

THE HORSE SHOW

American Society's Most Sensible Fad



IN what is called the eastern circuit open air horse shows begin in the spring and last till into autumn. Then commences the indoor horse show season, the crowning event of which is the so-called national horse show at Madison Square Garden, New York city. The principal exhibition of the open air series is that at Long Branch, so successfully snapshotted in our illustration. Eastern horse shows have for their chief aim the amusement of wealthy society people, the equine feature being merely the excuse for the display of horse millinery and woman millinery. To an unprejudiced outsider they are the same yesterday, today and forever, the only change from year to year being in the fashion of the clothes worn by the humans on exhibition. The change is plainly apparent in the dress of the women, less marked in that of the men.

The open air horse show people are more picturesque, though less gorgeous in costume than those who go on dress parade at the Madison Square Garden performance. The relative importance of horse and dress in the public mind is plainly manifest in the space given to each in the newspapers. Columns are devoted to the names of society folk and their clothes, where half columns are bestowed on the horses.

Just what is what in feminine dress-making and hating for the season is to be gathered from the apparel of the horse show visitors. In the polka dot gown one reads that the big "coin spots" are in fashion this summer. So are lace parasols, though not so much so as they were last summer. Pongee and linen ones with the owner's monogram embroidered thereon are the exactly correct thing.

Note the array of human backs. Here be backs with one shoulder higher than the other or bulging out fat and round above tightly laced waists that make an ungainly back all the more prominent. A rear view of the American figure is not inspiring. We note with some surprise that even here among the best groomed ladies of the land the trim, flat back every woman might have with a little trouble and considerable grit is unpleasantly rare. Frocks are so tight in some instances that we know it must have taken a button hook, nothing less, to draw the two edges of the waist together up the middle of the back. Costly garb there is in plenty, but the perfect feminine back itself—no!

One notes, too, in this back view picture how awkwardly many Americans stand when off their guard, perhaps, even when they are on their guard. But the feminine dressing! There the American woman is perfect. She has developed an ideal in clothes ahead of an ideal in her own figure. The men are the typical horse show collection. Among them are old chaplains who have "followed the races" from boyhood, men with chin whiskers, thin, shrewd faces and keen eyes. There they stand, round shouldered, shambling, many of them, eyes fixed horseward, caring neither for the fine dresses of the women nor their own good looks, but only for horses—horses, too, that can run.

This picture of the finely caparisoned eastern open air horse show is perfect, the American flag, of course, draped and displayed abundantly. No kind of show in our land is complete without an American flag setting. Nay, you can see the very torn scraps of paper wherewith, according to our untidy American habit, we litter the fair face of this planet wherever we go.

Year after year in the eastern horse shows are the same equine types, showy carriage horses, with sumptuous vehicles and equipments, racing thoroughbreds and what New York city fondly names the "metropolitan saddle horse" and puts itself on the back with pride while it does so.

The Woman Who Worried and the One Who Didn't; It Is Unfortunate to Take Life Too Seriously

OF all unfortunates the woman who takes life seriously is the worst.

There is one here at the hotel. It is rather odd to find her here, by the way, because Larchmont is about the last spot on earth where one expects to find the serious minded.

This young woman is pretty and has a rich husband who adores her. Her jewels are worth a small fortune, and the other day as she stood in the doorway of my room pulling on her gloves preparatory to stepping into her carriage she certainly was a dream of prettiness and luxury.

She wore an imported gown of real lace made princesses. It was lined with pale pink silk, and around her neck she wore, to carry out the color scheme, a dog collar of pink coral, and, gentle reader, if you have ever priced pink coral you know what that means.

A pale pink chip hat crowned her auburn hair, and this was trimmed with three shades of pink feathers. In her hand she carried a hand embroidered pink chiffon parasol.

And yet her small eyebrows were furrowed up, and she looked as if she were carrying the entire weight of the world on her shoulders.

When I first met her I used to think she was a dyspeptic. Now I know better. She is just a plain "worrier."

There are women of that description in all walks of life. They suffer for everything three times, in anticipation, in realization and in memory, and if they possibly can they make every one around them join in the worry also.

Quite Another Type.

My friend who takes life so seriously cannot understand the attitude—for instance, of the little stenographer downstairs in the office who sings over her work, even though she has only one shirt waist to her name, and that shirt waist is on her back.

Miss Serious Minded would have spurned it. If she did not have twelve blouse waists, each more gorgeous than the other, and eight of them, at least, hanging immaculate and clean in her closet "to be ready against emergencies." She would even prefer to know, if possible, how her next winter blouse was to be made and how many of them she is to have. It would add to her peace of mind.

When my friend's little baby was expected you would have thought the fate of nations depended on the event. Special nurses were engaged months beforehand. She held daily consultations with her doctor. She embroidered most elaborate clothes for the little newcomer and beset with all her belongings to her friends, even going to the extent of making a formal will and last testament. For nearly a year she did not crack a single smile, so impressed was she by the responsibilities of life.

Now she reads all the books on child culture, has a fit forty times a day over her one pale looking little offspring and chances nursemaids on an average once a fortnight.

I overheard her saying to another woman that the cares of motherhood were wearing her into the grave, and I felt like saying, "No, not the cares of motherhood, but your own disposition!"

What a Contrast!

As a contrast I can't help mentioning the humble schoolroom maidman has employed for the last three years to help the maids with the laundry work. Bridget has just become the proud mother of her thirteenth. She was rubbing away at the board up to the last moment, as cheerful and unconcerned as you please, and now little Patrick is rolling around in the dust of the street, narrowly escaping sudden death at least three times a day, but as happy and healthy a baby as you would care to see.

And you don't hear Mrs. Bridget O'Shannessy bemoaning the duties of motherhood as driving her into the grave. She would laugh until her sides ached if she could hear her employer talk. And it isn't that Bridget is stupid or callous either. It is simply that, in spite of her ignorance and poor advantages in life, she has

one sterling quality the other for all her wealth and education absolutely lacks—the ability to take life broadly and bravely as it comes to one bearing it the way men do—and, alas, that I should have to say so, the way so many women don't!

But there! You might as well save your breath when you are trying to reform a worrying woman. She is born to mourn and to make others mourn as much as lies in her power.

The only thing to do is to refuse to join in the wail, and then she will postpone it, while she is with you at least.

Although Larchmont is about one of



A STUNNING PICTURE HAT.

The hat illustrated is a charming French creation. It is of the finest Neapolitan braid in a lovely, glossy black. The undulating brim is faced with shirred black mullin, and the crown trimming is a wreath of enormously large tea roses held together at the back with a drooping black velvet bow.

the poorest places on earth in which to enjoy bathing, yet there is one limited stretch of beach where you enjoy a view of some very chic costumes.

For instance, yesterday a young matron of the yacht club set herself in a deep red taffeta costume made princess. It was certainly jaunty. The whole thing was cleverly planned in smooth fitting gored which gave plenty of fullness across the bust and flare around the knees, while at the same time it confined the waist line and hips closely.

The only thing which relieved it was a round turn over collar, edged with

white, and a hemstitched sailor tie, also of white taffeta.

Believe me, the princess bathing suit is the very latest thing, and all other bathing costumes pale before it.

Another thing which is ultra smart is the colored lace veil. This comes in brown, in navy, in Alice blue and also in the latest tone, a pinkish tan.

It is no end smart, and, thanks to the variety of shades, it is sure to be coming to every woman.

One of the smartest color combinations I have seen was a yellow straw hat trimmed with white roses and loops of Alice blue ribbon. Over this was draped artistically one of the pretty corn colored veils, with just the embroidered border hanging against the face.

I forgot to say that this was worn by a black haired girl with a clear pink and white complexion.

The combination was a great success. By the way, I think it is a great mistake more brunettes don't wear bright shades of blue instead of red. They are infinitely more becoming because softer.

Anyway, blue is ultra smart this year.



The princess bathing suit.

ETIQUETTE.

A maid should not make any unnecessary remarks when she is waiting at table, bringing in tea, etc. Perfect silence—unless speech is absolutely required—is one of the distinguishing marks of a well trained maid.

Never hang doors or wear creaking shoes. The latter can be cured by standing them for twelve hours on a plate on which enough castor oil has been poured to nearly cover the soles.

Servants, with the exception of the cook, are not expected to knock at sitting room doors. A cook always knocks at the door of the dining room

when she goes to her mistress for orders every morning.

But a bedroom or dressing room should never be entered without first knocking at the door.

In answering the door open it to its full extent. To see a maid peeping round the corner of a half opened door gives one the impression that she is not fit to be seen. It takes very little time to change an apron and wash one's hands, and if you keep yourself tidy this is all that will need to be done to make you presentable.

THE MAN TO SHUN.

The man who is loud and bombastic, who dominates over and grumbles at everything the servants do, who frightens the children and who struts about trying to impress every one with the fact that he is the master is not the man who makes a good husband, no matter how attentive he may seem before strangers. A husband should be a blessing to his wife and a pattern to his neighbors, and though the perfect man may not exist, there is no reason why the perfect husband should be so rare.

Nothing makes a man so envious, nothing sets him off searching and longing for a home of his own so soon, as a glimpse into the daily happiness of some married couple. Nothing is more responsible for other marriages than the evident joy of those who still let love rule their life, for in spite of what he may look upon as blanks in the marriage lottery the prizes seem to him too overwhelmingly rich not to try for one.

SAVED THROUGH LOVE LETTERS.

A curious incident occurred in a street car in Berlin. A young man suddenly rose from his seat, drew a revolver and fired it, apparently through his heart.

The bullet, however, meeting some hard substance, glanced off, causing only a slight wound in the ribs.

The would be suicide was seized and taken to the police station. On being searched it was found that he had been saved by a packet of love letters in his pocket.

He stated that his fiancée had broken off their engagement, just returned him his letters and that life was no longer worth living.

ELECTRIC CURLING TONG HEATERS ON BOARD SHIP.

The new Cunarder Mauritania, now being built at Wallsend, is to outstrip all her sister ships in the matter of electric installation. To begin with, she will be lighted by about 5,000 lamps of sixteen candle power, which

is more than double the number fitted on the Cedric. Two electric passenger hoists are to be erected for conveying passengers between the six decks, also two elevators for luggage, and six smaller ones for mails, etc. There will be a telephone exchange on board, which will connect the chief passenger sections of the ship with the officers, and there are also to be special telephones from the bridge. But perhaps the most up to date novelty is the provision of electric curling tong heaters for the lady passengers.

GOWN OF GRAY CHIFFON.

Chiffon is making some of the smartest of afternoon toilets this summer. The dainty costume pictured is carried out in this material in the new tone called Agincourt. The skirt is



laid in inverted box plaits to a short distance below the knees. At this point the chiffon is shirred in ruffled effect. The bodice is adorned with transverse tucks and bands of gray lace.

MATTERS PERTAINING TO THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

If any one speak evil of you let your life be so that none will believe him. Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good will.

In New Guinea many of the women wear nose rings, the nose having been pierced in the same manner that is adopted to pierce the ears of civilized women.

come bearing property in the earth-going party through Europe. She made such a tour for pleasure before misfortune came and will now undertake it for business.

Two wealthy New York women have gone into the breeding of collie dogs with such success that their animals at a recent show defeated those of the

America. The ladies are Mrs. C. M. Lunt and Miss Annie Bullock.

Mrs. Arthur Paget, an American woman well known in English court circles, will be one of the editorial staff of a new London society magazine called the Throne.

Miss Jessie Long and Miss Agnes Kennedy have been appointed deputy sheriffs of Westchester county, N. Y. Their duties are chiefly to find out the condition of poor families that apply

detective work and find it advisable to have authority to make occasional arrests.

Dr. Clara Marshall, for thirty years professor of materia medica in the women's medical college at Philadelphia, has resigned her chair on account of a heavy private practice.

Miss Christine La Barraque, a California blind girl, is a graduate of the University of California, a lawyer and a linguist. She stood at the head of

people to read the lessons aloud to her. Miss Barraque paid her way through law school by teaching night classes. She is now studying music in New York.

Children born in summer are, generally speaking, stronger, healthier and brighter than those born in winter.

One-half of all the women in Massachusetts who are able to work are wage earners.

In packing food skirts as often as

between the folds. Put your most particular shirt waists, especially if they are starched (starched things muss so easily), in the lid, strapping them as flat as you can to prevent creasing.

During the forty years since Mary Baker Eddy brought to public notice her newly found faith known as Christian Science disciples of her cult have increased from 7 to 1,000,000.

The mother church in Boston has a membership of about 35,000. The denomination is headed by Mary Baker Eddy.

and the headquarters are still maintained at Boston.

In receiving a deputation of 350 women and to members of parliament, who came to urge the passage of a woman suffrage bill at the session, the British premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, announced his allegiance to that cause. He said there was no ballot privilege for which women are not as well qualified as men. If they are not better qualified, he had, however, no objection to their votes.