

# KATE CLYDE'S SOCIETY AND FASHION GOSSIP

"NAME the only place where a woman is entirely happy without a man at her elbow." It was Aunt Sophronia who propounded this conundrum.

"Heaven," I answered promptly and unhesitatingly.

"We are by no means given to understand that the population above is entirely feminine," retorted my aunt severely. "If I thought so, I wouldn't try to go there. Guess again, my dear."

I gave up.

"Fie!" she said. "The answer is very easy—the shopping district."

We were walking down Twenty-third street, and the masses of pushing and jostling womankind no doubt gave her this inspiration.

"They have to make a virtue of necessity," I returned. "You couldn't hire a man to come into these limits. They avoid 'shop town' as if it were pest stricken."

My aunt laughed. "They don't dare trust themselves here," she said. "Big Tom Bender confided to me that he thought it was more dangerous for a fellow than the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. He ought to know, for many's the time that Maizie has dragged him in this direction under pretense of a little walk—a walk from which he has

side? Naturally, I buy the \$500 gown lest some one else should purchase it and eclipse me. That's what I did when I was first married. Then my allowance would give out, and I would go to Jack for more, which he wouldn't give me. You see, I could explain about the two gowns until I was tired. He had not seen them together, and, of course, he could not know how it was. Then I adopted entirely different tactics. I cried one evening after dinner—not enough to be unbecoming, but just enough to be effective. I said that I knew my taste was crude and that he was so artistic and so fond of rich things that I knew I could never suit him. I ended by sobbing out that I didn't want to choose my gowns any more; my clever Jack must do it for me. You have no idea how flattered he



Dash across the street.

sight. Then I took to wearing veils. The climax came one morning when he bought me a dress, a hat and an opera cloak all of the same deadly color. When I left the shop, I drove to my lawyer."

These affecting memories so disturbed my aunt that she dabbed her eyes with a ridiculously small lace handkerchief. But just as she turned upon me a most becoming look of utter sadness her practiced eye caught sight of a friend entering a shop opposite. The friend was gorgeously attired, and my aunt, after a hasty glance, gathered up her ruffles and made a wholly undignified dash across the street. She dodged two hansoms and a cab, and by the time I reached the opposite sidewalk she was nowhere to be seen. I followed into the shop, and after half an hour's search I found her deep in conversation with a saleswoman, while on the chair in front of them lay an evening dress.

"Just as I suspected, it was that last year's foulard of hers fixed over," my aunt whispered to me all in one breath. Then she turned to the saleswoman, with a mournful shake of her head. "No, I can't afford it," she sighed. "That is, I don't think I can. Still, I suppose it wouldn't be much trouble to try it on, and then if it proves unbecoming I shan't feel so bad."

The saleswoman took in Aunt Sophronia's handsome face and figure, and I suppose she made up her mind that it was a safe risk. So we adjourned to the fitting room, and the



Effect in evening gown.

a latticework of the ribbons which reached to the elbow and finished with a big rosette. Altogether it was a very daring effect and therefore one calculated to please my aunt.

From the moment that she smiled at herself in the mirror I knew she would buy the gown. But she did half an hour's talking, and during that time I watched my opportunity and slipped away. You see, I was late for an engagement to take afternoon tea at Sherry's and meet—well, never mind who—some one liked by

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New York.

## A SOCIAL ORDER OF THE GARTER.

King Edward's bestowal of the order of the Garter upon Queen Alexandra, making her the only woman thus honored, has drawn attention to the fact that a clique of women in English high society has appropriated the name of the order to themselves. The social order of the Garter is one of the smartest secret societies existing in smart Belgravia society today.

Only unmarried women can become members, but those of them who marry may remain members. There are a president, a secretary and a recorder, who has the custody of a beautiful book, bound in the antique style in red vellum with brass. On its white pages it is her duty to write such doings of the members as seem worthy of record. At least three peeresses and eight daughters of peers are enrolled, and though it is difficult to estimate the number of members, the names on the book certainly exceed 50.

The insignia is a gold garter representing a serpent biting its own tail. But this garter is occasionally worn as a bracelet, for it is flexible, being made of hammered gold which can be contracted all it can be worn on the wrist. When so worn, it is a sign that the member wishes to communicate with other members, and consequently a girl at a large party will be led to address another she does not know because of this sign of their freemasonry. No member receives a list of fellow members, so she only knows those who are personal friends.

There is no subscription and no general meeting. The objects are to induce women to help one another in society and to keep an eye on the doings of men in their own set. The social order of the Garter has been in existence at least five years, and the secretary has a great deal of correspondence. Admission is by invitation of the president after nomination by three members, and the only cost to the novice is the price of the garter. An oath is sworn, but what it pledges members to has not so far become known.

## GIRLHOOD'S FRIENDSHIPS.

A friend—a real, true, good friend who shares one's joys and sorrows, bears with one's good or evil humor, loves one despite one's faults and helps, even the better for them—who has not dreamed of such a friend? But how few there be that find them!

This would seem particularly the case with women in contradistinction to men and in an aggravated degree among girls.

A girl's friendship for another would seem, as a rule, to be of a butterfly order of things—they fly into friendship with outspread wings and encircling arms, with kisses, with "dearest" and "darling" interspersing their conversation and daily letters of many pages long helping to break the weary postman's back. And then comes "the little rift within the lute which by and by shall make the music mute," and the friendship, ripe before its time, dies a sudden death, not even repelled by the two who erstwhile so enjoyed it.

Therefore it behooves a girl before making a friend to pause and consider for some short time at least before becoming "absolutely devoted" to her and to think twice before she tells the girl she met yesterday in the house where she is staying all her inmost secrets. To say the least, the habit is unwise and like all playing with matters great and good, will perhaps prevent her knowing a real friend when she does come across one.

A woman's real friends, whether they be men or women, are, as a rule, made later than girlhood. Happy is the woman who possesses such a treasure as a true friend. Knowing and understanding the value of what she has found, she will never strain at the tie if she be wise; she will never be jealous or exacting, but, trusting ever, will be forever true.

## USE OF LACE BRAIDS.

Old black lace braids are being revived, but these must also be used with discretion. They are smart on boleros, for which amazon cloths, vicunas and fine crepons will all be pressed into service.

# WOMEN AS STOCK BUYERS

Many Of Them Find Pleasure and Excitement On 'Change.

MANY women speculate in stocks in a quiet way. Most of them openly declare they do it in the hope of bettering their fortunes. Others who seem to be independently wealthy say they do it to give excitement to a life that has lost its zest, and they do not care—not they—whether they win or lose. It is to be observed, however, that those dames who gamble in stocks for the fun of the thing are about the glummet of all when they lose in ten minutes several thousand dollars.

Not far from the social center of a certain great city a man known as one of the most influential and reliable bankers and brokers in the States has for the accommodation of lady customers. But the other half was also admitted to its privileges, and now, as usual where the sexes are associated in any enterprise, men mostly monopolize the proceedings. Still there drop in and out quietly and whisper their orders to buy or sell enough women to give the shop an air of femininity. The clerk who telegraphs orders from this up town place to the main office is also a woman—a young woman with the nose of a Napoleon of finance. The influential banker and broker from his headquarters inside the aura of the great central Stock Exchange sometimes telephones to his lady customers his opinion on the prospects of given stocks, which the business manager announces to the ladies like this:

"Mr. Marginstock thinks Crossbones common will drop. The ladies nudge one another and whisper audibly:

"Don't you believe a word of it. Mr. Marginstock's always wrong in his guesses."

Not knowing, you would imagine these women stock speculators to be of those who smoke cigarettes and wear powder and peroxide hair and are up to date in slang. Well, you were never more mistaken. Many of them are middle aged or elderly women dressed in black of staid appearance and manners—like those at a woman's club business meeting when the members are not on dress parade or like officers of a ladies' missionary society. Fully half of them wear mourning expressing various grades of grief. One handsome speculator of 50 is draped in a pall of black. A lady whispers to a friend:

"That woman has lost her husband and all her children. She says she does not care for anything any more. She has loads of money and comes here to speculate and keep herself from thinking."

"She's lucky to have loads of money," replied the friend. "She ought to be thankful enough for that to keep from fretting. She would be if she'd ever had to work for her living."

A mild eyed, refined looking, grandmotherly woman of 70 quietly watches the readings clicked off by the ticker. "That one," whispers the lady who

She said, "I don't know what margins are, but I'd like to try some," as if it had been a new kind of cream chocolates. Well, she tried some and lost \$2,000 in less than no time. Now she is coming in to get it back again. That's what we all do. When women go into stock buying, they nearly always listen at first to what some man tells them and lose all the money they put in. You are safe to lose if you take a man's advice. Never do it. Men think they know so much about stocks, and they don't know any more than you do yourself. Now it begins to warm up a little. It gets crazy in here sometimes."

It did warm up. A big board, the size and shape of a Sunday school blackboard, was covered with squares and figures. Down a line at the left was a row of mysterious letters and syllables—Nyp, Mop, Uss, Nat, Lpf, etc. If that board is unearthed in the days of the coming race, when people draw their sustenance from the air and wear thought clothes, will the professors of learning of that day pronounce it a tablet inscribed in honor of the greatest king known to the barbaric twentieth century? They would not be far out of the way, for it is a tribute to King Money. As sales grew lively two young men worked as fast as their fingers could fly changing figures upon the board, and the click clack of the blocks sounded like the rattling of dice in a box. It was a game of chance the customers played—a game in which the stakes were won and lost by the thousand dollars.

A pleasant acquaintance springs up among the women who follow stocks. Day after day, year after year sometimes, they meet and are drawn together by the mutual interest of margin and short, of bull pool and bear pool and running to cover. Much of human sympathy is evolved. They are glad when one of them makes a strike; they are sorry in a very I told you so way when one loses. Yet, though they meet thus friendly and familiar, they almost never know one another's names. It would not be etiquette to inquire. Etiquette requires that a stockroom acquaintance end with the stockroom. If two ladies who saw each other every day at the broker's office should by chance be introduced outside, they would meet as strangers.

The noisiest person in the room was, naturally, a man. He wore a silk hat and read off the quotations rapidly from the ticker. If his particular stocks were going down, he went away and waited awhile. If they went up, here is what one of the lady buyers says he does:

"He talks as hard as he can and sputters all over everything and just howls."

Man or woman, after you once get into the stock business you cannot let it go. It will not let you go. Men and women both become so wrought up in the game that they cannot sleep at night. The excitement and fascination are indescribable. Speculators must



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by Esther Meyer.

## WATTEAU HAT OF PALE BLUE TAFFETA AND ROSES.

invariably returned with his pocketbook as flat as a pancake."

Just at this moment a particularly gaudy creation caught my aunt's eye, and she sidled up close to the store window. At her right a woman was in ecstasy over a pink crepe de chine waist. "Ain't that beautiful!" we heard her gasp. There was such an emphasis on the "ain't" that I couldn't reproduce the effect in print unless I used letters three inches high. Aunt Sophronia turned and surveyed her through her lorgnette. "That's the third time I have heard that remark this morning," she whispered to me, "and from well dressed women too. It only goes to prove my theory."



More dangerous than Monte Carlo.

"That when women speak from the heart they use bad grammar?" I suggested.

"Nonsense!" she snapped. "That the shopping district is the best place to study a woman's character. When a woman stands in front of a store window, she forgets all grammar, politeness, her little airs and graces and even her personal appearance. If you want to discover whether Mrs. Doubtfire was really born to the purple or whether her drawl and long 'a' are a product of the last few years, just follow her into the shopping district. You'll soon find out."

I made some observation, but Aunt Sophronia did not answer. She was biting her lips, and there was a twinkle in the corner of her eye. "You believe that a woman's husband should give her a certain yearly sum for dress, don't you, Pussy?" she asked.

"Of course," I answered. "Every decent woman nowadays gets an allowance."

"So did I before I was married and the first year after, too, but not after that," she chuckled.

I stared at her in amazement. "But you were always beautifully dressed!" I exclaimed.

"That's it," she said. "I have to dress beautifully or I am not happy. Do you suppose I can buy a \$200 gown when I see that it is entirely put in the shade by the \$500 creation which hangs along-

was! The next morning he took me to Mine, Valerie's on the avenue, and when she showed him the modest gowns my allowance warranted he simply wouldn't look at them, he was so anxious to show what fine taste he had. He selected a dozen gowns fit for a princess, and when the bill came—it was something tremendous—he paid it without a murmur."

"Then why, in the name of all that's good, did you divorce him?" I exclaimed, aghast at the willful waste of such generosity.

Aunt Sophronia put on her little pouting expression. "He went crazy over one color—old rose," she murmured gently, "and, as you know, that shade is very unbecoming to me. I stood it as long as I could. I used rouge to such an extent that my skin was a

dress was slipped on. It was a Parisian model and was very striking. At distance it looked as if Aunt Sophronia had been locked behind iron bars, but this was only the effect of the black velvet ribbon latticework. Of course, you are aware how much that ungraceful effect is being used in Paris. The foundation was of corn colored mousseline de soie, and from the knees down there was a wide accordion plaited flounce finished with a full ruching. From the decollete to the knees the gown was in one piece, forming that three-quarter princess effect which it takes a woman of my aunt's height to wear. This princess part of the dress was covered with a latticework of half inch black velvet ribbon, and at each intersection of the ribbon there was a tiny rhinestone button. The arms showed prettily through

## WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

MISS IVIE ROSE and Miss Girty Down were chums. At the end of every week they unbosomed themselves each to the other concerning the events of the past seven days.

Said Girty Down to Ivie Rose: "Last Monday noon I went into Browne Hash's restaurant for luncheon. I sat down and was just going to order a cup of tea and a lady finger—I thought I could make it do; then I could save some money to go on to that ravishing black chiffon hat I want—when in comes little Skewkey Tubbs and sits down opposite me. I says good morning, and he says, 'What are you going to eat?' I says, 'I don't know; you may order.' He says, 'But I can't tell what you want.' Then I knew he was going to pay, so I went in and ordered a good one while I was at it. I says: 'Then we'll have broiled spring chicken and lobster salad and English lamb chops and strawberries and some of those imported hothouse grapes, and we'll top off with French candied fruits and ice cream and genuine Mocha coffee. That'll be a plain, simple lit-

tle luncheon, won't it?' 'Y-e-e-s,' says Skewkey kind of sicklike, but we had it all the same. I gave him an hour

of my society and conversation to pay him for it."

"Skewkey Tubbs!" exclaimed Ivie in accents of fine disdain. "Poor little runt! His back hair looks like a rat's nest, and he never has any fold in the knees of his pants, and he puckers his face into the most horrible wrinkles and works his jaws when he uses his knife and fork or clips anything with the scissors in the office—perfect scarecrow!" Still he's good enough to pay for a luncheon."

"Yes," answered Girty. "And, Ivie, of course he had to pay my car fare going home. One morning coming down town this week I met Mr. Donaldson just as I was getting on the car, and he paid my fare for me. Another morning I met that stingy Sam Holden, and he had to pay for me, too, though I saw he didn't like it a bit. But what's a nickel anyhow to a man? Ivie, I've counted up, and I'm in a luncheon and three car fares this week."

"Yes," replied Ivie, "but I've done better than that. Last Tuesday I stood looking in at Bump's confectionery window. I was just longing for a box of those Italian cream chocolates, but I wouldn't buy them myself. I just mind cured on them ten

minutes there where I stood, and by and by along comes old Nicken, and he says, 'How do you do?' 'I'm well,' I says. 'But ain't they beautiful Italian cream chocolates in there?' 'I'm just longing for a box of them.' 'Well, old Nicken says, 'let's have some.' So he bought them for me, but the mean old thing ate nearly half of them himself, after all. I got even with him, though, for I says to him, 'Have you seen that new play, 'The Athletic Orphan,' yet?' He says, 'No, I haven't,' and I'm crazy to go, but I can't go by herself.' 'Well,' he says, 'I s'pose I'll have to take you,' and he wouldn't get out of it. And after that was over, of course it was only common manners for him to ask me to go and have ice cream and coffee. So I've beat you, Girty, this week. I'm in a box of chocolates, a theater ticket and cream and two car fares."

"Yes," murmured Girty, "you are. That limpy old Nicken! He's like an exhibition of antiques, with his bald head, his old claws of hands and his silk hat that he's worn for the last five years ever since his wife's funeral! Still he's good enough to pay out his money for girls, and that's what men are for. All the girls know it."



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by Latorre.

## LACE APPLIED GOWN OF NET.

knows, "has lost \$21,000 in stocks, and she's trying to get it back again."

"Great ghostie! Think of having \$21,000 to lose!" exclaimed the one whispering to.

A very pretty woman with gray hair and eyes that now and then blaze with an electric blue steps close to the girl telegrapher with the nose of a Napoleon of finance and gives an order.

"That one," continues the whisperer, "is very reticent. She sits looking down with her hand over her eyes, as though she were drawing on some inner source of knowledge. Then presently she goes and buys or sells, and she is generally successful."

The woman of mystery had the air of a financial climber, one whose social position was or had been first class, but who had not money to back it and was trying on the quiet to put herself in funds through speculation in stocks.

A newcomer, tall in deep mourning, entered. "That one is very wealthy," continued the whisperer. "She came in last fall with a young brother, one of the smart Alec kind who thought he knew it all. 'You buy on a margin,' he told her,

watch the market like hawks when the season is active. They must go every day. An absence of 15 minutes at a critical point may mean the loss of thousands."

But I wonder the women do not take their knitting work to steady their nerves while they wait. They cannot smoke.

MARILLA WEAVER.

FIRST TO WEAR ORANGE BLOSSOMS. "One of the Spanish kings," so runs the legend, "had an imported orange tree of which he was very proud and of which the French ambassador was extremely anxious to obtain a slip. The gardener's daughter was poor and required a dowry in order to marry her lover. She therefore obtained a cutting of the orange tree and sold it to the ambassador for a high price. At her wedding she wore a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair in recognition of the plant to which she owed her happiness."

According to this legend Spain is held responsible for the pretty custom of wearing orange blossoms at weddings.