Health Hints -:- Fashions -:- Woman's Work -:- Household Topics

Flashes of Summer Fashions

A new white bedford cord has a wool back.

Dressy little wraps are frequently made of taffeta.

The latest in taffeta hats is the one trimmed with straw flowers.

Some of the newest straw hats have velvet crowns.

Fashion brings us the ribbed stocking this season.

A wreath of pinked ribbon ruching is a new feature in millinery.

The most interesting feature of a wash skirt is usually its pocket.

The new neckwear shows quaint capes of silk and pleated maline.

A fisherwife sleeve is rather short and the cuff is turned back.

Washable beachcloth will be more or less used for summer suits.

The pockets of sports skirts are of extraordinary oddity and interest.

A new wrinkle is to emphasize the long seams of a bodice by cording.

It will surely be a season of ruffles. They are pinked and they are fluted, while some are just plain ruffles.

Many of the new topcoats are finished at the neck with a wide scarf that ties gracefully into a large, soft bow.

This season there is a riot of trimmings; buttons, buckles, small artificial flowers, beads, ribbon bows and tassels.

The kimono shoulder is being used more and more; sometimes the sleeve is not set in until the unbroken line reaches almost to the elbow.

An attractive touch to a checked suit is a collar of plain contrasting color. For instance, a black and white check suit might have a collar of rose or blue taffeta.

One of the new veil fashions is the frill—really a loose floating veil attached to the crown of the hat. It should be worn by a woman with a well-poised head.

An Ideal Honeymoon -o- -o- *By Nell Brinkley*

Aboard the good ship "Fancy" on the Sea of Dreams

SIGHED a bachelor girl, "If I could but take only Love himself along on my honeymoon, then sure I'd marry. For it's Love himself alone who has my heart, whose company I would adore. The glint of his golden curls is in my eyes, not the sun of any real man's face. If I could but take Love alone along and leave the man at home, I'd marry."

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Girl Workers Who Win Out

By JANE M'LEAN.

Her real name was Maggie Murphy, but she had changed it to Bella North. She had the good sense not to adopt too queer a nom de plume, but the requisites of the stage seemed to demand something more symphonious than her own name.

Bella North was not ashamed of the name of Murphy. She had been happiest when she had lived at home and she vaguely remembered a kind-hearted mother and a father who used to come home tired out at night and sit down to a hasty meal in his shirt sleeves. There had been other children, too, and Bella had had to work hard, for in those days there hadn't been much money.

Finally she had saved up enough to come to New York. Like many another girl she had wanted to see the sights and her father's small farm had appealed to her only as a shelter from bad weather. Not much of a shelter at that, for she had slept with two of the younger children. The luxury of a single bed had been unknown in the Murphy family.

Maggie was Irish and quick at repartee. Her brain worked overtime beneath the Titian hair that curled tightly over her head. Her small savings had vanished all too quickly and jobs in New York were not plentiful. Besides Maggie had not been trained for any of the positions open to girls in New York. And so she finally landed on the stage.

Her Irish wit, combined with her piquant face and her crown of curly red hair had quickly obtained her a position in one of the season's musical comedy successes. Her work was not hard, after the first deadly weeks of rehearsal when Maggie had lived in the theater with an occasional visit to the corner bakery for milk and rolls, or a cup of strong coffee.

But after the show was put on, her time outside of the theater was her own. From the time when she had danced before the manager for the first time, she had determined to make herself worthy some day of a place outside the chorus.

Maggie never breathed her secret to a soul, but she treasured it closely and watched and waited. If she had only known the long hard road that must be traveled before one can obtain a speaking part in a New York production, she would not have been so sure that she would some time have her wish. But she was secure in her faith and happy in her ignorance, and she simply waited.

It may have been due to perseverance and a sunny disposition, or it may have been just an evidence of the fatalist's belief that if you want a thing hard enough, you can surely have it. Anyway, Bella had her chance. Her quickness to see and understand things had attracted the attention of the manager more than once. He was a veteran in the business and knew that Bella was, as he put it, "a good little kid."

It wasn't a great chance that came to Bella unexpectedly, but it was a chance to walk out on the stage and say three sentences and to sing a song that was what is popularly known as a hit. Bella accepted the part calmly, hadn't she always had faith. And she did it well, very well, so well indeed, that she was noticed in that tangle of beauty and charm and music and lights.

And Bella was happy. One stepping stone always led to another. She was young and strong and could wait. Some day she could return to the little farm in the country and tell the other Murphys she had made good.

Why I Never Married

The Woman with Too Much Money Tells Her Story.

Why do so many women who are attractive, intelligent, full of human affection and tenderness—the sort of woman who were designed by nature to make ideal wives and mothers—never marry? Is it because they were bent on celibacy? Or is it because men were too stupid to know a good thing when they saw it, and so passed them over? Or is it the fault of social conditions that never gave them their matrimonial chance? It is one of life's great puzzles, and in an attempt to solve it Dorothy Dix has asked a number of charming old maids why they never married.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"The reason I am an old maid," said the sixth woman, "is because I was too rich. I had money enough to buy everything else in the world except the one thing that I wanted most of all, and that was the sort of a wedding ring that I desired.

"I wanted it to be made of the pure gold of disinterested love, and set with the jewel of a real, genuine man, and I didn't want to buy it. I wanted it to come as a gift, and it was never offered me.

"Did you ever think that no women in the world have such poor chances to make good marriages as rich girls? Of course, they have chances to marry by the dozen, the miserable little male parasites who think that it's easier to put up with a rich wife than it is to work for a living.

"And they can marry in their own wealthy set some rich fool, who has lived abroad long enough to get an idea about keeping fortunes together and building up a moneyed aristocracy in this country. And that's about the limit of their matrimonial opportunity.

"Now it must be an unpleasant thing to a man to suspicion that he is being married for his money, and that his bride is thinking more about his pocketbook than about his heart, but custom has inured men to the dependent woman, and, moreover, men have a more robust vanity in matters of the affection than women have.

"A man seldom doubts his ability to charm any woman he desires, while a woman is always a Doubting Thomasina, continually demanding to be told that a man still loves her.

"Therefore, the fortune hunting man is not only a creature of peculiar repulsiveness to the rich woman, but one she is continually seeking to avoid. It is only when rich women get very old or so hungry for love that they shut their eyes and refuse to see whether what is offered to them is black bread or cake, that they cease to look with suspicion upon the motives of every poor man who comes near them.

"Of course, the rich woman's fear of being married for her money is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways. It defends her from the horde of contemptible men who are willing to marry to be supported, but it also drives away from her the worth-while men among whom she might find her real mate.

"It makes the young man who has self respect and character and energy and ability and who would no more marry a woman for her money than he would default with a trust fund in his keeping fight shy of an heiress as he would of a case of smallpox.

"The girl herself may attract him, for rich girls are just as pretty and charming and human and lovable as poor girls, but her money stands as a barrier between her and the world of young men who are doing things—the young men who have brains and brawn and who are fighting their way to the front by sheer strength of their own ability.

"This is the kind of a man a rich girl would like to marry. But she never gets a chance. She never even meets him. He is not hopping around ballrooms or afternoon "teaing" or idling around golf links. He is at work.

"It's only the little whipper-snapper idlers, the wasters and spenders that form the men of her world among whom she has to marry.

"And these worth-while young men, who are making something of themselves and are going to be the big men of tomorrow, don't want to marry rich girls. They are as sensitive of their honor as a woman is of hers, and they writhe at the very thought that they would sell themselves in marriage or that they are dependent upon their wives or owe their success to being bolstered up by a wife's bankroll.

"They are just as afraid of being called fortune-hunters as the rich girl is of being sought by a fortune hunter, and that's why rich girls so often marry men that poor girls wouldn't look at. The rich girl has not the poor girl's chance at a husband.

"And as for Gilded Willie, whose father has bequeathed him everything on earth but brains and morals, why should a rich girl marry him? The poor girl might marry him for the sake of the jewels, the fine clothes, the town and country houses he can give her. The rich girl has all of these of her own. She doesn't want any more.

"And she has seen so much of the skeletons in the closets of her wealthy friends, the lonely and deserted wives, the boredom of couples that have no interest in common except the stock market, the scandals that servants whisper behind their hands.

"The rich girl knows that a heart can break under diamonds and point lace just as much as it can under homespun, and that the tears that are shed into embroidered linen and lace pillows are just as bitter as those that wet cotton ones, and so she does not want to marry for anything but the simple old reason of love. She wants somebody who will love her for herself alone, for the woman she is, and not the bank account she has got, and she wants a real man for her husband, a man of intelligence and force, and principle, and honesty, not a gold plated fool or a parasitic fortune-hunter. And it's because she has the poorest chance of any woman of ever finding a good husband that wealthy girls so often don't marry at all or marry so badly.

"That's the reason I never married. I wouldn't have any of the men that I could get, and the sort of a man I should like to have married I never had a chance to get."

In-Shoots

Thin-faced girls are seldom [illegible]-headed.

[illegible]

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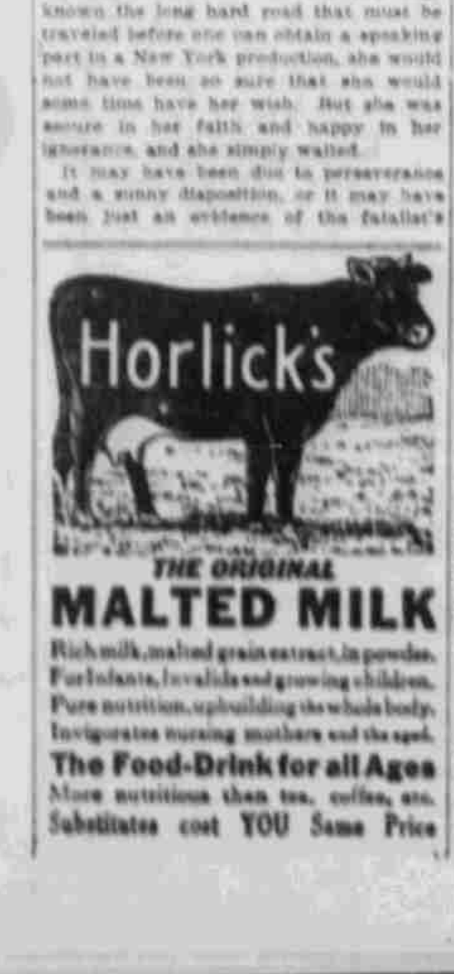

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

"COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE"

Old Vegetables Made New

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Nothing shows the difference more quickly between good and careless housekeeping than the preparation and serving of vegetables. Containing, as they do, much nutriment and muscle-making elements, the housewife should study ways and means of serving them at their best and in a variety of dainty and novel ways, which will prove both appetizing and attractive for the family table. Potatoes and carrots can be made into a very simple dish in this way:

Boil some peeled potatoes with a little salt in the water until they are tender, then drain them and when dry pass them through a wire sieve, or mash them in the saucepan, season with a little pepper and salt, a little warm butter, and a little milk to make them moist; when these are well mixed, roll the mixture into a ball, place it on a serving dish and draw it up into a loaf shape with a knife.

Peel or scrape some fresh carrots and cut them into lengths of about two and one-half inches, then trim them into kite shapes. If small new carrots are used, they may be served whole or halved or quartered according to their size; put them into a stew in cold water sufficient to cover them, add a little salt, and bring them to a boil, then strain and dry in a clean cloth. Put the carrots into a stewpan with three tablespoonfuls of butter. Then arrange them in a border around the potato mound. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

(Tomorrow: A Tempting Fish Dish.)