



ORGANDIE GOWN TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE AND BABY VELVET RIBBON.



KATE CLYDE

Chides the Woman Whose Sorrows Are Always on the Bargain Counter—Also Persons Who Do Kindnesses Because of Expected "Returns"

"H. It's such a sad shame! Her life is ruined."
"Well, why doesn't she do something to remedy it?"
"My dear, you wouldn't say that if you knew all that she has experienced."

Oh, I don't even want to quote any more of that conversation. It makes me angry all the way through. Sorrow, indeed! Which of us has not known it? And those who know it most are those who show it least. I don't mind saying exactly what I think on this subject of sorrow. I don't believe in the sorrow that has to make itself felt by the wearing of crape and doleful garments. That is downright selfishness; it is forcing your weight of woe on a world which at best is none too joyous. I don't believe in the sorrow that weeps and wails and spends itself on the kindness of its friends. I don't believe in the sorrow that goes about forever with a long face proclaiming its pain.

I am in a position to speak of this because I was that kind myself once upon a time. I wept and wailed until even my friends grew to hate the sight of me. Because I carried such a pain in my own breast I ached to make other people feel it for just one second in order that they might understand.

The Dolefulness of Kate.
Goodness bless you, they never even dreamed it!

Some day I expect to have the consolation of certain of them, and I fully expect to hear them tell me that I don't know what suffering is; that I never suffered like that. If they don't say it, they'll think it. Factions may be cynical. It's a bad habit I have. To return to our subject, what brought me out of this state of mind?

Why, in the first place, I nearly lost all my friends. You know that I was pleasant. Then one of them with the



Kate Clyde in a doleful mood.
courage of her convictions said to me: "Oh, confound it all, Kate, why don't you brace up? Whenever I think of you I see you surrounded by a perfect mist of tears." This remark was not perhaps as tactful as it might have been (but is not the forte of that particular person), but anyway it was forcible. She brought me to my senses. Thenceforth I was mighty careful to do all my weeping internally. It's a mere matter of getting used to it. You can do it quite as bitterly, and it doesn't ruin the complexion. The third reason

was perhaps rather unusual—I mean an unusual reason—for ceasing my lamentations. A worse sorrow came to me than the one over which I had made so much fuss.

Cheerfulness the Motto.

Cheerfulness is now my motto. It has been for some time; ever since I acquired sense. That's why I can afford to smile when I hear these hard luck stories. I find it works pretty well. I positively seem to be becoming more popular every day, now that people have ceased to be afraid of me—afraid that I would drop tears in the soup or moisten their best sofa cushions.

I would not even bring this subject up, but I think there is a need of it. This is the third hard luck story I have been told this week. Now I'm easing my mind on the subject. Moral.—Don't do it. If you feel like committing suicide either carry out your intention or keep away from people until the mood is over. Suffer if you must—that you can't help—but even if it's a pain that gives you no moment's rest, that gnaws you like a serpent, keep it to yourself. Choke over it if necessary, but don't show it. If sorrow makes you haggard, there is such a thing as pink powder. I believe it's the first time I have advocated it in these columns, but here goes—and laugh, laugh, always laugh. It's so easy. After you've done it a few times it's almost mechanical, and the muscles get used to it. If the laugh doesn't do you any good, think of the other people. When you spoil their little world, they don't love you.

Er—I think that's about all. Don't you wish that girl hadn't come in and whined just before I began this letter? M-m-m? So do I.

The Influence of Staid Persons.

Why is it that very stiff and proper people affect other people in the opposite way? Will you tell me? The other evening there was a gay little dinner party with a very dignified bachelor as the guest of resistance, one of those men who like intellectual conversation, you know. Well, of course I could not give him that—it's never expected of me—but there were others who could. Did they? Not a bit of it. We all acted like idiots. One of the girls even did an impromptu Spanish dance in the middle of the floor with the green shaded candles throwing ghostly lights on her jet gown. Every one else capered

into it. The metal conducts the heat away, and the dish will not crack so readily.

Mrs. Minnie M. Belcher is head of the M. M. Belcher Co. Albany, N. Y., which does a large publishing business.

Fifty-seven women are employed as regular mail carriers in the rural free delivery service, and the names of

around in a circle clapping time. In the midst of it all we noticed a figure, tall, erect, lonely, standing in a corner in the attitude of Napoleon at St. Helena. It was the well bred bachelor! Poor man! Poor man!

Diplomacy and the Phone.

You have no idea how much the number of phones a girl receives affects her status in a hotel, particularly in a small apartment hotel where nearly all the people know about each other. In one such mansion the telephone booth is situated right off the men's smoking room, and when one clever girl perceived this she used to pay people to ring her up every evening after dinner. She used to flit by the men and into the booth with a most bewitching expression of confusion and eager haste, and if some time the train of her gown caught in the door so that it was left slightly open and she heard "Why, is that you, Tommy?" No, I have all the evenings this week taken, why, of course no one but the smokers was aware of the conversation.

Do you know what? At the end of the first month every man in the house was crazy to know such a popular girl. So much for diplomacy! I have always contended that a girl with a head is worth two with just features. And speaking of features, they are gradually going out of sight on account of the new huge hats. Great scheme—a huge, pretty hat for a homely girl.

Favors For "Expectations."

There is one class of people I have no patience with—the people who do kindnesses in expectation of returns. I was speaking with just such a woman. She said to me: "I think Carrie is such an idiot. She wastes her life rushing

around doing things for people—boosting them, as it were."

"Well," I remarked, "it's to her credit."

"Humph!" she sneered. "Do you suppose she ever gets any thanks for it?"

"Goodness!" I exclaimed. "The woman who does things in expectation of being rewarded for them is a fool. You don't want to class your friend that way, do you?"

And that's just about it. If doing kind things doesn't give you a happy feeling around the heart, then, in heaven's name, don't do them, for that's all the compensation you'll ever get.

But there are some people, you know, who seem to think that is enough.

Kate Clyde

New York.

A CLEVER FRENCH WOMAN.

Mme. Alphonsine Daudet is an exceedingly clever woman and the author of a number of volumes in prose and verse. She is an untiring worker, for she never allows her literary work to deter her from social or household matters. Her husband found in her an indefatigable helper and companion in all his literary pursuits. Husband and wife, it is said, shared the same desk, and he consulted her in every matter connected with business. She has a clear head for finance not often met with in a woman, and she it was who placed her husband's work with publishers and looked after his interests generally. Mme. Daudet is a great admirer of English women, and one of her most charming books is that containing her impressions of English society when she visited London some years ago with her husband and daughter. Mme. Daudet's manner is unaffected and sympathetic, while her taste in dress is very good.

whose intellect too often the less said the better.

On the other hand, the athletic girl is almost invariably the one with the fine record in her school studies and the vigorous mentality. With her a strong, active intellect seemed first essential to interest her in her own physical development. In a word, in the woman athlete body and brain development proceeded together; in the man muscle is frequently developed at the expense of brain. At least such is the verdict of experts like Dr. Houghton of the New York civil service examination board.

Nothing excels golf for bringing up that fine physical form the new woman needs. From the splendid game women get the lung and chest development in which Dr. Houghton says, they as a rule are deficient. Perhaps this is owing to the time honored ironclad corset habit. Golf gives them also that muscular spryness in which they ought to excel, but do not. More than all and better than all, woman gets here the accuracy of aim and coolness which she so needs in life. After a year or two of golf a woman would hardly throw a stone as it would hit for a marauding cat in the westerly direction. No, no! And you cannot possibly imagine a woman golf champion having hysterics.

Words cannot measure the mental benefits woman will gain from golf. Miss Beatrix Hoyt, the girl who held the championship from 1896 till 1899, kept it because of her "incessant steadiness" of playing. This seems extraordinary when it is remembered that at the time she first won it in 1896 she was only fifteen, a schoolgirl, with hair down her back. During all the three years she held the championship she was at school, and she was so shy that she did not wholly enjoy her high honor because of the fame it brought. The moment she finished even a game that placed her at the head of the women golfers of America she made for home,

without waiting to be congratulated. Camera people pursued her in vain.

Miss Hoyt is the granddaughter of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, governor of Ohio, secretary of the treasury during the civil war and the originator of the greenback currency and finally chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. Blood seems to tell here. Beatrix Hoyt's playing record equals that of Lady Hamilton, three years' woman champion golfer of Great Britain. Miss Hoyt is the child of Judge

Chase's daughter, Ellen, or Nellie, as she was called in old Washington days. Miss Chase married Mr. William S. Hoyt. The family home is in Westchester, N. Y. Beatrix learned golfing at Southampton, N. Y., where the Hoyts spend their summers. The young lady is a member of the famous Shinnecock Hills (N. Y.) Golf club. Both she and her mother are prominent in church work.

In 1899 another New York girl defeated Beatrix Hoyt for the United States championship, and she, too, had a grandfather on the mother's side. The young lady was Miss Ruth Underhill, granddaughter of Charles A. Dana. Miss Underhill is proof that among women athletes brains and muscle go together. She is an admirable writer; so also is her mother. Again blood tells. Miss Underhill was the founder of the Women's Metropolitan Golf association.

Each one of these notable girl golf players wins by a different mental quality, with shows itself physically. Miss Hoyt's playing is characterized by "incessant steadiness" that which won the cup for Miss Underhill is remarkable "accuracy at close quarters." This is said to be the kind of golf that usually wins. Ruth Underhill belongs to the Nassau (N. Y.) Country club.

In October, 1900, the Cox silver cup, the championship trophy, was won from Miss Underhill by Frances C. Griscom of Philadelphia. Miss Griscom's father is Clement A. Griscom, president of the International Navigation company. Lloyd Griscom, minister to Persia, is her brother. The story of how Miss Griscom became interested in golf is a good one. The family has been much in Europe, and in Scotland Miss Francis' brothers became ardent golf enthusiasts. One of them established golf links on the family grounds near Philadelphia. Here the youths spent most of their time. Miss Francis and her girl friends often needed the boys or wanted their company. On these occasions they always steered straight for the golf links and always found the objects of their search there.

Frances became interested in the royal game on her own account and learned it from her brothers.

Later she also spent considerable time in Scotland, playing golf in its home. Six years she practiced off and on. In 1900 she returned home from a prolonged tour in eastern Europe and began practicing for match games. Her brother Rodman, an exceptionally strong player, was her coach and her guide. He himself caddied her in the great match games. Miss Francis Griscom is a noble, beautiful sample of physical womanhood. She has superb health and high spirits, just as all girls ought to have. In her playing Miss Griscom is characterized by grip, strength and a wide, whirling swing. In that mysterious something which

golfers call fine "form" Miss Griscom is considered superior to most women players. She hits the ball as though she means it and prefers to play to falling short. Miss Griscom belongs to the Merion Cricket club of Philadelphia.

Genevieve Hecker, now Mrs. Stout, has done much of her golfing as a member of the Essex Country club of New Jersey. Her country home was in Orange. She has practiced with various organizations, lately with the Apawamis club of Rye, N. Y.

Miss Hecker's golf is considered to be the nearest faultless of any woman's in America. Next to this, her coolness is what wins. She is said to be absolutely iron nerved, apparently indifferent whether she wins or loses. Her strength is so great that spectators wonder where it comes from, for Mrs. Stout is only 5 feet 3, slender and rather light in weight. But when she plays golf every pound of her seems turned into muscle charged with electricity. She can drive a ball 200 yards. And, no matter what happens, she keeps her head on, never being the least bit rattled or excited.

ESTHER Z. CULLEN.

WOMAN AND GOOD ROADS.

Governor Bliss of Michigan appointed Dr. Rachel J. Davidson of Flint a delegate at large to the national and international good roads convention which met recently at St. Louis. At the good roads convention in Buffalo, N. Y., two years ago Dr. Davidson was the only woman delegate. She gave an address on "Road Naming and Marking," a subject to which she has given special attention. Her second appointment as delegate is believed to be due to her work along original methods of rural road marking and house numbering.

There is little handshaking between guests staying in a country house. They shake hands with the hostess at night and morning, occasionally with their host, but not often with their fellow guests.

Sorosis Petticoat and Costume of White Voile

To begin the upward climb of spiritual culture, force yourself to be ever sweet tempered, polite and obliging; talk and think no evil; let not the bitter sneer, the word of idle or venomous gossip pass your lips; think well of everybody; make yourself do this and mind your own business strictly; be truthful, sincere and kindly to all; do not criticize or find fault. This line of conduct steadily persisted in will draw around you loving friends who will always think you pretty.

Cultivate your mind to the extent of your opportunities. Get an excellent, solid education, enabling you to understand and be interested in all lines of human thought. Thus you will be able to sympathize with all that lives, and sympathy is the basis of magnetism. The women of history who have been famous for their power of fascination have in most cases been rather plain of face, but their minds were so strong, so brilliant, so cultivated and sympathetic that it made them really lovely. It is said now that Cleopatra was no beauty.

Note this: Every girl or woman has some special intellectual or personal gift. A girl "homeily enough to stop a watch" may be able to sing divinely or may have a fine talent for instrumental music. Let the talent be trained to its highest and best. She may become brilliant in conversation, may be a graceful, admirable dancer or golf player, may make of herself an accomplished artist. Again, she may have dramatic power and may through readings, recitations and monologues give pleasure to all her acquaintances. Social gifts are for the purpose of giving pleasure to others, not for showing off ourselves, and not a girl living but has some fine social gift. Good cooking and housekeeping are by no means to be disregarded among social qualifications.

MARY GOULD LYTLE.

FEMININE GOLF AND CHAMPION WOMEN PLAYERS

In the noble old Scottish game there is no woman who equals the best male players, but several leading women golfers take rank along with the best men players outside of the few famous champions. The present woman champion, Genevieve Hecker Stout, is conceded to almost equal the men champions. As Genevieve Hecker she has won the women's championship in golf for the past two years. It was while playing golf that she met and won her fine young husband, Charles Tudor Stout, also an expert at the game. Thus another athletic girl is married. Athletic girls always marry. It was a good thing for the race if all mothers came from the feminine athletic class.

Four young ladies have held the woman's golf championship of the United States. The first was Miss Beatrix Hoyt, champion three years, 1896, 1897, 1898. In 1899 Miss Ruth Underhill won and held the cup a year. Then in 1900 it was taken by Miss Frances C. Griscom. In 1901 and 1902 Miss Genevieve Hecker carried off the prize.

If there is one thing the woman that is to be needs for her development it is vigorous outdoor exercise. Educate woman bodily, bring up her lamentably lacking and neglected physique, and all the rest which goes to the making of the noble, perfected woman will follow. A curious difference has been noted between male and female athletes. The man athlete has the splendidly developed body in his line of physical culture, whatever that may be, sometimes all round. He is noted as the crack baseball or football player, oarsman or sprinter. But brain development in seven cases out of ten goes not with body development in the male athlete. He is simply a strong, limber animal, of

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about 900 are carried on the substitute list. This large number is made up by the wives and daughters of the regular carriers.

The late Rabbi Gustav Goethel of New York established the first Jewish sisterhood.

Tan and gray veillings and red and blue and other colors are thought suitable for girls of eight or ten years, while from that age upward a veiling

and a foulard gown also are quite as requisite for the young girl as for the older ones.

Edith F. Jones, twenty-two years old, has been appointed foreman of the Pueblo Machine works in South Chicago. She has lately completed a course in mechanical engineering in a technical school. She is a skilled mechanic in science and theory.

There is nothing equal to finely sifted

coal ashes for brightening metals of all kinds—brass, tin, copper, nickel. Rub over with a damp cloth dipped in ashes.

At a recent dinner given by the king of Italy Mme. Granzoli, who wore a lovely dress of white chiffon and pale green silk, was literally ablaze with emeralds.

Columbia university has recently established a scholarship to be called "The Margaret Fuller postgraduate

scholarship in literature." This is to be open only to women.

Nothing is more chic than the wraps that are shown in the shops for wear over light gowns. They are of pongee, in pure white and the natural color, and are trimmed with deep lace collars, velvets and soutache braid.

An attempt is being made to revive the nets that were worn in the fifties. The emerald is now the most fashion-

able stone. Emeralds are worn with a gown of some shade of green.

Queen Alexandra of England is a successful photographer and has many pictures which she herself has taken.

The sailor suit is as popular for little boys and girls as ever.

A woman became toothless at the age of seventy-five-fifteen years ago. Now at the age of ninety several new teeth have appeared in her gums.



Gown of Black and White Dimity

Some Words For Plain Girls

THE desire to be beautiful is natural to every natural woman. It is nothing to be ashamed of; on the contrary, it is praiseworthy. Not many girls are born beautiful, but every girl living can make herself attractive.

Cracked and badly formed teeth may be transformed into slightly ones by the dentist's art; a wide, irregular mouth with thick lips, may be cultured into such an expression of sweetness and refinement that it will be really beautiful; an ungainly walk and figure may be entirely made over by persevering in gymnastic exercises; crossed eyes can be remedied by surgical operation; a