

Kate Clyde

Tells of the Things They Say
and the Things They Do

AT LARCHMONT

VERY green lawns brilliant with scarlet flowers, cottages set back from the road and seen through shady driveways, a glimpse of the water under striped veranda awnings—this is Larchmont in the summer time. Add to this some of the best roads in the country thronged with smart traps and still smarter automobiles guided by stunningly groomed women with bare heads or fluttering chiffon veils, and quite an attractive picture presents itself to the eye.

Larchmont is the home of the out of door woman, but not of the mannish woman. There you see automobiling, yachting and other out of door sports, all most daintily and femininely gowned and all most daintily and femininely personified. There is no clumping around in stiff soled boots, as in the Alderbrook hotels, but the click and patter of suede French heeled shoes and the flutter of the white embroidery gown which shows the blue or pink bows beneath. Even when the yachting costume is worn it is of some soft woolly or linen material relieved by touches of scarlet and pale blue which rob it of severity.

In fact, the styles are severe no more. The shoes are daintily French heeled—even the white canvas and buckskin low ties worn on the yachts.

A Dainty "Creation."
Last night after an entertainment at the club we went aboard one of the yachts in the harbor and had supper. It was one of those semidressy occasions which are so trying. Half the women were in evening dress, and the other half had retained the afternoon frocks in which they had witnessed some rowing contests in the afternoon. Among the dinner dresses was the prettiest creation, which I must describe to you. It was of rose pink silk mull made up over white silk to give it a lighter shade. It was trimmed with bands of shirring and little valenciennes insertion of the same shade of

pink. The waist was made with a Dutch neck—which means that it was cut away for about three inches in a round shape—and this was bordered with three rows of shirring and a tiny lace edge. The rest of the waist was laid in two more rows of shirring about three inches apart, and the fullness was gathered into a boned belt. The skirt, which was shirred at intervals, had a wide flounce with a heading. It was cut round length and allowed glimpses of a very pretty pair of slippers and silk clad ankles.

More "Creations."

Another frock which graced the same occasion was of champagne colored chiffon voile, the neck being of the same Dutch description. Both waist and skirt were composed of tiny ruffles edged with tinted valenciennes. With this was worn a pair of champagne colored kid slippers and pink embroidered champagne colored stockings.

A third gown which belonged to the afternoon order, but which was none the less smart, was of that expensive open meshed linen which comes in such a soft, creamy tint. The entire dress was trimmed with coarse meshed linen lace. The waist, for instance, had a yoke of it with a long strip down the front and two bands coming across the upper arm and also across the body of the waist a little way. The sleeves were tucked across the puffs and had wide cuffs of the coarse linen lace, with big frills coming over the hands. The belt was of salmon pink satin, with three rosettes in the front and six more along the boned foundation in the back, where the belt fastened, by the way, with heavy cord lacing. The skirt was made with tucked fullness on the hips and three wide folds around the bottom, the distance between being filled in with bands of the coarse linen lace. With this were worn cream buckskin shoes and cream silk openwork stockings. The hat was of cream straw, having two long feathers as trimming. These



Light gown.

feathers were joined into one, and the ends were allowed to droop on the hair in the back.



A CHARMING MORNING FROCK.

This charming morning frock is fashioned from creu batiste and depends for its smartness upon the stole piece of Russian cross stitch extending from neck to hem. The necessary long shouldered effect is carried out on the bodice with strips of the same embroidery that come well down on the sleeves.

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The Shoe of the Moment.

As I have said, the shoe of the moment is, above all, dainty. When I was in town shopping the other day I stopped in at a smart shoe place near the Waldorf to leave an order for canvas shoes, and they told me that nearly all their new shoes were made on the low pump or garden shoe order, with half thin soles and French heels. There is a craze just now for the champagne colored leather, and this may be worn both with ponce and with white gowns. Next in favor come the brown shades, and never before has there been such a vogue of tan shoes. The newest shoes, however, come in suede leather or buckskin of a rich golden brown shade. When they are worn

with silk stockings of the same shade the effect is ultra smart. The proper background for such dainty footwear are a pongee gown with brown touches, a brown bow in the hair or a brown hat and, above all, a brown sunshade. And, really, these touches of brown are most becoming to young and old.

The Larchmont Matchmaker.

Pity the woes of the matchmaker in Larchmont! She is a hard time. The matchmaker is a young woman who has married well and wishes to do the good thing by some sister or friend not so well provided for in the way of the world's goods. Mamas with marriageable daughters there are a few, but for some reason or other not so many. But Larchmont is cruel to the simple white muslin girl who is unsophisticated; it has so many fascinating women, both silk clad and sophis-

cated, who own cottages and exercise the most charming hospitality, and the young girl is no match for them. Also, the male population of Larchmont is of a peculiar order. The men are either very old codgers who sit on the club verandas imbibing mint juleps and racy gossip, punctuated by more mint juleps, or else very young and "kiddified" youths who want to show how very grownup they are by imitating the older men and consequently having violent headaches the next day for their pains. They also think it smart and a sign that they are grown up to cultivate the married women.

So the poor girls have to depend on the occasional men who drift in from their yachts, which they don't do any oftener than they have to, for it's so much more fascinating out in the open. And, besides, they have their own parties of friends on board.

A Married Woman's Paradox.
Yes, indeed, the young married woman has it all her own way here. You see her making a picture dashing by in an automobile which she runs herself.

Flirting with half a dozen men.



the most picturesque of her children being perched by her side (or perhaps it is the bull pup). She also gives parties on board her yacht, or, rather, her husband's yacht, and you may be sure that all the young men angle for invitations. And at the hops you see her in the most decolette of gowns flirting with half a dozen men and smiling cheerfully at the long line of young girl wallflowers, who don't dare resent it, for she gives such nice parties, and they don't want to be left out.

And thus it is at Larchmont. Given youth, beauty and a rich husband who wants to flirt himself and therefore permits you to do so, and all things are yours, while the maiden all forlorn may sigh in vain.
KATE CLYDE.
Larchmont, N. Y.

THE BEAUTY SLEEP.

Properly indulged in, sleep may be said to be nature's beautifier, and the woman who takes care that she rests each night under the best conditions possible will have little use for cosmetics, hair dyes or cold creams. Sleep is undoubtedly the best nerve, skin and eye tonic, and without it beauty can scarcely exist.

The only position which gives the organs a complete rest is an almost perfectly horizontal one. If a woman must have her head raised a little she should choose a rather flat pillow, with no bolster. If one could sleep quietly on one's back with the arms curved above the head it would be the most perfect position of all.

THE FLOWERS OF AUGUST.

That magnificent, half hardy annual, the balsam, is at its best in August. The plants should be carefully staked and watered with liquid manure to insure fine blooms.

Fuchsias like the warmth of August, but they need moisture, too, and will blossom best if shade is given from the hot sun. Liquid manure should be given during blooming.

Two varieties of late gladiolus—the Gandavensis and Brencley—are in flower in August. They like a sandy loam.

Sweet peas may be kept blossoming for weeks still by carefully picking all the flowers and allowing no seed pods to form.

Some late varieties of roses are still in bloom. Others show buds for second bloom. All dead blossoms must be carefully removed.

August has a great show of bloom among herbaceous perennials. Snap dragon, clematis, wall flowers, hollyhocks, asters, carnations and others are all at their best.

The roots of polyanthus should be divided and replanted in good rich loam. At the beginning of August cuttings should be taken of verbena and also of heliotrope and aperiunum. They ought to be well rooted before winter. Shade the cuttings from hot sun.

Phlox cuttings may be put in any time in August.

Fancy cuttings should be taken from the center of a plant. The cuttings should be rooted in a frame, kept moist and well shaded from the sun. Violet cuttings may be treated in the same way.

Geranium cuttings, on the contrary, like a fair amount of sunshine. They are easily rooted in boxes or pots. Some sharp sand should be placed on the top soil.

Petunia cuttings may be struck in August.

MAN'S IDEAS OF WOMAN'S DRESS.

We are accustomed to pity men who are, matrimonially speaking, "caught" by scheming women, but the curious part is they are generally fairly well satisfied with their bargain, and the home circle of such a victim is probably happier in the long run than that of the strongminded husband and his patient but not uncomplaining Griselda. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will solemnly assert that "he prefers his wife to wear black to any other color," and I have known girls after marriage to condemn themselves to perpetual mourning in their apparel from the stupid belief that they are pleasing their husbands. Men do not really in their heart of hearts prefer black garments, and he probably sees and admires many other women in exquisite shades of color, but stronger than any artistic tendency in him is the instinct, which is the outcome of generations of conventional thought, that calls on him to clothe his womanhood in this sable array.

As a matter of fact, man is generally a failure when he preaches on woman's prerogative in the matter of dress. He knows next to nothing beforehand of

what will be becoming and what not, albeit he may be an excellent judge when the matter of small et cetera that so to and if the choice of her clothes were left to her husband the consequences might be disastrous to the wife's appearance.

Once a man essayed to buy his wife a bonnet for an occasion requiring slightly, though ill advisedly, accepted his treasured headgear was opened by the trusting lady under the complacent supervision of the gratified husband. It was found to contain a widow's bonnet with a flowing crape veil.

A BRONZE AND ENAMEL HAND MIRROR.

This century is certainly one of revivals, and many arts that have had their day and died have been resurrected. Enameling is one of these revivals, and artistic jewelers are rivaling each other in designing beautiful specimens of this ancient work.

The illustration shows a beautiful example which will adorn any lady's



dressing table, an exquisite bronze and enamel hand mirror in the form of a peacock with proudly spread tail. The crest is set with garnets.

Another novelty in the enamel line is a set of six small white shell boxes containing blue enamel pendants set with pearls. An August bride will be the happy possessor.

GENEROUS EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

The empress of Japan has not only promised to give at her own expense artificial eyes and limbs to wounded Japanese soldiers who may require them, but she has announced that she will extend her charity to Russian prisoners needing such aid.

Marietta Holley

Woman Humorist

ONE day a number of years ago a former schoolmate came to see me. I had not met her since we were children, and she had dropped out of my ken. She told me she was a widow with a little daughter to take care of. Outdoor life, sun or rain, was real life to her, so she earned her bread as a book agent. At present she was agent for the most truly humorous volume ever written by a woman, she said.

"Do you think a woman has any sense of humor?" I asked sarcastically.

"Just you read this book and see," answered Tonia Taylor.

The book was "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's." As I read I shouted with laughter. I impressed the philosophy of "My Opinions" on my friends till I made a nuisance of myself. After that came "Samantha at the Centennial," "Samantha at Saratoga," "Josiah Allen's Wife" and other volumes familiar to us now as our school readers. After I read "Betsy Bobbett" I never doubted that woman possesses a sense of humor. It always gave me a feeling of intense pride, too, to recall that it was an American author who had proved woman to possess an unmistakable sense of humor.

From the time I read "Betsy Bobbett" I always felt a keen desire to meet personally the lady who made us laugh—Marietta Holley. There seemed no chance then of my seeing the lady, yet I waited and always looked ahead somewhere and some time to behold Marietta Holley in the flesh.

We always get what we want if we wait long enough for it and keep looking ahead to it.

So a few days ago my opportunity came. Permission was granted me to visit Marietta Holley. It was not in her own beautiful home, however, the one she has built with her nobly earned money, but in New York, where Miss Holley was visiting. As I approached she stood in the doorway to greet me, a handsome woman in a silky gray gown trimmed with lace. Her hair is gray now, too, but abundant, and she wears it softly waved around her brows. Her profile is a fine one. Her eyes, beautiful, large and straight looking, have in them a half veiled twinkle of humor. Here is the face of a strongly individual woman with a serious moral purpose to do all the good she can, nevertheless cannot help laughing at people and things as she goes along.

But she took hold of the tendency to

laugh at people and things and harnessed it down to work out her moral purpose. That is the key to Miss Holley's literary productions. But for the moral purpose to benefit us by her writing she never would have written. To heal mankind of its folly she doses it with the laughter cure. In her heart she thinks of herself as moralist rather than humorist. She confesses that she would rather be praised for her serious poetry and fiction than for her humor. So it goes. The most successful comedian generally would rather be a tragedian.

Marietta Holley is a born writer, born humorist and moralist. The causes that chiefly appeal to her for chan-

plishment are those of women and temperance. Frances Willard said once that Miss Holley had done more than anybody else to help the temperance movement. Susan B. Anthony declares her books have done great good for the woman's cause. And once a lady said: "There's my husband, now. He won't listen to a word about woman's rights, but he'll take down Marietta Holley's books and read them through and through and laugh over them and swallow every word of their doctrine."

There is nothing better than giving useful medicine in sugar coated pills.

So soon as she learned to write Marietta Holley began composition. Her first published writing showed the trend of her mind. It was a humorous bit of blank verse about women's bonnets. She sent it to the local paper anonymously and did not tell any of the home folk. An "Uncle Luther" visiting there saw the poem and praised it highly to the Holley family, none knowing Marietta wrote it. Then the young girl was so pleased she had to tell. From that day she continued writing essays, poems, short stories and finally books.

Millions have read the doings of her Samantha. She has made more people laugh than any other American ever did, excepting only Mark Twain. No

woman humorist of any other land equals her. She told me of her first book, "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's." A publisher had expressed a desire to examine her writings.

"I sent him specimens of three kinds," said Miss Holley—"poems, serious essays—these in good English—then some humorous dialect sketches. He wrote back asking me to prepare for him a book in the dialect talk. I was bitterly disappointed. I wanted him to choose my good English."

Nevertheless she immediately shut herself up and wrote "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's." No one outside her family knew what she was about.

"I have found out it is not a good plan to say anything about a book I am writing till the book is done," says Miss Holley.

She discovered thus for herself the occult law that works through silence. Plans and forces are scattered and come to naught through being proclaimed to all the world. When the book was written it had immediately great success and was quickly republished in England. "Betsy Bobbett" was the first in a series of some of the most successful books written in America in recent times. Of these "Samantha at Saratoga" is an especial favorite.

Miss Holley has a lovely home at Pierrepont Manor, N. Y., near the spot where she was born. She herself planned the mansion and had it built to suit herself. Into her studio, where she writes, sunshine comes all day long at the bay front, like the man's revolving house. The garden and grounds are beautiful as good taste can make them.

"I always wanted to live near the water," says Miss Holley. "So I had ponds dug on my place." Thus she made the water come to her.

Miss Holley is methodical in her habits and accomplishes much work. She can write best in the morning, so rises early. By 7 o'clock she breakfasts and is often at work before 8. Before sitting down to her desk she arranges her hair carefully and makes a neat toilet. She respects her profession—has for it something of the feeling that prompted Michael Angelo to paint his great pictures upon his knees.

"I've got to be dressed. I cannot sit down to write in a kimono and sloppy slippers with my hair uncombed," says Marietta Holley.

She writes very rapidly, doing her best work "when the mood is on." She writes with a pencil the first rough draft of a story, then corrects and considers it carefully and finally dictates it to her typewriter. Several of her books were talked into a phonograph, from which the typist copied them. In stories of pathos, like "Sweet Cloely," she often cries with the people she creates, in comic scenes she laughs with them. When something she writes makes Marietta Holley herself laugh or cry she knows it will affect her readers likewise.

As I took my leave Miss Holley gave me a rose from a rare bunch of American Beauties and herself came and stood framed in the doorway with the soft light upon her strong, true, kindly face, the face of one who never smiled sweetly on a sister woman and spoke words of praise to her, then when her back was turned assailed her with poison tongue malice and ridicule. The lady, the light and the rose left with me a remembrance like the perfume of a good deed.

ELIZABETH LEE.



A NEW HAT FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

The newest and daintiest hat created this summer is a pretty little affair made of a heart shaped Japanese fan. The model illustrated is covered from a shaded pink fan after the stick has been removed. A large bow of chiffon is arranged in the back, under which hang long, wide chiffon strings that tie beneath the chin. A hatband is sewed under the fan in front and covered with loops and ends of pink satin ribbon.

POINTS AND POINTERS ABOUT WOMEN.

When two friends part they should look up one another's secrets and interchange the keys.

Dr. Emily Dunning of New York, the first woman ambulance surgeon, will complete her final term of service in the city hospitals next January. The ambulance driver who conveyed Dr. Dunning on her trips to fill hurried calls

about New York says of her, "When she's off duty she's a lady, and when she's at work she's a doctor."

Miss Beatrice Jones has been very successful indeed as a landscape gardener.

If Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's new book is true it will put most of the books on political economy into the

wastebasket. She holds that our present methods of business are upside down for the reason that we regard the pay as more important than the work.

Miss Anita Martin is accumulating a competence raising turkeys in a Texas country town.

Miss Jane Stone is an oil speculator, owning properties of considerable value in Mexico as well as in this country. We should impress ourselves with a

deep sense of the original and natural dignity of man.

The first woman to obtain the degree of doctor of jurisprudence at the University of Chicago is Miss Sophroniska T. Breckinridge, a member of the Kentucky family.

If you go camping do not build a larger fire than you need. Do not build your fires in dense masses of pine leaves and other combustible material

where the fire is sure to spread. Do not build your fire against large logs, especially rotten logs, where it requires much more work and time to put the fire out than you are willing to expend.

In Switzerland Mme. Steinbeis Bruck has been installed as head of the lunatic asylum in Murgingen. This is the first female doctor of lunacy there.

To be young, to be in the first faint flush of youth, is no longer the fashion.

The fashionable age for a successful society woman is between thirty and fifty.

Humanity is the one fact that we should realize. In it we will find free scope for all the vague aspirations which haunt the individual.

In England Lady Warwick has deep interest in horticulture and has in her efforts to increase the means of

supplying such education enlisted the support of King Edward as well as of a very large working committee. Earl Grey is also working with her.

There is a most commendable movement in London against the use of bad language in public places. The movement looks to the suppression of profane and foul language in all public places. It is time we had in America a society for the suppression of bad language.



MRS. JOHN W. TIMMONS, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS.

The Republican nominee for the vice presidency has four sons and one daughter, Adelaide, now Mrs. Timmons, a handsome brunette. Whether Mrs. Timmons will develop the intellectual force and the social gifts of her mother time will show, as she is still young, although she has already been married twice. Soon after leaving school Adelaide Fairbanks ran away and married Horace R. Allen. The match did not turn out happily, and a divorce followed in December, 1902. Adelaide Fairbanks resuming her maiden name. She did not, however, keep it long, as she was in a few months married to Ensign John W. Timmons, U. S. N. Ensign Timmons is now detailed to the battleship Kearsarge.

REFLECTIONS ON A MAN AND HIS HAT.

THE other morning I was eating my modest old maid breakfast in a restaurant. Suddenly a stout, bald, excited man ran to the row of hats upon the wall near me, clapped one after another upon his head excitedly, took it off, clapped it back upon the hook and went on, ejaculating to himself and all the world thus:

"Where's my hat? This is it; no, it ain't. Who's got my hat? I hung it somewhere when I came in, didn't I? Yes, I know I did. I had my hat on when I came in, didn't I? Yes, I know I did. Waiter, didn't I have my hat on when I came in?"

Meantime he tried his own hat on three or four times and didn't know it and finally went off wearing it, not yet quite satisfied that he had his own. Now, here was a member of the alleged superior sex who did not know his own hat when he saw it, did not even know whether he had worn it into that res-

taurant, although it is not likely the porter of the sleeping car on which he had just arrived would have allowed him to leave the coach bareheaded. The woman next to him, since the world began has a woman ever failed to recognize her own hat? And when, O goddess of history, did ever a woman go anywhere without knowing whether she had her hat on?

The man who runs the elevator has lately been amusing himself with philosophical studies in human nature. His elevator has looking glasses around its sides, and it occurred to this philosopher of the "lift" to watch who looked into the mirror most, men or women. He was as much surprised as my reader will be to find that men looked into it quite as much as women and actually posed and smirked before it more than the girls did. Women, the lift philosopher found, glanced into the reflecting surface with rather an anxious air to see if their hats were on straight, a matter of considerable importance in these days of elephantine feminine head coverings. The dear girls also wished

NOTHING WORTH BEING ANGRY OVER.

A writer says: A dear lady of my acquaintance confided to me an excellent piece of advice when I asked, "Now, tell me, how do you manage to keep so unruffled a temper?"

"Ah," she replied, "there are very few things in this world worth being angry about, so when I feel annoyance rising within me I ask myself quite judicially, 'Is this worth being angry over?' and in nine hundred and ninety cases out of a thousand my common sense answers, 'Oh, dear, no.'"

If you want your husband to love you to his life's end, if you want him to turn to you as his best friend, if you want to keep him your devoted lover, if you want to make him a thoroughly happy man, be amiable, even if it is rather an effort and does not come to you by nature.

NO CORSETS FOR JAP LADIES.

At an official ball a short while ago at Tokyo the princesses and other ladies belonging to the court were all dressed in European dancing frocks, whereas most of the aristocracy, who are usually engaged, wore the costume of their country. According to a Tokyo correspondent, the rage of Japanese ladies for European dresses is dying out, for the reason that the lift Jap ladies cannot accommodate themselves to wearing corsets, and several of the court ladies who had been laced too tightly fainted during the function.