

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

BY SYLVIA GERARD

How She Used Striped Material to Make a Striking Separate Skirt.

"EAST, west, home's best." Each time that I come back from a visit I am sentimental over home. Even the "eye-sores" like the cow-painters in the hall and the white marble bust of Holofernes, appear lovely to me. I didn't feel a bit apologetic to the Editor-Man for our library, although it is a horrible potpourri of Colonial, Flemish and Jacobean, the furniture being wedding presents from members of the family and every piece has to be in evidence. The Editor-Man didn't seem to mind it. He staid himself in a comfortable chair opposite Dad and they were soon talking away like "two old cronies." My fond parent found much to amuse him in the account of my Sunday when I saw the Editor-Man on the same train bound for my home town.

We were several miles on our way before I noticed him. I was so busy making sketches of separate skirts. The day before I left I bought some blue and white striped tweed and wanted to see how it could be used. The Editor-Man told Dad that he had been postponing this business trip for a long time, but the prospect of having such a charming traveling companion convinced him to decide in a day to delay it no longer. He added that he wasn't sure whether he had lived down the unfavorable "first impression" and the only way to tell was to take me unawares and note whether the surprise was pleasant or otherwise.

I was glad to see him of course. A two days' journey on a train becomes very tiresome with no one to talk to. Yesterday morning I finished the

skirt which I was designing on the train when the Editor-Man appeared, and wore it to the Country Club in the afternoon. He recognized it from the sketch and said that it was "unusual and becoming."

When I bought the striped Scotch tweed I made up my mind to make it up into "something different." The result is a staid skirt with horizontal stripes and stripes on the bias.

I cut the skirt in two sections with seams in the back and front. The diagonal stripes match perfectly, and I reinforced the seams by stitching a band of tape on the wrong side, so that there would be no danger of their stretching.

Then I gathered the skirt at the top over each hip, fitting it smoothly across the back and front, and made a yoke with the stripes running horizontally. This is formed of two pieces extending much longer over the hips. I used rows of small, cloth-covered buttons to outline the seams of the yoke.

Two slashes in the front of the yoke embroidered with dark blue silk form sham pockets, which add a smart touch to the skirt.

I stitched an eight-inch band of the horizontal-striped material about the hem, and sent the skirt to the tailor's to be pressed.

My blouse of white Georgette crepe with a tie of blue grosgrain ribbon, and my new sports hat look very well with this skirt.

Father is taking the Editor-Man to his club "smoker" tonight, which is a sure sign that he likes him.

THE VISION By Will Nies



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WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Uselessness of Leap Year

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WHY girls, it's leap year! I'd forgotten all about it, hadn't you? I don't think I ever did know much about leap year. Didn't have to, did you? Did any woman that you ever knew really?

Let's see, there's the girl your brother married, the clever brother who invents things, the student, the bookworm who was never wild to go to parties and who hated the very sight of a dress suit.

You and your mother thought he never would marry, and your father knew he wouldn't. So did your brother himself? He was positive of it.

But the little girl who came to visit the set eyes on brother she thought she'd marry somebody, and she said she'd marry the somebody who would look a good deal like him. Pleasant little thing, she was, shy and retiring and—ah—not exactly what you would call brilliant, but neat and nice and as good as gold—missionary meetings, don't you know—byrnes Sunday night and the Sunday school superintendent to bring her home from choir practice—that sort of thing.

He never went to church. Brother is an agnostic, or at least he goes to church every Sunday morning, and last Wednesday night he went to prayer meeting with her.

Did he marry her? No, she married him, and she didn't wait for leap year to do it. She just sat in the hammock and looked awe-struck when he talked science to her brother. And the time he had the tooth-ache and you and your mother were away for the week-end, she went and heated a salt bag for him to put to his face, and somehow or other that—

Did you never notice it before? I have, lots of times. The man thinks he does the proposing, but, nine times out of ten, he only thinks who knows him could tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—only he'd never believe it. People so seldom do.

Ask your father about it. He's been married a long time and he isn't sensitive. Don't ask your mother. Of course, she'll tell you that father pursued her day and night and wouldn't give her an instant's peace or quiet till she put him out of his misery promising to be his. Well, perhaps that's a fact, but if she hadn't run so fast and hadn't made so much noise doing it father might never have thought of marrying her. And if you think mother didn't know that, you don't know much about women, even if you're one yourself and had one for a mother.

I don't believe a man ever looked twice at a woman with love in his eyes without the woman feeling it and knowing just exactly what it meant, even if she had on an automobile veil at the time and the man was wearing the thickest pair of motor goggles ever invented.

The only time the woman doesn't propose, really, is when she doesn't want to marry the man. Sometimes she marries him, then, to please him, or to get rid of him, or to spite some one else, and I don't know which one I pity the most, the woman or the man.

Of course, a woman is more expert in love than a man. Love is a woman's business and it's a man's pastime. The stupidest, dullest, gawkiest man who ever lived knows more about love by instinct than the cleverest man who ever tried to dissect the heart with a dozen times trying to learn.

I know a nice, staid, quiet young man, who thinks he's going to marry the nice, staid, quiet young girl his mother has picked out for him. Love with him because she's tired of men of the world and what it means one who will be domestic. I saw the widow making up her mind about it the other night at a party.

I'm not worrying about the staid young girl. She was making up her mind the same evening, and the man in it was not, by any means, the staid young man her mother had picked out for her.

The staid young girl intends to marry the judge who's been on the bench for twenty years, lives at his club and has had several interesting stories floating around about him for the last decade. In less than a year from now that judge will be wondering how on earth he ever persuaded the staid little creature to marry such a gay old dog as he has been, and he'll do his very best to make up to her for the years he threw away before she met him.

He'll be very nervous at first, for fear she'll find out a few things he'd rather she wouldn't know. He needn't be nervous. She'll never hear anything out that isn't perfectly convenient for her to know. She's heard all about him already. I saw it in her eyes when she was waiting, and—whisper—that's why she's determined to marry him and "save" him. His doom is sealed. He might as well give up right now.

Leap Year—did anybody ever take advantage of it in the world, I wonder? Did they ever have to?

How Unattractive Mouths May Be Made Beautiful

BY LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.



THERE is an irresistible charm about a beautiful mouth. No matter how unattractive the face may be, if the mouth is well shaped and the lips smiling and rosy with the glow of health, the face will never be lacking in beauty.

The mouth is one feature that you can make or mar. It is the color of your eyes or the bone structure of your nose, but you can change the shape of your mouth.

If your mouth needs remodeling, sit before a mirror and study it well so that you may know just where to begin. Do not do this until you are in the center of your gaze upon the corners. Do they turn up in a pleasing, natural smile, or do they droop, giving the mouth a peevish, discontented expression?

Value of a Smile. To many women are prone to overlook the potent charm of the smile in their efforts to appear dignified or to acquire the bored, blasé expression reflected by the so-called "fashionables." There is nothing so lovely as the sweet, elusive smile that comes and goes with every emotion. It brightens the plainest of faces in the most amazing way.

Do not mean to say that anyone should imitate the permanent, fixed smile of the pretty girl on the magazine cover. Far from it! This innate, stilted expression is to be avoided, but the natural smile that starts from within and escapes thru the lips and eyes has the same effect upon the face as the ray of sunshine which pierces a heavy blanket of mist.

Learn to keep the corners of your mouth lifted. Whenever you feel out of sorts and discouraged with things in general, your natural happy nature takes a slump, and with it the corners of your mouth. You are inclined to draw your lips together in a firm, determined line that chases away happiness, youth and dimples. Even your friends will not care to associate with you when you are in this mood.

Control of Negative Emotions. You must learn to control your negative emotions if you desire to have a beautiful mouth. Always keep the muscles about the mouth relaxed and your lips closed in a cheerful smile. You need have no fear of the heavy, fretful, worry wrinkles gathering about the corners of your mouth if you keep this advice in mind.

"Please, teacher," answered James, "I'd make a dash after it."

Today's Fashion



Charming Ruffled Dance-Frock of Flame-Colored Silk Tulle.

THE ruffled dance-frock continues to hold its popularity. Flounce upon flounce of flame-colored silk tulle is arranged over a foundation of cloth of silver in the creation of this stunning frock.

The bodice is half-veiled with the tulle over a corsage of silver cloth bordered with rhinestones. Double braids trim the short sleeves, and a girde of flame-colored velvet defines the waist-line.

tour and your entire face will become so radiant that friends will gather about you as naturally as bees hover about the flowers. There is nothing more infectious than a smile.

Besides improving the shape of your mouth, smiling will compel youth to linger with you. Joy, optimism and youth are synonymous. It is the woman who retains the childlike faculty of looking on the bright side of things who never grows old.

Again, let me impress upon you the unattractiveness of the affected, artificial smile. It will never improve the shape of your mouth. Only the kindly smile of the person who walks thru life with the wish to be happy and to promote the happiness of others possesses this magic power.

CORRECT! The class was having a lesson in punctuation. "Who can tell me how to punctuate the following sentence," asked the teacher: "A five-dollar bill flew round the corner."

"Please, teacher," answered James, "I'd make a dash after it."

ATTRACTIVE STRAWS IN GAY SPRING MILLINERY

Shapes and Trimmings Are Not Alone Responsible for Style.

THE LATEST WEAVES

Tailored Models Fashioned From Milan, Tagel and Hair Straw.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of the pretty novelty straws being used in spring millinery models. The color range has proven a most interesting one—the rage of navy is already assured—and there is a large following for each of the other popular shades, including gray, pongee, chertreuse, black and white, jungle brown, and rose. Green, too, is a much-favored shade, and in summary models considerable emphasis is placed on the vogue of pastel tints.

But much of the style and effectiveness of the hat is undoubtedly secured by the correct use of straw. Certain types of close-fitting toques, for instance, would fail to give the required "smart" effect, if a soft, characterless weave of straw were used, while the whole aspect is quite distinguished looking when a bright firm straw in modish color and weight is employed.

Generally speaking, the severe tailored models should be fashioned from a very good milan, a tagel, or hem, and dressier chapeaux from hair straw or a combination of hair straw and fine fancy woven straw braids. Variations of mohair are very modish this season in wide brimmed models that have a tendency to droop on both sides. Watteau shapes are very effective in finely woven milans and tagels, banked high with exquisite flowers and foliage in matching shades.

Considerable attention is being paid to the new sports models of bangkok—a straw similar to a very fine peanut straw—which come in soft, effective shades of green, blue and rose, and have scanty trimmings of picot-edged ribbons, in plain white or stripes combining white with the color.

There is an extraordinary echo in the cathedral at Pisa. If you sing two notes there is no reverberation, but if you sing three they are taken up, swelled and prolonged into a beautiful harmony.

France was the first country to use an ambulance.

There are at least five libraries in the world which contain more than 1,000,000 volumes each.

VAGARIES IN COLLARS ARE MANY AND GAY

Newest Spring Modes Universally Becoming, and Have No Prejudices.



Smart Separate Skirt of Blue and White Scotch Tweed.

SAFETY FIRST. A long-haired man walked into the general store at Arvada and asked: "Do you sell stale eggs?"

"No," answered the grocer, with a smile, "but I've got some."

"Well, give me all you've got," said the stranger.

The grocer, as he bundled up the eggs, laughed, and said: "I guess you're going to see 'Hamlet' tonight at the opera house."

"No," said the stranger, grimly, "I'm going to play 'Hamlet' tonight at the opera house."

THE EIGHT PAGE ART SECTION OF THIS WEEK'S SUNDAY WORLD

is replete with pictures of great general interest: Strictly Canadian is the frontispiece description of an important native industry, namely maple syrup making, showing both the former and present methods of obtaining the product.

The big feature at present is pictures of the overseas units. This week's issue will show the staff of the 122nd Battalion at Huntsville, under Lieut.-Colonel D. M. Grant; the 127th Battalion at Aurora, with Capt. Bell and Lieut. Spears; the Westwood county cadets of the 129th with Lieut.-Col. Knowles; the physical drill team of the 122nd Battalion at Huntsville; an interior view of the 76th Battalion's barracks at Barrie; the signal corps of the 76th, the picket of the 76th, several platoons of the 76th and the guard of the 76th; instruction staff and signaller in training at Exhibition camp; the 76th Battalion's famous overseas band; several platoons of the 134th; Toronto University and McMaster students attached to the signal training depot, Ottawa; Officers and non-coms of the 8th Battery; the 32nd Highlanders' scouts; individual portraits in profusion of men overseas, and men preparing to go overseas; a group view of Canadian soldiers who have been invalided home; several groups of Canadian soldiers prisoners of war in Germany—if you have not heard from your soldier boy look for him in these groups; an uncensored picture of the Giessen camp in Germany; break up of the Rivers Don and Humber.

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The Amateur Gardener

BY RACHEL R. TODD, M.D.

A Hint About New Perennials. Every gardener likes to add a few roots to his collection of perennials, as the garden becomes permanent. The puzzle is often what to decide upon. Perennials are so different from each other in almost every respect, that one is hard put to it to determine just what specimen will suit this corner, and what color will best harmonize with that of the coming blossoms or the perennials already permanently rooted there.

It is not an easy matter to make your choice unless you know your new plant well. Catalogs, while doing their best, cannot give an accurate idea to the beginner of the nice differences in form and coloring that plants may present. So that if you depend upon those descriptions when choosing, you may be satisfied with the result, and you may be disappointed.

Take, for example, the apparently simple question of red-blossomed plants. Red man mean crimson, or scarlet, or carmine, or cordinal, or flame, or geranium, or what indeed may it not mean? But if you attempt to place any of these reds near each other, your artistic eye—and you must have one, since you delight in garden—will be sadly offended. To place a clump of scarlet fighting, for instance, where its intense flame will scorch the beauty from any other of the reds, is to make a bad mistake in garden technique.

Among these reds, you have the Sage, the Penstemon, Phloxes, the Cardinal Flower, some of the garden things.

CARD INDEX RECIPES Simple Lemon Pudding. INGREDIENTS: 4 tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, 1 lemon, rind and juice, 1 egg, pour on to the beaten egg, mix together and add the bread crumb mixture. Lastly, stir in the lemon juice, a few drops at a time, so as not to curdle the egg. Line a mixture: bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.