

KATE CLYDE'S BABBLE OF SOCIETY AND MODES

PATTER, patter! That's the sound of the rain against the windows. Well, I can't have my horseback ride this morning, so I'll do the next best thing—write to you, my unknown friends. Do you know, it's the jolliest thing in the world talking to you in this way? If I had to face you all, for instance, it might be quite different. There are so many of you you might scare the life out of me. Then, too, if you saw me you mightn't like me, and as it is now I somehow feel that you do. You see, you only know one thing about me—that I am a girl. The rest, whether I am blond or brunette, tall or short, you imagine to suit yourselves. There is only one thing I beg of you: Make me pretty. You see, if I am really pretty, I want to stay so in your eyes, and if I am not—well, I would like to make you believe I am.



I wonder whether you would like my sitting room if you were here with me at the present moment. It's a very cozy little place. There is a wood fire which crackles and throws a rosy glow over everything, and I am sitting at my desk wrapped up in a red dressing gown. Dear me, I talk of myself as if I were part of the furniture! What I had in mind was the artistic contrast between the reds of the fire and of my gown and the pale yellow of the walls. These are covered with ribbed English cretonne. The design is dainty—wreaths of cowslips on a cream ground. All the furniture is covered with the same material, and the cushions are flowered in contrasting and harmonizing shades of the same color. Odd, isn't it? But it's one of the new fads.

From where I sit I get a view of the avenue, with its dreary stretch of wet asphalt and its slipping and sliding horses and pedestrians. There goes an old woman! Now she is crossing, and as she does so she grabs all her draperies, both petticoat and outer skirt, displaying in the act two plump legs covered with what appear to be yellow stockings. I'll make a guess and call them tan, for that's what they probably were before their many washings. I don't see how people can buy that color. Of course, no one in the smart set does so any more, but I mean the ordinary people—the people who can't afford to throw away a pair of stockings after they have been washed twice. And that's what you have to do with tan stockings on account of the fading. Last year all the girls wore black

stockings with their russet shoes, and they laced the shoes with black gros-grain half inch ribbon. It was very pretty and gave quite a small look to the foot. This season very few tan shoes are to be worn by really up to date women. I ought to know because I went to a swell shop yesterday and ordered all my spring and summer footwear. Of course, I bought a strong pair of calfskin shoes for wet wear and for golf. These are not nearly so manly as my last year's pair. By that I mean that the toes are much narrower, but there is a perfect sidewalk of a sole which runs out for a good half inch beyond the actual foot. Speaking of the mannish bulldog shoes, you know what an awful bulge they had in front and how they made even the tiniest foot look enormous? Well, it appears that a gay young clubman was one day very much struck with a radiantly beautiful girl. She was standing in front of a counter buying some chignon tulle. From the crown of her head to the tip of her rich trailing gown she was a queen. When she glided off after making her purchase, the man followed her, entranced. They came to a stairway. The unconscious object of his admiration raised a handful of dainty skirts, displaying—oh, horrors—a pair of square toed, thickset shoes which planted themselves on each marble step with a "clump" which could be heard for a stone's throw. The man gave a lance at those awful feet, then one fell from his lips: "Peacock!"

Well, I turn to my shoes. For every day I bought a pair made of handsome, stitched enameled leather. This is the patent leather, but is much heavier and not nearly so likely to crack. You see, the beauty of these shoes is that I shall never have to polish them, and they will always look smart and bright no matter if the dust is an inch thick on the country roads. With them I shall wear figured black, royal blue or cardinal red stockings. Then, for afternoons, to go with my thin soles, I bought a pair of light weight patent leather shoes, and for piazza wear I have the dearest little Louis Quinze affairs you ever saw. They fasten with a strap and a jet buckle, and they have red kid heels. So, you see, all my shoes for day wear are to be patent leather. For dances, of course, I have ordered slippers to be made of the material of my different gowns.

I see by looking at the sky that it is



Quite a fall with us girls.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

EVENING GOWN OF BLACK CHANTILLY OVER PALE ROSE SATIN.

going to clear off this afternoon. I think I shall have my horse Roland brought around after lunch. I don't like to miss my daily ride. You see, it's getting to be quite a fad with us girls. We make a practice of riding out for an hour or so every day during Lent. It's great for the complexion, the doctor says, and it's certainly good for the horses. Why, Roland was eating his head off and growing so fat that he was a tight fit in his stall! There isn't much time for riding in the gay season before Lent, and after Easter for a couple of months it will be just as bad. So we enjoy it while we can. Half a dozen of us usually meet in the park, and when we have cantered around till we are tired we go to the house of one of the party and have lunch. We take turns in giving the luncheons, and I tell you they are the jolliest little affairs, with more gossip than a sewing circle. It was at my house that we planned the Mi-Careme dance, and I want particularly to tell you about it.

You see, Mi-Careme is the only time you can dance during Lent, and I told mamma I wanted to give some sort of an affair which would be a lot of fun for the girls and men in our set. Aunt

Sophronia offered me the use of her ballroom, but mamma wouldn't let me give any entertainment in her house. She said Aunt Sophronia would inevitably meddle with the arrangements, and then it would surely turn out to be something risqué even if we had started out to have it a church social. So I've had to think up something unpretentious that would fit in with the size of our drawing rooms. Finally Fifi Lambert suggested that we should imitate a fete which she had seen in Paris. And we did, with the result that it was the greatest success imaginable. All the guests, both men and girls, were dressed to represent some vegetable or dish characteristic of Lent. Of course, there were any number of fishes. Paul Ward attired himself very picturesquely as a bluefish, and the incorrigible Jack Wentworth appeared in bright scarlet as a lobster. Margery Briscoe appeared as a little trout at least here's my certificate, snatching the paper from the velvet bag and waving it toward Jibbens like a trophy of victory. "I'm sorry for you," she said to Pinkie.

"And here's my marriage certificate!" moaned Pinkie, likewise waving it toward Jibbens.

"Oh, the atrocious scoundrel!" exclaimed the dark lady. "So he fooled you, too, did he, the rascally scamp?"

"He did, he did," sobbed Pinkie, "and he fooled my folks too! Oh, you black hearted villain!" she shrieked at Jibbens.

"That you are!" cried the dark wife. "There's no fire hot enough for you!"

stance, I appeared as the famous pea soup of undying memory. My gown was of pale green net covered with little round balls of chenille to represent peas. From my shoulders down to the bottom of my gown hung a spray of artificial peas and their pods. In one hand I held a papier mache soup plate and spoon, and as I tripped along I sang the old child verse:

Alléluia! Le Carême s'en va!
Nous ne mangerons plus
De la soupe au pois!

The leader of the cotillon was dressed as a chef, and he waved a gilt saucap as the emblem of his authority. The favors were tiny copper saucapans, the kind in which Fleuret serves terrapin à la Newburg. These saucapans were fitted with covers, and they held candles in the shape of miniature vegetables, fishes and candied fruits.

Kate Clyde

New York.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPE.

MR. JIBBENS married Pinkie Budd. In selecting a wife he had been guided strictly by principle—this principle, "Beauty as heaven wills, but cash she must have." Pinkie, girlish, clinging and blond, was lovely as well as fathered and brothered by men of wealth. So soon after the wedding as was consistent with etiquette Jibbens delicately "touched" his new brother-in-law for a loan, hinting that a generous check he was expecting had gone astray. But Brother Budd had already two other brothers-in-law to support, and his nature had become soured, even suspicious. He instituted inquiries into the Jibbens history. Then came like a thunderclap that Jibbens was a bimbered person.

The stern, soured brother haled Jibbens before the court, and, although Pinkie's heart was broken and she nearly sobbed her life out, yet at the command of her "folks" she appeared against him. Her marriage certificate was clutched in her right hand, while her left held a tiny, gem crusted bottle of smelling salts.

Shortly after Pinkie entered the court another lady came in and sat beside her. The other lady was older,

"Hanging's too good for you!" cried the blond wife.

"That it is!" cried the dark wife. "You ought to be electrocuted and then tarred and feathered!"

"Oh, you double dyed traitor!" screamed Pinkie. "You hypnotized me with your fiendish charms—me, a poor, innocent girl!"

Mrs. Jibbens No. 1 put her arms about Mrs. Jibbens No. 2. "There, there," she said soothingly. "You poor, dear, sweet little thing. I love you." She shook her fist at Jibbens.

"I'll publish you in all the papers!" she hissed. "I'll put you where you can't deceive any more trusting girls! Yes, and I'll send my mother to tell you what she thinks of you, you no account wretch!"

Jibbens weakened. He threw up his hands.

"Lock me up, Judge," he murmured. "Take me to jail—any old place to get me away from here."

It is acknowledged among mankind that as between man and woman this life is not a square deal. But when a man is confronted in court by two wives who make common cause with each other against him woman gets even, in part at least.

"But do they never guide you wrong?" I asked.

"If they told me to do anything wrong, I would not obey them," she answered, which is a very good way to follow guidance in general.

One of the cases recently treated by her was that of a lady whose arm was paralyzed so that she could not move it at all. After five visits to Teresa she was enabled to use that arm and hand in dressing herself. Sometimes cures are wrought in one treatment, but when persons come to her from mere curiosity she can do nothing for them, Teresa says.

After coming out of the trance at the age of 16 the girl frequently saw in visions, waking and sleeping, a radiantly beautiful head and face, with hair floating down to its shoulders. She still sees the same radiant face. When she is about to give a treatment, sometimes it is suddenly with her, and just as it appears she feels a cold wave thrill over her. Spirit mediums say sometimes that they experience the same sensation of cold as they pass "under the influence." But whether this lovely spirit of her visions is man or woman Teresa does not know to this day.

Besides healing people the girl preaches as solemnly and emphatically as she knows how harmony, good will and friendship among mankind.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

STITCHED DIRECTOIRE COAT.

SANTA TERESA

Magnetic Healer

QUACKS apply the word "vibrations" to many humbugs. Scientists have concluded that light, electricity and magnetism are produced by vibrations of a something which they call the cosmic ether because they do not know what else to name it.

Perhaps the cures wrought by Santa Teresa, the Mexican magnetic healer, are effected through vibrations among the currents of this same cosmic ether. We know there is healing virtue in light and warmth. It really should add to the respect with which we regard a seeming miracle when we find there is a scientific explanation for it. Besides, it makes the miracle easier to believe. Santa Teresa says when she treats patients she feels vibratory thrills running through and through her toward the patient. Sometimes these are so powerful that she does not lay hands on the patient, but stands a foot or two away, and even then the force, whatever it is, that proceeds from her is so strong it causes the person treated to sway back and forth.

The healer herself, a young woman of perhaps 25, is now in New York city, where she tells me she expects to remain for a year, treating all patients who come to her. She makes no charge, but accepts whatever the patients give her. She is tall and slight, with a sweet, dark face, wearing the innocent, trustful expression of a child. There is no guile or humbug in that face. It is certain that the simple minded, unlettered girl believes in herself.

I asked her to show me how she treated patients. She took my right hand in her right, my left in her left, thus crossing our wrists, pressed her thumbs close against mine and looked into my eyes. "Of old it was held that there is great power in the thumb, occult and otherwise. When persons are chronically discouraged and down on their luck, the thumb droops and sinks inside the palm. Sometimes Teresa treats patients by stroking them upon the head, face or body. She says she "feels" that is the right way, and this is all she knows about it.

I heard somewhere that the gorgeous rainbow tinted aurora borealis of the polar regions is nothing more or less than the play of the cosmic ether currents. I asked Teresa if when treating she saw colors before her eyes and around the patient.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Sometimes when I stroke people I seem to throw off colors from them, but these are disease colors and are ugly, not beautiful. Sometimes pretty colors mingle around them. When a person is in health, I usually see him in a white light."

I determined to test the matter. I was in good health, but had a lame arm, the result of an accident. I did not tell Teresa. She could not have known, for she had never heard of me. I entered her door for the purpose of obtaining an interview which I hoped might make interesting reading. I asked Teresa, the saint of the Yaguquis, what kind of light she saw around me. She took my hand and cast her eyes downward for a minute or two. Then she said:

"It's strange. I don't understand. I see your right side in white light, but your left—it is like smoke around it."

The young woman does not know of any blood other than Mexican, of pure Spanish descent, in her veins. At the age of 16 on the Caborca ranch one day she sank into a trance. In that state, dead and alive, she remained 3 months and 18 days.

"I did not know anything," she says. "I did not know that I was alive. I did not eat anything. They fed me on little spoons of milk, but I did not take of it myself."

When she came out of this trance, she began to heal.

She began her ministrations among the Yaqui Indians who lived in Sonora, along the Yaqui river. A mysterious link seems somehow to bind her to them. They adore her as a deity and call her their mother and their madonna. Her name of saint she obtained among the tribe in a peculiar way. She had no schooling to speak of, never has had and says that to this day she can do no more than read and write. She went to school only six months in all, but in that time learned with a rapidity that seemed to the simple Yaguquis miraculous, compared with their own snail pace progress in bookish knowledge. They concluded that none but a saint could take her letters so quickly, so they named her their saint. To this day and always she is their champion and advocate. Like Joan of Arc, Santa Teresa hears soundless voices that guide her.

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MAUDE V. PEYNTERN.