

# TO BE OR NOT TO BE

KATE CLYDE'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT

"An Old Man's  
Darling"  
"A Young  
Man's Slave"

"LOVE may be blind, but in financial matters it has a sensitive touch," Peggy quoted, with a smile. "I suppose the sight of Eleanor Atwood's new gown is responsible for your little outburst," I answered. We were on top of Colonel Atwood's coach, and the gown in question was directly in front. "Yes. Wasn't it a mercy that she married old Atwood instead of that impetuous young Harry Dwight?" "He was so handsome! I don't see how she could resist him." "When did the marriage take place?" "Oh, in the early spring." "That explains it. I can understand a girl marrying a poor man in the middle of the summer or in the middle of the winter when she has a full wardrobe, but never in the spring or fall." "It's a pity poor young men don't know these little things." "They know too much as it is, and as for nerve—why, they don't even blush when they urge an unsophisticated girl to share their attic and crust of bread." "You evidently believe that to the victors belong the spoils." "Yes. The young and pretty girl should belong to the man who has conquered in the battle of life. It is the height of impertinence for a young man to ask a girl to marry him when he has his way to make." "I saw a comic picture which illustrates your idea. A callow youth with about five hairs on his chin stands in front of a pretty girl. With a dramatic gesture, he exclaims: 'Darling, I love you! Will you share honest poverty with me?' And the blushing maid replies: 'I'm sorry, George. I've just accepted Mr. Wallstreet's millions and no questions asked.'" "Kitty, that's awfully old!" Peggy remarked dryly. "I don't care. It illustrates the point," I answered. Peggy suddenly grew silent. I looked at her suspiciously. "Do you know I half think you intend doing it yourself," I exclaimed. "Doing what?" "Marrying a poor man." Peggy looked at me with a wistful expression in her eyes. "Dear," she said, nodding in the direction of Mrs.

Atwood, "do you think she is quite happy?" "I'm sure she's not," I answered promptly. "She is no doubt at this moment thinking of the bald spot on the colonel's head and comparing his white hair and slow ways with the black curls and youthful ardor of Harry." "A triumphant light came into Peggy's eyes, and she opened her mouth to speak, but I did not give her time. "On the other hand," I continued, "if she had married Harry she would not be at this moment on top of this coach because she wouldn't have a dress fit for the occasion, or, if she did manage to come, she would be in torture all the while lest those black clouds over there should materialize into rain and spoil her only foulard gown at 35 cents a yard. That quality spots, you know, Eleanor Atwood hasn't that worry because she knows the colonel is only too glad of any excuse to buy her a new dress. Then, too, Harry's wife would feel the inferiority of her gown. She would be conscious that the lining of her skirt was percaline and theirs silk, and that at any moment a treacherous gust of wind might blow up the edge and reveal the fact. It's just these little things which make life miserable." "But Harry may succeed." "He may, and, again, he may not. It's a gamble. Another thing, a man has twice as good a chance of success if he isn't incumbered by a family. Remember that. Then consider, if he fails—" "Poverty is no disgrace!" "And no credit. This world is an overcrowded place, and it's a question of the survival of the fittest. Only the clever ones reach the top, and the natural inference is that if a man doesn't get there he is lacking in brain power. You can't convince people otherwise. Therefore, the wife of an unsuccessful man is placed in an attitude of perpetual apology. She is continually explaining to her women friends why Harry—poor, dear, clever fellow—never had a chance. The friends smile and pretend to agree, but behind her back they exclaim, 'What a shame such a bright, clever little woman should have married that good for nothing, stupid man!'" "But, Kitty, money and fine clothes



"To the victors belong the spoils."



"Thinking of the bald spot on the colonel's head."



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

## COSTUME FOR A JUNE BRIDESMAID.

are not everything in this world. Don't you think they unfit a woman for her higher duties—to her children, for instance?" "I knew you were coming to that. My dear, you only look at the surface of things. When a woman marries a poor man, she suffers first on her own account and then twice as bitterly through her children. Don't you suppose she wishes for money more than ever in order that she may give them all the luxuries and advantages enjoy-

ed by their more fortunate playmates?" "But, Kitty, we read so often of a poor young man marrying a girl with-out money and of how beautiful their life is. She saves and helps him by her housewifely qualities and her economy, and he loves her so devotedly, and by and by he becomes a great man!" "And by that time she is prematurely old and faded and has lost all her style, and another young, pretty woman comes along—" "Oh, all men aren't like that!" "No; there are a few saintly creatures in male disguise; but they are few and far between. The ordinary man is so selfish, and too often when he is out walking with his good, economical little wife in her dowdy made over dress he admires some extravagant, butterfly creature who lifts her dainty lace petticoats to show her smart patent leather shoes and silk stockings, and he wonders discontentedly why his wife has 'no style.'" "And yet if a girl marries a rich man—like Mrs. Atwood, for instance—you say you are sure she is not perfectly happy." "Naturally. Whatever course we take we are sure now and then to have regrets. If we were perfectly happy, what would be the use of heaven?" "Kitty, you are a pessimist." "No—a philosopher. I only look straight at things. Here, for instance, are three little ways in which a woman's marital happiness can be spoiled—you may keep them for further reference if you want to: First, through being too clever at doing things for herself; second, through her ideas of false economy—I, e., personal appearance; third, through her feminine mania for laying her soul bare to her husband. Open confession may be good for the soul, but not for the husband. A woman can ruin in five minutes 'Admire some extra-ordinary love of a gait, butterfly creature.' Lifetime if she yields to this baneful impulse. Men, if you notice, are infinitely wiser." "At this moment we arrived at Ardsley casino. "Kitty," said Peggy suddenly, "I suspect you'll put this conversation in your newspaper. Your readers will think you are in love." "On the contrary," I answered, with a smile, "they'll know I'm not."

*Kate Clyde*

New York.

## CHILD'S DRESS.

A pretty spring frock for a little girl has a neat tucked bodice and skirt, while the sleeves are also tucked and are fastened with a button at the wrist. The yoke is trimmed with narrow lines of velvet to correspond with the collar. The tucks require careful tacking before they are machined, and it is well to use silk for this purpose, as it does not fade or change color as cotton will do. The collar is edged with a tiny frilling of silk.

# THE WOMEN OF SULU

The Oppressed Sex  
In the  
South Philippines

"DO you know," said the Returned Traveler, "that in the Sulu islands the ancient savage custom of taking wives by capture is still preserved?" "That shows at once the Newspaper Man," said the Newspaper Man. "A civilized man never has to capture a wife. His only trouble is to keep the women from capturing him." The Lady scowled at the Newspaper Man, and the Returned Traveler continued. "The natives of the Sulu archipelago are as different from the Tagalogs and Ilocaners of the north Philippines as a hyena from a monkey. The Sulus are black as velvet and have pronounced negro features, but their hair is straight as a poker. They claim to be Mohammedans, but the only sign of it I ever saw is the way they oppress their women and keep them in seclusion. Those Sulu women are as afraid of a white man as if he were a roaring lion and a boa constrictor rolled into one." "Quite right they are," remarked the Lady. "White men are dangerous." "Not to those women," replied the Traveler. "Fore heaven, they are the most monstrously ugly creatures in the shape of the human female on this planet today. I know that because a woman could not be homelier than they are." "I should not think their men would want to capture them then," observed the Newspaper Man. "Oh, but they do. That's the fashion in those parts. When a Sulu takes a fancy to a girl, he breaks into her father's house at night like a burglar, seizes the girl by the hand and drags her off. If her father does not want the lover to have the girl, he tries to kill him, and they mutually kill each other if they can. If, on the other hand, the father is willing, he bargains for the sale of the girl, disposes of her at a satisfactory price and sends her off with the lover." "But suppose she does not want to go?" said the Lady. "In that case she tries to kill the wooer on her own hook. If she can, she gets rid of him. If she can't, she has to go with him and be his wife, no matter how much she hates him. It does not make any difference, either, whether the woman is married or not. If a Sulu brave loves another man's wife, which happens often—for we always like what we have not got—he goes to the husband's house, takes the wife by the hand and endeavors to lead her off with him. If the husband in possession is tired of her, he lets her go for a sufficient consideration, paid by the husband who would be. If, however, her owner desires to keep her, he kills or tries to kill the lover, and the lover tries to kill the husband. If the lover is the victor, he carries off the woman, leaving a number of widows, more or less, behind him." "What! Is polygamy practiced in the Philippines?" asked the Lady. "Yes, in the Sulu islands. A man may have all the wives he wants if he can capture them. I visited, in company with a white man who had been in the islands a long time, a Sulu chief, a Dato, living a short distance out of Jolo. This Dato had seven wives, every one a little worse looking than the others. My friend said to me: 'Now, if you fancy one of the Dato's wives, just go to her and put your hand upon her. When a man puts his hand upon a Sulu woman, she belongs to him. If the Dato is willing to let her go, he will sell her to you at the highest market price. If not, he will whip out his bolo and kill you, or try to. You may buy the woman or fight for her, according to the Dato's pleasure and mood.'" "How do the Sulu women dress?" asked the Lady. "Mostly like Mohammedan women. They wear baggy trousers gathered in at the ankle. Over this is a sort of loose, flowing gown, coming down about half way between the knee and ankle. They travel in their bare feet, which are very broad, with the toes spread wide apart. "Some of them wear on their heads the same style of queer hat the men do. It is braided from palm fiber and stitched together in the shape of a cone. A

stick stands out at the top like the knob of a sugar bowl lid. Bright colored threads are wound around the knob for ornament. There are hanging loops at the ears, through which a handkerchief is pulled and passed under the chin to hold the hat on." "What a queer lot they must be!" said the Lady. "They are a queer lot—as uncivilized and barbarous as a people can be. Some of the women drape a shawl around their heads and shoulders, like the Arab females. It is usually bright colored. These Sulus are fond of bright colors. The women usually veil themselves, according to the rule in Mohammedan countries, only their eyes being visible, when they go into villages where white men are. They are very timid. If some of them are walking along a path and a white man, coming up behind, overtakes them and appears alongside, they run in all directions and hide themselves like wild animals. White men appear

mers and so get a bath once in awhile; but the women do not swim much. Then, too, to make matters worse, they soak their black heads in coconut oil. Do you know how coconut oil smells when it gets rancid?" "No, I don't," replied both the Newspaper Man and the Lady. "Then you've something to be thankful for. They pour the oil upon their thick black hair and never wash it off. It mixes with the dust and becomes rancid and very sickening. If you ever get to leeward of one of them, though it be yards away, you'll be sorry. Smell? Heavens! One day I was calling on a lady in Jolo when a native woman came in dressed in her best. I simply could not stand it or sit it out. I got up and walked away." "I felt sorry for the poor creatures, though, for they are cruelly oppressed by their men. They are much worse off than the women in the northern Philippines. There, owing to the influence of the white man's civilization, the high spirited, strong minded Tagalo women hold their own fairly well with the men."

## RINGS FOR GIRLS.

Opinions, no doubt, differ on this subject as on all others, but it will be agreed that a girl of 13 or 14, with short dresses and long hair, looks ridiculous when wearing two or three expensive rings. Several children of the writer's acquaintance wear them daily and slip them on and off with as much coolness as a woman of 40 accustomed to them all her life. Pearls and diamonds look out of place on their small and often grimy hands, and no girl should wear rings until her hair is up and she is out. Even then they should be of the sim-



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

## COMMON SENSE GOLF COSTUME.

to have a bad reputation in those parts." "Probably they deserve it," remarked the Lady. "But the Sulu females are so horribly unattractive!" continued the Traveler. "Their outer garment is like a nightgown, and in it they look like a nightmare. Their teeth are very bad—a sign of race degeneration. Like their men, they chew a nauseous mixture of tobacco and betel nut, which stains the mouth and teeth red, as if they were covered with blood. And—I don't believe they wash their clothes or their men's clothes. I did not see any washing done. The men are excellent swimmers and so get a bath once in awhile; but the women do not swim much. Then, too, to make matters worse, they soak their black heads in coconut oil. Do you know how coconut oil smells when it gets rancid?" "No, I don't," replied both the Newspaper Man and the Lady. "Then you've something to be thankful for. They pour the oil upon their thick black hair and never wash it off. It mixes with the dust and becomes rancid and very sickening. If you ever get to leeward of one of them, though it be yards away, you'll be sorry. Smell? Heavens! One day I was calling on a lady in Jolo when a native woman came in dressed in her best. I simply could not stand it or sit it out. I got up and walked away." "I felt sorry for the poor creatures, though, for they are cruelly oppressed by their men. They are much worse off than the women in the northern Philippines. There, owing to the influence of the white man's civilization, the high spirited, strong minded Tagalo women hold their own fairly well with the men."

plest description—pearls or turquoises, but no diamonds. Of course, the third finger of the left hand must remain unfettered until an engagement ring is placed thereon, but all other fingers may be adorned, though a marquise ring is the only one which is suitable for the first finger. As the putting up of a girl's hair is the signal that she may be considered grown up, so it is the signal that long dresses, veils and rings may be worn.

Charming petticoats are being made of silk batiste to match the corset as well as in brocades and plain satins of soft make.

# WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

"Ma-a-amma!" No answer. Loud-er it comes. There is a threat in it: "Ma-a-amma! Mamma!" "Shut up!" Again the cry, louder, clearer, deadlier than before. Mrs. van Hebrides—Shut up, I say! Didn't I tell you I wouldn't speak to you again tonight? "Ma-a-m-ma!" "The neighbors'll think I'm abusing him, Charles. I must go to him. Maybe he's really ill." Mrs. van H. approaches the cot of the infant phenomenon. "Didn't I tell you I'd spank you if I had to come in here tonight? What do you want?" Phenomenon blubbers: "It's loose- some. I want my hobbyhorse in bed with me." Mrs. van H. hugs in that dilapidated animal, hoists him upon the bed and says in commanding tones: "Don't you call me again, or I'll knock the head off you! I can't eat my dinner for your noise!" Five minutes of silence and peace. Then the same sweet infantile note: "Ma-a-amma! I want some water!" No answer at first. Again the cry, and again no answer. Then: "Mamma, I'm choking! If you don't bring me a drink of water, I'll jump out of the window!" Mrs. van Hebrides runs in in terror. The infant phenomenon is laughing defiantly in her face. She brings him the water; then, feeble sips are heard, followed by doglike howls. "Now, Yawper," says his mother very firmly, "if you make one bit more noise tonight I'll lock you in the closet in the dark!" Three minutes of peace, then: "Mamma, I forgot to kiss you good night. I must kiss you good night!" "I won't answer you. Stay where you are." A leap, a rush, and Yawper hurls himself into his mother's arms like a catapult, spilling coffee upon her light dress and nearly knocking her over. At 10 o'clock the infant phenomenon is still capering around like a young monkey, keeping it up with all the family and the guests. It is a sign he will be president.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

## CARRIAGE GOWN OF WHITE ETAMINE, BLACK APPLIQUE AND YELLOW LACE.

## FANCIES OF FASHION.

The gold tags and spikes have close rivals in the more elaborate enameled ones. Some are in the shape of pansies, daisies and violets, others are conventional scroll designs, but decorated with jewels and enamel. Aquilettes are to be seen on everything. They are sometimes gold, sometimes silver, sometimes oxidized. They are made of filigree or massive designs, and the newest for evening are jeweled with diamonds and taseled with pearls. They finish long lace or tulle or chiffon scarfs or evening cloaks; they depend

of some kind as a pendant to a short gold chain which is fastened over the dress waist and gives a brilliant touch to a somber day costume. Strands of coral or seed pearls terminating in a tassel are twisted about the throat and knotted in the front of afternoon gowns. New, useful and ornamental are cloak and mantle clasps, gold, with small chains and jeweled pendants. Palm branches and folded wings are effective designs for the long, slender tops of these clasps, which will doubtless be in demand for a fastening for seaside capes and light evening wraps. In buckles there are several new de-

signs, among them being the dip buckle, which forms a point at the lower edge and apparently lengthens the waist, and the Maude Adams buckle, with a medallion clasp, having loops at the lower edge through which the ribbon is to be drawn after passing about the waist. The finest platinum links, making hardly more than an invisible thread, are used for the neck chain that supports pendants or costly ornaments of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, baroque pearls, etc. The old fashioned shell cameos that our grandmothers used to wear—funny

little cameos with odd little houses and landscapes upon them—are reproduced in large sizes now for belt buckles. They are frequently surrounded with brilliant stones. Jewelry is fashionable to a greater extent than has been the case in a long time. The new designs are highly artistic, and some of the most notable are suggestive of the art of ancient Egypt in the abundance of scarabs, eagles, serpents, ibises and animal heads. Now that women have appropriated for their own use the dress cases originally intended only for men, the manufacturers have been obliged to cater

especially to their needs. The new cases for women are smaller and lighter than those for men and are covered with cloth, ranging in color from a quiet gray to a brilliant plaid. The owner's initials, instead of being painted on the end, are in the form of a dainty silver filigree or monogram. Rather an odd effect in trimming is shown on one gown of blue and white foulard whose short bolero is composed of black taffeta applique, curly lace in cream white and small designs in blue satin covered with gold embroidery. A popular trimming also is the application of white peau de soie on dark

blue voile. The silk is cut in arabesque designs and stitched on, or, if inset, it is sometimes finely tucked, and the edges of the material lapping over these designs are either embroidered with white silk and gold thread or finished around with silk braid or lace. A feature of dress trimming which blossoms out more and more as the season advances is the motif of white taffeta silk inset on the thin white fabrics. Figured foulards are being trimmed with plain foulards of the tone of the groundwork. The idea is useful to the thrifty woman who wants to make over last season's foulard.