

KATE CLYDE

Says a Good Word For Seaside Resorts, Then Pays Her Respects to Larchmont Yacht Club ::

ATLANTIC CITY in the summer time is not such a very bad place if you want the kind of a good time that means plenty to do. The trouble with the average summer resort is that you are given the sands and the sea (provided you can swim), and that's about all there is to it. Most summer resorts have no other worth speaking of, and a good many haven't any golf links; not that golf is so important—I myself think it is going out of date—but any way with some women it helps to pass away the time. Now, when you eliminate dancing because it's too hot, what is there left but embroidery and the eternal gossip? And yet women are blamed for the only thing there is left for them to do. Poor hubby meanwhile in town working hard and incidentally in all probability providing some of the food for the gossip. Such is the hard lot of man. But, alas for poor woman, she must go through the summer in the lamest way imaginable, unless she either destroys her neighbor's reputation or her own.

Now, Atlantic City takes away some of the necessity for this. To begin with, there are shops, and what woman was ever at a loss to know what to do with her time when there were shops? You can buy anything in Atlantic City, from an imported gown to a bull pup. Even oil paintings are for sale and rugs, not to speak of those fascinating mock jewelry stores where you can buy all the latest bead chains and dangle danglers, the styles of which conveniently change every fortnight, so that it gives you a chance to buy something new. Then there are candy stores without number, soda counters ditto and cafes for those not addicted to the soda water habit. There are, in addition, all the attractions of Coney Island at one end of the board walk and at least one attraction of Broadway in the shape of a play at the other end.

That Attractive Board Walk. And don't forget the board walk. It is the grand avenue of the place where all day long, and sometimes pretty much all night, the endless procession of chairs passes filled with beautifully gowned and smiling women. These wicker chairs can be made very fascinating with cushions and ribbon trimmings, not to speak of dainty canopies. A woman who goes there for the season takes the same interest in the appointments of her chair as she does in those of her victoria in town. There is even one belle who varies the cushions and trimmings of her chair to match her costumes. In the daytime single chairs are the vogue. Two women will be wheeled side by side, gayly chatting and stopping now and then to enter some shop and then be wheeled on again. Moonlight nights it is different. Double chairs are in great demand, and the colored boy who wheels sentimental couples can be made both deaf and blind if the right means are employed. Atlantic City is a great place for the young matron and a bad place for the young girl, because she, being a girl, must do most of the things there are to be done. For instance, the double chair arrangement is very unconventional unless one's chaperon comes after it wheeled along by a worried and perspiring chair boy, who feels like charging extra if the chaperon is a heavy woman, and, alas, she most always is.

The Young Married Woman. Sitting up late in cafes is very bad form, and yet all the gay young married women do it. But a young girl mustn't be seen there. Then the men in Atlantic City are such a bold, bad lot! I am sorry to say introductions are sometimes dispensed with, and while that may facilitate a girl's matrimonial chances, one never knows whether the gentleman is a scion of an old Philadelphia family or merely a poor clerk on his two weeks' vacation and in his only suit of clothes. Nor is it possible to find out in such a big, crowded place.

Things with cracked ice in them. The young married women, though, have a lovely time. There are six of them here, who have things pretty much their own way. They rise about 9:30 and assemble in each other's rooms in turn for coffee, melon and rolls. Then they put on their pretty dresses and parasols and stroll down the board walk to the Casino, where they sit gossiping and greeting their acquaintances, listening to the music and making plans for the day. Usually a luncheon is planned at some hotel, and afterward some one proposes a sail or an automobile ride. Then it's a case of home again, change of gowns and be wheeled round for a while after dinner, dropping in at some concert or theatrical attraction, after which there is a little supper. Then they change chairs and partners and are wheeled home again.



Those Jolly Ladies' Days. The Larchmont Yacht club is not so good to women, but its ladies' days are enjoyable for all that. I went to the last one. Unfortunately it was a broiling hot day, the sort of day that makes you absolutely refuse to wear anything but white and prefer a muslin shirt waist with open work embroidery. The lawn was a sea of muslins



A SMART BATISTE FROCK.

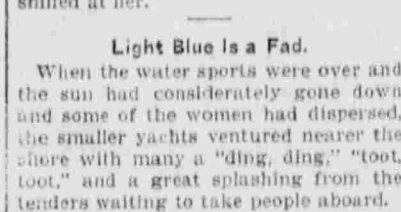
Batiste is the smart muslin fabric of the season, and the most fascinating little frocks are being fashioned from this becoming material. The illustration shows a charming rose pink batiste with tucks disposed about the skirt in both vertical and horizontal lines. A stole of rose and white embroidery forms a panel down the front width, and on the waist it is applied on each side of the center plait and over the sleeves, which are tucked and bouffant.

Light Blue is a Fad. When the water sports were over and the sun had considerably gone down and some of the women had dispersed, the smaller yachts ventured nearer the shore with many a "ding, ding," "toot, toot," and a great splashing from the tenders waiting to take people aboard. Then for an hour there was comparative quiet, interrupted only by the twittering of the birds and the preparations for the dinner. The sun finally disappeared over the waters, the smell of appetizing dishes came floating to the clubhouse veranda, lights began to appear on the different yachts, candles, red shaded, began to gleam on the veranda tables and carriages rattled up the gravel drive filled with guests. Dinner parties for six or eight were the rule, with occasionally a twosome. The women wore charming delicate gowns of filmy pink, black and pale blue, with occasionally a gown of creamy white; but, strange to say, the pale blue gowns were in the majority. The hairdressing was almost all low in the shape of curls, skillfully and loosely pinned together with a rose or a wisp of tulle drawn through.

Most Enjoyable of All. After dinner coffee was served on the veranda, and then the illumination began. From tree to tree all along the lawn were strings of tiny blue, yellow and red lights, like gay fireflies. Little

and daintily tinted sunshades, and out in the open were the yachts glistening with dead white paint and sails and with their beautifully polished brass-work shining in the sun. In the immediate foreground of the water (if I can use that term) sports were going on, such as canoe and obstacle races and diving. Back on the plaza other races were going on—between the waiters and those who, comfortably ensconced in armchairs, dashed the perspiration from their foreheads and called loudly for some things with cracked ice in them.

The race, as usual—the real men, I mean—were out on their yachts, and the feminine contingent on shore who couldn't swim out to them were forced to capture such small fry as were obliged to view the sports from the shore. I gave me a wicked satisfaction to meet an archery of mine beautifully got up in a lavender crepe de chine and a lavender dyed lace hat to match, wasting all this gorgeousness on a callow youth of surely not more than seventeen, while she devoured with her eyes my broad shouldered escort. Every pussy cat has her day, and I remember one afternoon when I was so "dopey" with malaria and she stole my man from under my very nose. We women certainly have memories. I smiled at her.



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blue lights down low in the grass were, I thought, especially effective. Each shrub seemed to tower in flame owing to the lights hidden in the foliage. From yacht to yacht chains of light extended across the water, while three fountains began to throw jets over the lawn, and as these played lights which changed every moment were thrown on them.

Altogether the scene was much like fairyland, and it was even more so later on when the dance began and the floor was filled with the beautifully dressed women and the gay waiters with their spotless white uniforms and gold braid insignia.

The only reason why I want to marry a rich man is so he can have a yacht—and principally a yachting uniform.

Atlantic City.

A CHILD'S FIRST LESSON. One of the first lessons that should be impressed on every child, whether he live in the city or in the country, is how to see things out of doors. If he learns to do this early in life he will not only become a man of larger intelligence and culture, but also a happier and more successful one than he otherwise would.

At the cost of a few cents the poorest boy or girl may be transported to the country and there see beauties which might entrance an angel. Yet many persons travel across continents to see the works of great masters and give fortunes to possess themselves of a canvas or two representing a landscape, such as a sunset or some other bit of nature, while they remain dense and unappreciative in the picture gallery of the great artist of the universe.

Many of us have become so self-absorbed and have had our energies so long directed upon our material desires and problems, our plans to amass money, to make business pay, to perfect some invention, to write a book or to attain this or that ambition—in short, all our faculties have been centered in ourselves so long that they cannot look outward except upon the things that concern our immediate interests. To learn to see things out of doors would be to many of us like learning a new occupation or profession in middle life.

AN EARLY WALK. The girl who rises at 6 every morning and, wet or fine, goes for an hour's walk before breakfast is rewarded for her self denial by gaining a healthy appetite and a nice complexion.

The early morning air is the freshest and purest of the day, and it both invigorates the body and stimulates the brain. For the very thin girl this simple prescription will be found most beneficial, but it must be persevered in regularly. A walk one day and staying in bed till breakfast time the next will do more harm than good.

A cup of milk and a biscuit is all that is necessary before starting. A banana or an orange eaten while out is excellent, and let the breakfast consist of oatmeal, stewed fruit and eggs.

A SMART RAIN COAT.

The smart woman is particular about the appearance of her rain coat, and up to date examples of this once utilitarian garment are things of beauty as well as an indispensable protection. The full length rain coat sketched is fashioned of fine navy blue rubbered



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The neat cape and voluminous sleeves are adorned with an applique design of lighter blue silk outlined and emphasized with a narrow edging of braid.

It is also a capital motor wrap, being waterproof and impervious to dust.

A GENTLEWOMAN. Never indulges in ill natured gossip. Never forgets the respect due to age. Thinks of others before she thinks of herself.

Does not measure her civility by people's bank accounts. Does not forget engagements, promises or obligations of any kind. Is never argumentative or contradictory in conversation.

Never makes fun of or ridicules the idiosyncrasies of others. Is always agreeable to her social inferiors as her equals and superiors.

GOOD MANNERS AN INVESTMENT. The idea of good manners as an investment, like the maxim that honesty is the best paying policy, seems to embody a crude form of commercial morality, but "manners are the shadows of virtues," and if people strive to be polite the world will eventually become polite. The test of an act is the motive, and so it is with manners. The real basis of good manners is the good heart.

A Chat by the Sea

Mrs. Richard J. Hinton

WITH.....

"MAY I come down to Sea Gate and see you?" I wrote to Mrs. Richard J. Hinton a few days ago. Permission was given, and I went on a Saturday evening, staying over Sunday at the quiet seaside hotel where lives during the hot months the widow of Richard J. Hinton, the distinguished biographer, statistician, labor agitator, comrade of John Brown during the Kansas border struggles and on his last historic raid into Virginia, Richard Hinton was also the lifelong friend and helper of the gifted and erratic poet, Richard Realf, who committed suicide in San Francisco when Hinton was temporarily absent from him.

"If I had been with him, Realf would not have killed himself," was all Hinton could say when he viewed his friend's body.

In Mrs. Hinton's room at the house by the sea is a little picture of Richard J. Hinton. He wears the broad brimmed, soft felt hat that was so popular among soldiers of the civil war. The shoulders and chest are broad and deep; the bearded, powerful face is full of courage, intellect and vitality, yet of kindness and benevolence too. Here is the face of a man who would die for a friend and a cause. No wonder his wife adores his memory. She has lately seen the last best of her husband fulfilled. It was that he should be buried with his comrades in Arlington, the soldiers' cemetery at Washington. Hinton died suddenly in London while engaged in collecting material for an educational report. Mrs. Hinton was with him helping him in his work. She had his remains placed in a vault there until such time as they could be brought to America, the land Richard Hinton loved, though he was a native of England. During the civil war he was colonel of the Eighty-third Kansas regiment.

Isabel Hanks Hinton's life is full of human interest. Of Irish birth, she was Colonel Hinton's second wife, he her second husband. While he was fighting with forces of evil which he believed were sapping our nation socially and economically she in Chicago was fighting desperately one duty enemy—poverty. She had been left with seven children, her first husband's, not only to rear, but to provide bread for.

"How did you do it?" I asked her.

"Well, I hardly know; I can't tell. I just managed somehow; that's all." Just so millions of other mothers

have "managed somehow" to support and rear other large families, and do it well too. How they do manage only mothers know. Few men could do it, that is certain. Mrs. Hinton held fast to her little ones through toil, prayer and aspiration. She brought them up nobly. Six of them are living, filling honorable places in the world, a credit to her, themselves and society. The mother gave her life to them so long as they needed her.



FOR EARLY FALL WEAR.

Nothing is more satisfactory for early fall wear than an outing felt hat. Here is one of the newest models of champagne beaver trimmed with a band of moss green velvet ornamented with four slide buckles.

seized. She was well educated and longed to write. The wave of interest in occultism and psychological science which is still at its flood began to draw her into its current. She began to study mysticism and the power of mind and spirit over body. She felt sure there were more faculties in the human soul than man has as yet developed. It is somewhat strange, but I find that perhaps a majority of the women who do things are students of the occult lore of mind and spirit. They say such studies help them unmistakably. Many of these women who do things also have mental experiences out of the ordinary, happenings that are vividly remembered ever after. Once Mrs. Hinton herself lay in an apparently lifeless state three days and would have been buried alive only for a woman friend who insisted that she was not dead. When she came back to outward consciousness she seemed to herself to have visited other spheres, those described by Swedenborg as soul circles. She brought back with her to the earth consciousness a powerful impression of help and inspiration afforded in the invisible to mortals who are striving to live the truest, highest life they know. This impression has remained with her ever since.

When Isabel Hanks began her psychological studies and her writing she contributed stories and sketches to magazines and newspapers. And just about that time came along Colonel Richard Hinton, with his sombrero and bearded face and his brave, true soul. She attracted him, he attracted her, and they were married. And after that Isabel gave up her life to her husband as before she had given it to her children. Little cared Richard Hinton for occultism and mysticism. He was steeped to the lips in plans for helping the living, throbbing, material mankind. He saw all about him, and his wife dropped her plans for him.

Colonel Hinton was identified with the labor movement. Mrs. Hinton became identified with it too. All they had, their time, strength and such wealth as they possessed they gave to it, in company with John Swinton and some others. Wherever words were to be said for liberty and prosperity for all, there up spoke Richard Hinton; there went with him his wife as his silent partner, silent to the outer world, but helping grandly behind the scenes. Colonel Hinton was the close friend and platform associate of Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott.

Of the famous women who do things Mrs. Hinton has at one time or another met nearly all in America and Great Britain. One of Mrs. Hinton's friends in England is Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, of American women engaged in active life in London none is more sought after than Mrs. O'Connor, who is really the chief writer on "M. A. P." (Mainly About People). Mrs. O'Connor was Miss Pascal, a gifted American actress whom T. P. O'Connor met in Washington and fell in love with. She is as brilliant and popular in London literary society as she formerly was on the stage, a pretty woman with a singularly magnetic manner. Her play, "The Lady From Texas," made a great hit in London, then went to Australia. It satirizes the British aristocracy, who have closed their eyes to the color line. But of the women Mrs. Hinton knows well none seems to her so remarkable as Clara Barton, founder and builder of the Red Cross in America. If there really are any such beings as the "adepts" of oriental philosophers, then Clara Barton comes very near being one. She seems to need little food or sleep, works all the time and appears never to grow weary. During the Red Cross investigations last winter lawyers and witnesses, young men in the prime of health and vigor, were worn out before the case was finished; Miss Barton remained calm, unworried and unweary to the end. Her hair at the age of seventy-four is dark and abundant. She has the power and will of an eagle. At night, while others sleep, Clara Barton sits at her desk and writes and plans. She has recently published a book, much of which is autobiographical. She is a born organizer of large affairs, and her executive ability is most surprising to those who know her best.

Poor Lucy Parsons, the fiery, erratic, radical orator whose husband was hanged as a rebel to the Chicago Haymarket riots, was another whom Mrs. Hinton knew well. After her husband's execution Lucy Parsons went back to her trade of dressmaking and thus brought up her two children.

And now at the end of all this exciting drama Isabel Hinton is alone and once more free to write and study the hidden powers of the human mind.

ALICE W. MORTIMER.

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MRS. STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

This beautiful and brainy woman must find herself somewhat in the position of the heroine of "The Country Chairman," with her husband, on the one hand, a prominent Republican United States senator from West Virginia, and, on the other, her father, Henry Gasaway Davis, a citizen of the same state, likewise her husband's business partner, the candidate for vice president on the Democratic ticket. Undoubtedly, however, all parties concerned take the situation philosophically. Mrs. Elkins is very charming socially. She has a sweetness of temper and a grace and tact that draw all to her. She has likewise continued her intellectual studies ever since her marriage. Mrs. Elkins is one of the most accomplished and popular hostesses in Washington.

WHAT GIRLS' FACES TELL THE OBSERVER. Do you like to watch girls' faces? Who does not? They are the most expressive of human countenances, for girls generally have not yet learned to control their feelings. From sixteen to twenty is the age when a young lady's countenance reflects every thought of her mind.

Two girls types sat opposite me one morning in a car, and all unknown to them, I psychometrized them and put each where she belonged. One had read in some novel of a heroine who was always sweet and yielding and gentle; so she took upon herself the sweet, naive role. She was the negative, puttylike young woman who attacks where she is plunked down and beams on all with a set, sickly smile. We may call this girl Miss Bread and Butter. A youth when the girls knew sat near them, and on him Miss Bread

with the object of making people look at it and her.

As you viewed her face you read that she herself admired immensely her small mouth and was trying to make others admire it too. She bit her lips, twisted them this way and that, showed her teeth—they were fairly white and even—incessantly poked her chin forward, drew it back, blinked her eyes, turned from side to side in her seat, worked her fingers and moved her arms and pitterpattered her feet. It fairly made a quiet body seasick to watch her. And at short intervals this girl, too, glimpsed out of the side of her eye to see if men were noticing her.

Now, those were both nice girls. They simply had not knowledge enough to keep to themselves the fact that they would like men to admire them. That is a natural feeling and one not at all to be condemned. But if the girls had been wiser they would have known they could gain the very end they sought more effectively by a graceful, reposeful manner, the manner of one who is not thinking of herself every moment. Girls do not need to try to attract men. Just let them alone and men will go after girls fast enough. It is their nature.

The base of true grace and effectiveness of manner is this painful, uneasy, haunting self consciousness which girls and many grown women seem unable to get rid of for a single second. It is ruinous to all real attractiveness. How to get rid of it? Actually make yourself think of something else than yourself.

Hold yourself well, make yourself neat and graceful, sit and stand erect. Above all, learn to sit still and keep the muscles of your face still. Think always pleasant, bright thoughts of people and things. Be just the fine, frank, graceful, unconscious girl who is intellectual enough to get outside of herself and live in the universe.

JANE MOSES.

THE BACHELOR GIRL. The other day there was a most amusing discussion, the subject of debate being the never worn out subject of old maids. Now, as everybody knows, the old maid of former days, that untutored individual whom younger sisters placed upon the shelf before her time, has almost entirely disappeared from the face of creation. The bachelor girl has taken her place, that product of the age who frankly refuses to marry until she can marry after her own heart and gain some advantage in the process. And she is all the better worth winning in that she values her independence so highly, not the less, as some would have it, but all the more lovable and companionable because of her broader views and wider scope of work. A pessimist who took a prominent part in the discussion, which, needless to say, was a heated one, both being represented, was heard to say that the marriage rate is rapidly decreasing, that proposals are fewer and, no wonder, as men have every reason to be shy of matrimony. But an optimist in the shape of a well known journalist stoutly defended the bachelor girl, stating that, on the contrary, proposals are far more numerous, but that acceptances are fewer by reason of women's exigence. No conclusion had been arrived at when the meeting broke up.

WORKS, WORDS AND WAYS OF WOMANKIND.

Active participation in the duties of this world seems to be the surest safeguard for the health of body and mind. Every well developed individual is equally conscious, but most men do not occupy a thousandth part of their mind space.

In Turkey a settlement is made upon the wife at the betrothal of a consid-

erable sum of money, to be paid to her in the event of divorce, and without which payment no divorce can legally take place.

We think with less pity of the foot bound oriental woman since pointed toes and high heels have returned to fashion in enlightened America.

Miss Amelia Judson, a graduate of

Cornell who wanted to go to Paris to study art, had her plans changed by illness in the family. She is a success in running a sawmill in St. Louis.

Miss Elizabeth H. Moore is one of three American tennis players who have gone to Great Britain to play in prize matches. The other two players are men.

Lady Grey-Egerton is one of the popular athletic women members of Brit-

ish society. She is an accomplished cyclist and very fond of going a-swheel. She is also a fine swimmer and in winter never tires of skating. Besides all this, she is a skillful musician. All this is an American, Miss May Cuyler.

Some months ago the dowager empress of China requested through an American mission station that a lady teacher of English be sent to the Imperial palace at Peking to instruct the

royal princes. Miss Mary Reynolds of Sibley, Ia., was chosen and will sail for China in October.

The wife of Senator William A. Clark of Montana, formerly Miss Anna La Chapelle, is an athletic lady and a famous cyclist. In Paris she followed the fashion of Frenchwomen and cycles in bloomers.

Celia Parker Woolley says that the need for an educational movement

among the blacks in the northern cities is imperative, as hordes of dissolute and ignorant negroes are coming up from the south.

The education of the human mind commences in the cradle, and the impressions received there frequently exert their influence through the whole of life.

Girls and women who carry pistols and who are training themselves in the

use of them have caused a big increase in the sale of these firearms during the past year.

Most women are ready to thank their lucky stars when they can fence well with the right hand, but two young Englishwomen—Miss S. Maudslayi and her sister, Miss Kathleen Powell—never being of themselves expert fencers with the left hand also. They are probably the only women able to do this.