

# The Vacation Girl's Gowns, Parasols, Shoes, Hosiery and Generous Supply of Belts.

**THE Shirt-Waist Suit Is All-Important—Tub Materials Are, of Course, in Greatest Favor—Shoes to Match Every Costume, and Hosiery to Agree with the Shoes—A Gentle Hint to Untidy Girls in the Number and Variety of Dress Shields.**

The vacation girl has just taken her place in the calendar of fascinating girlhood. For her morning appearance the shirt-waist suit is considered by those who know the fashions for the rest of the season as the correct thing. She will wear a blouse with a high collar and a skirt to match—both made just as the weather when they do. And the waist is so wide that she can have any number of them. The tub materials—these which will not only withstand but even be improved by weekly washing in the cleansing tub of the laundry—are high in fashionable favor. Skirts of all sorts were never prettier than this season, and in cotton goods diversity is simply bewildering. There is a point to be observed, and that is that the skirt must clear the ground all around.

**Her Shoes and Hosiery Come from Belle Paris.**

The girl who is lucky enough to get advice out just two inches off the ground to show a hint of her slender ankles gets her shoes and hosiery from Paris, too, to match. The smart vacation girl, who instantly retreats upon and makes her own of all these novel features, since the shoes to match every one of her costumes are out of the question, has two pairs of the new shiny black leathers—one pair of stout Oxfords in the patent cut for morning wear, and a pair of patent kid in the new low cut pump which displays the hosiery so attractively for afternoon and evening wear.

And there is another hint which this same smart girl carries with her on her vacation, and that is the use of dress shields. The shops are showing them in such variety—shields to sew on, to pin on, to snap on, shields to slip on over the shoulder, and shields to be adjusted to the back of her evening gowns—that there is simply no excuse for a sloppy and untidy girl who lets her pretty gowns become soiled and unattractive just because she is too lazy or too ignorant to apply the correct shield.

**A Generous Supply of Belts Necessary.** Still with her morning costume in view, one of the most recent fads is for the purchase of a generous supply of belts, and the Vacation Girl is much given to purchasing these in pairs, just



For Luncheon and Afternoon

White Linen

**Shepherd Plaid For Travelling**

As though she were twins. One she carries about her daily routine work, and the other goes on her smart sailor hat. In keeping with this craze for leather, some of the exclusive and expensive shops are showing collars and cuffs in leather to match the belts; but this, it must be confessed, seems rather too much of an extreme. The hatless fad which has prevailed for some summers shows absolutely no sign of a waning popularity, and where the summer belle formerly purchased many hats she now purchases sunshades and parasols. But those which she wears when hatless are a totally different class from those

carried when she dons her formal frocks, selects her most picturesque and becoming hat and fares forth to further conquest on her afternoon drive, or discharges her social obligations in a round of more or less formal visits.

**Travelling-Costumes Are Very Smart.**

For the journey to her vacation spot, be it long or short, and for the days when she will run up to town, she must have a very smart travelling costume. The small checks in mohair or silk are decidedly favorites for these—the most

exclusive of the fashionables are wearing them—and a costume in some one or another—black, brown, blue, red or lavender, with white checked freely across them—will be the choice of many a well-dressed Vacation Girl.

The skirt that clears the ground is the correct thing in the travelling costume, and the velvet binding which exactly matches the color of the gown is sure to appear when the production is by a good tailor. The little blouse coat or the smart Eton goes best in this, and the lingerie waist is just as sheer and dainty as the Vacation Girl can attain.

And this year her summer fancy work



Accordion Pleated Pongee Wrap

**THE Hatless Fad, Which Is Becoming More Prevalent, Makes Several Pretty Parasols Indispensable—Small Checks in Silks and Mohair for Travelling Costumes—Dainty Frocks of Silk and All-Over Lace—All Gowns Are Studiously Simple.**

is very likely to be the making of one of these little blouses. The work must all be done by hand, of course, and the tiniest of tucks, the closest of smocking and the most elaborate insertions of narrow Valenciennes or Maitres entrecouss all demand that she be well skilled in the fashionable art of needlecraft. If her vacation be a prolonged one, she is very likely to carry back to town with her quite a series of these, and it is a comforting reflection to count up how much they would have cost her in the shops, for a \$10 bill will secure but very little in this line.

**Dainty Silk Frocks or the All-Over-Lace.**

Now for afternoon when driving, paying informal or semi-formal calls, for the little frock that we give so often by the residents to the summer guests the Vacation Girl must have a frock of dressy elaboration. The dainty summer silks, or, better still, one of the new all-over lace frocks, will be just the right thing for such appearances. It must not be lost sight of either that simplicity is the keynote of the summer's fashions in this year of grace; and while the materials in themselves may be as costly as the nurse can provide, they must be made up in strict accordance with the fashionable simplicity.

One model gown which will appear at one of the fashionable resorts will be a very good design to follow, in that it combines just the right touch of elegance with a studied simplicity. The material is an all-over Irish crochet—the real thing, which costs a fabulous price and takes an almost equally fabulous time to make—and this is backed with white chiffon. The foundation slip in champagne lousine shows the novel combination of white and ecru which the Parisienne so delights in; and little straps of the new and pretty parrot red in velvet ribbon add just that note of color contrast which lends an air of distinction to the gown.

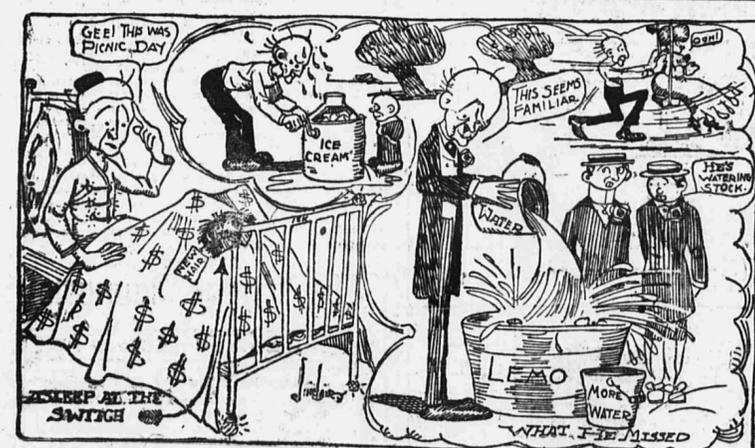
**All the Lines of Gowns Are Studiously Simple.**

The corsage follows the blouse lines with the long shoulder defined with strappings of champagne lousine; and the parrot red straps down the front light up the complexion most becomingly. The shirred girdle that encircles the waist is of the champagne shade, but the corsage is thoughtfully supplied one on the parrot velvet, too, both of them fashioned upon a feathered frame that laces in the front so that it may be pulled just as snug and tight as may be desired.

The skirt fits rather more loosely than usual over the hips, and an extremely full circular flounce is applied beneath bands of stitched lousine at the knee. The bottom of the chiffon foundation is ruffled halfway to the knees, and the lousine drop skirt has a shallow band of haircloth deftly inserted in the hem, so that all this dainty fineness of lace and chiffon shows just the correct "flow" around the ankles.

The evening gowns and wraps for evenings are cool, if not cold, at both mountain and seashore—follow the same lines of exquisite simplicity which characterize all of her clothes. And is it any wonder that the vacation belle takes her place in the admiration of the admirer of girls with the admiration of all beholders loudly acclaimed!

**John D. Rockefeller Overslept and Missed His S. S. Picnic**  
Now the S. S. Scholars Are Thinking of Chipping in to Buy Him an Alarm Clock



lake's rim unless for fear that some crank in accents loud would accuse him of causing a run on the bank. He might have done it, for he kept it up by the hour, for he held his pocket watch as he held the balance of power.

He might have filled his pockets with a chance for the girls and women, or if he had got a chance to be a swimmer in the fun, but why should he try to say what all he could have done if he had not overslept that day?

But alas, for the Bible class! and the same to pass and John D. didn't go.

The group of young men scholars they opened real wide their eyes, for they heard that the secret of dollars was "early to bed and to rise."

And each asked himself the big question: "If he's sleeping does for John D. enough to make him the frog nodde, in civilian alarm clocks are muzzled, and snore right out cheerful and deep, and those who appear to be pushed are told: "The standard toll sleep."

bag ate, beneath some green tree cool? Think what he might have done there, imagine all that he missed; strange he did not try to run there. Here is a partial list:

He might have made the lemonade for all the faithful flock, and, like some other things he's made, could water up the stock. The lemons stirred by John's hand would be right in the swim. He'd form a lemon pool quite grand and squeeze the small ones slim. And when with tub filled to the brim, his spade without the rust, would stir his scholars' trust in him no President could bust.

He might have worked the freezer, ice cream making is his position, because he is the gezer who frozes out all competition. And if the merry little grind became a painful toll the freezer he made more kind, with just a little oil.

He might have spread the table, or set down in the pie. Or surely he would be able to hand out the goodness prize. He might have raced by the

**A Picture Puzzle.**

That time as day did the city and the rest represent?

CHAPTER III.  
The Missing Man.

"DID Mr. Angel make no attempt to see you?" repeated Holmes.

"Well, father was going off to France again in a week, and Hosmer wrote and said that it would be safer and better not to see each other until he had gone. We could write in the meantime, and he used to write every day. I took the letters in the morning, so there was no need for father to know."

"Were you engaged to the gentleman at that time?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Holmes. We were engaged after the first walk we took. Hosmer—Mr. Angel—was a cashier in an office in Leadenhall street—and—"

"What office?"

"That's the worst of it, Mr. Holmes. I don't know."

"What did he do there, then?"

**A Sherlock Holmes Story** ..By Conan Doyle.. A CASE OF IDENTITY.

"He slept on the premises."

"And you don't know his address?"

"No—except that it was Leadenhall street."

"It was most suggestive," said Holmes. "It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important. Can you remember any other little things about Mr. Hosmer Angel?"

"He was a very shy man, Mr. Holmes. He would rather walk with me in the evening than in the daylight, for he said that he hated to be conspicuous. Very retiring and gentlemanly he was. Even his voice was gentle. He'd had the quincy and swollen glands when he was young, he told me, and it had left him with a weak throat and a hesitating, whispering fashion of speech. He was always well dressed, very neat and plain, but his eyes were weak, just as mine are, and he wore tinted glasses against the glare."

"Well, and what happened when Mr. Windbank, your step-father, returned to France?"

"Mr. Hosmer Angel came to the house again, and proposed that we should marry before father came back. He was in dreadful earnest, and made me swear, with my hands on the Gospels, that whatever happened I would always be true to him. Mother said he was quite right to make me swear, and that was a sign of his devotion. Mother was all in his favor from the first, and was even fonder of him than I was. Then, when they talked of marrying within the week, I began to ask about father; but they both said never mind about father, but just to tell him afterward, and mother said she would make it all right with him. I didn't quite like that, Mr. Holmes. It seemed funny that I should ask his leave, as he was only a few years older than me; but I didn't want to do anything on the sly, so I wrote to father at Bordeaux, where the company has its French offices, but the letter came back to me on the very morning of the wedding."

"It missed him, then?"

"Yes, sir, for he had started to England just before it arrived."

"But that was unfortunate. Your wedding was arranged, then, for a certain day. Was it to be in church?"

"Yes, sir, but very quietly. It was to be at St. Saviour's, near King's Cross, and we were to have breakfast afterward at the St. Pancras Hotel. Hosmer came for us in a hansom, but as there were two of us, he put us both into it, and stepped himself into a four wheeler, which happened to be the only other cab in the street. We got to the church first, and when the four-wheeler drove up we waited for him to step out, but he never did, and when the cabman got down from the box and looked, there was no one there! The cabman said that he could not imagine what had become of him, for he had seen him get in with his own eyes. That was last Friday, Mr. Holmes, and I have never seen or heard anything since then to throw any light upon what became of him."

"It seems to me that you have been very shamefully treated," said Holmes.

"Oh, no, sir! He was too good and kind to leave me so. Why, all the morning he was saying to me that whatever happened, I was to be true; and that even if something quite unforeseen occurred to separate us, I was always to remember that I was pledged to him, and that he would claim his right. Let me see, the matter seemed strange talk for a wedding morning, but what has happened since gives a meaning to it."

"Most certainly it does. Your own opinion is, then, that some unforeseen catastrophe has occurred to him?"

"Yes, sir—I believe that he foresaw some danger, or else he would not have talked so. And then I think that what he foresaw happened."

"But you have no notion as to what it could have been?"

"None."

"None more question. How did your mother take the matter?"

"She was angry, and said that I was never to speak of the matter again."

"And your father? Did you tell him?"

"Yes, and he seemed to take it with me, that something had happened, and that I should hear of Hosmer again. As he said, what interest could any one have in bringing me to the door of the church and then leaving me? Now, if he had borrowed my money, or if he had married me and got my money settled on him, there might be some reason; but Hosmer was very independent about money and never would look at a shilling of mine. And yet what could have happened? And why could he not write? Oh, it drives me half mad to think of, and I can't sleep a wink at night!" She pulled a little handkerchief out of her muff and began to sob heavily into it.

"I shall glance into the case for you," said Holmes, rising, and I have the result: that we shall reach some definite result. Let me see the matter, and I shall try to let Mr. Hosmer Angel vanish from your memory, as he has done from your father's. Then you don't think I'll see him again?"

"I fear not."

(To Be Continued.)