

# A FORECAST OF THE SUMMER STYLES---BY ADELAIDE SAMSON



A summer suggestion in white with colored border.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE

### WHY THE BROADWELLS MOVED

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON

YOUNG Mrs. Alden laid her best silver spoons on her second best table cloth, and glanced anxiously in the direction of the new Nottingham curtains which adorned her dining-room windows. "Dr. Henry" was smoking, not a rich-scented Havana, but a pipe to whose coloring he had devoted some years of his bachelorhood. Mrs. Allen was quite sure that the smell of it would cling to her curtains for a week, but she did not give utterance to her anxiety because "Dr. Henry," as he was called in the family, had money. And upstairs in a big basket trimmed in dotted Swiss and blue ribbons was a wee "Henry," who was undoubtedly the magnet which drew the big Henry over from Pittston about once a week.

So Mrs. Alden took refuge in neighborhood gossip, and Mrs. Broadwell was such a poor neighbor. Not that she seemed to care much about her house. It was really something shocking, Henry, the way she let her house go.

Mrs. Alden stopped to polish the cut-glass jelly dish, and smoothed, with housewifely pride, the corners of her real Renaissance center piece.

"It was a perfect eye-sore to me. When I'd look over there, every window shade was pulled different, and sometimes her bed-clothes hung out of the upstairs windows until dark. I used to feel real sorry for Mr. Broadwell, for those children used to come running out to meet him, looking like little coal-heavers. Honestly, they played in the dirt from morning till night, and she'd give 'em raisins and things to put in their mud-pies—anything to keep 'em outdoors so she could write."

"Of course, I suppose if you can write, you want to do it, but then you shouldn't get married. A man wants a woman to look after his house and his children. I'm sure John would be crazy if two children came out to paw over him and climb up his nice clean clothes, and right in the middle of the afternoon, too, when folks are walking and driving by."

"Once I asked them over here to a tea party—I'd been making up some gingerbread that John likes most particularly—and I had to wash them before I could let 'em sit down. They were real pretty when they got washed up, but they never came into our yard again. I suppose she somehow resented my noticing how dirty they were."

"But I couldn't help feeling sorry for them. She never did any baking, but bought everything from the baker's, and such stuff is not filling for children—"

"And she wasn't a bit forehanded. Things just seemed to be falling to pieces, what they did have, which wasn't much. The lambrequin on her parlor mantel was about five years behind the times, and she never seemed to have any pride in making it over. And when we gave the anniversary dinner for the minister, Mrs. Davis asked her to loan us a few doilies, and she said she didn't have such a thing in the house. Just think of it—not a doyley to her name!"

"And she bought ready-made clothes, too, when any one knows that you can make them better and cheaper at home. She didn't take kindly to hints, though we all tried to help her and tell her about a cheap sewing girl, and how Mary Ann Haswell would rather work for her board than go to the poor-farm."

"She was that shiftless that the neighbors felt relieved when she went to Pittston, for she was a real disgrace to the neighborhood. I hope somebody real nice and particular will move into that house, because we're going to paint this spring and put in gravel walks."

"Dr. Henry's" pipe was out. He knocked the ashes into a Japanese bowl on the mantel, tucked the pipe lovingly into the morocco case and drew a long breath.

"Well, they are not disgracing any neighborhood just now," he said. "The children are with their grandmother in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Broadwell is in the hospital at Pittston with typhoid."

"Do tell!" Mrs. Alden nearly dropped the platter of cold meat she was bringing from the pantry. "Well, I'm not surprised, for she certainly hadn't the first idea how to care for herself or any one else."

"She was pretty badly run down when I was called in," continued the other, "but it was from other causes than bake-shop food. You see, she married Broadwell against the wishes of her family, who, by the way, live very well in Philadelphia."

"Broadwell is a poor stick so far as making money is concerned. So are his brothers, and just before they moved here from Pittston his mother died after a long illness, during which she was nursed faithfully by Mrs. Broadwell. Then the other brothers sort of dodged the question of paying the doctor and the undertaker, and Broadwell hadn't a dollar."

"Mrs. B. was too proud to ask help from her folks, so she did the best thing she knew how—turned to her writing as a means to pay the undertaker and the doctor, who happened to be myself. It was silly, and I told her so. Most women would have left that to their husbands and nagged the life out of 'em for bringing an old mother home to die. But Mrs. B. has peculiar ideas about honor and honesty. She thinks that to pay one's doctor is more important than to own doilies. So she packed away all her pretty wedding presents where the two children couldn't ruin them, bought the youngsters' brown linen clothes and turned 'em loose. I can't see but what the children thrived on the life, and certainly the undertaker and the doctor were paid up."

"When they came back to Pittston, I ran in to see her, just socially, you understand, and I got a shock. That night I wrote her mother, but it was too late. She had to be taken to the hospital in the morning."

EARLY summer styles indicate a return to the charming old fantasies of our great grandmothers, brought to up-to-date requirements by the modern loom.

These are flowered organdies, old-time grenadines in plaids or besprinkled with sprigs of flowers, veilings of every variety, mounting in the scale from simple voiles to crepe voiles and voile chiffons.

Colors can only be described as indescribable. Every possible gradation of shade and light is extracted from a primary color. In fact, the new school is a wonderful school in color training. One no longer hears of brilliant orange as a touch of color. It is the fashion to deal in tawny yellow, dregs of champagne, banana tints and almond leaf greens.

It is curious to note that while bands of Persian and other Oriental effects are among the popular fantasies as trimmings, there is no special preponderance of embroidered materials. As a matter of fact, these materials are too expensive and too fragile to become permanent favorites. The most elaborate effects are brought about through exquisitely handled printing on the goods themselves, and are wonderfully moderate in cost.

All the sheers are ruffled, puffed and shirred in the style of fifty years ago. If one of our up-to-date summer girls were to don a crinoline, she

would be taken for one of her old family portraits. Even the new flare hats, with all their eccentricity of curves and dents, are caught down at the back in a semblance of bonnets.

Ruchings and ribbons combined will be largely used as decorations, both as pendants and medallions, or deftly twisted into flower shapes.

The latter idea is cleverly handled on a quaint and elegant street toilette of champagne sicilienne with old-time panier draperies. The corsage is of the bolero order blousing into a feather-boned girdle of deep damask rose ribbon, this tying with a splashing bow knotted at intervals. Over the hips the closest fit is maintained, the hint of paniers being executed by cleverly designed fagoting. The roses on the flare chip hat, as well as the bunched bow knots on the sash, and the parasol decorations are fashioned of roses simulating full blown damask roses.

In a charming toilette suitable for country calling, ravelled ruchings are used with a lavish hand, combined with an original and effective manipulation of lace. The material is a very sheer mohair of a pinkish mauve tint, the lace harmonizing tone of yellow, and the ruchings of a changeable mauve and yellow louisine.

The waist is fashioned with a yoke and collar of Irish crochet, to which is attached a deep cape of yellow Spanish lace. This odd and pretty cape is much beruched and is caught sharply at the waist line to define the figure, while the fronts and sides fall loosely over a crush girdle of silk, the latter being mounted upon a bone foundation.

The skirt is shirred in irregular pattern around the hips, the shirring being done over tiny feather-bone cords, while a deep emplacement of the ruched louisine, built in spiral form, is inserted above the velvet bound hem, which is finished with three tucks. The sleeve shows a full puff of moiré hair caught into a cuff of lace, the puff being surmounted by a ruffle, and having three deep tucks at the elbow. The hat is one of the novelty burnished gold straws, elaborately covered with shaded mauve ribbons.

A pretty and simple model, that can be constructed of any white material from serge to linen, and that can be used throughout the summer for a variety of occasions from a breakfast dress to a boating party, is a white serge with a garniture of scarlet satin ribbon, interspersed with pois of white and minor decorations of brown and gold novelty braid.

The waist has full fronts and a pleated back, with deep epaulettes edged with ribbon falling over the shoulders, a little corded butter lace being manipulated in cape effect back and front. There is a deep fitted belt headed with rows of braid, the fronts sagging slightly into this at the center of the waist line.

The skirt is of the double or tunic order with ruffle effect, both upper and lower portions being decorated with the brown and gold braid, the scarlet pois ribbon being used as a hem.

A scarlet chiffon hat, with trimmings of black velvet and tan roses, and a white silk parasol, with touches of scarlet, complete this jaunty and serviceable summer costume.



A dark brown walking gown with solferino ribbon roses.

## REFRESHING DRINKS FOR INVALIDS

A COOLING beverage which nourishes the system and slakes the thirst is exceedingly gratifying to the invalid.

In the days before trained nurses were in evidence, and when it was not an easy matter to get a doctor, women of families used to nurse their own sick, and frequently be doctors as well.

In those days—and it is not so very long ago either—every woman who knew much of anything knew how to prepare the light broths, gruels and drinks which in these modern times all well-trained nurses are taught to do, and the making of which is almost a lost art in households.

It so happens that the average family cannot afford to employ a trained nurse, and few persons know that there are places where invalids' foods and beverages in perfection may be procured; and not many could afford to buy these delicacies even if they did know where they could be obtained. Hence the preparation of delicacies for the sick should be a part of every woman's education.

Here are directions for preparing a few beverages which have stood the test of time, and which, if carefully followed, will prove satisfactory. It requires patience, judgment and a delicate hand to do these things well.

One of the most palatable of drinks for a feverish invalid is crust coffee. Toast until very brown without burning two large and rather thick slices of good white cereal. When properly toasted lay the slices in a deep bowl and pour a full pint of water that has come to a boil over the toast. Let it stand for half an hour, then strain it into a pitcher through a fine

sieve and stand it on the ice. When cold enough, give the coffee to the invalid to drink, but add neither sugar nor milk, as either is apt to disturb the digestion.

Apple Tea.—Bake in a hot oven, or roast before the fire, three large sour apples until they are very brown and thoroughly done, but not burned. While still hot from the oven, put the apples in a pitcher and cover them well with freshly boiled water. Pour a little of the hot water in the dish then pour this over the apples. Leave the apples in the water in the pitcher, only straining it in a tumbler when required. Keep the apple tea in a cold place, and do not add sugar to the beverage without the consent of the physician.

A delicious and wholesome beverage of fruit juices is made after these directions: Strain the juice of two large California oranges and one large lemon into a bowl. Then strain the juices into another bowl. Dissolve three well-rounded teaspoonsful of sugar in a gill of hot water, and when it is cold add it to the fruit juices and stand it on the ice. When required for use put two tablespoonfuls of the fruit juice mixture in an ordinary tumbler and fill it with vichy. This is a most refreshing drink.

In preparing these beverages be sure that every utensil used is absolutely clean. Do not use a tin utensil. Bake the apples in an earthen dish. Be careful to have the water absolutely fresh and cold before putting it over to boil, and only let it come to a bubble before using. Buy none but the best materials and the freshest of fruits.

JULE DE RYTHER.



An early summer frock in mauve with ruche trimmings.

house, women who were cruel, women who laughed at her children, women—"

Mrs. Alden had stepped into the dark pantry and was rattling dishes ostentatiously.

"Dr. Henry" stood up and squared his great shoulders.

"You see, Bessie, women like Mrs. Broadwell are too proud to tell the other side of the story."

Then he marched upstairs to where the wee Henry was trying to choke himself to death with one of the pale blue ribbons he had jerked off his basinet. And downstairs Mrs. Alden, with a brown bowl in one hand and a loaf of cake in the other, was standing at the dining-room window staring dumbly at the empty cottage on the other side of the fence which was to be painted in the spring.

### Lace Medallions for Hosiery Trimming

A pair of lace medallions, left over from the summer frock, can be put to excellent use in trimming stockings to match the gown. For instance, with a pongee gown piped with brown and trimmed with lace medallions, a plain pair of tan lisle stockings were made very smart by the use of lace medallions, one just above each instep. They were first applied on the stockings with silk thread, in very fine stitches, then the lisle beneath was cut away, and the edges of the stocking buttonhole stitched closely and finely to the wrong side of the medallion. Worn with brown suede shoes, they gave a dainty finishing touch to the costume.

### The Milliner's Blue Rose.

One of the astonishing millinery fancies of the year is the blue rose. Such a flower never sprouted on the earth's face, but built in shaded velvet, crimped silk or even cleverly tinted muslin, it is bewitching on the summer hat of lace or maline.

The girl who likes to wear blue and is a-weary of ragged robins and forget-me-nots greets the blue rose with enthusiasm and uses it in profusion.

Another blue blossom which has made its appearance is the hyacinth, but it must be used with discretion. An imported hat in a peculiar shade, bordering on navy blue, is trimmed with these hyacinths and ribbon which matches the bloom.

### Uses for Worn-Out Stockings

The busy housewife, bewildered by the extra duties of house-cleaning time, is apt to make short shrift of odds and ends, particularly half-worn winter clothing, which she banishes to the ash-heap or the furnace room—and afterwards regrets.

This is particularly true of stockings worn beyond hope of mending. The most natural thing for a wife and mother to do in this day of cheap hosiery is to toss them aside, and thus miss the opportunity of utilizing them later for housekeeping devices. If there is a little girl in the family who is deft with fingers and needles, she can contribute largely to the household conveniences if given a few simple directions about making use of the old stockings.

The first thing is to cut the foot off, just above the heel, or if the seam is parting at this point, cut the leg off until the seam ceases to break. Then split the leg at the seam, sew two legs of the same size together in the form of a bag, turn them inside out and then turn in, with the end so that there will be no raw edges, and you have the best of piano and furniture polishers.

One pair, split and folded into a neat square the size of the hand, can be quilted and bound for an iron holder. A piece of asbestos cloth laid between the folds of the stocking will add to the value of the holder.

Three or four lisle or thin cotton stocking legs sewed together will make the best of mirror or window polishers, because they shed no lint. Four or five pairs sewed into long strips and slipped through the mop will make scrub cloths.

Young stockings should be cut lengthwise, rolled up and saved for polishing shoes, for which they have no equal.

### Trouble of the Big Pompadour

The girl who has indulged for the past year or so in a big, fluffy pompadour is just now having her troubles.

Fashion has decreed that the hair shall be parted in the middle and gently waved on either side, but when the girl tries to do this, she finds to her dismay a tendency to baldness, squarely on top of the head, just where she ought to have masses of soft hair.

This state of affairs is due to one of two causes—the habit of "ratting" the hair, or of wearing an artificial pompadour under the hair. "Ratting" the hair backwards to make the pompadour higher tore the hair, and the artificial pompadour, or "rat," overheated the head, killed the hair beneath it, and burnt out the hair newly forming in the follicles of the scalp.

The trouble is not beyond remedy, and its victim should at once begin massage, giving the affected spots vigorous treatments twice a day. Vaseline or lanolin, or a good tonic, should also be rubbed into the scalp.

False hair should be discarded, and if any garniture is worn to hide the dearth of natural hair, let it be something light, like tulle bows or the daintiest of silk flowers.

### A Fish Net Photograph Holder.

A college girl has solved the problem of disposing of her growing collection of pictures and photographs in this manner.

She bought a coarse mesh fish net and tacked it taut on a wall. Then the four corners of the photographs were tucked into the mesh of the net and held tight. While the net affords no protection from dust, flies and inquisitive fingers, in this day of inexpensive photograph pictures come and go with amazing frequency, and one often lays aside a photograph which has grown out of date for a new one of the same person.