

One Clever Woman In the Business World

With the present overcrowding of almost every vocation credit is due to any one who can strike out successfully into new and original lines of business. A bright little woman in a New England town has hit upon a novel and ingenious way of making money.

Her plan is to buy some house which is dilapidated and out of repair, but in a good locality. There is usually not much trouble in finding such a house or in purchasing it at a bargain. Then her tastes come into play, devising repairs and improvements to the place, putting in a pretty window here, some ornamental tile or woodwork there, a cozy corner somewhere inside, a handsome

them home and formed them into a singing class. Some recall the sharp temper of the elder Patti. The widow Brown preserves some of the Patti chairs and a little toy theater that belonged to the little girl. A great kitchen table that belonged to the family is still in use in the brick house. A few of Patti's former acquaintances insist that it was during her residence at Wakefield that she made her first appearance as a public singer. Being then about 12 years old, she went to Beck's hotel, a local resort of the period, and sang in public.

When some of the Patti's were in this country four or five years ago, they visited the house in Wakefield, but found its surroundings scarcely recognizable. The Bronx valley, which it overlooks, has been almost denuded of trees. The still wooded hillside across the Bronx they found dotted with suburban cottages. It had been almost uninhabited in the Wakefield days of the Patti's. Even the Bathgate Woods, still the finest piece of unspoiled forest within the city limits, had shrunk to two-thirds of its former area. The very name of the region had changed, for the Patti's had known the village as Washingtonville, a name that gave place to that of South Mount Vernon and then to that of Wakefield, which is still locally used, though no longer officially recognized since the village has become part of New York City.



NEW CHILDREN'S BLOUSE.

touch to the hallway to give "first impressions," and in one way and another transforming an old rundown house to an attractive modern dwelling.

She furnishes the house and lives there for a time while her ideas are being carried into effect. She renders the place as attractive as possible inside and out, not at all because she means to stay there, but simply for selling purposes. That is her speculation. Once her work is completed her house finds a ready purchaser, owing to the taste displayed. She generally sells the whole house outright, furniture and all, at a handsome profit. The she searches out another house under similar conditions and does the thing over again.

Living in the houses as she does during the repairing period, she considers that she is rent free. Her local reputation for taste and good judgment in such matters is a valuable aid in her business. She is a manipulator of old houses, and they are transformed under her touch.

Patti's Life in New York

Patti has recently written for an English weekly publication reminiscences of her own life, but has probably not entered into details touching the years she passed as a resident in the suburbs of New York. The house in which she lived, relates the New York Post, is now within the city limits. It stands on the east side of Matilda street, not far from the corner of Becker avenue, in what was recently the village of Wakefield, but is now part of the borough of the Bronx. At the foot of Becker avenue is the Wakefield station of the New York Central's Harlem division. From the platform of the station one may see the house, a big, ugly, rectangular brick structure with a pyramidal roof. High steps lead to the front door. The house stands in the midst of a considerable lawn with fruit trees, shrubbery, and flower beds. A recent owner, a German, who spends only the summer at Wakefield, had the house painted yellow, and added other transforming touches, so that the place is very unlike the homestead that the little Patti knew at the age of 10 or thereabouts.

When the Patti's were singing in this country, a good many more years ago than the women of the family would care to own, they built the big ugly brick house as a rural retreat in times of idleness. The whole region round about was then thoroughly rural in appearance, and, in fact, it had not then begun to be truly suburban, for the city lay miles southward, and there were many hundred acres of forest and farm land between the Patti house and the paved streets of New York.

In spite of all the changes that have taken place, however, there are still at least a score of persons at Wakefield who remember the strange foreign family that built and occupied the rectangular brick house. Some who were then neighbors of the family recall Patti as a little playmate who took

its popularity is surer to be longer lived. This tailor predicts a season of great success for the jacket opening over a waistcoat. Whether this waistcoat is of the same material as the jacket is a matter of taste, but if one prefers a little break in the color and material of one's bicycling costume she can with impunity resort to a waistcoat of some harmonious plaid or check. Even a scarlet waistcoat, covered with tiny white polka dots, has been called into service and looks quite chic with a girlish bicycling costume in dark blue cloth. Faulty fitting bicycle gowns are not tolerated this season, for this toilette has grown to serve as a sort of all-around outing for the country and as it is very much in evidence it must needs be faultless.

The modistes have had a great deal to say about the new stitched canvas hats whose popularity they were going to establish for outing wear this summer. The hat itself is inoffensive enough if it were only left plain. But decked as it now appears with wings and taffeta bows, it hardly looks a formidable rival to the crisp Knox sailor or the soft rough rider hat. As for footwear for cycling, it has become a sort of secondary matter since the skirts have attained their present length. Golf stockings belong to the things that are born to blush unseen and since their chiefest charm was their color and not their comfort, they have been rather abandoned of late. A woman now has every right to go in for comfortable footwear, black ties and ordinary black stockings, if she chooses, and she can rest assured that this will cause no adverse criticism.

May Bride's Trousseau

Miss Catherine Clark, daughter of the Montana copper king, W. A. Clark, who was married to Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris in New York last Monday, received a wedding gift from her father. The gift consists of a diamond and ruby tiara and stomacher of pure white diamonds.

Miss Clark's wedding gown was one of the most elegant a bride has ever worn and at the same time one of the most simple. The whole front was formed of an old point lace shawl, rose point, the flowers with raised petals and wonderful texture, the whole creamy with age. It was combined with a heavy cream white satin whose luster forms the train three yards and a half long, which is gathered in full at the waist.

This waist was made of point lace selected to match the shawl. A ruffle across the back gave a yoke effect and passed over the shoulders and ended on each side of the front. The front of the bodice below the top or yoke of the lace was of the satin put on with a soft fullness, for over this was the middle point of the shawl which was pouched ever so slightly and had a little fullness below the waist where it is fitted to the figure. The other two points were fitted at the lower edge of the skirt sloping out toward the train. The sleeves of the gown were made of the lace entirely, having two bracelets, or bands, of the satin across the upper part. The sleeves ended well down over the fingers and the bride wore no gloves.

For jewels she wore five bands of diamonds, which supported the high transparent collar of the lace, a gift of her brother, and three ropes of pearls falling below the collar. The whole effect of the bridal costume was one of great simplicity and yet of the greatest elegance.

The traveling gown was of tan cloth, made simply, the skirt having a wide-shaped piece



NEAT MOHAIR COSTUME.

set on around the lower edge and stitched. A pretty little white sergio is simply made and trimmed with bands of white cloth.

A Very Young Teacher

Kittie Marcella Parker is enjoying the reputation of being the youngest school teacher in the United States. She is the 8-year-old daughter of John B. Parker of Smithburg. Smithburg is a pretty village five miles south of Freehold, N. J.

A few days ago when the scholars met at the school house the teacher was absent. When the pupils thought it was time to open school, the door being locked, they gained entrance by putting little Elyie Hendrickson through a window, and he opened the door. The children thought the teacher would come later, but as school time had passed, Kittie Parker, with a modest, womanly air, stepped forward and said that she would be teacher until the real teacher came. She then called the school to order just as she had seen her teacher do.

The first part of the opening exercises consisted of singing. Kittie giving out "America" with due dignity. It was heartily sung by all the pupils. Next in regular order came the bible reading. Here Kittie met with slight difficulty, as the bible was locked in the bookcase. She found a Sunday school quarterly, which answered the purpose of the scriptures, and the opening exercises closed by the school reciting the Lord's Prayer in unison.

Kittie then kept the teacher's place for the remainder of the day, and, as she is a great favorite among her schoolmates, they did not hesitate to obey her. One girl, being a little disobedient, was kept by Kittie for five minutes during recess. When asked if the scholars obeyed her she replied in a dignified way:

"Why, certainly they obeyed. If they had not I should have punished them."

When asked how she knew what time of day it was and when they could eat, she said there was a girl in school who could tell time by her shadow. Kittie's distinction is still more marked because the Thompson's Grove school has long had the reputation of being a very difficult school to teach, and a number of experienced teachers have had much trouble there, as have the members of the Board of Educa-

Living Fashion Models

Mohair, the most serviceable material made for summer wear, is used for the fashionable costume in the photograph printed in this issue. The tone is sand color, trimmed with tailored bands of golden brown silk. With it a violet silk skirt, finished with a high white satin stock, is worn.

The evening wrap is of white chiffon and liberty silk mounted on a yoke of pale rose colored satin, overlaid with heavy yellow lace.

Little Miss Mary Bryan, 6 years of age and one of the youngest actresses on the American stage, posed for the photograph to show a new blouse much worn by children today. This one is of pink pique, belt of the white goods and wide collar of spotted pink and white. Her charming hat is of cream straw dressed with rose-colored chiffon and white dahlias.

Costumes for the Wheel

A French physician has been telling his countrywomen how they should be attired while cycling. His description of the ideal bicycling costume was as far removed as possible from the ideal costume conjured up in the average female mind. To begin with, no stays of any descriptions, combinations of the lightest woolen, a flannel blouse, bloomers and a sort of modified sandal slipper that could not in any way impede the action of the ankle.

Just hear how diametrically opposite a smart tailor's description of the up-to-date bicycle suit sounds. First of all, he positively sniffs at the idea of bloomers or divided skirts and says the ankle length skirt with quite a flare at the bottom is the only permissible thing for the moment. The plain stitched skirt is perhaps a safer investment, he thinks, for it keeps its hang better than does the plaited skirt, and then



WHITE CHIFFON EVENING WRAP.