

# Stunning Mrs. Richard Harding Davis

CHIC TUB SUIT.

NEW YORK, June 7.—It is a year of distinctions as well as of illusions. We have discovered that Richard Harding Davis is growing too stout to be an idol, and that Charles Dana Gibson is becoming altogether too fond of society to be interesting. Alas! What fools those mortals be to allow themselves to topple off their pedestals!

But not so with Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Dana. The former is the most absolutely swell girl in Gotham, fine in pose and addicted to lovely costumes in gray and dreams in soft clinging black, with plenty of swish and perfume to them. Mrs. Gibson is of a heavier mold, but none the less admired. She dresses like a Gibson girl always—narrow bands of sable on white gowns in the summer time, and roses upon her corsage in winter. Always something to catch the eye—like the girl in the picture book.

How interested we are in those Washington layettes. Mrs. Corbin has gone to her summer home, Mrs. Depper has retired with the senator where they can be the unobserved of all observers for the first time since they were married, while Mrs. Roosevelt goes to Oyster Bay, Lavette and all.

The gossips say it may be for some dear friend, but what do the dicker birds say?

We are to have and to hold strange things this summer, not the least strange of them being a new fan.

This is actually divided into two extremes, the tiny Empire fan, which is the daintiest little thing you ever saw, and which must be grasped by grasping it in the middle and lifting the elbow high, with vigorous strokes, and the very large fan, which is moved by the hand which rests in the lap.

One fan recently carried at a very elegant luncheon actually measured a yard across when unfurled. It was in silk, painted in imitation of a Japanese fan. There were circles of red and circles of gold, and a dear little maid of the Orient tripped lightly over all.

This fan was called an Oriental fan, and was worn by a girl in gray, a demure miss, whose gray sleeves hung in great pagoda shapes, showing a dazzling red lining beneath, while the vest of her gown was in bright red, and the same blood color was revealed in the stock and belt.

The little fans are often home-made, upon an old foundation of sticks and handles. One always has a skeleton in the drawer, if not in the closet, and upon this skeleton one can build up a fan that is pretty to a degree. Let the basis be a bit of silk to match your best waist, and if you have no other trimming use a bit of shirred chiffon. That is the way the Frenchwomen do, and their empire fans are the real article, famous the world over. A few bright butterflies are appliqued in the chiffon.

It is a new frill in fans to attach butterflies to the top or under the edge in such a way that they dance with the fan. A very short spiral under the body of the butterfly causes the merry flight. Four of these little creatures, in graduated sizes, flitted above a fan waved by a pretty actress the other evening at an after-theater supper party.

The ping-pong dinner party is the latest thing. The guests come to dinner, and after the feast, which is not a very long one, they repair to the drawing room to wait until the dinner table is cleared. They all come back to the dining room, the net is spread and the ping-pong game begins.

The gown to wear is a costume as elegant as possible, but it has its peculiarities, and differs from other dinner gowns. The ping-pong dinner party dress is not décolleté.

Its sleeves are not very short, elbow length being in the best of taste. The waist, while not a loose one, is built upon lines that will admit of stooping to pick up the balls.

The skirt is of sweep length, but is not a trained skirt. The dress combines prettiness and utility, for unless one can fly around after the ball one might as well give up, for ping-pong is a vigorous exercise, and no mistake.

They are moving the tables out upon the piazzas and playing it under the honeysuckles.

Embroidery enters so largely into the scheme of the ping-pong dress, as well as every other dress of the season, that it is difficult to overestimate its beautifying effects upon a gown.

The latest cry in embroidery is the embroidered cuff. Have you seen the French sleeve, which is rather small at the shoulder and grows gradually wider until the elbow dwells in a pronounced bag. Well, this is the sleeve approved by all the up-to-date French women. It is a sleeve made popular in the very select circle in which the Louvels, the Cassinier-Periers and the ultra-political set move.

Below the cuff this French sleeve takes on an elbow, a long, narrow cuff, and suggests a tunnel through which the hand is thrust. Its feature is its length and its snugness. It is not as comfortable as the flowing sleeve, but it is very fashionable. Then comes the flare around the hand.

This long cuff is embroidered heavily and the most exquisite jeweled designs are introduced into it. There are great flowers and there are trailing vines which finally stray off and are lost in the folds of the upper sleeve.

To be in the swim, or out of it, one must have the tassel. It is the pretty caper to knit such a belt yourself, choosing a turquoise blue crochet silk and making it in a shell stitch, pretty but very firm. The close crochet stitch, sometimes used for men's neckties, is the one that is most often seen.

The belt should be only two inches wide and its ends should be completed with metal belt tips, such as can be purchased, or that can be taken off any old belt. A pretty buckle is now added. A stock, exactly to match the belt,

This delightful model is in mercerized madras. The blouse is finely tucked, the tucks being outlined in black, with ornamentation of white appliqued medallions. The lower part of the skirt also has the medallion effect. The appliques are caught with black velvet on the skirt.

most now be knitted, and it must be fastened in the front with a buckle. You will see sets similar to this in the shops. It is very nice to make a belt of linen, like one's shirtwaist. Any harness-maker will supply it with holes, and one can use the harness buckle if one prefers it to the jeweled one. This brass harness buckle is quite the thing for the washable belt, for it slips on and off and does its work well. A smaller one is used upon the stock.

The ladies of Gotham are all making themselves linen belts and stocks, and those of the more industrious type are embroidering them, selecting the neatest of little daisy and rose designs, and designs that are neither daisy nor rose, but are pretty to look at just the same.

A new feature has appeared in the world of trimmings—the tassel. It is used in many small ways, which can best be described by likening them to the use of the fur tail last winter. Wherever and however the fur-tail was used, even so is the tassel seen nowadays.

A bunch of tassels decorates the ends of a pretty tulle bow which was fastened around the neck of a Newport belle.

Another and more daring young lady wears tassels from the side of her hat, in Turkish fez manner. Still another wears them in little bunches down the front of her silk coat.

Skirts are trimmed with tassels put on the skirt in panel fashion, groups of three appearing down the side of the skirt. It may be that this will be an innovation and a welcome one, but as yet the modistes are taking to the tasseled gowns slowly and are using them as trimmings very sparingly.

Another feature, to be noted in the early dress of summer, is the appearance of the green feather. This decoration is in the brightest green you ever saw, a green that shades into yellow. It is a brilliant, almost metallic, green, and the

fashionable hat has three of these bright green plumes upon it. They are fastened at one side and should droop upon the hair.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. wears a hat in black with a facing of white, a modest hat. It is rather tall and of irregular shape, the sides not corresponding in outline. The top is flat, with a high plateau effect. One side has an indentation in the straw, and here is a big black straw ornament; and complete one always, or possibly a deep gray, but as for white or any other ing out from under it are the three bright green feathers, which trail and tower and nod upon the hat.

In handling such brilliant colors as yellowish green and that new craze, sun yellow, one should be very careful and select the proper shade. Black is the color, it should be chosen with prayer and worn with care.

The French are continually trying to send something new. A skirt which is said to have been designed for a Newport leader, and which would certainly become her dignified style well, is in gray cloth, in a light shade, an oyster gray color.

The front is one long expanse of cloth, unbroken from the belt to the wide hem, where it is well stitched in many little groups, to give the skirt a stiffness.

Each side of the front breadth the skirt is cut out at about the knee length, and all around the back. There is a drop skirt of gray silk, and this outer cloth skirt is stitched to it. The silk skirt flares elegantly at the back, and is finished with a flounce of silk set beneath. It is very long, and sweeps the floor with the most charming curves imaginable.

The waist is a shirtwaist in silk, trimmed with a narrow design in cloth,

stitched to the silk. There are deep cloth cuffs, and there is a cloth sailor collar, or a skeleton sailor collar, less heavy than the real.

The skeleton coats are more and more fashionable. They are made of lace and different kinds of laces are used, the Irish crochet lace being by far the most popular. The coat may be short or long, but it should certainly be a feature of the wardrobe.

The lace coat, while it has an elegant sound, is not necessarily very expensive. It is not a difficult coat to make, and as lace by the yard can be cheaply bought, the difficulties are soon overcome. Any long coat pattern will do.

A lace coat made for the Sarasota piazzas—always a feature of that resort—is cut very long and very straight, just the order of the English racing coat. There is a yoke of white taffeta with a sailor collar of taffeta, turning back over the yoke. Then comes the long, straight lace coat part, open in front and swinging wide. Wide streamers of taffeta tie at the bust, while the ends float.

A skeleton coat of black coral lace, of any of the novelty laces, is a very good thing to have in the wardrobe, as it can be slipped on over one's old taffeta or half-worn chiffon or Louisiana waists, carrying with it an indescribable air of elegance.

The hat to wear with the skeleton coat is the crin hat, or the hat of very open straw, the skeleton hat.

They are striving to get summer hats entirely without trimming. One lovely model is the bowl-shaped hat, with a rim that turns up all the way around, straight up, and then toward the crown of the bowl itself. It is trimmed with a single long quill, which is drawn through the brim in two places and bent at the ends, while the ends stick out in a too aggressive manner.

It is considered the smart thing to own a hat or two that can be wet without death to good looks. Some of the grass hats now only have this virtue, but are absolutely benefited by being drenched. The complexion of the hat is created by the bath.

A hat sported by a pretty girl on Fifth avenue one showery day was in black open straw, with a wide up-turning brim in a rough, grassy-looking straw in its natural color. With this she wore a tailored gown in straw-colored cloth.

The skirt was as plain as a skirt could be, without as much as a flare flounce, the necessary flare being managed by the way the skirt was cut, not by the addition of a flounce.

The coat was a tight-fitting one, a little longer than the waist. It was a little on the Norfolk order, for there were two plaits in the back that were stitched on and that tapered a little toward the waist line. They were wide apart at the shoulders, but at the belt they almost met. In front there were two plaits arranged in the same manner. Big yellow horn buttons secured this coat being drenched.

The fancy for the pretty blouse coat is growing. It has many advantages, one being that one need not wear a full shirt waist beneath it. A blouse in fern-green cloth is secured down the front with gun-metal buttons. The neck is low all the way around, and finished by a deep turn-over collar that suggests the sailor, though its outline is irregular.

While one does not crave sham in any form, this pretty little vest front is creeping its way into the foremost ranks, and one will certainly see it with the blazer coat, with the Russian blouse and with the little coat that just frills below the belt line.

The Eton and boero demand the fall shirt waist, for they are short and are little more than armholes in many of the newest designs that have been seen. A little bird straight from a dressmak-

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er's window twitters a few words about the new sleeves. This well posted little authority says that sleeves will continue to be loose somewhere, and that all sleeves will be fashionable that boast a bagginess at one spot or another.

The full sloping shoulder which they are trying to bring in is produced by the sleeve that has pin tucks at the shoulder and a full bag at the wrists. But this sleeve is so very trying to the figure. That may keep it from being popular.

As long as the sleeve bags somewhere, be it at the elbow, the wrist, or even at the shoulder, it is all right, and you can wear it with a feeling of serenity as of one who is in the style and knows it.

While sleeves grow dressier and larger, baggier and more and more difficult to understand, skirts become more simple, more elegantly finished, more sleek, more lengthening to the figure.

### Does Your Shoe Pinch?

In these days, when there is much stopping to be done and much trotting about from place to place, the creak of my lady's smart military heels and the tap of her dull-leather, pointed-toed, buckled colonial shoes may have a cheery and active sound. But these "picture shoes" inflict torture upon her often, just as ugly shoes might do. Perhaps it is the heat of the spring days that causes the new shoe to pinch the foot in some unexpected spot. This can be alleviated, and often completely cured, by placing a cloth wrung out in boiling water over the portion of the shoe that hurts. The shoe must be kept on the foot till the damp heat has sufficiently stretched the leather. If necessary, repeat the process several times.

### A Cheap Meal.

A day's meals consisting of breakfast, dinner and supper for a family of six persons at a total cost of 50 cents is one of the demonstration "chests" which have been shown recently at Teachers' college in New York. Butter is conspicuous for its absence on all the tables, although 20 tab-

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THE NATTY REEFING COAT.



This handsome effect is made in white serge, with brass buttons and blue collar and cuffs, which are stitched in white. Blue soutache braid, which follows the sides of the gorge, is used for the trimming of the skirt.

spoonfuls were allowed for the day's cooking. On the breakfast table are a mold of oatmeal, six bread rolls and coffee with milk and sugar. For luncheon there is lentil soup, fry bread and cabbage salad, with a boiled dressing, made without the usual mayonnaise sauce. The total weight of the food for the three meals is about seventeen pounds, or less than three pounds a day for each person. An analysis of the food elements shows that about two-thirds of an allowance is carbohydrates, about one-sixth proteins and about one-fifth fat.

**MENU FOR SUNDAY.**

**BREAKFAST,**  
Fruit.  
Rolls. **DINNER,** Coffee.  
Cream of Asparagus.  
Roast Chicken. Potato Puffs.  
Green Peas. Lettuce.  
Olives.  
Strawberry Shortcake.  
Coffee.  
**SUPPER,**  
Chicken Salad.  
Brown Waters. Grape Jelly.  
Bananas in Cream.  
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### GOLF COSTUME.



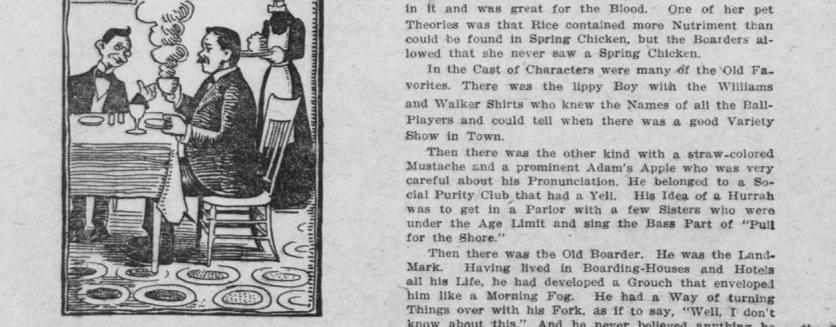
This is the latest and most becoming suit for the athletic woman. The white, hand-knit sweater is outlined in black embroidery. Small, crocheted black buttons are used for the front effect. The black collar, cuffs, and belt are attached.

## The Modern Fable of the Regular Kind of a Place and the Usual Way It Turned Out. By George Ade.

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NEVER there was a home-like Beanyery where one could tell the Day of the Week by what was on the Table.

The Stroke Out of this Food Bazaar had been in the business for 20 years and she had earned her Harp three times over. The Prune Joke



Knows All the Ball Players.

harbor any Improper Characters. A good many Improper Characters came around and sized up the Lay-Out and then flew.

It was a sure-enough Boarding House, such as many of our Best People know all about even if they won't tell. All they had to do to get the Center Table ready for Ping-Pong was to take off the Caster.

The Landlady was doing what she could to discourage the Beef Trust, but she carried a heavy line of Oatmeal. She had Oatmeal to burn and sometimes she did it. And she often remarked that Spinach had Iron in it and was great for the Blood. One of her pet Theories was that Rice contained more Nutrimint than could be found in Spring Chicken, but the Boarders allowed that she never saw a Spring Chicken.

In the Cast of Characters were many of the Old Favorites. There was the lippy Boy with the Williams and Walker Shirts who knew the Names of all the Ball-Players and could tell when there was a good Variety Show in Town.

Then there was the other kind with a straw-colored Mustache and a prominent Adam's Apple who was very careful about his Pronunciation. He belonged to a Social Purity Club that had a Yell. His Idea of a Hurrah was to get in a Parlor with a few Sisters who were under the Age Limit and sing the Bass Part of "Pull for the Shore."

Then there was the Old Boarder. He was the Land-Mark. Having lived in Boarding-Houses and Hotels all his Life, he had developed a Grouch that enveloped him like a Morning Fog. He had a Way of turning Things over with his Fork, as if to say, "Well, I don't know about this." And he never believed anything he saw in the Papers. He said the Papers printed those things just to fill up. The Circassian Princess that brought in the Vittles paid more attention to him than to anyone else, because if he didn't get Egg on his Lettuce he was liable to cry all over the Table Cloth.

Then there was the chubby Man who came in every Evening and told what had happened at the Store that Day and there was a human Ant-Eater who made Puns.

One of the necessary Features of a refined Joint is the Slender Thing Taking Music.

The Slender Thing who is taking Music and has Mommie along to fight off the Managers and hush the Voice of Scandal. This Boarding-House had one of these Mother-and-Child Combinations that was a Dream. Daughter was full of Kugelik and Josef Hoffman. Away back in the Pines somewhere there was a Father who was putting up for the Outfit. Mother's Job

seemed to be to sit around and Root. She was a consistent little Booster. If what Mother said was true, then Effie's Voice was a good deal better than it sounded. She said the Teachers were just crazy about it and all of them agreed that Effie ought to go to Paris or Milan. The slinky Boy with the rag-time Shirt went them one better and said that ALL of the phoney Melbas in the country ought to pull for the Old Country and wait until they were sent for.

In this same Boarding-House there was a Widow whose husband had neglected to die. Being left all alone in the World she had gone out to make her Way, since which time she had gained about 20 pounds and was considered Great Company by the Young Men.

Necessarily there was a Pale Lady who loved to read and who stuck to the Patterns that appeared in Godey's Magazine soon after the War.

Then there was the Married Couple, without any Children or Furniture of their own, and the only reason they didn't take a House was that Henry had to be out of Town so often. Henry's Salary had been whooped \$200 a Year and she was just beginning to say Gown Instead of Dress. She had the Society Column for Breakfast and things looked Dark for Henry.

For many months this conventional Group of ordinary St. Mortals had lived in a Rut. At each meal-time they rounded up and mechanically devoured what was doled out to them and folded their Napkins and broke ranks. Each day was the duplicate of another and Life had petered down to a Routine.

One Evening, just as they had come in for their Vermicelli, a new Boarder glided into their midst. She was a tall Gypsy Queen with about \$1,200 worth of Clothes that fit her everywhere and all the time and she had this watch-me-kind of a Walk, the same being a Cue for all the other Girls to get out their Hard-wares.

When she moved up to the Table and began to distribute a few sample Smiles, so as to indicate the Character of her Work, the musical Team went out with the Tide, the Grass Widow curled up like an Autumn Leaf, the touch-me-not Married Lady dropped into the Scrub

Division. The Lady who read was shy a Spoon and afraid to ask for it. The Men were all goggle-eyed and the Help was running into Chairs and dropping important parts of the Menu.

Presently the Landlady came in and explained. She said that Mrs. Williams was in the City to shop for a couple of Days and her Husband would be up on the Night Train. Whereupon five men fell under the Table.

MORALE: Nothing ever happens at a Boarding House



The New Boarder.