

THRONE OF THE SUMMER GIRL; FURNISHING AND FADS OF THE VERANDA



And now for the summer girl. Sweet as a rose, arrayed in all the bravery of her summer wear, paint she comes. Not content with being herself a vision of beauty, she beautifies her surroundings to such an extent that the setting is almost as lovely as the jewel. For you must know that the veranda is the summer girl's camping ground. Here she reigns, the lady paramount. She spares no pains in making her little domain as attractive as possible. From the edge of the veranda roof droops a cool-looking green and white striped awning for the wise little lady knows well that a becoming light is most necessary to conquest. Running round the front and sides of the floor are low green boxes filled with

growing vines and flowers, gay geraniums, drooping fuchsias, flaunting nasturtiums. The fashionable wear just at present for veranda furnishings is crex, which really is prairie grass, woven into all sorts of useful, and beautiful things.

So the floor covering is a great wide mat of green crex. A swinging seat, big enough for two, hangs by ropes from the ceiling. It is upholstered in gay looking Oriental stuff and filled with striking looking cushions. Pushed against the

Crex Will Be Used This Summer for the Making of All the Furniture of the Summer Veranda.

wall is a low, luxurious couch, also of crex. It is filled with huge, downy cushions, and is just the place to fling one's self when tired after a game of golf or tennis. Then there is a regular sleepy hollow of a chair with wide arms, where one can place one's cup or glass, and a deep pocket for books, papers, etc. At the back of this chair, there are two long pockets shaped like candy bags, where stray golf sticks may repose. The tea table must not be forgotten, for that

is a very important adjunct to the little kingdom. It is of crex woven in a close, strong pattern. The top of the table is for the tea tray, the under sheet is for cake, toast, muffins or whatever dainty my lady may provide for her guests. All the china is of green glazed ware. The doily covering the tea tray is of white linen, embroidered in ferns and leaves. Who would not love to drink tea from those dainty cups or eat bread and butter from off those adorable little green

plates? From the roof of the veranda swing baskets of growing ferns and palms, their pots concealed by crex baskets. There is also a small chest of crex in which papers, work and tennis racquets may be kept. In the midst of all this luxury lives Her Majesty, the summer girl, and who is there that would even if he could, dare to dispute her sway? We could not get on without her, the naughty, pretty, troublesome, adorable summer girl.

CHORUS STARTS POPPY HAT FAD



The Poppy Hat Girl.

The Poppy Chorus in "The Wizard of Oz" prides itself on the innovation of poppy hats in Springfield millinery. Within a fortnight after the production of the extravaganza the avenue milliner who manufactured the poppy hats worn in the play was besieged with orders for similar hats, and within another month the poppy headgear was a recognized fad.

Whether or not "The Wizard of Oz" is responsible for the poppy hat craze, the fact remains that no poppy hats were seen on the street prior to the production of the play here. The hat was designed by Julian Mitchell. It is made of china silk, lined to represent the petals of this popular flower. The bulb center is of green china silk

and affords a striking contrast to the scarlet petals. The stem is of black chenille, strongly wired on. Although the hat appears to be a very cumbersome affair its weight is less than half a pound. Oddly it is not its sole recommendation. Most women, be they blondes or brunettes, find it strikingly becoming.

Actors Set Fashions in Architecture. American millionaires are building their country seats after the fashion of Old World castles. Architects give the credit of the fad to the turkeys and donjon-keeps popular actresses. The unwritten law of the stage almost seems to be that a successful season in America must be followed by the purchase somewhere of a Schloss. Patti set the precedent by establishing herself at Craig-y-nos. Jan de

Reszke retreated to the depths of Poland, to his beautiful estate of Borovna. Bernhardt took to an island in the Mediterranean; and Calve ensconced herself in the south of France on a rock that recalls Gibraltar. Alluring word-pictures of these castle homes prove tempting to the millionaire whose greatest ambition is to eclipse neighboring Mr. Moneybags in the erection of a palace. But only occasionally does American wealth get the better of American common sense, and bring to pass such haunting absurdities, empha-

sized by incongruous surroundings in grounds and gateways. When the American imitation of the British castle is fashioned tactfully after ancestral homes, and when good taste is displayed throughout, the result is most pleasing. Imposingly massive stone entranceways sentinel these suburban keeps, and not only the doorways but the domed and turret conservatories and all the various details of the huge mansion, correspond in architecture with the striking entranceway to the extensive grounds.

Journalists Should Begin and End in the Country.

How to get a position on the staff of the Tribune, or the Sun, or the Times, or some other good paper? Certainly there is no rule at all about that. For my own part, says Dr. Albert Shaw, in the June Cosmopolitan, I am a great believer in country training. I think newspaper work in a smaller town or city affords the best opportunity for the beginner to learn all parts of his trade. He will get on much faster afterward in the city for having learned all that a country newspaper office can teach him. On the other hand, I am a great believer in the country as a place for the able and self-respecting city newspaper man who has grown weary of the burdens and excursions of work in a metropolitan newspaper office, and who yearns for a little more chance to develop his own personality. I have known various cases where such men, really young, took what they had saved out of their salaries, bought newspapers in smaller cities or country towns, soon became leading men in their communities, learned to keep early hours, and "lived happy ever after."

THE AGE LIMIT IN PUBLIC LIFE.

The assertion has recently been made that nearly two-thirds of the last House of Representatives had, when first elected, reached or passed the age of 40 years, whereas almost all the members of the present British House of Commons were under 40 when first elected. The fact, if it be one, simply proves that, as members of the House of Commons are unpaid, the seats in that body are mainly occupied by young men belonging to the aristocracy and the upper-middle class who can afford the luxury of a legislative career. There is no reason to believe that in professional or business life Englishmen attain success at an earlier age than Americans. Rather is the contrary the case. There are no counterparts in England to Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, who must be deemed astoundingly young, with only a mind that they started with nothing, and have acquired hundreds of millions of dollars. It is certain that, as regards society in the highest sense of the word, many women between 40 and 50 years of age play more conspicuous parts in England than they do on this side of the Atlantic. Look, for example, at the activity of the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Ronalds in London. They have had no recent counterparts here, if we except Mrs. Harriett Lane-Johnston, who accompanied her uncle to the Court of St. James in the early fifties. There seems to be, indeed, no doubt that in Europe and in the United States the limit of what may be termed the age of usefulness in professional and political life has been materially raised in the course of a hundred years. In the list of British prime ministers of the eighteenth century, we should look in vain for parallels to Palmerston and Gladstone, and it would now be very difficult for young Americans to acquire the influence in public life which was attained by Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and Henry Clay at a very early age. As Mr. Dewey has pointed out, the most influential members of the United States Senate on both the Republican and Democratic sides are over 70. So far as the Senate is concerned, we seem to be reverting to the Roman precedent. It will be remembered that by law a Roman had to be well advanced in middle life before he was eligible for the consulate. There was no such thing as a young military commander. The career of Alexander Hamilton, or of Napoleon Bonaparte would have been impossible under the Roman republic. In France, under the ancien regime, not only the marshals, but the generals, were old men, except in the case of princes of the blood, or of representatives of the very highest aristocracy. The same thing is true today of the Prussian army. The case of von Moltke was typical—Harper's Weekly.

NO WARDROBE COMPLETE WITHOUT A LACE TRIMMED GOWN

The woman who wishes to be strictly up to date must follow the demands of "Dainty Fashion" and have her gown lavishly trimmed with lace, which is one of the most expensive of all dress trimmings.

The morning frock, afternoon and evening gown must have "masses" of lace or medallions of lace exquisitely arranged on the skirt or bodice. Intensely charming is the rita, lace bolero, very short at the back, and falling longer in front, with lace introduced in the most cunning fashion about the top and shoulders representing more lace than goods. The beautiful fish point lace caps and collars and stoles are now much in evidence.

Here is a lady's robe of white voile over an underskirt of white tulle, plain flowing skirt adorned with two groupings of five insertions of lace. Each insertion is headed by tiny edged lace and fold of goods.

The bodice has an insertion about the low neck, below which is a two-inch laced insertion of the goods. Extending about the waist surplus lace are two wider bands of insertion, making an extremely pretty effect.

The sleeves are soft and flowing, with clusters of tiny lace about two inches apart.

ART IN POT LIDS.

Among the fancies that have been developed by collectors of the present day is one for the fancy lids of pots that once contained potted meat, or fish, or poultry. No measure of antiquity, or quality of material is claimed for these, but collectors are with justice able to claim for them a certain connection with art.

Very many of the articles that are collected with pains and at a not inconsiderable cost, barely escape the charge of being grotesque, but a large proportion of the pot lids are reproductions, in miniature, of really excellent pictures. Pastoral scenes, shipping and seaside pictures, and views of well-known buildings—scenes in Washington, for instance—are popular subjects, and among the most coveted are copies of Morland's pictures. For these as much as \$5 has been asked, but the ordinary price is from 50 to 75 cents.

What It Means to Row Against Harvard.

Some people seem to think that all you have to do if you want to row in a race against Harvard is to put in a few pleasant afternoons on the New Haven harbor, and then spend three or four weeks at Gale's Ferry where there are shaded lawns, and the manager pays the bills. They don't know anything about it. There are six long, hard, grueling, grinding months of work that nobody ever sees, or hears of, or knows anything about, before a crew becomes the "perfect one of a kind." It has to be to race these four miles on the Thames.

Every day is as full of hard, uphill, heart-breaking work as a head coach and a captain, who have been through it before, and a little coxswain, who thinks he knows things, can make it. First there is four work in the 23 1/2 hours of it—and outdoor runs to get wind, and solid afternoons of pulling an oar in the gym tank, with critical coaches standing on the platform and telling you how to do it. Then weeks of struggle to get the stroke and train body and arms and legs and brain to work together with the least waste of energy. And then pair and barge rowing on the New Haven harbor, and snell



Lace Trimmed Gown.

work when the warm weather comes, the University. And if private lectures and through long, hot afternoons when it public masses till you begin to feel that seems as if the only thing the coaches would get at you through megaphones, would be to let you know that you are the "best" eight that ever tried to represent the University. (From the New York Times, July 10, 1900.)

FLARING HATS, BEDECKED WITH FRUITS OR FLOWERS, PERCH ATOP THE SUMMER GIRL'S HEAD

