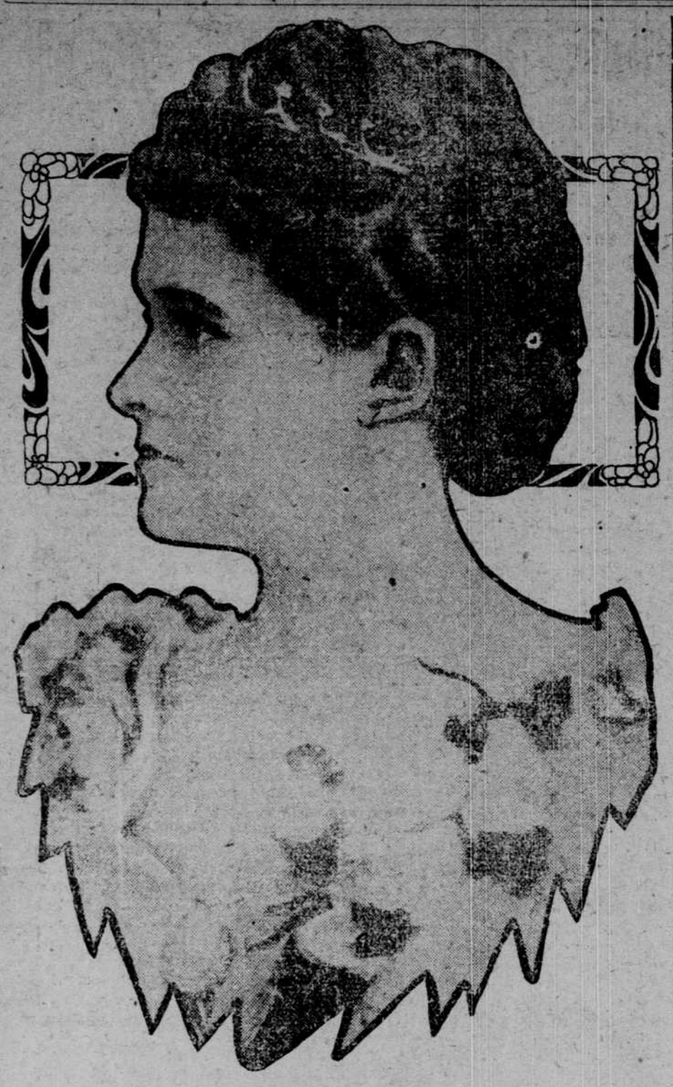


Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor.

Golf as a Game for Women

By Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor

Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Taylor, Who Is a Golf Player of Renown as Well as a Leader of Society, Speaks With Authority Upon the Game of Golf and What It Offers to Women as a Healthful and Delightful Pastime—The Daughter of the Late Senator Charles B. Farwell, of Illinois, and the Wife of the Talented Author of "The Crimson Wing" and Other Novels, She Is Well Known.

(Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, who is a golf player of renown as well as a leader in society, speaks with authority upon the game of golf and what it offers to women as a healthful and delightful pastime. The daughter of the late Senator Charles B. Farwell, of Illinois, and the wife of the talented author of "The Crimson Wing" and other novels, she is well known.)

When American women took up golf they did it as a pose; in a short time it became a purpose; it is now merely a pastime.

All this alliteration may seem meaningless, but those who remember the various stages through which golf in this country has passed cannot fail to recognize the truth of it. The pose period was when golf began. Then it was a new fad—the thing to talk about, the thing to do. Women—and likewise men—wore red coats; they flocked to the golf links as they would to afternoon teas, and the professionals were busy from early till late teaching women, regardless of weight, age or previous condition of servitude, to drive gutta-percha balls off little piles of sand. Every woman must take up golf, and take it up she did with a vengeance.

Out of the pose period grew the purpose epoch, when home, husband, children and even best young men were forgotten in the daily chase of that same gutta-percha ball. We dreamed of golf scores by night and we struggled to lower them by day. Our intimate friends became our elated rivals and our sole object in life was to lower a record or "lift" a cup. One can hardly think of those days without restraining a smile. A woman's popularity was gauged by her success on the green, and be she never so beautiful or attractive, she was forced to give the palm to the local champion. As for the woman who had attained national honors, she was the envied of everything in petticoats, and consequently the detested. During that purpose period of golf the woman who had not reached the first flight still cherished hopes, and the only object in life for the average woman of that day was to bring in a lower score, by fair means if possible, or—dare I say it?—sometimes by foul.

The game has now reached what I call the pastime period. We are content to take it as an amusement, and those who have any chance of winning make it a genuine sport. The contestants for championship honors are those who really love the game, and they play to win. If they are beaten they don't scratch their opponents' eyes out, but they go to work to try to "do her up" in the next match. For a number of years there were but two classes in American women's golf: Miss Beatrix Hoyt, and the others. No one else, except Mrs. Butler Duncan, who did not enter tournaments, had the slightest chance of winning the championship, and it was only a question of who would be the runner-up.

For three years Miss Hoyt reigned supreme as queen of golf, but that was the time when golf was a purpose. So that out of the throng of persistent women who crowded the courses from morning till night, getting in the way of the men and making themselves generally obnoxious to the world at large, came a group of first-class players who become the stars. There was little to choose among them, but even they have not things their own way, for young, supple girls are always coming to the front, and in the keen competition of the present day to hold one's own at all becomes a task calling for all the qualities of the sportswoman.

With the development of the game from a fad to a sport the quality of American woman's golf has improved immeasurably, particularly in the long game. One hundred yards used to be a long drive for a woman, and one of that length would bring forth applause from admiring onlookers, but to-day a woman who cannot clear a 130-yard bunker would not even figure among the "also rans" in the published accounts of a match. Putting is the part of the game women learn most readily, and the part in which they excel. Women putt as well as or better than men, but they never drive as well because they are handicapped by the element of strength. In the development of the game there has been little improvement in the putting department since the early days. All who had any eye whatever quickly learned to go down in two when on the green, but in reaching the green the women of to-day have advanced wonderfully over those of a few years ago.

The eastern women outclass those of the west, because athletics have a firmer hold in the east. Eastern women are accustomed to riding, shooting, sailing and tennis. They play games from their earliest childhood, so that their muscles are more thoroughly trained, and they are accustomed to competitions. Golf was merely one more game to be learned, and they went about it in the systematic way which comes alone from experience. Golf is the first sport in which western women have indulged to any extent, and consequently they have not the sporting instinct fully developed as yet. The young girls in the west—the ones who have learned the game since golf became a universal craze, and consequently have had the benefit of the best instruction and example—are the only ones who can ever hope to compete upon an equal basis with the best women players of the east.

There is another point in connection with golf upon which I can never resist giving my views. I mean the practice of professional caddies in matches. It seems to me unsportsmanlike to employ such extraneous aid in matches.

To say the last word I have to say: Golf is a glorious game for women. The exercise is not too violent and it may be indulged in by the young and the old, the lame, halt—I was going to say blind, but one must keep one's eye on the ball. It is a game for all players of games and, if one is content to plod along in one's own class, a game to give pleasure to all. The difficulty in the road to championship honors is the necessity for constant and unremitting practice. Again, to play through a tournament is a terrible strain upon one's nerves and vitality; therefore, don't take golf too seriously, unless you wish to become a subject for a rest cure. Some women do take golf too seriously, and when their whole happiness becomes involved in the winning and losing of matches they become objects for compassion rather than emulation.

Play the game primarily for the sake of the game, not for the fleeting honors it brings. It is pleasant enough to be a champion, but not at the cost of health and happiness, and, after all, a champion is only a nine days' wonder to a very small number of the world's inhabitants. Play the game for the diversion and exercise and play it squarely; if championships result, so much the better, but we can't all be champions, and even those who are sometimes get conceited and are therefore not the pleasantest people in the world to meet.

Golf is a game for women, than which there is none better, but we are to be congratulated upon the fact that it has reached the pastime stage. As a pose it was ridiculous; as a purpose insufferable, but as a game it is glorious—so long may it live!

COVER FOR THE BABY.

Will Be Pretty of Blue Silkoline Tied With Pink and Blue.

Materials: Two and a half yards of plain silkoline, three bolts of No. 1 ribbon, one skein of Sheltand floss, one bat of fine cotton.

Divide the silkoline into two equal parts, place in a frame and put in layers of cotton between ready for tying.

Tie the ribbons all in tiny bows. Thread the needle with the Shetland floss, using it double. Bring the needle up from the bottom, then down again, taking a stitch through one of the bows. Tie the yarn on the wrong side, with three or four extra needles tied in the knot to make a small tuft.

Continue the knotting in this manner—beginning with two and a half inches from the edges, making the tufts four inches apart. Turn in the edges all around and buttonhole closely with the yarn used singly.

Crochet a row of shells around the quilt, each shell of five double crochet fastened with a single crochet and placed close enough together to make the work lie flat and gulled at the corners.

On the right side, just inside the buttonholing, make a row of feather-stitching with the yarn.

This makes a light, dainty cover for the baby. It is very pretty of blue silkoline tied with white ribbons, or of white silkoline tied with pink and blue.

Fur Fashions.

Sable, mink and sealskin are the three skins which will be made up into the costliest coat, bolero and half-dolman forms, while muskrat, pony skin and mole-dyed squirrel skin will be seen in motor and long cloaks.

Fur trimmed dresses will not be frequently seen, but cloth trimmings on furs, such as the three choice varieties above mentioned, will be. Stitched bands of cloth are to be used to define seams which heretofore were preferably left undefined, and silk braids of a close, fine mesh, will be employed for the same purpose in connection with soutache and lace ornamental fastenings.

Wide revers of sable or fox will be used for the squirrel-lined tweed coats, and these, being usually meant for practical warmth, are provided with big storm collars, also lined with fur. Scotch tweeds for motoring and long cloth pedestrian cloaks will also have fur in this way about the neck.

Take Sewing Easily.

The sewing in many housesolds is left, like the housecleaning, for a general disturbance of happiness, comfort, and health when, if a little system were used, the burden would be lighter. For instance, every house needs napkins, table cloths, pillow cases, washrags and towels. The peaceful method is to secure these long before they are actually needed, and do the sewing at odd times. Cut carefully by the thread the twelve napkins, folding each one in clean tissue paper. Then when time lags, sew a napkin—ditto tablecloth. In like manner tear from the muslin half a dozen pillow cases. When the hands are idle, overseam the sides and bottom, and baste the hem. This can be done while conversing with a friend. Put in fifteen minutes at the machine finishing them, and you hardly know when you have made your pillow cases or hemmed your linen.—Mrs. Babb.

Handy Contrivance.

One may have dozens of hooks in a closet, yet they will not take the place of one long curtain rod placed well back in the closets where skirts can be hung. The skirt hangers with large hooks must be used and dozens of skirts can be hung on this pole and take up so little room that it is remarkable that the idea is so late in making its arrival. Then if the hooks are placed closely together in neat rows, instead of here, there and everywhere, the waists can be placed on neat little paper hangers and hung in orderly rows, and it does not mean hanging several waists on one hook to be overtopped with a petticoat or bolero jacket, all to be taken down when the lower waist is needed. If women learned to properly place hooks in the clothes presses and wardrobes there would be less demand for more dress room.

Home Made Soap.

Put one can of lye or potash in one quart of cold water. When cool add six pounds of clean grease, stirring continually for ten to fifteen minutes, when pour into a box or pan to cool. When the soap becomes a little stiff, cut into bars. The next day remove it from the box or pan and place it on the shelf to dry. This soap is so white and pure that it is used often for toilet purposes.

Buttonholes Won't Tear.

Cut buttonhole the proper size, bar it. Start at the back of the buttonhole, by passing the needle up through the cloth, then forward. Take a small stitch across the front edge of buttonhole, then back to starting point; repeat. Use the regular buttonhole stitch, stitching closely all around over the two threads. This buttonhole will not stretch or tear, and can be used in all kinds of material.

Needlework Note.

A clever woman has put her knowledge of basketry to good account in the fashioning of a whisk-broom holder. This consists of two disks of basket work similar to those used for the bottom of a fancy basket and caught together at the sides by large fluffy bows of three-inch satin ribbon, the color being a delicate pink in harmony with her room furnishings. A band of ribbons of narrow width, but matching in tone, is used to suspend the holder.

Plain Gloves Worn.

Although the vogue for fancy embroidered gloves has increased, the plain suede or dull kid is considered better taste. Silk gloves in all colors are worn with lingerie gowns, but are not considered strictly fashionable. To those who prefer comfort to following blindly the edicts of fashion these gloves strongly commend themselves for warm summer days.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

AT THE FLAG STATION.

Margaret and Her Faithful Daisy Save the Express.

The Conleys lived so far out of town and used the trains so often that the little flag station at the foot of the hill was a necessity. Margaret was charmed when it was put up; she soon knew the various signals and the

"Steady, Steady, Steady, There!"

family grew to depend upon her, for the very faintest whistle could not escape her sharp ears; she seemed unconsciously to be always on the alert.

Margaret was a queer child, used from babyhood to roaming the country by herself. She knew every foot of the ground, and it was as natural for her to ride a horse as it was to walk and talk. Her own horse, Daisy, happened to be born on her birthday, a circumstance which delighted Margaret. The Conleys made great holidays of birthdays, and papa not only allowed her to have the naming of the pretty colt, but presented her as a birthday present to his little daughter.

How Margaret learned to ride she never knew. Once on Daisy's back everything seemed easy, and many a canter they had in the summer days down the long stretch of road that led to town.

Margaret was never allowed to go to town by herself, though she was 11 years old, and Daisy could have carried her quite safely; but she would often ride for a mile or more down the road "just to pretend." She usually galloped as far as the flag station and turned Daisy loose for a little browse in a certain green pasture nearby while she went inside. Here she looked at the clock hanging just above the door, though she had to get on a bench to see it at all. Then she consulted the schedule nailed upon the wall, and then she waited for the passing of two or three trains, nodding and waving to the conductors and engineers, to whom the child's figure was a familiar landmark. Then she would call Daisy, and would trot back home by the same road, all pretending that they had been to town.

On a certain afternoon there was company expected by the late train for tea, and Margaret and Daisy went ahead of the carriage to welcome the guests. It was just sunset when they reached the flag station and Margaret could see the engine of the train from town poking its nose over the brow of a distant hill. At the top it would commence the down grade with double speed, sidetracking about half a mile from the flag station to let the home-bound express pass by.

As the train from town came nearer Margaret cantered forward to meet it, but to her amazement it did not sidetrack as usual, coming instead straight toward the station. The child's heart stood still; in five minutes' time the express would come thundering by, and it never stopped at the flag station unless signaled. It would dash past into the train bearing their friends from town, and Margaret shut her eyes as the dreadful vision came before her, but she was quick to think. She raced with Daisy back to the flag station and snatched the signal, a bit of scarlet flannel, from its nail on the wall. It was too late to warn the incoming train, which would not have time to back down to the switch and sidetrack before the express came upon them from the other direction. But she and Daisy would be able to signal the rushing express and check its speed in time.

They took the railroad track, the little girl reasonably thinking that the sight of such an unusual obstacle would bring the engine quickly to a halt. Margaret had no thought of her own danger, though Daisy shrank as she felt the ominous rumbling beneath her hoofs.

"Good girl! Good girl!" whispered Margaret. "Steady, steady, there—don't be frightened—" and grasping the bridle firmly with one hand, she waved the signal vigorously with the other, just as the black snorting monster dashed into sight.

A surprised shriek and two short whistles answered the signal, and Margaret knew that all was well. Then things began to whirl before her; she had just strength to pull Daisy off the track, when she slipped out of the saddle to the ground, her little white face upturned to the sunset glow. The scarlet signal was still in her tightly clenched hand, and Daisy stood quietly sniffing and neighing, until help arrived.

When Margaret came to herself she lay in her mother's lap, but she could not understand, until she saw the faces of the people all around her and heard the cheer as she opened her eyes.

"Where's Daisy?" she asked, and willing hands led Daisy to her side. Good girl! Good girl!" she whispered, just as she had but a short time before, when the train rumbled over the rails. She reached out and patted her favorite's glossy side.

"Daisy didn't throw me," she said, raising herself, "I fell—I couldn't see—everything got black."

Then mamma bent down and kissed her tenderly.

"My little girl, my little girl!" she cried, and held her close. Margaret sighed and smiled and nestled closer still, and shut her eyes once more, for she was tired, and with mamma's arms about her nothing else really mattered.—Washington Star.

THE TOY ARTIST.

A Mechanical Figure Which Displays Great Ingenuity.

The mechanical toy shown in the accompanying illustration is one of the most original and ingenious things of its kind that have recently appeared. Within the base upon which the "artist" and his easel are placed and immediately below the figure, is a small pinion operated by a worm at the end of the crankshaft that is seen projecting through the side of the base. The pinion, which rotates in a horizontal plane, is provided with a couple of pins upon which is placed one of the sets of removable cams which accompany the toy. The cams are double, being provided with two separate peripheral edges, and each edge is engaged by the short arm of a pair of levers, as shown in the engraving.

The upper lever attaches at the end of its long arm to a vertical shaft, which passes up through the body of the figure and is pivotally attached to its right arm at the shoulder. By this means, says the Chicago News, the rotation of the cam causes a vertical up and down movement of the arm and the drawing pencil that it carries. The lower cam operates a system of levers, which give a series of right and left movements.

It is evident that, by giving the proper relative contours to the two edges of the cam, the arm, with the pencil that it carries, may be made to trace any desired line upon the paper, either vertical or horizontal, by the action of the first or the second cam, or diagonal or curved, by the joint operation of the two. Each of the double cams, which are provided with the toy, is cut so that its

Details of the Toy.

operation will cause the figure to draw some well-known object.

The easel is hinged to the base and is pressed against the pencil by means of a coil spring. It is provided with four projecting pins, upon which the sheet of paper is held while the sketch artist is at work.

NEW SHADOW SHOW.

Here's a Chance to Make Fun for Your Friends.

The following is a very simple method of producing on the wall a series of new Chinese shadows, the op-

How It Is Worked.

erator, as well as the little folk delineated, remaining behind the lookers-on, which is sometimes an advantage.

Place a candle on a table, and on the wall opposite affix a sheet of foolscap for a screen. Between the candle and the screen interpose some opaque body, such as a cardboard calendar or a large volume. Now, how are you going to project your shadows on the screen when it is already dark? Very simply, by means of a mirror fixed at the edge of a table. The reflection of the mirror will be thrown on the wall either in a parallelogram or in an oval, and if your screen is in the suitable position, and you work your pasteboard dolls correctly between them, the mirror and the wall, your audience will see the figures dance without finding out the way it is done.—Magical Experiments.

Kaiser on Horseback.

Emperor William's horseback accident is by no means his first experience of the kind, though the greatest care is taken by the master of the horse (oberstallmeister) to provide the emperor with the safest mounts, which are trained to be as easy and docile as a circus steed. The reason is that the kaiser has no power whatever in his left or bridle arm, and that when he is leading past a regiment with drawn sword he has practically no means of controlling his charger. His majesty looks as if he were holding the reins with his left hand, but this is mere appearance.

Who Began It?

Willie had just received a severe whipping.

"Mamma," said he, "did your mother ever whip you?"

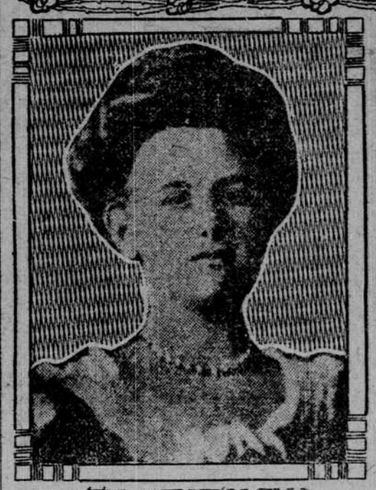
"I was punished when I was naughty," his mother replied.

"And, was she whipped by her mother?"

"Yes, dear."

Willie reflected deeply. "Well, I'd like to know who started it, anyway," he exclaimed, finally.

ONLY WOMAN RULER of EUROPE



QUEEN WILHELMINA

PRINCE HENRY

Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands—tall, stately, fair-haired, eyes of blue, and clear complexion, with animated, kindly, yet resolute expression—is the only woman ruler of Europe. She is very much beloved by her subjects, and little heard of outside of her own kingdom.

Her majesty was at an early age called upon to reign over a hardy, independent and tumultuous people; but she who is a child of heroes, a descendant of William the Silent, the nation's idol, has proved hergelf fully equal to the task; for the queen and her subjects have the same patriotism, the same ideals and beliefs, and the same love of freedom.

It is now nine years since Queen Wilhelmina took the oath of inauguration—a ceremony equivalent to a coronation—and took the reins into her own hands, her mother having acted as queen-regent from the time of Wilhelmina's accession at ten years of age.

The palace of the Loo is a fine-looking and imposing building, standing back in a quadrangle, resplendant with gaily colored flower beds. In the rear are immense gardens, and the whole is situated in the midst of the most beautiful forest. No more charming and secluded spot for residence could be obtained, and it is no wonder that it is the favorite abode of her majesty and the Prince Consort. Here the royal couple lead a life of comparative retirement, following the respective tastes and hobbies to which they are partial. Both the exalted personages are of a particularly active disposition, and seldom indulge in idle moments.

Queen Wilhelmina gets up very early in the morning and dresses quickly; then descends to breakfast, during which she opens letters, a duty which so far her majesty has not relegated to a secretary. With respect to her correspondence, Queen Wilhelmina is most conscientiously particular. She gives her earnest attention to minute details, insists on every letter being answered; and where possible grants petitions to even the poorest of her subjects. She decides quickly, for she thinks quickly, and the people who are brought into personal contact with her majesty are soon rated according to their merits, for no one is a more shrewd judge of character than is the young sovereign of the Netherlands.

When her majesty was quite a young child, she was thoroughly instructed in cooking, exactly as is the usual good fashion amongst the Dutch aristocracy; so she perfectly understands what composes a good dinner, and scans the menu prepared by the chef, striking out or putting in dishes which she may or may not prefer. As I have already mentioned, her majesty's health has not been of late years exceptionally good, and the large amount of horse exercise in which she formerly delighted is now somewhat curtailed; but still, on most mornings the queen rides, accompanied by her husband or the master of the horse.

Luncheon is partaken of at a quite early hour, and in the afternoon it is usual for the queen and prince to drive out together, her majesty more often than not taking the reins.

Queen Wilhelmina is naturally of a most affectionate nature, and has the happy faculty of retaining her friends, never forgetting those of her childhood's days. As a matter of fact, her two former governesses are still honored with annual invitations to the court.

Although her majesty has Russian blood in her veins on her grandmother's side, and is autocratic in some directions, yet she is democratic in others, and has an utter abhorrence of undue ceremony and statecraft. She loves the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants of the old Dutch villages—the costumes of which she often wears—and is fond of paying visits to such. Scheveningen more especially being honored in this respect. This is an exceedingly quaint place, within three or four miles of The Hague. The queen played on its sands in her childhood, and it is a favorite drive when she is staying at The Hague palace. On the other side of The Hague her majesty has a small palace known as "The house in the wood." This was built in 1647, and has been made famous for all time as the scene of the first peace conference.

The Hague is, of course, the political capital, and in the city is the winter palace, where the majority of the court ceremonies are held. Whatever be the occasion, the company always take up their position in the ballroom or other saloon before the queen appears.

At Amsterdam, however—which is the commercial capital, and rejoices in an eight-days' court every April—the queen does not take part in the balls. She merely sits on the dias at the end of the room and watches the others.

Whatever ceremony or function her majesty may be attending in any place, she is most punctual in her coming and going, and she brings this to bear upon all her state business. She insists upon everything being placed before her regularly and punctually to be dealt with at once. She signs nothing without thoroughly understanding it, and her firm will and decided judgment have more than once brought her into conflict with her ministers; but she generally has her way, and the people say the country does not suffer in consequence.

Everyone knows that Queen Wilhelmina is much beloved by her subjects, and it only needs the birth of a son and heir to the throne to complete the satisfaction of queen and subjects alike.

MARY SPENCER WARREN.

The Killers.

It happened that once a man ran past Socates armed with an ax. He was in pursuit of another who was running from him at full speed.

"Stop him! Stop him!" he cried.

Plato's master did not move.

"What!" cried the man with the ax; "couldst thou not have barred his way? He is an assassin!"

"An assassin? What meanest thou?"

"Play not the idiot! An assassin is a man who kills."

"A butcher, then?"

"Old fool! A man who kills another man!"

"To be sure! A soldier!"

"Dolt! A man who kills another man in times of peace."

"I see—the executioner."

"Thou ass! A man who kills another in his home."

"Exactly—a physician."

Upon which the man with the ax fled—and is running still.—La Terre.

After a woman gets to a certain age she thinks checks are the best kind of love letters.

Wachter in Bohemia.

Not so very long ago Congressman Frank C. Wachter of Maryland was delivering a speech to a select assemblage of Bohemians in Baltimore. He unburdened himself of all the political fire in his supply, and then sat down amid thundering applause. The applause continued. It was plainly "up to" Mr. Wachter to respond to the encore, but he wanted to do something special. He leaned over to William Weissager, a ward leader of that end of town, and whispered:

"This applause touches me, touches me deeply. Give me a line in Bohemian, that I may thank them in their own language."

Weissager promptly delivered the line, which Mr. Wachter as promptly rehearsed. Frank always was "quick study." At the proper moment he arose and spoke the line in a voice that could be heard a mile away.

Instantly there was a mad scramble and rush for the doors. In half a jiffy the hall was empty. Wachter turned in dismay to Weissager. "For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, "what have I done? Where are they going?"

Weissager reached for his hat and replied: "They're all down stairs waiting for you. You have just asked the whole house to have a drink."—N. Y. Sun.

Motor Omnibuses in London.

The motor omnibuses in operation in London have not proved a financial success, according to the report of the auditor of the company, who says: "The company has never made any profits; nothing but a considerable loss from the first; * * * the actual loss on running has been over $60,000. It has cost over 1s. 6d. (36 cents) per car mile to earn 11d. (22 cents), and every car mile run in the recent period of working has made a dead loss of 7d. (14 cents)." Efforts are being made to come to some general agreement for increasing the fares, and inventors are endeavoring to produce some appliance which will be productive of more steady running and will lessen the heavy repair bills which confront the owners of motor omnibuses.