

CHARACTERISTIC HOTEL CONVERSATIONS

If the recording angel ever wastes any time in summer hotels, what a cynic he must be! He can't help it, you know. A little human nature is a good thing, but too much is a bad thing. People are so much more their true selves in summer time. I don't know whether it is the moonlight, the shady corners of the piazzas or what, but you must admit it's true. How many things you wouldn't say in December—and do, for the matter of that! But, here, here! I am becoming personal. Let's return to the recording angel.

Can you imagine him listening to conversations like these, for instance:

IN ROOM 312.
Pretty Girl (to chambermaid)—Oh, Mary, come here a moment. I wish you'd hook my gown.
Chambermaid (with an eye to a tip)—Sure, and it's a grand gown. It's a fine time yet'll be having at the hop the night cutting out the other young ladies with the min!

Pretty Girl (fishing for information)—Poo! Don't tell me! There aren't any men.
Chambermaid (excitedly)—No min! And four fine young fellows come last night! I got all their names, too, from looking through their things. There's Mr. Kent and Mr. Blanky—oh, ain't he the fine fellow! He gave me a quarter—and Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Smith. Now, wouldn't that make yer tooth dr-rip?

Pretty Girl (much shocked, though secretly delighted)—Mary, you should say such things. Thank you very much for hooking my dress. Here—ah—something for you.
Chambermaid (bobbing)—Thank ye, miss. Mr. Smith, he seen you standing near the door in that blue gown, and he sez to me, sez he—(Bell rings furiously without.) Yes'm; coming directly, ma'am—

Pretty Girl—Oh, bother the bell! There's another maid on the floor, I suppose. Wait a minute. I think I have a shirt waist that will fit you. (Sighs.) And what did this Mr. Smith say?

Chambermaid (with visions of a replenished wardrobe)—He sez to me that, "Gee, who's that girl! She's a summer! I'm a-going to meet her."

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Pretty Girl (trying hard to appear indifferent)—And is he rich, your Mr. Smith?
Chambermaid—He's a young broker, he is, and (lowering her voice in awe-struck tones) the housekeeper says he makes \$15,000 a year.

Pretty Girl (doubtfully)—Oh, I dare say one could live on that. (Boards in an eight dollar room during the winter time.)
The pretty girl goes to the mirror and arranges the rose in her hair at a devilish angle over her left eyebrow.

Chambermaid (outside the door, clutching a quarter and a new shirt waist)—Ain't she the soft-one?

AROUND THE CORNER.
He (passionately)—Annie!
She (who has heard it any number of times)—Oh, for goodness' sake, let go my hand, Mr. Blinks! Don't you see that old lady is looking?

He—D— I mean bother the old lady! Can't you see that you—I mean that I—I mean that—
She—I'm sure I don't know what you do mean. (To a passing friend) Oh, is that you, dear? Let's all go down and play pool. Don't you think that will be jolly, Mr. Blinks?

He (inwardly)—!!!!!!
IN THE MOONLIGHT.
Rich Widow (plausively)—With my delicate, sensitive nature never appreciated, all my life so lonely, so bereft of sympathy! Ah, if you understood—
Businesslike Sutor (who is anxious to know just where he stands)—Waiter, bring us another high ball.

ON THE WOMEN'S SIDE.
Sentimental Young Person (anxious to impress eligible man)—Oh, if I only had that angel faced old lady to love!
Angelic Old Lady (looking after her)—Humph! I'll bet my best bonnet strings that girl dyes her hair, and did you ever see such a brazen manner? What the girls of today are coming to! I'm sure I don't know. Why, Susan Armitage told me she was out walking with that Bob Jones the other evening, and they never came home until, etc.

IN THE SMOKING ROOM.
Jack—Darned if this isn't the slowest place I ever struck!
Tom—I don't know! I had a girl propose to me last night.
Chorus—How'd she do it?

Tom—Well, we were sitting in—kind of a dark corner, and presently she murmured very softly: "Do you know what papa said to me this morning? 'Little girl, if you ever fall in love with a man don't you worry. Just

marry him, and I'll fix him comfortably for life.'"
Chorus—Get up! Are you engaged? How much is the old chap worth? Introduce us! Waiter, waiter!

IN A SMALL AND SECLUDED ROOM.
Mr. Brown—Put up your ante.
Mrs. Brown (indignantly)—I did put up my ante!
Mr. Brown—I didn't mean you, my dear. I meant Miss Smith.
Miss Smith—I raise you five.
Mrs. Brown—And I five more.
Mr. Brown (becoming interested)—I call you.

Mrs. Brown (proudly laying down the ace, two and three spot of clubs)—A straight.
Brown (who pays his wife's debts)—Oh, Lord!
Most of the men leave the room suddenly for divers reasons.

IN THE PAVILION.
Girl (listening to the music)—And I must marry that fat thing at my right! Oh, why are rich men so ugly? It's either that or next fall we will have to give up. We can't keep up appearances any longer without money, and Alice will never have a chance to marry the right sort of a man. Oh, I must, of course I must! I can't sacrifice my mother and my sister. Isn't it horrible? They're playing the little song, Jack sang to me last summer. Last summer? Last century! Oh, I think my heart is breaking! Why can't it die within me all at once? What do I want with a heart now?

The Fat Man (in a droning monotone)—And when we got there we found there wasn't a thing to eat. On a mountain top and nothing to eat—absolutely! And I must marry that fat thing.
He (swallowing his tears and putting on an enthusiastic expression)—Why, the idea! I hang on every blessed word! I just date on experiences of that kind. What a thrilling life you must have had compared with my little, humdrum existence!

IN THE PARLOR.
"Have a quinine pill on me, Miss Banks."
"Thank you, Mr. Shivers; I don't mind if I do."
"Won't you join me in a little Warburg's tincture, Mrs. Grayson?"
"Thank you, Mr. White. Just a small cocktail of it. I think I feel my seven days' chill coming on."

"Mine comes on Tuesday at 4."
"And mine on Monday at 6."
"And mine on Sunday at churchtime."
Grand Chorus—Oh, isn't malaria a dreadful thing! (Band in the distance plays mosquito quadrille.)

ON THE BACK PIAZZA.
She (who hears it for the first time)—And do you really love me, dear?
He (the hundredth repetition)—My darling little tootsie wootsie, I—
Mysterious Voices (belonging to early risers who live on ground floor)—Oh, cut it out! Forget it! Cheer up! There's another day coming, etc.
The place is finally left to the moon and the crickets. Poor old moon!

White kid and chamol gloves which wash like a rag are one of the comforts in summer attire, and with these we have the nicest, most shapely silk gloves, which are durable, if not cheap. Unlined stocks are very much favored



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.
JEWEL TRIMMED BODICE.

THE JOY OF KEEPING
A PLEASURE BOOK.
She is an old woman, but her face is serene and peaceful, though trouble has not passed her by. She seems utterly above the little worries and vexations which torment the average woman and leave the lines of care for every one to read. The fretful woman asked her one day for the secret of her happiness, and the beautiful old face shone as with a newly risen joy.

"My dear," she said, "I keep a pleasure book."
"A what?"
"A pleasure book. Long ago I learned that there was no day so dark and gloomy that it did not contain some ray of pleasure, and I have made it the business of my life to write down the little things which mean so much to me."

"I have a book for every year since I left school and a place for every day. It is but a little thing—the new gown, the chat with a friend, the thoughtfulness of my husband, a flower, a book, a walk in the field, a letter, a concert or a drive. But it all goes into my pleasure book, and when I am inclined to fret I have only to read a few pages to see what a happy, blessed woman I am."

"You may see my treasures, if you will."
Slowly the peevish, discontented woman turned over the pages of the book the friend brought her, reading a little here and there. One day's entries ran thus:
"Had a pleasant letter from mother. Saw a beautiful flower in a window. Found the book I thought I had lost. Saw such a bright, happy girl in the street. Fred brought some roses in the evening."

"Have you found a pleasure for every day?" the fretful woman asked.
"For every day," the sweet voice answered. "I had to make my theory come true, you know."
The fretful woman remembered on one Christmas day the only son of her friend had been brought home dying. Half afraid, she turned to the page for Dec. 25. At the top was written:
"He died with his hand in mine, and my name was upon his lips. And below were the lines from Longfellow:
Weep not, my friends! Rather rejoice with me! I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone, and you will have another friend in heaven."

She closed the book lingeringly.
"Was that a pleasure?" she asked softly. And the other answered:
"Not pleasure, perhaps, but it was balm."

SKIPITA returned from the seashore toward the end of summer and gave away to the cook all her tailor made clothes, even the dashing gold braided and buttoned costume she had made when Lieutenant Straldrava, home on leave, began calling on her rather regularly. She sighed when she parted with it, for it recalled tender memories, hopes yet tenderer—juicy and delicate pale green sprouts of hopes doomed to wither ere they came to bud. It was a lovely suit, but the colored coat got it. Her cast iron collar she cast into the wastebasket. She sighed again as she looked at her emancipated neck in the glass, for she had worn the masculine collar so high, so tight and for so long a time that they had made two deep, white creases around her delicate feminine neck, one at the top, the other at the bottom, and these creases

med at the hem with lace edged frills and are really sufficient dress for a negligee wrapper.
Added to the traditional white satin for wedding gowns is a new material of white silk canvas, which is charming for summer weddings. Embroidered chiffon and mousseline de sole are also employed for entire gowns with lace decoration. Something novel in a bridesmaid's gown at one recent wedding was made of tuck white glaze silk trimmed with beige lace insertion. The fichu and hat were of white chiffon. Turnover hats in one phase or another have been popular all the season. So have crownless hats been popular.

A model combining these two traits consists simply of an extra breadth of perfectly flat straw doused over at the back so that its edges meet in front. Between these edges is inserted a pair of long loops in black velvet ribbon, giving some little effect of height. At the sides this ribbon wraps right over the under layer and ties in the back with big bow ends. The top is monopolized by another bow of the velvet ribbon, held in place by a star buckle in paste. At either side is a huge tuft of small white flowers with plenty of green leaves. The straw is white.

The sailor suit looks especially well made in white duck or pique, with a broad sailor collar of blue linen or flannel. This style of frock is excellent for a young girl, as it launders well.
It is a fortunate woman who can afford in shirt waists the real French article. This is hand embroidered, of course. It comes in line gingham or material of that nature in solid colors. There is a yoke, perhaps, which is tucked in a few groups of fine tucks, joined to the waist with a little hand worked beading, and then on the waist below the yoke there are a few flowers splashed on apparently, but really worked in solid embroidery and with the most commendable skill, or the waist may

have these embroidered flowers scattered over the yoke, and in this case the yoke joins the body of the waist with the same bending of white, and the tucks are put in below to give fullness, which is gathered into the belt.
Silk, foulard or taffeta and velveting gowns are the materials highly recommended for seashore wear, as they are not easily injured no matter how damp or foggy the weather.
Challies are also recommended this year for seashore wear and are found in both the light and dark colorings and with simple or elaborate designs. A dark blue and white challie makes an immensely useful gown.

High heels, which are considered to be responsible not only for corns and bunions, but also spinal troubles and other diseases, are no modern invention. High heeled shoes were first worn at the court of Louis XIV, and as the heels were as much as five inches high walking was not only difficult, but painful. Then, as now, women knew that "ride must be pinched," and, accordingly, they stuck to their high heels and bore the pain with a bravery which was worthy of a better cause.
The new, yet old, mode of arranging the hair low on the neck is gradually

gaining favor, especially among young women. First, there is the soft puff all around the head, the knot a little below the center of the back of the head and the little bunch of curls which fall from the center of the knot. In most instances, no doubt, the curls will be purchased and pinned in, so the fashion is a good one for the hair dealers.
White kid and chamol gloves which wash like a rag are one of the comforts in summer attire, and with these we have the nicest, most shapely silk gloves, which are durable, if not cheap. Unlined stocks are very much favored

this season, and the stiff linen collars and chokers seem to have disappeared altogether, particularly from the thin waists. Many pretty thin stocks are made of chiffon striped around with rows of satin or velvet ribbon. White ribbon with a row of narrow gold braid sewed on one edge is very effective, and little bands of silk feather bows caught underneath hold the collar in place.
The most fascinating nightgowns are either empire shape or hand trimmed. The bolero is in exquisite hand embroidery or lace, or it may be made of alternate runs of embroidered insertion and lace. These gowns are trimmed

WOMEN IMMIGRANTS —AT ELLIS ISLAND

ALL of us blue blooded Americans probably had ancestors on the spindle side who at one time or another in the past 200 years came over from Europe in the steerage, and if on arrival they had from any source the kindly care and protection this United States government today bestows on its immigrant women, then let us be thankful for them, even though they be long since dead and gone.

Few of us native born are aware of the extent of that kindly official care. It makes us prouder than ever of our country when we know that the government practically holds itself responsible for the fate on landing of every steerage woman passenger that sets foot on our shores.

There are about 100,000 women immigrants to the United States annually, and nearly half of them land at Ellis island, in New York bay. There the offices of the immigration commissioner are; there every steerage passenger must pass strict examination as to health, previous good character and ability to maintain himself ere he is turned loose on the land. Usually about one-fourth or one-fifth of the steerage passengers are of the feminine sex, but sometimes there is almost a whole shipload of Irish and Scandinavian girls who migrate hither to go out to service. They are country maidens, often pretty as a snowdrop or a wild rose.

The credentials of every one of them are examined. Many have through tickets, bought in Europe, to friends in the west, with money for expenses on the way. These are allowed to go without delay. Then there are those who expect friends to meet them on arrival in New York. "Go, then, into the detention room and wait till your friends come," says the officer, and to the detention room they are sent. Matrons and women attendants who speak the language of every immigrant are in the receiving building to attend on their own sex. These women government employees must pass a civil service examination before they receive appointment. A matron's salary is \$1,500 a year.

Human nature is human nature, and all flesh is grass. Sometimes innocent immigrant girls make the acquaintance of persons on shipboard who for their own purposes pretend to be the girls' great friends. They know the government regulations in regard to women's landing on our shores. They tell a girl they know of a good place for her at once on arrival. The girl believes them. They then instruct her to tell the officers that she is a relative of the one whose acquaintance she made on the ship so that she can get out quickly and go to the place. The steerage people are landed at Ellis island. The girl who has been taught her story is detained till her friends come for her. The pretended relative arrives first. He tells the officials he has come, let us say, for his niece, Ragna Jansen. Ragna Jansen is called and approaches smiling, her little luggage in her hand. She starts to go away with her uncle. Here is the next scene, which I myself witnessed the other day at Ellis island: "Stop!" says the clerk. "Come this way."

Then he says to the man, "This young lady is your niece, is she?"
"Yes," answers the man glibly, "and I have come to take her home."
"Well," says the United States officer, "what are the names of her father and mother?"

The pretended uncle boggles, hesitates and is lost. At length he confesses he is not exactly the uncle of the girl, but he is her good, fatherly friend, and he has a good place for her to work in a boarding house.
"You can't have her," said the officer. "Ragna, you must go back to the detention room." And back an attendant led her, to await the arrival of real relatives, the fake uncle smirking foolishly as he disappeared, baffled, the girl protesting vehemently. In the detention room, like other silly females, she burst into tears, not knowing, poor fool, it is not exactly a garden of Eden, that detention room full of the steerage out-

pourings of all nations, and she did so want to get out!

If nobody at all comes for a girl and she has no friends or money, she is turned over to the society of the church to which she belongs, and this always takes good care of her and finds her a place.

"Every girl that comes over here to work can find employment at once at good wages in a respectable family," said the officer, "whether she knows anybody in America or not."

It is rare therefore for women to be sent back after arriving. Occasionally it is necessary to deport one for cause. Then she fights against her fate far more viciously than a man would do under like circumstances. One of these cases I saw—an Italian woman in a rumpled black skirt and a torn red waist, torn in resisting the United States government in the persons of its officials who were charged with the

task of getting her aboard the ferryboat which was to carry her to the ship that was to take her to Italy. It is a credit to her feminine masculinity that it required four of them to do it. She fought and bit like a cat, she struck out with her fists, she kicked like a horse, she howled like a hyena. At the foot of the staircase the able-bodied citizens who had her in charge stopped for a breathing spell. One stooped over and tenderly rubbed his shin, where the mad creature had given him a tremendous kick. The difficulty in the case was increased by the fact that the officers dared not use the least violence toward her. That is not under any circumstances permitted.

In the detention room are people of all nations. In a window sat good na-

be true enough; but, unfortunately, perhaps, Cupid's influence is limited to his own class. He cannot bid society see things as he sees them.
Men who marry beneath them often have a very uncomfortable time of it when the honeymoon is over. But if they are plucky and persistent, and especially if their wives have tact and certain other qualities, the stigma may at length be lived down.

The other case is more difficult, however. A woman who marries markedly beneath her may, as a rule, expect to see no more of her early friends.

She turns over the most decided new leaf possible to an existence. She has moved from one social plane to another and must accommodate herself to the change of circumstances as best she can.

Of course, it is easy to be happy in spite of such a revolutionary change. A lady with an independent income of \$2,000 per annum married one of her father's clerks and \$500 a year.

She was the ruling spirit in this alliance, and it was due to her that she and her husband emigrated to South Africa, where they are living happily and unapproached.

Why in the world should they be blamed, indeed? It is only when a woman tries to twist a husband into a position that makes him and her ludicrous that the world has the right to shrug its shoulders and whisper unpleasantly.

In romance one does now and then read of beautiful and wealthy girls who give their hearts freely to persons who would not otherwise have dared to aspire in their direction, but in real life it happens seldom, and hardly ever where the girl has a mother or competent female relative to look after her. From 15 to 20 may be called the dangerous age with girls. They are apt to act on the impulse of the moment and to magnify the merits of those for whom they conceive an affection.

The first season in society is, however, a wonderful eye opener. Ninety-five girls out of a hundred after that know their own value and get the knack of reckoning up a man's value too. There are other examples of this kind of marriage. One does not form a high opinion of the rich spinster of 40 or 50 who takes an illiterate husband of five and twenty. The world is about right when it says she buys her husband. Often she is led to regret this step, especially if before marrying she has been liberal in the matter of settlements.

But the rash girl would not be warned. She hazarded her fortune on a cut of her Rocky mountain cake and lost. She was quite ready to bestow a second piece on Fencer, but he declined energetically when she would have pressed it upon him, and he went his way and came no more. Skipita sighs alone under the ancestral roof. She still continues working the domesticity fad, but she finds it dreadfully tiresome.

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turedly an Italian woman in a purple skirt, with an orange handkerchief over her head. Outside of her white shirt waist she wore an ordinary cotton corset, except that it was bound around the top with fiery red. Upon a bench was an Arab woman, unveiled, wearing a black silk Mother Hubbard and smiling on all with dazzling white teeth. In another place was a Polish baby drinking beer out of a bottle, purple, purple, like an old toper. Its father held the bottle to its lips. Its proud mother looked on and smiled. Close to the iron paling gate an Armenian woman sat, dressed in Paris fashion, wearing handsome diamonds and a costly Turkish gold watch, yet that woman with the strong nose and the hawk eye had crossed in the steerage to save money. True to the trade instincts of her race, she offered for sale to the visitors some lace she had improved the time by making during the voyage.

And all across that dreary detention pen weary mothers, with little children; bearded men, peoples of all the races of Europe and southwestern Asia, pressed their faces against the iron bars, looking longingly through. Only to get out and be free! So, heaven help us, let the yearning, longing craving of us all! Only to get out and be free!

UNUSUAL MARRIAGES.
It is easy to say that in the court of love there is no inequality of persons and that Cupid smiles alike on the lord who marries a housemaid and the lord who weds a duke's daughter. This may

be true enough; but, unfortunately, perhaps, Cupid's influence is limited to his own class. He cannot bid society see things as he sees them.
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Silk, foulard or taffeta and velveting gowns are the materials highly recommended for seashore wear, as they are not easily injured no matter how damp or foggy the weather.
Challies are also recommended this year for seashore wear and are found in both the light and dark colorings and with simple or elaborate designs. A dark blue and white challie makes an immensely useful gown.

high heels, which are considered to be responsible not only for corns and bunions, but also spinal troubles and other diseases, are no modern invention. High heeled shoes were first worn at the court of Louis XIV, and as the heels were as much as five inches high walking was not only difficult, but painful. Then, as now, women knew that "ride must be pinched," and, accordingly, they stuck to their high heels and bore the pain with a bravery which was worthy of a better cause.
The new, yet old, mode of arranging the hair low on the neck is gradually

gaining favor, especially among young women. First, there is the soft puff all around the head, the knot a little below the center of the back of the head and the little bunch of curls which fall from the center of the knot. In most instances, no doubt, the curls will be purchased and pinned in, so the fashion is a good one for the hair dealers.
White kid and chamol gloves which wash like a rag are one of the comforts in summer attire, and with these we have the nicest, most shapely silk gloves, which are durable, if not cheap. Unlined stocks are very much favored

this season, and the stiff linen collars and chokers seem to have disappeared altogether, particularly from the thin waists. Many pretty thin stocks are made of chiffon striped around with rows of satin or velvet ribbon. White ribbon with a row of narrow gold braid sewed on one edge is very effective, and little bands of silk feather bows caught underneath hold the collar in place.
The most fascinating nightgowns are either empire shape or hand trimmed. The bolero is in exquisite hand embroidery or lace, or it may be made of alternate runs of embroidered insertion and lace. These gowns are trimmed

med at the hem with lace edged frills and are really sufficient dress for a negligee wrapper.
Added to the traditional white satin for wedding gowns is a new material of white silk canvas, which is charming for summer weddings. Embroidered chiffon and mousseline de sole are also employed for entire gowns with lace decoration. Something novel in a bridesmaid's gown at one recent wedding was made of tuck white glaze silk trimmed with beige lace insertion. The fichu and hat were of white chiffon. Turnover hats in one phase or another have been popular all the season. So have crownless hats been popular.

A model combining these two traits consists simply of an extra breadth of perfectly flat straw doused over at the back so that its edges meet in front. Between these edges is inserted a pair of long loops in black velvet ribbon, giving some little effect of height. At the sides this ribbon wraps right over the under layer and ties in the back with big bow ends. The top is monopolized by another bow of the velvet ribbon, held in place by a star buckle in paste. At either side is a huge tuft of small white flowers with plenty of green leaves. The straw is white.

The sailor suit looks especially well



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.
TOQUE OF BIRD'S BREAST AND QUILLS.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPE.

MISS SKIPITA SWISHLY has taken