LATE SUMMER STYLES.

Queen Fashion Now Favors the "Chokerless" Gown.

Even Morning Dresses Are Worn Without High Stocks by Women Blessed With Pretty Necks—What the Autumn Has in Store.

A good many of the gowns made for August, gowns destined for the watering places, are made without collars or with even a slight decolletage, although they are intended to be worn with hats. This is the style of gowns one sees in the restaurants of Deauville and Trouville, or at the Casino after dinner. It is a pretty genre of gown, as elaborate as a formal evening dress without its severity, says a Paris correspondent writing to the "New York Tribune."

A lovely gown is of white mousseline de sol painted with an allover rose design. About the bottom of the skirt is a border of large flowers embroidered in relief. The bodice has a fichu of pink mousseline de sole, with the ends passed through straps of black velvet, hanging down on the skirt. The sides of the bodice are of lace, and lace forms short, close sleeves, ending just above the elbows. Here is a puff gathered into a ruffle of the painted mousseline de sole, with a line of embroidered roses along the edge.

A quaint little frock is of grey mousseline de sole trimmed with pale yellow velvet. The skirt is shirred about the back and sides, and trimmed about the bottom by a cluster of small ruffles. The bodice is a blouse falling slightly over the shaped yellow girdle. About the neck it is shirred into the form of a round yoke and below the shirrings is a band of yellow velvet run in and out of the stuff and tied in front in cluster of long loops. The sleeves are full and shirred into a ruffle at the elbows, where a line of velvet is run in and out, with loops on the outside of the arm.

For the shore are little jackets of red silk, trimmed with ecru batiste embroidery. A pretty model is as short as a bolero on the sides, with the pleated back gathered under a broad belt, and flaring out in pleated coat tails. There are a deep circular collar and revers of embroidery. The long sleeves are pleated in clusters with a puff of ecru batiste at the elbows. This little garment is to be worn with simple muslin skirts, or with tailored skirts of serge or alpaca.

A gown that has several features of the true sailor blouse is made of white linen batiste, trimmed with flounces and medallions of ochre colored lace. The flounce about the bottom of the skirt is arranged in points, and from each of the four points on the sides rises a line of medallions to the waist. The sailor blouse is full all round, and is trimmed with rows of medallions, extending from shoulder to waistband. The front of the gown is cut out at the base of the throat, and there is a sailor collar of lace, with scarf and knot of pale blue silk. The draped waistband is of blue also. The sleeves are trimmed with two rows of medallions, and are finished with a puff of lace, gathered into a narrow wristband.

Another example of the sailor blouse occurs on a gown of pink batiste, dotted with white and trimmed with bands of plain pink and knots of black velvet ribbon. The skirt is made with three ruffles, each headed by a few inches of fine pleating and finished with a stitched band of the pink batiste. The bodice has the batiste laid in clusters of fine pleats, which "blouse" over a belt of black ribbon, with bow and cluster of narrow ends falling down the back. A deep circular collar is pleated into shape about a slightly pointed decolletage, trimmed on the edge with stitched band of pink and closed in front with a knot and loops of black velvet. The sleeves are pleated to the elbows, where they have double ruffles edged with pink, and a bow of black velvet.

As said before, a great many of the gowns now worn, even those intended for the morning, are cut without chokers. A pretty fashion is a blouse, open in front and finished with a deep turn-over collar. Under this is a front of some soft material, gathered about the base of the throat in the form of a chemisette. A cool looking foulard of white, flowered with mauve, is made in this way, with a collar of white batiste and lace embroidery, and with incrustations of lace down the sides of the bodice. The underblouse of white silk muslin is gathered about the throat by means of mauve velvet ribbon run in and out of embroidered buttonholes. This same ribbon makes a lacing connecting the sides of the bodice, and little bunches of loops here and there. The sleeves have elbow cuffs of batiste and lace embroidery to match the collar. The skirt is made with two shaped flounces, each of them headed by medallions of lace and batiste.

The dressmakers' ateliers during the month of August show a strange mixture of laces, lawns, cloths, and furs, rather confusing to one who is trying to glean from them some general principles concerning the matter of dress. But often one may learn as much from a summer gown bearing the last touch of ribbon as from a combination of velvet and fur that is going to the other end of civilization to attempt to suit the caprice of some haughty dame six months hence. Paris modes seem to move always in one general direction, and the little straws that show which way the stream is flowing are as likely to be found on a cool late summer frock as on a wool gown made for early September.

It is admitted by the dressmakers that a good many features of the summer gowns will reappear at once in heavier fabrics under the guise of autumn novelties and autumn models. And this is as it always has been, and probably always will be. Fashions have never moved in jerks, and there has never been any important change that could not be foreseen long before it appeared.

There have been, indeed, many pretty things introduced this summer that one would be sorry to forego. The summer has been responsible for the Marie Antoinette models, which in simpler forms will undoubtedly be carried over into the autumn. It has brought the blouse bodice, the true blouse, again into favor, and has pointed out that the bolero is a necessity. It has introduced deep collars in place of elaborate chokers, and demonstrated that there is more than one way of making an elaborate sleeve.

A skirt appears on some of the new gowns showing a cluster of side pleats in front, with a similar cluster behind and elaborate trimming on the sides. The model in mind is of grey blue wool muslin and the sides of the skirt are almost covered by a trimming of ochre lace medallions and appliqued cretonne flowers. The blouse is cut without a choker, and has lace medallions about the neck in the form of a deep yoke, and again on the close, six-inch cuffs on the sleeves. The loose blouse falls over the waistband of pale yellow silk, a color found in the cretonne embroidery. The embroidery forming the yoke is carried over the tops of the sleeves, which are close to the arms with a bag shaped puff uniting the upper part to the close lower cuff.

Mistress of Games.

The days are long since past, says "London Lady," when it was considered ladylike to faint, and when feminine weakness and lack of self-reliance were supposed to enhance a woman's charms. Now our girls are athletes like their brothers. In view of the overcrowding in nearly every other profession at present open to women, the recent appointment of Miss Edith Brown, a student of the Physical Training College at Southport, to fill the important position of Mistress of Games and Gymnastics in the public schools of Durban, is of especial interest to all who concern themselves with the doings of women.

The young lady, who is only twenty-one years of age, is the daughter of Mr. William Brown, of Cantonbury Park, London. She entered the Southport Physical Training College in 1899, for a two years' course, found the work most congenial, and studied with conspicuous success. In addition to having qualified in the scientific subjects of physiology, hygiene, sick-nursing, ambulance, and medical work, and gymnastics, she obtained distinctions innumerable: Gold medals for practical gymnastics, rope climbing, swimming, and jumping; and silver and bronze medals.

Whether similar openings for women will offer in other towns in the South African colonies remains to be seen; Miss Brown owes her appointment (which, by the way, is worth £300 a year) to the fact that the authorities of the Durban public schools have taken up the subject of physical training in a practical way and deputed one of their principals, Miss Moore Smith, to visit England in order to engage a competent teacher. Miss Moore Smith's choice, after careful enquiries and investigations, has fallen as we have seen, and there is little doubt that it will prove a very satisfactory one to all concerned.

THE SENORITA'S FAN.

It Is as Formidable as Cupid's Famous Dart.

To imagine her without it is impossible; the fan to the Cuban girl is what the attribute is to the goddess. You might as well represent Diana without her bow and arrows, or Venus without her mirrors, as to picture a daughter of the tropics minus that little toy, which in her hand becomes a fairy's wand.

It is her privilege to use it as a fascinating medium of expression. For if the peerless American flirts with word and gesture, the Cubanita subjugates with the darts of her soulful eyes and the subtle charm which emanates from her magic fan.

The above cut represents a very pretty lawn dress embroidered with "vieux rose." The skirt and bodice are embellished with applications of wreaths of pompadour flowers of mousseline de sole, in relief. The plastron is of ecru guipure and the waistband of pink taffetas with a bow behind.

At her will it floats on a tranquil sea or tosses in a storm, heaving with her sighs and fluttering with her displeasure; in a flash it furls and unfurls its canvas, and its soft breezes cool her heated cheek, while the sparks that fly from it ignite the sturdy hearts nearby.

Of all the adjuncts to the feminine toilet it is the most artistic. Watteau, Boucher, Carolus Duran, Madrazo, and a host of great ones have not considered it beneath their dignity to decorate these dainty playthings for fair white hands.

What jewel can compete in true beauty with one of those semi-circles of kid or parchment whereon masters like Meissonier or Fortuny have stamped their genius?

Notwithstanding its fragility, the fan has held its own through the centuries; even the blind whirlwind of fashion has respected its gentle zephyrs.

To be sure, the "intervening Power" has done its best to destroy old customs in Cuba and reduce everything to the monotonous level of modernism. The faithfuly darkey, whose duty it was in the good old days to cool off the atmosphere and brush away the blue-tail fly, is being rapidly pushed aside, and one more poetic figure is trodden under foot by the spirit of machinery on its iconoclastic march. Horrid electrical contrivances are supplanting throughout the island the picturesque bunch of peacock feathers and its dusky motor power. But it is easier to snatch the fan from a submissive negro than from a woman; she knows too well its value; and, then, in the tropics the fan is part and parcel of the person—something like an appendix to the hand, used at all times and on all occasions.

It is said that every little Cuban girl comes into the world holding a tiny fan tightly clutched in her baby fist. This, of course, cannot be vouched for, but what is most certain is the fact that midgets of three or four years manage their abanico most dexterously.

Of an afternoon one may see these little cherubs sitting on the balcony, fresh from the bath, in vaporous white gowns, with bright ribbons, a goodly daub of rice powder on their chubby faces, rocking to and fro on their little chairs by the side of their mammas or big sisters—their very counterpart, in parvo—and wielding already, with the expertness of society queens, their future sceptern.

To find favor in the hands of a Cuban woman a fan must fold easily; the sticks should girate on the rivet without effort. If it is at all stiff or clumsy it is immediately discarded, as one of the principal resources of the fan lies in the trick of opening and closing it, now slowly, now rapidly; sometimes to use it as a shield to hide a smile or a blush, at others as a sword to command.

Like an instrument for an artist, it must be so delicately constructed and so sensitive as to respond to the slightest touch and interpret every mood.

What a revealer of character it is, and how it betrays one's personality! Beware of impatience or displeasure if you are handling a fan, for it is tale-teller and often proclaims what you would conceal.

The calm and majestic damsel waves her fan slowly and with placid statelness; the nervous little body has a short, abrupt, rapid way of agitating it.

Mme. de Stael once said that by the manner in which a fan was used one could easily distinguish a princess from a marchioness, a countess from a simple lady. Evidently, she did not know the girl from Havana, or she would have added: "And a Cuban from a woman of any other nationality."

Are You Pigeontoed?

"Those pictures," said a photographer, turning over a pile of portraits of women, "were taken ten years ago. That was the goo-goo-eye period. These," pointing to some displayed in a frame, "were taken this year. This is the human form divine period. Then my customers made the most of their faces. Now they are more inclined to travel on their shapes.

"It is simply a change of fashion which they settle for themselves. The beauty area has been enlarging. It is now extended so that it takes in pretty much the whole figure. But I will venture to make this prediction, that it will be some years before full-length portraits of women standing up will be popular unless there is a change in the styles for skirts.

"It may be different with photographers who have studios and can therefore charge high prices. They can afford to throw in with the picture some advice about posing. I have only a gallery, and at gallery prices customers do their own posing. They pick out what they think are their most effective points and study how to bring them out best, and then come here and show them off while I photograph them.

"A few years ago, as you see, their ideas were running on their faces. Now their ideas run to curves and the body is quite as conspicuous in the picture as the face and often more so. The face is no longer the main thing. Customers even adopt poses in which the face has to be slighted in order to bring out pretty curves and graceful outlines. In favor of the new fashion it may be said that it sometimes gets into the picture more character and better effects than when merely the face and part of the bust were shown.

"If you will look over these pictures you will see that while many customers want to display their forms, almost without exception they draw the line at or just below the knee unless a long skirt is worn. In some cases, as in this picture of the girl sitting on the arm of the chair, one foot is seen dangling coquettishly in the air, but in a majority of instances the feet are in eclipse. I think the prevalent fashion of the short rainy day or walking skirts reveals the reason.

"If as you walk along the street you will observe the feet of the women which may be seen under the short skirts you will be amazed by the statistics of women who are pigeontoed. From my own observations I am inclined to believe that two out of three women have their feet turned in, or at any rate set at an angle widely different from that prescribed by the rules of beauty. The feet may be small and well-shaped, the ankles round and pretty, but the woman in most cases will be without one element of feminine beauty that is greatly admired; either one foot, or more generally both, will be seen to be set on at an impossible angle.

"Inasmuch as I have noticed the prevalence of this defect only since short skirts have been generally worn, I cannot guess whether it has always existed or whether it is a result of modern conditions; but it is mighty certain that women's photographs showing the feet won't be popular so long as so many of the sex are pigeontoed."

Two Good Reasons.

Miss Helen Gould has recently given a valuable collection of books to the Stockton (Kan.) Library Association, and the authorities, in thanking her, made an additional request for her picture to hang on the walls of the library. This is her reply, which is published in the "Kansas City (Mo.) Journal:"

"You are very kind to ask for my photograph for the library, and I am sorry not to send it, as you suggest, but, for two reasons, I have made it a rule to keep my likeness from public use; first, because I do not feel that I have done anything entitling me to such a distinction, and, secondly, because I am quite annoyed by cranks and it seems a little safer not to be too readily recognized—more comfortable at any rate.

"With good wishes for the Stockton Library and the people of your community, I remain, very truly,

"HELEN MILLER GOULD."

Miss Gould does not give her picture to others than her intimate friends or send a letter with her autograph since an attempt was made to forge it by a man to whom she had, in connection with some kindness rendered, sent a personal letter.

Giving Recommendations.

Women can, if they will, help each other immeasurably by giving strictly honest recommendations to servants. We are warned against engaging servants without references—as if references meant anything! Women dismissing maids for untruthfulness or drunkenness, or some other unpardonable sin, extol their cookery or their ironing, suppress the truth, in fact, until each employer feels that no reference is almost as valuable as a "good character." Weakness in this particular is mistaken kindness to the servant, and often a grievous wrong to the next employer. It would seem that common honesty and class spirit should be sufficient to persuade a woman employer to protect others from worthless and worse than worthless servants, so far as in her lies. 'Tis a pity that there is not some potent way of enforcing this particular sort of truth-telling, which Christian training and humanity have failed to do.

MADAME GRAND COMING.

She Heralds Her Advent by Praising American Girls.

Madame Sarah Grand, being President of a Woman's Suffrage Association, and an apostle of woman's emancipation and all that sort of thing, as well as the author of novels that have been called "advanced," is in some danger of being caricatured in the mind's eye of anyone who has not seen her, says a London despatch to the "Pittsburg Despatch." The possession of "views," however, does not seem to have made her a formidable person to face in a drawing room. She is a tall, slender, graceful lady, a little reserved toward strangers, and dressed, so far as "mere man" could determine, in the best of taste. When I had the pleasure of talking with her the other day she seemed as free from affectations in manner as she was in appearance, and if one had not known her to be one of the half dozen most successful authors in England, and one of the brightest of public speakers, there would have been no reason to suppose that the ordinary fashionable duties had not always taken her whole time.

Americans will have an opportunity soon of judging of Mme. Grand in person, for she said in answer to a question that she had long wished to go to the United States, and that she was going to gratify the desire in September with a four or five months' visit.

"I have a large number of friends in America," she continued, "and for a little time I shall visit about in New York. After that I shall become a plain working woman, fulfilling a contract to give a number of lectures. If the Americans will only like me as much as I like the Americans I have met all over the world, my only source of doubt and timidity about the trip will be removed.

"No, I shall not be likely to come back and write about such an appallingly big country on the strength of a four months' visit, but I shall expect that my experiences there will help me to write more thoughtfully and to know more about human nature in general. Especially do I want to see the American girl at home—she seems to me so vastly in advance of our English girls in the opportunities that have been given to her. She can think for herself. She can take care of herself. Even the self-confidence, which, as you say, is sometimes carried to the point of being an annoyance to others, is so much to her advantage. She knows enough to be suspicious. She is brought up with the boys, isn't she? Ah, that is where she has an advantage! When I was a girl in Yorkshire I was brought up chiefly by a governess and a maid, and I was no exception to the rule with English girls of my class? What did we know about life? What did we know about men?

"I was married to an army officer at the age of sixteen, and while wandering about with the service in the Far East I tried to keep my life from being aimless by writing. I began to write before I began to think, and it was not until some time afterward that I set to work in serious earnest, and not until long afterward that what I wrote and rewrote found a publisher."

Madame Sarah Grand's husband, who was Brigade Surgeon Colonel McFall, died in 1898. Her father, Edward Bellenden Clarke, was a commander in the royal navy, stationed in the west of Ireland at the time his daughter was born. After five years of travel in the Far East following her marriage, she returned to England and began work on fiction. Two years later, when she was twenty-three, "Ideala" was written, but no publisher would take it. The ambitious young author put it away in a drawer for seven years, then read it over and concluded that it was good enough to be printed, and decided that if nobody else would take it she would publish it herself. It attracted a great deal of attention, but in spite of that the author could find no publisher who would take "The Heavenly Twins." Practically every reader in London declined it, and again the author decided to print her story at her own expense. Heinemann, with whom she negotiated to this end, seems to have been so struck by the courage of the author that he went to work and read her manuscript himself and decided to publish it. It was one of the luckiest things that that lucky publisher ever did.

Last year the author, whose wit and eloquence had brought her a reputation as an after-dinner speaker, was tempted to appear on the lecture platform.

"I certainly was nervous at first," she said in speaking of it, "but as soon as I began my address I forgot all about myself and did not remember again until the lecture was over and I suddenly found myself completely exhausted. But after a time I began really to enjoy it, and I now believe it is actually true, as some authors have testified, that an occasional round of lecturing is as good as a tonic—doubtless on the principle that a change of work is rest. I can't write and lecture, too, however. I had three novels started, but have stopped work on them and shall do nothing more with them until I return from America. Then one of them will be finished in a few months, I hope."

When a Maid Marries.

It often happens that the acquaintances of a girl of the present day never know her baptismal name until they receive the invitation to her wedding, even though they may have been acquainted from childhood. Wedding invitations are great telltales in the matter of names. Sometimes, indeed, the brides are hardly recognizable under their real baptismals.

Thus Fanchon appears as Frances on the invitation, and Marie is just plain Mary. Edythe becomes Edith, and Mabelle, Mabel; Elinore is found to be rightly Ellen, and Elise, Eliza.

One young woman who had been known to her acquaintances from a child as "Bird" figured in her marriage notices as Jane, and consequently had difficulty in making her friends believe that it was really she who was to enter the bonds of holy matrimony. Still another young woman had changed Isabella Elizabeth into Lilabel—and one can hardly blame her for doffing this very regal combination—and there was actual consternation in the church when the rector distinctly married her by her rightful name.

If a pretty young creature who calls herself Lucille ever weds it is going to be a great disappointment to a large number of her acquaintances, for they believe firmly that she has no claim to this poetic title at all. Indeed, one of her grandmothers declares she was christened Deborah Ann, and nothing more elegant than that.

A Hard Knock.

"Your conversation, Mr. Hevviman," said Miss Peppery, suppressing a yawn, "reminds me of some champagne." "Ah!" exclaimed Hevviman, much pleased, "so sparkling as that?" "No, but it's extra dry."—Philadelphia Press.

A Common Mistake.

It is a common mistake to suppose that people are "commanded" to royal entertainments, says "London Truth." The card runs—"The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by the King to invite X. Y. Z. to etc.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPERS.

Women Who Understand the Business Always in Demand.

Many women when talking about their chances of success as money makers should necessity compel them to earn their bread assume that if the worst emergency arose they could always get a place as housekeeper. Most incapable women who have never been educated in the first principles of home making calmly assert their ability to take charge of a stranger's house on salary when they would be entirely incompetent to take care of even the smallest establishment of their own.

In this way the incapability of domestic service begins at the very top and is carried to the lowest place in the kitchen, says the "New York Sun." In reality the work of housekeeping is a most important and particular one, often embracing such departments as the care of children, the keeping of accounts, and the entire charge of dinners and other entertainments given during a season. The work is also paid for at a high rate when proficient service is given and can be so quietly and pleasantly carried on that it is remarkable that more gentlewomen do not take up the study for the purpose of making it a profession, instead of crowding the ranks of other less profitable vocations.

The housekeeper who comes each morning and leaves in the afternoon, or as soon as marketing and arrangements for the day are concluded, is one of the newest in her line. Of course, she must have a corps of thoroughly trustworthy servants under her, in order to thus trust them with the carrying out of her orders, but she is enabled to take care of two and sometimes more households through this method, and naturally makes the business pay.

Marketing and the laying out of the day's menus are the important duties of the day, while in some cases there is a daily going over of silver and linen. But where there is a butler employed he is entirely responsible for this department, and the housekeeper receives his reports as to the condition of things. But the housekeeper is responsible for the working of the household, the excellence of the cooking, and the variety of the menus, as well as the general appearance and perfect cleanliness of the home and the behavior of the servants.

Such duties are, of course, extremely onerous and require no small amount of intelligence; tact in managing servants, skill in marketing and economy in arrangement, as well as a thorough understanding of the needs of a fashionable household. For it is in homes of this class that the housekeeper is employed, for the reason that women in society have no time nor inclination to attend to the bothersome details of their large establishments and numerous servants.

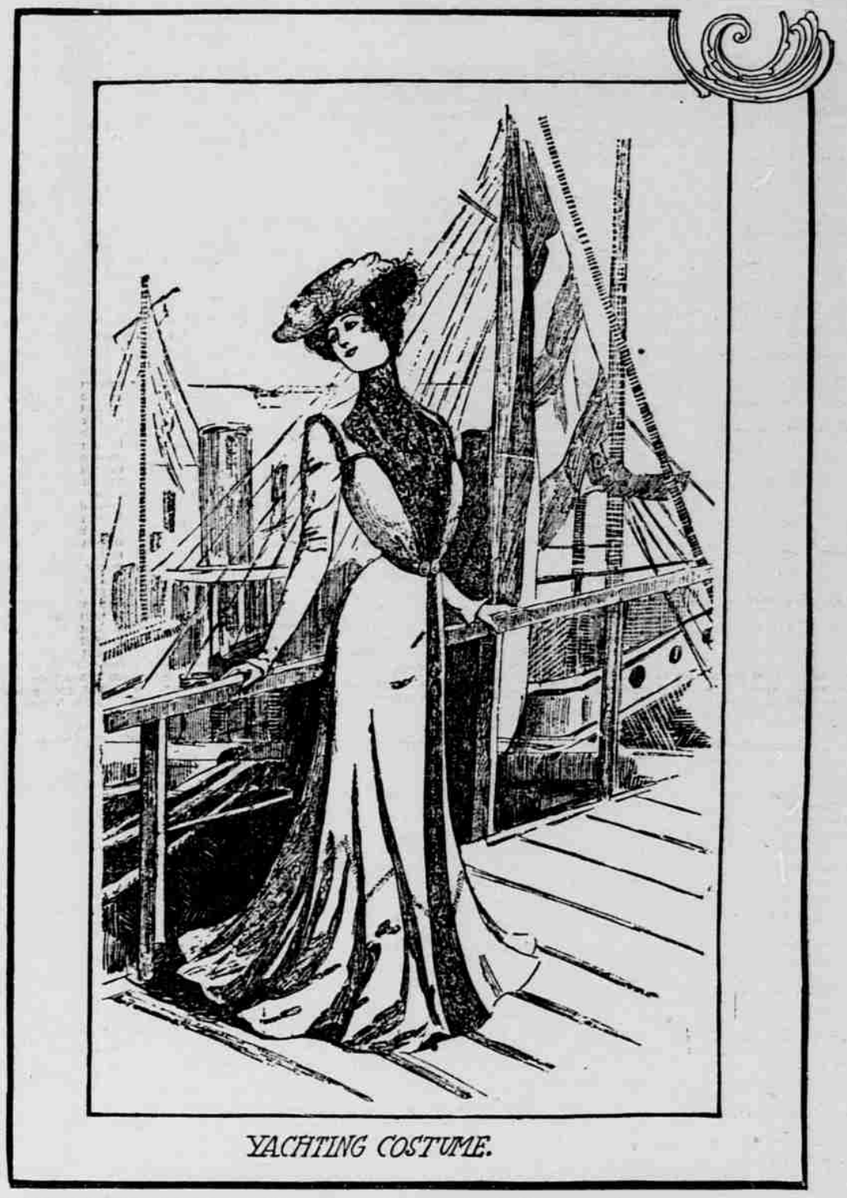
The housekeeper never ranks with the servants, nor eats with them in the large household. She has her own rooms and her own meals, as a rule, at hours which leave her free to look after the family meals. She takes entire charge of the paying of bills and renders her accounts monthly to her employer, who gives her a check to settle all debts, including servants' wages.

The housekeeper in England is a personage of more importance than in America, but the American housekeeper frequently receives a higher salary and has many privileges, such as a protracted vacation, when a house is closed up for the summer. She returns a few weeks in advance of the family which employs her and sees to the opening of the house, the airing of rooms, and putting up of curtains, as well as all necessary arrangements for the comfort of the returning family.

But the woman thrown on her own resources, who thinks it is only necessary for her to obtain a place of this sort to fill it aptly rests under a grave misapprehension. In the first place, the highest references are necessary as to her ability, honesty, and experience, while her social reference must be unimpeachable. The management of servants in itself is a task which only a woman of good health and excellent nerves could accomplish. Marketing and account keeping are also two important items and in a house where much entertaining is done the work mounts to such importance that it commands a salary much higher than that paid to women in other vocations.

A Unique Album.

A Chicago woman who recently returned from a lengthy tour in many foreign lands has an album which she would not sell for its weight in gold. In the course of her travels she visited all sorts of odd places, and in each had a snap shot taken of herself with characteristic surroundings. She was not moved by vanity in securing these pictures, but simply wished to secure them for the purpose of entertaining friends. In this she has succeeded immensely. There are hundreds of them—in an Arab tent, in a Turkish harem, on top of Mont Blanc, at the third cataract of the Nile, in a curve of the Amazon, near the spouting geysers of Iceland, in a Norwegian fiord, seated in a reindeer sleigh in Lapland, and no end of others.



YACHTING COSTUME.

This is a charming design for a yachting costume. The dress is of white serge, of princess shape, opening in front over a plastron of light blue cloth embroidered with blue silk of a darker shade. On the middle of the skirt is a "quille" which seems to be a continuation of the plastron. The deep navy collar is hemmed in front with a band of blue embroidered cloth, and ends in front under the narrow lapels of the bodice. The waistband is of blue gros grain. The big white straw hat has the under side of the brim covered with blue velvet, and the crown is surrounded with white lace, held in place by a dead-gold buckle.

WHITE FOULARD DRESS WITH BLACK SPOTS.

THE GIRL WHO TRAVELS.

One Voyager Tells What Is Likely to Happen En Route.

The Young American Woman Who Goes Abroad Has Her Tale of Woes—Her Experiences With Foreign Men—About the Eternal "Dot"

Most of us American girls who come abroad once, twice, or many times, could be called "average" American girls, says a writer in the "London Mail. And we find, in discussing the trips after they are over, that the "average" American girls have many of the same experiences and almost always the same "woes."

There are "woes" in an abominable luggage system, in inconveniences at hotels, in tips, and in exorbitant prices for hats and gowns—sometimes twice as much in Paris as the Parisian is charged. There are "woes" for being considered "loud" when you are simply enthusiastic, and for being considered "parvenu" just because your father has made his own "pile." But the "woes" in which American girls think they suffer the most concerns the different types of masculinity they meet abroad—that is, the "average" foreign man.

If the girl is attractive and fond of men she will probably land at Liverpool with the reputation on board among the foreigners that she is thoroughly "fast." "With myself"—it was an American girl who spoke—"it began when the vessel sailed, because half a dozen men came down to say good-by, bringing books and flowers, fruit, and candy. They looked after my luggage, they arranged my stateroom, they tipped every steward in sight for the sake of my future comfort; they wrung my hand at parting and called me by my Christian name. The Englishmen passengers put up their eyeglasses and stared at me for three-quarters of an hour, and the Frenchmen felt encouraged to begin an open flirtation before the first meal was over. Neither the Englishmen nor the Frenchmen could understand the parting scene. 'And for six men to know her well enough to call her Grace, could she be anything else than fast?' I heard one of the Englishmen say."

We "average" American girls think we have "woes" with the Englishman when we come to know him in his own country—it is impossible to know him anywhere else. If the girl happens to have a friend in a duchess he is eager to be introduced; if she has a million he is quickly willing to marry her. Sometimes he falls in love and marries her without the duchess or without the million, but not often, if his family tree is very old and has sheltered beneath its branches a score or more of lords and ladies. But deep in his heart the "average" Englishman is not sure that he approves of the "average" American girl, and he has not the superficial accomplishment of concealing the fact.

When he discusses anything serious he is so surprised if she differs from him. He mortifies her vanity by asking if Minneapolis is near New York, although he may be an M. A. of Oxford or Cambridge for all that. He is shocked to see her at the theatre alone with a man—an American. He is astonished when she is shocked at the decollete gowns she sees at the theatres and restaurants. Although he may come to like her ever so well—in spite of himself—he would never think of sending her a shilling's worth of chocolates or a single bunch of flowers unless they were engaged to be married.

But when the American girl crosses the Channel the Englishman's virtue begins to shine out. She discovers there are greater "woes" in store. He seems very manly beside the little Frenchman who wears a corset and who suffers actual pain for a spot of mud on his polished boots. The Englishman does not know how to turn a compliment, even with the truth to spur him on, but that is preferable, after all, to the Frenchman's "habit" in compliments. The Frenchman begins by telling the American girl she is beautiful, although the girl in question may be particularly sensitive about a "pug" nose or a bad complexion. Most American girls know they have style and charm, but many of these "average" girls know they are not beautiful, and they are not deluded because a Frenchman tells them they are.

The Frenchman is too much of a connoisseur in women; they please him first if their gowns fit well. If he meets a party of American girls he is likely to manifest the symptoms of falling in love with each of them one after the other; this is another of his "habits." He would seldom think of marrying one of them unless the "dot" was very large—and very secure. The "average" Englishman understands but feebly the American idea of friendship between men and women; to the average Frenchman it is a book of Greek; it seems to a child in arms. In France the American girl generally feels her first need of a chaperon.

In Italy and in Germany American girls meet more of the army officers than men in any other class. The Italian has the drawingroom graces of the Frenchman, and a gentle, sympathetic manner which is well-nigh irresistible. He is very susceptible, and an American coquette can easily secure a dozen "scalps" in half as many weeks. Only it is disagreeable to discover that quite half of them belong to married men. Then these Italians with the musical voices, with the dark, eloquent eyes, with the absolute devotion to femininity which is so charming—so many of them accept invitations constantly from hostesses who decline to know their wives. Alas! for the disillusions on the part of the American girls, the disillusions which are actual "woes."

But when an unmarried officer begins leaving his card at the girl's hotel, when he takes advantage of the social custom permitting him to kiss her hand at parting, when he expresses a whole volume of Byronic passion in his fine eyes, then comes the real disillusion, the real "woe."

Some matron friend of his, an American married to an Italian perhaps, invites the girl for a long drive, or has her in for a cup of tea in a quiet corner. The joys of matrimony and the lady's own happy experience in particular becomes the subject of the conversation. The officer is mentioned, but quite by chance, of course. However, the girl learns all about his family and his excellent social position, as yet unshared by a wife. Such a pity! His heart had seemed impervious to feminine wiles, but of late his friends had noticed a change, (blushes from the girl). Still, if he marries, his wife must bring him— The girl wonders what? Ah, it is out at last—a "dot."

The "dot," the "dot," the "dot;" it is the same in Germany, in Holland, in Austria, in Russia. And if, as an American girl with American ideas, she says bluntly that a man has not right to ask a "dot," her Continental friends look at her in such a bewildered way and say so innocently, "But if he has only so much and it isn't enough for two what else can he do?"

Perhaps, after all, it is the girl's vanity which is hurt the most, and from which arises all her "woes" with foreign men. Yet when these men tell her they love her madly, passionately, "with the one love of my life," it is a blow to have them recover so quickly just because her father declines to pay the "dot." If an American girl is rich she has probably had her suspicions that different men at home wanted to marry her for her money. But the suspicion could never become such a dead certainty!

It may be that American girls have become too selfish in their relations with American men. They have become accustomed to think that if they gave themselves to a man, they honored him in the privilege to work for their sustenance and to sacrifice for their pleasure. And the girls who are unusually beautiful or unusually intelligent, or unusually accomplished, think themselves good enough, sans "dot," to marry any man in the world, however brilliant his prospects, however illustrious his ancestors, however great his wealth. But worse still, American men think so, too. Hence the American girl's "woes" when she comes abroad.

But a chorus of indignant questions comes, "Have you met no Englishmen but the frigid sort?" to which I reply, "Yes, a score or more, but they were not in the 'average.'" "Have you met no Frenchmen who were sincere, no Italians who were true?" "Yes, a score or more, but they were not in the 'average.'" "But what about the American girls who have 'a such 'woes' with foreign masculinity, who adore all Englishmen, who bask in the flattering smiles of the Frenchmen, who capitulate to the fascinations of the Italian, who are content, nay, wildly anxious, to marry abroad and to furnish the 'dot.'" "Ah, yes there are such American girls, but they do not concern the history of the 'average' American girl. That is another story, according to Kipling's phrase."