

Five of the Latest Paris Creations

AMERICA, independent in all else, still looks periodically to France for its fashions. From Paris it gets inspiration for the fashioning, if not the purchase, of hats and frocks. The hats bought early in the season are fading now as the roses in the gardens are fading. A new frock or two may be needed to freshen the wardrobe early ordered. For these the French models are an aid.

Hats are extreme. The low flat hats are very low and flat. Large crowns are very large. The side-tilted hat is tilted very far up on one side and very far down on the other. Colors are very pale, very bright, or very dark. The season is sartorially one of extremes. A conservative dresser described it as a "painful and violent season."

The midsummer gowns are long and loose and flowing, along the lines of elegance. Over them is worn for formal carriage wraps similar garments of silk and lace designed to cover the gown from neck to hem. One of the handsomest of these is the evening coat made by Redfern, and which is reproduced on this page. It is of black net with an elaborate border of silver embroidery. "Night and the Sea" its owner has named it, for the design of the handsome border is of birds winging their way above waves.

It is evident from the latest Parisian models that while the lines of the Directoire and Empire gowns are followed the waist line is being steadily dropped and is nearing the normal. Although Mme. Lucille, of London, protests against this, exclaiming, "If women knew how much younger they look in the one-piece gown they would never return to the hideous, old middle-waist line," that exotic designer of emotional gowns has not prevailed against the edict of the greater Parisian authorities. Redfern is dropping the waist line to a distance of from an inch to four inches above the former candid line, when the Directoire and Empire craze had not raged.

From the French models it is also apparent that the strong liking for embroidery designed for the gown is continued, in spite of its expense.

Attainment

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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USE all your hidden forces. Do not miss
The purpose of this life, and do not wait
For circumstances to mold or change
your fate.
In your own self lies Destiny. Let this
Vast truth cast out all fear, all prejudice,
All hesitation. Know that you are great.
Great with divinity. So dominate
Environment, and enter into bliss.
Love largely and hate nothing. Hold
no aim
That does not chord with universal
good.
Hear what the voices of the Silence
say,
All joys are yours if you put forth
your claim.
Once let the spiritual laws be understood,
Material things must answer and obey.

Lavender Hat of Tuscan Straw.



A fine Tuscan straw in lavender, having crown of pale violets and wreath of Marie Louise roses, in all the tones of rose, gray and sulphur yellow.



The cloak is of strong black net, with a silver embroidered border of seabirds.

Measuring Tenth.

(Youth's Companion.)

It is not common to find a person who can correctly estimate the lapse of a single second. But, as an English writer remarks, in these days of speeding automobiles, the exact time when each of two colliding vehicles must have occupied particular spots may be a matter of great importance. In a recent experiment a car took nearly two seconds to stop after brakes were applied, and in that time it moved nineteen feet. So even fractions of a second are important. One can train one's self to estimate even tenths of a second. Try it with a watch, and it will be found that it is just possible to count 10 in the lapse of a single second. But one must count very fast to do it.

Gossip Brings Tragedy to Two Young Lives

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

WITHIN the last few days attention has been called to the tragic ending of two young girls who have killed themselves on account of slanderous stories circulated regarding their reputations. In both cases the stories were proved to be untrue, but too late to save the lives of the hapless little victims. Doria Manfredi killed herself last January in Italy because a woman, almost old enough to be her mother, declared she was not a good girl. That woman to-day is paying the richly deserved penalty for her cruelty.

Antonietta Donato lies dead in New York, the innocent victim of another woman's scandalous tongue. The women who destroyed the character of these two innocent girls killed them just as surely as though they had stuck a knife into their hearts.

It seems incredible that one woman could so wantonly and falsely destroy the reputation of another.

Such stories are usually the result of an almost insane jealousy, as in the case of Madame Puccini and Doria Manfredi.

As long as the world lasts women who have lost their youth and beauty will be jealous of women who still retain them, but that is no excuse for malicious lying, gossip.

When Love Clashes.

Madame Puccini declared Doria Manfredi to be a bad girl, because she did not want her to be a good one.

It shows up such a tragic light on woman's nature that she can so far forget her loyalty to her own sex as to destroy the reputation of a young girl.

In the case of Antonietta Donato the stories were also the fabrication of a jealous woman.

Women are sisters until their love interests clash; then they become primitive savages.

Gossip of all kinds is degrading and contemptible, but the gossip that destroys a woman's character is unspeakable.

What had those two young girls to live for, with their good names blighted, their innocence besmirched?

What agonies of mortification, shame and grief those two young things must have suffered before despair drove them to end their lives! How bitterly they must have brooded on the unkindness of their own sex.

It may seem a very little thing to shrug your shoulders or imply just the least hint of scandal against a woman, but remember that nothing grows so quickly and so falsely as scandal.

Rush to Spread Gossip.

Never add your mite to the push that will send another woman down hill.

We women must stand by each other ever ready to defend, to help and to sympathize. This is our sacred duty. Men are much more fair and square toward each other than we women are, and it is a disgrace to us that it should be so.

A man does not rush out eager to repeat some tale that reflects on the character of another man. He at least waits to find out if the story be true before he repeats it.

But at the first hint of a scandal some women put on their hats and joyously go forth to add to the gaiety of nations by repeating the tale broadcast.

I hate to speak so of my own sex, but it is true that women repeat many scandals that have absolutely no foundation. Let us stand by each other, dear women, and make up our minds to repeat no scandal and never to breathe a word that can hurt one of our own sex. Let us be true to each other.

The Hot Weather Value of Salads.

IT is now the season par excellence for salads, as, though no Frenchman would ever think a dinner complete without a salad, the Americans and English only look upon them as in season in summer.

Even then salads are not eaten as much, or as often, as they should be, and indeed it is far too infrequent a luxury with us, the chief idea of most people in the way of a salad being of chopped lettuce with onions, beetroot, or tomatoes, with a flavored vinegar as dressing.

This is a "simple" salad; a more elaborate one consists of a mess of chopped chicken, sometimes replaced by veal, lobster and a thick mayonnaise sauce. But there are any number of things which can be turned into salad, and if we made a practice of having the simpler salad on the table every day we should find the supply for it practically inexhaustible.

There are cresses, sorrel, young dandelion-leaves, nasturtium stems and blossoms, which are not only pungent and aromatic but make a very ornamental dish. There are also chicory and vegetables such as cucumbers and tomatoes, tiny silver onions, radishes sliced thinly and many other things besides. For all of these the simple French dressing is enough.

There are one or two things to be borne in mind by the salad-maker, and these are:

First, the green stuff must be absolutely dry before putting on the dressing, and, of course, should be quite fresh.

Second, a salad should never be mixed till the last moment, in order that none of the crispness of the green stuff be lost.

Third, use none but the best ingredients, such as the finest olive oil and the best vinegar, that made from white wine if possible.

Lemon juice is used by some to take the part of vinegar, for those who do not care for it.

The proportions of oil and vinegar for

a salad should be two-thirds of oil to a third of vinegar. If oil is not liked, the quantity should be small at first and increased gradually till it is liked.

A simple salad dressing is made with oil and vinegar in the above proportions, flavored with salt and pepper. Mustard and sugar are not necessary.

With regard to the oil, we quote the words of a culinary authority on the matter: "The oil is a very nourishing part of the affair itself, and takes the place in the system of much food; indeed, to those for whom cod liver oil is ordered, the olive oil of salad dressing is especially useful. Sometimes a liking for it has to be cultivated by taking it in less quantity and more disguised, increasing the quantity a drop or two every time till it becomes agreeable and grateful."

This is an excellent recipe when there is nothing solid to accompany it, or for cold meat, as the eggs make it rather satisfying.

Two eggs, hard-boiled, a saltspoonful sifted sugar, half a saltspoonful salt, and the same of dry mustard and pepper, two dessertspoonfuls cream, one ditto beat white vinegar, a bit of butter, two tomatoes, a little beetroot, a crisp lettuce, and any other green salad available.

Coming Magnates.

(Kansas City Journal.)

It never pays to underestimate the small boy, according to reports that are coming in from Goodland. A woman's club of that town decided that the town needed beautifying, and offered the small boys ten cents per 100 for old tin cans, never expecting that half of the money in the fund would be claimed. The boys, needing the money for fish hooks and corks and baseballs, got busy, and at last reports had turned in 30,000 cans, with a lot of alleys still to hear from. The club treasury is busted, and the ladies, it is declared, are now planning to study Grecian art next year, and will leave civic improvement in the hands of the City Council.



Blue-green liberty, embroidered with gold and made in the favored Dagobert style.

The Real Secret of Happy Marriages.

"WHERE love is, marriage halves one's sorrows and doubles one's joys."

Some people will tell you that, after all, a comfortable income is a great sweetener of life, and with a good balance at one's bankers, nobody can call their married life miserable. It is rather odd, after having these facts dimmed into our ears, that the marriage de convenience so often turns out a failure, and that the people whose lives serve as a warning against matrimony to others, are, more often than not, in prosperous circumstances.

Those where there is equality of station, somebody else will say. Certainly, a great inequality of position makes any marriage more of a risk; but the mere social level does not secure happiness by any manner of means.

Another will tell you that people's tastes should be similar. It undoubtedly is a great point when this is the case, for it increases people's mutual interests.

But, on the other hand, some of the happiest marriages on record have been those where there was not a single taste in common shared by husband and wife; and some of the most miserable have been where people have said beforehand, "What a perfectly assorted pair!"

"Happy the wooing that's not long in doing," says one proverb; while another tells us that if we marry in haste, we shall most probably repent at leisure—so that cannot be taken as an invariable truth, it would seem.

Some people say there is more chance of a happy marriage if people have known each other all their lives; others say that people who have not long known each other will most probably get on best together.

An article in a recent periodical stated that when a man married his first love, the marriage was sure to be a satisfactory one, and then some one came out, in another paper, and declared that it was only after people had been in love

a dozen times that they were capable of making a wise and judicious choice.

What then makes the happiest marriage? Those in which there is sympathy, forbearance, consideration between the two, are undoubtedly the happiest to the eyes of the outside public, and it is quite true that outsiders see most of the game.

And what brings about that state of affairs? Can well-invested money do it, or the fact that both sides have known each other nearly six months and a half, or have been engaged a fortnight, or have been in love before, or both like Sullivan's operas? Will any one of these things, or all of them, produce that state of domestic harmony, that mutual toleration and understanding and friendship that alone make the wheels of marriage run smooth? No; it is absurd to suppose or suggest it; there is only one great promoter of this state of happiness, and that is mutual love.

Then the marriages where love is are the happiest marriages? Undoubtedly; for nothing else helps to smooth away the inevitable jars and jolts of the chariot of life, and makes its wheels run without a hitch.

All lives have their trials and troubles, but only love can make them endurable and help the sufferers to support their weight.

No couple who love each other truly have ever been heard even to hint that marriage is a failure. They would laugh at the very idea.

They know that marriage is not exempt from trials, any more than the other phases of this mortal life. But they also know that where love is, marriage halves one's sorrows and doubles one's joys.

One of the Legion.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Does he ever do anything on time?"
"Oh, yes. He quits work."

Black Hat of French Crin.



Black picture hat of French crin, black velvet ribbon around the crown and soft black plumes complete the beautiful hat.

Babies on Dog Leashes.

(Boston Post.)

Put the baby on a dog leash. That's the latest freak of society; but, unlike many society freaks, this has the sanction of medical men, who claim that it is a lot better to have a child on a leash than to yank it along the street, dragging its little arms out of the sockets. Already a few women have been seen in the gardens with their children in leash, and from the appearance of mothers and children it seems as though all are pleased. The child has a little more freedom than it would have if it were being held by the hand, and the women—well, they have more freedom, too. The baby leash is made exactly like a dog leash, and it is bought at any of the harness stores. The more elaborate leashes have a regular little harness, but the simplest ones consist of the ordinary strap passed once around the middle of the child's body, fastened with a buckle, and with a long enough end to give baby a yard of freedom. In the neighborhood of the parks the baby leash has already become very popular, for it gives the nursemaids a chance to look after their small charges by hand, so to speak, while turning their minds to the gossip of the nursemaid world.



In heliotrope liberty, with net tunic embroidered in grey. The effect is most harmonious.