

in the words "Thought and Work." There are "Travelers" and "Tourists," "Reapers" and "Reviewers" and Chautauqua circles galore. Hero worship does not prevail to any great extent outside of Shakspearean devotees. Ruskin scores a few points east and west. Indianapolis, Ind., has a Katherine Merrill club; Des Moines, Ia., a Madeline de Scudery; Butte, Mont., a Homer; Dayton, O., an Emerson; East Orange, N. J., a Charlotte Emerson Brown, and Amesbury, Mass., an Elizabeth H. Whittier club. In the main, the English language is considered equal to the task of providing the club with a satisfactory name, but "Quid Nunc" flourishes in Little Rock, Ark., Les Voyageurs in Cincinnati, O., Pro Re Natk in Washington, D. C., and Belles Lettres in Oil City, Pa. The only initial letter clubs in the federation are the W. T. K. of Greeley, Col., the Q. J. S. P. of Chicago and the S. S. S. S. of Reading, Pa.

One of the strongest arguments used by the friends who urged the candidacy of Mrs. Lowe for president of the general federation was that the south needed the impetus it would receive if a southern woman were at the head of the organization. In support of this argument we quote Miss M. Eleanor Breck, sorridge of San Antonio, Texas. Miss Breckenridge is a leading, if not the leading club woman of her state and after reading her account of the status of woman's clubs in Texas you will be ready to agree that to be a leader of club work in the Lone Star state means much more of energy and determination and continuity of purpose than it does in an eastern or western state. Miss Breckenridge is an impulsive, sympathetic woman who draws to herself hosts of friends. As one of the assistants at Mrs. Campbell's reception to the delegates her graceful and charming manner as a hostess was very marked. Her brother is one of the wealthiest men in Texas. "He maintains his own private car and is devoted to his sister" and she in return lavishes upon him an unbounded affection. Miss Breckenridge says: "We have comparatively few women's clubs in Texas, though in the northern part of the state there is a fair quota. The south has been backward in taking up and advancing the organizations of women. The women are by no means reluctant to work and ally themselves with clubs. The scarcity of clubs is due rather to the fact that there has not been the same managerial impetus exerted as in the northern states. I, myself, was not even a delegate to the convention. Texas is in no sense a member of the federation. The club work is so new there that we have not had an opportunity to take united action for that end until last April. On the 27th of that month the first annual federation of the state was held at Tyler lasting three days. It was a fairly good first state federation there being fifty-four clubs in evidence, several organizations failing to send delegations. Our work so far has been principally on the line of libraries. We hope to become members of the national next year." From this statement we can see that Texas is just in her infancy in the federation movement. She has also a clause in the state federation charter which prevents them coming into the general federation unless by unanimous vote. Still, with a "first state federation" of fifty-four clubs and more to hear from, no fear but her steady tramp, tramp, tramp to the front rank of general federation work will soon resound throughout clubdom.

May—I don't see why you envy Miss Dyer.

Pamela—Why, her fiance is the only man here.

May—She is to be pitied. She'll lose him.

Fashions of the Day.

The shirt waist has at last found—not its successor, but its rival. You are skeptical, sunbonnetted summer maid, with your haberdasherie so intensely mannish, or so ravishingly Gallicized into femininity! If you owned up pathetically to two score instead of boasting so saucily of one, you would not welcome hot weather and the English rigidity of shirt and cravat with such jauntiness. Even the negligee smartness of a guipure blouse belted with satin and cravated with chiffon, despite its softening effect upon the skin barely threatened with Time's impress, reveals all too frankly the gentle rotundity of a luxurious life.

We, to whom our figures are a constant source of anxiety, hail with rejoicings the coming of the silken jacquette-visite, and we can do so safely without making the fatal admission, before it is forced upon us, with or without the illustrative "pas," that "I am not so young as I used to be."

No, summer maid, the taffeta jacket is distinctly youthful—you should have one yourself to be quite elegant—even with your plethora of starched or blousing smartness—a youthfulness too, which has a certain dignity denied the shirt waist.

Secondly, it is deliciously cool, since it has not only no lining, but no dress froufrou and diaphanous and foaming over in soft whiteness upon the neighboring lapels, being one of those characteristic bits of feminine artifice which pin about the throat, tie about the waist, hook to the sides of the visite, and are altogether a snare for the unsophisticated hostess who entreats one to take off one's jacket.

Thirdly and lastly, its comfort is undoubted. Comfort! The word is a confession. You, you saucy summer maid, find it easy to bear lightly the petty tortures of fashion's most burdensome whim, either from the elasticity of youth or from a most convenient vanity. But we, who are preparing to drift into that decade in which lurks middle age, with its increasing fulness or scrawiness of contour and increasing laxity of carriage we find we must suddenly choose between comfort and vanity, which decision we are conscious will retain us in the fashionable ranks of "youthful matrons," or relagate us inevitably to the dowager lines.

Fashion is often kind, never kinder than when she proclaimed the reign of the little taffeta garment in which I find myself so contentedly garbed, in the morning with a pique skirt, in the afternoon with a lace or muslin one. My black jacket is tucked all over vertically in tiny cords, and the front is a lacy mass of ivory white and creamy yellow, than which nothing can be more becoming to any woman. The flaring collar, lined with the same becoming froth, droops low behind as though weighted down with its filling, and is infinitely more becoming, to any but the most swannecked, than an upstanding Medici effect. It looks very well with a nun's veiling skirt of the blue violet of distant shadows, the small hat of shirred black silk muslin, with a front brim turned back with a bunch of unripened grapes and their dusty leaves. (Some of the latest hats look as though their dainty wearers had been a berrying.)

With a mellow lace skirt over ivory crepe de chine, and a turban built of white tulle wound about and about and fastened in front low between the brows with a pearl brooch, the back banked with currants, the couturier advised a jaunty short cut-away jack-

et of palest blue satin, the finishing eminently tailor-like with shaped bands about the edges, and small collar and lapels faced with white satin foulard sprinkled with blue chenille polka dots. Black velvet Watteau bows accented the crimped white chiffon vest, and about the choker, passing under the white tulle bow under the chin, there is to be a dog collar of jewels—whether from Bond street or the Palais Royal I shall not tell. I confess to being not above a judicious mixture.

I belt my jackets inside, but the willowy tighten one of their innumerable belts outside their silk visites and are correspondingly happy. At a luncheon this week, a graceful young woman wore an Eton jacket of black taffeta which had two long slender coat tails behind reaching a third of the way down the collente skirt of embroidered ecru muslin over white India silk. Some very sheer embroidered white batiste was applied all about the edges of the jacket with a narrow gimp of russet-colored guipure, the blouse was of plaited white muslin with a cravat bow of the same and a twist of turquoise satin was pretty about the slender waist, this passing under the tails but showing below the short jacket sides.

The old-fashioned basquin is recalled by another form of black taffeta jacket, which made its appearance at Newport this week on a distinguished woman who dresses always in the best of taste and very modestly. The jacket reached a third of the way down her skirt, was cut all in one piece, and was tightly fitted even in front, where it fastened invisibly down the left side, the edges trimmed with a shaped band of taffeta stitched on. A belt of black velvet accentuated the roundness of her figure and the tightness of the jacket, and the deep, oval-shaped opening under the chin, oddly resembling the cut of a man's dress waistcoat, had a shaped band about it in place of collar and lapels. One beautiful button of cut jet and steel fastened the jacket on one side of the opening, the buckle on the belt matching, while the close, unjockeyed sleeves and the clinging, trailing skirt were of a charming shade of blue foulard, crossed obliquely with hair lines of white in couples. The plastron was of plaited white muslin, and a blue taffeta ribbon was passed twice about the choker and bowed under the chin, squarely. It was one of the smartest and prettiest frocks I have



seen this summer.

The long-tailed cut-away is a fetching garment on a slender woman, and is nearer the man's coat, from which it takes its name, than the short version. Its tailor has, however, so far ignored the limitations of his trade as to build it not only of the most delicate colorings but of the richest of satin, peau de soie, or faille Francais, cravating it with lace and topping it with a tulle turban, retaining only its stitchings and general tailor cut, the typical costume tailleur in contradistinction to the plain Anglo-Saxon tailor-built.

My hostess this spring in Paris, one of the most dashing of the fashionable automobilistes (who have given over bicycling in town entirely to the bourgeoisie), had such a satin tailor gown designed for her mornings rides. It was exactly the shade of the cloth linings of her carriage, a delicate greenish gray that is best described as putty. The trailing sheath skirt was not flounced, but spread out about her feet into softly undulating flutes, a fine line of silk gimp above its hem, the cutaway jacket rounded down from each side of the bust into rather long coat tails, and was edged with a shaped band headed with the silk gimp. The small pointed lapels and the short open vest pieces were of palest pink watered silk, the vest with olive-shaped pink satin buttons on each side. The turn-over, rolling collar was faced with pina, and the dainty tucked and embroidered white batiste blouse was belted with black velvet and cravated with a kilted white muslin. Her hat was a strange mixture of picturesqueness and smartness, being of white chip in the softly drooping equestrienne shape of the season, the flat but scooped up side brims filled beneath with small Renaissance pink rosebuds, a scarf of white tulle encrusted with black lace motifs draped about the low crown and tied behind with floating ends over a cache peigne of roses. I give its detail because, although the jacket has been already worn here, I have not seen one yet quite so delicious as this worn by my clever and aristocratic electrical engineer of the Faubourg.—Town Topics.

Nip—I suspect Muttonhead's infernal stupidity has been getting him into trouble again.

Tuck—Why?

Nip—Heard him telling a man down at the club the other night that Fate was against him.