FEMININE FANCIES

THINGS of INTEREST to WOMEN

Summer Sports For the Women.

THERE is no aristocracy in the various sports for women in the summer, though some are of the opinion that women must be bound to the wheel of drudgery during the hot months. The girl or woman with the red cheeks will show the effect of out-of-doors athletics, such as golfing, tennis and croquet.

The girl who is employed in an office will have little time for out-door exercises, but her evenings can be used until dark with the tennis racquet or the croquet mallet. For those who live along the seashore of the lakes swimming is one of the great attractions as well as one of the best athletic exercises a girl or woman can indulge in. Swimming is very healthful, the exercise aiding in the development of all the muscles and strengthening the lungs. Many physicians recommend swimming as one of the most healthful sports. The sun bath, in addition, is also beneficial, especially to those not over strong.

Croquet, although not as strenuous as many other sports, is very healthful. The walking, stooping over and bending back and forth in the efforts of the game develop the muscles and aid the various organs. One of the best ways for young girls and women to enjoy themselves and at the same time obtain the much needed exercise—especially those who do not have the privilege of a country club—is to form a party, take their lunch with them, and their croquet and tennis outfits, and go into the country The lunch can be placed in a corner of a rail fence, the tennis court arranged on the grass, two trees being used for the net posts. The croquet arches can be placed almost in any location, the roughness of the ground making the game more enjoyable. This gives no end of fun and frolic, besides the beneficial effects of the exercise. Long walks can be taken, and the appetites for the afternoon lunch will be ravenous.

For the woman who lives along the water, rowing is a splendid exercise. The sailing of a boat often necessitates strenuous exercise in the hauling of the ropes and rudder, and for the women who like a spice of danger in their exercise, it is one of the most pleasing. The sailing craft are often upset and the occupants of the boat given a swim until aid comes to them.

For the girl or woman who lives in the city and has little chance for exercise a good backyard or a vacant lot adjoining can be made to furnish much enjoyment. This can be turned into a croquet court, the set costing very little money. The short-handled mallets are best to use, as one must stoop over and "shoot," at the same time aiding in the exercise. Croquet is an old-fashioned game, but nevertheless a good one. Then the women, in their whitest frocks, daintiest of slippers and flying hair can spend the most enjoyable of evenings.

The one thing to remember is to play the games when you do play them. Remember to throw your whole heart into the swinging on a tennis ball, the making of a fine shot in croquet and the putting of a ball at golf. When one plays with her mind on the game the reward will be increased vitality, a better knowledge of one's powers and the admiration and respect of the opponents. The matching of one's skill against that of an expert often makes one lose interest in the game, but it should not do so. Play all the harder and try to win, although the outcome may mean very little except the admiration.

For the woman who lives in the city and has to go quite a distance to and from her work, walking is one of the most beneficial exercises. The street cars should be avoided, and within a short time perfect health may result from the exercise.

MR. JUSTWED SPENDS A QUIET FOURTH OF JULY

"I TELL you, Blossom," remarked Mr. Justwed emphatically, "I am for a quiet Fourth. This talk and all about the good old days when we were kids and got up about 3 A. M. to go out on the village green and shake the shingles off the church steeple with our firecrackers is nothing but a silly, mawkish sentiment that Twentieth Century civilization is rapidly and properly relegating to its deserved obscurity as a relic of the—a the Dark Ages. And I want to go on record as——"

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed Mrs. J., banteringly. "Nobody has said you aren't, Homer! Might I suggest that you make application immediately as one of the civic orators for the Gel-lorious Fourth? Or—oh, Homer, I beg your pardon!—I didn't know you were rehearsing for——"

And Mrs. Justwed gracefully dodged the flying pillow.

"To be serious, Blossom," continued Mr. J., "I have arranged for a little surprise party tomorrow. I've asked a half-dozen of our married friends to come up to our little shack on the lake and spend the day with——"

"Oh, you dear, sweet husband!" cried Mrs. J. rapturously, "What a perfect dear you are! But—but what are we going to do about things to eat! You should have told me yesterday and I would have had time to prepare a nice basket lunch and dinner."

"Don't worry about a little thing like that, Blossom," Mr. J. hastened to assure her quite airily, "I've arranged for all that. Went up there myself yesterday afternoon on the train and told John just what to buy. Several of the other boys in the club are in on it, too, and we're going to have a bang-up dinner, I tell you. More than that, there'll be no infernal firecrackers and toy cannons popping and buzzing and making life hideous around us all day. And in place of an asinine display of fireworks in the evening we'll sit on the veranda and smoke and sing and talk and then come home liken sensible American citizens who don't have to break people's eardrums to show their patriotism!"

* * *

Almost with the rising of the sun the next morning Mr. J. was awake and up. No human being could sleep in such a noise. What an idiot he had been not to have gone up to the shack on the evening of the 3rd. He opened the window and yelled to several joyous specimens of Young America who were burning their fingers, shouting and hurrahing and otherwise disporting themselves in true Fourth of July fashion on the pavement below. They looked up at him in surprise, scarcely believing their ears. But when the horrible fact dawned upon them that there was actually a man alive who dared reprove them for celebrating the Glorious Fourth they didn't do a thing but hurl a whole pack of lighted firecrackers at Mr. Justwed's head.

Later, as the train cleared the outskirts of the city and left the noise and the smoke and the powder behind, Mr. J. leaned back in his seat with a sigh of relief.

It was quite early when the Justweds arrived at the Lake and Mr. J. hustled and bustled around, tidying up the shack, arranging the easy cane chairs on the wide veranda, bailing the scant amount of rainwater out of the canoes and generally fixing things shipshape. Then he and Blossom drew their chairs to one corner of the veranda and sat down to wait for their guests on the next train.

"Isn't this glorious, Blossom?" exclaimed Mr. J., ecstatically, between puffs at his briarwood. "Can you beat it? No noise, no small boys discharging shooting crackers under your nose, no horrible explosions and yells and shrieks and

"What's that!" shrieked everybody.

clangs of the ambulance bell! No powder and smoke and the hideous odor of burning punk! Me for it every time!"

"Yes, it certainly is delightful," agreed Mrs. Justwed.

"I am so thankful I'm not in the city," continued Mr. J., "and I sure do pity the people who are. Thank goodness, when we return this evening the deluge will be almost over. You know, I never could see why a loud noise should be considered indicative of patriotism. Why, to sit here and look at the broad sweep of the hills and the over-arching sky and the sturdy oaks nodding and bending and swaying majestically in the breeze—to be in God's great out-of-doors, untrammeled and free as the untamed mountains—to see all this, and breathe it and feel it, gives one a sense, almost, of spirit forms around one, the spirits of our sturdy forefathers, the ragged Continentals who fought and bled and died at the cannon's mouth in the Revolution. Do you know I can sit here and fancy that rugged hill off yonder is famous Bunker Hill, and in my mind's eyes I can see the thin buff and blue line crawling up and up and—what are you laughing at?"

"I was—wasn't la—la—laughing, Homer," gurgled Mrs. J., suppressing her hysterics with difficulty, "but aren't you a trifle mixed on the accuracy of your historical figure? At Bunker Hill, if I remember rightly, wasn't the attacking force the redcoats—'Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!'—something like that, you remember?"

"Now, Blossom, when I was in school," began Mr. J., quite righteously—but his remarks in defense of his historical knowledge were cut short as the long, reverberating whistle of the locomotive resounded over hill and dale.

"There they are!" cried Mrs. J. "Come on, Homer, hurry! It's a five-minute walk to the station!"

Such a welcoming and greeting and laughing there was as the large party stepped from the train. And such exclamations of delight as they caught sight of the bungalow. The lunch baskets were deposited at one end of the veranda—for most of the guests had felt it obligatory upon them to add a little from their own substance to the good things. But every one—every man-jack of them—had come carrying a small, neatly-wrapped package which, by some unaccountable coincidence, they deposited in a pile on the end of the veranda next the lunch baskets.

Easy chairs were drawn up, coats discarded and the company settled down to get its breath before starting out to explore the region round about. Mr. Justwed saw that the men folks were provided with his favorite brand of cigars and the jolly, care-free, grownup boys and girls went into raptures over this, that and the other thing the place afforded.

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mr. Justwed, proudly, "it certainly is an ideal place to spend the Fourth. Gee whiz! What a bedlam it must be in the city!"

"Everything was popping away merrily when we left," commented the tall man with the sandy mustache.

"Well, I should guess yes," supplemented Mr. J., throwing away his cigar—and thereby hangs a tale, for the carelessly tossed cigar landed right in the midst of the pile of mysterious packages deposited by the guests on the corner of the veranda, and, like the little peach in the orchard, it grew and grew.

"No noise, no firecrackers, no—" Mr. J. was disclaiming, when suddenly Mr. J. and Blossom and every last guest present was brought to his or her feet without, for the instant, knowing why.

Bang! Bang! S-s-s-sis-sis-phut! Bang, bang-bang!!"

"What's that?" shrieked everybody.

And in between the "bangs" and the "sis-phuts" and the "bang-bangs" the quiet, peaceful, Fourth-of-July-loving Mr. Justwed ascertained that his discarded cigar had fallen upon the good ground of the guests' supply of fireworks and brought forth noisy, flashing, sizzling Fourth of July fruit—some 30 some 60, and some 100 fold!

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

Woeful Feminine Fourth of July.

THE dread day of disasters and anxiety and alarm for nervous mammas with patriotic young hopefuls is at hand, and linseed oil and lime-water are abroad in the land. The Fourth of July! What a day of all days—of fear and trembling—it is for mater-familias! Little Willie is so enthusiastic, bless his little heart, and he's so proud of his ghastly array of "shootin' crackers" and "devil chasers" and "night works" that it does seem a shame to do or say even the slightest thing that will cast a damper over his hilarious, reckless patriotism.

But a stitch in time saves nine—stitches in a nice clean roll of medicated, sterilized absorbent cotton, perhaps. And a careful, tactful supervision over the little shaver while he is "settin' off" his noise-producers will, in most cases, do much toward alleviating the trials and apprehensions that all mothers, and they only, are heirs to on that day.

"To us grown-ups," said a mother whose sturdy little sons simply adore her, "the careful celebrating of the Fourth seems an axiomatic, almost unnecessary caution. Realizing the danger of even the tiniest firecracker, we are naturally careful about setting them off. With children it is different. Because they are children they cannot grasp the seriousness of their danger—until they encounter it. It may sound strange, but I have always been thankful, as my boys grow up to the firecracker age, when each one of them received his first burn and wriggled and squirmed while I picked the powder out of his face. Once burned, you remember, he was thrice shy.

"Then I always explained to each of them the danger they were constantly in while celebrating the Fourth. My husband always took pains to instruct each boy how to fire his fireworks—and I do not think the little shavers felt one the whit less free and jubilant because of the direction. I have always made a point of reading to my boys the account of every Fourth of July accident I could find in the newspaper—not to frighten them, but to make them careful.

"There is never a Fourth passes that I do not caution all of them about lighting a firecracker while holding it, looking under the tin can to see if the cracker is lighted, holding lighted Roman candles, etc., and especially about carrying a pocket full of matches carelessly. While I do not deluge them in an avalanche of 'don'ts,' I do give my warnings quietly and determinedly—and then I let them alone, implying that I feel certain they will not disregard my instructions and advice. I think so many mothers make the mistake of nagging their children, keeping an eye on them eternally and constantly harping at them with 'Georgie, don't do that!' and 'Come away from there this minute!' Such a course, to my mind, kills all chance of developing self-dependence and judgment in the child. And surely the average American boy needs both of these qualities on the Fourth of July. Along with this, however, I am always prepared for the worst—my medicine closet is well supplied with linseed oil, cotton bandages and one or more of the many other dressings good for burns. While we do not have many accidents, I never hesitate to summon a physician immediately if the injury looks at all serious."

NUTS AS MEAT SUBSTITUTE.

WHEN deciding to stop eating meat in the summertime, nuts are the best and most beneficial substitute. At this season of the year nuts are not of the best quality and should always be served salted or in cooked dishes. Olive oil, cream and butter are all nourishing and should be indulged in freely.

HIS SELECTION.

ERNEST had just returned from college and he was lovesick. He went to his bachelor uncle with his troubles. He said: "Uncle, I can marry a rich girl whom I do not love or a penniless girl whom I love very dearly. Which shall I do?"

"Follow the dictates of your heart, my boy," said the uncle. But, he added, "Marry the poor one and be happy and—say—er—would you mind introducing me to the other one?"

The Girl with the red cheeks will show the effect of outdoor athletics.

The Small Accessories of Dress.

HAND-CARVED BUCKLES.

ONE of the latest fads of women is the hand-carved belt buckle. Odd shaped pearls are now displayed upon silver necklaces, further trimmed with frosted and crystal-green leaves, placed a few inches apart around the chin.

POPULAR DUTCH NECK.

DUTCH neck collars have been one of the decided fashion hits of the season, with the proviso that the occasion and the gown be considered. The new collars are cool and quite simple. One of the new fads adopted by the French women is a summer muff, used mainly in place of a purse or a shopping bag. The new muff does not give the idea of warmth, but is a wide flat affair made of mousseline, chiffon or marquisette, colored like the gown or scarf. They are pleated and shirred.

TO ARRANGE A VEIL.

TO arrange a veil neatly so as not to mar the whole costume is an art. A little time and patience before the mirror makes the difficult feat easy. The veil must be handled carefully. An easy, gentle pulling and giving is required to adapt the fine mesh to the hat brim and contour of the face.

To make a small knot in the middle of the upper edge is a good beginning; then arrange the veil over the hat, keeping the knot and the little fulness it gives in a direct line with the tip of the nose. Then the upper edges should be pinned to the hat brim at the back, and they are held out a little, while the lower edge is taken with both hands and drawn back smoothly, but not too tightly, to the nape of the neck. Then the veil should be fastened with a clasp or a barette. The lower edge should be taken up from the clasp to the brim of the hat and pinned fast. The veil must be smooth over the face and free from contact with the hair. The ends are then twisted under the hat brim and fastened securely.

NO MORE BLACK STOCKINGS.

THE reign of the sedate black stocking is over and now the designs appear in every color. Even the fancy description with clocks and embroidery is no more. Women must now have different stockings for each dress, and the brighter the hue the better. There are many stockings in yellow, purple and green, and most of them match the shade of the shoes worn. With a striped gown the same style of stockings should be worn, with the stripes of any size.

THE BATHING PARASOL.

BATHING parasols are now a portion of the seaside costume. With the various styles of bathing suits the same shades of parasols are used. The bathing parasol is a bit smaller than the other sorts, with a sharp pointed end.

TUCKED NET.

TUCKED net is a wonderful time-saver for the busy woman. This now comes by the yard, and a gown which is shabby at the yoke can be easily freshened up to look like new. The net comes with the tuck in various widths, in white, cream and black. Then there is net which is tucked in groups of threes, with two or three inches of space between the groups, which is filled with colored dots embroidered in silk. This is used not only for yokes, but also makes up very prettily in shirtwaists.

SERGE IS IN FAVOR.

SERGE is being used a great deal for dresses, as well as for tailored suits, but always in the most severely tailored styles. The material does not encourage embroidery or elaboration in any way, but it has other merits in excellent wearing qualities and a certain beauty of its own.

Linen is a decided favorite this summer, and the colored linens are more in demand than the whites. The glazed linen is rarely seen and the beautiful delicate shades have taken its place in the wardrobe.

TO TINT LACE.

WHEN tinting lace the chief thing to be avoided is the streaking of the garment. When the method used is that of dipping the material in coffee; care should be taken to thoroughly wet the garment before placing it in the dye. Warm coffee should be used, and it is preferable that the previous water-bath should be of the same temperature, or as near it as can be obtained. By observing this rule the streaking of the lace can be avoided. It is best to make experiments with a piece of material before the entire garment is used.

You will need a plentiful supply of dainty petticoats this summer, for the clinging, petticoatless skirt of the winter season is doomed to desuetude by Dame Fashion and the summer heat.

HINTS TO THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A FEW pieces of orange or lemon placed in an earthen jar gives cookies a delicious flavor when eaten.

The small broom, often purchased for a child, is an excellent article for cleaning behind the radiators and desks.

Powdered arrowroot is often preferable to cornstarch for thickening fruit juices, as it keeps the juice transparent and prevents lumping.

A "house purse" is a convenient thing to have downstairs, so that when a little change is needed for something you are not obliged to run upstairs for it.

The dread day of disasters is at hand.

A CORNER FOR MEN

Mr. A. Good Fellow on the Benedict's Fourth

DO you know what's funnier than a joke?" questioned Mr. A. Good Fellow as he caught up with a friend on his walk down town in the morning of the Fourth. "You don't? Well, listen, Bo, and I'll put you wise. It's the number of times an old joke appears in a new guise, or, better still, the large and juicy crop of old chestnuts that appear annually on the high feasts and holidays.

"Now, just to show you the color of my money, take that old, petrified, ossified embalmed, so-called joke about the head of the family getting out with his kids on the morning of the Fourth and helping them shoot off their firecrackers. The alleged joke is to the effect that he is doing so under pretense of seeing that no small-sized toy cannons become lodged in his young hopeful's eyes, etc., when in reality he is out with the festive punk in hand because he has never quite gotten over his boyhood days. When that joke was first sprung on our forefathers, July 4, 1776, it must have been a scream. But since then it has gathered a vast and luxuriant covering of moss, even though it has been a rolling stone from ocean to ocean.

"That's one way the poor old married man gets it on the Fourth. But, Bo, I've got a hunch that there's more to that joke than appears on the surface. I'll bet you ten little iron men to the hole in a doughnut that it was written by a married man of the great heart for his other benedict fellow-sufferers. He must have been a proud man, though—yea, verily, a proud man. Do you get it yet? You don't? Well, jar up your receiver a little and get those other butinskys off the line and I'll put you next. The truth of the matter is that the poor old married man goes out with his kids on the Fourth, not because he is a boy himself still, but because his wife makes him do it! Then that proud guy originated that joke to keep passersby and friends from thinking he was henpecked. Pretty foxy stunt, Bo, ain't it? Benedicts from that time forward to the present—and into the future world without end—have clung to that subterfuge, and some of them even fool their wives with it.

"Honest, old scout, ain't you the happy lad that you aren't setting off shooting crackers for any young imps of the Old Boy? I pat myself on the back every Fourth of July. Poor old benedicts! Hard is their lot! Just pause a while and take stock. Your happy papa gets up at 3 o'clock—just about the time the cat is coming in from her nocturnal stroll along the back fence—and scrambles around with his lusty youngsters, buttoning their shirts and pulling on their shoes, and mamma is snoozing all the while snug and comfortable as you please. Then they all troop down stairs in the cold, gray dawn, and all of a sudden Sally, dear, little Willie slips on the stairs. Papa runs for the witch hazel bottle and mamma wakes up in time to admonish him about 'steen-eleven times to keep the firecrackers away from the witch hazel. They might have them now, Bo, but in my days they didn't make firecrackers that would go off when placed side by each with a witch hazel bottle.

"Finally, little Willie is all to the pazaz and the patriots assemble on the curbstone, and the poor old benedict begins the battle with a nice little sizzer. Ten minutes later little Willie burns his fingers on a cracker that started to express its sentiments, hesitated and then did it just to pay off a part of the debt Young America owes to the whole cracker family. Poor Benedict takes little Willie in to pour linseed oil on his finger. Though he's mighty careful not to, he succeeds in waking mamma—and then catches Hail-Columbia-happy-land for purposely taking little Willie's finger and jamming the lighted firecracker up against it! At 10 o'clock in the evening papa is nobly pointing a 50-cent roman candle at the planet Mars, while mamma sits on the front steps and wants to know why in the world he doesn't aim it at the moon while he's about it! Uh—uh! Not for yours truly! Not in my family of one and a dozen cold!"

Asbestos A Mystery.

PROBABLY the only material which is a mystery to science is the common asbestos, which seems to be half vegetable and half mineral. The scientists look upon it as a sort of a link between the vegetable and mineral world, as it is both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and brittle, heavy as rock when taken from the mines, but light as cotton when treated mechanically.

Taxing the Bachelors.

OVER in Bulgaria it costs something each year to enjoy single blessedness. The government attends to that in the shape of a tax on bachelors. In Maine and several other states in the Union—proposals are under consideration to take tribute annually from irreclaimable bachelors. Whether the object of this movement is to provide old-age pensions for old maids or to alleviate their unhappy condition by compelling men to love, honor and obey them in order to escape the bachelor tax is neither here nor there. The point is that the proposition to put a premium on care-free oachelorhood is being agitated in several parts of the globe. Though there seems to be no immediate anxiety, the broad scope of the movement is alarming, viewed from the confirmed bachelor standpoint.

Over in London the matter is looked upon as a possible means of increasing the fund from which the vast number of old-age pensions are paid annually. Many prominent men have expressed opinions on the matter, among them George Bernard Shaw, who argues that as a man receives higher wages than a woman on the ground that he has a family to support, he is really paid to keep a wife and should do so or should pay for the privilege of not doing so.

"But," he adds, "the practical objection is that the man's wages are not really enough for two and not always enough for one."

Superstitions of Sneezing.

DURING the Middle Ages Italy was devastated by an epidemic which seemed to have sneezing as its fatal symptom. Straightway a sneeze was considered evidence of approaching death.

In somewhat earlier times the luck or ill luck of a sneeze was dependent upon the side towards which it was directed. The right hand was considered lucky, the left unlucky. A sneeze was heard on the right on one of the ships before the battle of Salamis and it was considered a lucky omen.

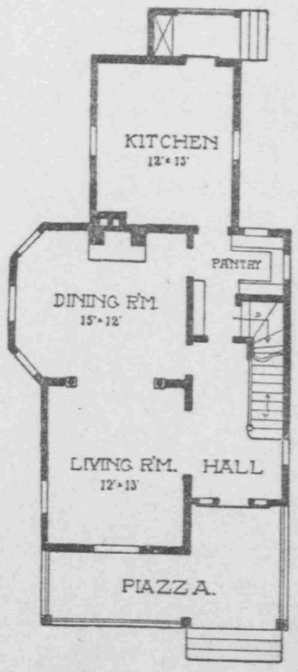
Xenophon considered a sneeze from one of his soldiers a significant prophecy of victory.

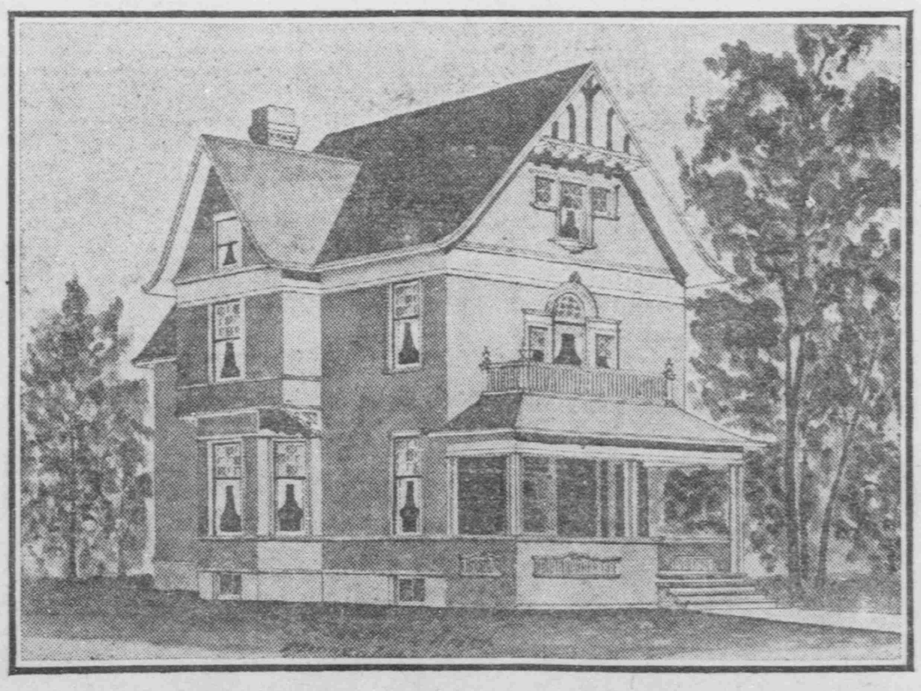
Theocritus stated that a bridegroom who sneezed was sure to be happy and lucky, while Catullus declared it a good omen if two lovers sneezed.

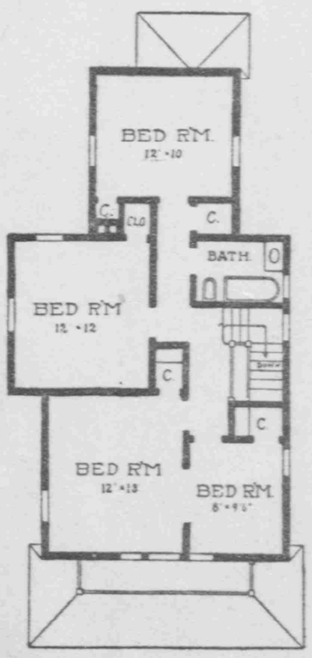
In the olden days if a man sneezed while dressing he went back to bed again before completing his toilet and the captain of a vessel would delay his voyage if one of his sailors sneezed while weighing anchor.

At the present time there seems to be a superstition to the effect that a sneeze before breakfast indicates the reception of a present before the week is out. A sneeze on Sunday, it is said, is an assurance that you will meet your true love before the end of the week. On Monday it means danger; on Tuesday that you will be introduced to a stranger; on Wednesday a letter and on Thursday something better. There is but one omen concerning sneezing that is undeniable, and that is that the sneezer either has a cold or is catching one.

The Straight Gable Roof. An Economical Six-Room House, Costing $2,000.







HERE is a pretty, neat and economical six-room house, for a small family. The size is 21 feet 6 inches by 40 feet. There are three rooms on each floor, also convenient pantries, closets, bathroom, etc., with a good basement under the entire house. The exterior may be finished with narrow siding, or at small additional expense can be cemented on metal lath, with a rough "pebble dash" finish. The house is finished with a high gable roof, with a curved sweep to the eaves, giving a neat appearance. The high pitch of the roof affords a good attic story, where rooms can be furnished, or may be used for storage purposes. It is estimated that this house can be built in an economical way, finished in pine and painted, for $2,000; if the floors and casings are of hardwood, the cost will be somewhat increased. This estimate does not include heating or plumbing.

There is one good chimney providing for fireplace in the dining-room, a furnace flue and a kitchen flue. The front living-room and dining-room open together, with wide columned arch, also the hall and living-room are opened together with wide arch. There is an ample piazza across the front, with the roof treatment to correspond with the main roof of house. This house is well adapted to a narrow lot.

The Florida Keys.

PEOPLE living on the Florida Keys are known as "Conchs," and they are an interesting study. They are familiar with their own country, but in attempting to guide others become lost. The clear water about the keys makes the use of the water glass very common and the "Conchs" are very expert with it. The water glass is simply a strong bucket, the bottom of which is constructed of glass, and sinking the bucket a few inches under water, the "Conch" will see fish and "Florida lobsters," or crawfish, and at a considerable distance spear them. They also show much skill with a casting net and understand diving for turtles. The "Conch" makes his living from an occasional job of wrecking, diving for sponges and fishing.

The Use of Concrete.

IN THE past few years concrete has been used for building purposes more than ever before, and some builders claim that it will take the place of wood and stone in the near future. Concrete was first used by the Romans and Greeks, who found it a substitute for wood. Their many old ruins show the ways in which they used concrete.

For a time then the use of the material lagged, wood taking its place on account of the abundance of the forests. Now large buildings can be erected at a much smaller cost of concrete than of wood or stone. It is being used extensively in the large cities, especially on the Pacific Coast. Concrete is supposed to be proof against earthquakes, and a large part of San Francisco is being rebuilt with it. Passenger barges of concrete ply on the rivers of France and Italy. At the present time Edison is making experiments with concrete, and it is thought that he will bring the cost of the material down to a low figu