



be made commonplace with white braids. An all-white color is better—a splash of color rather than timid experiments. Gray is a better color than white—gray mohair adorned with broad white bands. To the right, gray dress with a complexion that makes it fit in with nature that is harmonious and not aggressive. Gray and white are the gull's colors and they flash like the sea bird itself, and lend themselves to grace and strength and the feeling of power and self-command.

If I were a pretty girl and seeking a bath suit, if I didn't wear black, I'd wear gray. The hair is the great problem. A bandanna kerchief, like a bird's trophy, is gay and becoming, but before it is worn it must be soaked in tepid water, so that the colors may be set and not trickle down your face on sticky rainbows.

Some of the girls here are fancy bathing hats and caps that are rather pretty, particularly so the little affairs of checked rubber that are meant for dividing swimming and all the athletic sports that make good fun of bathing.

All the pretty girls have bare arms, which make their stockinged feet the more conspicuous.

The stockings can be made the great feature of a bathing outfit, though it must be strictly plain. Even openwork effects are not permissible—not permissible at all since the actresses have taken to them.

A fine black silk stocking is the delight of the bathing girl, and joy is hers if it fits perfectly and if she have the feet of a Tilly.

On these feet may be worn slippers, but by preference sandals that tie with ribbons.

A swimming belt is allowable—for a beginner—but the balls of the bathing beach is trim and dapper, and not one of her coquettish appears until, tired by her exertions, she struggles from the water, her bright silk bath cloak is cast about her, and she lies, like a gray ribbon of seaweed, prone on the sand.

Bath Cloaks the Feature.

These bath cloaks are the feature of the season—long, loose affairs that shimmer as if tropical jellyfish of miraculous hues had been cast up by the tide.

More brilliant, more miraculous still are the sunshades—enormous circles of color, scarlet, emerald or black—beneath which demure heads are sheltered.

There is something about a sunshade like a big dot that marks a city on a map; it helps a girl's sweetheart to find her. And there is something suggestive of gypsy folk and of the nomad life of the East in the sudden up-springing of tents and gay, striped pavilions on the beach, where last night all was white, drifting sand. Morning after morning one wakes to busier and more tumultuous Summer life, and with the bathing girls come regiments of others—brilliantly clad butterflies that do not wet their wings.

Muslin dresses are favorites for the beach promenade—hand-painted muslins that show apple blossoms on a white or pale blue background; wild roses on a pink ground, or tulips of gorgeous varieties.

A pretty dress that I have seen today has a bodice of morning glories about the bottom, with leaves and buds and trailing, delicate vines extending up to the waist in graceful patterns. A small and dainty parasol, also decorated with morning glories, accompanied this dress, which looked as if it had lost its way among the stronger and more robust plumes and ducks and lilies.

For an outing dress, if Narragansett has any snorty blue linen stitched with white is the July caper.

WORKING-WOMEN'S DRESS.

Should Be at All Times Becoming and Suitable.

How the working-woman should dress during business hours requires more attention than is commonly given to it, says the New York Herald. Finery and gewgaws are tabooed by the more intelligent.

being laundered, whereas, the truly neat woman cannot wear her cotton one more than twice.

The working-woman should never buy cheap shirts. They are the poorest sort of economy. Three or four of cheviot and madras, such as men wear, which keep their color, shape, hold the starch and last several seasons, are worth a dozen flimsy things that wrinkle after a few hours' wearing and don't stand a season's laundering. Moreover, thin shirts, showing arms and neck through, are as unsuitable to the office as the trailing skirt.

In the business world it is more difficult at this season of the year to keep clean than at any other. Windows are open to sooty chimneys and to flying dirt, which sprinkles itself in layers over desks and tables. Women brush their arms against it and their hands require frequent scrubbing. To protect the shirt above it is well to wear a loose half-sleeve, which will pull on and off easily. Made of cambric, with a gathered heading at the wrist, and an elastic to hold it above the elbow, it will be found an invaluable aid to neatness.

As to the hands, let no working-woman be so misguided as to go about town without gloves. Hot they may be; extravagant they are; not for lightweight carter gloves that wear like cast-iron can be bought for \$1, while like chambray, at 20 cents, bear endless washings. The woman who goes without them conveys her skin and gets a griminess at her finger tips and nails which no amount of after-scrubbing will lessen. With care the office woman can have just as well-kept hands and nails as her more luxurious sister, and this is a detail of her toilet to which she cannot give too much attention.

Let the working-woman who studies her Summer costume aspire to look as well as feel cool. To this end she should eschew red and all hot colors, and become addicted to neutral shades. An ideal business costume is an ankle-length linen skirt, a pongee shirt waist, belt and collar of green ribbon, and one of the Japanese straw alpaca hats which are linen color, light weight and durable. Linen collars are not recommended at this season. They are stiff and injurious to the neck, if worn too constantly.

Pongee is a fabric not half appreciated by the working-woman. Not only does it make cool, washable shirts, but it is an ideal material for the short petticoat worn under the ankle-length skirt. It hangs well, has no weight, washes and will last for years.

To be scrupulously clean requires time and money, both scarce commodities with the working-woman. But if she be fastidious she will set apart a certain time each week for inspection and repairs, and she will not be above washing handkerchiefs, gloves, neck ribbons and small things of that sort herself. A well-groomed working-woman is a pleasant sight, and gives tone to an office.

POMPADOUR FOR WOMEN WHOSE HAIR WILL NOT Stay Curled.

The greatest problem confronting the Summer girl has been solved. Her straight locks of hair which refuse to stay in curl have ceased to be a menace to her happiness. She no longer bothers with them. She has given up experimenting. She wears a false pompadour instead and defies the wind and weather.

Heretofore half the troubles of the Summer girl could be traced to the fact that her hair would never stay in curl. At the seashore her coiffure became an actual tragedy. To curl her hair was out of the question, and not to curl it made her look like a fright. So she experimented. She put it up in leads at night, and twisted it so tightly that it actually parted. She tried every curling fluid advertised, and all with no avail. Five minutes after she reached the beach her obstinate locks of hair would look as straight as a string. The first whiff of sea air would undo her work of hours.

Her hair, which looked so lovely when her hair was in soft, fluffy waves and little rippling curls, suddenly became most

unbecoming. With her hair out of curl she looked well in nothing. Now, says the New York Journal, the end of the pompadour Summer girl will have no more of it. She has given up trying to curl her hair, and has taken unto herself the false pompadour. In fact, the most important addition to her Summer wardrobe this year is this wavy, fluffy pompadour, which can always be depended upon to look just the same.

When the new pompadour is properly adjusted no one would ever think that it came from a shop. It looks like the wearer's very own. It is made of naturally wavy hair, and is as light as a feather. It is made on light ventilated net, with a comb attachment. The comb is so constructed that it shapes the pompadour

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"Bob" has been pretty attentive to Jessie Sinclair for the last year, but of late he has been more so than usual, because there is another fellow he has been trying to cut out. He wanted to give her something very nice, so he went to the florist and ordered one dozen American Beauty roses to be sent to her address. They were 25 cents apiece, and that meant \$25, enough for 'Bob' to pay. But what does the foolish fellow do?

"He sees some extra long-stemmed ones



standing in a vase near by and he prices those. "One dollar and a quarter apiece," says the man. "Bob" is feeling very generous that day; his allowance has just come in. "Give me a dozen of those instead of the cheap ones I took," he says, and hands over the extra \$4.