

## VOGUE

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believe she has plenty of maintenance in her own right."

"If she's a nice girl I don't believe she would mind that."

"But I should mind it so seriously."

"Perhaps it's just an accident that she has the most-worldly goods. If she cares she will probably be rejoiced to share it."

"But I couldn't bear that."

"That's selfish—if she cares."

"Is that your true view of it, or are you just consoling me?"

"It is my sincere opinion. Since you care so very much, and if she also cares, I don't see how anything else can matter. I don't think love has anything to do with anything but itself. Excuse the superfluity of 'anything'—but I don't."

"You have very lovely, high ideals, but you are judging from your own exalted standpoint. You do not see my position. Her family and her friends—well, their views would not be like yours. Humiliation for me would probably make us both unhappy. Indeed it wouldn't do at all. When you have reached my years of wisdom and experience, you will see it all perfectly."

"With all due respect to your reverend years, it seems to me very wrong. Civilization is perfectly perverting. You could never convince me that it isn't all wrong. Suppose she cares, then she is sacrificed."

For answer he pulled two petals from his cinnamon rose, and she reached out her hand and took it from him.

"I cannot allow that," she said as she fastened it under her chin.

"You look so sorry for me, it almost pays to be unhappy."

"I am sorry, but I'm glad you told me about it."

"I am sorry, but I'm glad"—that sounds like a girl."

"There is nothing inconsistent in it. You understood me perfectly."

"Of course I did. I always understand you, I think."

"We have been good friends. If you do not change your mind and marry the young lady, shall we finish our ferns in the fall?"

"We will finish them anyhow, whether I marry her or not, but I shall not change my mind."

"Can nothing induce you?"

"Nothing short of a legacy, or the power to earn the likes."

"How human you are."

"I lay no claim to any other state of being."

"Suppose you knew that she cared a great deal? You see I'm worried about her."

"It would be a rousing temptation. I should also hate to know. I'm sure she doesn't care, though. It's all right as it is. Give me back my rose, I promise not to tear it."

"Has she not roses in her garden?"

"Yes, lots of them, but I want that one very much. May I have it, please?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"May I write to you?"

"To be sure."

"But will you answer?"

"Why, of course."

"Thank you a great deal for that."

"You are entirely welcome. Of course I shall want to hear from you."

"You are very good to me."

"Is she also kind?"

"Always kind."

"More kind than I?"

"I don't believe it's fair to say."

"Excuse me for being so personal."

"Oh, surely—don't speak that way—she is not more kind than you."

"Did you ever know that I am a feminine Sherlock Holmes?"

"No, really? Tell me my fortune, then, and after that I must say good-bye."

"But there is something you would hate to know."

"Oh, that's interesting. Tell me, quickly."

"Don't look, then, while I tell you. Turn your eyes to the rosebush."

"Does this suit you?"

"Yes; that will do."

"Go on, then."

"It's very short."

"Please go on."

"Well, she cares!"

## IN IMITATION OF VAN BIBBER

BY EMILY E. LANTZ

**W**E had taken a house for the summer on the outskirts of a little Jersey village not far from Trenton. It was cool, shaded and restful—monotonous we said after three months' sojourn, but at first we were fresh, or rather limp, from New York's noise and heat, and rural tranquility seemed akin to Paradise. We pitied suffering humanity in the great metropolis.



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V O G U E

When Edwin, therefore, who is on the staff of a well-known New York daily paper wrote that he was going to undertake a little individual philanthropy, à la Van Bibber, or the Fresh Air Fund, and bring on the following Saturday two Italian newsboys to abide with us over Sunday, we felt our hearts warm to the proposition.

Saturday came, and with it Edwin, but no

ward trailing a little wearily up from the station while his protégés lagged some distance behind critically watching a village ball game.

"Well," said I, "Did their faces beam with joy and their eyes fill with tears at the sight of the gladsome country?" Edwin shook his head. Just then his two hopefules appeared and were presented. Keen but friendly eyes



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newsboys. Tommy and Jimmy, it appeared, had turned up at City Hall Square at the appointed time, but regretted that they could not accompany "Mr. Post" (thus they termed Edwin) far from their accustomed haunts until he had interviewed their mother, who wished to be quite sure of this unknown benefactor's good intentions. The following week Edwin called formally upon Mrs. Cesnola and requested the honor of her sons' company for a two days' outing, which favor was graciously accorded.

Saturday afternoon I walked along the quiet village street to meet them and encountered Ed-

looked from their brown faces and they shook hands in an off-hand fashion.

"What do you think of it all?" I questioned.

"Worse than New York!" said Jimmy scornfully.

"What! don't you like the flowers, fields and green trees?" we exclaimed together.

"Look at the pavements!" said Jimmy. "Never saw worse paving in my life!" We did not stop to argue this question of municipal neglect, but silently piloted them to the nearest ice-cream saloon, the attractions of which proved not beneath their notice.

Cook had tried to have the late dinner such as would appeal to a boy's appetite, but Tommy would have none of it, and it was not until a day later that from his continued lack of hunger it dawned upon us that it might be due to his unfamiliarity with the use of knife or fork. Jimmy, aged eleven, was either more imitative or had mastered to some extent the intricacies of table etiquette. He was quite at his ease, and when he heard me express a desire for bread, he graciously passed me a slice with his fingers. But Tommy refused to eat, although when Mr. Post said kindly but firmly, "Now Tommy, you really must have some dinner," he allowed his plate to be filled. When he thought himself unobserved, the food was dropped, bit by bit, beneath the table. From that time, we excused him from further attendance upon the family meals, but took care that fruit and sandwiches were left about in accessible places, and we drifted frequently to the ice-cream saloon.

They were cheery boys and on matters of finance entirely up to date. "I often," said

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## VOGUE

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Tommy, "make a dollar twenty-five a day, and I give it all to my mother. With part of it she pays the board of the baby. She herself has to go out to work and so we pay ten dollars a month to another woman to take care of and feed it. We used to pay only eight dollars, but we found they were skimping the milk and the baby was thin, and so we changed to another boarding place and now we have the woman bring the baby home once a week so we can see how he is getting on." When asked concerning their amusements, he said, "We often go to South Beach; that's cheap, and we go on the merry-go-round—that's five cents. We can't go on the toboggan, because it's too dear, it costs ten cents. Often we go to the theatre where one can see first class from the gallery for fifteen cents, though it might cost as much as fifty cents down stairs. We recently saw a play called *The Tornado*. It was grand! There was a fire and engines and a wreck and drowning, all for fifteen cents. You really ought to see it," he concluded kindly.

Both boys looked upon the eager village children, who hung about our gates and made friendly advances towards them, with easy tolerance. They evidently felt them to be creatures who meant well, but who knew nothing of the world or its ways. They spent most of Sunday robbing the neighbors' cherry trees. When driven from one tree by the indignant owner, they descended pleasantly from amid its branches and passed on to the next orchard.

I think we were all a trifle relieved when Monday came. They departed without any special leavetaking further than Tommy's saying he would know me when he saw me in New York, and Jimmy's pressing upon me a final handful of stolen cherries. We felt that somehow we had mistaken the objects of our intended philanthropy. We had sought to give two boys a joyful holiday in the country; what we really did was to interrupt for two days the pressing business of two young financiers for whom City Hall Square, with its turmoil and summer heat, held greater charms than green pastures and still waters.

### GLIMPSES

#### "WHAT—

An enormous price for a hat with nothing on it but a scarf and bow of black silk!" said one pretty woman blind to smartness to another keenly alive to it and willing to pay any price when she finds it. To her the toque was an inspiration in white straw, and so was the front bow studded with half pearls, as well as the twist around the crown. Any milliner can load a hat with trimming, but only the exceptional one can trim a hat with simplicity.

#### THAT—

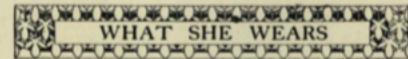
For August yachting suits will be greatly in requisition, as our coast harbors are to be cleared of mines. Blue serge holds its own, but it is trimmed with white rather more than usual. White also has its votaries and its appropriate occasions. Yachting skirts are following the lines of the gored ones, covering the shoe tops in front and long at the back. Gilt navy buttons and ornamental gilt anchors trim smartly.

#### OBSERVE—

That sailor hats are trimmed with white scarfs tied in a small bow on the left when worn aboard a yacht. Sheer white lawn scarfs are pretty with red and blue embroidery on the ends, which are short, as the new sailor is quite a wee affair.

#### WHEN—

Wearing a gray linen Eton and skirt nothing looks better than fine gray canvas ties to match, with lisle thread hose of the same color. White satin ribbon belt, white shirt-waist, white gloves and hat trimmed with white wings, all make for smartness.



THE SHEATH CASE SKIRT LITERALLY A WALKING SKIRT SINCE ITS BEAUTY AND THAT OF THE FIGURE BENEATH IS IMPAIRED WHEN THE WEARER IS SEATED—THE YOKE SKIRT—

A COSTUME SHOWN AT TUDEXO—  
NOVEL PARIS HAT WORN BY A  
BEAUTY IN THE SMART SET—  
THE PRINCESSE MODEL UGLY  
WHEN WEARER IS SEATED

**I**T does very well to stand in a skirt whose upper part is a perfect sheath case as the latest skirt model has become with not enough fulness to close without buttons or cross straps in the back; but when one assumes a sitting posture there is much constraint and a great loss of ease and grace to the figure. This is particularly noticeable in those ultra smart lace princesse gowns of Irish or guipure, which present such an air of elegance when they are moving through a throng. The rippling drapery at the bottom as it swirls around the feet throws the outline of the upper figure into sharper contrast. Consequently we may bear in mind that when standing or moving about in a polonaise or princesse we are doing our figures more justice than when seated, and especially so if we are inclined to embonpoint.

#### ADVANTAGE OF YOKE MOUNTING

Decidedly the best compromise for generous figures lies in the yoke mounting for skirts which is now so extremely modish and which may be narrow or deep in form according to the material used as well as the character of figure to be fitted. It is certainly a boon to gown makers as it is a trifling matter to fit a yoke compared to a polonaise or princesse. As for choice between the last two and a yoke mounted skirt, unless one has a perfect figure there is no question on the part of the woman who cannot lay claim to perfection. Her choice should never waver from the yoke mounting unless she is bereft of reason. The gored skirt with fitted flounce is still another safety refuge, but for diaphanous materials it has less to recommend it than skirt drapery attached to a yoke.

#### A BEAUTIFUL COSTUME OF PINK TISSUE

Whether one visits among exclusive sets in cottage colonies or makes a sortie upon hotels within easy reach of the city where the patronage warrants the wearing of smart clothes, the wrong gown is constantly found worn by the unfi woman. But well dressed women are in sufficient numbers to make it a pleasure to describe what they are wearing; at Tuxedo a charming matron was met at an afternoon tea wearing a gown built of hollyhock pink tissue dotted with silvery gray chenille over a shot pink and gray taffeta. The skirt from belt to hem was inset with yellow guipure entredeux the tissue tucked lengthwise between each band for eighteen inches or so and at the knee and downwards these bands were doubled and flanked by plaitings of mouseline de soie matching the dots and opening out at the bottom like a fan. This gave the most graceful fulness conceivable. The bottom finish was a



ruche of gray mouseline de soie not over three inches wide. An entre guipure lace bodice cut heart shape in the neck was filled in with a

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