SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

P. H. McCarthy, Mayor of San Francisco.

P. H. McCarthy, San Francisco's labor union mayor, who recently headed a delegation from the Pacific coast to Washington, is a genuine leader of labor, a workingman who has risen from the ranks. The quest of the delegation, which included Governor Gillett, was the government's sanction for a Panama-Pacific international exposition to be held at San Francisco in 1915 to celebrate the completion of the isthmian canal.

"The citizens of San Francisco," said the mayor, "have subscribed $5,000,000, and since it's our show we don't want the government to give us a cent. We'll pay the fiddler ourselves. All we want Uncle Sam to do is to invite the foreign ministers and tell them they'll have a good time and put up his own part of the exhibit—whatever he happens to wish to."

Mayor McCarthy was born in Ireland forty-seven years ago and came to the United States when eighteen. He had learned the carpenter's trade and while still a boy took an active part in the labor movement in St. Louis, where he resided. He was one of the organizers of the Carpenters and Joiners' union, which became a mighty body at Chicago in 1881 and now has a membership of 300,000.

Five years later McCarthy went to San Francisco and at once became an active figure in the labor world. McCarthy's first achievement was the organization of the San Francisco Building Trades council in 1896, serving as its president for fourteen years. Nine years ago, with the aid of other labor leaders, Mayor McCarthy formed the State Building Trades council. He was elected its first president. In 1907 Mr. McCarthy was a candidate on the labor ticket for mayor, but was badly beaten by E. R. Taylor. At that time the labor vote was divided, but in the election last fall he received its solid support. He also succeeded in winning a large number of business men to his cause. Both bank presidents and union men were numbered among his supporting delegates on his trip to Washington.

Governor Hughes' Successor.

Lieutenant Governor Horace White, who will become governor of New York for the remaining three months of Governor Hughes' term when the latter goes to the supreme bench on Oct. 1, has been prominent in New York politics for many years. He practically began his political career when he was elected to the state senate in 1905, although he had previously served in the assembly. In 1906 he was a candidate against Governor

HORACE WHITE.

Hughes for the gubernatorial nomination, but, being beaten for that honor, captured second place.

As lieutenant governor Mr. White has been consistently opposed to the program of Governor Hughes during his second administration, except so far as the Republican organization has given in to the governor's propositions from time to time.

Mr. White was born in Buffalo in 1867 and is a nephew of Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell university and later ambassador to Germany. He was graduated from Cornell with honors in 1887 and was admitted to the bar in 1890 after a course in the Columbia Law school. Mr. White took up the profession of his forefathers, but quite divided his energies between law and politics.

BOLD WARRIOR VANQUISHED

I went to the civil war at eighteen with my uncle, an old "regular," as his orderly, he being held responsible by my mother that no harm should come to me. This was rather remarkable since I was going to war, but it was necessary. I being heir to a large fortune, and if I were killed it would go a-begging.

It turned out that I needed to be protected from something as dangerous, so my mother considered, as the bullet—that is a sweet, artful, penniless country girl. One day when riding past a small plantation I espied a young miss with soft eyes, an immense cape of hair reaching almost to her heels and a lithe trim figure, with a peach bloom to each cheek. She was standing at the gate looking at us soldiers as we passed. We went into camp near by and that night I stole away to find her. The result was a love affair, which I confided by letter to my mother.

One morning my uncle called me into his tent and stormed at me for a young idiot, threatening that if I did not give up this foolish business he would "break" me and send me home. I told him that he could not break me without cause and I would do as I pleased in the matter.

"Very well," he said. "I will go to the girl. These country people are easily bought off."

I kept a close watch on his movements, and when he called on my lady love I was in an adjoining room, concealed by a curtain. There was a flutter about the house as he rode up.

"Where is your daughter?" he thundered to the meek little mother as he strolled into the house to the jingle of his spurs and the rattle of his sword.

"Oh, general," cried the poor woman, "take everything, but do not burn the house. It is our only home."

"Nonsense! I'm not going to harm you. I want to speak with your daughter."

"The silver is in the well. Take it. Only leave us in peace."

"My good woman, do you take me for a robber? All I wish is to speak a few words to your daughter concerning—well, concerning a private matter."

"She is in there. Don't hurt her, general. She is only a child."

By this time my forgiving uncle had discovered that he had to deal with a different kind of enemy from what he had been accustomed to. He twirled his mustache nervously as he stepped into the room, where he was confronted by a delicious girl of seventeen.

"You—I—I mean that young idiot of a nephew of mine"—

I had never the general advancing at the head of his troops, suddenly brought up by an enemy in force, but unappalled. Now he was paralyzed at facing a young girl. He pulled himself together and continued his volley of words.

"The match is not to be thought of. My nephew is a young fool"—

The general faltered. His enemy was standing with her hands crossed demurely before him, her eyes bent on the floor, looking up occasionally at the warrior to see if he was going to run her through with his sword.

"My nephew, I say," he started on again, "is nothing but a boy with—with confounded good taste, the young rascal!"

Having made a failure in a direct attack, he concluded to attempt to accomplish his ends by stratagem.

"My dear child," he said, "there are a great many reasons why you should be a good little girl and give up this boy, who hasn't sense enough to keep out of an ambush of idiots. Now, what I want you to do is to promise"—

The general stopped, stalled. The girl looked up at him as much as to ask, "What is it you wish me to promise?"

"He will be very rich," pursued the general, "and you, of course, will be—well, you are not rich, you know"—

The general halted to bring up his guns, but before he could do so his little enemy raised her shrinking figure and, looking him squarely in the face, said:

"General, you may tell him that he is free. I am a poor country girl. He is heir to a fortune. No one shall ever say that I"—

She burst into tears.

A shower of bullets is not a terrible thing to an old soldier, because he has become accustomed to them, but a shower of tears is quite a different matter. The general was thrown into a panic. His infantry was in confusion; his guns were spiked; his army was routed.

"By the great horn spoon," he muttered, "what sort of disgraceful fix is this? Dry your tears, little one. That scapegrace isn't good enough for you, but if you want him you shall have him and every unmarried man in my brigade to boot."

He seized both the "little one's" hands, in which her face was buried, and, pulling them away, drew her toward him, and her head rested against his breast.

"General," I said, stepping out from the curtain, "if I were in command and you were a subordinate I'd break you for a poltroon and a coward unable to stand up against a chit of a girl."

Without a word he stalked out of the room, mounted his horse and rode back to camp.

A few days after my uncle's visit we fought a battle. I was wounded, taken to the house of my little love and nursed by her. This forever settled the matter.

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Button, Button, Who's Got the Button? It's Not on the New Frocks.

Very few buttons, only sufficient to supposedly fasten something, and those very handsome, are seen.

Pipings of black will give tone to many of the light colored linen tailored suits this summer.

Surplice effects are rather prominent in dress styles. Usually there is a little chemisette or plastron of tucked net or chiffon and a jabot finish.

The turban coiffure is no longer in vogue, the most approved mode now being to arrange the hair in curls or twists on the crown of the head.

Colored stockings are to be much worn, and in every case the shoes must match. For evening wear there is a decided fancy for gold or silver

EMPIRE GOWN.

slippers, and to accompany the latter the loveliest of silk stockings in silver gray are obtainable.

Semipretensed gowns are very popular. The frock illustrated includes a novel portiere and sleeves that are among the newest and prettiest. The underskirt is of embroidered net, with lace banding out yoke of bodice.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in nine sizes from 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The Dashing Fan Panier Is Undiminished—Sleeves Are All Lengths.

The demand for pongee has not diminished. Baronet pongee, although quite heavily ribbed is soft and pliable. Tussah pongee is a favorite. Satiné pongee is light in weight and is a favorite for softly draped models. All the silk and wool mixtures are shown in the smart shades of the season.

Sleeves are all lengths. The long close sleeve is out of fashion's running, but there are many ways of introducing fullness.

Parasols are to match the gown this season, whether of silk linen or cotton. Old fashioned gingham in plain and striped effects is used this season, and those who saved jackets of a former

PLAITED BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

season may be thankful, for with a few alterations they will conform to the models now used.

Shirt waists that are made with moderate fullness are generally becoming. This one is laid in a succession of plaits, and all except the outside ones are stitched full length, so that there is only a limited amount of fullness.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

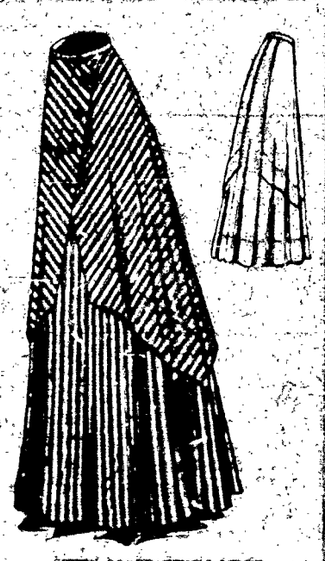
This May Manton pattern comes in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

WHAT YOU'LL WEAR.

Here's the New Ribbon Blouse—Tied-in Effects and Banded-in Ideas.

A separate blouse must be in every one's wardrobe. The newest model is formed of ribbon the same color of the skirt and is worn over a lace slip.

The tied-in effect has given place to the banded-in idea. Wide bands draw



SEVEN GORED TUNIC SKIRT.

in the fullness of yards of skirt toward the bottom. This effect is striven for even on fancy tailored suits.

Would you have a smart wrap for summer? Well, take a model seen at a private view recently. It was simply a huge square of pale rose satin ornamented on each corner with heavy dull silver tassels and cord.

The tunic skirt takes many variations. This one is exceptionally graceful and effective. It is tapped at the front edges to give the one side effect so much liked and includes a full length box plait at the back.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Ecru Is the Color Now—Long Sash Ends Very Popular.

Voluminous coats of bright green satin are smart for afternoon wear and are among the new arrivals from Paris. They have a shaped skirt put on the top part under it does at the hips. This gives them a long pointed effect at the waist line in the back. The sleeves have plaited caps at the top, then gathered puffs, which are plaited into a smooth cuff that has a cord at the edge and is tipped over at the back. This coat has been copied in black satin and corded silk.

Leghorn is used for every type of hat from the severest street model to

FANCY TUCKED WAIST.

the most elaborate dress affair. Black lace is usually associated with leghorn in many of the most charming summer hats.

Colored wheat of large size makes good aigrets and is used in many other ways as well. A charming wide brimmed hat of white is faced with pale green and trimmed with enormous yellow and white buttercups and pale green wheat.

At last there is actually something new at the neckwear counter. The new neckwear surprises you with a hint of cream or light ecru combined with just a touch of black—not too much black, mind you, but in some of the pieces a little.

The lace, strange to say, is neither Irish nor cluny, but a softer variety called hand run lace because of the figures in it, which are outlined by hand.

Here is a novel fancy waist that is sure to meet with approval. Fine lawn makes the model trimmed with bands of valenciennes lace, but any fabric that can be laid in fine tucks is appropriate.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FASHIONS ON THE WING.

A Decided Novelty in Dress Model For Young Girls.

Here is a stunning model for a young girl's dress. The skirt is of a fine quality of tawny and it is taken into the belt with plaits. The waist is of all over eyelet embroidery, sleeves and all, and is joined to the skirt by a fancy belt trimmed with pearl buttons. The sleeves are trimmed with lawn tabs and buttons, and a dainty touch is given the gown by setting in the sleeves and collar with veining. The price is $7.50.

A neat bathing suit is of serf cloth. The skirt is plaited and is stitched to the belt and trimmed with fancy braid. The bloomers are unusually full, and the blouse is cut square in the neck and trimmed with braid run to the waist line in plastron effect. An anchor decorates the front over the

BOY'S SERVICE SUIT.

breast. The sleeves are medium full and gathered in puff fashion, reaching just below the elbow.

Sleeves on blouses are either three-quarter length or they are the other extreme, covering the knuckles of the hands.

The reefer suit for boys is always a smart one. This model can be made from any appropriate material, but as illustrated is of wool chevriot trimmed with simple tailored stitching.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes for boys of three, four, five and six years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE STYLES.

This Is the Day of the Nine-Gore Skirt, The Cowboy Jupe.

One of the tricks employed by modistes to give the proper lines to filmy evening gowns and at the same time provide sufficient warmth is to use fine cashmere for the foundation layer. In these ellet petticoat days everything savoring of a swish or rustle is discarded—skirts and petticoats must be soft, clinging and noiseless.

The summer girl who goes to the mountains or intends to cultivate walking will need a cowboy skirt, which is merely a plain skirt of yellowish serge, crash or linen, with a wide belt trimmed with brass buttons.

SHIRT WAIST WITH FANCY COLLAR.

The skirt is worn with a white shirt waist and large white panama hat with black chip facing and plain flat bow.

New models in suits show the belted waist line and the peasant sleeve.

The negligee that is made with a big collar is nearly always becoming. This model can be made with fancy sleeves or with plain ones, as liked. Dotted swiss with trimmings of embroidery makes the negligee illustrated.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

THE SIXTH WIDOW

By M. QUAD

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There were five widows in the village of Glen Head when the sixth arrived. Her name was Tompkins.

There was one widower in Glen Head to offset the five widows. He was Thomas Jordon.

The good natured Tom Jordon helped to unload her furniture and wrestle the bedsteads and bureau around. He bought lime and a whitewash brush and hired a boy to whitewash the cellar. He took a hoe himself and cut down the weeds in the front yard. The Widow Tompkins was thankful and affable, but she held Mr. Jordon at a distance. He had been told all about the husbands of the other widows—when they died, how they died and their very last words. He knew the financial resources of the house to a cent. He even knew that one of the widows had a sore heel and that two others had corns. In his fatherly way he questioned the sixth widow, but he was turned down at every point. Baffled curiosity kept him thinking of her. The more he thought of her the more he wondered if Providence hadn't sent Mrs. Tompkins along to become Mrs. Jordon. In a month or so he decided that it was so. See how easy it was! See how these five widows had neglected logic for years and years!

The Widow Tompkins sized Mr. Jordon up for a fatherly mob and a good fellow, but logic came in here again. Fatherly men and good fellows are slower than molasses in January about getting around to propose marriage if things are left to their natural course. The five other widows hadn't figured this out. An event must happen. Providence was right around there to help it to happen.

At the end of three months the fatherly man was quite at home in the house of the sixth widow—just neighborly, you know; just dropped in to say if she wanted the kitchen door painted or the ceiling whitewashed he'd see about it for her. On this particular day we have in mind he was in want of a couple of empty barrels. It struck him that he had seen three or four in the widow's cellar while the whitewashing was doing. He found the kitchen door open and walked in. He found no one in the house, and he walked down the cellar stairs, hoping, you know, just neighborly. He had said his prayers when he turned the door shut on him and the bolt slid. He clutched the rail and sprang up the stairs and called out his name and screamed, and a voice answered him:

"All you tramps, you got your self into this and you got to make the best of it!"

"Mrs. Tompkins, this is no tramp. This is Mr. Jordon."

"You can't lie to me, sir. Mr. Jordon doesn't walk into folks' houses and down cellar."

"But I did. I was looking for barrels."

"Well, you can keep on looking until the constable comes!"

He sought to further explain, but she ridiculed the idea. The fact that a tramp had robbed a house in the village a few days previously gave her a good groundwork to build on. The most she would promise was to leave him down there until he had undergone an entire change of heart and was prepared to live an upright life in the future. It was 1 o'clock when Mr. Jordon found himself a prisoner. He sat on the cellar stairs for the next two hours vainly trying to convince the woman upstairs that he was no tramp. He gave his name over and over again, but the steady reply was:

"You are simply trying to imitate Mr. Jordon's voice, but you can't impose on me. I think I will call him in and let him settle with you."

From 3 to 4 o'clock Mr. Jordon patrolled the cellar. He had cobwebs and whitewash and old barrels for company. He could have called from one of the narrow windows to a passerby, but he didn't care to. He didn't want to be laughed at. From 4 to 5 he sat on the stairs, giving his name over and over again and taking his solemn affidavit that he was Thomas Jordon, and no Weary William. His words brought no response from the other side of the door. From 5 to 7 he sat at the bottom of the steps and saw the gloaming enter the windows and heard the whippoorwills tune up. Then a rap on the door above called him up to hear the words:

"I am now going for Mr. Jordon."

"But I am Mr. Jordon."

"Your voice does sound a bit like his, but you can't deceive me. Mr. Jordon is a fine man."

"But so am I."

"Mr. Jordon thinks I am a fine woman."

"So do I."

"I believe Mr. Jordon intends to ask me to marry him."

"I know he does. I ask you right now."

"And Mr. Jordon will want the marriage to come off next month."

"I want it to come off next week!"

Well, there you are! Five widows fooling away their time for several years, and along comes the sixth and plays the joker within three months! Yes, sir, and that couple are living together in the same nest today and as happy as clams. It's as easy as grease when you know how, and widowhood all the rest of your days when you don't.