

# KATE CLYDE AT MARBLEHEAD NECK

FOR pure snobbishness give me the north shore of Massachusetts," I remarked. "We're only careful."

Edith Endicott gave a Bostonese smile. "My dear, you don't understand," she answered. "We're only careful."

"And for extra fine snobbishness commend me to Marblehead Neck," I finished.

Edith raised her lorgnette and surveyed a very gorgeous victoria which had just passed her house. "You blame me for not returning that girl's bow," she said. "I admit they have money, but look at the loud livery of the coachman and all that metal work on the harness. One would think she was driving in Saratoga or Narragansett Pier. Then, too, her family is nothing at all; not a single ancestor worth mentioning. I don't know what possessed her to come down here for the summer. She is staying at the hotel, and she doesn't know a soul among the cottagers."

"But she will make friends there surely, and she will keep meeting new people at the dances!"

Edith gave me a look of mild surprise. "My dear, you New Yorkers have the most peculiar ideas!" she answered. "Marblehead Neck, and in fact, the entire north shore of Massachusetts, is exclusively for the benefit of the cottagers. I'm sure we didn't want a hotel at this place at all. We all do the best we can to forget it. If a woman comes here and doesn't know any of the cottagers, she is practically buried alive. All around her are dancing, gayety, yachting, but for her only cool looks and elevated eyebrows. Even the hotel people are divided into two classes—those who know the cottagers and those who don't. Those who don't usually leave after ten days."

"You'll make this place what Nahant is," I remarked indignantly—"a resort for old fogies and dried up descendants of the Mayflower."

"It is rather slow there," she admitted. "You know, they say that a woman can get to know a lot of people

after one season at Narragansett Pier and that it takes her three years for Newport, but she can stay her whole lifetime at Nahant and not even be on bowing terms with her next door neighbor."

"Yes, that's your idea of summer enjoyment out here," I retorted.

Edith laughed. "Come, Pussy, at least admit we've made it a beautiful country," she said.

And it is ideal. All the way from Boston you can drive over wonderfully wide, smooth boulevards. On all sides you see evidences of the gardener's care. Flowers bloom everywhere, the grass is brilliantly green, and it stretches out so evenly that it seems as if not one single blade grows higher than the other. Even the grand old trees have a well kept air, and in places they almost meet overhead.

Most of the fun is on the water, not in the water, for the waves are peculiarly icy even in August, so that bathing isn't counted one of the attractions of the place. But if you want yachting, come to Marblehead. That's why I'm here. It's the yachtsman's paradise. The two big clubs, the Corinthian and the Eastern, control the gayety of the place. They give weekly concerts, too, with dances, but I'll tell you about that afterward.

If a girl is a poor sailor, she'd better not come here, for in no place is she held in greater contempt. There is a story going the rounds about a wealthy young fellow belonging to the Corinthian. He was engaged to a charming girl, and he invited her to sail on his yacht. In the first place, she came aboard a dream of daintiness in a much befrilled muslin gown, at the sight of which he greened in spirit.

Then she displayed a most alarming ignorance, calling the stern the tail end of the boat and the mainsail the jib. After racing around and narrowly escaping being hit a number of times by the boom, she settled down into dead silence, a silence so pronounced that several members of the party were moved to investigate and found her—oh, horrors—limp with the agonies of seasickness! Whether it was the sight of that pea green countenance or the humiliating knowledge that the girl of his heart was no sailor-deponent saith not, but the young yachtsman soon after showed indifference, and the engagement was broken. He is now seen a great deal with a snub nosed girl, much tanned and freckled, but she can sail a



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

GOWN OF BEIGE VEILING.

boat as well as a man and is never, never sick at sea.

I suppose you want me to tell you of some of the stunning things the girls are wearing. The fact that a girl is a good sailor does not prevent her from making an attractive picture, and I have seen some dear little gowns in flannel, duck and white seersucker.

The other day Bob—that's Edith's cousin—took us out in his new boat. We had a great time, with an especially fine lunch and a sweet, fizzy sort of a fruit lemonade which contained more things than just fruit and water. In the middle of the afternoon we were becalmed off Lynn, and while the other girls were dozing or trying to kill time by reading novels I took out my little book and made a few rough sketches of some of the gowns. Edith's was the prettiest. It was made of cream seersucker. Jacket, skirt and blouse were of the same material, which is the new fad. The Eton was finished at the bottom in a toothed effect, and the sailor collar was similarly edged. There was an inch wide banding of red taffeta, and the little jacket fastened over the bust with a red scarf. The blouse was laid in fine perpendicular tucks stitched in red, and so was the close fitting portion of the skirt. The flounce was headed and finished by a wide band of red taffeta. The narrow belt was of stitched red velvet. Another pretty gown was in bright blue linen trimmed with three widths of white braid. The chic of this costume was furnished by the plastron and belt, both of which were blue stitched with white in a bias design.

It goes without saying that these gowns clear the ground by at least an inch. A train is absolutely out of place on board of a yacht. Most of the girls wore trim little patent leather shoes with broad soles and military heels. The stockings invariably matched the gown, and some of them were quite giddy.

In the evening we put on our fluffiest muslins and drove over to the Eastern Yacht club. The broad vine covered veranda made one of the prettiest pictures I have seen, filled as it was with pretty girls in evening dress and bronzed, athletic looking men. Gay lanterns threw their flickering light on bare shoulders and plump arms. The lawn was gay with colored lights, and out in the harbor every sailboat and steam launch was illuminated.

Walters moved noiselessly about serving refreshments at small tables. In the intervals between the playing of the band we could hear the tinkling of a mandolin across the water. The scene was fairytale. A pretty girl at my left bent her head lower to hear the whispered lovelornings of her escort. I looked at Edith's cousin. He looked at me, and under the influence of the scene our hands met when Edith wasn't looking.

Altogether Marblehead Neck is a nice place.

Kate Clyde

Marblehead Neck, Mass.

# DISTINGUISHED JEWISH WOMEN IN AMERICA

ARE women of the Hebrew race keeping up with their brothers in aspiration and achievement in the free United States, where all have opportunities? They have not done so hitherto, but the next 15 years will tell a different story. The Oriental idea of domestic seclusion of women tinged the Jew's blood sufficiently to require several generations of the light of western liberty to bleach it out of him. Jewish women, although no less gifted intellectually than their men, staid at home, reared large families of children, looked after the poor, lived handsomely, wore pretty clothes and thought they fulfilled the whole duty of woman.

There are consequently comparatively few women of the race at present known to fame in professional life in this country. They have achieved success in the musical and theatrical world, for the splendid musical and dramatic gifts of the Jew could not be smothered out even in a woman. Miss Sadie American, a leading organizer and the corresponding secretary of the noble Jewish Council of Women, tells me that among the present girl students of her people, young women 15 to 20 years of age, are hundreds, not to say thousands, of doctors, lawyers, scientists, college professors and artists in the bud, for the new woman wave has at last struck the American Jewess and struck her powerfully.

The Jewish Council of Women itself is a noteworthy organization, remarkable as being outside of charity and benevolent societies, the first effort toward united work on the part of the women of the Hebrew race. The council is, like so many other societies in America, an outgrowth of the parliament of religions at the World's fair in 1893. Following that parliament, some Jewish ladies who contemplated their faith, their race and their history and were not ashamed called a meeting to organize a permanent union of women similarly minded. Their object was not that woman's club idea which has so run to seed in the United States, but work, solid work—namely, the study of Jewish religion and history, with philanthropic endeavor for universal social betterment. A history of the Jewish religion is the story of the religions of the world, for it is the foundation of all those adhered to today among civilized peoples. The majestic old chant which has been ringing in the synagogue since the dawn of history—"Hear, O Israel! The Lord Our God, the Lord is One"—is echoed today from Christian churches in all the lands and tongues of civilization.

Jewish religion is from the beginning inextricably interwoven with Jewish history and with the wars and idolatries of all the ancient world. So it was no light task the members of the council set themselves. Among topics for study I find such as these: "What Was and Is the Messianic Idea Among the Jews?" "Persian and Egyptian Influence on Jewish Religious Development." "Was the Victory of the Maccabees, Which Repelled Greek Civilization, a Gain or Loss to the Jews?" "The Practical Side of a Return to Palestine." In the lists of papers read before Christian women's clubs recently I have found none so interesting as these, none requiring so much serious, scholarly research.

The president of the Jewish Council of Women has been from the start Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon of Chicago, an able and enthusiastic servant of the organization. The same may be said of Miss Gertrude Berg, recording secretary, and Miss Sadie American, corresponding secretary. Miss American was a delegate from the society to the international council of women in London last year. There she spoke so eloquently and movingly that the Jewish women of England were impelled to start an organization of their own after the model of the American society. Besides her council work, Miss American, like so many other ladies of her race, devotes herself to philanthropic labor, alike for Jew and gentile. Much of the success of the famous model permanent vacation school and playground scheme of Chicago is due to her never failing enthusiasm and effort in its behalf.

It might be expected that the first entrance of the Jewish woman into general professional life would be as a medical practitioner, and this is the case. In a paper published in "The Home of Delight Annual" and written by Miss Gertrude Berg I find that, excluding teachers, there are some 300 Jewish women in professional life in the United States and that 12 of these are physicians and 80 are trained nurses.

Some of the medical ladies have attained first rank both financially and as practitioners. Among them may be mentioned Dr. Josephine Walters, long an attendant physician at the Mount Sinai hospital, New York. She is at present consulting physician to the New York Infirmary. Other prominent physicians are Dr. Mary Jacob, Dr. Bertha F. Lubitz and Dr. Sarah Welt, also of New York city; Dr. Rosa Engelmann of Chicago, Dr. Rebecca Fleischer, Dr. E. Levi and Dr. Anna Wiener of Philadelphia, and Dr. Annabel Cone of Baltimore. Several of these ladies

copy from Berkeley university, California. She is a very brilliant, learned lady. Miss Kate Cohen of Philadelphia is so good a sculptress that she obtained an order from the city to model a bust to be set up in a prominent place. Miss Aline Solomon of Washington paints fine pictures and was made president of the artists' society there. Miss Louis's record gives 12 Jewish women artists.

Several ladies whom fortune has placed above the need of working on their own account are known to the nation through their labors for others, such women as Mrs. Felix Adler, Mrs. Jacob Schiff, Mrs. Isidor Straus and Mrs. Frederic Nathan.

But I cannot find a woman rabbi—not one. I am told there is no reason why a woman should not be a rabbi beyond the fact that there never has been one. A rabbi does not have to pass through ordination ceremonies. If a woman were learned and eloquent and dignified enough to be a rabbi and a Jewish congregation saw fit to call her to fill the office, it would have a perfect right to do so.

We need not be surprised in the future to hear of illustrious rabbis among the women of this people, particularly if the Council of Jewish Women continues the programme of study it has initiated.

One psychological fact in connection with this theme is deeply interesting—among the professional ladies is a large proportion of Russian Jewesses. The smallest proportion is from the well-to-do families of social standing—families that have been in this country for generations and enjoyed its wealth or opportunity. The most persecuted and downtrodden member of the Jewish



Photo by Gestford, New York.

PLAITED SUMMER BLOUSE.

derive from their practice incomes from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. Dr. Yartous is another distinguished woman physician.

Miss Berg's list of Jewish professional women in America she declares to be by no means complete, but I find there mentioned eight women lawyers. One of these, who is becoming distinguished, is Miss Rosalie Low, in practice in New York. Miss Low was the first president of the Women Lawyers' club of that city. Her father is a lawyer and is proud of his professional daughter. I find also that there are 27 Jewish women journalists in Miss Berg's list, 3 chemists and 13 dentists. In science and art they are beginning the record. Jessica Peixotto received recently the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of California.

It is the Russian, and yet it is exactly among the Russian Jews, men and women both, that now are developed before our eyes the most genius, the most aspiration and the most determined ambition to achieve. Not persecution, not principalities or powers, can kill out the tremendous force and inborn intellectual ability of the Jew.

LILLIAN GRAY.

VERY MUCH A GODMOTHER.

The ex-Empress Eugenie of France is not only godmother to the children of an immense number of personal friends, but also to 2,384 of her late husband's subjects who were born on March 16, 1856, the day that her son, the ill fated prince imperial, first saw the light.

# WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPE.

"WIFE," said Mr. Van Hebrides, "did you see this advertisement offering a reward of \$100 to the woman who can sit still ten minutes?"

"What folly!" exclaimed the lady. "Any woman can sit still ten minutes."

I bet you anything there are 20 women in our S. O. C. W. (Sisterhood of Clubbable Women) who can sit still 20 minutes and never twinkle an eyelid. We'll prove it today and divide the reward. That'll be only \$5 apiece, but we'll show men that women can control the solar plexus and, through that, the entire nervous system. The new thought is educating women, Charles. You may bring in five men besides yourself to be judges. I want men to see for themselves how our sex has been slandered."

"Done!" said Mr. Van Hebrides. "I'll bring them. But my dear, better make the test ten minutes, as the advertisement says. That will fill the bill just as surely and be easier."

"Very well," said his wife.

The ladies assembled—20 handsome, determined creatures. They were to be allowed to breathe freely, at least as freely as they could, considering the new snug fitting straight fronts they wore, and wink all they liked. The men sat in a row, ready to judge fairly or die. They had pencils and notebooks. There were four married men and two bachelors. To the married men were allotted four ladies each to keep tab on; to the bachelors only two, it being rightly judged that married men would detect a woman's breaks twice as quick as single ones could and at the same time be more severe on them.

Each lady relaxed according to the directions she had learned from Miss Deisartenna Fitzculture and adjusted herself in her chair, taking care that her long skirt lay round in poetic, fashion plate sweep. The skirts all looked the same. "Time!" called Mr. Van Hebrides. The stance began.

At the end of three minutes 15 women had been ruled out for biting their lips. The men merely marked these in their checkbooks, keeping their eyes on the fair competitors, as was not to interrupt proceedings. Three minutes more. By that time some of the snug fitting straight fronts were getting in their work, and the ladies found difficulty in breathing. Unthinkingly they wriggled in their chairs, gave a great gulp for breath, and that lunched their shoulders and likewise ruled them out. Four minutes, and three ladies remained. They were Miss Pinkleky, a girl of 18, Mrs. Fairbrow, a young widow whom her enemies accused of wanting men to admire her still, and

the veteran Mrs. Van Hebrides herself. The eighth minute, Miss Pinkleky suddenly remembered that the cheek which held her dimple was turned away from the judges. She also saw that her fange bracelet was caught in a fold of her gown and did not show off to the best advantage, which was too bad, seeing it was quite new, of the latest style and a gift. She undertook, ever so slightly, to move so that she might at the same moment bring both the dimple and the fange into view. Thus in the twinkling of an eye she ruled off. Miss Pinkleky was crossed off.

At the beginning of the ninth minute Mrs. Van Hebrides still sat firm. She had been properly taught that only vulgarities and the underbred among women bite their lips, so she was not guilty of this gross breach of propriety. But the strain had become exceedingly great. Entirely unaware of what she did, Mrs. Van Hebrides patted her foot and twisted her fingers to let off the accumulated nervous energy—and lost. Almost at the same instant the bewitched widow pulled her large eyes appealingly toward the men judges and gave her head the faintest possible coquettish turn in the direction of one of the bachelors. At the end of nine minutes all was over with the whole lot.



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

BLUE AND WHITE SATIN FOULARD TRIMMED WITH VELVET POLKA DOTS.

# FEMINE FASHION FRILLS.

Any woman who sees babies' frilled carriage parasol covers for sale cheap had better invest in one. Frilled dotted muslin covers are now made separate for women's parasols and are put on over bright colored silks for gala occasions, and on ordinary days they appear in their figures, as the woman says of herself.

Those hands of white tucked mousseline

line which have been used with such good effect for trimming muslin and linen frocks of various kinds are now doing service in another way and appear as a trimming for foulard gowns. A pretty gown is made with alternate bands of the mousseline and foulard. This forms the waist and the skirt to the knees.

In Ems they have forbidden the wear-

ing of trains by women because of the injurious dust which they circulate and which may be detrimental to the invalids of the place. The authorities have tried to sugar the pill which they prescribe in Ems by informing the members of the train wearing sex that they should be consoled, for the men are not to smoke during the hours when the invalids are walking.

A pretty chifon gown, a mass of fine tucks with trimming of clumsy lace on

the waist, has undersleeves of mousseline set with insertions of lace and bands of silver braid. A big hat trimmed with pink roses is worn with it.

Linen gowns are trimmed with bands and strappings of silk, and one of the oddest combinations of materials is a gown of valenciennes lace strapped with bands of stitched cloth.

A white waist which is finished with points of embroidery down the front is pretty. Every other point turns back

upon the side of the waist to which it is secured, and the alternate points fly loose. On the band down the center of the waist there are three small pearl buttons set on diagonally at the base of each standing point.

The red brown girl is always attractive. She was seen in New York the other day wearing a red brown suit which blended admirably with her hair and complexion. She wore a red brown hat of a Tam shape on her head, set a

ting up at one side, where there was a quill.

Pretty stocks on shirt waists have a pointed effect. The hollow under the chin is pointed, and the lower part of the stock where it joins the waist is also pointed. The result is pleasing.

Chamber robes which are very pretty are in delicate colors, blues and lavenders, finished with hand embroideries of white. The neck to these is cut out a little low and finished with a band

or narrow yoke set in with lace stitches. On either side of the opening of the gown are the embroidery, small dots of the white and a pattern in some instances in lowknobs.

Lace run through with gold is largely used for trimming not only headgear, but gowns. The best qualities are costly to buy, but a girl who is clever with her needle can easily purchase gold thread and outline the pattern of any bit of good lace in her possession.