

# MODES OF THE MOMENT

## AS SEEN BY KATE CLYDE

THE dear old town is awake again. There are any number of dances and entertainments going on. People are anxious to pay back whatever social obligations they may have incurred before Lent. They must hurry, too, because May marks the beginning of the fashionable exodus. Aunt Sophronia has come back from Lakewood and her example is being followed by nearly all the fashionable colony. Lakewood soon ceases to be attractive after Easter. It becomes entirely too warm, for one thing. My aunt says she will give a farewell dinner before she closes her town house, and from what I gather it promises to be something quite out of the ordinary. She leaves for London some time early in May and later will go to either Newport or to the other side. For my part, I shouldn't care to go to Paris this year. It's bound to be deadly dull after the wild hurrah of last summer's exposition.

Yesterday the late mail brought me a note bearing Peggy Clement's well known signature. She has just come back from the south, where she has had the loveliest time imaginable. Peggy is my dearest chum, and I was so anxious to see her that I called at an unearthly hour and was told that she was still in bed. However, I was not to be put off, and so I ran up stairs past the astonished servant (he is a new man) and knocked at Peggy's door. The dear girl received me with open arms. She was sitting up in bed drinking a big bowl of chocolate, and she looked the picture of health. She is as brown as a berry, which comes of fairly living out of doors. After she had finished her chocolate she thrust a novel into my hands and disappeared through the portieres into her little dressing room.

After about half an hour I heard a giggle, and, looking up, I saw what I at first took to be a boy of 17. Another giggle, however, convinced me that it was Peggy. But in what a costume! She had on a soft felt hat and riding boots and breeches just like a man. As a concession to propriety, a loose tan

coat covered her almost down to the knees. She wore a stand up collar, with a red ascot, and in one hand she waved a slender riding crop. Seeing my astonishment, she stepped forward with little mannish strides and, bending in the most approved masculine manner, kissed me. She says I blushed, but I don't believe I did anything of the sort. As if I— But, there, I think I'd better not say any more.

"That's my hunting costume," said Peggy. "We all wore things like this down south and rode astride. I tell you what, it was just fun!" She added that she didn't want to ride sidesaddle any more, and I can't blame her. It must be glorious to feel that you have control of your horse. I always have a helpless feeling when I am on Roland. Then, too, when I ride a long distance I get such a backache! Oh, I hope we'll all come to riding in the sensible way, don't you?

Peggy told me all her experiences while she was away. How we laughed! Of course, when I say experiences you know what I mean. Peggy actually had three proposals of marriage. Two of them she did not regard seriously, but the third— Well, you see, Peggy is undecided about the third because he's 40, and Peggy has just reached 20. "He's awfully rich," she sighed, "but he's bald. And, oh, it's pretty hard to be tied to a man twice as old as you are!"

When I reached home, I found Aunt Sophronia taking lunch with mamma, so I asked her what she would do in Peggy's place. Aunt Sophronia elevated her eyebrows. "The man of 40," she quoted. "Well, my dear, of course, he's a puzzling proposition because he's likely to be set in his habits. But then you know the time worn adage, 'Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave,' and perhaps with a little show of wifely submission Peggy will be able to have just about her way."

"Kitty," continued my aunt, "I wish you would do me a favor. I have an appointment with Fairbank, the shirt waist man, and I shall be bored to death if you don't come and talk to me while I am there." Now there is nothing I like better than going around with Aunt Sophronia. My aunt is one of the best dressed women in New York, and her shirt waists fit to perfection. She had given her order for a dozen, and while they were being fitted I noticed every little detail. I learned the secret of her beautifully fitted backs. She has hardly any fullness at all in the waist line; only two little tucks instead of the four usually seen. This is just enough to give a cute little pucker, but not enough to allow the waist to bunch up in the back after the usual fashion.

By the way, have you noticed how snugly the waists fit this year? Unless I am very much mistaken, a great many of them will have to be thrown away after the first washing. You see, some are made with the perfectly smooth, tucked fronts like silk waists, and, of course, that is a style which simply won't allow for shrinking.

Six of my aunt's waists are white. Of these two are made of cream colored silk, with Valenciennes insertion; one of embroidered pique, and three of fine tulle and hemstitched lawn. The other six waists are colored. One has a Roman stripe of red and pale yellow, another has narrow stripes of black, lavender and pale green. There is a perfect gem of a waist in Persian design and a crushed strawberry mercedized linen embroidered in ecru. Then there is a blouse of openwork mauve batiste, and the dearest waist of all is made of cream chevot with a Persian border in deep red and blue. The border forms the cuffs, the band down the front, and a banded effect goes across the top of the sleeve. To wear with these Aunt has ordered some blue stocks, with silk and linen ties to match. These are of her handiwork and have very full, pointed ends.

White waists are worn more than ever, so the man told me. Pink is the only color which is comparatively rare in shirt waists. That is easily explained by the presence of red on a great many of the tailor made hats. It is considered the smart thing nowadays to have a touch of red somewhere in your morning costume. Aunt Sophronia selected a few belts, and these were models of simplicity, merely stitched bits of panne or taffeta crossing over in the front. Just for a change, however, she bought one of those position belts which are becoming quite popular. Hers is black and silver and forms a loop above the waist line. I notice that position effects are coming in rapidly, even in evening gowns, more's the pity.

After we left the shirtmaker's place Aunt Sophronia stopped at an embroidery store and ordered a cushion for her bull terrier. It is to be worked in a jewel design, with the dog's name. Frigate, appliqued in ribbon embroidery.

Speaking of cushions, what do you suppose I found Daisy Van Twiller doing the other day? Making a forget-me-not cushion, and in the center of all those lovely blossoms she had embroidered the following cynical warning:



One of those position belts.



"That's my hunting costume."

### FORGET ME!

Decidedly she must have been "disappointed in love," as Mary E. Wilkins says.

*Kate Clyde*

New York.

**MOORISH IDEAL OF BEAUTY.**  
According to our way of thinking, the Moorish ideal of female loveliness is very quaint. A Moor admires a woman

## WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPE.

MRS. BOBBY is a lady of the old school and prides herself on the fact. Her husband is Mr. Silas Bobbsey, whom the neighbors call Uncle Sils for a pet name. They pronounce the "Sile" with a lingering, melancholy drawl. Mr. Bobbsey weighs 120 pounds. His wife weighs 130.

Mrs. Bobbsey's conservatism takes especially the line of opposition to the American new woman. She sets her face against the heresy of woman's rights notions. When it was proposed to educate the minister's daughter as a physician so she might be sent to China as a medical missionary, Mrs. Bobbsey raised her voice—it is a baritone—in opposition. Had the proposition been made in regard to the minister's son she would have organized a strawberry and ice cream festival to raise funds.

Mrs. Bobbsey spent two days calling on the church ladies to talk down the medical missionary scheme. At every house she said:

"Women should stay at home and keep quiet."

At her front gate one day she encountered Mrs. Minxey and Mrs. Bixey, who were talking up the project she opposed. Mrs. Bobbsey assailed them valiantly.

"It's against nature," she exclaimed, "this trying to set women up as the equals of men! They haven't the brains to take the higher education. I won't have none of your women doctors around me. If I'm ill, I want a man, who knows something. If you educate women, it'll make them think they know as much as the men. They will try to boss the men, which they haven't the head for. Woman is the weaker vessel. Now, you mind what I say. The man is the head of the woman. He is the one to have control, and woman must obey. That's the way it was meant to be, and a woman who don't obey her husband is flying in the face of nature and revelation, I say."

At that moment Uncle Sils, Mrs. Bobbsey's husband, approached the front gate where the ladies were. The little man looked deprecating and "meekish."

"Silas," said his wife in her baritone voice, and there was not the least suggestion of a melancholy drawl in it—"Silas, go round by the side gate."

I won't have you coming in over my front steps to your dusty shoes!"

Mr. Bobbsey obeyed meekly, as was fitting. His wife hurried after him, saying to the ladies:

"I must go and see if he brought me home that pair of needles—sharp, No. 9—I told him to get. He's so stupid he don't remember things half the time. And I wonder if he sold the potatoes as I told him to. I must get the money from him. He never can keep any money himself. He ain't like other men—ain't got any head on him any more than a child about some things. I have to boss him and manage and tell him what to do about every little thing or he would break us up in a month. He has to have a controlling mind over him."

As they walked away from Mrs. Bobbsey's front gate Mrs. Bixey said to Mrs. Minxey:

"Yes; that's how it is. Jane Bobbsey is opposed to woman's rights, but I've noticed she always manages to get all the rights she herself wants. These wives who preach to other women to obey husbands know how to boss their own husbands systematically."

with a greasy skin, teeth which project beyond the lips, nails an inch long and so corpulent a figure that two persons, putting their arms round her waist, could scarcely touch each other's fingers. A woman who aspires to beauty needs a slave to support her under each arm as she walks, and a perfect belle carries enough weight to load a camel.

### FRUIT FOR BEAUTY.

Fruit is an excellent complexion beautifier, but instead of eating it at the end of a heavy meal you should eat it first thing in the morning—begin your breakfast with it, in fact. Oranges are excellent for purifying the blood, and if people could be persuaded to eat fruit instead of cakes and pastry they would soon see an improvement in their complexions.

nerves a-quiver. She has more self-possession now.

From city to city the girl-woman went, repeating Richard A. Proctor's talks to the people. At the same time she studied and star gazed as she found time, bringing in her chosen science, as she gained knowledge and self-confidence she began to write and teach on her own account. She prepared a child's book on astronomy called "Stories of Starland," and "Stories of Starland" has sold by the thousands of copies among school children in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and elsewhere. Miss Proctor has been a number of years on the staff of lecturers in the public school course of New York city.

At present she is making a textbook on astronomy for high schools. She is

rest of her life in token of gratitude to her for saving a passenger train that was rushing to destruction in the Island City coal mining district. Mrs. White discovered that the ground underneath the tracks had been undermined, and she flagged the train with a red tablecloth.

Victor Hugo's eldest daughter, Mlle. Adele Hugo, is now nearly 77 years of age. She was engaged to be married to an English officer who died in India.

On learning of her loss her mind became affected, and she is still ignorant of her father's death. The two other heirs of the poet are his grandson and granddaughter, M. Georges Hugo and Mlle. Jean Charcot, who married the son of a well known neurologist.

The memoirs of the late Duke of Argyll will probably be published next winter, edited by the dowager duchess, to whom all her husband's papers were bequeathed. The duke had been writing his memoirs for several years before his death, and he left the work nearly finished and careful directions and ample materials for its completion. Mrs. Langtry will have in her London theater special boxes for people in mourning who want to see without being seen.

"Quand meme" is Sarah Bernhardt's motto. Its meaning is "even though" or "although," but the spirit of the expression is "in spite of all."



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

### UP TO DATE PARISIAN RIDING HABIT.

### WOMEN OF THE HOUR.

Ballie Crutchfield, a colored woman living near Rome, Smith county, Tenn., was killed the other night by a mob that took her from her cabin, carried her to a bridge, where she was bound, hot to death and thrown into the creek. The woman was suspected of having owned and failed to return a lost purse containing \$120.

Mrs. Mary E. Ridenbaugh has been

appointed by Governor Hunt as one of the five regents of the State university at Moscow, Ida. Her term is for six years.

Mrs. J. C. Wrenshall, president of the Woman's Literary club of Baltimore, has undertaken to make a complete collection of the works of Maryland authors.

Mrs. Hetty Green's daily life is more

like that of a manual laborer than of a merchant prince. She rises early in her cheap little flat in Hoboken, N. J., spends a few minutes upon a light breakfast and hurries to the ferry. She is almost the first person to arrive at her office in the Chemical bank on Broadway, New York. Here she labors until after dark.

Paquin, the dressmaker, was recently condemned to pay \$100 damages to an American customer, Miss Fanny Lloyd,

who complained that she had incurred a considerable loss of time trying on a dress nine times without obtaining a proper fit.

One of the priceless treasures of Craig-y-Nos in the esteem of Mrs. Fatti is an old doll that she calls Henriette which was given to her when she was 7 years old.

Mrs. Frank White of Linton, Ind., has been presented with a pass over the Southern Indiana railroad good for the

rest of her life in token of gratitude to her for saving a passenger train that was rushing to destruction in the Island City coal mining district. Mrs. White discovered that the ground underneath the tracks had been undermined, and she flagged the train with a red tablecloth.

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### EMBROIDERED EMPIRE EVENING GOWN.

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in the dance, when simply a graceful figure is required. If you would bow gracefully, always remember that the more grace you put into it. The most graceful woman inclines her body from the waist, though a perfectly natural and artistic greeting or acknowledgment may be given by a simple movement of the head only.

It is an indignity for one to finish the bow before the person for whom it is tendered has fully passed, and when raising the head after the recognition it should assume another curve than the one on which it inclined.

Men's bows are too often given with one joint instead of more, and then there is the additional bother of the hat, about which volumes might be written.

The well bred man will lift his hat with the left hand and incline his body slightly forward, his arm extended at a right angle with his head. Any manner of exaggeration, either in the forward sweep of the body or the motion of the hat, is extremely bad form and stamps a man as being either ill bred or a fool.

If one notices one's friends or oneself even, it is quite apparent that when overanxious to make a good impression or to gain favor in another's eyes it is the most natural thing to throw an unusual amount of deference into one's bow, and the same way when occasion comes that makes it necessary to acknowledge the salutation of the person toward whom one has a particular aversion it is quite impossible to keep the feeling of disdain from cropping to the fore.

There is a world of meaning in a bow—courtesy, deference, admiration, devotion, and any number of emotions may be expressed with scarcely a hair's breadth of difference in the head's inclination. To bow stiffly merely expresses recognition; a forward sweep of the head is courteous, while affection is shown by the head being inclined on the side next one, and a tilt in the opposite direction may be understood to intimate admiration.

Bows are very interesting indeed, and when made gracefully indicate delicate refinement and often nobility of person. Notice the awkward courtesy of the uncultured man and the finished inclination of the gentleman. Nothing could be more dissimilar. It is nicer to judge a man by his bow than his linen.

To mean anything a courtesy should always begin at the head—never at the feet. In fact, such a thing is only allowable

# MISS MARY PROCTOR

## THE ASTRONOMER

IT MAY be said of Mary Proctor, the daughter of Richard A. Proctor, that she was born to astronomy, and that she achieved it and that she had it thrust upon her. In childhood the dark eyed, quiet little girl with the large head played about her father's study and absorbed star

also writing two new lectures. One is entitled "Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century," a summing up of the advancement in star science during the century just closed. Her other lecture is "Woman in Astronomy." A noble future seems opening for the feminine sex in this science. Of the eight new



Photos by Reutlinger, Paris.

### TWO CHIC SPRING PARASOLS FROM PARIS.

# ASTROLOGY

## Were You Born Under Taurus?

ASTROLOGICALLY considered, the constellations Taurus, Virgo and Capricorn govern the three earth signs. Persons born while an earth constellation reigns are declared to be more fixed in their habits and opinions than individuals belonging to the more changeable air and fire signs.

Taurus is at the head of what is called the earth triptych. He rules from April 19 till May 20. Eleanor Kirk says that Taurus women are apt to be "hy-perbolic in domestic matters" and that Taurus men are hard to cook for.

Taurus people are usually cool tempered, unless something stirs them powerfully the wrong way. Then those who have not learned to control themselves give way to furious bursts of temper, tossing things as the bull tosses objects upon his horns. But the Taurus woman who has learned to control herself will find that this deep, forceful nature gives her added power of achievement and of influencing her children and others for good. Taurus persons have naturally strong appetites and passions and should avoid intoxicants and too much meat.

Taurus rules the neck. Those born "on the cusp" between Taurus and Aries, the preceding head sign—that is, between April 19 and 25—are often highly gifted persons of very strong character.

Taurus people are apt to be of powerful build physically, with somewhat short necks, broad shoulders and the large nostrils that proclaim splendid lung power. They enjoy good eating, luxurious living and the externals which indicate worldly prosperity. They are apt to think too much of these things and too little of the finer, spiritual qualities of human nature, which they should especially cultivate. They frequently deride the intuitions and visions of others as superstitions, and at the same time they themselves need most to develop their own spiritual qualities and intuitions in order to bring out their highest, greatest power.

Marriages between Taurus people and those born under the sister earth sign of Capricorn—Dec. 22 to Jan. 20—and the union of Taurus and Libra individuals—Libra being an air sign and ruling from Sept. 23 to Oct. 23—are said to be the happiest and productive of the best results.

CLARA BRANSCOMBE.

### A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

It is certainly not according to strict etiquette to open the door even for one's intimate friend when the establishment is such that there is a servant. There is very good reason for this apparently foolish formality. It may be that the visitor, no matter how intimate he or she may be, has only stopped to leave a message and has not intended to come in, or it may be you were mistaken in thinking you knew the person who was entering the house, and it may be some one you do not care to see. So that the few moments delay of having a servant answer the bell is not of any consequence compared to preventing what might be an awkward meeting.

### VERY SUCCESSFUL.

The other day a lady, after making a purchase in a store, absently walked away with another customer's umbrella. The customer hurried after her, and the lady, with apologies, returned the umbrella.

This reminded her that she wanted new umbrellas for herself and two daughters. After buying them she entered a train and, on sitting down, found herself opposite the owner of the first umbrella. The latter stared at the three new umbrellas and then, with the nicest of smiles, leaned forward and said:

"I see you've had a successful morning."