monastery at the invitation of the abbot, the Right Rev. Edmund M. Obrecht, Governor Beckham and a party of 23 others accompanied her from Frankfort. The abbot issued an order to the brotherhood to desist from all labors on the day of the visit.

Queen Wilhelmina and her husband,

Duke Henry, are total abstainers. The royal example has been followed by many prominent courtiers, and reformers hope that as a result Holland may be in some measure relieved from its too free indulgence in liquors.

Mme. Patti, having sung in public once in Paris and once in London this month, has gone to Sweden for the summer, where she will be a neighbor of Christine Nilsson.

In Spain, Austria and Bavaria it has not yet become obsolete for the sovereign to perform the "act of humility" implied in feet washing. Of the present queen regent of Spain a rather pretty story is told in this connection. Hav-

ing dropped on one occasion a valuable brooch into the basin in which she was washing the feet of one of the poor women, she would not have it returned to her, but told the old body that it was part of her luck and that she was to keep it for herself.

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