



**Kate Clyde**  
Elucidates the Mysteries of Dress as Well as the Mysteries of Social Popularity

At a garden party I went to the other day, which by the way was given up the river on one of the old Dutch estates, there were some very pretty frocks which I want to tell you about.

The one you see in the sketch was of gray veiling with an embroidery of gray tulle applied there and there on its surface. This embroidery was in a design of oak leaves and acorns. The waist simulated a loose jacket falling over a wide belt of a darker shade of gray. Down the front were two long tabs, and the jacket effect opened enough to give a glimpse of lace caught here and there with a jabot of white tulle. The sleeves had long cuffs of mixed embroidery and lace, and the skirt, laid in clusters of three tucks,



Costume of gray.

and incidentally cultivating the acquaintance of that female potentate. If the blue-spectacled Daughters of Progress gives a snore, sure as fate you'll find her punching the score cards, and even at the dance of the Association for Providing Aged Seamen With False Teeth you're likely to run across her footing it with the youngest.

She keeps her ears open, she buys tickets wherever it is possible, and sometimes where it is apparently impossible she will pull. She has the nerve of a bull terrier and the endurance of a camel.

And yet does the camel have as hard a time of it with the needle's eye as the woman who makes her way by subscription things and afternoon teas?

**Don't Become Bland.**

The great thing in the game is not to become bland. It's pretty hard to avoid the state if one is naturally thoughtful. And, by the way, here's another thing you don't want to indulge in too much—thinking. The people who think and the people who have deals and the people who don't like to pretend they are having a good time were never meant for society. Sooner or later it gets on their nerves and they break

want the real article in emotions; we really don't. We leave that sort of feeling to the slums and to the people who just plain "live."

The pretense you see never disturbs the heart of the woman before her fast becoming memories.

To be clever is the greatest modern feminine virtue; to care the greatest fault.

But it isn't alone the women who force their sisters into that course of action; you must take into consideration his majesty the modern man.

He has changed as much as she has, and some day I think I'll leave off criticizing my own sex for once and let him hear the opinion of

KATE CLYDE.  
New York.

**Mary Garrett Hay,**  
Organizer of Women's Associations

No great church or political gathering could be better planned than an annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage association. Railroads, hotels and boarding houses give specially favorable rates, and accommodations are all ready for the fair guests when they arrive in the convention city. The mayor and leading residents welcome the ladies and do them honor. Ministers preach sermons at and about them, political orators and philanthropists make addresses at their meetings, and special excursions to points of interest are arranged for the



THE NEW HAIR NET.

To keep her tresses tidy when summer breezes blow, the up to date girl covers her low coiffure with one of the new silk nets which are beginning to make their way.



Tub Gown of Pale Green French Madras

**A TURKISH WOMAN LECTURER**

A very beautiful Turkish lady (Philip Birt) is making a tour through Europe for the purpose of improving the life of her own sex in Turkey. Strange to say, she speaks no language but her own, and her appeals to the interest of her audiences are made through an interpreter. The lady has the interest of her own countrywomen so deeply at heart that she spares no pains to make their degraded position and want of education known, and it needed some effort on her part to break through the traditions of centuries and go uninvited. The lady is accompanied by her husband, a Swede, who occupies an important post in Turkey. He goes everywhere with his beautiful wife, but a political exile, also a Turk, accompanies them as lecturer. Americans would probably be pleased to see her here.

women who come to the annual convention in a luxurious special train. After the assembly breaks up the real fun begins. There are always delightful tours of from one to three weeks, again at low rates, to be enjoyed by the fortunate woman suffragists. Two years ago they went through Colorado and Yellowstone park. This year, after being whined in flowers at New Orleans, the ladies continued their journey through Texas and Mexico, bringing up finally in California exactly at the time when it is a paradise of flowers and oranges in spring.

It is enough to make a suffragist out of any woman.

These "good times" these rare journeys and rare courtesies from railroad and hotel people at a cost very moderate, are all the result of the labors of one woman, Mary Garrett Hay, the great organizer of woman suffrage clubs and railroad secretary of the Na-

again. But it was a glorious campaign for the women nevertheless. "It was the happiest year of my life," says Mary Hay. At its close she returned to her work of organizing woman suffrage clubs throughout the Union. She has a natural bent for organizing and managing as well as for political work. She was born and spent her childhood and earliest girlhood in Indiana, across the Ohio river not far from Louisville. Her father was a physician and prominent Indiana Republican. Her mother died when she was a few years old and left her to her father. He took her with him in his carriage when he visited his patients. Many places she went with him; even sometimes when he presided at political conventions he took her and held her in his arms. If she went to sleep he laid her down somewhere to one side when he rose to address the meeting.

One of her first recollections is of sitting upon her father's knee and listening to the falling showers of political oratory; one of her first remembered mental operations is thinking that when she got older she, too would like to make political speeches, not knowing then that for a girl politics was tabooed. When at length she did find it out she began at once to work for the good time coming when women might have a voice in public affairs.

She went to school at the famous old Western Female seminary at Oxford, O. After she left school she learned to be a druggist in her father's pharmacy. But all her heart was in philanthropic labors—temperance work at first. Thence the girl reformer drifted out upon a broader current toward the progress and complete emancipation of woman. This brought her into contact with Zerelda Wallace, the beloved step-mother of Lew Wallace, whom, unknown to the subject thereof, he made the model for his type of all noble motherhood in the story of "Ben-Hur."

"Oh, the things I learned from dear Mother Wallace!" says Miss Hay.

At the age of seventeen Mary Hay decided that the Presbyterian Sunday school which she attended ought to have a woman superintendent. She went to work to bring about that end. It took her a year, but at the expiration thereof, to her was the feminine superintendent of a Presbyterian Sun-

day school! That was Mary Garrett Hay's first important achievement.

In her temperance work she learned parliamentary usage and made a careful study of it. She also became familiar with the financial management of women's organizations. The next step was that she became warmly interested in woman suffrage and began to work for that. At length she went from town to town, from city to city, organizing woman suffrage clubs.

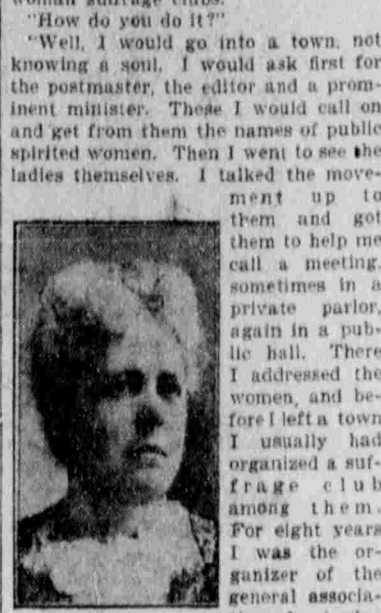
"How do you do it?"

"Well, I would go into a town, not knowing a soul, I would ask first for the postmaster, the editor and a prominent minister. These I would call on and get from them the names of public spirited women. Then I went to see the ladies themselves. I talked the movement up to them and got them to help me call a meeting, sometimes in a private parlor, again in a public hall. There I addressed the women, and before I left a town I usually had organized a suffrage club among the women. For eight years I was the organizer of the general association; for twelve years I have labored for it.

And I never was snubbed by man or woman," said Miss Hay.

She has journeyed thousands of miles, certainly a distance of twice around the globe, on her mission. She has traveled night and day, in cattle cars and by wagon, by every possible means of locomotion, arriving many a time in a place at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning.

"I never had a man act toward me otherwise than as a gentleman," she said. "I have had a station agent take his intern and escort me in the night to a hotel. No matter how rough or



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**Secondhand Troubles**

"O H, I'm worried almost out of my mind!"

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, my sister-in-law's husband is very ill; he's expected to live! If he dies, there'll be his wife and three children left without any support, and the whole family will have to bunk in on my sister's husband, and he has as much as he can do to take care of his own. What'll become of my poor sister I don't know. She and I are, both of us, nearly crazy."

"But it isn't your own personal trouble, is it?"

"No, but I'm troubled to death on my poor sister's account."

"It is not even your sister's trouble, directly. Isn't it your sister's sister-in-law's husband who is ill? He is the one who suffers."

"Yes, but it's cruel and inhuman not to worry over your relatives' troubles."

"Is it, indeed? Can you do your relatives the slightest good by fretting viciously for them? Did you ever see a man at all do any good even to those he loves best by fretting and worrying over their misfortunes?"

"No, I don't say I ever did. But I do say we'd be inhuman monsters if we didn't sympathize with our own family in their griefs."

"Sympathize with them, yes. But what's the good of making a dozen persons miserable over one individual's misfortune? Upon my word, that constitutes half the trouble of women in this life, worrying over other people. They think it shows off their womanly, sympathetic nature to advantage, when often it merely shows off a sickly sentimentalism. Now, look here:

"Troubles and misfortunes are the outward casting off of erroneous mental conditions. Physicians tell us every disease is many a time the outcome of wrong thoughts. Bad habits which result in disease certainly come from wrong thought and desire. Now, you would not put on your relatives' old, secondhand garments and hug them fondly to you and wear them, would you? Then why should you wear their troubles, especially when you cannot thereby do them a grain of good and only do yourself harm?"

"The only result of fret and worry to a woman, even over her own miseries is that she grows old and haggard and wrinkled and upsets her digestion and nervous system. As she thus injures her body, in the like ratio she upsets her mental poise and injures her very power to help herself and others. Is it worth while?"

"But there's my sister's only son going to the bad. Oughtn't she to worry over that?"

"No, a thousand times no! She has done all she could to stop him. Now let him go. In his case there seems no other way. No mother owns her children. After reaching years of accountability they are as much individuals as she is. They must live their own lives, must save their own souls. She has done her best prayerfully for them; now they belong no more to her, but to themselves. They must learn the lessons they need most from experiences of their own. She would be doing them a wrong if she sought to take their troubles on herself, even if she could. In the great round up every soul must stand for itself."

"But any woman with a speck of heart can't stop worrying."

"Don't tell me that! You can stop worrying. Any woman with a speck of brains knows that she has within her the God power to control her own emotions, every one. She knows, too, that only evil comes from fretting and anxiety. Therefore she casts this harmful thought all out of her mind and trusts to the good God to bring everything right, after she has done the best she knows. The worry habit is every whit as injurious as the tobacco or alcohol habit, and there is not a woman living who cannot break it off. Especially she can stop the unpleasant habit of putting on secondhand troubles."

JANE MOSES.

**FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.**

Miss Nightingale, the first woman army nurse, was eighty-three years old May 15. From childhood she was greatly interested in nursing matters, and later in life she was fully trained in nursing by the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. It must have meant no small effort to volunteer for the Crimea, but the sufferings of the wounded haunted her thoughts night and day. War is always terrible, but its terrors before the nursing movement were aggravated in a hundred ways. Miss Nightingale's endurance during the campaign was remarkable. Every evening it is said, she walked through six miles of wards, and to every very dangerous case she gave her personal attention. It is not surprising that the wounded men blessed even her shadow as it fell upon the wall. She reduced chaos to order and never appeared, standing on more than one occasion, for twenty-four hours. After the war, she connected a testimonial was offered to her of \$500,000, but she devoted the whole of the fund to the founding of a home for nurses. Miss Nightingale is very reserved with strangers and dislikes notoriety of any kind.

**OBJECTING TO PHOTOGRAPHS.**

It is said that Princess Louise, duchess of Argyll, has maintained for upward of twenty years her dislike of a portrait of herself being reproduced. In consequence of this veto no newspaper has been able to give any snap shots of the princess unless one is reproduced in which changes of fashion make the photograph look out of date. It is not that the princess has not been photographed fairly often, but that she will not consent to the photograph being reproduced. The result is that the really beautiful face of her royal highness is far less known than the faces of any other members of the royal family.

**SUMMER DRESS PATTERNS.**

Wool delaines, veiling and French chaises are prominent this season. The plain sheer surface is figured with natural colored floral effects or with small, self-colored spots, and some of the patterns have a white silk or satin stripe on a smooth, delicate surface, both stripe and plain portion thickly sprinkled with small black dots or tiny flowers.

to their friends' the separation of their daughter from her husband. This is a new wrinkle.

Miss E. A. Hardy is treasurer of the Grand Opera House, Boston.

Don't be afraid of sunshine and fresh air and deep breathing. They offer you bloom and color.

Mme. Garnier, a French woman, has patented an apparatus for sardine flashing.

was ornamented around the bottom with the tulle embroidery.

By the way, I notice that all the prevailing styles are very loose. In fact, the only parts of the costume which seem to be fitted are the belt, the tops of the sleeves and the hips.

Nothing ruins a dress more than having it fit snugly.

By far the smartest hat of the season—and you see it in the same picture—is of burnt straw, rather coarse in texture and trimmed with fluffy black ostrich tips.

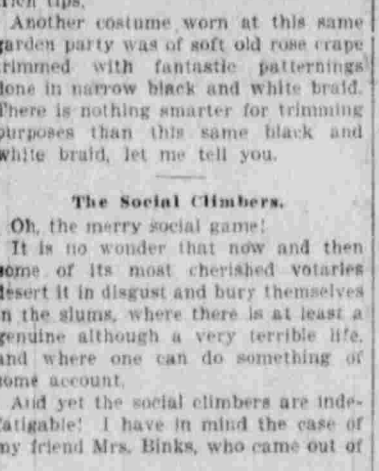
Another costume worn at this same garden party was of soft old rose crape trimmed with fantastic patternings done in narrow black and white braid. There is nothing smarter for trimming purposes than this same black and white braid, let me tell you.

**The Social Climbers.**

Oh, the merry social game! It is no wonder that now and then some of its most cherished votaries desert it in disgust and bury themselves in the slums, where there is at least a genuine although a very terrible life, and where one can do something of some account.

And yet the social climbers are indefatigable! I have in mind the case of my friend Mrs. Blinks, who came out of

The worldly-wise old bachelors.



goodness knows where a little less than a year ago and landed in this town absolutely friendless. At the present moment she hasn't an evening she can call her own. How does she do it? Oh, of course not with invitations from the Four Hundred; but you'll find her wherever she can push in. If the High-society church gives a sociable, lo and behold, she is in the corner cutting cake or selling toys in the booth next to that occupied by Mrs. Highmonkeymink.

**FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.**

In France Mme. Schwab has lately perfected a cat cable, while Mme. Rauly has designed a tack to be used by upholsters, with ornamental head of celluloid.

Mrs. Olaf Lee has returned to her home in Fort Worth, Tex., from the Klondike, where she went in 1898, and she is said to have brought with her

down and have mental malaria. In other words, they become bland.

That's a pretty bad state to be in, let me tell you.

You wander through a maze of teas and thingamajigs and you look at the people and you yawn one perpetual internal yawn—same men, same women, same things to eat, same things to say, same smiles even, that were used the season before. You might talk, of course, but what's the use! Let the other people do that. Now and then, just to let them know you are there, you pick up some thread of conversation and twist it in a few words the way it was not meant to go—just for pure contrivance. You frighten the debutantes and the nice little boys, while as for the plump matrons who don't understand you, they feel vaguely uncomfortable, and only the worldly-wise old bachelors look up at you with a gleam of fellow feeling—that is, if they are not too busy eating truffles or sampling champagne or trying to interest an heiress or indulging in any other strenuous occupation.

**Popularity's Sign Manual.**

No! If a desire to please your fellow beings is actuating you, if you ache to be popular, take as your emblem the sparrow or any other small brained cheerful little creature capable of making a great deal of noise, and for your motto, "Just a little."

Just a little graciousness, just a little smile, just a little love, just a little hate, just a little enthusiasm, just a little jolly—but as you value your peace, not a great deal of anything!

That's where now and then, a venturesome girl too full of life makes a mistake. She allows herself to have real whole feelings instead of three-eighths of feelings. She loves with her whole heart and she hates with her whole heart; she admires with her whole heart and she is bored with her whole heart.

When such a girl falls to the lot of a chaperone, the unfortunate woman is horror-stricken and, in the interests of her ward, does all she can to change her. Well, she knows the failures and the disasters in store for that girl!

Phantasies!

We are all very civilized and cultured and a lot of other things and we don't

the New York City Federated Clubs. Mary Garrett Hay is the business manager of the Clubwoman. If it be her wish to be published in New York.

The two daughters of Alma-Tadema, the artist, are themselves already distinguished—one, Miss Alma-Tadema, as an artist; the other, Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema, as an author.

Some time ago Mrs. Sarah F. Dick, cashier of a national bank at Hunting-

ton, Ind., retired after thirty years' service.

The ladies of an Indiana town wanted public improvements. The men would do nothing. Then the women at last took hold of the matter themselves and cleaned up the whole town, cut down the weeds and built over a mile of sidewalk. Brave women!

Crown effects in wall papers are confined to floral patterns. They come in

known to the trade as crown hangings. It means that the border is so designed that the pattern of the side wall is appropriately finished, apparently without a break at the top.

Don't bathe in hard water. Soften it with a little borax or oatmeal.

A young married couple agreed to disagree, and the lady went home to mother. The brides' parents issued a printed card "respectfully announcing

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