

FALL SPORTING COSTUMES by Mrs. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Dressed to Kill with Rifle, Rod and Sabre. Suits for Shooting, Fishing and Hunting. Brown Tweed with Leather Trimming. Well-Built Hunting Suits for Shooting Game in Africa. Cupid's Arrow and the Diana of the Adirondacks in Manlike Dress with Pigskin Puttees.



B—A Ride-Aside Habit, with Long Coat Slashed in Back, High Silk Hat of Style Worn by Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg.
 B—A Shooting-Dress of Brown Tweed with Band at Hem of Skirt, Belt, Collar and Cuffs of Leather.
 C—The Costume Worn by Members of the Ladies' Fencing Club in New York.
 D—A Fishing Costume, with Removable Shoulder Protection, Fastening with Band and with Pleated Basque. New Felt Hat for Early Fall with Ribbon Run Through Slit in Crown.



she goes wild-animal hunting, to shoot the best bear in the forests, she prefers a well-built suit from London.

For fox hunting, for salmon fishing, even for the tailored suit for travelling, the American woman would rather go to England.

The best built suits are those made according to the architectural plans of the English tailors. Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Mrs. Paul Cravath, who as Agnes Huntington was a stunning Paul Jones on the stage; Mrs. Joseph S. Stevens, who had a suit with silver sailboats set in the cloth; Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., and Mrs. E. B. Thomas, whose preference is for a shapely's plaid, have tailored suits with tight coat sleeves and made according to the old-time "rigid fit." These suits they often wear for two or three seasons. For all sporting or travelling attire, the English models are preferable.

The English girl, when she dresses to kill the poacher, or the fox, or to catch the fish, is really more attractive than in the ballroom. Cupid likes her sporting-togs and follows her over the moors, when he would never go near her in the ballroom. The British girl can handle the gun, but in the ballroom the American girl's face is brighter than a rifle.

The American woman is beginning to realize that it is undesirable to go "just any old way," even into the forest to prevent of game. The girl with the gun has all sorts of English models from which to choose a suit that is smart and serviceable. An illustration B, for example, a shooting and

valuable. The leather band at the hem of a shade of brown to match a pair of stout tan boots for tramping) is a sensible one exactly like those of men. Her Tyrol hat from London. Leather bands that can be scrubbed and need not be mended appeal to the girl who can handle a gun better than a needle, and also to the artist who explores the hills for views of sketches.

The woman who goes camping with her husband and her brothers in a comradelike spirit often cares only for utility. Her kills, of the sort that needs aid from Cupid's arrow she considers long ago accomplished. Then she wears a suit of duxbak, which is made only in hideous colors—dead-grass and dark olive. The collar is likely to be of corduroy and the jacket has many capacious pockets inside and out. With all these pockets, the twentieth century Diana feels as proud as the schoolboy in his first knickerbockers. The skirt is divided.

Amazon-like, "a married maiden" sometimes goes forth in a suit exactly like that of her husband. Tailors are accustomed to this sort of an order. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock and all the little Hitchcocks have suits with Norfolk jackets made according to the same model, only that the mother and the girls have skirts. Mrs. Tom Pierce, who was hunting on Long Island last season and who this summer has a home at Beverly, Mass., puts on blue jeans to paint and paper a room and has a white evening suit in which she goes to dinners.

This is quite like Mrs. Tom, for her capers are famous. As a very young girl, one day in October, she gathered about her all the young girls who were to be debutantes in Boston during December. Like geese they followed her lead to the barber shop. That night at dinner in several houses poor mother's tears salted her soup and glistened here and there like dewdrops in the baked beans.

But with all her independent ways, Mrs. Tom has pluck that has found round upon round of cheers at horse shows. After a hard fall up she gets, remounts and makes her horse take the fences.

Diana in the Adirondacks always strides forth in manlike togs during September and October. Her puttees of the best plaid stout tan boots for tramping) is a sensible one exactly like those of men. Her Tyrol hat from London. Leather bands that can be scrubbed and need not be mended appeal to the girl who can handle a gun better than a needle, and also to the artist who explores the hills for views of sketches.

At night she dresses to kill in the softest laces and most adorable chiffons. Into the canoe she goes. In a canoe, of course, when one is dressed to kill, there are always two, and the other person is never Diana's great-aunt or her daddy. Chaperones get sleepy when September nights have the mountain chill.

Perhaps one good reason for the vogue of well-built hunting suits from England is the fact that the ideal honeymoon tour is now spent in Africa, India or Australia in pursuit of big game. Ever so many couples have followed this plan. Mr. and Mrs. Max Fleischmann, in Cincinnati, have a wonderful collection of furniture made of the hide, tusks and bones of the wild animals they met and murdered during their honeymoon in Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Armar Sanderson, the latter a daughter of Mr. John D. Archbold, recently returned from a similar honeymoon. One wonders why the thrills of terror, the hazards of jungle-hunting, are not reserved for the dull, prosaic days when husband and wife begin to bore each other. To go to the jungle and see one's husband almost in the jaws of a tiger might arouse a fire that was simply sleeping, really not dead.

For fishing in Scotland this Fall the American woman will have a trim suit of tweed, but her hat will be more becoming than the aquat little toque the English girl wears. Her soft felt at an audacious angle, will have gay ribbon run through the slits cut in the crown. A circular skirt and a jacket of serge or tweed are worn by the girl with a fishing rod. The removable shoulder protection of these suits is made so nicely that they are decorative as well as useful.

For fishing in deep seas one sees the September girl at places at the eastern end of Long Island, dressed in a poncho



over their knitting or over their bridge, for the squeals mean only sets, though the shrieks of terror are carried across the harbor and out to the ocean to Montauk Point.

When "the horn of the hunter" is heard on the Wheatly Hills of Long Island, the gentle lady goes forth to kill in togs that show her determination to be in at the death. No useless frills hamper her speed on the horse. Severity is the chief feature of her riding habit, though sometimes the eternal feminine gets the best of a horsewoman, and instead of a conventional suit, she wears something a bit gay in color. A riding habit designed in Vienna, for example, has a bright red waistcoat and a full jabot of white lace. Mrs. Charles Goodwin Bennett (the wife of the Secretary of the Senate), who hunts with the Meadow Brook Club on Long Island, wears a cloth riding suit that is almost beige blue in color, and a small round hat of the same sweet shade. The severity of the Meadow Brook model is, however, one of its chief characteristics. The Meadow Brook riding habit is cut with a deep dip in front, has a semi-fitted back, is single-breasted and fastened with five ivory black buttons. The sleeves are small and just like the sleeves on the coat of a man. Hats of all sorts, however, may be worn. Mrs. Pierce goes over the fences with a soft wide brim flying floppy-flap, and no matter how much hair the huntswoman may have of the sort that is really rooted, she somehow braids it into a neat little knot, ranging in also from a butter plate to a tea biscuit or from a push button to a door knob. Mrs. Reginald Brooks and Miss Nora Langhorne are among the women who wear silk hats for hunting.

One of the new riding coats has the revers broadened into great width and faced with satin; the collar is flat and narrow, while below the revers the garment is fastened in double-breasted style and then cut away into sloping sides and a long-tail back. This style is considered too extreme from a habit point of view—one might say, from a point of view that has become a habit on account of the rules laid down at Meadow Brook and obeyed throughout this country. There is a long coat (see illustration A) designed especially to be worn with riding trousers for cross-saddle riding. The coat is slashed in back and on each side of the saddle; it falls gracefully when the lady is mounted, concealing the bifurcated garment below, but revealing the soldierly riding boots. It is close fitting and meant only for the woman who is noble planned. For women slim of figure the divided skirt with a pony coat is advised.

At Tuxedo the girls who are made up principally of blue blood and bones look exceedingly droll on horseback. Until the weather is very cool they prefer suits of linen and pure white. They wear large, broad-brimmed hats with their habits, and at the horse show, when four or five are in the ring, the animals look as though umbrellas emerged from the middle of their backs. The wide, flat sailor and the slim, rod-like figure give a strange effect. Mrs. J. E. Davis (Mollie Maxwell), who wears a black derby with a black veil, and Mrs. Robert L. Gerry (Cornelia Harriman), who often wears a suit of gunmetal gray, are two of the best looking girls seen on horseback in this country. Lately on the Continent—in Paris and Vienna—there has been an effort among the tailors to persuade Americans to adopt gorgeous riding habits, of green velvet and gold, like those worn in Southern France and Italy. But imagine the Meadow Brook women arrayed in this fashion when in pursuit of the fox! It would be quite as exciting as the circus parade. The country boy would shout "Hurrah!" and would peer down the road expecting to see the hoop-la lady, with her fluffy ballet skirt, standing tip-toe on the horse's back, bringing up the rear.

And now for the girl with the sabre! "On guard!" cries the master of ceremonies. "Me, too," says Cupid, dancing about with a skip and a hop—as invisible as a Tinker Bell, but just as capable. Often at the Ladies' Fencing Club, on Fifth Avenue, New York, there are intercity fencing bouts, and many is the man unmoved by the beauty of a girl in the ballroom who falls a victim to her charms as she swings about, busy with

Duxbak Suit of Dead-Grass Colors



the sabre. The fencing girl is dressed to kill, and for the biggest game there is though no animal is brought into the ring. When there is a bout between the ladies' fencing club of Philadelphia and that of New York, the girls of the visiting team wear white canvas jackets with skirts of black velvet. The home team, of New York, which in the last contest included Miss Adelaide Baylin, Miss Margaret Stinson and Miss Isabelle Dick, wear suits of all white. The front row of chairs, reserved for the guests of honor, is called the firing line, and here Cupid often finds hearts that are worthy of his arrow. There he swings around and, all unmindful of the red hair sewed on the fencing girl's jacket, sends an arrow into the cardiac organ below.

For the girl with the pistol, who shoots live pigeons, no clothes that are especially attractive have been designed. The sport for a woman is considered odious, and often if she practices this accomplishment, she may be equally ostracized. No matter how skillfully she dresses to kill, she brings upon only the pigeons, for Cupid frowns and stamps away. For pheasant shoots such as those given at Shelburne Farms, Vt., by Dr. W. Seward Webb, there is special social license. No one is criticized or ostracized, though the pheasants at the end of the shoot lie in a great bill, with their gorgeous plumage in a motley mass. Even the woman afraid of a crackle will shoulder a gun to attend a pheasant shoot—for Mrs. Webb was born a Vanderbilt. Pheasants, not pheasants, is what the social climber eagerly desires.

Temerarious Man.
 "Do you consider your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an albatross navigator?"
 "Well, I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tip for a Taxi.
 "I say, what's the usual tax for a tippy cab?"—Punch.

Breaking the Lease.
 "I fell out of the window of my flat yesterday."
 "And you are on the fourth floor. That was terrible."
 "Yes; I don't know how to face the janitor. I'm sure I've violated some clause in my lease."—Washington Herald.

What England Thinks of the American Girl.

By AN ENGLISHMAN.

SCARCELY a week passes that some big alliance is not arranged between a little but perchance impetuous English nobleman and an American heiress. Now does the Englishman stand alone in his worship of the "dimey dollar." It is an alliance that is shared by men of most countries. As proof of this, has not Count Károlyi of Hungary, lately succumbed to the charms of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, who is, as every one knows, the happy possessor of \$10,000,000?

Captain Robert Greyener, Lord Elbury's son and heir, will before long present another American princess to the country in the person of Miss Florence Padesford, white one of the principal weddings of last season was that which took place between Lord Alaric Bunsen-Ker brother and heir-presumptive to the Duke of Roxburgh and the smart, cute Yankee girl, and as it with the smart, cute Yankee girl, and as it

the wealthiest American girls in London. It does not seem then, on the surface of things, that Englishmen are backward in offering their lifelong devotion (oftentimes with a coronet thrown in) to our charming American cousins.

Seek for the American wife in the homes of the humbler members of English society and you seek in vain. Is opportunity lacking for our professional and commercial men to become acquainted with American women? The question requires no answer, for the most casual observer of the daily doings of the world knows that Englishmen swarm over to America in hordes, on business or on pleasure-bent; while Americans, mostly women, deluge England in an alarming manner.

Opportunity, then, is not lacking for our Englishmen to become so friendly terms with the smart, cute Yankee girl, and as it with the smart, cute Yankee girl, and as it

and was jokingly asked why he hadn't brought home an American wife.

"What?" said he, "marry an American girl? I guess not. She's a ripping good sort for a friend, but to marry? No! I'll tell you what it is: in the first place, she's a very expensive little lady, make the dollars, by, I can tell you, and wants everything the very best.

"Why, the average American wife just looks upon her husband as a useful machine for turning out dollars for her to spend. Then she wants to be born, and that's a position an Englishman don't like his wife to hold; and last, but not least, I could never stand the terrible twanging high voices all day and every day. It's a perfect joy to hear the gentle, low voices of the girls over here, after ten years' twanging twang.

"No, I reckon I'm after you for a sweet girl in my own country. She's the best I've seen since I returned home after ten years in New York, wife for an Englishman."

A Hint for the Joneses.
 Mistress—Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming the dinner.
 Cook—Leave it to the mum. I'll do the work! They'll never trouble you again!—Illustrated Bids.

Careless Man.
 Mrs. Geddle—My husband's so alpliod. His buttons are forever coming off.
 Mrs. Goods (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.
 "That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing."—Life.

Man's Delicacy.
 A man who is rough and awkward at everything else will show a delicacy and skill greater than any woman's who he has to patch a \$10 bill.—Atlantic Globe.