

## KATE CLYDE'S IMPRESSIONS OF SARATOGA

Forty women and sporty men—one sees them everywhere in Saratoga. And such horses and turnout! The season is in full swing, the gray element has taken possession and a great many of the Saratoga people have retired to the summer cottages in order that they may let the big hotels be simply jam-packed with a motley crowd. No one asks, "Who are you?" but "Can you play?" As a result there are all sorts of conditions of men, with only one thing in common—namely, that they are out for a good time and have the strength to supply it.

The young girl Ingenu is a rare quality at Saratoga—I might say that she is almost an absent one. It isn't considered the chic thing to be a young girl, if you can put it in that way. You either should be married or a widow, widow preferred. You see any number of these widows, with and without incomes. I notice, however, that when there is an income, it is usually a little girl about 1 or 2 who can lip charmingly "Dear mamma" and put her little arms around the widow's neck, much to the joy of the men around her. I say that the child is never a little boy, and the reason seems to me simple enough. Little boys are too blunt, not very brutal. They have such a way of saying out things and of betraying themselves. You can easily find out from a boy whether mamma touches up eyebrows or whether those quantities of hair are all her own. A little girl can be trained.

That in importance to the widow and the politician, and the politician and widows really compose the main part of Saratoga society during the summer months. You see them sitting together at 4 o'clock every afternoon. The carriage is coming in every respect and the liveries resplendent. Sometimes madam pairs herself and does it with an eye-opening long practice. I saw one of the season's belles driving a tandem yesterday in the direction of the city spring. She wore a most artistic

gown of black and white. The material was fowered shot with irregular black spots. It was made with a blouse waist and a tucked skirt, the tucks running upward on the waist for some distance and downward on the hips. There were two ruffles starting from the front gores on each side, and below these two rather small ruffles was a large one laid in fine tucks. The waist, which was plain across the bust, was slashed and laced with narrow velvet ribbons. Around the shoulders there was a bertha of cobwebby lace which fitted into the plain yoke in an almost imperceptible manner. The sleeves, rather full at the top, were laid in fine vertical tucks. The hat was of ecrú net tucked and trimmed very simply with a long white ostrich feather draped across the front brim.

I am staying here with mamma's elder sister, Aunt Jane, and as Aunt Jane is a martyr to dyspepsia she drags me with her every morning to the spring. There, while she is tasting the water and hobnobbing with her friends, I watch the people. It is a very well dressed crowd, too, and occasionally I pick up a new fad or wrinkle. For instance, here is something I must tell you about: Under no circumstances must you wear a jeweled pin to hold up your stray locks. It is no longer the style. A bow of velvet ribbon is the proper thing, and it must match your gown. Pass it through a long mesh of hair, tie it once, next tie the second knot over the loose ends and finish with a square bow. You must then take small pins and fasten these loops and ends close to the hair so that the outline of the head will not be bumpy. The effect is very chic.

Another distinct novelty is the sunburst waist. We were all watching the colored lights play on the fountains in the rear of the United States hotel when a woman appeared on the scene causing a perfect sensation. She wore a gown of pale lavender liberty satin trimmed with deep yellow lace. The waist carried out the sunburst idea. Tiny tucks were made to radiate from the bust to the sleeves and were caught together at the center with a huge brooch of rhinestones and amethysts. I am told this is the latest thing, but I wouldn't like to try it on myself. Another fashion novelty—this same woman's hair was done in the latest way, called down low in the neck in two firm, straight, and for decorations she wore two small rosettes of narrow black ribbon, with a tiny rhinestone button in the center of each. One rosette was placed at the right of the clefture in front and the other just behind the left ear.

One of the most pleasant drives in Saratoga is to the lake, where you can have the nicest dinners imaginable, with the prospect of a ride home by moonlight and the accompanying moonlight conversation. Then there is the drive to Hilton's park, a beautiful estate of 800 to 1,000 acres, where one can view Judge Hilton's beautiful flowers, lawns, etc. Altogether, driving seems to be the principal amusement here, with the exception of going to the races, of course. But I haven't as much enthusiasm about that as some of my friends. You see, I am usually lucky in love; therefore I am unlucky at all games of chance, including horse racing. So I adopt Van Bibber's method and bet mentally on my favorite horse. It is remarkable how much money I save that way!

The freak people one sees at the races are more fun than the races themselves. The freaks come in style, too, on the top of gorgeous coaches, and they have money to burn, but it's all horribly new, and some of them don't know just how to use it. One woman who was really very pretty wore a nightmare of a gown which, judging by the material, must have cost her a small fortune. We'll pass that by, however. It's the trimming I want to speak about. This consisted of a very wide band of gold applique barred perpendicularly with black velvet ribbons. It ran around the waist a very little above the belt and was duplicated in bracelets on the arms at the corresponding height just above the elbow. When her arms hung by her sides she gave the effect of being tied securely with a gold and black cable, but she prinked and mimed and seemed to think herself very fine.

Before I close I want to say a word about the mourners here. Saratoga seems to be a great place for the recently bereaved because, I suppose, in the mad whirl of life they forget their troubles. It is impossible to grieve long in this atmosphere. I have seen two most jaunty examples of this. I met a man coming down Circular street yesterday, and he was very decently attired in deep mourning, including a wide crape band on his arm, but as he walked up the steps of a nearby house I caught a glimpse of the gaudiest socks I ever saw in my life. They were in a decided check pattern of black and sulphur yellow, which only goes to show the influence of Saratoga. The other example I am really skeptical about—that is, I am in doubt whether it was real mourning—for it was almost too artistic. A most attractive suburban haired woman walked demurely down Broadway a few afternoons ago, and every man and child turned to look after her. She wore a severe black gown which fitted like a glove. Her smart black toque was the perfection of mourning millinery, and her general appearance was only relieved by an inch wide band of heliotrope violet on her collar. But here comes the point: On the end of a silver chain she led a big French poodle, sooty black, and wearing on his collar a crisp bow of violet taffeta.

I noticed the same woman at the concert in the evening. She was surrounded by half a dozen men. So it appears that even mourning has its attractions in Saratoga.

KATE CLYDE.  
Saratoga Springs.

Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

LACE TRIMMED MUSLIN GOWN

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

tor was possessed of millions and sneered at the proposition of something cheap. Indeed, the dressmaker was so offensive that Mrs. Carnegie felt compelled to leave the shop.

In a western village recently a lot of women went to an auction sale held by the widow of a deceased farmer, Joseph Logue. Mrs. Logue had placed her 3-month-old baby in a little box cradle. The first woman who came in carelessly threw some sort of wrap over this cradle. Then all the women that followed piled their wraps and bundles in the same place. At last one woman seated herself on the piled up cradle while she



EMBROIDERED EVENING GOWN AND CLOAK.

Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

MANY THINGS THAT ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

It is quite startling to find, as one does now and then, that things one sees and handles frequently are so very far from what they seem; not that they are swindles, simply that the material they are composed of is entirely different from what one supposes. Take those birds of paradise and other rare and exquisite birds which, to the sorrow of their husbands and brothers, so many women wear in their hats and bonnets. Except in the case of expensive articles from first rate shops, none of these beautiful creatures ever flew. They are cunning imitations, worked up by neat handed girl employees from old chicken feathers and dyed to imitate nature.

Speaking of feathers, these are surely the last material you would imagine useful for the manufacture of artificial flowers. Yet the most perfect artificial flowers yet made have goose feathers as their base. These are the flowers which are used as ornaments for ladies' evening dresses, and in color, appearance, weight and touch it is extremely difficult to tell them from the genuine article. They are even scented to imitate them. Marechal Niel roses, earl of roses, fuchsias, violets, are all made of this unpromising material. The process was invented by Miss Prudence De Witt, an American woman, and she and her sisters employ 75 workpeople.

The secret is, however, kept by the sisters themselves and not confided to their operatives.

Among other unsuspected little trade secrets, it might be mentioned that camel's hair brushes never came from the hair of the ship of the desert, but from the tail of the humble squirrel, and also that the fine strainers through which jellies and sirups are passed are usually constructed of human hair.

So called ivory articles lead most of their unsuspecting owners astray. A very nice brand of ivory is made of skimmilk. The ordinary article used for knife handles is nothing but beef bones, and the beautiful ivory buttons are vegetable ivory.

Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

In mourning.

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## WOMEN FOUNDERS RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS

ONE strange fact seems to be quite unnoted by the chroniclers of spiritual and religious development in the United States. It is that for the first time in the world's history woman stands as the founder of religious sects and cults.

From the beginning this was true. Anne Hutchinson came to New England with her husband in 1634 and on shipboard developed "new woman" theological ideas that disturbed the notions of her fellow passengers. In Boston she was admitted to the church of Wheelwright and Cotton and at once began her spiritual labors. These she confined at first to her own sex, assembling the women of the church and exhorting them that the Holy Spirit dwell in every pious believer and shone with an inner light which was a sacred guide for all the path of life when regulated by the "sacred judgments of the mind." She preached so eloquently and persuasively that she attracted both Cotton and Wheelwright and even Sir Harry Vane by her discourses. To these Anne Hutchinson's teachings appeared as the purest, highest spirituality. But there were others outside of Boston who did not regard the Holy Spirit as a sufficient guide to man, but considered human laws—still ones at that—also necessary to keep him in the middle of the road, so they objected strenuously to the new teachings. The more enthusiastic and eloquent Anne became the greater cry her opponents made till there were earthquakes in the spiritual atmosphere of Boston town. At length the opponents got the upper hand, and while they could not shut off Anne Hutchinson's speech, they could drive her off where they would not hear it, which was the next best thing. They banished her from Massachusetts, and she and a great band of followers joined Roger Williams' colony in Rhode Island, where none should be "accounted a delinquent for doctrine." Then by and by the Boston church that had banished her, on second thought, perhaps, concluding that the Holy Spirit might, after all, be trusted as a guide of conduct, sent a deputation officially to Rhode Island to bring her back. They missed her working faith and fiery eloquence, but she would not return. Anne Hutchinson was banished by Indians in 1653. There is no church which she founded, but the doctrines she was banished for preaching are, in modified form, the life itself of the live Christian churches today. She, being dead, yet speaketh.

Next was that other Ann, Mother Ann Lee, founder of the sect of our gentle friends, the Shakers. One of her first converts was her own husband, which speaks volumes for her as a proselytizer. Well for Ann Lee that she flourished a hundred and forty years later than Anne Hutchinson, or she would not only have been banished, but probably martyred for her faith. As it was she was imprisoned in New York for awhile, not because of her religious faith directly, but because her religious faith would not permit her to take the oath of allegiance to earthly governments, as, for instance, the state of New York, even though in those days a woman had a vote no more than now.

Governor George Clinton, however, soon released Ann and her elders, and then they went up and down the land, preaching, converting men and women to their doctrines and founding quiet Shaker colonies where everybody must work for his living, alternating hours of labor with dancing and singing to praise God for letting him live and gain the rich experiences of mortal life to fit him for heaven. Of the phenomena of the age was the great and rapid spread of the Shakers.

Today the sect is declining. The excellent repute of Shaker brooms and Shaker apple butter bids fair to outlast the colonies themselves, yet today, with all the world's sin and suffering, Mother Ann Lee's doctrine, in modified form, have a deeper hold on the thought of intelligent persons in the community at large than they ever did before, and those who read the under

surface signs of the times know it. Perhaps that is how it was meant to be. Ann Lee, too, being dead, yet speaketh.

Sixty-four years after Mother Lee died this country witnessed the inception of the cult of spiritism, now numbering millions of believers, and it, too, took its rise from woman—two young girls, the Fox sisters. After them came Mme. Blavatsky, originator of theosophy and messenger to Europe and America of the doctrine of reincarnation. In the orthodox Christian church the ban against women priests and ministrants still in most instances holds, so that they may not officiate at its altars, but—and this is a phenomenon of the time—they have in scores of cases stepped out alone and established sects and faiths of their own, taking their doctrines from no man. In Jersey City a meeting house, strangely beautiful in its unorthodox way, with two neat houses close to it, constitutes the headquarters of the faith cure sect founded by Sister Jackson. For 18 years Sister

other. One after another rises and tells how in response to faith and prayer he or she was helped in ways wonderful, and each believes his or her own story and is believed by the rest. Here a woman nearly 80 tells how her eyes were renewed and are stronger than they were when she was 16. Again, some telling one claims to be suddenly healed in the midst of the service and breaks forth in song and thanksgiving. No collection is ever taken in Sister Jackson's house of worship, and no money is asked for. A box is placed where those who wish to contribute to the church may do so, and it is never empty. Sister Jackson has founded several colony churches.

In San Francisco the Church of Divine Science, Rev. Mary Kramer, pastor, flourishes and increases in like manner.

Of the religious sects founded by women the Christian Scientists are the most numerous and powerful. Mrs. Eddy, the "mother of Christian Science," says that since last November 2,496 members have been added to her Boston church alone.

Both Mrs. Eddy, mother of Christian Science, and Helen Williams, mother of Mental Science, have themselves splendidly demonstrated their teachings. Both number their followers by the hundreds of thousands. It is claimed there are a million Christian Scientists. Mrs. Eddy moves among her subjects regal, like a queen. When she passes by, they stand with heads uncovered.

Helen Williams, a woman of marvelous intellectual grasp and determined will, would be the last person to admit that there is anything resembling a religion in her cult, yet a religion it is, to all intents and purposes, giving to its adherents a faith and a hope on which to joyfully build their life and conduct.

LILLIAN GRAY.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

FASHIONABLE BICYCLING COSTUME.



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## WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

MISS IVIE ROSE and Miss Girty Down had been inseparable friends for 11 months, 16 days and 10 hours, which is a long time for girls to be bosom chums without a quarrel. What one knew the other found out as fast as feminine tongue could tell it. Each Saturday night they compared notes to ascertain which, in the way of an altogether friendly rivalry, had inveigled more ice creams out of innocent young men and still more innocent old ones.

But there came a time—alas the day when the electric, loving cords that united them were disrupted, after the manner of girls' friendships. A difference—not precisely alike, for that was "jakey," they said—but as nearly alike as they might and not be jakey. When the present season's styles appeared, each got a shirt waist open up the back, multicolored tucked and of the ultra fashionable dried hay color. But they were not of the same material.

The ice cream young man who was beginning to show symptoms of becoming Girty Down's steady companion had observed the similarity of the shirt waists and, with a man's blundering indiscriminate, had remarked to Ivie that the two were precisely alike. Now, Ivie's shirt waist had cost more than Girty's, and she resented the comparison slightly. She explained in technical terms the difference. It may be, indeed, that she was unable to resist the natural feminine impulse to tell him that her shirt waist cost a dollar more than Girty's. The young man, being a very silly young man, told Girty. Then came the volcanic eruption that tore apart the twin souls.

"I understand you've been talking about me," said Girty, with a dangerous flash of her eye. "I understand you've been making fun of my shirt waist and saying it was a cheap, slum shop thing."

"I didn't; I never did in the world," said Ivie. "I know who's been telling you this, and he just did it to break our friendship. He says to me, he says, 'You and Girty have got shirt waists exactly alike, haven't you?'"

"I says, 'No,' I says, 'they ain't,' I says, 'I never did in the world,' I says, 'I know who's been telling you this, and he just did it to break our friendship. He says to me, he says, 'You and Girty have got shirt waists exactly alike, haven't you?'"

silk, and Girty's is close to silk," says, just so he'd know the difference. Then I says, 'Mine has got 75 tucks in the sleeves and Girty's has 75, and mine has 300 tucks altogether and hers has 298,' I says."

"I know!" snapped out Girty. "And you just did it to make him think you are richer than I am and get him away from me."

"I didn't do any such thing!" hissed Ivie. "I wouldn't be seen at a dog-fight with a fellow that ever went with you, with your cheap old dresses, all frazzled out around the bottom and covered with grease spots! Your name ought to be spelled the other way—Dirty Gown instead of Girty Down—and then it would suit you, Miss Dirty Gown!"

## LAUGH AND GET WELL.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a saying which is worthy of consideration from many sufferers in body as well as mind.

Laughter, real and hearty, has a decided effect on the physical organism. It causes the arteries to dilate, so that they carry a larger supply of blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more quickly, so that the flow of blood throughout the vessels is speeded. In other words, laughter promotes the best conditions for an increase of the vital processes, the tissues take up more nutritive material and the waste of the body is more rapidly removed.

Laughter is not only the expression of joy, but also its inspiration. Often a hearty laugh, excited in spite of one's sadness, will change the current of one's thoughts and alter entirely one's mental atmosphere.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, which is thus put in better working order, and mind and body are so closely associated that they act and react upon each other. Thus melancholy causes lassitude in the first place, but continued lassitude, in its turn, reacts on the mind and causes depression.

Doctors will often confess that a hearty laugh is of more value to a patient than all the drugs they can possibly administer. Let those who feel ill without knowing why, who are bilious and who feel like a burden, try a course of amusement instead of physics. Let them read the funniest stories, go to the most amusing plays and enjoy the fun and laughter of children—it is irresistibly infectious. A good laugh two or three times a day will work wonders for them, and when they have had it for a week or two then let them enlighten their friends as to their latest and most successful medicine.

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