

BUSINESS WOMEN AND LOVE

FASHION CHAT

"WHY is it that business women hardly ever succeed in love?" Barbara whispered as we watched Katherine Malcolm and Frank Strong.

"Lucky in business, unlucky in love," I quoted.

"But," she exclaimed impatiently, "you have it all wrong. It's lucky at cards, unlucky at love, and, anyway, those stupid old proverbs don't count. There's always a good and sufficient reason for everything, and I can't imagine what it is in her case. She isn't mannish, her hair is nice and fluffy and so are her clothes. In a word, she's really pretty and attractive."



A gray broadcloth suit.

No one in the world could guess from looking at her that she holds the important position she does, and yet, Kit, she's just two good chances this summer, and, you mark my words, she'll lose this one."

I helped myself to another chocolate. "Don't ask me the whereabouts," I answered languidly. "As for myself, I'm always spontaneous when there's a man in the question."

"Do you know," Barbara interrupted, "I think that's the secret of your success and of her failure? The trouble with Katherine is that she carries the same methods which have made her successful in business into love-making, and they simply won't work, you know. A man likes woman to be elusive and indefinite and sort of undecided, and how on earth can she be that when her well trained mind is accustomed to just the contrary? When Katherine is first introduced to a man, she sizes him up somewhat after the following fashion: Hair, eyes, complexion, good. Mustache objectionable, but I can make him shave it. Good disposition, which means that I can have my way. Intelligence within the average limits. Well, I'll supply the brains in the family. Income a little above that which I had fixed in my own mind. Yes, I think I'll try to get him, and if he proves interesting enough I'll let myself fall in love. It's rather a nice sensation, and I haven't had much time for romance since I've entered into business. With everything prearranged and cut and dried in her own mind, can you wonder that in spite of herself she businesslike gleam of the office comes into her eye every now and then when she talks to him; that when she plans all her conversations beforehand and takes the lead in order to insure their success there isn't much left for him to do but to play a secondary part, and that never was the way with any decent man? Then, too, foolishness and dillydallying bore her, and, on the contrary, foolishness, dillydallying and uncertainty are the food upon which he thrives. He doesn't know what he wants. He is restless and what he wants, and it takes a girl

who is even more of a will-o'-the-wisp than he is to make him serious and bring him to the point."

"Listen to the bride expounding wisdom!" laughed Maise Bender, as, with her arm around her intimate friend, she joined us. "But, Mrs. Barbara, do you know what you are saying simply amounts to this: That to capture a man you must be sillier than he is?"

Barbara gave us a quizzical little look as she moved away to minister to the wants of another of her guests. "Well, at any rate, you don't want to be wiser," she called back over her shoulder.

Maise turned to me. "I'm sure I can't imagine how, with all her brains, she ever managed to make herself more stupid than Jack," she murmured, following with her eyes our host, who was uttering inane remarks, as usual.

"Pshaw!" murmured Maise's friend, whom I perceived to be a young person of much discernment. "She didn't have to stay that way once she'd married him, and what girl wouldn't be willing to let her brains run to seed just for a month or two for the sake of a mint of money and a big place where one can give house parties like this?"

Of course, I disagreed with her. Still, just by accident, that afternoon I happened to catch myself smiling at Jack's bachelor brother Phil. They're as alike as two peas, every one says, both as regards mental equipment and income. You should see some of the gowns in Barbara's trousseau. They are dramatic embodying the very latest Parisian ideas. Then, too, they are gowns that couldn't be worn by everybody. That's the beauty of being so horribly rich. You can afford to have a touch of the artistic and the eccentric in your wardrobe, whereas if you are only comfortable you have to cling closely to the conventional. But I am losing the thread of the story.

Nearly every one of Barbara's gowns has a draped effect brought in somehow or other, and this not only on her housebut on her street gowns. She has the dearest little gray broadcloth suit trimmed with applications of gray Persian embroidery crepe de chine, and right around the shoulders there is a draped effect of the same crepe de chine fastening on each side of the bust with a loose knot and long ends reaching to the bottom of the skirt. The fichu is finished with a border of fringe, and anything quainter and more dainty it would be hard to find. Only, of course, it needs Barbara to wear it.

Another dress she uses a great deal for driving and for informal calls. It is made of dark blue etamine over a lining of dull red silk. The waist is laid in horizontal tucks, and the full bishop puffs are tucked lengthwise with tight undersleeves of blue and white polka dotted foulard. The deep bolero yoke



A dress for driving.



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

A MODIFICATION OF THE GAINSBOROUGH HAT.

is also of the foulard outlined by an applique of black guipure lace. The belt is of the guipure. The skirt, however, is the oddest part of the costume. It is laid in plaits and stitched down to the knees, whence it flares beautifully. The bottom is outlined with a broad band of the foulard edged with the guipure. Half way down the skirt there is an applique, as it were, a full scarf of the foulard edged with the guipure. And the whole thing gives the effect of a sash. Odd, isn't it?

Several of the girls staying here are expert automobilists, and their coats are well worth describing. Only I haven't the space. The principal things about them, however, are their increased fullness and the heavily plaited and tucked effects which they share in common with all the new coats this fall. The horsey girls have a new fad, and Mabel Wright this morning exemplified it when she strode down the piazza steps to mount her horse. As she held up her long riding skirt we all noticed the huge squares of patent leather with which it was decorated on the saddle side. These were stitched on exactly after the manner of patches. "Oh, how ugly!" What on earth did you have that done to your skirt for, Mabel?" I exclaimed.

She turned on me a look of deep scorn. "It's the swell thing on the other side," she replied, as if that were an unanswerable argument. And so it was.

Yesterday I went out driving in Barbara's high black and red cart with Bob, the fast trotter, in the shafts. It was in the morning, and I went alone because I felt like it and—oh, well, because I want to race Bob, and I do hate to have people make remarks, afterward about how fast a lady should drive. So Bob and I bowed along at a terrific rate, and I began to feel so fine that I thought I would make an informal call on the Lydgates. Just as I was within a mile of their place Bob rushed the cart down the hill at something more than the orthodox pace—in fact, he gave me a tremendous jerk, and I felt something at the base of my collar crack, give way and fall into the road. My dear friends, it was my collar button. If you have ever been in a similar predicament, you will know that immediately my collar separated my tie came up under my chin and my shirt waist fell apart. To go to the Lydgates in that condition was out of the question, yet I would not turn back. First I had none, and there was no store around for miles. At this juncture I caught sight of a farmer leaning against a stone wall and peacefully chewing a wisp of straw. Something glistened in his collarless neckband, and a daring idea seized me. Pointing to my disordered neckwear with as dramatic a gesture as I could summon, I called out, "Will you sell me your collar button, please?"

He traversed the road immediately, and signs of inward conflict could be seen plainly on his face. "Waah, I ain't got no other, an' I don't know as I'm a-banker'n' to," he drawled.

In desperation, I held up a silver half dollar. The temptation to strike a bargain was too much for him. His own collar button had probably cost him five cents. He handed it to me with the utmost care and departed, clutching his shirt bosom.

I do believe he would have sold me his very soul if I had offered him equal advantageous terms.

He handed it to me with the utmost care.

Y. K. Clyde

Lenox.

ASTROLOGY.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE LIBRA SUBJECT.

If you were born within the month from Sept. 23 to Oct. 23, you are ruled by the constellation of Libra, which is an air sign. Libra, the scales, governs the region of the kidneys in the human organization, the reins which the ancients said were the seat of the affections. Here the deeper emotions, desires and faculties of the human soul were believed to be weighed in the balance and found wanting or otherwise, as the case might be.

The Libra person who has not learned self control may be represented by a pair of scales in a perpetual state of oscillation. He bobs up and down in a quiver, now in the highest state of exaltation, now in the deepest despair, and of which, however, he fortunately quickly arises. Libra subjects are the most fascinating, versatile, mercurial and inconstant of all the twelve. They are so brilliant naturally that a dull or stupid Libra born person is seldom found, yet they too often lack the steady application to make their genius available. They are fatally impressionable, taking on the thoughts and feelings of others involuntarily.

Natural musicians, clairvoyants, gamblers, plunders, followers of the races and stock speculators are born under this sign. As speculators they are very successful because of their nerve, quick perceptions and love of the game. Healthy Libra people are very pleasant to live with when they do not reflect the unpleasant thoughts and feelings of others, which they often do unconsciously. They are merry, sunny and witty at their best and often extremely handsome. Yet in spite of all their fine capabilities and qualities they are often most unfortunate in money and love matters on account of their disposition to leap before they look. They suffer much, too, through letting themselves be persuaded into measures against their own judgment. This is particularly true of Libra women, who are among the most common victims of matrimonial mistakes.

Libra people have the most decided mechanical ability of any. They are able to jump in and do a work before the slower earth sign person has figured out how to begin it. These brilliant people should learn to take their own head for things, follow out their own intuitions and not be influenced by others. In turn, also, they should particularly mind their own business and not meddle with that of others. They should force themselves to be strictly truthful and orderly. They may marry with the expectation of happiness a person born under their own sign, under that of the fire sign, Sagittarius, Nov. 23 to Dec. 21, or an Aquarius individual, birthday from Jan. 20 to Feb. 19. Eleanor Kirk especially cautions the Libra subject against marrying a person born under Pisces, the water sign, which dominates from Feb. 19 to March 21. Venus is the Libra planet.

CLARA BRANSFORD.

USEFUL FETE GOWN.

Any girl who needs a garden party dress which may be cut low and worn out in the evening during the winter, can scarcely do better than invest in a frock of eared tulle net, either plain or spotted.

The skirt might be tucked and striped with lace insertion and the bodice made likewise and finished off with a fichu drape.

A belt of gold galleon makes a pretty finish to the gown together with a chain of gold and crystal beads and a white striped silk parasol with gold ribs.

A marquise hat of pale ecru straw with bow of gold galleon and wreath of large marigolds would go very well with this dress.

THOUGH slavery is abolished among civilized nations, the idea of ownership in human beings has been by no means abandoned. It lives and works today in the breasts of those who are joined in the holy estate of matrimony. The old saying that your soul is your own should be amended by the addendum, "unless you are married." It is deemed one of the privileges of wedlock that each half of the unit may habitually sneer at, sit down upon and spray ice water shower baths upon the other half's dearest aspirations and fondest ambitions. This, however, is not the fault of wedlock per se. It is the fault of the people whom it ties together—ties apart, perhaps, would be better. For these same folks before marriage were as one in sympathy with each other's aims and talent. It is as if they laid a hand each upon the other's shoulder and said: "I own this man (or this woman). He (or she) shall do as I say."

A model domestic man may bend over the grindstone eleven months and a half. He is at home every night, his wife talks when he wants to think, she drags him out to a mild social festivity when he wants to go to bed or the children clamor over him when he would like to sit and play solitaire to let his wrought up brain down easy. He has not murmured, but, like a good, obedient husband and father, has submitted gracefully. He does this fifty weeks in the year. The other two weeks constitute his vacation, when he is supposed to get rest and change. He would like to go off in a jolly little star party, as was his ward's matrimony claimed him. He would like to go fishing, camping in the woods or to any place where the wild man in him awakens and is glad.

But, no. "You shan't go unless you take me and the children along!" says madam, and the model domestic man submits to destiny.

Often a married partner absolutely stunts the whole life of the other half, leaving an intellectual or artistic dwarf or cripple where a being half divine might otherwise have ennobled the world. Wives are often dwarfed in this way than husbands because their power of resistance is less. A woman, married young, perhaps develops afterward a talent for a professional career, dramatic, musical or otherwise. It is her heart's longing to let her light shine. The husband says:

"You shan't do it. I won't let my wife do anything but stay at home, even if she does fret her heart out." She stays at home accordingly, she does fret her heart out, she is never happy a day again in all her life, because of the dead talent which a husband strangled.

You are an individual put here to develop your own powers and save your own souls. Nobody can save it for you, not even a husband or wife. You are not saving it so long as you let it be overruled and dominated by another, letting its gifts and desires lie dormant. Every soul is entitled to the satisfaction of all desire and aspiration that does not interfere with the rights of others. Only through such satisfaction can it achieve the aim of creation and grow and bloom out in immortal beauty. Everybody knows this. If he does not, he does not know much.

And yet, heaven have mercy on them, husbands and wives tyrannize over and thwart each other and pull the check-rein on each other constantly, even to meddling with each other's tastes in the matter of food and the garments they wear.

"I won't go out on the street with you if you wear that thing," says he. "I don't care if you do like corned beef and cabbage," says she. "It shan't come into this house. You must not smoke down stairs. It makes us all sick, and you should not smoke up stairs, as the odor of stale tobacco smoke is unbearable about a bedroom," she grimly observes.

"It's no worse than impregnating the whole house with the fumes of gasoline while you are trying to clean a pair of worn-out gloves," he cheerfully retorts. Both suffer, alike the tyrant and the

tyrannized over. They become irritable, suspicious, sulky. The smoldering discontent is ready to erupt violently at any moment, and they who began as the only happy wedded pair sometimes end by hating each other. It is the saddest episode of the human tragedy, this meddling of the married with each other's individuality.

Brothers and sisters, let us let each other alone.

LILLIAN GRAY.

WHERE GIRLS LOAD COAL.

Young girls in Japan are employed to perform a task which cannot be done in the same time and with the same ease by any other body of work folk in the world.

They are engaged at the different ports in loading the large steamers with coal. The coal barges are swung alongside the vessel, from stem to stern of which is hung a series of platforms, the broadest nearest the base and diminishing as they rise. On each of these platforms a girl stands. Men on the barges fill baskets containing about two buckets of coal each and pass them to the girl standing on the lowest platform. She passes them to the girl above her, and a continuous and unbroken line of baskets pass into the vessel from 10 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon.

The girls will handle from 60 to 70 baskets of coal a minute and over a

VICISSITUDES OF A PARISIAN HEIRESS.

Life in Paris has many and strange vicissitudes. The Countess de Trequin, only daughter of Admiral Baudin, a great heiress and noted beauty at the courts of France, recently was found straying amid the faded splendors of her paternal at Ville d'Avray.

Reduced to dire poverty from no fault of her own, this noble dame of eighty-two deprived herself of all food for thirty hours in order to provide nourishment for the only friends she had—her dogs. Beyond Ville d'Avray, on the Marne road, stands a deserted property of which the gates are wide open. Inside is a ruined house, of which the doors and windows were similarly free. Straying about were a dozen half-starved dogs.

One who by the merest chance heard of the aged recluse paid her a visit. He found the countess, who was scantily clad in worn and threadbare garments, sitting writing by an open window. She evinced no surprise on seeing the intruder. "I suppose you are a bailiff?" was the remark. The only persons that came that way were invariably "husbands." And on hearing that her visitor had not come to seize the remaining sticks of furniture the hapless old lady was moved to tears and told something of her story and troubles.

At the time of her marriage she was immensely rich, being the happy possessor of no less than seventy-eight farms in Normandy, of much real estate in Paris and of the historic and charming country seat at Ville d'Avray, formerly the tennis court of Louis XVI, which the king gave to Clerly, in one of the "dependencies" of which she had lived since the sale by auction of her hotel in the Rue de Calais.

Of her immense revenue nothing remained. Ruined by unscrupulous men of business, who after her husband's death persuaded her to make unsafe investments, to cover which losses she was obliged to mortgage her properties, the countess, once the spoiled child of fortune and reigning belle at the Tuileries, Fontainebleau and St. Cloud,



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

HANDSOME MARQUISE HAT.

thousands tons of coal a day. This really arduous task they perform as if it were mere play, for they keep up a running fire of jokes, and their laughter is continuous. They often break into a song, the notes of which are clear, melodious and stimulating.

SKIRTS FOR LIGHT FROCKS.

The long skirt is so much more becoming for light frocks. A few seasons ago when the washing frock just cleared the ground the stiff, starched muslin or batiste was rather apt to shorten the skirt in the most unflattering manner, but trailing robes of diaphanous materials are ever graceful and becoming.

found herself toward the close of her long life deprived of all means of existence, abandoned by those who knew her and left to die alone and uncared for within a stone's throw of the gayest city in the world. The poor old lady pathetically summed up her misfortunes by declaring, "In vain have I hoped that some tramp would enter and murder me and thus end my misery."

The portrait of Dean Helen Fairchild Smith, which has been presented to Welles college in honor of her twenty-fifth anniversary was painted by Mrs. Adelaide Cole Chase of Boston.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

IN Wrightstown, which name is an abbreviation for Woman's Rights town, the Advance Thought Trolley company hit upon the expedient of employing lady conductors on its street cars. The suggestion came from an underlying who was working his way up, and he and his superiors thought it brilliant. The novelty of the thing would fill the coffers of the Advance Thought Trolley line and make its rivals envious.

So said, so done. Young women were practised six weeks in the art of calling out the names of streets and that nobody could understand them and three weeks in getting the true military ordering tone of "Stop lively, please." Then they were launched on an expectant world. Their uniforms were a perfect dream—navy blue skirts and pink shirt waists tucked in petticoats of pink and rhomboid curlicues, consisting, along with their gold hand caps, a tout ensemble too sweet for anything.

The success of the experiment surpassed all expectation at first. Fat men foretook other lines and walked blocks out of their way to ride in the Advance Thought trolley. The company actually had prospect of paying a dividend to its small stockholders. Women, too, patronized the line immensely—lady orators interested in

the emancipation of their own sex, clubwomen who thought it looked lovely to patronize their own sex, girl reporters on space eager to pad out a column by the story of a new occupation for their own sex.

Thus it was for one happy week. Then suddenly the traffic began to fall off. The fat men ceased to walk several blocks to get the lady trolley line. Women, on their part, walked blocks around to avoid the line even when they had on new pointed toes. The very marketing women who lived along that road preferred to carry their baskets farther on and chance their fate with men conductors. All the feminine sex vanished like ponies from a boy's pocket.

The Advances Thought Trolley people were dazed. At first they thought the lady conductors were "knocking down" fares, as it is called among street car men—pocketing them, in plain English. They put spotters in plain clothes to traveling on the cars to watch. But, no. The lady conductors were honest so far as that went, which is to be set down to their credit. But they were doing worse. They had deserted the incidental occupation of rigging up fares for the serious one of flirting with men passengers. They ignored the women. If one saw a young man standing

ready to catch on a block farther up, she hurried to him and played that she did not see the woman waiting on the corner nearest her. She made the women crowd up, even if they had with them sweet little cherubs who wanted to put their feet on the seats, to make room for the men passengers. After three days they singled a good looking man each for herself and talked to him all the way. The fat men of money deserted the cars in anger, stung with the sense of neglect. Likewise did the women, and the Equal Rights club discussed this thing at their next meeting—whether it really evidenced the intellectual inferiority of the feminine sex. It almost staggered their faith.

Finally it came to pass that each car had only one passenger a trip, and that was the lady conductor's sweetheart. He rode up and down the line by the hour, talking to her, and only paid one fare. The advanced thought of the young man who was working his way up was too far ahead of his time. It nearly blighted his future. The company dropped back into the old way. Once more men conductors glare upon their victims, once more roar in a tone as if were the voice of an oriental despot giving orders for an execution. "Step lively, there!"



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

A STRIKING HOUSE DRESS.

AFFAIRS OF WOMANKIND.

Queen Alexandra has ordered a special "voiturette" to be made for presentation to the dowager empress of Russia. The car is to be of eight horsepower and is to be of the spider type, finished and furnished in a most luxurious manner.

In Rome he who runs may read of the popularity of the little daughter of the king and queen of Italy. Every novelty that comes out has the name

of Yolanda given to it. Advertisements for Yolanda hats, Yolanda neckties, different kinds of sweets, perfumes, etc., it is said, meet one of every turn.

All of the eight women who acted as trainbearers to Queen Alexandra on her wedding day, thirty-eight years ago, are still alive. All but one, Lady Victoria Howard, are married.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the Woman's Suffrage association,

said in a recent speech at Ocean Park, Me., that one-fourth of the millionaires in America are women.

Lady Marcus Beresford is one of the best known of the fashionable women collectors of cats. She has a fine collection of Siamese cats, several being descendants of Romeo and Juliet, the famous pair of temple cats, which were a gift from the king of Siam.

Mme. Calve has made a great fortune by her singing and now owns an extensive estate near her native town in the

south of France. "I still work very hard," she said recently. "There is always something in my art that needs improvement—something that I can learn." It is this constant study that keeps Mme. Calve to the front. It is her belief that there is no perfection without hard work, and she has always conscientiously refused to sing any role in which she has not perfected herself. The fine vineyards and pastures about the beautiful castle she now owns will yield her a substantial

income long after her voice has lost its attraction.

Belgian newspapers are discussing the question whether a woman has a right to smoke in a railway carriage reserved for women.

Princess Maud of England can not only bind books and nurse a sick patient scientifically, but also sail a half-rater, ride a bicycle, spin as well as sew, play chess and speak five languages, including Russian. She vies with her mother, Queen Alexandra, in

being an expert photographer, and she is the queen's favorite daughter.

Miss Janet M. Corbett of Charlestown, Mass., who has just been admitted to the Massachusetts bar, is but little past 21 years old and is said to be the youngest woman ever admitted to the practice of law.

While young Queen Wilhelmina was staying at Schwerin she has taken several motor trips with her brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. The queen, who is an admirable skater,

a fine horsewoman and can drive a coach and four, is said to be enchanted with the new sport and has ordered an automobile to be made for her.

Few women have ever been known by four different names though married but once. Such may, however, be Lady Curzon's distinction. She started life as Miss Mary Lettice; by marriage she became Mrs. George N. Curzon; then Lady Curzon of Kedleston. When her father-in-law dies, she will be Lady Scarsdale.