# HEARTH & BOUDOIR.

GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN.

## SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD

### ADVICE TO THE UNHAPPY PERSON WITH "FEELINGS"—THE PLODDING HEROINE.

"The bravery and noble endurance that are displayed in the lives of some of these quiet country women are simply wonderful," remarked a New-York woman who is sojourning on Long Island. "Take the woman who 'cleans' for me once a week, for instance; she is a veritable heroine. I think that the gallant fight she keeps up against 'poverty, hunger and dirt' in her household, with no other aid than her own splendid courage and industry, is one of the finest things I know. And yet she does not realize it. She is a fresh colored, strong looking, cheerful creature, and, happily for her small family of six children, the strain does not seem to overwhelm her. Like so many other households which were broken up by false hopes at the time of the Klondike discoveries, her husband left her for the new found gold fields, and since the day they parted she has never heard a word from him.

"'I work all summer, and I sew the children's clothes in the winter, when I have not much to do,' she said, when I asked how she managed to keep her little ones so tidy.

"But, putting that aside, only think of one woman doing all this! She works her eight hours a day at housecleaning, she cooks for her family and provides for their meals during the day, she takes in sewing, which she does in the evening, and with the help of her children, who are wonderfully industrious little things, she cultivates a small flower garden, the nosegays from which find a ready sale at the summer cottages.

"'I cleared $30 on my garden last summer,' she said, with great pride. 'It seems a long time to struggle before the children can do for themselves,' she said one day, a little wistfully, when I was talking to her about her affairs, 'and sometimes it is very uphill work. But, thank the Lord! I am strong and they are healthy, and I guess we'll pull through.' And mounting her bicycle (for every one 'wheels' on Long Island now) she rode off home. 'A woman like that ought to have fine sons,' said my husband, to whom I had told her story, watching her as she disappeared down the road; and certainly her children should in the days to come rise up and call her blessed."

### NO TABLECLOTHS IN SUMMER.

It is a great saving of laundry work and also of the household linen to use no tablecloths in summer. They are not at all necessary, except for conventional dinner parties. Even for the ordinary late dinner, a polished table, with a pretty centrepiece of white linen, garnished with flowers and silver, looks suitable for the season, while it goes without saying that in the daytime, unless the napery is of the freshest and best, a bare table is much more attractive. Many a time a spotted cloth is used to save the washing and give the laundress more time to do up the cotton frocks and shirts, with which in summer time she is overwhelmed.

"But my table is ugly," says one housekeeper. "If I had a beautifully polished mahogany, it would be different. My table would look common." My dear woman, all natural woods are beautiful if well kept. Your oak or black walnut will do perfectly well, if you rub off the scratches and stains which deface it. Give it a coat of brown shellac and have your maid rub it well with raw linseed oil with a few drops of turpentine once a week, polishing it off with an oiled bit of flannel after every meal, and never touching it with water. If you do this you will soon have a table to be proud of, even if it is not mahogany.

The best centrepiece for everyday use is a hemstitched damask square. This will last fresh for a week, while more elaborate designs may be substituted for special occasions. There should always be an arrangement of flowers in the centre. One of the easiest and prettiest ways of keeping continually fresh flowers on the table in summer, where one has not a garden, is to fill a small silver jardiniere (a plated one can be bought for a couple of dollars) with ferns from the woods, placing it in a soup plate filled with water, and filling the latter with flowers or pretty greenery of any kind. A small supply will look elaborate, and the ferns will grow and last all summer.

At the four corners of the napkin cross well polished tablespoons, placing in the angles saltcellars, pepper, mustard pots, etc., while small dishes for radishes, olives or any kind of relishes will complete the pretty centrepiece. The plates, knives, forks and glasses should be set on the polished wood. No one need wish for a dainties or more attractive looking table than this will make.

At a camp cottage, where the pine wood table refuses to be polished into prettiness or refinement, a clever woman has overcome the difficulty, and at the same time dispensed with tablecloths, by covering her table with a dark blue denim cover that reaches to the ground. On this she puts her white centrepiece, and also a white doily to match, under every plate. The effect is exceedingly good.

### CUT AND DRIED TRADITIONS GOING.

Conventionality is in a great measure a thing of the past among fashionable people, who, secure in their own position, do as they please, and defy the cut and dried traditions of gentility which used to be the unwritten laws that governed society, and which our grandmothers would not have dreamed of transgressing. Fancy one of the latter receiving a visitor, who was a comparative stranger, in this manner: "Madame is taking a bath," exclaimed the French maid, who came down to the caller after the footman had taken up her card to his mistress, "but if madamoiselle does not mind ze waiting madame will descend in an instant." The "instant" stretches out to several minutes, but in a wonderfully short time, considering the circumstances, "madame" appeared, clad in a bath robe—a glorified bath robe, certainly, dainty with silk ruffling and embroidery, but an undesirable "sortie du lit" and no tea gown intended obviously for company. "Madame" was one who could well stand such deshabille, and doubtless she knew it. She was a fresh, rosy creature, and around her white forehead and neck clung little wet rings of curly hair, the rest of which was tied up on the top of her head, à la Chinois.

"I really wanted to see you," she exclaimed with frank kindliness to her visitor, "and, of course, could not think of keeping you waiting, so I jumped out of my tub and put on this. I hope you do not mind." And then, with the adaptability of a woman of the world, she apparently forgot all about her unconventionable garb, and talked of this and of that in the easiest way imaginable, and bade her caller goodby without any further reference to the subject.

### ONE KIND OF A BORE.

People with "feelings" are a misery to themselves and to their friends, while to the world at large they are voted great bores—and treated accordingly. The Irish maid, who complains constantly to her mistress that the other servants are "insultin' of her" is not more foolish in her generation than the society girl who is constantly imagining slights and brooding over fancied neglects. Hypersensitiveness is a great mistake in modern social life. No one should feel offended or aggrieved because he or she is left out of even large functions, or not included in wedding parties, while in the case of small dinners, dances and drawing room concerts it is obviously impossible for a hostess to invite more than her rooms (generally of a moderate size) can comfortably accommodate. This should be remembered by her friends and if they are not included in her invitations, they should not on that account feel that they are slighted intentionally, but have sufficient self-respect and dignity to give the affair no further thought.

"I always dread to meet Mrs. A.," commented an acquaintance, because she always is aggrieved about something. Last time it was because I had not returned her visit—the time before because my sister had not asked her daughter to her small dance. Last year I forgot to ask her to be patroness of our charity bazaar, and she did not recover from that for months. If she could only realize what a bore she is with her string of grievances, I think she might learn to keep her sensitive feelings under better control, and make herself more agreeable to her associates."

## WOMEN OF SAMOA.

### THEY HAVE THEIR PARLIAMENT OR CLUB, AND DECIDE ALL MATTERS AFFECTING THEIR OWN WELFARE.

"With the preconceived idea that among the rude races of savagery woman is the drudge and general beast of burden, it was a pleasurable surprise to observe the position which the women of the Samoans occupy," said a returned traveller recently. "Nothing could be further from the preconception. Instead of being a little lower than the horse, a little higher than the dog, it was refreshing to observe that the Samoan woman in bearing her proportion of the cares of savage life bears only the lighter portion; that all the women of any village have their own parliament or club, or what what you will, at which they decide all matters affecting their own welfare, and that it is within the sphere of any woman to be advanced to a position of power and dignity exactly equal to that of the male chief of the village community.

#### SAMOAN DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Owing to the peculiar feature of Samoan architecture it was no difficult thing to become thoroughly familiar with the most intimate details of Samoan domestic life. The official residence of the Consul-General of the United States, until the recent diplomatic changes the head of the administrations of the Samoan kingdom, is set in the heart of the native village of Valala, a mile east of Apia, and, in fact, the very last outpost of civilized residence in that direction. According to native Samoan ideas, and they are a most formal and ceremonious people, it is in a place of the greatest honor, as being what they call 'anomalae,' that is, facing on the village green, where all ceremonials take place in wearisome procession of noise and dancing and tumultuous feasting.

"Just across this green was the thatched hut occupied by a family of some little native rank by birth. The head of this house was Josefa, a deacon in the native church, a few steps further along the beach. Except for a young man, Vaenga, who pulled bow oar in the boat which was our customary vehicle of locomotion, the rest of the family comprised Mrs. Samalia, the deacon's wife, whose full name was Faâne Samalia.

#### TAFU, SESA AND TEMU.

"Her daughters were Tafu, Sesa and Temu, of whom the former two presented the guise of women so far married as is comprehended in the Samoan scheme of existence. In their adjustment to the new conditions it is to be noted that the women of this family took in washing for the officers of the war vessels in the harbor of Apia and for such others as they could cajole into giving them business of this nature. Incidentally it may be remarked that the family as a whole were shockingly poor laundresses, but after all that is a general condition in Samoa.

"Now, whatever these women did was plainly in view from the official residence across the green. That is one advantage which Samoan architecture presents to the interested observer. Every Samoan house consists of no more than a roof on stilts. There are side screens, to be sure, but they are let down only during tempests. So long as the weather is reasonably clear it is possible to see through and through any Samoan house and to observe even the most minute details of a household, such as this, filled with women.

SESA AND TEMU, TWO BELLES OF VAIALA.

#### LIGHT HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

"One daily duty fell to all the women, and its importance may be estimated by the fact that it had to do with the family supply of food. When the tide in the lagoon was out the women had to go out and wade in the shallows in search of fish which they might net, of sea slugs and urchins and other sluggish marine game, and of such other products of the sea as might tempt the savage appetite. But in those warm waters it is no great hardship to wade in the shallows, and there is the added advantage of such sport as fishing might afford. This was really the most serious labor that fell to the lot of Samalia and her household of girls.

"The cooking of the food is divided between the individual families and the village and again between the two sexes. The food is prepared for cooking by the women of each household so far as any preparation is needed, but the hard work of heating the ovens and of opening them after sufficient time has been allowed for the cooking to be complete, all that is done by the men. It should be explained that in Samoan native life all cooking is done in deep excavations lined with stones, in which a hot fire has been kept burning for hours. The articles of food are wrapped in green leaves and disposed on the hot stones. Earth is heaped over the pit to confine the heat where it will be of value.

#### THE NATIVE CLOTH.

"After the fishing and the preparing of the food the chief occupation of Samalia appeared to lie in the direction of the native cloth, or tapa. This involved sending the junior members of her family out into the bush to get the saplings which have the inner bark, which is available for this purpose. The girls brought in bundle after bundle of these faggots, until a supply was accumulated sufficient for their needs. Samalia slashed the bark from end to end of each sapling, and peeled it off from the wood, holding the end of the bark in her teeth and employing both hands to facilitate its easy removal. These broad bands of bark were then rolled up like so much tape, with the inner bark on the outside of the roll. Having been sunk in fresh water for several days the inner bark separates from the woody outer layers and appears as a fine lace. This is beaten out to the lightness of India silk, many layers are pasted together with arrowroot, the outer layers are made waterproof and decorated with whatever design may suit the fancy of the maker, and that is all there is to the making of the Samoan native cloth, which is really no more than a heavy paper.

#### CHIEF OCCUPATION OF WOMEN.

"The highest occupation which Samalia is called on to perform is the weaving of fine mats. This is a duty to be performed only by the women of mature years and forbidden to girls. The young and flighty may assist in the preparation of the materials, but they are considered too young to have any share in the actual weaving of so important a thing as a mat, which may be part of the dowry of the daughter of the chief.

"These mats are as fine as a heavy damask; they are woven entirely by hand; the material is the carefully prepared leaf of the screw palm shredded into threads. Such mats are commonly four to six yards square, and two years is considered quite rapid work in making even a small one. There is a great deal of fuss about making these fine mats; the day has to be just right for the employment or the women are sure that their mats will be spoiled. The work is to be done only in a house set apart for that purpose, and men are forbidden to enter it.

"The time of making fine mats is also the time for the discussion of any subject which may interest the women. It is here that they formulate their demands for presentation to the Council of the village chief and elders. Here, also, they settle who shall become the maid of the village.

#### THE MAID OF THE VILLAGE.

"This is an office found nowhere else in the world. One of the young girls, the daughter of certain specified families, is eligible to be chosen to the position of village maid, known in the Samoan as the 'taupou.' As such she is a chief and can claim all the complicated ceremonies of courtesy which chiefs exact. She has her duenna and her company of young girls for her service and amusement and occupies the finest house there is in her village. In return for this she has to entertain as official hostess all visitors to her community, to lead the forces in war, to encourage all eligible suitors and to discourage all detrimentals, eventually to permit the village council to choose for her the husband who shall bring most property and influence to her family and to her town.

"Samalia, whose daily cares have been thus briefly shown, would not understand any suggestions as to woman's sphere. She is just as much respected in the community as her husband, her work is made light, she has the right of free speech, she has her own parliament for the settlement of matters which concern women, and she can demand of the parliament of men that they register and execute the decisions of the assembled women. For a plain savage without any knowledge of the theory of such things she seems to have established as a practical condition a state of affairs somewhat in advance of European attainments."

### AN EGYPTIAN GARDEN.

Prince Hussein, of Ghizeh, in Egypt, is the possessor of the most famous gardens in that region.

Prince Hussein is a cultivator of flowers because he is a lover of flowers. By virtue of his success in horticulture he has become father and patron of the science in Egypt, and has done much to promote the existence of the now flourishing horticultural society there.

Across the corner of two separating roadways, four hundred yards distant from and at right angles to the main road to the Pyramids, stands the property of Prince Hussein. The palace is the color of a raspberry ice, and has scarcely the architectural pretensions of, though it is larger than, an ordinary Queen Anne manor house.

A traveller who visited the gardens this year gives the following graphic description:

A grotto and miniature lake occupy the centre of the domain, roses hang clustered against palm stems and golden Canariensis and scarlet and magenta Bougainvillia run lovely riot everywhere Following the windings of a small stream we came upon a group of "the Highborn's" grandchildren—noisy as the veriest fellah's progeny they were, as, nothing hampered by their opulent dresses of red plush, they chased one another over the grass or swung in hammocks that were fastened in the trees. A high wall separated these gardens from those of the harem, whose wide façade has spread before it in sloping extent an undulating five acres of green ground, within a depression of its surface a lake, and in another direction a grotto mound, and a boundary grove of orange trees, with violets in thick profusion against the earth beneath them. Three pelicans stood at the water's edge in tentative attitudes trying to look stuffed. Their pink and white reflections were repeated with no ruffle of a feather in the motionless surface of the mere.

On either side of the lake were beds of massed petunia margined in blue, of dark red phlox with a border of something gray, of snapdragon, of pansies, and a bed of pink geranium, most striking of all, had rising from its centre a small pink almond tree in fullest flower. Beyond the confines of the harem park were orange groves and vineyards. Below and on the inner side of the encompassing wall, in the deep shadow of a circumferent avenue of orange trees, sat a blue gardener in a broad border of marigolds. He seemed comfortable, and was in leisurely fashion mending a hose with some string which he held to knot between his teeth.

Patrons are supposed to be generous, and the quality is certainly characteristic of the Prince. He allows visitors one day a week at Ghizeh, and it is something of the same magnanimity that caused the Prince not to inclose the gardens that belong to his selamlik in the great walls that are customary (there as well as in the case of the harem gardens), but to have on his boundary on that side the handsome palisadings and gateway, through which passersby may enjoy at any time the sight of the lovely gardens within.

### A FOURTH OF JULY SURPRISE.

"HARRY, will you help me get up a Fourth of July picnic?" asked Sally Boyd one afternoon in late June as they met on the street after school.

Harry Norman felt two inches taller at the idea that pretty Sally Boyd should choose him for her aide-de-camp.

"You see, Harry, we can have the picnic in papa's grove, and he will put up a swing for us, and we will have a nice tent by the spring. Now, I want you to invite any ten boys you please, only none of those naughty, rough boys."

"Any fireworks or firecrackers or cannons?" broke in Harry, his cheeks glowing.

"Yes, I think that would be jolly, but please don't bring any of those horrid toy pistols. They are too dangerous."

"Oh, I'll promise you that all right."

"Well, I have asked the girls to bring some nice things to eat. We will have lots of lemonade"——

"Some pink lemonade? That's what all the boys like," said Harry.

"Yes, pink lemonade, pies and cakes and lots of goodies. Oh, what fun!" and the girl laughed merrily.

Suddenly Harry stopped. "I just thought of something. I must go right away and tell the boys all about it."

"Why, what do you mean, Harry?"

"There you are, Sally. Just like all girls; you are too inquisitive."

"Please tell me what you are going to do," pleaded the girl, as she laid her hand upon Harry's arm.

"Well, I will tell you if you will promise not to say anything about it."

"Oh, I won't say a single word. I promise."

"Well, then, Sally"—and the boy's face grew rosy with mischief—"I am going to have'——

"What? Tell me quick."

"A great big surprise for you!" cried Harry, with a laugh, as he ran away.

"That is just like a boy. Well, I must get the girls together and decide on a list of nice things to eat. Boys are such hungry creatures at a picnic that it will take a lot of goodies to go around."

Bright and early on the morning of the Fourth of July Sally's big brother, seated in a wagon loaded with baskets and the tent, was driving toward the picnic grove. It did not take him long to pitch the tent and put up the swing, and he soon notified Sally that everything was ready for their arrival.

It was a merry little party of girls that soon gathered at Sally's house. Their cheeks were rosy and their eyes were bright as could be. They were all dressed in white, and each wore for a sash the pretty American flag.

"Where are the boys, I wonder?" asked one of the girls as the little party left the house.

"Oh, they'll be in the grove, I suppose," answered Sally, as she marched with her merry band down the street.

The girls must have felt very proud and patriotic, for they were saluted at every hand by the popping of firecrackers and the booming of toy cannons. Some of the girls were a little inclined to be afraid, but their brave leader quieted them by saying:

"Don't be afraid to-day. This is the Fourth of July, and we ought to be very, very brave, you know."

"How lovely! What a sweet little tent! Oh, oh! and a swing!" cried a chorus of voices as the girls reached the grove.

And then they could hold back their merry spirits no longer, for, breaking into a run, they made for the spot where the tent was pitched, laughing and screaming with delight, with their patriotic flag sashes fluttering around them.

Sally reached the tent first, and drawing back the flaps peered in. And then, with a frightened look in her eyes, she turned quickly toward the group crowding about her and said, with trembling voice:

"Somebody has taken all our baskets!"

"Oh, oh! that cannot be"——

"Yes, it is so. You can all see for yourselves." Sallie stood aside.

The tent was empty.

"All the tarts and pies and bottles of lemonade—gone!"

"I feel just like crying. I don't understand it. My brother brought everything here, and"——

"I guess some tramps must have taken them."

"I—I wish the boys would come. I'm afraid of tramps. Yes, tramps must have taken all our goodies."

Sally was ready to burst into tears, and quite likely she would have had a good crying spell if a new and strange sound had not reached her ears.

Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

"It is a drum; yes, and the sound of a fife," said Sally, as the sound came nearer.

And then, down a wide path, came a file of soldiers. At their head was Harry Norman, looking very brave and courageous in a cocked hat and tall white feather. He wore a pretty little uniform and carried a bright sword. One bright little fellow beat the drum grandly, while two others tooted their fifes. The other boys carried each a stick with a big firecracker fastened in the end.

For a brief period the sight of the young soldiers and the martial music caused the girls to forget the stolen goodies. They cheered the little band as Harry halted his comrades before them.

"Oh, Harry, how pretty you all look! What a lovely time we will"—— Then Sallie stopped.

"The goodies!

"Captain Norman, some naughty boys or tramps have taken all our baskets; we haven't anything to eat," said she.

"What! Do my ears hear aright?" asked the bold captain, putting on a stern, soldierlike air. "And is the lemonade"——

"The beautiful pink lemonade is gone."

"Then let us scour the adjacent forest. The wretches who have done this deed shall suffer." Captain Norman looked very fierce as he led his men into the thicket. The girls could hear his little band beating about the bushes. Once or twice the popping of firecrackers could be heard. The girls grew excited and gathered before the tent, not knowing whether it was best to run or hold their ground.

"You must be very brave, girls. Our noble soldiers are after the enemy—oh! oh, my! look!" cried Sally.

The bushes parted and four of the boys appeared carrying a rough whiskered fellow whose hands and feet were securely bound. Then followed the brave Captain Norman and the rest of his band, with the baskets.

"Lady, we have recovered your provisions and have also captured the tramp who was making off with them. What shall be his fate?" asked Captain Norman, as he drew up before the group with genuine military form

"I am sure I don't know."

"Then I condemn him to death."

"No, no," cried Sally; "he ought to be punished—but not death."

"You plead in vain for his life. Men, stand the tramp up against a tree," sternly ordered the captain.

The tramp pleaded hard for mercy, but there was none. He was placed against a tree, and the soldiers were drawn up in line a few paces away.

"You have stolen our goodies, also our pink lemonade—for that you must die! Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

Bang! Bang! bang! rang out the firecrackers.

It was a very terrible scene, and the girls screamed as the tramp fell forward.

"Is—is he hurt?" asked Sally, as she came near the form upon the ground.

"Not much!" The tramp rose up, threw off his bonds, pulled off a pair of false whiskers and wig and revealed a face known to all—one of the boys in masquerade!

"This was my surprise, Sallie. Wasn't it jolly fun?" asked Harry. The girls all laughed heartily and said it was fun, only a little too real for genuine sport.

They all enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, and just before sundown Sally's brother came with the horse and wagon and took down the swing, and packed the tent and baskets, and drove back, while the merry party strolled along behind singing patriotic songs all the way home.

### A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING.

'Twas the Fourth of July,
And with glee in his eye
And crackers galore in his jacket,
Young Ted sallied out,
With an ear-splitting shout,
To add to the National racket.

'Twas the Fifth of July,
With a patch on his eye
That hinted of dire disaster,
Poor Ted lay in bed,
Closely bandaged his head,
And his fingers all covered with plaster!
—(R. S. P.

### TRANSPOSED FLOWERS.

1. Sanpy. 2. Wap setee. 3. Heel trio po. 4. Tevlto. 5. Laid ha. 6. Pen yo. 7. Horse wite. 8. Dact tunfy. 9. Gronim glorny. 10. Flun sower.

DAISY M. JENNINGS, Age 13.
Windfall, Penn.

### ANSWER TO BIRD PUZZLE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Oven bird. | Butcher bird. |
| Kingfisher. | Nightingale. |
| Magpie. | Crossbill. |
| Bluejay. | Kite. |
| Pewee. | Martin. |
| Meadow lark. | Wren. |
| Cardinal bird. | Partridge. |
| Flicker. | Sandpiper. |
| Indigo bunting. | Thrasher. |
| Pheasant. | Parrot. |
| Bobolink. | Canary. |
| Cedar bird. | Yellowhammer. |
| Cowbird. | Flycatcher. |
| Chimney swift. | |

There were no answers which were correct in every detail sent in. Those of Helen L. Dunbar and Helen O. Harris, both of Springfield, Mass., come the nearest, each having "catbird" instead of "cowbird."

The riddlemeree, which is "Music," was answered correctly by Helen O. Harris, Marion E. Lane, Honesdale, Penn.; Helen L. Dunbar and Grace S. Henley, New-York City.

### PUZZLE VERSE.

We hail the Glorious Fourth,
A day we cannot miss,
When popguns pop and crackers crack,
And rockets shoot and ——!

Here comes the gay parade,
The squeaking fife and drum,
When girls and boys make all the noise
And cheer the cannon's ——!

And when the day is done,
The rocket finds the star;
While pinwheels sizz and sodas fizz,
And children shout ——!

The missing words form a cry familiar to the Fourth of July.

## AT THE VACATION SCHOOLS

### GOOD TIMES PLANNED FOR CITY CHILDREN—LAST SEASON'S METHODS TO BE EMPLOYED.

That school children who will leave the schoolhouse with a "yell and a whoop and a wild hurrah" for the summer vacation should gleefully turn their faces schoolward again within a few days of their joyful departure seems an anomaly to the uninitiated. But one hundred thousand of them did this last summer, and it is thought that a still larger number will clamor for admission to the vacation schools of Manhattan and The Bronx this year. When vacation schools were first established in 1894 by the United Charities, wiseacres gravely shook their heads and said, "The idea is all right, but you'll never get the children to go," but the children went and stayed, and they and the wise people at the head of things knew why. Given a chance to make things, playgrounds with games and apparatus which suit their tastes to a T, sand courts, libraries with a choice of books, quiet games in cool rooms, interesting talks on absorbing topics and liberty to ask all the questions that occur to them, free swimming lessons, swings, seesaws and music, and what child would not prefer the place where all these things centre to hot streets and stifling rooms?

No radical changes will be made in the work of the vacation schools this summer. Ten public school buildings will be employed for morning occupations and in the afternoon these and twenty others will be opened as playgrounds. The Free Circulating, Aguilar and Cathedral libraries will co-operate in the work by lending books which will be distributed from the ten schools which are open during the morning.

In the industrial department so many new phases of work were tried last year that it has been thought best not to go still further afield this summer, but to elaborate on those already begun. One industrial branch will be taught in each of the ten schools, each school having a different subject. The work will be divided into four departments—kindergarten, primary, grammar and special classes.

The kindergarten course designs to offer to the smallest children by a series of imaginary journeys to the park, seaside and country a constantly widening horizon and an opportunity for making real their concepts of form and comparative size by building with blocks constructive work in paper, clay and raffia and by the sand trays.

The six classes of the primary grade will be combined, and lessons will be given in drawing, painting, modelling in clay and paper constructive work.

Painting and design are to be features of the grammar department.

For the boys the ten industrial subjects, one of which will be taught in each of the ten schools, are toy making, joinery, bent iron work, cane weaving, carving, fret sawing, cardboard work, chip carving, modelling and whittling. For the girls they will be cooking and nursing, doll making, millinery, designing, knitting and crocheting, domestic economy, dressmaking, embroidery, paper flower making and sewing.

Any child from twelve to fifteen years of age may study any subject he may choose. Forty-one different kinds of toys were made by the boys last summer. Paper flower making proved a delight to the little ones who were debarred from the enjoyment of daisy fields and flower gardens, and the teachers were besieged with requests for material with which to work at home. As the little girls patiently cut and pasted and fashioned the delicate imitations they learned many things about the real flowers, many of which they had never seen.

Cooking will be a feature of the summer's work, and will include many subjects which are not suggested by that word. Among them will be personal cleanliness and the care of the skin, hair, teeth, nails and clothing; household cleanliness; ventilation, sunlight and disinfectants; care of beds and bedding; floors, walls and ceilings; pantries, ice-boxes, dish towels and dish cloths; invalid cookery and infant feeding.

Thirty indoor playgrounds, seven outdoor gymnasiums, ten public baths for swimming lessons, three Central Park kindergarten grounds, seven roof gardens and five recreation piers will be comprised in the summer's work.

A corps of thirty instructors, fifteen men and fifteen women, will be employed to teach swimming. Mrs. Mary G. Duggett is general director of swimming for girls. Thirty-five hundred pupils learned to swim last year. Of that number 375 received 100 per cent in examination, six hundred 90 per cent and four hundred 80 per cent. Those who received 100 per cent will receive lessons in advanced swimming this year.

The Outdoor Recreation League has offered the city the use of the Hudsonbank Outdoor Gymnasium and Playground, with its elaborate apparatus. The other outdoor gymnasiums are in Crotona Park, Claremont Park, Madison-ave. and One-hundred-and-second-st.; East River Park, Hamilton Fish Park and Seward Park. Hamilton Fish Park, in Sheriff-st., in front of Public School No. 22, occupies two blocks which, until the buildings were torn down, was the most densely populated part of this city. This will have swings, seesaws, sand courts and all the attractions of the other playgrounds. Excursions will be made during the season to the Botanical and Zoological parks at Bronx Park.

Four evening play centres have been open since August 7 last. They will continue through the summer. They occupy Public Schools No. 1, No. 42, No. 147 and No. 160.

The schools will open July 9 and continue for six weeks.

AT A VACATION SCHOOL.

### NOVEL BARN PARTY.

Mrs. Henrietta Fisher, of Mount Vernon, gave on Thursday a "barn party," which was attended by about forty women. An interesting programme was given and refreshments were served at small tables, several young girls acting as patronesses. Among the many who were present were:

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| Mrs. R. L. Mulford. | Mrs. Harry Denman. |
| Mrs. Robert J. Mulford. | Miss Tompkins. |
| Miss May Mulford. | Mrs. Henry E. Rhoades. |
| Mrs. William Wilson, jr. | Miss Sarah Pamela Williams. |
| Miss Carrie Wilson. | Mrs. Minnie C. Ives. |
| Mrs. Leila C. Blake. | Mrs. Nathaniel Ives. |
| Mrs. M. C. Carter. | Mrs. James H. Jenkins. |
| Miss Myra Blake. | Miss Leila Lockwood. |
| Mrs. Benjamin Howe. | Miss Carrie Lockwood. |
| Miss Carrie Howe. | Mrs. Swan. |
| Mrs. Joseph S. Wood. | Mrs. Isabella Clark. |
| Miss Cynthia Mizsell. | Mrs. Martha C. Gay. |
| Mrs. Melville S. Page. | |

The barn floor was covered with Oriental rugs, and around the sides and the rafters were natural decorations of shrubbery, flowers, branches of trees, etc.

### MISS TEAL, OF THE C. L. S. C.

Among the passengers on the steamer Proteus, of the Cromwell Line, which sailed yesterday, was Miss Cornelia Adele Teal, Long Island secretary of the C. L. S. C. She is to spend the months of July and August delivering lectures along the Mississippi Valley, starting at New-Orleans.

YOUR HAIR
Is Out of Curl

Don't use a hot curling iron.
No need of burning your hair,
or blistering your forehead

Our Natural Curly Bangs

are always in curl—impervious to heat, perspiration or dampness. Just the proper thing for the country or seashore. Scientifically constructed to insure thorough ventilation of the scalp.

OUR WAVY SWITCHES

beautiful in texture, light, graceful and easily adjusted, into any of the prevailing styles, are a source of comfort to the wearer.

WIGS For Ladies and Gentlemen

to cover part or the entire head, perfect in fit and faultless in every detail.

Summer Comforts and Luxuries in Toilet Preparations. Hair Tonics, Face Powders, Cocoanut Balm and Rose Leaves, Hair Dyes, and many other necessaries for the Hair and Skin.

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HUMAN HAIR GOODS,
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Accordion Pleatings.
Walter E. Harding & Co.,
30 West 23d-st., next to Stern Bros.
High-Class Dress and Accordion Pleatings.
Work done while you wait. Discount to dressmakers.
OUT-OF-TOWN BRANCH OFFICE,
210 West Lexington-st., Baltimore, Md.

### BEAUTY HINTS BY NORDICA.

Mme. Nordica, during her latest visit to New-York, gave a friend some excellent advice on the care of the complexion.

"First be born with a good skin, then take care of it," she said. "I was fortunate enough to have a wise and thoughtful mother, who never allowed me to go out to play without a sunbonnet. Other children in the dear little town in Maine where we lived used to ramble freely, half the time in their bare heads, but I was promptly recalled if I went so, to put on the wide Shaker bonnet that shielded face and neck from the sun.

"It is quite the fashion this summer for girls at summer resorts to ride, walk, play tennis and everything else without hats, and I consider it an atrocious fashion. I am old fashioned enough to prefer a delicate pink and white skin to the leather faced girl. And it is not easy to regain a lost complexion.

"Another point on which my mother was peremptory was that we girls should not 'squizzle up' our faces in sunlight or in looking at objects. Frowns and all kinds of facial distortions, so common among children, were carefully guarded against, because they induce wrinkles. We were obliged to take every care of hands and teeth, and although the manicure was then unknown to the country towns we were taught to keep the nails in good order as well as clean. Teeth were watched, and at the first indication of trouble the dentist was visited. Oh, the very most important thing, I assure you, my dear, is to be born with a sensible, careful mother to inculcate habits of personal fastidiousness. That counts for quite as much as personal beauty, to my mind, and unquestionably helps to produce it.

"Diet is of the utmost importance. Eat lightly and drink more lightly. Self-denial may be necessary, but if so must be cultivated. I have practised it all my life, I think! I am extremely fond of sweets, but seldom eat them. Occasionally I take a few bonbons between meals, but at no other time.

"Above all, if one wishes to remain young and fresh in appearance she must sleep as the men sometimes want to vote—'early and often.' If not prevented by professional duties, I always retire early and make it a point, under all circumstances, to lie down for an hour's nap during the day.

"The simpler cosmetics one uses the better. I prefer almond oil and honey, to be applied freely at night. Glycerine and vaseline are not good. Facial massage, of course, is excellent when properly performed. The woman who has no maid should take two or three treatments from a good masseuse, in order to learn just how to do it. Then she can massage her own face to smooth out the cares of day.

"The hair I wash as often as necessary to keep it clean. For making the throat round and strong nothing is better than singing lessons. It would pay every woman to study, whether she has a voice or not, just for the benefit of health and the development of rounded contours. And finally—yes, first, last and all the time—be in the open air as much as possible. Indeed, the secret of a good complexion might be said to be in simple diet, moderation in all things, plenty of sleep and plenty of fresh air."

### TO INCREASE W. C. T. U. MEMBERSHIP.

Miss Mary Hadley, an Indiana temperance worker, is assisting at district and county conventions throughout the State to increase W. C. T. U. membership. She was formerly a teacher in the public schools. Miss Hadley was attracted to the W. C. T. U. and soon became an enthusiastic member. She has been placed at the head of the Indiana department and is at present vice-president of the State Union. She has also served as a trustee of the State Industrial School. Nine years ago Miss Hadley was made general superintendent of the State Industrial School for Worthy Girls at Hadley, Ind. This is one of the successful institutional buildings of the State, and she superintended the farm, secured donations of stone and its transportation for new buildings and obtained bequests from philanthropic people.