

# THE OUTDOOR LIFE IN AUTUMN

SOCIETY enjoys its real holiday in the autumn. Newport, Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier, Southampton, are all the scenes of a necessary parade, necessary to the woman who would keep in the swim, but when the summer season is over there is an interval before the winter round of gaieties in town begins, and then it is that my lady has her real holiday and enjoys it, too, with a zest as keen as that of the humblest mechanic taking his Sunday outing in the country. Just how the grande dame spends these weeks of freedom depends of course upon her taste. If she is particular about her wardrobe, she may run over to Paris and divide the time pleasantly between the ateliers of her modiste and milliners and the fete making throughs in the parks and boulevards, for in Paris the art of keeping high festival has been reduced to an exactness surprising to the Anglo-Saxon race. Her mornings are of course devoted to the shops and courtières and are terminated with luncheon taken out under the trees in some one of the many cafes that line the boulevards, or, better still, in some quaint old place like the celebrated Tour d'Argent, which has been frequented by gormands for the last 300 years. For diversion on particularly lovely days she will drive out of town or take a run in her automobile before luncheon and draw up at some wayside inn or old chateau transformed into a hostelry, there to regale herself with the choicest of culinary dainties served at little tables on the balconies or in the courtyards.

At Versailles, which is only a brief ride from Paris, there is the Reservoir, where the viands are so choice that one might fancy that they had been sent in from the kitchens of the palace and that Louis the Magnificent was still host. After this feast, if for gods—or should I say goddesses—her ladyship can spend a pleasant hour in the gardens or wander through the endless apartments, whose portrait lined walls are full of suggestions for the seeker after sartorial novelties. Versailles and its galleries are the delight of the dressmakers' designers and the agent of the interior decorator. These lurk in every corner, digging up "new and novel" ideas for the embellishment of the persons or the mansions of the nouveau riche. Madam may amuse herself watching these seekers after new things sketch the outlines of their inspirations, or she may herself go upon a still hunt for oddities. Memories of La Valliere, Montespan, Maintenon, La Chateaufort, Pompadour, and Du Barry lurk in every corner, and it is a dull woman who cannot glean some modish suggestion from a few hours' study of the portraits of these beauties and the art treasures of the palace.

When she wearies of Versailles my lady may go out to the Henri Quatre at St. Germain, where there is another old palace and memories of more fair dead women—Marguerite de Valois, La Belle Gabrielle, Mary de Medici, Anne



AN EARLY AUTUMN AFTERNOON IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

of Austria and a host of others who have left their impress on the interior of the old mediaeval pile.

In the afternoon, after or before the drive in the Bois de Boulogne, it is the thing to visit one of the smart tea rooms—the Ritz, where the Americans and English most do congregate, or the Columbiad, patronized by the exclusive ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. Still another set may be seen at Rumpelmayer's, headquarters for unique and delicious cakes. In this informal glimpse of the Parisian smart world there is much that is enlightening as well as enlightening to the woman who is out for a holiday and new clothes.

After dinner at the hotel or at another of the fashionable restaurants the woman, if she has an escort available, may visit any place of amusement that takes her fancy without fear of adverse comment, since no matter how high her social position at home, she is a comparative nobody in Paris and altogether unnoticed unless she should chance to be a ravishing beauty. This is the charm of the foreign holiday to the fatigued society woman.

In London, where she stops for her tailor made gowns, she is not likely to waste much time, since London out of the season is one of the dullest places on earth.

After a hasty call at the Bond street shops, where she is measured and fitted in haste, she is glad to embark on horseback, thrilling runs in the motor car or pleasant drives along country lanes. In the magnificent estates that gem the Berkshire hills a guest or two, even a half score of them, do not greatly inconvenience the housekeeper, and a little congenial company adds much to my lady's good spirits.

For the rich society woman who does not go abroad and buys her gowns in the home market autumn is a time for country visiting. The season at Lenox, Tuxedo and Great Barrington is at its height, and house parties of a small and informal nature are the rule. Every one who is any one now has a country place where rest and recreation may be obtained in informality when the cares and restrictions of social life become too oppressive. The fall outdoor campaign includes plenty of golf, tennis and croquet, long rides

on horseback, thrilling runs in the motor car or pleasant drives along country lanes. In the magnificent estates that gem the Berkshire hills a guest or two, even a half score of them, do not greatly inconvenience the housekeeper, and a little congenial company adds much to my lady's good spirits. If the men of the family are fond of sport the mornings may see those who are at home depart with their guns, to be followed later in the day by an automobile or cart, in which are a hamper of lunch and some of the ladies who desire to look on while the quails, the partridges or the rabbits are mowed down by their sanguinary guests and relatives. Some women nowadays even

take part in the killing and spend days tramping about with dogs at their heels and a gun slung over their aching shoulders. It isn't a very pleasant recreation, but, then, it's so English, you know!

Barn dances, country fairs, nutting parties and harvest home festivals, elaborated to suit the requirements of a fastidious taste, are some of the diversions that fit into this period of society's rest. Flower festivals and country circuses are sometimes included in this list, but not often, as they require the co-operation of the many and an amount of preparation that people are not willing to give at this dolce far

niente stage of existence. Hammocks on verandas and lawns are in general demand, for the charms of outdoor life are at this season well nigh irresistible. Every oak and maple has taken on shades of scarlet and amber, while the gum trees and the sunaees toss their fiery foliage in every breeze. Only the pines and the cedars stand dark and unchanged, diffusing their balsamic incense everywhere.

Artists, amateur and professional, are now in their glory, and no woodland walk is unknown to them. Parties of them at this season descend upon the country, quartering themselves at the farmhouses or the artists' clubs that may be found in every picturesque neighborhood. Indeed, it is the most satisfactory time of the year for open air work or play, for the chill mornings and evenings stupify the insect hosts that otherwise would make it a misery to go abroad. Even in the middle of the day the sun shines with tempered heat, so that long walks or rides may be taken in comfort, and much visiting from house to house is possible and popular in the villa colonies.

Autumn in town is quite another matter. The small boys and girls no longer swarm abroad. They have been gathered into school, and the much harassed mothers of families have an opportunity to join the great procession of out of town visitors that threads in and out of the shops, eager to carry off the latest metropolitan fashions. Town fashionables, too, may be seen haunting the exclusive places, supplementing the wardrobe brought from abroad or gathering together one that will give the impression of having been imported. Luncheon taken at one of the roof garden cafes or open air restaurants inclosed by a screen of box hedge and flowers is a popular way of ending a morning's tour, the stranger in the city, however, as a rule, preferring one of the gorgeous hotel dining rooms. In the afternoon there are matinees, picture galleries, more shopping or sightseeing for the visitor, while the urban fashionable has her midday nap if there are no engagements with the dressmaker or milliner. Later in the day comes the drive in the park for those who can afford it, when a kaleidoscopic display of humanity drifts up and down the gravelled walks or scatters over the grass plots. There is plenty of handsome outdoor dressing, and the scene is more nearly cosmopolitan than at any other time of year. As the weeks progress steamer after steamer brings its load of home returning butterflies, and train after train rushes them to the city from country house parties or beauty seekers' retreats until the list of November finds every one ready for the winter campaign, although a trifle regretful, perhaps, that the round of gaieties must begin again, for close intimacy with fashionable ball and dinner and dance brings surfeit. One season is much like another, and she who puts her foot upon society's treadmill may expect no escape from its slavery.

EVANGELINE SUTTON.

## Some Practical Hints For Those Who Go Abroad; Kate Clyde Writes of Her Traveling Experiences

THIS is the time of year when the wise woman goes to Europe—a little after the first rush and not so late in the season that you get the fall dampness of hotels that are not steam heated.

I'm wondering if a few words on the subject of traveling would come amiss. I think not.

We all like to hear other people's views. Then we do exactly as we please and have all the more fun in doing it.

They say you can find out anything you want to know about a woman by traveling with her.

Surest thing I've heard.

You can even find out a good deal before you start, methinks.

The methodical woman has everything planned out. She even engages her rooms beforehand. It's fine to travel with her in one way, and then again it isn't for if you fall ill or want a day's rest or otherwise disturb her plans she is simply furious. I really believe she cares more about sticking to her itinerary than she does about seeing the country.

There are some geniuses that can plan a trip through the whole of Europe in two weeks for \$100.00 or similar figures, only you must be up and busy, hold around and catch trains and forget you have such things as bones or aches.

Not for me! I want to "jest nacherally mosey round," getting into trouble and out of it as best I may and enjoying the complications even more than I do the smooth places.

I must be contrary by nature, for if any one says to me "You must see this and that" I immediately make up my mind I would rather be imprisoned first.

In London I almost went away without seeing Westminster abbey because I had it dimmed into me until I was sick of it before I saw it. I take it all back, of course. I was made to stay over a day and see it, and I'm everlastingly grateful. But I saw the zoo, and Miss Thosom's and a lot of funny places all well informed by means of the guidebooks tourist turn away from in disdain. Anyhow, you have a lot of fun wandering up and down streets, stopping and looking at it shop windows, getting turned around and heading for the river when you mean to make a bee line to your hotel, getting lost five or six times in one afternoon and being rescued as often by courteous bobbies or pompous gendarmes.

That's what I call traveling! Well, to return to the subject of character as shown, etc. You can easily see by

the above description that I am irresponsible.

A friend made the sad mistake of going to Europe with a woman she knew slightly, and what do you suppose she discovered? Her companion had shopinitis in a most advanced form. What is shopinitis? Why, the shopping mania, of course.

She would do it, you know. In London, in Paris, in Stockholm, it was all the same. She spent all her time fussing around the shops, prying

this and that quite as she would at home. She used to roll home in a cab completely dead to the world, her arms filled with bundles and her purse with samples. Meantime my friend went sightseeing alone.

That woman didn't want the things either. She just bought them because she simply had to shop.

Men are just as funny as women in their way. There's one chap I know who goes over to Paris every year. It bores him to death, but he does it for all that. Hearing that a friend was about to sail, he said to him: "Heavily place, Paris, old man, but I'll tell you where you can find a good American bar. It's on Rue Bonaparte, and you'll find lots of Americans gathered there."

Now, why go to Europe to meet a lot of Americans gathered around an American bar?

Then the queer wardrobe some people start out with. You would think they were going to darkest Africa. Everything is dark and velvet-like and dingy. They won't take a decent dress to wear at restaurants or anything friskier than a sailor hat!

Then there's the other extreme, the woman who wears chiffons on board ship, or, worse still, lingerie shirt waists.

There's a great art in knowing how to pack and what to take.

Let me tell you how one couple I know started for Europe. I think they did rather well.

In the first place they took no steamer trunk, but instead a large sized leather trunk held both their wardrobes. Of course this did not go to the

stateroom. They drove down from the house to the wharf the night before with their trunk on top of the carriage, which is a great improvement on wondering whether it has arrived on the dock or not. In the carriage with them he took a suit case, she her Morocco traveling bag containing her toilet articles, nightgown, wrapper and black silk shirt waist. In the suit case he put his suit to wear on the steamer, his black serge suit to go with her waist and a dinner dress for her. The flap accommodated his shirts, and there was room for several small articles

also. Their steamer coats were rolled into a shawl strap bundle.



Had shopinitis in an advanced form.

In the leather trunk were his dress suit and her best evening gown, with hat and evening coat, one linen costume, shirt waists and shirts galore, plenty of underwear and one afternoon dress with hat to match. The bottom of the trunk was left empty, and when they landed they placed their steamer coats and suits in it.

In this way they were dressed and ready for all occasions, with only one trunk to take care of.

Her costume on the steamer was, as I said, a smart black taffeta waist and a serge skirt of the same color. With

this she wore a steamer coat of rough goods, almost white, with large black collar and cuffs, and a small black and white hat covered with a blue chiffon veil, which could be tied on under the chin.

She traveled in a blue suit, with tan collar and cuffs, tan gloves and a tan sailor trimmed with the same shade of blue. She took seven white waists and a blue foulard blouse matching her suit exactly. One pair of black shoes and a pair of tan ones did for all occasions.

With a little pair of soft Turkish bedroom slippers that could be easily slipped into the Morocco traveling bag.

How any one manages to travel without one of these traveling bags is a mystery to me anyway. They are the most convenient things made. Mine holds a brush, comb, mirror and five bottles, one for tooth powder, one for nailbrush, one for toothbrush, one for complexion powder, and the fifth is shaped to hold any cake of soap. The bag is large enough to hold slippers, wrapper, nightgown and an extra waist, with a couple of collars. It is of a most serviceable shade of dark green, with my monogram in gilt on the outside.

You could travel a good distance with this little arrangement as safe baggage and not be badly off either, and the beauty of it is that, having a place for each thing, you don't sink inside.

There is an article most women don't think of taking with them, and they would give almost anything for one on the steamer. I mean a hot water bag. What a blessing it is when you are seasick or one can fall to appreciate it. You place it at your feet or against your side and your troubles disappear; you are soothed into gentle sleep. Then, too, beds on the continent are likely to be damp, and I have had as bulky a hot water bag as a stone jug placed in bed with me when I was not feeling well.

So get the smallest size one and pack it in your traveling bag if you want to be perfectly comfortable.

If you have a tendency to be seasick, don't give a farewell dinner. A friend did that a short time ago. They went

or your mamma? Little Charlie—I love papa most. Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I thought you loved me most. Charlie—Can't help it, mamma. We men must hold together.

Cocoa butter should not be used on the skin, as it is apt to cause a growth of unsightly hair. It forms a good cosmetic screen.

As for the mirror, had not been much that will enable a man to see himself as others see him.

The very biggest mistake that mar-

ried persons make is to think that their friends will help them in their troubles with each other. The man or woman who goes away from home for sympathy finds sorrow and brings back regret.

The meanest thing a man can do, from his wife's viewpoint, is to really keep a secret.

Mean a beautiful hat represents an unpaid milliner's bill.

The pin is sharper than the sword—in the hands of a woman.

Last and not least, take it easy. You travel for health and amusement and not to get there. For mercy's sake be good and frivolous while you are away from home and have the chance. There are so many serious travelers reading their Baedekers like a lot of sex.

What do you care about reading all that fine print? Keep your eyes open, and you will see a lot of funny things you will certainly miss if your nose is buried in your guidebook. That's the experience of

to Sherry's, ate the best in the place and then went aboard the ship. She writes to say the memory of that dinner stayed by her until she landed. Excuse me for mentioning this, but it's a common habit. Better get a few days before sailing and get the system in order instead of banqueting—that is, if you want to be happy on board ship.

Last and not least, take it easy. You travel for health and amusement and not to get there. For mercy's sake be good and frivolous while you are away from home and have the chance. There are so many serious travelers reading their Baedekers like a lot of sex.

What do you care about reading all that fine print? Keep your eyes open, and you will see a lot of funny things you will certainly miss if your nose is buried in your guidebook. That's the experience of

to Sherry's, ate the best in the place and then went aboard the ship. She writes to say the memory of that dinner stayed by her until she landed. Excuse me for mentioning this, but it's a common habit. Better get a few days before sailing and get the system in order instead of banqueting—that is, if you want to be happy on board ship.

Last and not least, take it easy. You travel for health and amusement and not to get there. For mercy's sake be good and frivolous while you are away from home and have the chance. There are so many serious travelers reading their Baedekers like a lot of sex.

What do you care about reading all that fine print? Keep your eyes open, and you will see a lot of funny things you will certainly miss if your nose is buried in your guidebook. That's the experience of

### WIT AND WISDOM.

People who always say what they think usually think a lot of disagreeable things.

A young artist possessing wealthy friends who, to encourage him, bought his pictures at prices far beyond their worth had developed an exaggerated idea of his ability. Walking with a lady along one of the principal streets in Paris, he was gratified to see a picture from his own brush finely framed

in a dealer's window. Calling the attention of the lady to the picture, he said: "Pardon me, but I have some curiosity to know how my pictures stand commercially." The two entered the shop. "Good morning!" he said to the shopkeeper. "How much is the picture in the window there?"

"That?" "Yes." "Seven francs and a half." "What!" cried the artist in horrified amazement. The dealer, thinking

ing the exclamation was one of surprise at the high price, made haste to add: "But, sir, consider the beautiful frame!"

The simplest and surest remedy for blackheads is the bathing of one's face every night with hot water, drying it with a soft towel and then rubbing in gently some cold cream. In the morning wash the face well in tepid water.

"Star gazer" is the name by which a peculiar group of American fish is popularly known. The fish are called from the peculiar position of the eyes, which are set on the top of the head. Owing to this peculiarity the star gazer is prevented from seeing objects except those immediately above it.

There are lots of dead ones in every community who are not doing their duty by the undertaker.

"Alas," bewailed a young wife, "men are heartless creatures! When you tell them that their love has grown cold, they don't even trouble to love

up from their wretched papers!" "Yes," her friend agreed, "but tell them the soap is growing cold, and they fly across the room!"

A short post may cost a long shadow. The man who expects nothing will never be disappointed.

Love is a wonderful thing, yet there are people who would rather marry for money.

The greater part of a man's hero worship is wasted on himself.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie—I love papa most. Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I thought you loved me most. Charlie—Can't help it, mamma. We men must hold together.