

Woman's World

Mrs. Hughes Credits Unique Vocation.



MRS. LOIS PIERCE HUGHES.

In this age of unique vocations perhaps that of "hotel hostess" is about the most original and new. The idea of having a woman to preside over a host devoted entirely to the accommodation of feminine guests is being very successfully tried in a large new hotel in New York city.

Good Form

Small Observances of Society. While there are many small observances of the rules of society, some need but little consideration, while others, seemingly of almost no importance, take their place as a necessity, and their observance marks the difference between those who know and those who do not the "proper thing" to do.

FOR A PRETTY FACE.

Summer Girls Must Wear Sunbonnets.



OF SHIRRED WHITE LACE.

For out of door dining on the club veranda a hat of this description is enchanting. The material used is shirred white lace placed over a wire frame. Pink roses and wisteria in delicate lavender are massed at the sides. Streamers of wistaria velvet ribbon fall at the back.

A CUBIST AUTUMN.

Fall Fashions, It is Said, Are Like Nightmares. Autumn clothes, they say, will make it appear as though the feminine world had gone mad. A recent exhibition of the Dry Goods Economist in New York city shows that the ultra swell dressers this fall will have to go to the apparent extreme limit if they keep pace with the new modes.

Stroller Costume for Fall Wear.

The girl about town is going to do very trim next fall in a natty tailored suit of dark blue serge. Her hair, as



SUITS OF MANNISH TYPE.

seen in the illustration, is coiled close under a walking derby, her gloves are heavy dogskin and a monocle on a black ribbon swings over a neat ascot tie.

Card Party Stunt. You will be surprised to find it expedites matters at your card party to have pencils fastened to the corners of the tables by means of a ribbon and a thumb tack.

THE CHINESE NOTE.

Eastern Styles the Craze This Season.



GOWN WITH INSCRIPTION ON TUNIC.

Gowns for several seasons have been given poetical names, but the summer season has brought forth a new sartorial feature, the inscription frock; but alas, the inscription is in Chinese, and only one's laundryman would be likely to understand it translated. It means "God bless every Chinaman."

NECKWEAR NOVELTIES.

Fillings Made of Fresh, Crisp White Crapes. Very few of the new gowns have high collars, and aside from the suitability of this fashion to warm weather the ways in which it is presented are decidedly attractive. Never has there been a more charming fashion than that of soft folds of net, tulle or lace outlining the neck. These are drawn surplus-like across the bust above a flimsy vest, which is usually employed to fill in a gown above the girdle.

Camping Suggestions.

Are you going camping this summer? Perhaps you have intended to, every year until you thought of some little pet luxury you would have to forego.

Tomato Pudding.

One can tomatoes, two July red onions, one cupful breadcrumbs, several thin slices of bacon.

Cottage Cheese Salad.

Take a quantity of cottage cheese, mash it with a potato masher until smooth, adding a little milk to moisten it sufficiently.

Breaded Chicken.

Cut a tender chicken into seven pieces as if for frying, roll in beaten yolks of two eggs, then in finely graded breadcrumbs seasoned with chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

A Hit In Paris.

A young American has made a hit in Paris by starting a real popcorn shop.

Cookery Points

Summer Recipes. Huckleberry Pudding - A huckleberry pudding is made in this way. Cream a cupful of butter and the same amount of sugar. Then add the yolks of three eggs, beating in one at a time, and then the whites whipped stiff.

For the Children

The Boy Who Saved the Game.



Whew, we had a game today! All our club played fine, An' the other fellows, too. Had a bully nine. They was leadin' by two runs When our side went in. For the last half of the ninth, With one chance to win.

Bobby and the Raindrops. Once upon a time, because it was raining cats and dogs, Bobby was quite sure that Tom Tit would not come to play with him. But soon there came a tapping at the windowpane, and Bobby had only to jump from bed and run and open the window, and there on a carriage of rain clouds, sat Tom Tit himself.

Tom Tit did not have to say a word to the carriage of clouds or tell it where to go. For off it flew, and the swift winds swung it up, up, to the raindrop waterfall. There it stopped at the very edge, and it was a very good thing that it did, for if Bobby had tumbled into the waterfall he would surely have been shot straight down to earth again, along with a thousand raindrops. Quite a noise they made, too, in their bounding hurly, ac that Bobby had to hold his fists tight over his ears.

Perhaps that was why he didn't hear Master Sobby Wet approaching. "Ho, ho!" cried he, rubbing the water from his left eye and twinkling it at Bobby. "Who are you?" "Why, I'm one of the little people you pour your horrid rain on," replied Bobby. "Well," said Sobby in his swishy swashiest manner, "you at any rate don't seem to have gained much good from what I have been doing. You're looking just as little and thin as ever. It certainly is a shame that boys and girls don't like me and won't come into the garden or the fields to play, whenever I send them my shining drops. Just see how silly you are to come up here with big rubber boots, as if I wanted to make you sick with chills and coughs and colds. No, indeed, I am the man who makes everything grow tall and strong and beautiful. Now, silly Bobby, I do wish you would remove those boots! Please do!"