FEMININE FANCIES
THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Keeping the Children Cool

MOTHERS, especially when they reside in the city, have great difficulty in the summer in keeping their children cool. Outdoor play is oftentimes not enough to keep the lads and lassies cool, and the prickly heat is one of their worst enemies during the very hot months. The mother must remember also that the prickly heat does very little harm with the exception of causing a great deal of worry.

Many little children suffer most from the heat around their necks, on their chests and very often on their upper lips. Why these special places should be marked by the rash is unknown and hard to determine. The little girl who has long hair can often be prevented from having the rash on her neck by fastening her hair well up on the head so that the breeze may be cool and soothing to the skin. With a single hair pin or a simple twist of a hair ribbon the little knot may be fastened. It does not make the little girl look so pretty, but that is little when compared to her comfort in the sweltering sun.

With the approach of warm weather the clothing of the children should be decreased gradually, so that when the very hot months come the child will have discarded all unnecessary things. How can the little girl or boy be cool in long stockings or many petticoats? This is almost impossible, and how much more sensible are the rompers for both boys and girls. A few years ago one was content with having the children wear only the two-piece garment and the feet bare. But with the changing of the styles for grown-ups they have also changed for the tots inasmuch as they must sometimes look pretty in spite of their lack of comfort.

In the winter, rompers are worn over other clothing, but in summer all superfluities should be discarded as decidedly useless. Shirt, under waist and drawers are sufficient in the house. The latest of the romper styles is very pretty, having the round or square Dutch collars and elbow sleeves, although some mothers, forgetting the warm blood of the youngsters, prefer high necks and long sleeves.

One of the greatest aids to children in the summer is the sponge bath. With a little water the discomfort of the heat may be forgotten for many hours. The water should be neither cold nor hot, but just about the heat of the blood. Then the child should be thoroughly sponged with a good soft sponge, and in case the weather is very warm this sponging operation should not be violent. A sponge, wet with cool water and held to the back of the neck of the child, is very beneficial, cooling the blood almost instantly. It also soothes the nerves, especially after play.

It is a good idea to give the child two of these baths during the day. A ban should be placed on ice water, however, for drinking. The intense cold taken into the stomach injures the digestion and very often causes serious illness, and such an illness in the hot months is dangerous.

With the sponge bath the system may absorb all the water that is needed and there can be no fear of a bad result. Of course, the child must have water during the day, but it must not be too cold. At bedtime, often when the child is very warm, a full bath can be given, and the water should be like that used in the other baths, neither cold nor warm, but about blood heat. A rub with alcohol, diluted about 50 per cent., will prove very soothing and the little ones can almost be depended on to sleep quietly until sunrise.

If the prickly heat has already attacked the child one of the best powders is to use half talcum and half bicarbonate of soda. This powder should be sprinkled over the parts affected freely during the days and at bedtime.

Rompers Are the Most Sensible Garment for Boy and Girl.

The Justweds on the Boardwalk.

PERHAPS it was the natural effect of a week in the salt sea air with plenty of exercise—or maybe it was but a demonstration of the good humor which an excellent dinner puts into a man's soul as well as his stomach—but in either case, as Mr. Justwed sauntered out on the veranda after dinner one evening during his vacation at By-the-Sad-Sea-Waves, good humor, mirth, laughter and pleasantries fairly radiated from his beaming countenance.

Cool and spick and span in his flannels, he was positively boyish. Lighting a cigar in that leisurely, painstaking manner that betokens a mind at ease in a man, he dawdled along from one end of the veranda to the other, until Mrs. Justwed, as pretty a picture as there was to be found on the beach, emerged from the dining-room where she had lingered over her coffee, and joined her gleeful Homer-dear.

"Ah!" breathed Mr. J., rapturously. "Just smell that air! It's almost too good to be true, isn't it, dear?"

"It certainly———" began Mrs. Justwed.

"I have it!" interrupted Mr. J., excitedly. "I have it! We'll get Smith-Brown and his wife and go up the boardwalk!"

Mrs. Justwed looked up in surprise.

"Why, Homer," she questioned, "I don't see anything unusually exciting in that! We stroll up the boardwalk almost every evening."

"I know! I know!" continued Mr. J. "But this will be different! We'll go on a regular jamboree. Cut loose a bit, you know! Enter into the real spirit of the thing! Regular Bohemians—and all that sort of thing!"

"Oh, I see" gasped Mrs. Justwed.

"Yes, that'll be just the thing. We've gotten sort of waterlogged hanging around the hotel ever since we've been here. We'll just start out with a brush and change the color of everything that isn't red."

"Don't you think you'd better leave the women behind?" suggested Mrs. J., with some anxiety.

Homer-dear threw back his head and roared.

"You dear silly little goose," he laughed, "nothing like that! This isn't going to be a roughhouse that ends in the police court. Perfectly proper for ladies to be present, I assure you, my dear Blossom. Just a little venture in the unconventional, you see, yet ourselves observing the conventionalities. Nothing wild, nothing woolly, nothing er—er—a——"

"I don't know so much about that," objected Mrs. Justwed, mildly; "I think it would be wiser——"

"Wise, wiser, wisest!" exclaimed Mr. J., sardonically. "There are no such words as those in the English language tonight! What's the matter with you, Blossom; can't you be a sport?"

Mrs. J.'s quick, upward glance of facetious resentment must have been lost on Homer-dear, for he continued:

"We'll take in every sideshow along the Boardwalk—clear to their back yards! We'll poke our noses inside of every cafe, and see how far out into the ocean every last bloomin' pier on the place goes! We'll be in the crowd and of the crowd, and mind you, everything goes! Everything goes—for we're all good fellows together!"

After which sportive effusion, Mr. J. hastened to find the Smith-Browns and take them into the conspiracy. In a few minutes the quartet was strolling along the Boarwalk, lost in the restless, surging throng.

Homer-dear led the way straight to a well-known cafe, where cooling beverages were served under the artificial shade of made-in-New-York sheltering palms. Then he steered them into a few of the sideshows, jollying everyone with a debonair recklessness that Mrs. Justwed didn't know was really in him.

Flying hither and thither in the van, Homer-dear managed to make himself noticed of all around him. His good humor was contagious. He "kidded" the girls who made and served the ice-cream cones, mixed popcorn balls with hot-dog sandwiches and tossed handfuls of salt water taffy to whoever would try to catch it.

And the girls? There wasn't one who passed with a friendly smile without receiving a dozen in return—from both Homer and Smith-Brown!

"All in the game, you see!" explained Mr. J., "everything goes! Everybody happy! Everybody gay! When you're in Rome, you know, do as the Romans do!"

To all of which Mrs. Justwed said nothing.

Indeed, she might just as well have not been present, it seemed. But she was thinking.

So was Mrs. Smith-Brown.

When two women get their heads together, mere man had better sit up and take notice. But when two women drop back a bit from the others and talk it over—as Mrs. Justwed and Mrs. Smith-Brown did—then mere men had best bie themselves to the tell timbers.

Homer-dear had just tossed his last piece of taffy to a buxom blonde, who did not appear over-anxious to catch it—though Smith-Brown claimed she was—when the two Mrs. began operations.

Just then the two male cut-ups noticed that they had become separated from their wives. When they presently located them, directly behind, they gasped, rubbed their eyes and took another look.

There were Mrs. Justwed and Mrs. Smith-Brown with their necks craned over their shoulders actually flirting with two men passing on the other side of the Boardwalk.

Homer-dear turned and looked at Smith-Brown.

Smith-Brown turned and looked at Homer-dear.

"Well, I'll be demmed!" they exclaimed, simultaneously.

Then they both made for their respective wives.

Now, the wives saw them coming, but they pretended not to.

"Oh, you kid!" the fat man in the Panama called to Mrs. J. just as Homer-dear touched her on the shoulder.

Both women were surprised and embarrassed—at least they appeared to be.

"Well!" exclaimed both husbands.

"Well?" retorted both wives.

"Did th—that fellow insult you?" blustered Mr. J.

"Which one of them spoke to you?" stormed Smith-Brown.

Mrs. J. managed to suppress her laughter long enough to suggest:

"Everything goes, you know! Now don't get mad! We were just trying a little bit of the Roman doings, you see. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the g-gander. Ha! ha! Oh my, oh my, how funny you do look, Homer!"

"Ugh!" grunted Homer.

"Ugh!" grunted Smith-Brown.

"Come on! Let's go home!" growled both of them.

And at 11:30 that evening—long after Mrs. J. had retired with exhaustion from an over-indulgence in mirth—Homer-dear was down on the beach talking to the waves with pebbles in his mouth to keep from stammering while giving voice to his rage and chagrin.

In a few minutes the quartet was strolling along the boardwalk, lost in the restless, surging throng.

FOR THE BRIDE.

THE amethyst is the proper precious stone for the bride, and it can be procured set in almost any way and in every imaginable piece of jewelry, even the hatpins, belt buckles and necklaces being ablaze with the pretty stones. Furthermore, stockings, shoes, parasols and gowns have taken on the amethyst shade, which is one of the prettiest colors worn this season.

The Summer Resort Snob

WHY is it that at every summer resort, be it large or small, at least one snobbish woman is to be found? In the smallest of modest country places as well as in the most fashionable of great hotels this woman of the inflated ego holds forth. She is not simply using proper and admirable discretion in selecting those who shall be her friends and others who shall be but acquaintances. Indeed, with her it is not so much a question of with whom shall she associate as of impressing everyone with her own social position.

About herself, her husband, her friends—the rich and fashionable ones only—she is ever ready to talk. She loses no opportunity to boast of her own social position, and the queer part about it all is that she is not particular to whom she tells it so long as they listen and seem duly impressed. She delights in boring people with long and egotistical accounts of her family history, the elegance of her teas the past season, the fashionables with whom she rubs elbows on the highest pinnacle of social success, and the magnificent homes to which she has the entre.

Impressed herself by such an array of social facts, she believes firmly that others cannot help but be impressed. She judges people not by what they themselves are, but by what they are socially. And she does not hesitate to ask them frankly just who they are and who they know. She not infrequently goes so far as to write to one or more of her own friends and ask if they can tell her anything about the social standing of the people in question. The occupations of the male members of the family concerned are of vast interest to her. If they are in trade—retail trade—hopeless! If they have professions or are quite wealthy, then she is willing to give them that and confine her speculations to the identity and social position of their friends. But she never loses an opportunity to boast of her own attainments along the line that she considers the most important in life.

The truly well-bred woman of unquestionable social position is the last one in the world to speak of it. If she meets people with whom she does not care to associate, she quietly and courteously steers clear of them. She does not snub them. Nor does she try to impress them with her own importance. But not so with the woman who makes a household god of social position and enshrines it in her heart and on her hearth. In nine out of ten cases the reason why she worships "society" is because she herself is not of it. She is a parasite socially, and a fool generally.

Wear Two Pair.

THE stocking probably never before took such a part in woman's toilet as it has this season, and one of the latest effects is the wearing of two pair, one over the other, in order to produce the fashionable changing effect. The stockings are of the very sheerest and cobwebby kind, of course, and the under pair is usually of a brighter color than the other. One of the favorite combinations is that of bronze over yellow. The effect is like that produced in the mixing of oil paints. Green and blue give a peacock effect, and black over green is very pretty, with a green parasol and a black dress showing green touches.

A PRETTY CENTERPIECE.

A VERY pretty centerpiece can be made by trimming a box or small basket with crepe and filling it with white or yellow flowers, such as tulips, daffodils or narcissus. In the bottom of the basket have a tin filled with water in which to stand the flowers.

Hats for the Outing.

WITH the planning of the vacation trip the hats are one of the main things to be considered, and for the average outing there must be an inexpensive little chapeau of simple lines, which one can wear for morning walks and excursions. The hat should be very simple for ordinary wear, yet it must be becoming. It need not be trimmed with flowers, as the sun soon fades these and they are pretty for a short time only. The uncurled ostrich tips have been favorites for some time and are very pretty.

The black hat is always a very safe investment, as it can be worn both at day and at night. Pretty touches of color are very often added to the black hats for those who think the alone black is too somber. A very pretty model is shown with a facing of pale-pink basket-straw and adorned with loops of black velvet, which are draped around the crown, finished with a flat bow and two ostrich feathers at the left side. One of the latest of the small hats is fashioned with a high crown and a curled brim. It is of the oatmeal-colored straw. Pink roses and foliage furnish the trimming.

One of the most charming hats for afternoon wear is of moderate size, the brim outlined with a downward curve, giving a pretty effect to the wearer. It is formed of mole gray straw and the underbrim has pale blue silk. Encircling the brim is a wreath of pink roses and foliage.

GOOD SEWING INSTRUMENT.

A good tip for women who do their own sewing is to keep a small pair of tweezers in their workbasket. These will be found useful, especially in pulling out the stubborn ends of basting cotton.

To Pack Bottles.

A DIFFICULTY hard to overcome is the packing of bottles, especially when so many are needed on the summer or fall vacation. It should be first ascertained that the corks are sound and that the liquid will not be allowed to seep through them. Then cut pieces of small pliable wire. Draw a piece of the wire around the neck of each bottle and make a loop, drawing tight. Put the other end across the cork, forming another loop around the neck of the bottle. When it is prepared in this way the bottle may be carried in trunk or bag without danger of leakage.

Sunshine and the Hair.

IT is almost impossible to persuade most girls not to go bareheaded in the sun, and for this reason the hair is very often injured. The effect of the sun on the hair is just about the same as using a too hot curling iron, causing the hair to become crisp and dry. The constant exposure to the sun causes the hair to lose the life and polish that it formerly had.

The only thing to prevent this condition is to wear a hat, a large straw one being the best for the purpose. These hats are not expensive and they will save the hair from losing the nourishing oils and from the starving of the follicles. For hair which has already been injured by the sun it is best to procure some nourishing tonic. If this is not done, light-brown hair will become soiled yellow in spots, black locks will become rusty, while the natural blond tresses take on the color and look of ash.

She Delights in Boring People About Her Family History.

A CORNER FOR MEN

Mr. Good Fellow on the Commuter.

"IT may be hot in town all right, with the Turkish bath places not having anything on the out-of-doors," remarked Mr. A. Good Fellow, "but I just tell you there are a few other things to consider besides the heat.

"Now I happen to have a friend, Bliggins, you know, who thinks he's got a strangle-hold on side-stepping this heat thing and giving it the merry ha ha. But he hasn't! It's got him locoed for fair! What does this wise guy friend of mine do, Bo? Why, he hikes out along one of the roads leading out of the city and picks out a dilapidated old farmhouse that is trying its best to live up to the trolley poles that stand where the corn used to wave and nod in the evening breeze.

"After a few hours of preliminaries, during which Bliggins arranged nothing and the garrulous old landlady everything her own way, Bliggins became that most pitiable of all pitiable things on the face of the earth—a commuter. Yes, sir, he bled himself straight down to the offices of the alleged trolley line—that runs its cars when the motorman feels so inclined—and plunks down $3.90 for a commutation book. He moved out with his family in the middle of the month, but that didn't go one-two-three with the company. Bliggins had to pay for the whole commutation book!

"Now old Blig proceeds to beat it in and out each day, throwing a large front as to how much he likes it and what a good thing he has on the other chaps at the office who have to stay in the city and swelter of an evening. Bliggins is always on time for work in the morning—but he keeps mighty mum about having to get up at six to make his car. He blows and bullies about the glorious sunsets and the cool breezes in the evening, after his day's work is done—but, take it from me, Bo, he never mentions the fact that the alleged trolley line doesn't land him at his rural domicile until just as the shades of night are falling and all he can see from the front veranda is the same kind of darkness we have here in the city.

"Bliggins has also developed the 'what-time-is-it?' habit. Watch him of an afternoon when it's getting near closing-up time. What is he thinking about? Catching his car, to be sure! Many a day he misses it, and has a sweet old wait of an hour for the next one. That's all right, though, argues Bliggins, it gives him an extra appetite. And there you are!

"But the worst thing about this commuting business, Bo, is the bundles. Since Bliggins has been out there, he hasn't gone home a single evening with nothing but his evening paper in his hands. He lugs out everything from hairpins for his wife to the family wash. And from a baseball bat for his 10-year-old to a case of beer for himself. This evening, though, it was just about the limit.

"I had been out of the office for a few minutes and was walking along when Bliggins came beatin' by for fair. I asked him to come in and have a drink before setting out for the pastoral fields. But he couldn't see it. Would miss his car. Had an errand to do first and would have to hustle to catch it. Sorry, and all that, you know, but he just had to bring out some sweet corn and tomatoes. Had promised his landlady he would—and she was waiting for them for dinner!"

A Horse's Endurance

IF a horse is driven daily he cannot go a very great distance. The daily average distance of the useful steed is very hard to determine. The London bus horse does 18 miles a day, and in the old days a pair of coach horses used to do 28 miles, pulling a coach weighing one ton. Other horses have made over 80 miles a day, but these were never worked over twice a week. A good horse can trot from 20 to 30 miles for several days, but he cannot keep it up. He may be able to make 60 miles in one day, but he must rest the next. Small horses can stand more work and recover from it more easily than large animals, but the larger ones are much better at pulling a heavy load.

COPPER.

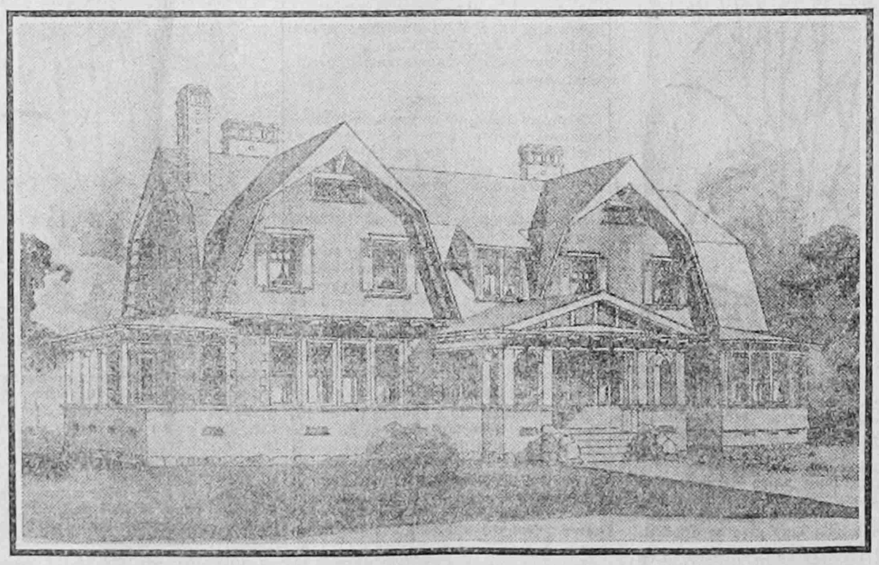
IN these days of electricity copper has become one of the indispensable metals. Last year the production of copper in the United States exceeded that of any other year, the totals as compiled by the Geological Survey being 942,570,721 pounds.

English Pensions.

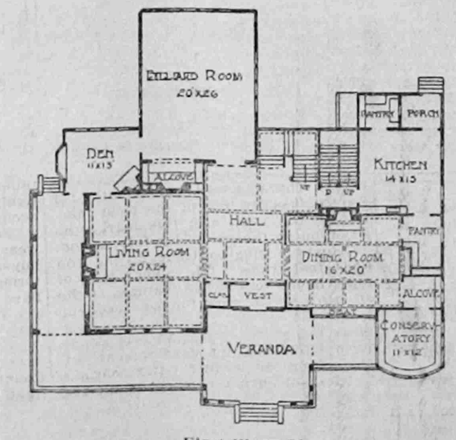
THE largest annual pension in the world is paid to the Duke of Richmond, of England, who receives $95,000. This pension is also perpetual and passes from father to son. It was granted over 300 years ago. Taking the annual payment on account of pensions at the present time, Earl Nelson has the largest outside the royal annuities, receiving $25,000 per year, payable in perpetuity to all and every one of the heirs to whom the title of Earl Nelson shall descend. The Duke of Wellington's annual pension is $20,000 a year for life. Lord Rodney's pension is like that of Earl Nelson, perpetual. The amount of the royal annuities, excluding that of the King's grant, which is $1,925,000, is $865,000. The pensions for naval and military services amount to $138,500; political and civil, $86,430; judicial, $353,525. The largest pension on retiring from office is $25,000, given to the retiring chancellors. This is also an annual pension.

An English Suburban Villa.

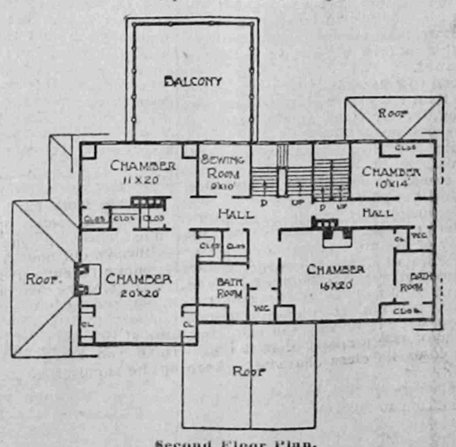
DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



SHOWING a type of the English suburban home. It is constructed in part of brick and stone and a considerable portion of the exterior finished with shingles and stained. Cement could be used to a good advantage on the exterior, but in this design it was intended to use shingles. The house is covered with a low, spreading gambrel roof, with two gables in the front, a wide piazza entrance and an open terrace continued in front of the living-room and connecting with a covered piazza at the side of same. This house is planned on a liberal scale, with large and ample-sized rooms, arranged for comfort and convenience. The central vestibule entrance opens into a hall 14 feet wide, with wide sliding doors opening on each side, the left hand opening into a large living-room that is 20 by 24 feet and sliding doors opening on the right into the dining-room, 16 by 20 feet. The main staircase leads out of the rear of the main hall, and at the left of the same are wide sliding doors opening into a billiard-room, 20 by 26 feet, this room being one story in height. The living-room connects with the billiard-room through a den that is 12 by 14 feet. At the right-hand side and front of dining-room is a conservatory 12 by 12 feet, making a beautiful place for plants, with glazed windows on three sides. At the rear of the dining-room is a large, ample kitchen, rear stairs, pantries, etc. The general size of the house, exclusive of projections, is 36 by 64 feet, standing with the broad side to the front. In the second floor are two large chambers and two small chambers, a dressing-room, ample closets and two bathrooms. The attic is divided into a large amusement-room and servant-rooms. The entire house is furnished in a strictly modern way, with hardwoods on the first floor and softwoods and enamel on the second floor, the principal rooms on the first floor being finished with beamed ceilings. The stories are low, the first story being nine feet and the second eight feet. It is estimated that this house can be built complete, exclusive of heating and plumbing, for $10,000. The cost can be very materially increased or diminished, according to the finish used and the materials that are used for the construction. The roof is shingled, also the gables and side walls. The shingles are stained Sienna brown, and all casings and trimmings throughout painted white or a light cream color.



First Floor Plan.



Second Floor Plan.

Latest Fashions for Men.

THE correct dress for men of today is a combination of care and carelessness, the former being shown in regard to details and the latter in avoidance of the foppish.

The man's dress for this summer and autumn must be manly, but not to the extreme, and as soon as it borders on the feminine it becomes offensive. This is one of the reasons why gold waistcoat buttons, braided evening coats, white gloves with the backs embroidered in black silk, and pointed-toe pumps are not considered correct for the well-dressed man. Simplicity is the prevailing note.

But the first thing to consider in the warm months is comfort, and the man who can dress with some style and yet be comfortable is a man to be envied. Well-cut clothing, spotless linen and knee-length underwear are comfortable and sensible. One of the correct models for the summer and autumn wear is the double-breasted flannel suit, the jacket being cut wide and stitched along the edges, cuffs and pockets. The lapels are very broad, well rolled and overlapping. During the summer the tendency toward clothes is softness and lightness. The jacket fronts are unlined and unstiffened in order that they may hang naturally and gracefully when the coat is buttoned. The steam laundries and machine ironing should be avoided, as even the best collars and shirts cannot stand this treatment. The linen must be washed by hand, and the domestic finish means a lustreless finish on all linen.

Knitted four-in-hands are much in favor. The best of these are in pure silk and chosen to conform with the shirt. The summer yachtsmen wear blue serge coats and flannel trousers, turned up at the bottoms, rubber-soled white shoes, white lisle hose and white shirt with attached soft collar. The cap is of the old style, with the initial or the emblem of the club embroidered on its front.

The golfer is now wearing flannel trousers, with a cuff at the bottom. White ducks are worn very little on the links, as are also knickers. The half-sleeve shirts are very comfortable and are much worn. "Stocks" are very rarely worn, being too hot and stuffy. The golf shoes are cut very low and are made of black calfskin or tan. The hobnails or rubber disks, worn to give the player a firmer hold in playing, are purchased separately and are then fastened to the shoes. There are certain rules which man must observe for the sake of convention, but beyond this he may follow his own taste and judgment in the matter of dress.

STEEL STREET CARS.

WITHIN the next few months street cars will be placed in operation in Chicago made entirely of steel. This will be an experiment, as they have never been tried before. The making of the cars is going on now by an order of the railway companies. Fifty of the cars are being manufactured, and the first are now being fitted and furnished. They are all steel and not a piece of wood is used in them except a wooden strip on the step, wooden hand-grips for mounting, a running-board at top for the trolley bases and the doors. The latter, however, will be made of steel in the next consignment of cars ordered. It is claimed that the cars will be safe in case of fire, collisions and derailments.