



With the
Pantalette
Gowns Enter
Their
Counterparts
in the
Negligee---
Also Stolen
from the
Stern Sex---
But Such Decorations!

THE FASCINATING SUMMER PAJAMA GIRL.



Real Comfort on a Summer Day—the Pom-pom Pajama and a Hammock.



PRETTY as Pierette in her pom-poms is the Summer girl of 1909 in her new pajamas. That erstwhile plain and homely garment, yclept the masculine pajama, would never recognize itself in its feminine semblance, attired with pom-poms and true love knots made of ribbon.

An English beauty who has a brother in India started the fad. As all the world knows, the Anglo-Indian gentleman's pajama is his negligee. He wears this garb while partaking of his breakfast tea and muffins, and sits around to it until tiffin, feeling not a whit embarrassed at being caught by visitors in this rather unconventional raiment. The pretty English maid, after a visit to Calcutta and the "Hills," where all the English folk in India who are lucky can run away from the dreadful heat, saw no reason why the pajama-negligee, with its enviable comfort and informality, should not be enjoyed by her own sex as well as any other; so she set to work and had

made forthwith a dozen delectable pajamas, each in a different pastel shade of the softest silk—the sort of silk that flaps alluringly when the breeze blows through it and is twice as cool as any lingerie fabric ever woven.

Think of reclining in a hammock and never having to think whether one's skirts are discreetly over one's ankles! Think of loafing all hunched up in a big, cosy Morris chair and throwing one foot comfortably over the arm of it as men do when they read the Sunday morning papers—and women do, sometimes when they are quite sure they are all alone! Think of running about the house feeling as gloriously free as in a gymnasium suit, yet looking ten times prettier—for the new pom-pom-trimmed pajamas are entrancingly pretty and graceful, and as feminine as can be.

They are not intended at all to fulfil the duties of a regulation "nightie," though, of course, in camp, or when traveling in a sleeping car, they make



Pauline Chase, the Original Pajama Girl.

They Are Handy in Case of Fire.

breakfasts, orders the day's marketing, makes an appointment for dinner over the phone and attends to all the other odds and ends which take up the morning hours at home.

The best sort of night wear. The new pajamas are lifted to the rank of negligees. In them one wears the day's marketing, makes an appointment for dinner over the phone and attends to all the other odds and ends which take up the morning hours at home.

The new feminine pajamas are built on graceful lines, the jacket outlining the shoulder and arm and the trousers fitting well over the hips, but the garment having much more fullness of cut than a man's pajamas, which over feminine curves produce a lumpy and undulating outline that does not suggest cool and reposeful Summer ease in flowing fabric.

Some of the feminine pajamas are luxuriously costly. Only the softest silken fabrics are used—and of course fabrics that do not "show through." China and India silks are the favorites, and some of these soft silk garments are sent clear to the Orient to be delicately embroidered. There is a fad for having one's favorite occupation represented on one's pajamas as a mark of individuality. The golf girl has her insignia of clubs and balls

beautifully embroidered on her jacket; the maid who loves horses has good luck horseshoes; the girl who adores yachting chooses an anchor—and so on. Striped wash silks in dainty pastel colorings make charming pajama-negligees when one cannot afford the costly Oriental embroidered kind. The main thing is to have the cut of the garment right, so that it shall give a roomy, comfortable look, yet be shapely and graceful. The gay little pom-poms and rosettes will complete the smartness, and, of course, the pajama girl wears little satin shoes on her feet, also trimmed with big pom-poms or rosettes.

The Garment Makes a Most Pleasant Breakfast Negligee.

And the Queer Chinese Kind Look Very Picturesque at the Telephone.



Do Girls Spoil Their Own Marriage Chances?

A SURELY one of the principal reasons for the oft-lamented fact that men won't marry, is the extravagance of the modern girl, and her deplorable lack of the housewifely, slipper-warming, tea-making qualities!

Against this sweeping indictment there will be hurled, I know, a perfect tempest of wrathful protestations; but the fact remains that girls ruin their own chance of happy marriage nine times out of ten simply through their mistaken views of life and the things that, in the long run, make for happiness.

Take the typical maiden, whose parents are, as they themselves would declare, "comfortably off"—on something ranging between \$20 and \$30 a week.

Had she been of her own mother's day, she would gladly and as a matter of course, have devoted herself to house-keeping arts from the moment she left school—thus fitting herself to become a good wife, and, incidentally, saving her father's pocket the price of a servant.

To go needlessly into the big world would have seemed to her a foolish, as well as rather wicked, proceeding. Providence having provided her with a safe and comfortable shelter, she stayed in it contentedly until she left it for a home of her own, a home she by no means expected to be the equal of that she left—to insist on beginning where parents

leave off being a failing of the damsel of to-day.

She scorns the idea of housework. Housework!—the very word is anathema. Mademoiselle requires much service at the hands of those she considers fitted to perform such tasks; she elects to become a wage earner.

Possibly she proves both diligent and clever, and speedily earns a decent salary. More probably she is just one of the many thousands of "pin-money" workers, who spoil the market for the living wage earners; and so keep down the marriage rate!

In either case—small salary or big—it all goes on her dress and personal amusements, and extravagance in both directions, out of all proportion to her position in life, becomes second nature to the foolish fair one.

Love, we are often told, is blind. But the man in the marrying mood, if he can find a suitable mate, is exceedingly keen-eyed and timorous.

To the young fellow of her own class, the expensively dressed vision who prattles gaily of new plays and foreign tours, is distinctly frightening.

How could he dare venture to ask her to share his lot—the lot of the \$15 a week clerk's wife!—when she is used to gaily spending half that on the luxuries of life in the same period?

It has been truly said that this is an age of show rather than comfort. Everything is sacrificed to appearances. The whole tendency is to live beyond one's means, and thousands jeopardize the incomes they have to seem to possess more; but the greatest and most foolish sin is the modern miss!

To do him justice, the average man is a very simple-minded, much-as-his-fathers-were sort of individual. When he thinks of marriage, it is of a bright and winsome little helpmate he dreams. A someone who will understand the cares and anxieties that beset the path of the climber on Fortune's hill—someone "not too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

He dreams of her in all sorts of homely guises—with sleeves rolled up above her pretty elbows, wrapped in a white apron, making pastry; tripping along beside him under an umbrella, on marketing thoughts intent; sitting by their own fireside, darning his socks.

And with such dreams in the background of his mind, he begins to look around among all the pretty sisters of his friends, in the hope of realizing them—only to discover that the dear little homely home-making, home-loving ways that would win his heart are apparently left out of the makeup of the beautifully dressed ladies who turn the local tennis club into a flower garden and the local church parade

into a beauty show!

More than likely the special charm of one lures him into close acquaintance, and she becomes, in more senses than one, a dear friend!

With gay unconsciousness she permits him to squander an inconsiderable portion of his weekly income upon her. Dances, theatres, little trips up the river, midday regards as pleasing attentions that should, of course, be showered upon her by an admirer, nor is she by any means chary at hinting she will expect them in a husband, also!

How dare any young fellow suggest that she should endeavor to learn other ways, forego her grand ideas, and settle down happily to the joys of her own fireside, varied by an annual fortnight at the sea!

Let him tentatively murmur of love in a cottage, and she will laugh cheerfully, and begin to talk of the fine house now owned by some girl friend who has "married well."

For those whose marriages have not been of an equally prudent description, for the girls who have forsaken cycling to cook their husband's dinners, or are teaching tiny feet to take their first steps along life's pathway, she has nothing but more than half contemptuous pity.

Is it to be wondered at that such girls don't marry?