

"OF THE EARTH EARTHY"

To Eat.

ONE must eat. Not even the glories of summer watering places can rob the most impractical of their appetites. For an appetite is something which *le bon Dieu* placed in every human mortal, to remind us that we are still akin to the beasts of the field. For those who feel that a smattering of French adds to the seasoning of their delectables, we offer the following:

Souffles en Fromage

Boil half a pint of milk with 1 oz. of butter; stir in two ounces of sifted flour, salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and stir till cooked. Let it cool a little, then add two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese and beat in a yolk of egg, and lastly, fold in lightly two whites very stiffly whipped. Bake in little china souffle cases. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve at once. This recipe caters to the tastes of four people.

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The hot summer months suggest salads and dainty deserts, rather than heavy meats and vegetables. We offer a recipe for sweetbread salad which is guaranteed to tickle the palate of the most obstinate upholder of the regulation soups and meats.

Mix and boil until tender, one pair of sweetbreads, chop fine three stalks of celery, and one-half cup of English walnuts. A few bits of shredded pepper sprinkled throughout help much, though not everyone takes kindly to its pungent flavour. Serve on crisp lettuce, and pour over mayonnaise dressing.

A dainty frozen surprise usually sounds good, when the mercury scoots up toward the ninety odds. How is this for cherries?

Take large, white cherries, red ones will do if they are large enough, stone them, and insert in each a blanched hazel nut. Add powdered sugar, in the proportion of one-half cupful to two cups of cherries, and let stand for an hour. Put two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler, add eight table-spoons of granulated sugar, and stir until dissolved. Let cool and add two cupfuls of whipped cream, and a few drops of red colouring. Put whole mixture into the freezer, and freeze until quite stiff. Serve in sherbet cups.

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To Drink.

WE must also drink. Our drink palates seem to be particularly urgent in their summer demands. I wonder how many ever tried a home-made fruit lemonade?

Just make your lemonade in the usual way, add the juice of as many oranges as you happen to have, and go a-hunting in the stores for all the fruits in season. Strawberries, cherries, pineapple, all of them, cut small and added to the lemon and orange juices, make the most delicious kind of drink, with cracked ice, for a hot afternoon in the hammock or on the porch.

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How many are fond of their afternoon tea, but being denied it on account of the oppressiveness of a sweltering day in July, are not able to find its successor! Iced tea with lemon may be all right, but did you ever try iced tea with cloves? If you have not, for goodness sake, do so at once. Just put the cloves, a few of them, in the dish in which you are going to set the tea to cool. Pour the hot tea over them, and ice. If you do not think it the most delicious drink you ever sipped, on a hot afternoon, well—the fault is with you, not the tea or cloves.

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To Put On.

ALAS that Eve made the irreparable mistake of listening to the serpent! Ever since, she has been listening to so many, that her poor head is perverted from any other lecturer. The Fashion snake has probably the greatest influence of all, so here goes.

The Eton is back. I saw the cunningest costume, a New York one, the other night, at the theatre. It was worn by Miss Percy Haswell, in "Because She Loved Him So," and was very smart. The one-piece dress was of pearl grey, relieved with a touch of scarlet, at the neck. With this was worn an Eton of the same shade of scarlet. And a large picture hat with plumes, with just the slightest suggestion of the scarlet in front. A pearl grey parasol com-

pleted quite the stunningest outfit I have seen, for some time.

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Coats and skirts in white and grey, with narrow black and coloured stripes are very popular, and relieved with facings of absinthe green, China blue, and Rose du Barri facings in silk will be very prominent. So also, will grey, mole-coloured, and blue striped surah and satin suits, the latter with a little self-coloured braiding on the collar and cuffs.

Each designer in feminine frippery seems to wish to outdo his competitor, in originality. The most recent bit of exclusiveness in design comes in the newest parasols. What creations they are!

To accompany the modest toilettes, those of black and white, for example, the most vivid parasols are prepared. Just imagine a cerise taffeta one, trimmed with vari-coloured velvets! Or a fuschia-mauve velvet, finished with a deep hem of pink. These contrasting borders are said to be very effective, and I should think they would be. Another one is of black chiffon mounted over white silk, with a five-inch border of black velvet, and a straight handle encrusted with brilliants. Still another model is made of bias folds of tulle alternating with mouseline taffeta, in almost crudely contrasting colours. They are supposed to receive the necessary contrasting note, when used with modest toilettes, of black and white. But sometime, we shall see someone wearing a brilliant green costume with a variegated parasol, and all the designers will tear their hair.

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So great has become the craze for artificial jewelry, that many leaders of the *haut monde* are placing their valuable jewels aside in their little cases, and adorning themselves with some of the beautiful bits of artificiality to be found in all the shops. By which statement is not meant any old bit of shoddy brazenness, but the unique designs which are fashioned so cleverly as to be unrecognizable by any except experts. The stones are mounted in platinum and gold, and are in no way inferior in appearance to the real gems of priceless worth. And now comes the query, "What is the use of having the real thing if it can not be distinguished from the sham, and particularly since

Fashion, that most potent of all powers, says that the sham is having its term in office, just now?"

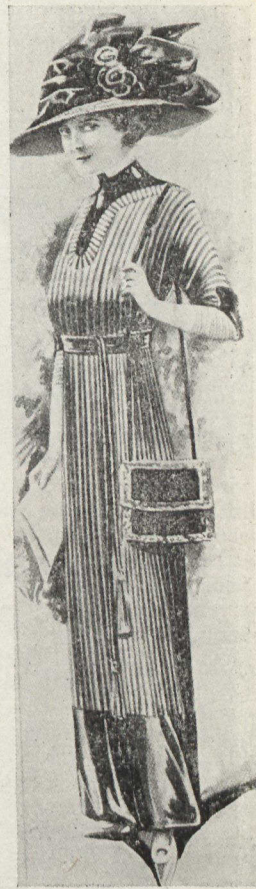
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And now for shoes. This part of the feminine attire seems to be growing more important as the days go by. There are some very beautiful styles shown, now, in all the shops, and prices vary accordingly. And, by the way, someone told me, once, that the Toronto women paid more attention to the neatness of their feet than the women from any other city in the Dominion. So here's to you, Montreal and Winnipeg and all the rest.

Velvet pumps are perched high on the ladder of Fashion, and satin and suede occupy the next round lower down. And there are low-cut walking shoes with Cuban heels, which may be procured in patent leather of all colour buckskins. And for dress wear, there are some very smart designs in black antelope or bronze, with high Louis heels and beautiful embroidered strap fronts.

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Do you know the newest thing in trimmings for cotton summer dresses? A trimming, moreover, that many girls and housewives will be able to make very elaborate or simple, as their taste dictates. It is drawn work, which the dressmaker usually applies according to her own discretion. And there are many drawn work effects which may be purchased in the shops which are introduced as a border or broad, continuous stripe. These are particularly pretty in supphur shade, or pale greys, many being used in jumper forms.



A Model in Black and White Foulard

A POETICAL PORTRAIT STUDY



Miss Hagarty's Little German Girl.

"FLOWER-like delicacy of face, blue of eyes, the flaxen of the hair, proclaiming the Saxon."

So has the original of the portrait here reproduced been described. It is a study by Miss Beatrice Hagarty, a well-known Toronto artist, which was discussed with much interest at the exhibit of the Ontario Society of Artists, and the Royal Canadian Exhibition, this year. In the opinion of Miss Hagarty herself, and of her critics, it is representative of her best work so far accomplished.

This study is called a poetical portrait study. "Just a little German girl I met one day in Berlin," Miss Hagarty says. How the whole effect is arranged to accentuate the haunting paleness, the delicate tracery of the face! Perhaps Miss Hagarty developed her fondness for painting children, years ago, during her tutorship with Miss Muntz, now of Montreal, so well known for her child studies. She is the daughter of the late Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty, and has studied abroad, particularly under Castelucho, the celebrated Spaniard. She is an artist from whose perspective the human and the real never fade.

In the opinion of Miss Hagarty, this painting is representative of her best work so far accomplished. People who know, have said that her forte was portrait work. This little German girl scores through its simplicity. The background and dress are dark, which tends to accentuate the pallid features.

As yet, Miss Hagarty has exhibited only in America, where her work has been received with enthusiasm. Her subjects cover a wide range. She has painted children in London, Paris and Berlin; landscapes in the Black Forest and the wild woods of Canada. Personally, Miss Hagarty is a fluent linguist, a quiet humourist, and somewhat of a connoisseur in interesting literature. She is an artist whom the critics are watching, and daily expecting to see spring into international fame.