

Decline of the Old Time Watering Places

Most of the Resorts That Were Dear to the Hearts of Our Fathers Are
Now Deserted and Well Nigh Forgotten

DROPPING to pieces with brittle decay it is, a venerable newspaper clipping I have found, which describes the glories of Saratoga years ago. It hath an ancient and a fishlike smell, that clipping. It begins:

"Hail to the Queen—Saratoga, queen of summer resorts! Famed in the capitals of the world, as well as wherever civilization has an outpost, celebrated in history, song and narrative and so beautiful that the world may be vainly searched for a comparison; it is serene in its unchallenged pre-eminence. Its splendid hotels, justly ranked among the wonders of our modern world, have allured hundreds of thousands of tourists."

With more to the same effect. Talk of fine writing!

Now these transcendent glories are a thing of the past—all past. And fine writing in newspaper—that, too, is a thing of the past, the gods be praised! Before the war the two famous summer resorts of this land were Saratoga and Cape May. From the south, even the far south, planters' families came to drink Saratoga waters and oftentimes they came all the way in their own carriages. They rigged up the old family coach, taking an extra mule wagon to carry the luggage, sometimes requiring three weeks to make the trip. The Saratoga trunk got its name in those days. It was a point of pride with those old southern P. F.'s never to travel in the company of "common trash."

Garments supposed to be splendid in those times would now be thought too plain for the Sunday gown of a nursemaid. The price of a present day "lingerie" robe would have paid for the whole summer's keep of one individual in those days. They say it is because money is now so much more plentiful that it was before the war. That may be. The wise ones know. But it certainly isn't any easier for those who haven't it to get.

The delicate, lackadaisical "semi-invalid" "female" with her No. 1 shoes and her fleshless, nerveless white hand was the fashion then. How daintily, with her little finger sticking out, she slipped each morning the waters of Hathorn spring; named for the original owner of the spring and adjacent buildings. Peace to the memory of Hathorn, the old time landlord, who belonged also to an orthodox church that would not countenance liquor selling. Could a man keep a tavern, particularly a tavern, whose main standstill was southern gentlemen, without selling liquor? Nay, nay! So, each balmy spring as the "sea-

son" drew on ingenious Landlord Hathorn resigned his church membership, lest in the performance of his hostelry duties he bring scandal on the cause, and thus he left himself free to maintain a bar. In the fall, when autumn winds were sighing and autumn leaves were falling, good old Landlord Hathorn expressed contrition

modest vehicles scattered thinly about. Some real invalids, a handful of politicians who wish to meet in a quiet spot and, in the race season, betting folk of both sexes are nearly all that go to Saratoga now. Occasionally some new rich person, who aspires to reach the top round of New York society, seeks Saratoga as a sort of back

Long Branch too! Oblivion swallowed its greatness years ago and now the cruel sea is swallowing Long Branch itself. They say the whole Atlantic coast is going under the sea with a crash one of these days—may happen any time. If so, Long Branch has merely gone ahead of the rest. The finishing blow to Long Branch's

but the head center of summer society in this land is now Newport. Well, all the same, Newport itself, with its million dollar palaces, its aristocracy, freak and otherwise, must also become an abandoned watering place when its time comes. It is so written.

And Cape May, oldest of American seaside summering places—who men-

Wanamaker and other generous citizens presented a Cape May seaside cottage to Mrs. Harrison. The citizens were mostly Cape May property owners. The house was a Queen Anne cottage with seven gables, pretty and picturesque. Harrison was the last president to summer at Cape May, sixteen years ago. The expected boom for the old sea town never came. President Harrison is dead. Mrs. Harrison is dead and Cape May itself is the dearest of all.

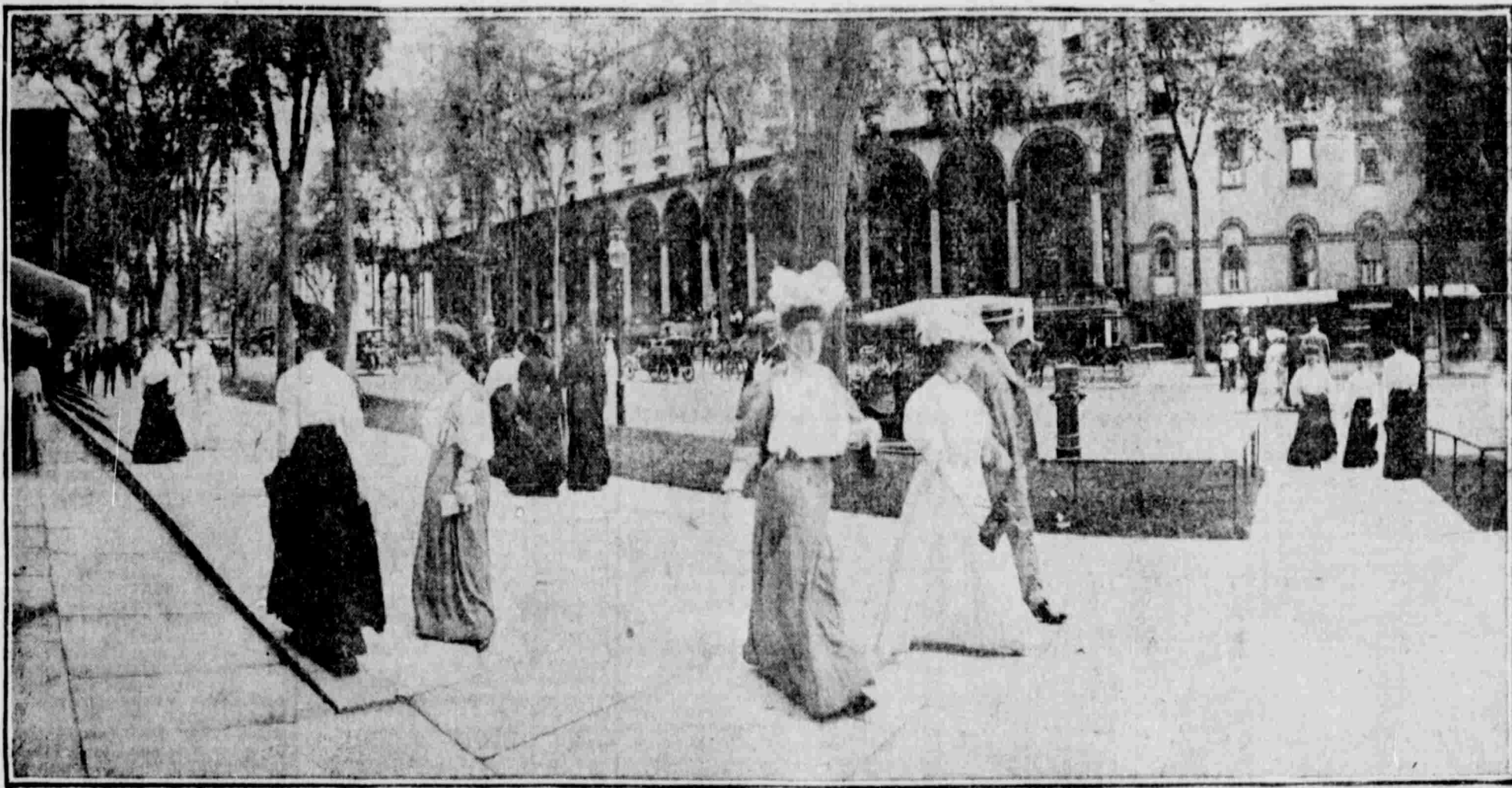
Let us see. There was Fire Island, with its Surf House, still bathing in one side of the half mile wide tongue of sand electric surf striking the bathers on the other, bluenish, and all the other kinds—crabs, oysters, smelt, rare sea food transferred to the cooking pot with the brine still dripping from it. Why had that old Surf House, dear to the memory of many, to vanish too? Who knows? Even the masts of the ship in which Margaret Fuller Ossoli was wrecked and drowned, that used to be pointed out to each Fire Island newcomer, have disappeared too. Did the masts also have to get out before the march of progress?

In the palmy days of the Surf House—don't tell it out loud—women used to go into the surf with their pretty pink feet bare, like their brothers. Lady Constance Mackenzie Richardson does the same today. Now American women who swim in the great sea must shut themselves in shoes and stockings and even corsets, and the fashion of bathing suits changes only once less often in a year than the fashion of sleeves. Maybe high heels have made such havoc with the shape of woman's feet that they are ashamed to show these any more.

There, too, was that blessed old Blue Lick springs in Kentucky where, before the white man came, the deer went to lick the salt, and Indians, lying in wait, shot them with bows and arrows; whither, nearly a century ago, Kentucky belles, beautiful as even the Blue Grass girls of today, rode on horseback with black riding skirts over their white dresses and "put up" their steeds while they stayed at the comfortable old shed that was called a hotel. Gallant Kentucky colonels slipped mint juleps and made romantic speeches to the pretty girls.

Oh, the galled "riding nags," the mint juleps, the fried chicken and unrivaled hot corn Johnny cake of those old Blue Lick days! How can the gray grandmothers and hair refrainers who knew them in their prime refrain from disobeying Scripture and declaring that the former days are better than these days?

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.



ON THE PROMENADE IN FRONT OF THE GRAND UNION HOTEL AT SARATOGA, N. Y.

for his conduct and was regularly received back into communion with those who had never backslidden.

At least this is one of the old time Saratoga stories, and it is a good one. Besides that, it is safe to tell it now when of those days only the Hathorn spring is left, and it cannot contradict the tale. Instead of the "hundreds of thousands of tourists" the picture of Saratoga today shows only a few shirt-waist women, men still fewer and some

window to climb through, venturing thence to Bar Harbor, after that seeking Newport itself with fear and trembling.

An attempt which promises to be successful is making to transform Saratoga into a winter resort. It is cold as Greenland's icy mountains in winter—thermometer 20 below sometimes, but the air is pure and still, and it is now fashion's fetching fad to frequent freezing places.

importance as a resort of wealth and fashion was given when its gambling houses, famous as those of Monte Carlo, were closed by Jersey law in 1902. The masculine sex must bet or die. Gentlemen who could no longer gamble in the old haunts went to places where they could enjoy the bills of losing their wealth, and the most brilliant seaside resort of its time on this continent became a banquet hall deserted. A few people still go there,

tions it now? One of my earliest recollections, back in Ohio, is of two pink seashells that we children used to hold to our ears and listen in wonder to the murmur we heard in them. We thought in real truth the murmur was the sound of the sea that the shells had brought with them across the land. They had been given to our mother by some relatives who had been to Cape May and brought the pretty, softly sounding things away as

on the Atlantic coast. There are no through trains thither from the large cities, amusement piers, monkey shows and boating, honking, howling automobiles are scarce. It is a place to sleep, to rest, to dream day dreams, therefore the American people give it the go by.

In 1899 it was thought Cape May had a chance for life again, when President Benjamin Harrison and his first wife summered there, and Hon. John

Some Admirable Feminine Economies and a Clever Masculine Trick

LAST Monday I ran up to town for a few days. Really, don't you know, one needs the revivifying influence of town life after a few weeks of country quiet.

I am afraid I am like the little slum child who was sent to the farm by well meaning agents of the Fresh Air society. After three days of the unnatural quiet she ran away, back to Tenement row again, where there were lots of racket and noise, a hand organ to dance to and plenty of garbage cans she might explore.

In my case the garbage cans were the midsummer sales, where, really, you can find almost everything you want distractingly cheap.

For instance, I bought the prettiest little white princess gown imaginable for only \$14. It was made of soft, transparent material, with wide bands of really good embroidery, a square Dutch neck and jaunty elbow sleeves. It will be just the thing to wear with my pale blue slip, and when I tie a blue bow on my lingerie hat and wear pale blue silk stockings with my white canvas shoes I expect to present a distracting appearance.

Really, it isn't what you pay for a costume nowadays. It's the general effect that counts.

Funny some people can't realize this. You take Mrs. Hardacramble, for instance. She has difficulty in making both ends meet, and yet she spends a fortune on her wardrobe and manages to look badly dressed as well. For instance, she has a lot of fussy silk frocks trimmed with chiffon and real lace in which she fairly swelters, while the rest of us are cool in white lawns and duck coat and skirt costumes.

And her elaborate toilets make her look so hot and—so old and matronly.

Nowadays, you know, even very aged white haired ladies wear all white in summer, and I think nothing looks more charming. Quite a poudeur Louis XV. effect!

And, any way, where this "wash simplicity" (as I heard one woman call it) is not actually becoming it is always refined and in good taste, whereas there is something so parvenu about a much trimmed silk frock worn on a hot morning. Don't you feel that way about it yourself when you see one?

But I am leaving the subject of sales. Besides the little white frock, I picked up a cool looking pale lavender ditty for \$10. The skirt of this, like that of the white dress, clears the ground all around. It is trimmed simply with inch wide tucks and a neat looking V-

shaped yoke of white valenciennes and fagoting. Now, when I wear this gown I intend to tie the lavender taffeta ribbon around my lingerie hat and wear lavender silk stockings to complete the general effect. I have also in mind an "amethyst" heart shaped pendant, costing the enormous sum of \$1, which I may treat myself to if I am good. Worn on my short gold neck chain it will heighten the general effect quite a bit.

A Valuable Possession.

My lingerie hat is positively overworked at this time of the year. I have a box full of different colored ribbons to go around it. These match my different gowns, so that I am as various as the chameleon. Another point is that my lingerie hat is embroidered to match my white linen parasol—the design is the popular butterfly one, and this "set" idea of hat and parasol seems to be really the proper caper this year. Some people introduce also a high linen belt to match, but the really effective designs do not show up well on such a small article, and I think it is enough to have two things match anyway.

I also bought several plain nightgowns, to be ornamented at what we call our nightgown sewing bees.

Let me explain. You know it is getting harder and harder to find reasonably priced nightgowns in attractive models. You can find plenty of cheap showy ones for \$2 and \$4, but the material and lace are lamentable. Below that price they all seem to be high in the neck and skimp as to sleeve—in a word, totally unattractive.

Behold, then, what a few of us have discovered. That at a certain shop one can buy perfectly plain

"tailored" nightgowns for \$1.50. These are cut square or V neck, with pretty full skirt sleeves terminated by a plain hem. The material and cut are excellent.

This is all we require. We purchase these and also pieces of expensive valenciennes lace and bands of "silk"

and behold, on the back piazza of one of the summer cottages we saw gayly, transforming the plain "nighties" into things of beauty! It is lots of fun. You don't have the bother of cutting and basting, and you have all the amusement of trimming, which affords no end of scope to your originality. A prize is offered for the one evolving the daintiest and most inexpensive trimming, and we are all trying for it.

In the meantime our store of attrac-

tive underwear is accumulating, and we are actually saving money.

And, by the way, speaking of underwear, I want to tell you of the most attractive checker pattern wash ribbon which sells for only 10 cents a yard. It launders far better than the plain wash ribbon and looks perfectly stunning run through wide beading and tied in fat bows.

I am certainly giving quite an under-

wear talk, but every wise woman

knows that now is the time to watch the sales and lay in stock, for later on in the fall and winter one's hats and gowns claim all one's attention.

I ran across Billy Goodfellow while I was chasing the elusive bargain the other day.

Told at Luncheon.

As it was about noon Billy considerably invited me to lunch, so we sat under a red striped awning at a

smart restaurant and ate broiled lobster and other things that taste good on a hot summer day.

I have known Billy for some time, so I manifested some surprise at the elaborateness of the menu and his evident prosperity. He is a struggling young lawyer, with the accent on the "struggling."

"That's all right, Kitty," he exclaimed. "Don't you worry about me! Since I've taken my new office with the closet I'm doing fine and dandy."

"The new office with the closet?" I repeated in amazement, looking anxiously at Billy's empty teed tea glass and the blazing sidewalk outside.

"No, honest, I'm not unstruck!" he laughed, reading my thought. "It's all a question of diplomacy. You see, no one wants to confide important affairs to a young lawyer who doesn't seem popular enough to be tremendously busy. In my old office there was no way of keeping up the illusion. People were shown right in, and they could see that yours truly wasn't more than holding down desk room. Now that's all changed. The closet is a big one. It's more in the nature of a coat-room. After the client is seated, with his back to the door, I excuse myself for

Paid from a wallet bulging with bills.



a minute, grasp a handful of papers and disappear within its capacious depths. Then the client is highly edified to hear me call out in my gruffest tones: 'I say, Jones, take these papers down to the courtroom as fast as you can and get that the judge signs them right away. I expect that real estate man back in half an hour to see what has been decided about that Fifth avenue property. And, Miss Brown, will you please copy off this document of the Pearly estate?' It must be down at the probate court by 1 o'clock. Jimmy, I'm afraid you'll have to leave the office in charge of Dick and take that witness down to the district attorney's office. Yes, I think that will be all for the present, only ring up those people on the telephone and tell them I will talk to them as soon as I have finished. Then I come out, closing the door and moaning my forehead (it's rather sticky in the closet), and I remark nonchalantly that I beg pardon for keeping him waiting, but I'm kept on the run all the time, and my doctor says I'll break down if I don't take a vacation. And does it work? Billy concluded, pouring himself out another libation of cold tea. "Say, we're in New York, the town of cold bluff! After lunch we'll go down and look at

my new automobile I've picked out. I'm doing a little business for the Skiddoo car firm, and they're giving me a rate off because I'm a good advertisement and will bring more customers. Billy Goodfellow, the rising young lawyer—that's me, Kitty—thanks to the good old closet door!" And he paid the check from a wallet bulging with ten dollar bills.

Kate Clyde
Southampton, N. Y.

CHARACTER IN CATS.

"Cats are like children," says a writer. "Educate them properly and you can do with them and their characters even as you will. One of the first things that impressed itself on my mind on going round to cat shows as judge, spectator or artist was the extraordinary difference that exists in the characters of cats coming from different parts of the country. Indeed, the effect that a crowded exhibition and its surroundings have upon different cats is really very strange. Most of those cats which at home are rarely drawn out of themselves, and which you can see, in an ordinary way, under one or two conditions of expression, immediately develop a new expression, and this typifies the effect home life has upon them. For instance, a cat that has been treated by its master or mistress very lovingly and has in normal circumstances seen a number of people who have praised it and petted it and stroked it a great deal will exhibit an entirely new, smug, contented and happy expression when it comes before the public. On the other hand, the animal that has lived a life of ease, seeing nobody and nothing beyond its mistress, will exhibit the most striking characteristics of its mistress. Thus, if the character of the woman be, in the main, a sulky or a snappy one, the effect of the sudden change upon the cat's life will be to bring out in the cat a sulky or a snappy disposition also."

A LONG GLASS.

It is very satisfactory to be able to view yourself, when dressing, from head to foot, and thus ascertain that your outward man is quite correct. A full length mirror is a rather expensive article, but it is easy to obtain an equally good result with very little outlay. A sheet of looking glass about four feet long and a couple of feet broad is required, and if you have had any practice in framemaking you can get a wood molding for a few cents per foot and fit the frame to the glass yourself, backed by a thin sheet of cheap boarding.

Two or three strong hinges must then be screwed on one side to the mirror, and on the other to the woodwork of a window, or, if this is not practicable, to

a strip of wood plugged to the wall, about one foot from the floor, where it is most convenient. The hinges enable you to move the mirror out at an angle like an ordinary door or shutter, so as to get a good light either from the window by day or from overhead fittings for artificial light by night, while the mirror shuts back tight against the wall when not in use. Further support can be given to it if necessary by a folding metal joint attached from the extreme lower corner of the mirror to the wall.

FOR THE CROQUET GIRL.

Since croquet has been revived there must needs be a special dress for the game. The attractive gown illustrated is for this purpose. It is made of pink



cotton voile. The skirt has closely about the hips and the Spanish flounce is trimmed with bands of English embroidery. The little jacket is adorned with the same embroidery.

GIRL LOTTERY.

At Snolensh, in Russia, a peculiar lottery takes place four times every year. A young girl is raffled for in five thousand one-hundred shares. The winner usually marries the go' d. The money from the lottery is used for her dowry. The girl, however, may refuse to marry the winner, in which case the money from the lottery is divided between them.

FOR WOMEN OF FASHION AND ALL THE OTHERS.

Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, the young Irish traveler and writer, is to be congratulated on her safe return to England after doing the cannibal islands of the south sea. On one occasion she stole unawares into a native devil temple in one of the New Hebrides islands, a building which no woman may enter if she had been discovered she would have been put to death instantly.

Mrs. Florence Scovel Shinn, who illustrated "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has a remarkable gift in humorous drawings, unfortunately a rare gift in women. Some recent work by Mrs. Shinn is seen in the illustrations of a novel by Wineson Churchill. The

lady has the merry eye and tip tilted nose of a woman with the sense of humor.

Mrs. Leishman, wife of the American minister at Constantinople, is a highly educated woman and possesses great brilliancy socially. She has made her husband's path smooth in Turkish diplomacy.

In the last examination held for official city stenographers in Philadelphia women candidates ranked higher than the men. Miss Martha V. Hampson headed the list.

Professor Flammarion, the famous astronomer, predicts that the people of the future will live in beautiful trans-

parent houses of glass. Some such habitations are at the present time being built in Des Moines. They are supported on "skeletons" of steel. The glass is of nearly appearance, about an inch thick.

A genuine cashmere shawl requires the fleece of ten goats and takes three men six months to make.

Gems in the diadem of the Russian empress are valued at \$400,000. They comprise 2,536 diamonds and a massive ruby.

Women cooked to the number of 120 have organized the Cooks' union of New York. All of its members so far are working in Yiddish restaurants on the east side, but the leaders are hopeful that before long all the women

restaurant workers of the city, and eventually of the country, will be organized. A careful inquiry is made into the character of applicants.

Beatrice Sacchi, a professor at Mantua and the holder of a doctor's degree, is the first woman to vote in Italy. It seems that there is no law there to prevent a woman from voting. Miss Sacchi discovered this and went to the polls and voted.

Mrs. Nausa, Khim Kabr, who was graduated this year at the Ohio Wesleyan university, is a Korean, wife of a high official at Seoul. Mrs. Kabr has gone back home to teach her own countrywomen western lore and liberty.

No man or woman in the lowliest walk of life can be strong, pure and

good without somebody being helped and comforted by the presence of these virtues. Thus the world is often rendered better by very humble means.

A lady of seventy-eight is now making excellent progress with the new language, Esperanto. Queen Victoria was secretly when she successfully applied her faculties to the study of Hindiast.

Queen Alexandra possesses a fine service of sixty pieces, each piece decorated with a different photograph which she herself took in Scotland.

Happiness is usually a homemade article. The Indian baby is strapped to a board and packed in a specially woven basket. He soon learns to keep quiet,

because he finds that neither kicking nor squirming brings him any advantage. The Indian mother lets her purpose howl to his heart's content, and he will remain calm and dignified for hours together.

Those who love life should not waste time. The more intellect a man possesses the more simple he can afford to be. There is no beautifier of complexion or form of behavior like the wash in scotch joy and not pain around us.

What is the difference between a fashionable actress and a soldier on the field of battle? One powders the face, and the other faces the powder.

It is not surprising that more people live to be over a hundred years old in

warm climates than in the higher latitudes.

In some parts of West Africa the girls have long engagements. On the day of their birth they are betrothed to a baby boy a trifle older than themselves, and at the age of twenty they are married. The girls know of no other way of getting a husband, and so they are quite happy and satisfied.

Weenohah, the famous Indian girl who now travels with a wild west show, can break 250 glass balls in fourteen minutes and can shoot the ashes off a cigar in a man's mouth at fifty yards distance, that, too, taking aim with her back to the man, she looking at him through a mirror. At least that is what is told of her.