

For the Hostess

A Novel Book Party.

I wonder if you would not enjoy "book charades?" They do not need rehearsing and are loads of fun. Just prepare cards with the numbers from 1 to 20, or the number of charades you are to have, and let them write down the ones they guess. I append a few suggestions which you can add to. For a prize give a book candy box filled with bonbons or salted nuts.

"Looking Backward"—A girl walks across the stage with her head turned over her shoulder.

"The First Violin"—Someone holds up a violin on which the No. 1 cut from white paper, has been pasted.

"We Two"—A man and a girl walk across the stage arm in arm.

"The Brass Bowl"—A girl walks forward, carrying a brass bowl.

"Lavender and Old Lace"—A girl is represented by a girl dressed in lavender gown trimmed with old lace.

"Madame Chrysanthemum"—A girl in a Japanese kimono, holding chrysanthemums.

"Who na Man Marries"—A man and a girl walk across the stage; while someone plays the wedding march.

"The Light That Failed"—One girl carries a lighted candle which another girl blows out.

"The Gentleman From Indiana"—A man carrying a suit case which is conspicuously labeled "John Jones, Indiana."

"Vanity Fair"—A girl saunters into a looking-glass.

"A Study in Scarlet"—A girl seated in a chair, wearing a scarlet dress.

"The Bow of Orange Ribbon"—A girl or a man wearing a huge bow of orange ribbon.

"The Woman in the White Veil"—A girl wearing a big white automobile veil.

"Old Gentleman in the Black Stock"—A man with powdered hair and cane, with a big old-fashioned black stock.

"Old Rose and Silver"—A girl dressed in old rose trimmed with silver.

"The Lady With the Red Fan"—A girl with a big red fan, with which she languidly fans herself.

"A Certain Rich Man"—A man wearing a tag which says in big letters "John D."

"From Sea to Sea"—Two huge letters C's are cut from white paper and pinned to the curtain on each side of the stage and the players walk from one to the other.

"The Ascent of Man"—A man climbs gravely to the top of a step ladder and remains seated there.

Pope's "Essay on Man," "The Under Side of Things," by Lillian Bell; "Innocents Abroad," "Black Rock," by Connor; "Under Two Flags," "Middlemarch," "Wandering Jew," "Man of the Hour" and "The Virginian."

Two Party Schemes.

The hostess called this successful affair a "pie" party.

When all had arrived the men were auctioned off by the host, who was gifted with a ready flow of language, and he had a keen sense of humor.

The "medicine" man was introduced on the block in this manner: "A man who was often sought, although he was known to be addicted to 'ill' company."

The bidding was fast and furious and it took all the ready money of the purchaser to get him. The coal dealer was described as "The man we think of when the snow flies." When all the ladies had secured their partners they were given pieces of pie made from paper pie plates such as bakers use, the edges fastened together with red baby ribbon. On being opened there were slips of paper with the words "mince," "cherry" or "apple." Whatever recipe was called for the man was to give it, while the "girl" made the pie in pantomime. This called forth merry peals of laughter. The refreshments consisted of individual pies, coffee and sandwiches. The man who gave the best recipe was the recipient of a pie-shaped box of sweetmeats.

This "portrait" party scheme is good: Get common wrapping paper, a light brown or white, and cut into squares a foot and a half each way. Put up a sheet across the door and have the light from a lamp arranged so that the shadow of a person's head will be reflected on the square of paper. A guest is to be placed sideways so that the outline of the face will show on the paper. With a heavy pencil or a crayon draw the outline or profile. One guest at a time is brought into the gallery; the name is put on the back of the portrait. When all have been taken, an assistant helps cut out the silhouettes, which are pasted on black paper and pinned up like a portrait exhibition. The guests are provided with pencils and papers and write down who they think is

who. A prize is provided for the one who guesses the most correctly, and, if the hostess wishes, a consolation prize may be awarded.

A "Bacon Bat."

A young college friend informed me that the very latest thing in outdoor affairs was "A Bacon Bat." When explained I concluded that it must be loads of fun. Of course, as with all such parties, all depends upon the guests and their love of outdoor functions. We all feel the "call of the wild" these glorious days and I am sure many of our readers will want to have a "Bacon Bat" just as soon as they read this. Six couples are enough, provide plenty of delicious bacon sliced very thin, sweet potatoes and several dozen finger rolls; these are the absolute requirements, other things may be added at the pleasure of the hostess. Build a fire, roast the sweet potatoes (or take a frying pan, have the potatoes boiled at home and fry them over the coals). Grill the bacon on the ends of long sticks, insert the finger rolls and you have a meal fit for a king. Coffee may be made and I assure you the only danger is in not having you the only danger. Nature study classes are in favor all over the country, and after a tramp walk could be more appetizing than the repeat I have just described; I would suggest roasting Irish potatoes and taking a jar of butter with plenty of tissue paper napkins; hard boiled eggs are a welcome addition with a jar of tiny cucumber pickles and olives both ripe and green.

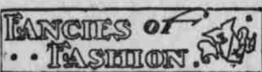
MADAME MERRI.

For the Blouse.

For dainty silk dress or chiffon waists use instead of ordinary buttons brass rings of the proper size, buttonholed over in silk of a color to match the fabric or the trimmings. In white thread this is very nice for a lingerie blouse also and easier to make than crocheted buttons. If you wish you may darn across the rings, or cross threads and buttonholes over them; but really the plain buttonholed rings are just as pretty. Where you have crocheted loops instead of buttonholes the soft dattenberg rings will do as well, and can be bought ready made at any embroidery supply or notion store.

Shirt Waists.

Waists of challis, foulard, pongee or messaline matching the suit in color are very good looking, and are more practical in many ways than washing shirt waists and in the end hardly more expensive. They can be made very simply and worn with lingerie collar and cuff sets.



Everywhere is seen a bit of black satin.

Natural feather quills are seen in plaid and somber colors.

The newest sailor collars are deep in the back and hardly existing in front.

The red, white and blue of the revolution will be worn singly and in combination.

Fringes are seen on many of the new lingerie gowns as girle and tunic trimming.

A good deal of heavy embroidery and Irish crochet lace appear on the new waists.

One of the newest sleeves is about three-quarter length and is as wide at the bottom as at the plain top.

In Paris waistcoats with huge revers to turn back over the outside coat are in vogue and have plain short backs of lining material, so that the waistcoat may be worn with several coats if desired.

The note of red, corise, French blue or emerald green is very often introduced into the black and white frock and bits of Persian or Russian figured silk or embroidery are also used as trimmings; but some of the best looking trotting frocks in the black and white are entirely without color relief, the color note being left to the hat, parasol, etc., used with the frock.

Storms and the Storm Door

Storms brought up with an abruptness that caused him to stumble against the glass plate before him. Then he shook the door, pushed it, pulled it and pushed again, but to no avail. It was characteristic of Storms that he did not swear at it.

It was one of those revolving storm doors and in some way one of the leaves had become wedged. He rapped on the glass to attract the attention of the porter standing by the entrance, and that served to draw a crowd which stared curiously at him through the glass sides, much as they would regard some interesting exhibit.

The porter bustled about impatiently, now shaking the door, now peering through the glass. At last he gave an exclamation of triumph. The door revolved within the two segments of a circle and in the compartment across from Storms someone had dropped a soft cigar case. This had wedged the door's light and it was impossible to move the door.

The porter shouted these facts through the glass. Storms groaned. Jessie Ostrom was leaving for a three months' visit. If he got to the train, there might be a chance to say what had been trembling on his lips that last half year. If there was much delay, she would be gone before he could reach the station. He held up a \$5 bill against the glass, but the porter shook his head.

"But these doors fold up," called Storms. "I've seen it done. They fold flat."

"I'd have to squeeze you in," explained the porter. "That's the only way they fold. If you were between the other leaves—" Storms gritted his teeth at that "if."

A newsboy outside, moved to action by the sight of the bill, sought to push the obstacle free with a bit of stick. The stick broke off and the door was doubly wedged. He started to try it again but a policeman interfered.

"Smash the glass," called Storms. "I'll pay for it."

"You'd do any good," was the disheartening reply. "We've sent to the makers for a man. He'll be along in a minute." Storms looked longingly at the glass but he could see that the chances of breaking the thick plate without being severely cut were not good, and he looked for the porter.

"Tell the man to take an automobile and hurry," he called. "I must get out of here. I'm suffocating."

The porter nodded intelligently. The door was padded top, side and bottom with heavy rubber strips to keep out draughts. Storms was in what was practically an air tight chamber and he had already exhausted the vitality of the air. The porter reached down and ripped off the rubber from the bottom of the door and motioned Storms to do the same with his side.

The thin stream of cold air was delicious, and Storms settled himself to wait, though over and over came the thought that by now Jessie's train was out of the station and pulling across the meadows. Perhaps she was wondering why he had not been there—hurt, perhaps, at his indifference. To explain would only render him ridiculous.

Then there was a commotion in the press. A man in overalls pushed his way through the crowd. For a moment he worked with a screwdriver, then swung the imprisoning leaf back. Storms stepped out and as he thrust a bill into the workman's hand he glanced at the clock. Already it was 10 minutes past train time. There was no hope now. He might as well go to the office.

He was still surrounded by a curious crowd and he turned to make his way down the street when a newsboy tugged at his coat.

"Say, boss," he piped. "Th' dame tele me to give you this."

He held up a grimy card and Storms took it. "Come over to the Clapham for some lunch," it ran. "You will need it after your imprisonment."

He did not need to turn the card over to learn the name, though why Jessie should be lunching there when she was supposed to be on her way was a mystery.

Still attended by his escort, he crossed the street to the restaurant. The crowd dropped off at the door and he entered alone. His quick eye caught sight of Jessie and Mrs. Ostrom over in a corner, and he made his way to them.

"I thought you had gone," he cried as he greeted them.

"I found at the last moment that there was no through sleeper. On the other line I can go through without change. I am leaving tonight instead. We were driving back from the station when we saw your predicament. We had intended to go to the hotel for lunch, but when we saw the crowd we changed our minds and came over here. How did it happen?"

Briefly he sketched the chain of incidents. He told a story well, and now that the element of tragedy had been removed, he skillfully elaborated the humorous points.

"What were your feelings?" asked the girl, as her mother went over to the telephone booth.

"Only regret that I could not get to the station," he returned promptly. "There was something I very much wanted to say to you and I thought I had lost my last chance. I think you know what the question was. What is your answer?"

"I think Fate has answered 'yes,'" she smiled softly. "You would have missed me at the station—so Fate imprisoned you."

Kitty vs. Georgiana

BY JANE OSBORN

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Jerome Dawson had spent the evening at the club. Not that Jerome usually preferred the smoke-laden air of the club lounge to the seclusion of his own small apartment, but from experience Jerome knew that when his mother had a new maid she could neither think nor talk of anything else. And as there was no subject that bored Jerome quite so much as a discussion of the various shortcomings and peculiarities of his mother's servants, he had decided to be away from home this first evening of the new regime.

Jerome had not intended to stay out late, but the clock was striking one when he deftly turned the latch-key in his front door. He was surprised to see a light in his mother's small drawing-room.

"Jerome," whispered his mother, with an air of alarm, as he came into the room, "she has real lace on her petticoats."

Jerome looked blankly at his mother and then at the clock. "Who has real lace and what of it?" he asked.

"She has," whispered his mother, pointing in the direction of the kitchen with its adjoining box of a maid's room. "Kitty, the new maid, I never look through their luggage, but I do like to take a look at the room when they first come, just to see that they are neat. That is how I came to see the real lace. Jerome, you couldn't get that lace for three dollars a yard. I am sure it was real."

"She probably had it given to her by her last mistress," said Jerome starting toward the door.

"Wait, Jerome," went on Mrs. Dawson, detaining him; "she couldn't have done that for she never had a place before. The employment agent said she had come straight from the country, and I must say she is awfully green. She didn't know a thing about the dumb waiter and I don't believe she ever used a carpet sweeper before in her life. I meant to speak to you about her, but you ran off to the club before I had a chance. Didn't you think she had a strange look, at dinner?"

"No," said Jerome, not in the least interested. "What are you afraid of, mother?" he asked, anxious to close the discussion. "Think she stole the lace somewhere?"

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Dawson. "Could she have stolen it? To think they could have sent me a girl like that—and all the old silver out!"

It was not until the next morning at breakfast that Jerome again thought of Kitty. His mother, as was her custom, did not join him at breakfast, and from the top of his paper Jerome eyed curiously the graceful figure ministering to him. Assuredly there was something unusual about this girl. Was it the look of sadness or pensiveness about those gentle eyes, or the sensitive delicacy of the mouth and chin?

So far in fact did Jerome's curiosity lead him that he asked his mother impatiently that night if she had found anything new about the pretty Kitty. But Mrs. Dawson's suspicions had subsided. She had asked about the real lace and had found out that it had been given to her, at least that is what Mrs. Dawson understood from what Kitty said. She seemed embarrassed when Mrs. Dawson asked about it, and was quite ignorant of the value of the material.

"She is not at all used to our way of doing things," said Mrs. Dawson, "but I think she will do very nicely."

Jerome Dawson was thirty, and a man of more than ordinary good sense, so when he found himself inclined to linger over his breakfast, and call for an extra cup of coffee, just to watch Kitty's graceful figure and catch an occasional glimpse of her eyes, he began to feel concern for himself. What difference was it to him, he asked himself, whether Kitty's "Good morning, sir," showed a touch of weariness?

Before many days had passed Jerome felt a maudlin pity for the girl. She must be very lonesome, boxed up in that little apartment kitchen. The work she had to do was heavy and must, it occurred to him, overtax her strength.

One morning Jerome came into the dining-room a few minutes before his accustomed breakfast hour, and beheld the dainty maid carrying the somewhat clumsy coffee urn in from the pantry.

"Let me take that," said Jerome, impulsively, rushing upon the startled servant. "It is too heavy for you."

It was a piece of utter folly, as Jerome realized the moment he had set the urn on the table in its usual place, and he felt additionally annoyed that he should have made such a fool of himself before her, before Kitty, and those demure eyes of hers.

Before this Jerome had been inclined to look with favor on Kitty, but now matters stood at a different pitch. He had been taking a foolish interest in the girl; he had been thinking about her by day and sometimes dreaming about her by night. Therefore, with admirable logic, said Jerome to himself, it was Kitty's fault, and Kitty would have to suffer, even if she had to lose her place for it.

About this time Mrs. Dawson made a strange discovery. She actually

found the maid reading French poetry and, what was more, Kitty made an attempt to hide the book at being discovered. To be sure, French poetry wasn't in itself harmful, but Mrs. Dawson was sure it sugared ill. Another suspicious symptom, coupled with Kitty's decided good looks and charming manners, was that she had positively no friends. She had worked for the Dawsons for two weeks and she had gone out only to take a short walk in the park and on errands for her mistress.

"Really, you must help me out on this," Mrs. Dawson said to her son, "even if you aren't interested. People have had all sorts of anarchists and nihilists and things in their houses before now, and it should get into the papers. I don't know whatever I should do!"

That night Jerome went home with deep-laid plans—but alas! Kitty had left. She had told her mistress that she had been sent for from home, and had left at once.

"She seemed so grateful to me," Mrs. Dawson said. "I think she was quite devoted to us."

Jerome was more distressed than he liked to acknowledge to himself, and was doubly annoyed at his mother for not having found out where this strange domestic was going or where she lived. For weeks Jerome was despondent and angry at himself for his absurd mood.

It was through one of those strange coincidences that happen once in a lifetime that Jerome was asked by his cousin Nancy to a dinner party given for the young woman who had been her chum in college. He was given the great honor of sitting beside the distinguished Georgiana Van Arsdale, whose beauty, great wealth and independence made her the pride of her classmates and the despair of all the men who met her. Jerome was not sufficiently appreciative of this honor; in fact, his cousin's exaggerated description of Georgiana's attractions had struck up within him no great admiration.

He came late, just in time to meet his dinner partner before the party went from the drawing-room to the dining-room. After he had seated his partner he turned to his left to see the famous Georgiana. He gasped with surprise.

There in all the splendor of the occasion, fairly dazzling in beauty, sat Kitty—Kitty, with the same pensive, brown eyes.

For a second their eyes met and there was a strange, pleading look in the girl's face that almost unnerved Jerome.

"Mr. Dawson and I have met before," said Georgiana, as she saw her hostess' eyes upon her, "but I didn't know he was your cousin."

Jerome forgot Georgiana and remembered only Katy. "Tell me," he demanded, "where you have been. Who are you?"

Georgiana bent toward him and spoke with her eyes cast down and embarrassment in her voice.

"I was making an investigation. I—I wanted to do some sociological research work—to find out for myself what the conditions of the working classes really are. Every one knows I was doing some such investigation, but of course, I didn't tell a soul where I was. I think I will work for a month in a department store next—"

Jerome set his mouth in grim decision. "Not if I know it," he said. "I don't approve of that sort of thing, Kate."

"What difference does that make to me?" asked Georgiana with a teasing toss of her head.

"I will show you," said Jerome with a look that made the color come into Georgiana's cheeks, "if I have to go through fire to do it."

Jerome's task was easier than he had expected, and, when a month later Georgiana Van Arsdale announced her engagement to Nancy's cousin, she had promised never to complete her sociological investigations.

Properly Rebuked.

On one occasion an English gentleman called to see Lord Westmoreland on particular business. He was at breakfast, and, receiving him with his usual urbanity, asked the object of his visit. The gentleman said that he felt somewhat aggrieved, as he had brought an official letter of introduction to him from the foreign office, and, having learned that his lordship had given a great dinner the night before, was surprised and hurt at receiving no invitation. Lord Westmoreland exclaimed, with his usual heartiness: "God bless me, sir, I am really quite distressed. I think I received the letter of which you speak. I will send for it." Accordingly, the letter was brought to him, and, on reading it, he said to the stranger: "Ah! I thought so. There, sir, is the letter; but there is no mention of dinner in it," on which the gentleman rose and backed out of the room in confusion.

Sure Sign.

That levity is a subject that is sometimes worth while avoiding has been learned to the sorrow of a would-be undertaker.

At a recent examination of the state undertaking board, among the questions asked of the many applicants was the following one:

"What do you consider as an infallible sign of death?"

"Crepe on the door," answered one.

Accounted For.

Knickers—Seven cities claimed Homer dead.

Bocker—Probably after inheritance taxes.

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Summer Bags



THE bags shown are made of linen or pique buttoned down with pearl buttons and braided or embroidered. They have convenient pockets inside and long cotton cords suspend them on the arm. For the summer dress they are quite the ideal article. No smudges from the leather of one's handbag and the lightness of them counts, too.

The belt is stitched linen with pearl button effect. These are really snags which keep the belt fastened neatly and simply.