

A MELANGE OF FASHIONS

HERE I am back in town for a fortnight. That's the way with us girls nowadays. We never can bear to be kept away from the center of fashion for any length of time. Of course, I am purchasing new gowns for the fall campaign, which is to consist of a series of parties lasting through October. Here in New York no one is at home "officially," as one girl puts it, until very late fall. It is the fashion now to pretend that you adore the country even if you don't know one tree from another, and you never set foot on the ground outside of your victoria the whole time you are there. It's a good sort of a ruse for people who have to economize and also for us of the younger set because we have golf, walking parties and hunting to keep us busy; but it isn't so amusing for some of the older women. Still they don't dare confess to exile themselves because it's the style, and in spite of being based almost to death they manage to piece out their existence by means of bridge and fancy work.

Of course when I run in town on a little shopping expedition like the present one I go incognito, quite like the European royalties. Felice accompanies me, and we don't go near the big, well-known shops. We stop instead at a quiet little hotel where the service is excellent and one can have the most delicious meals cooked to order. You'll perceive by this that I am an epicure, but I can't help it; it runs in the family.

Every morning I take a hansom and dash in and out of the shops, looking at this, buying that and in general accumulating a heap of stunning things for the purpose of dazzling the eyes of the men and, perhaps most of all, the eyes of the other girls. When the week is up, I leave town as silently as I came, and no one knows of my fitting unless I am so imprudent as to take lunch at one of the tearshops or larger hotels. Then some enthusiastic young fashion writer is almost sure to catch sight of me, and a bit like the following appears in the society column:

"Among the smart women luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria the other day was Miss Katherine Clyde, who had just run in from Newport (or wherever I may have been). Miss Clyde looked stunning in a dress of old rose linen trimmed with black and white embroidery. A noticeable point about this costume was the shortness of the skirt, which in some places failed to touch the ground, proving what I have already remarked that the long skirt for street wear is a thing of the past."

Of course, it is an old dress of mine which I cling to because it is comfortable and which has been washed so many times that it has shrunk. All my friends recognize it when they read the notice, and for the next few days I am sure to be deluged with clippings and sarcastic remarks. That sort of thing makes me furious.

But to return to questions of dress. One of the first things I bought was a snowy white felt hat. It is really beautiful to look at, and it makes you want to rub your fingers over its silky sur-

face, which is exactly what you mustn't do, of course. However, there is one comfort with these white hats. You can put them to soak in a big bowl of naphtha overnight, and, behold, in the morning they are as clean as ever. For trimming, my hat is ornamented with one of those white feather duster pompons with black tips and a broad band of black velvet around the crown. The hat would be nothing, however, if it were not for a veil of snowy white chiffon which swatches the brim. The veil is certainly the making of the hat nowadays. When the fancy takes me, I can change the entire appearance of my headgear by substituting a crimson veil for the white one.

I purchased a red Eton, and it is quite the neatest thing I have seen in that line. It is very short in the back and tapers down to a long point in front. It fastens in double-breasted fashion with two rows of gilt gilt buttons, and the narrow collar and cuffs are of dark green cloth stitched in black. With this I shall wear my black broadcloth short skirt and a black patent leather belt to match my shoes, because, of course, I never wear any but patent leather shoes with a short skirt. Neither will you if you once try them. This prejudice against patent leathers for everyday wear is fast disappearing. They do not draw if they are bought sufficiently large and on the common sense last. They are undeniably smart, they always present a neat appearance, for they require no polish, and they can stand being soaked through and through—in fact, this only serves to clean them, and it rather does them good. Shoemakers—that is, the fashionable ones—say that they have sold nine patent leathers this season where they have disposed of one tan or kid shoe.

After I had bought these things for everyday wear I made a tour of the shops in search of some smart evening gowns which could take the place of my summer muslins and not look too winterish. At each store in the import department I have one saleswoman who looks after my needs, and I always go to the same one. She understands my own particular style, and whenever the firm receives anything which accords with my taste she sends me a letter describing the costume. I received just such a letter last Wednesday, and so I made haste to see the particular dress. It was certainly stunning. The minute I looked at it I knew it was for me. Fancy a snow white silk canvas made over rose silk and trimmed with wide insertions of black chintilly. The dress was in two pieces, but the lace trimming gave the continuous princess effect which is the style just now. The underdress, or the simulated underdress, was most dainty. It was of white liberty silk folded crosswise on the waist and accented plaited on the skirt.

Have you noticed how frequently foulard is used for trimmings—I mean for those appliqued scrolls and big lozenges which are beloved by smart dressmakers? Another dress which I bought had this sort of trimming. It was a blue crepon appliqued with an irregular pattern of big lozenges of pale green and

white foulard. The edges of these lozenges were fastened to the goods by means of the narrowest black velvet ribbon twisted into a species of embroidery. Little touches like these are the making of a gown.

Before I left the shopping district I invested in some up to date hair ornaments. One of the newest things is a spray of morning glories ranging from purple through different shades of pink to the purest white. There are three small flowers and one big one in the spray, and they are plentifully spangled with rhinestone dewdrops. Roses have been worn so much that the smarter people are having recourse to other flowers. Tied garlands will be seen a great deal this fall with the red gowns which most women carry in their wardrobes this season, and yellow chrysanthemums are very stunning, only they uncurl and straighten out if you wear them on the porch in the evening, and of course you want to sit out in the moonlight when you take the pains to put a chrysanthemum in your hair. On the whole, I think the most striking flower is a huge white velvet orchid tinted with pale green and mauve. Worn in the hair of a brunette this ought to be an unqualified success.



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.
FLOWER TRIMMED HAT AND BOA.

WHEN MARRIAGE PROPOSALS SURPRISE.

Many a man when he comes to propose is taken aback on finding out that the girl has had no idea till that moment of what he has supposed he had made quite evident to her for months. It seems so extraordinary to him that she has not fathomed his meaning when he himself knew it so well.

But if a man is wise he will prepare the way before he comes to the actual proposal with various declarations of his intentions, which will serve two purposes.

How can he make his meaning plain? By showing by his manner and conduct that all his interest and his liking center round the one particular girl he has selected, and to do this he must let her see that her society is delightful to him, that her opinion is valuable, that he wants to win her liking.

If he begins to visit her house constantly and shows that his visits are meant for her, if he tries to meet her in society and devotes himself to her there, she should gather his meaning in some measure from these signs.

He may offer her little attentions of a marked nature—give her flowers and books and such small gifts as are all lovely—and he may also say things now and then which cannot fail to make her understand that she is dear to him.

If she seems displeased or indifferent, he can drop his attentions, but if she shows him that they please her he will, indeed, be a person of desponding mind if he does not hope.



Princess style of trimming.



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

LACE AND VELVET TRIMMED HAT.

WITH WINSOME WOMAN.

At the recent Paris fete held in Marie Antoinette's favorite park, Trianon, Countess Anna de Castellane, formerly Anna Gould, impersonated the beautiful and unfortunate queen. Her costume was a salmon colored silk, with wide paniers, decollete, trimmed with priceless lace. Resting upon her powdered and fluted hair was a large Marie Antoinette hat of straw trimmed with the same salmon silk and a pro-

fusion of large white and black ostrich plumes. The costume was charming, but, on the whole, ineffective, because the countless laces and ornaments and statures, prominent rather unkind remarks upon her ambitious attempt to personate the queen.

Most women have a hobby for collecting, but to make a hobby of collecting the footgear and gloves once worn by dead and gone royal personages is not

a fad to be lightly taken up, for naturally the difficulty in obtaining these articles is generally very great. Queen Margherita of Italy has, however, a large and interesting collection of royal shoes and gloves, among which are some which belonged to Queen Beatrix and to that ill-fated queen of France, Marie Antoinette.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is making a tour of the west coast of Scotland and has visited the Glasgow exhibition. For the benefit of its 15,000 employ-

WOMEN WHO LET THEMSELVES GROW OLD

DURING the summer I have visited with more or less regularity a ladies' natatorium on the edge of the sea. Women and girls go there by the hundred to swim and lave in the cool, green salt water. There is a reception room where they frequently rest or eat a biscuit before going home after their bath. I have noticed in that room—could not help seeing it, could I?—that many women of 40 cannot stoop over to button or tie their own shoes, but have some little daughter or an attendant to do it for them. These women look extremely healthy, strong enough to chop wood if they had to, yet in the prime of life, with muscles that ought to swing and thrill and expand in triumph, hardly a woman of them all could stoop down. I don't know when I have been more discouraged with middle aged woman, the lumpy, oxlike, clumsy creature of this type.

The women's daughters were limber and active; the mothers, who ought to have been yet stronger and more active, were content to slump down into decrepit, helpless old bodies at 40 to 50 years of age. Worst of all, they seemed to be quite lost to any sense of shame in the matter.

Human life is lengthening. It is quite possible that several of you who are middle aged and who are now reading this will have to live to be a hundred. Are you preparing to do it in good shape? Can you ride a bicycle two or three hours at a stretch and make a whole day's journey on it, with occasional rests? Can you walk ten miles? Can you stoop over forward without bending your knees a particle and lay the palms of your hands flat upon the floor? After you are dressed and laced up in your sideboards can you stoop over and pick up your handkerchief off the floor? Above all, can you tie or button your shoes?

Again, when you sit in a chair do you plunk yourself down like a lump of putty striking a brick, with no more ease or suppleness or lightness than that? Once more, when you rise from that chair do you lift yourself quickly and gracefully with your feet without touching your hands or elbows to the sides of the chair, or do you pry yourself up by your arms, with a grunt and a groan like a rickety old wagon starting to move?

Or do you never think anything about these matters at all? If you do not, let me call your attention to, let us say, the average of women a generation older than you are. Look at them, study them. They are the women who probably paid no more attention to keeping their bodies in active condition than do you now. There they are, decrepit, tottering, wearing hideous loose gowns and sloppy slippers, rarely leaving home, tended like babies 6 months old, with nothing of the baby's sweetness, but with their bodies in a state of repulsive senile decay. They have let themselves slump down physically and their minds have gone to pieces in proportion, for a clear, strong mind cannot manifest through a neglected body.

Well, these helpless old creatures are absolutely useless in the world. Just waiting till death collars them with his bony fingers and says, "Come along!" Honestly and truly, my lady of 40 or 50 or 60, are you willing to become like that? Do you believe it is necessary to become like that? Listen while I tell you.

Look you at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the most marvelous old young woman alive, playing perfectly the character of a boy of 16. I have seen her in "L'Alphonse," her face scarcely made up at all for the part. I have also seen her in ordinary woman's attire, and no guessing would place her much past 30. As a rule, a reporter asked her how she managed to look so young.

"Look young?" said Sarah. "I look young because I am young." Sarah will be 60 next birthday. Next to her indomitable youthful spirit and mental activity, it is her incessant physical activity that keeps her young. Fresh air and constant physical exercise are to her the bread of life.

Look you, again, at Professor Ernst Haeckel, the great biologist, 67 years old, bounding up stairs two steps at a time, now in Java exploring under the tropical sun to find remains of the fossil ape man. At college nearly 50 years ago Haeckel was one of the champion

athletes, and he has never given up his active physical sports. Now, within three years of the time when the person too lazy to exercise his or her muscles would be tottering into the grave, that splendid old boy is doing the noblest work of his life. Long may he wave! Long may she wave, too, that divine Sarah, whose best artistic service perhaps is that she shows women how not to be old.

The greatest offense to the artistic sight today on American streets is the number of heavy, sluggish looking wo-

men who walk abroad in rich and beautiful clothing, as if that, forsooth, would draw attention away from the lifeless, bowed over shoulders, the protuberant stomach, the feeble, flat footed, spineless walk of the individual herself. Rather, indeed, does it make one notice these physical defects the more. In Paris middle aged women are

not so, which shows they need not be so here. The remedy is not hard to find. My sisters, brace up, straighten up; take abundant and systematic physical exercise in fresh air. Most well to do American women of middle age get too much and exercise too little. In fashionable society, where ladies must be alive and active or drop out, women of 50 are often as lithe and graceful as their young daughters and can endure much more.

In the ordinary way of life there is no better all round exercise than housework, if it is done with the spirit and the understanding and not with the instinct of a drudge. Certain sports and pleasures may be named that will keep a woman strong and active till the last trumpet call sounds for her. Cycling, swimming and singing are some of these. One who could stamp indelibly on the feminine consciousness that no woman is ever too old to learn anything who really wants to learn would be doing all mankind a service unsurpassed. One of the best women swimmers I have seen was 70 years old.

There, too, is fencing, perhaps the



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

EARLY FALL HAT AND GOWN.

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noblest exercise of all. Bernhardt is an admirable antagonist with the foil; so is Langtry. So is almost every society woman noted for her grace and brightness. This art is well suited to women, for it requires no uncommon physical strength. It wakes up the mind, trains the eye and develops muscle and wind alike, dispelling like magic that benumbing, stiffening influence that seems to creep over mankind years advance. But neither mankind nor womanhood need give up to it.

Too lazy to work and keep it off? Very well, then. Be lazy and lumpy and stupid. Sink into early physical decay and have your sons, your sons-in-law and your daughters-in-law refer to you habitually with plying contempt as "the old woman."

ALICE W. MORTIMER.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young she never will.

It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy appear passable; not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort—not so many colors in them—and people seldom expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl.

A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her.

Her face may be pretty, her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek and her finger ends are black with ink and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up and her apron is dirty and her collar is unbuttoned and her skirt is torn she cannot be liked.

Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it your appearance will, so to speak, take care of itself.

Remnants of lace are going extraordinarily cheap at the summer sales as well as hosiery in a variety of colors. There is a certain substance about hosiery which enables one to wear it on dull, cool days as well as on hot ones.

Woman's Odd Little Ways.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

MRS. PINKINS kept a fashionable boarding house. She was lucky enough to number among her lodgers several matrimonially eligible men, Mr. Jorgens in particular. The house was very popular with young lady boarders. Mr. Jorgens was the star boarder. He was always helped first to the piece of steak next the T bone. The waiter was told to put two lumps of sugar into his cup.

Jorgens took the young ladies out for ice cream and trolley parties. He sat upon the front steps with them during hot evenings when the other men all got away. He wore a diamond ring, a lavender shirt waist and low cut patent leather shoes, and his hair curled beautifully. At the boarding house dances, which the other men hated, Jorgens was always ready to sacrifice himself. Half a dozen lady boarders were attracted to Mrs. Pinkins' mansion because he was there.

All fell at the feet of Jorgens except one, Miss Mitty, and Miss Mitty had arrived at that age when a woman cares more for bodily comforts than for beaux. Mitty, however, enjoyed a certain distinction because she had had a lover long ago, whereas few of the others had ever at any time had any lovers at all. Miss Mitty be-

stowed an occasional contemptuous sniff on the adorable Jorgens and his worshippers, but otherwise let them wigwag as they would.

Matters might have run smoothly in the Pinkins ménage to this day had not the landlady in an ill starred hour, in order to be quite up to date, installed an electric fan in her dining room. She turned it so the inspiring breeze from the propeller blades would gently ripple the star boarder's hair. The brazen buzz of the propeller blades hammered upon Miss Mitty's ears, that was all. No electric vibrations cooled her burning brow even when the boarders slipped hot soup with the thermometer in the middle. Miss Mitty felt she was being defrauded. She resolved to stand upon her rights. Each day, therefore, when she came to dinner she turned that fan so its cool waves would strike her instead of Jorgens. As regularly as she did so, even thus regularly Mrs. Pinkins sent the waiter to circulate the breeze back upon Jorgens.

The fan war ebbed and surged. It might have lasted till either the fan or the patience of the combatants wore out but for a sudden change in the attitude of the young lady boarders toward Mr. Jorgens. First they exhibited a coolness Jorgensward which was greater than that of the electric

fan. Then they stopped speaking to the star boarder, and presently they began to leave Mrs. Pinkins' house. The three Misses Prunes went to stay overnight with a friend and next day sent for their trunks and their canary bird and said they were not coming back.

The exodus continued till every young lady had left the house except Miss Mitty, and she was young only by courtesy. Mrs. Pinkins was in despair, then in a rage when she discovered—oh, fathomless perfidy of woman!—that Miss Mitty was at the bottom of her troubles. Mitty waited till she saw the house well cleared out, then she calmly folded her gowns and packed her trunks and left too. Just before the front door closed on her for the last time she faced Mrs. Pinkins, smiled a sneering, harrowing smile and hurried this parting shaft:

"Maybe you'll turn the electric fan off a lone woman and let that Jorgens have it all again! I found out he was a married man and had a wife and two children in the country, and I told on him. I let every one of the girls know it, and that's what made them leave. They are of good character, and they wouldn't stay in a house where a landlady lets a married man pass himself off for single just to draw young women boarders."

beauty and was most fortunate in escaping from the terrible fire of the Paris charity bazaar.

The oldest woman to seek her fortune by gold finding in the bleak and inhospitable region of Cape Nome is Mrs. Susan Worden, 82 years old, of San Francisco. She started out nearly 50 years ago in locating mining claims along the Pacific coast and accumulated enough of a fortune to insure her comfort in old age. The spirit of adventure, however, has never died out of

her heart, and she is ready to defy any climatic changes that she may encounter.

Of 4,018 homesteaders registered in El Reno, O. T., recently 132 were women, and a separate registration booth was established for them.

The Kaiserin of Germany, unlike her husband, has but one fad. This is for the building of churches, much of the designing of which she does herself, as she has a good knowledge of and taste for architecture.