

Midsummer Hats



JUST for the heads of youth and loveliness, one of that small company of designers who make Paris the top o' the world (in millinery), has given to us these three things of beauty for the summer girl. They look so simple! And they are in reality only broad-brimmed leghorn and hemp shapes with plumes and ribbon, or flowers and ribbon, for garniture. But their simplicity is only seeming. It is the result of a deep study of lines by a gifted artist. It is like the simplicity of a perfectly plain and perfectly fitted, tailored coat, a thing difficult of achievement.

These broad brims, droop and lift, flowing about the face and head in lines that make us wonder and envy, not at their own sweet will, but by the careful calculation of the mind that planned them. They are, indeed, fitted to the face and head. They compel us to note how they silhouette an exquisite profile, or point to the fine line of the eyebrows, or play up the depth of the eyes or veil half the pretty face in mystery.

On the broad brimmed leghorn with black velvet facing, a mass of delicate tulle roses and a curious lily in black velvet are banked against the crown. The brim, drooping gradually at the left, is so wide that it throws the entire profile, including the beautiful throat, and the neck, into high relief. The girl who chooses this must possess a profile worth while, because it will stand out like a stone cameo, with such a hat for a background.

The hemp hat covered with oddly mounted uncurled ostrich plumes is of a sort to carry off the honors at

the Grand Prix, where millinery and horses triumph—but mostly millinery. It would surely hold its own in any meeting of those who make dress a study and vie with one another in display. Happy the bride or bridesmaid who may indulge herself in its counterpart. It is a hat for high occasion. There are four long, but not heavy, plumes, more like a soft mass of snow than anything else in nature. There is almost no curl in the long fibers. Such a hat never was and never will be out of style.

The third hat is more distinctly of the season. It has a bell-like brim with irregular edge and a fairly tall crown. Four long plumes are mounted at the right under a bow that is more than large. They fall completely over the crown, to the left brim. One half the face is in shadow from the sharp droop of the brim. This hat is almost universally becoming.

All these hats are set on the head in the proper position. It will be noticed that the pose is dignified—not rakish. The crowns are posed as they should be, directly on top of the head. It is the modeling of the brims that gives each hat its individuality and makes each extraordinary. As studies in midsummer high art millinery they must interest everyone. Those who would like fac-similes of any one of these must consider whether their features are of the same class or not, and remember that the rest of the toilette must play up to the hat. Such millinery is immensely useful for it is brimming over with good suggestions, which we will do well to follow—some of them at a discreet distance. **JULIA BOTTOMLEY.**

PRETTY FOULARD WAIST



This simple waist is of dotted foulard, white ground, with blue dots. It is trimmed on each side of the front with a band of embroidery in colors, bordered with rolls of liberty.

The full front is of white silk voile; the collarette and sleeve ruffles are of lace.

Salt For Freckles.

If you are troubled with freckles try putting a teaspoonful of salt in a basin of water and bathing the face with it. Do this occasionally and see how quickly they will fade.

SUMMER BEDROOM IN COLORS

Soft Shade of Green One of the Most Appropriate That Can Be Devised.

A beautiful green room of a summer cottage has been produced with green woodwork in one of the restful sage-green tints, the walls papered in a plain cartridge paper, with a frieze of stray vines, all in different shades of the same cool color. The wicker furniture is finished in a forest green stain and the carpet is covered with a green and white rug of fine, jointless matting. Sheer white muslin curtains hang at the windows with straight-falling draperies of liberty silk of the same color over them. A white porcelain bedroom candlestick four feet high stands at the head of the bed. It is a straight column resting on a square block base, the fluted finish outlined in green. It holds a large green wax candle, at the side of which is a little holder for a box of matches. Other fittings of the room carry out the green and white scheme, and as the apartment faces the south, the effect has been to temper its high light and contribute a restfully subdued tone.

Parasol of White.

This year's vogue is the white parasol, not matching the small accessories such as stockings, belts and hats, as it did last year. The tiny marquise parasol covered with chantilly lace, with which old-time dames protected their complexions when driving, is coming in again for carriage use, and it has the old folding pearl handle.

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

LAUGH LITTLE FELLOW



Laugh, little fellow, laugh and sing
And just be glad for everything!
Be glad for morning and for night,
For sun and stars that laugh with light,
For trees that chuckle in the breeze,
For singing birds and humming breezes—
Be one with them, and laugh along
And weave their gladness in your song.

Let nothing but the twinkle-tears
Come to your eyes these happy years
When you are free of task and toil
And all the frets that come to spoil
The hours of folk whose feet have paced
The road along which all must haste—
Laugh, little fellow, for it drives
The shadow out of other lives.

Go romping care-free as you will
Across the meadow, up the hill,
And shout your message far away
For all the world to join your play.
This is the time for laughter; now
When Time has not set on your brow
The finger-prints that come with care
And leave abiding wrinkles there.

Laugh, little fellow; laugh and sing
And coax the joy from everything;
Take gladness at its fullest worth
And make each hour an hour of mirth,
So that when on the downward slope
Of life, the radiant sky of hope
Will bend above you all the way
And make you happy, as today.

An Error Explained.

"While the regular answers-to-queries editor was laid up with the influenza last month a young man from the circulation department handled his mail and furnished replies to his correspondents. Out of this situation grew the embarrassing predicament in which we find ourselves. Mr. Phineas Tonkerton of East Wind, Ind., wrote, asking what he should do to gain the affections of a young woman in whom he was interested, and Mr. George Gooph of Wimpleton, Mich., asked us to suggest a decorative scheme for his naphtha launch. Mr. Tonkerton, who asked how to woo the fair lady, was advised:

"Paint her a bright green, keeping her in stays until the paint dries. Then stripe her in deep orange and red from stem to stern, decorate her with flags and shove her into the lake."

Mr. Gooph, who wanted to know how to paint his launch, was told: "Whenever you are beside her, show your consideration and regard. Hold her umbrella for her when you happen to meet her in the rain. Be punctilious in the small attentions she will appreciate. Some candy and flowers occasionally ought to help."

We trust the two gentlemen will accept this explanation and that each will find here the advice he desired.

What He Wanted.



"Yes, sir," urges the drug clerk. "Buy a box of these tablets, take four of them a day, and you can eat anything."

"Thunder!" growls the dyspeptic. "I can do that now. What I want is something that will fix me up so that I can eat anything I want the next meal."

What He Omitted.

"This critic says that Miss Yelpit, who sang that solo at the church musicale last night, has a voice that is remarkable for the resonant, organ-like tones that characterize it in some passages," says Mrs. Padoogus. "Yes!" comments Mr. Padoogus. "Probably the critic was too kind-hearted to make it plain that he refers to a hand organ."

At Seventeen or Seventy

By Jeanne O. Loizeaux

Bent and trembling, Grandma Simpson held her coarse, gray shawl more closely from the rough March wind, and trudged along in the slush, searching every inch of the way for the little folded paper she had dropped. It was late twilight and her eyes were dim. Besides, she was afraid to go home—Liz, her daughter-in-law, was done too gentle.

"I thought I was holdin' it tight," she said aloud, childishly, "but when I got to the store, it was gone. What'll I do?"

A step behind her made her step aside—whoever it was would want to pass. But old man Best did not pass. He stopped to peer kindly into the wrinkled face—this was the widow of his dead comrade.

"Did you lose something, Mary? Ain't it pretty raw for you to be out with your rheumatiz?" He stopped and leaned on his cane, a bluff, brisk, kindly man a few years her senior. He lived a few houses farther along on the humble street; he owned his neat, sailor-like home, and was accounted rich because of his small pension, and because he paid no rent—that burden of the poor.

He had seen little of Mary Simpson since she went to live with her son, John. Liz—John's wife—was slatternly and the children noisy, which the old man could not endure. He seldom went there; but now he saw trouble, a thing that called for help.

"Did you, p'raps, find a paper?" Grandma Simpson asked, tremblingly. "Liz sent me to the store with John's pay-check for the week—she was afraid to trust the children—and, somehow—I lost it. I dassen't go home without it, William. I thought I was a-holdin' it tight, but it's gone."

"Well, ain't that too bad? And in this March wind, it must have blown off. It's too wet to hunt for it—and too dark! I'll tell you what you do—you go home; and I'll turn out and hunt for it at first light for you. You tell 'em I will and it'll be all right."

She shook her head, and he saw on her cheek the bitter, scanty tears of the old. He knew what her loneliness were, and tried to comfort her.

"You'll get your death o' cold out here, and p'raps it'll be found and returned in the mornin'—folks is honest about here."

"It won't be found," she answered gloomily. "an' I'd rather die 'n hear what Liz'll say! John ain't home an' she's tired an' cross. She's got too much to do an' I'm a burden even without losin' money for 'em. An' it does seem, though I hate complainin', as if I never could stand her slack housekeepin' an' the children's noise. An' there ain't a corner I can call my own anywhere. Couldn't you go back with me an' tell them it might have happened to anyone?"

The old man turned immediately. "Of course I'll go! No—wait. You come on to my house and I'll stir up the fire and you can stay there and make some tea for yourself, and I'll go along and tell them. Would that be easier? I know how it is to be blamed for losin' things! I'll tell them I found you huntin' for it and you had one o' them spells with your head and I took you to my house. And when John gets home from town, he can come after you."

Grandma Simpson, brightening at thought of temporary freedom, followed him without a word. He led her into the trim, three-roomed house with the garden behind, where he had flowers in summer. He lit a bright, kerosene lamp, stirred up the fire in the kitchen stove and put on the kettle.

"You get you some tea while I'm gone. What did Liz want from the store? You can tell me and I'll get it and take it to her. Say Mary—why not? Yes; let me make it good! It's fifteen dollars, ain't it? I can't well as not!" He stopped, a new thought in his head. His heart was sore. All year, he had been saving to visit his daughter in Denver; and just today she had written him that her husband's people had come and would he wait till next summer for his visit? The letter was kind, but it hurt. He would use some of the money to help Mary out.

"They needn't to know about the check at all, unless it's found—David would have done as much for me," he said of her dead husband. "We was always friends. What did Liz want?"

Unbelieving joy lit the old woman's face. Tidy and trim as a girl in her clean gray calico, she took off her shawl and warmed her hands at the fire.

"You're a good man, William! She wanted some sugar and potatoes, and bacon—and two loaves of bread. I can bake lovely bread, but she won't let me!—my children never ate baker's trade! I'll get your supper while you're gone."

The old man departed, and grand-

ma, reveling in the clean and quiet of the little place, began with her old quickness, to get the simple meal. She put potatoes to bake in the oven, found some baked beans to warm up, and a bit of steak to fry at the last minute, and made ready to brew the tea. She spread the red and white cloth and set the table daintily—Liz just slapped things on, anyway.

But she put on only one plate and cup—if he should ask her to stay, she could soo another. The neighbors might talk if she remained, but her soul longed for a long, leisurely meal, and a talk with some one her own age, without the interruption of the children, or the half-contemptuous listening of Liz. William Best had gone to school with her and David.

When she had done all that she saw to do, she smoothed her poor plumage with the alacrity of a bird, and sat down to wait, with her feet on the hearth. She would not drink tea till he came. What would he have to say?

When she had waited what she thought was an age, and had at last put the meat on to cook, she heard his step on the walk. He looked about a moment, then walked to the cupboard for another plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon. He put them on the table.

"You'll have to stay to supper," he said from the sink, where he was washing his hands. "I left word for John to come fetch you. I guess I bungled the job some. I took the things and the money, and told my little stories, but Liz was considerable riled. Seems she sent Miry to the store to see what come of you, and you must a' dropped the check in there, for they found it on the floor. Liz said I was interferin' and jawed some, but I stuck to it that you had a spell and I guess she believes that much."

Grandma was dishing up the appetizing meal and Liz' wrath was not so close that it worried her at the moment. At least an hour or so of peace was hers, and she would enjoy it to the fullest. She made the tea and the two sat down to eat.

guess perhaps you better stay here—for always, I mean, Mary. There's enough for two, and I like a tidy woman like you about. There's too many in that house—I don't see how you've stood it so long—and too few in this. You come over here just to even things up!"

"John—wouldn't like it—how could I?" she stammered, with the perverseness of woman, at seventeen or seventy, refusing to understand.

"If you married me, John couldn't say nothin', could he? He's a good-enough son, but he's at work, and you really have to live with his wife—besides, you know I always liked you, Mary, from a mite of a girl up, and even as David's wife—an' all. He wouldn't mind my lookin' after you, and it can't be done any other way as I can see. Can it?"

Mary Simpson shook her head; then she began to cry softly into her apron. He rose and patted her shoulder.

"You needn't say nothin' to any of them, Mary? You go home with John and Monday mornin' I'll get a license and Preacher Cottrell and you can slip over here about noon and we'll be married and no one can help it. What do you say?"

The old lady dropped her apron and looked up at him.

"I believe I'd like it real well, William. My little pension would help out some and I've always wanted a little garden and never had one since David died. It seems too good to be true."

William Best went back to his place at the table, content, and she poured him another cup of tea. Then, suddenly, she put her apron to her eyes again.

"What in tunket ails you, woman?" he asked, anxiously.

"I—I ain't fit," she sniffed.

"You—you're good's gold—I've known you all your born life, woman!" He waited for her to explain.

"I mean—that I ain't got a thing fit to be married in!"

Even old man Best could not refrain a laugh at that.

"You're all alike—you women! You beat old White's cattle! I bet Eve cried for a white silk dress to be married in. Finish your supper, woman, and I'll get my mother's black silk out o' that chest in the corner there. It's good as new and you can take a tuck—or something in it. Father brought it home from sea, and it was the finest dress in the village in its time. She never wore it to speak of. Then John knocked and entered, kindly, but rough, and took his mother home. And Grandma Simpson didn't care in the least what her daughter-in-law might say—she could endure anything till Monday.