

THE VEILED LADY BY MRS. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

To Have One's Chin in a Sling. A Two-Faced Veil. Shawl-Shaped Veils.

Summer Muffs of Maline Matching Veils in Color.

A Veil Train. Maline Creates Illusions.

WHILE the women of Turkey are beginning to discard veils, the women of America seek physiological protection in thick wrappings of lace and chiffon. Fatima in the harem has seen pictures of the Merry Widow millinery and perhaps Fatima will even buy a string of pin puffs. Fatima has a good digestion instead of a temperament. She is always calm and her chief longings are for nougat and nicotine.

The women of wealth in the Western Hemisphere have active tempers and weak digestions. Now herein lies the reason for the double veils worn at Newport. The crowned heads of society have troubles of their own. Often restless lies the head from which the diamond tiara has just been taken. Our American women are most sensitive. In the evening at a ball, when the champagne bubble is in the blood it is easy to dissemble. Well rouged and well stimulated, your heart may be breaking, but still you must smile, and you can smile. For two or three hours this is easy, but as an all-day performance even a woman of the Ogden Mills mettle fails. With all the crisis-cross love affairs in society (unlike the nice middle-class society, where each man is in love with his respective and respected wife) have made it difficult for a woman always to maintain composure. Cupid is never shooting many poisoned tipped affinity arrows where wealth abounds. Let's take a few simple situations. A woman sits with friends at the Newport Casino watching a tennis game, perhaps the beauty who is likely to be her husband's third wife (they have already discussed it coolly, or who was his first and former wife joins the group. Then often a young girl is brought into speaking distance with papa's wife and mamma's husband. How great would be the embarrassment to meet these situations unveiled, but with two veils, she

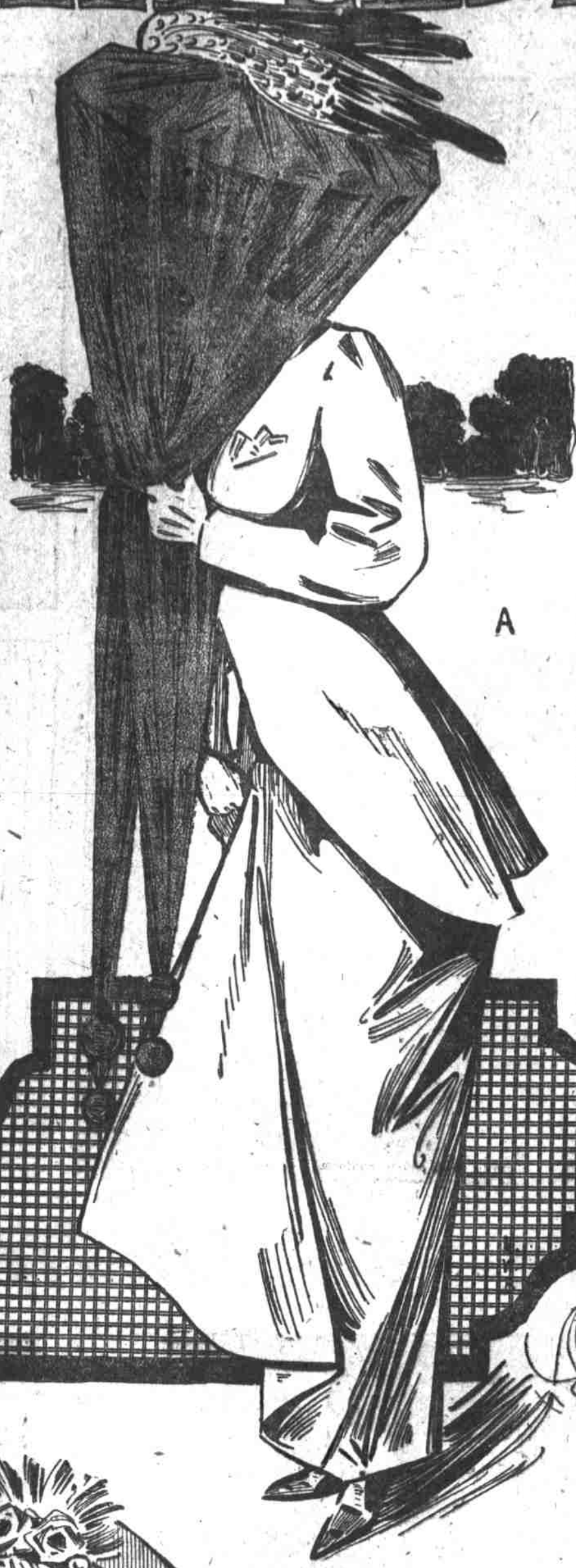
trouble to have one's face made over two or three times a day. With the two veils one needs no dip into the rouge pot so often.

No one goes to Newport without a white lace veil. The Bretton lace veil that is washable is most useful. Some women who delight in the voluminous loosely draped smart things even purchase by the yard all-over lace of the sort intended for shirt waists and gowns. They go to the lace counter, not to the veil counter, for their face coverings.

When maline is used these voluminous swathings are ethereal in effect. Mrs. Natalie Schenk Collins, before she went into mourning for Spotswood Schenk, her father, did herself up in clouds of pink maline. During June I saw her with rose-colored maline draped around her flower-trimmed leghorn and also around her shoulders, as shown in illustration D. She suggested a valuable marble bust done up in netting for the Summer, or an explorer in Africa, who tries to make himself insect-proof.

Older women now use maline for a trig veil, worn with a flower toque (and this toque, mind you, is always appropriately scented). Only one thickness of the maline is used, and it is surprising how it smooths out all the wrinkles. Mrs. E. H. Harriman wears little maline veils of this sort. Maline used in this way recalls its sweet old name, "illusion." Yards and yards of rose illusion, such as Mrs. Collins wears, should be in the veil case of every woman. Even she who is yellow, sick and sixty will find maline veils effective.

But Miss Mary Harriman, see her in characteristic attitude in illustration A. Once she was always so jolly, but this Summer, when I met her, there was little sparkle either in her eyes or in her conversation. She had just driven her horses



is another veil—the one she wears with her high silk hat, when she rides her timber toppers at a horse show. It is exactly like the white veils that fond mothers put on their winter-born babies when they go out for their first perambulator ride.

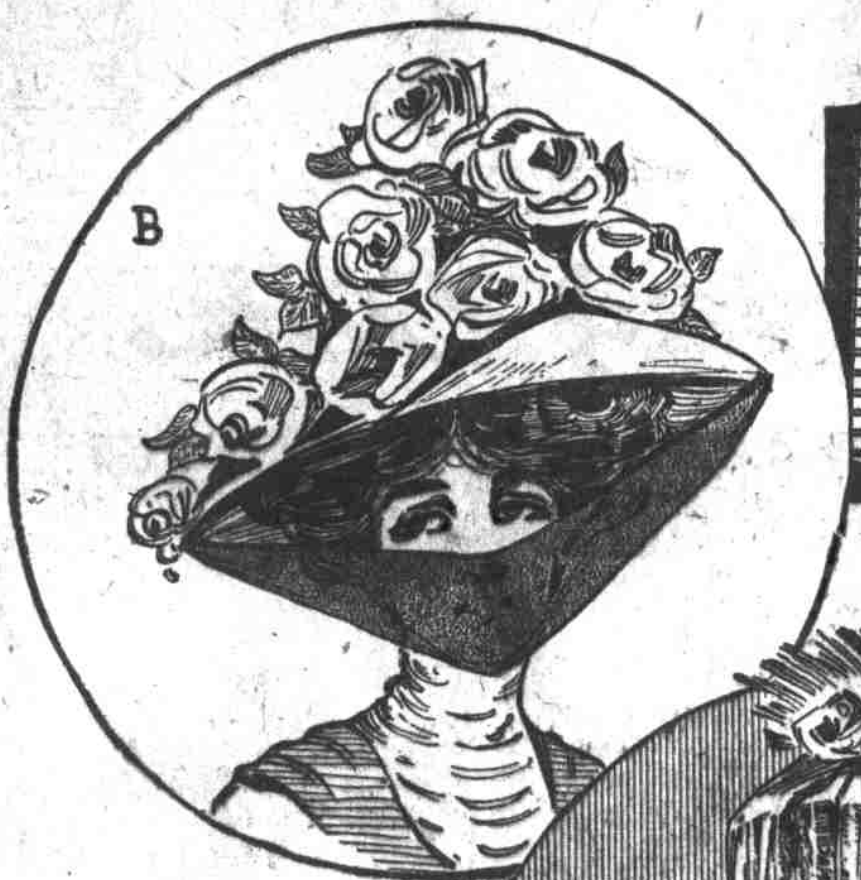
Miss Frances Alexander (the popular Summer girl at Bar Harbor, who has been the hostess this season at lobster broils and clam bakes and all sorts of novel and nourishing entertainments) has poetic ideas in veils. They are equal to Mrs. Collins's rose-colored clouds of maline, and Mrs. Clarence Mackay's white draperies. The latter once had a veil that hung from the back of her hat like a large lace tea-cloth attached to



the forehead, and narrowing at the sides. This ruffle, no doubt, will be lengthened into a face-curtain that can be thrown back over the stiff bonnet brim.

The bridal veil is the most important veil in the life-history of all women. Recently a new fashion edict went forth that the bride be relieved of the heavy satin train that hangs from her tired shoulders. The veil will fulfill its old mission and will be a train as well. An old custom will be revived. The bride will trail her pointless draperies up the aisle, but there will be no train of heavy satin. The soft cascade of filmy lace is gathered over a coronet of orange blossoms, and, while only just covering the face, falls in long swinging folds behind her. There is no heavy satin train, only a train of ballroom length. When the veil train is discarded, the wedding gown is suitable for dinners and dances. The usual trouble in regard to cutting off the long satin train is obviated. Even wealthy brides, let it be said, cut off their satin wedding trains, and use the material for an odd blouse combined with lace.

And, then, I forgot to tell you that society girls (those who have just returned from England), when they are enveloped in maline, hat and shoulders, according to the fad introduced in this country by Mrs. Collins, often carry large Summer muffs made of maline and matching their veils in color. Black muffs of maline often have gold spangles, and copper-shaded maline, both for veil and muff, is worn by the girl with auburn hair. White maline is used for the veil and most of the golden-haired debutante, and nestling in the muff there is a cluster of valley lilies. But with the voluminous veil the maline muff must be enormous. Unveiled a girl may go to the theatre, but the muff (in reality the mermaid) must pay for a seat of its own. It is too frail and too costly to be crushed. At a first-night performance of a popular play in London a great dramatic critic of small stature looked like an insignificant exclamation point, seated between two large Summer-muffs made of thin veiling. When the sweet illusion is used so prodigally as this, illusion thereto is not always complimentary. Mere men look askance at the muff of maline.



who is mortified may even bite her lip and a tear or two may trickle through the talcum drift on her cheeks.

As Cholloy says, a veil of this sort may often be "a Veil of Tears." When he first saw the veiled women at Newport, he said: "Well, to be swill, one must sweeter." Cholloy is so clever. Some women there are, of course, equal to a bare-faced composure even after courtroom exposure of conjugal jars. The white lace veil is the veil of the hour at Newport. First it is drawn over the face and the second veil of heavy chiffon is worn in second fashion in true Meadow Brook style.

To wear one's chin in a sling is the emblem of social importance and exclusiveness. The women of the Long Island colonies, however, those who meet at the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, wear only one veil (see illustration B). It is usually of thick brown material much like that of the old sewing silk veil. At outdoor horse shows one often sees on a coach, in the parking spaces that surround the ring, a group of four or five women, all with their chins in chocolate-brown slings. Mrs. Reggy Brooks, ever since sister Nan married Waldorf Astor, is always closely veiled. No affair of the vulgar public eye: She is usually the center of the veiled group that includes Mrs. Heron B. Duryea, Mrs. Thomas Hitebeck and Mrs. Thomas Hastings. Then Miss Dorothy Whitray, with a proper appreciation of her importance, also wears her chin in a sling. The veil comes across the bridge of the nose. Now the Meadow Brook woman, as the result of strenuous sports, has a mighty good appetite and this, followed by good digestion, is a splendid antidote for too much temperament. Her veil is worn simply to thwart the castrated man and the reporters who desperately try to work out that important conclusion, "among those present here." The Meadow Brook woman has much sense. She rides to hounds strenuously. The Newport woman also has sense, but her exercise is passive. Champagne, and sense, is her favorite stimulant. The Newport lady wears her chin in a sling, but this heavy outdoor veil must be folded over a veil of a lighter sort, for even her eyes must have protection. She fears shade and insects. How easy it is, however, to construct such a veil. The corners of the cloth are inoperative. They are bound to cover a bit when the super-coated insects of society are abroad. Then, too, besides veil and a blue veil when wedded make a substantial and complete. It is so much veil of three colors. At times it is simply

green. Toward the border, the design assumes the appearance of an astrological chart. In the border, mingled with the Ros-Sea figures and the dots, there are scattered made of chenille, each about one-half of an inch in diameter.

The veils of white Shetland wool are exactly like large granny shawls for the shoulders. They look like snowdrifts now in the show cases, ready for the autumn motor girl. In England woolen veils have long been in fashion, for where else could Mrs. Reggie Brooks have purchased her thick veils of a brown worsted material? This, of course, is not her chin-sling. It

her chapeau at one end and falling far below her waist. The dainty Frances—she it was who danced as "The Snow Queen" at a charity fete in New York—wears a long white veil like that in picture C. Frances has big black eyes that sparkle with mischief when she glances up through her cage of white net. Often she hangs her head demurely in a bride-like pose. Always in pure white, her long veil of white net, with a border of lace, is worn with a hat very wide of brim. The veil, therefore, falls at quite a distance from the body, hardly touching at the hips.

Mrs. Newell Tilton has such droll ideas in

them after they had been lodged in the stable.

Now, Mr. Vanderbilt could never spend too much time with his horses to please himself. When Mrs. Vanderbilt, all nicely dressed, was ready to sit down to her dinner, she would miss her husband, and if she took the trouble to look for him she would find him as often as not in the stable, proudly contemplating his latest team of spanking bays or affectionately embracing a new pony. This sort of thing became more and more frequent and the husband and wife drifted apart.

In his passionate attachment to the horse Mr. Vanderbilt has naturally been led into close association with men and bet exclusive interest in horses.

When Horses Have Figured in Divorce Cases.

It has lately been forced upon the whole American public that an excessive interest in horses is responsible for a large number of the divorces and matrimonial calamities that make such sad reading in the newspaper.

Why should the horse lead men and women to forget their sacred conjugal obligations? Is not the horse in himself a noble and decidedly innocent animal? This problem has exercised the minds of many persons. A definite answer to it has at last been furnished by Professor John A. Wessener of the University of Illinois. He points out that the trouble is due to an attraction between the live cells of the horse and certain morbid cells existing in persons who lead an idle and unwholesome life and spend their time in amusing themselves with horses rather than in some useful work.

The most conspicuous case of a domestic disagreement due entirely to horses is that of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and his wife. As most people know, Mr. Vanderbilt inherited the greater part of the fortune of his father, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, who partly disinherited his eldest son, Cornelius, because he insisted on marrying the girl of his choice. Alfred Vanderbilt's fortune amounted to about \$40,000,000.

From his earliest youth Mr. Vanderbilt showed more interest in horses than anything on earth. His marriage did not change his tastes, but as time rolled on he became more and more absorbed in his favorite pastime. His wife, who is a very handsome and refined woman, did not fully share his absorbing enthusiasm for the horses. She liked them very well when she wanted to drive somewhere, but she only took a mild and distant interest

women of similar tastes and weaknesses. Among them is Madame Ruiz, a remarkably attractive brunette, who has been photographed on the box seat of Mr. Vanderbilt's coach and appears to be almost as much absorbed in horses as he is.

Mrs. Ellen Kammussen, Tuttle, who is well known in society as Chicago and New York, in a famous string-chaser and also an expert groom after the hounds. She rides astride team of spanking bays or affectionately embracing a new pony. This sort of thing became more and more frequent and the husband and wife drifted apart.

Now she is suing for a divorce from her husband, William S. Tuttle, a rich broker, who she says is naturally attracted to led into close association with men and bet exclusive interest in horses.

Mr. Sidney C. Love has just obtained a divorce from her husband, a very rich Chicago man devoted to horses, on the ground of cruel and barbarous treatment. His attachment to horses was the beginning of the estrangement that parted him from his wife, although there were numerous other allegations against his bride.

Frederic McLaughlin, of Chicago, is one of the best polo players in the country. His wife, who was Miss Helen Wylie, of Baltimore, has left him and returned to her home, because she considered him a better polo player than husband.

Mrs. Preston Gibson is suing her husband for divorce on the ground of cruelty. He is a famous driver and horse owner and one of the best known organizers of horse shows in the country.

Mrs. Frances Work-Burke-Roche-Batony was brought up in an atmosphere of horses, for her father, Frank Work, was one of the most prominent drivers of fast horses in New York. She appears to be trying all the abnormal symptoms which, according to Professor Wessener, are developed in women by close association with the horse. She divorced her first husband. Then she became suddenly infatuated with Aret Batony, a horse-trainer, married him and as suddenly parted from him.

Miss Glulia Mercosini long ago ran away with her father's coachman, John Scheuing, and married him. Andrew Carnegie's niece, Miss Nancy Carnegie, married her mother's coachman, James Hever.

Mrs. James Kernochan was engaged to James Forster, a student of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club. Mrs. Granville Galt, widow of an important New York bank president, married Robert Harrigan, who had charge of her stables.

Are Men or Women Braver in Facing Death?

HOW do men and women face death when the sentence is pronounced by the doctor? A medical man tells us his experience.

Tell the man of higher type and greater intelligence, he says; that he is facing death and he begins to fight, demands a consultation, talks about going to special hospitals, and finally dies. Tell the woman the same facts and she lies back to await her fate. All women are fatalists.

On the other hand, tell a man that he has no chance in a thousand to recover if he will undergo an operation, and he will trust to his own strength and endurance rather than undergo the knife. The weaker man will choose the thousandth chance, and submit to the operation with astounded resignation.

The brave man thinks first of his children, and then of his wife and then of his own future. The dying man only took a mild and distant interest

children. And, most remarkable of all, no matter how destitute a man has been, no matter how untrue he may have been to his wife, in that supreme hour when he faces death he seems desirous of righting every wrong he has done her. She is the object of his solicitude. Here is the fact: The man thinks always of the material welfare of his family. He wants to make sure that his business, his insurance papers, everything is prepared for their care and protection.

The woman thinks less of the money or property she may have to leave her loved ones than of their care after she has gone. The property, she thinks, can take care of itself, but who will keep her babies together, who will make a home for them, and their father?

The woman's strength of character, and endurance, these are the questionable traits of every man or woman who is faced with death. Their last hours, whether seven or one, are given over unreservedly to those they love.