IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

THE WOMAN WHO TRAVELS.

Suitable Garments and Ornaments for the Summer Tourist.

NEW YORK, May 16.—Linens, of all weights and colors, have prevailed and are prevailing with amazing tenacity. The woman who can not number at least three Peter Thompson suits, not to speak of an equal number of Gibson shirt waist gowns, among the choice acquisitions of her summer outfit counts herself illtreated by the fates and finances. All these must be of linen, and though any girl who commands the services of a good laundress can be as crisp as lettuce on the list of suits just named, the dream of the majority includes the possession of twice that number. Some are of brown, some of red, some of blue and the majority of white linen, and all of

A SEAWORTHY SUIT IN SILVERY GRAY.

those meant for hard wear and travel are trimmed with buttons, stitching, straps and knots. Some times these simple decorative effects are carried out in contrasting colors, that is to say, a blue linen will be advantageously strapped in white, or an inviting thing in green will be heavily stitched in black. One capital arrangement in contrasts which, by the way, grows steadily in favor, is the white or brown or blue linen tipped, so to speak, with red.

An exemplification of this exists in an appropriate vision of youthful slenderness on a steam yacht's deck. This is a white gown embroidered in red linen anchors, offset with white bands heavily stitched with red, and then finally treated with rows of small, bullet-shaped coral buttons. A checked coral and white scarf is knotted under the wide collar, and the ship-shape little hat is a white chrysanthemum straw furnished with a scarf of damp-proof coral silk and a big coral-red quill.

Veilings and Buntings.

Next after linen, in all grades from the roughest grass weaves to the smoothest napery finish, the heart of woman, not to speak of the contents of her pocket, is irresistibly drawn toward the rough veilings and heavy, coarse meshed buntings that are made into the ideal traveling gowns. Who is there without plans of railway or sea voyaging from this time forth and who does not desire the gown that is proof against sea fogs, coal dust, sun and showers. The heavy etamine, the voile imperiale, the basket mohairs and the seaside buntings are each and every one almost weather and wear-proof, and in the ready-made departments of any big dry goods house it is possible to pick up a useful coat and skirt made on the latest and smartest lines for a thoroughly reasonable price.

The design and execution of such suits is wholly tailorish, and yet distinctly graceful. For a sweet young figure they can be had in full-gored, instep-long skirts, plainly stitched and worn with what is called a waist jacket that is strapped and belted in at the waist over a soft wash silk shirt. The idea is conveyed by the illustration of a seaworthy suit in silver gray. On the other hand, there is the perfectly plain or elaborately stitched trained traveling dress, worn with a decorative, but practical Eton. This idea is also embodied in a model frock of potato brown bunting, its Eton coat fronts turned back with narrow stitched white cloth revers. There is no weight, no heat, no wrinkles, and yet a world of grace and comfort about such a suit. Its train gives the wearer dignity, yet its weight is hardly appreciable, and a vigorous shake eliminates the dust from it.

Belts, Caps, Coats and Cloaks.

One interesting feature of all these suits, whether of wool or linen, is the shaped and stitched detachable belt of the same goods that is sold with the gown. Brown, blue, green and red linen belts are to be had very neatly and manufactured and fastening in front with gilt, gun metal or decorated jeweled belts; or, what is yet more in keeping, the belt, actually fastens with hooks and eyes on the under side, while for decorative purposes and finish the ends pull through a couple of big rings covered with heavy buttonhole twist. They are the only cotton belts that can be conscientiously recommended, these stitched straps, for they do launder, and they don't pull out of shape or thicken the waist line.

By common consent we always talk of traveling hats and capes and cloaks when we talk of traveling gowns. There is the rare woman who yachts or crosses the ocean and wears a seaman's cap, and looks well in it, and this rare woman buys, if her instinct guides her aright, a cap of Cowe's shape, though there is a new and smart little duck trifle lately appeared and called the "Meteor," in honor, no doubt, of Emperor William's American-built yacht. The other women who realise the vulgarizing effect upon their features of the regular yachtsman cap are setting off on their tours in smart shirtwaist hats that have, with their round disklike brims and trimmed crowns, utterly annihilated the vogue of the Alpine and the sailor. The shirtwaist hat assumes no formalities; its brim is not bound, nor faced, and though a cache peine in the rear is sometimes worn, it is, as a rule, rather conspicuous by its absence. About the crown folds an embroidered pongee or gray grass linen scarf; if of pongee, the scarf is polka-dotted and hemstitched with a color; if of linen, it is cross-stitched in threads of Bulgarian colors, and pins with big knotted straw heads hold it in place, or it is drawn through a large rustic straw buckle, or into its own round knot at one side a handful of loose gull, red cock or gray turkey plumage is thrust.

The Traveler's Rain Coat.

A gray of covert brown water-proof cloth, cape or knee-long, wide-sleeved, box-front rain coat is the choicest wrap of the traveler. For voyages on land, in our hot summer weather, the most commendable black, brown, silver gray and dark blue taffeta water-proof coats that are equally useful in dust or rainstorm have come to fill an aching void and to leave the old, reliable golf cape stranded in neglect. The taffeta water-proof rustles and shimmers and has big, wide, breeze-inviting sleeves and a huge, detachable Barry hood that on a coach, automobile or open naphtha launch can be cast over a big, fragile, picturesque hat and bring it through a storm as dry and crisp as the proverbial bone.

Sashes and Boas.

Vive la cienture; or, in English, long may the sash wave, for next after the net boa it is the prominent feature of all dress made achievements this year. If your left-over from last spring is far too nice and fresh and dear to your heart to be cast aside, go out and buy a sash, hang it at the rear of the suit and nobody could tell but that your gown was of this spring's rich harvest. The chiffon sash that is first accordion pleated, then lace encrusted, crossed with quillings of silk muslin and finally strapped with black baby velvet ribbon, is the archetype of the whole tribe of streamers, and it whisks in the breeze at the rear of nine-tenths of the voile, foulard and batiste-clad sisterhood. There have lately appeared the most fascinating sashes of deep cream Lierre, mock Alencon, Mechlin and Valenciennes lace, with little chiffon rosebuds dangling from them, or figures in black last applied flat to their surface. These found their affinity in the organdies, and their interesting contemporaries are wide ribbon sashes of unequal length, fringed at the ends and sumptuously painted in roses and field flowers and such.

Any woman who knows what to do with a thimble and thread can make her own sashes, and very gorgeous, expensive looking ones at that, for very small outlay. The best and latest mode in sash drapery requires mention, for a round knot at the belt and two floating ends is considered the refuge of the commonplace. There is the soft sash that knots at the belt, falls eighteen inches and knots again before the ends fall free, and then there is the wing knot and the knot that drops a short loop on top of the ends, and finally the knot that is pulled through a long, narrow buckle, which is shaped and bent to follow the curves of the waist line.

The Ball Gown Sash.

Some of the ball gowns seen of late showed bewitching sashes of silk tulle or finest Malines net, and these were tied in plain knots the whole of their length at intervals of eight and ten inches. In every knot a soft cluster of ribbon or chiffon flowers were caught, and these trifles vie in the affections of the debutante with sashes made wholly of flowers based on a tulle foundation or assuming the shape of flowering trails of greenery. A few women, who prize the round contours of their nineteen-inch waists, let their sashes flow Watteau or Empire-wise from between their shoulders, and not one of those, instructed in the rule of the mode that prevails, hang their sashes in front or at the side.

MARY DEAN.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S KINDNESS.

Sends Flowers from the White House to Mrs. McKinley.

Nothing could possibly show more true kindness and delicate consideration than the act of Mrs. Roosevelt in ordering every day a box of the choicest flowers in the White House conservatories sent to Mrs. McKinley in Canton. It requires a broad understanding of human nature, says the Kansas City Star, to comprehend how much these fragrant tokens of continual remembrance mean to the stricken woman in Canton, whose life was suddenly darkened by a great tragedy which plunged the nation into mourning. The people with their pressing and manifold activities rally from such misfortunes. It is not so with those upon whom the blow descends with undivided weight and force, leaving nothing for the heart to cling to.

Mrs. McKinley must, perforce, live wholly in the past, "for memory is the only friend that grief can call its own." These flowers which come to her every day, through the gentle thoughtfulness of the mistress of the White House, link her in a way to soothe, rather than to distress, with the proud and happy life which she has lost. In her loneliness and desolation they cause her mind to dwell with tearful tenderness on moments of delight that were too beautiful to last. They span for her, with something, it may be, akin to peace, the dark gulf intervening between her former great happiness and the gloom of her greater bereavement.

Flowers there are in generous profusion for Mrs. McKinley. They come to her constantly from friends all over the land—but those which are sent to her daily from the White House, they have a significance which is all their own. They give to this lonely woman a certain importance which even sorrow does not scorn. There is a rightful pride in human nature which causes it to appreciate and to look with chastened enjoyment upon any merited tribute of respect. Those afflictions which crush the heart and fill it with agony cannot wholly obliterate the proper esteem which all worthy persons must feel for themselves.

In thinking of all of these things, and in putting herself as completely, as she has done, in the place of poor Mrs. McKinley, and in radiating as best she can some of her own abounding happiness on the sorrowing woman at Canton, who has lost so much, Mrs. Roosevelt shows herself to be fully fitted to be the "first lady in the land."

INSOLENCE REBUKED.

Two Instances Serve as Examples For Nervy Women.

It occasionally happens that young women are subjected to annoyances that they do not know how to resent or stop. One of the mildest of these—and they nearly all come from well-dressed, cowardly blackguards in street cars—consists in being scrutinized from head to foot from an opposite seat.

This form of annoyance has been sufficiently irritating to drive a nervous woman out of the car. Of course, the victim of such insolence can do nothing but retreat or submit to its continuance, for it can be readily understood that complaint to the conductor would be of no avail.

Worse a great deal than this, however, is the action of the fellow who takes advantage of a crowded car to crowd himself up to a woman in offensive fashion. In the cross seat of a car not long ago sat a young girl who was being subjected to this sort of attention by a man of not less than twice her age. On the opposite seat of the section was a stout and determined-looking Irish woman, who watched the by-play for a few minutes and then leaned over to the girl, saying kindly:

"Won't you change places with me, my dear?"

The offer was eagerly accepted and as the stout party dumped her ample form into the seat beside the blackguard she said to him in genial tones:

"Now, me boy, squaze up to me all you want to. There's more av me than there is av that young crayture and I can schand it bether."

The fellow got up in confusion and left the car at the next crossing.

Once in a great while a girl has sufficient nerve to turn the tables without assistance. A plucky miss who was being squeezed up in a street car seat stood it for half a mile and then said to her tormentor:

"I think, sir, you would feel more comfortable if I were to take you on my lap."

It was a desperate remedy, but it proved just as effective as that administered by the Irish woman in the case related above.

A YACHTING GOWN IN RED AND WHITE LINEN.

Frills of Fashion.

A linen gown made up over pink is set all over with tiny jet dots.

Clusters of big pink clover blossoms with their foliage are charming for hat trimmings.

Pretty and simple parasols have a line of chenille outlining the edge, with a dot of it at each rib.

Black patent leather slippers, with broad tongues and high-winged white velvet bows upon the toe, are smart.

Many of the new silk blouses are relieved with narrow bands of black and white pin-striped silk and lace.

Hand-worked white linen, showing designs of perforated English embroidery and medallions in solid stitching, is one of the most effective of the new embroideries.

The newest buckles resemble a bat, oxidized, silver or gilt, with wings outspread. The velvet or satin ribbon is passed through and across the center of the body.

Many of the handsomest of the season's gowns in etamine and canvas are artistically trimmed with antique Japanese embroidery, which forms collar, revers and cuffs.

A velvet ribbon, or one of soft satin, drawn through the bat buckle and tied in a short, outspreading bow at the back, represents one of the latest fancies for blouse waist finishes.

A pair of stockings which present a study in natural history are of white silk, with black lace inset, scallops on either side outlining the front of the stockings, and inside figures, birds and butterflies alternating.

Yellow is a color comparatively little used, but some pretty handkerchiefs of the season are of a pale shade of it, with embroidered figures in the corners, some in white, some in green and others in blue and lavender.

Parasol handles have become so elaborate that they are stored in the jewel case nowadays. They are longer than formerly and cabochous of sapphires, coras, matrix turquoise, jade and pearl lend an effective touch of embellishment to the quaint heads of metal, crystal or wood.

The new parasols, while light colored and bright in hue, are not as befrilled as in some other seasons, except the full dress fete parasols. Plain silks have patterns geometrical or otherwise; some are printed with roses, some violets, some have Persian designs and the Empire wreaths have found a place upon them.

A very attractive white negligee gown is made of embroidered lawn, the embroidery in solid stripes about the width of the narrow plaits in which the material is laid. In the back these plaits turn out from the center, and set under two of them, several inches apart, are the ends of a broad sash ribbon in a soft shade of red, the ribbon carried from there under the arms and around to the front, where it is tied in a big bow on the bust.

For and About Women.

Miss Mary Clagett, daughter of the late Judge W. H. Clagett of San Francisco, has opened a barber shop in Spokane.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has just passed her 88th birthday. She first saw the light in the year 1814, when George III had yet six years to reign. The venerable old lady has every hope of witnessing the forthcoming coronation procession from the windows of her house in Stratton street, Piccadilly, from which she was a spectator of a similar sight when the late queen came to the throne in 1837.

Miss Mary Morton, youngest daughter of the former vice president of the United States, devotes the greater part of her time, and of the income of the real estate, which, like each of her sisters, she received from her father on her debut, to efforts for the benefit of unfortunate children of New York City. Just now she is very busy establishing a home at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson for convalescent children from the New York hospitals.

Erie county, New York, expects to have a woman candidate for political office next fall, the first in its history. Miss Carrie Colburn, a cousin of Supervisor Orlin J. Colburn of Colden, is the woman and the office is that of school commissioner. She resides in Collins, and is connected with the State Normal school. Women can vote for this officer and the pay is $1,200 a year.

The old saying about there being no accounting for tastes seems applicable to the case of Mrs. Arthur Cadogan, the beautiful sister-in-law of the present viceroy of Ireland, who numbers among the pets of her household a huge python from India. It is the lady's pleasure now and then to take the creature up in her arms and allow it to twine its folds around her. There have always been individuals, especially members of the fair sex, who have exercised a curious fascination over snakes, perhaps one secret of their power being their absolute fearlessness. Mrs. Cadogan's python is nine feet long, and, though showing a great dislike to strangers, is said to be devoted to its mistress.

Essay Misunderstood.

A schoolgirl in Delaware recently wrote an essay on Hawthorne, in which she said: "At the age of 39 Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old manse." The day after the commencement two of the village women were talking over the affair, and one of them remarked:

"Wasn't it awful that Maude should say such a thing in her essay?"

Her friend inquired what she alluded to.

"Why, she said at the age of 39 Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old man's."

A GROUP OF ROUGH VEILING, ETAMINE AND BASKET WEAVE MOHAIR TRAVELING DRESSES.

THE ILL-DRESSED WOMAN

Margaret L. Briggs Points Out Her Mistakes to Her and Shows Her How She May Become Well-Dressed and Pretty.

Was there ever any one more unfortunate than the sloppy woman! No matter how handsome her clothes, they never look right. Her waist and her skirt do not meet at the back, or if they do the belt hangs down far below where it should come; her stomach sticks out, her shoes go uncleaned for days, her gloves are out at the finger.

Most of the time she cannot devote the necessary few minutes to brushing her dress, and it is edged around the bottom with a crust of mud, and half the time the binding is worn through. Her hair usually hangs with a lot of scolding locks in the back, and altogether she is a most forlorn looking creature. Her friends are ashamed to meet her, and she, when anything is said about her appearance, exclaims: Oh! what's the use of my bothering! I'm not pretty, and things will not look right, no matter what I do." She doesn't understand that being pretty lies largely with the woman and how she handles herself.

There's the tall, thin woman who always walks with her stomach out, her back in, and her shoulders rounded. All she needs is to straighten herself up, to pin her skirt up in the back and down in front and to walk as though she had a backbone.

Then there is the stout, substantial looking woman who is always too tired to walk, and who cannot stand having a collar put on properly, and who always does manage somehow to get her hat on crooked and to keep it so. Her skirts, too, always drag in the mud and invariably need a binding.

There's another kind of woman, who is even worse than these, and she's the woman who never has the time nor the inclination to take the necessary baths or to change her underclothing. She isn't even ashamed to have other members of the family call her attention to her habits, but merely loses her temper at their interference. There are plenty of these women—women who wear the same underclothing day after day, and do not understand why they should not do so.

Of course these women do not pay attention to their dress because they haven't the energy to do so. In a word, they are sick. Neglecting the dress is one of the first symptoms of illness with a woman. It is the result of a depressed condition of the nervous system, due to some trouble with the female organism, that has not yet, perhaps, declared itself in actual pain. Why, I know one woman who went so far as to hide her soiled clothing in a trunk and lock it up, that it might not go to the laundry. The friends of this woman decided that there was really something wrong with her—she was hysterical and nervous, although she complained of no especial pain—and called in a doctor. Of course he didn't understand the case, and gave a tonic to bring temporary relief from the hysteria, but didn't attempt to put that woman in a normal condition. After that some one told her about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and induced her to take it, with the result that she is getting stronger every day. She no longer ignores her appearance the way she did; her complexion is clear, she walks briskly, and her clothes are carefully cleaned and put on properly. No one would recognize in her the woman she was six months ago. Yet that doctor said she never could recover until the change came with her. Why, if she hadn't taken Mrs. Pinkham's medicine the chances are she would have become worse and worse, until insanity would have declared itself.

Of course this is an extreme case, and I merely quote it to show what these things may lead to. It is woman's natural instinct to make herself attractive. She wishes to be admired and adored, and she likes to conceal her bad points as well as she can, making the most of what is good about her face and figure. When a woman does not do this, when she grows careless of her dress and doesn't care whether she bathes or not, she is sick. Perhaps, if you ask her, she will not acknowledge there is any pain or anything wrong with her. But soon she will confide in you. There is a heavy feeling, not exactly pain, but she feels depressed. The head aches frequently, and often there is a bearing-down pain that makes her irritable. She doesn't consider any of these things worth bothering about, but that, too, is because she is sick. She neglects them as well as her dress because she has lost her interest in the things that go to make up life for a strong, healthy woman.

All these troubles can be cured if the woman, careless of her dress, will but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If she does that, before long she won't know herself. Her husband once more will take pride in her, and every one will remark how changed she is. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine is certainly ideal for women who are afflicted with nervousness or any illness of the feminine organs. It always helps women whose ideas of life are warped, because the brain is instantly responsive to the condition of the reproducive system. There is no doubt about its efficiency for female complaints.