

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion Flounces and Pleats Distinguish New Gowns

By Madge Marvel

WE are showing interest in flounces and pleats. A prominent designer told me a day or so ago, "You will find them used in some of the best of the spring models. By that I do not mean that we shall adopt the full pleated skirt we used to wear, but I think you will find flounces and pleats introduced into the newest and best designs. Women are growing tired of the slash. They still want the close outline, and how can they have it without the flounce unless they gain the necessary width with pleats? The pleats will probably be very modest affairs, with the flounce anything but obtrusive. The flounce came when it began to be shifted around, from the side to the front, and now to the back. And I predict its next move will be out and away."

It was my privilege to see some of the latest importations of gowns recently, and I was impressed by the draping. It has changed. In one of the frocks it was strangely reminiscent of the days of the polonaise, which the present generation remembers only from old fashion plates and portraits. Also of the overalls, which succeeded it. One of these skirts had long overdrapery, and it was caught up in the back in quaint loopings. The narrow foot outline with its fullness at the hips still obtain for some months, according to the best authority.

It seems to me that we see more flounces than were worn earlier in the winter. One evening frock made for a debutante had the skirt of pale blue neatly covered and full of pink flounces of pink chiffon which were graduated from a narrow one at the waist to a deeper one which came to the knees in front and sloped lower in the back.

Every one seems to agree that the flounce effect is to be popular for the coming season. In some of the imported suits it appears as the most abbreviated little affair one can imagine. But it is very smart and ever so becoming to the modern figure.

There seems to be a general agreement among the milliners that the new hats are to be the same tiny things we have grown used to seeing and wearing, but if they are modest in circumference they are ambitious in height. They tower so far above the head that they make all women look more than "divinely tall."

Just now, when it is not a long plume sticking straight up in the front of one of these narrow-brimmed hats, it is an arrangement of ribbon bows, and, as the season advances, this will be replaced by tall flowers, such as the more majestic varieties of the roses, which will be wired to lift their blooms well skyward.

Maline has lost none of its usefulness and popularity as a mid-season hat material. It rises in a mist of bows and a whirlpool of fluff from a jet banding which the head snugly and at just the right angle, for woe to the woman who hopes to set her hat squarely on her head and attain unto that mysterious state called style.

All hats have a tilt that is evident but escapes the point of rakishness. It is simply the perfect angle.

Hat makers tell us the best hat in the world can be utterly ruined by not being put on the head in the approved manner. And now that the new high coiffure is displaying our ears, and our foreheads as well, we shall have to learn all over again how to put on our hats, for it is not to be expected that we can draw them on from the nape of the neck as we have done.

This same hat maker tells me that we are to wear straws of more vivid color. We are to find pleasure in a new shade of brown-green and in purple, and that wood and taupe are going to replace the straw color to which we have long been faithful.

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges. Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.

The truth, plain and unvarnished, about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

Woman's Big Job
XVIII.

MOTHER, I said one night, when I had slipped in for a little twilight chat with her before going home, "tell me, why do so many women know so little of the essentials of their business? It is their business, isn't it, the ordering of the home?"

Mother looked worried. I had spoken a little bitterly, for my wife's inability to manage our little home systematically was much upon my mind.

"Don't be too hard on Mary, Peter," she said gently. "Remember she's very young and she's never before come in contact with the ordering of work."

"I know," said I, patiently. "That's what I want to know about. It isn't that I'm blaming Mary, mother, for it's pretty hard on her, too, but I can't for the life of me see why her training shouldn't have prepared her for the systematic ordering of our home just as my training has prepared me for the financial maintenance of it. If I knew no more about earning money than Mary does, I should be a good deal more in a desperate straits."

"Yes," said mother slowly, "that's true, but men are a race of specialists, son, and women, alas, are not." She turned the log in the fireplace and the blue leaved, coloring the shadows about the trim, old-fashioned sitting-room.

"Peter," she went on quietly, "some of us when we wake up and learn how to train our women, from the lowest to the highest, for the tasks of daily existence, we're going to save a tremendous amount of money and heartaches. Mary is the victim of her mother's foolishness. Every girl ought to have at least a working acquaintance with a trim gingham apron and a frying-pan, if only for the purpose of inspiring the respect of her servants. I feel exceedingly sorry for the woman who never asks you to any public place of amusement with him, or why he doesn't want to introduce you to his friends, that man is the very opposite person in the world for you to keep away from. He hasn't chosen you out of all the world to be the keeper of his said, lonely, secret heart. You're just one of a dozen. That's the reason he wants to be so 'secret' about it."

Get a sweetheart who loves you so hard that he can't help showing it every time he looks at you—a sweetheart who's so proud of you that he wants to go out with a band and tell everybody that you and he belong each to the other.

And let the "secret" sweetheart go skulking around in corners with some other girl who hasn't as much sense as you—poor, foolish thing.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her care this office.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

SO you're dead in love with the dark-eyed stranger, are you? Little girl, and you admire him because he is "so secret"? That strikes you as romantic and fascinating and altogether enchanting, does it? Well now, little girl, I wouldn't work up any great romance about the dark-eyed stranger, just because he's "secret." What's he so secret about, for pity's sake?

Does he hold hands with you in corners, and speak very cooily to you when other people are around? That isn't secret; that's shy, and he has a very plain, practical, every-day reason for doing it—just set your mind at rest on that point.

Has he then engaged to somebody else, or married, or he's schemed his little passing fancy for you—and so he's trying to make you think there's something romantic about being secret. Listen, little girl, make up your mind to this, once and for all—there is nothing fine, about being "secret."

When a man doesn't want to tell you his real name, or where he lives, or what he does for a living, or why

"IN THE CLOUDS" :: By Michelson



THERE comes a time in the unfolding of romance when the solid earth gets to be a bore—it really does. Of course, there always is a good deal of solid earth around, but in this crisis of TWO it seems to dissolve.

It is not exactly a case of being "up in the air." No, it is different. It is different from anything else that ever happens. It may happen in a dance. It may happen when the two are just THINKING of the dance or some other ecstatic moment.

Then, vulgar, every-day things melt quite away. The sky stays in place and the constellations keep on doing business. But all that is usually under foot softens and softens until a joyous haze envelopes and sustains the parties in interest. Pale sapphires, dashed with gold and pink, bathe the look of all that surrounds the participants.

Of course, it is a MOMENT. One cannot live on moments for long. Mostly life is made up of INTERVALS. It is what you learn how to do with intervals that makes the great difference.

Great Novels in a Nutshell "Water Babies"

Condensed from the KINGSLEY novel by ANITA von HARTMANN.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Tom, who worked for a cruel, old chimney sweep called Mr. Grimes. One day Grimes was summoned to clean the chimneys in the mansion of a rich man.

Very early in the morning Grimes got astride his donkey, and with Tom trudged behind on foot, set out. An old Irish woman joined them and, as she walked beside him, she told him stories of the great ocean and of the fishes and flowers that lived in its cool depths.

Tom was not overfond of water, but the old woman's stories made him think how delightful it would be to wash off his soot. So when Grimes stopped at a spring, Tom dipped his dirty little face in the water. Grimes gave Tom a beating.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes," said the old Irish woman indignantly.

"No, nor never was yet," said Grimes, and he went on beating Tom.

The old Irish woman spoke sternly: "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be," said she, "and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be."

Tom was still thinking of the old Irish woman as he slid down a chimney in the rich man's house. Suddenly he found himself in the whitest, prettiest, cleanest bedroom he had ever seen, and there he met a fairy named Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid. When Tom was good, she would give him a delicious sea lollipop and when he was cruel to the little sea creatures he would pop a cold pebble in his mouth. There was another fairy, too, whom Tom loved very much, and her name was Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, but Tom was so very

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Tighten up Your Belt and Stop Hunger Pangs

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)
Copyright, 1914, by L. K. HIRSHBERG.

HAVE you ever felt like the floor was dropping out of your tummy? Some feel in that way when they are hungry. Others feel an aching void when the pangs of hunger begin to gnaw. One well-known adventurer describes his sensation of hunger as "the hole to a doughnut," however that may feel!

Julius Caesar, you recall, had the diagnostic acumen to spot the lean and hungry look of Cæsar, but many who suffer only with this torment of Tantalus nowadays believe that they have a tapeworm.

No less than several score of patients who came to me with a home-made diagnosis of "tapeworm" were found to be afflicted only with a stomach which sang this song of vitacular desire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire has, like these Gargantuan appetites none at all. Such appetites are pathological, true enough, but the cries of famished anguish from their inner appetites which tell of hunger, by lacing and the wearing of corsets too small.

As the Avon bard phrases this idea: "Why she does hang on him as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."

Relief for these conditions depends greatly upon the cause. If the best ear specialists in your city can find and remove these, your hearing will improve. Do not abandon hope until a thorough search has been made.

W. T. H.—Prof. A., the phrenologist, told me I should weigh 170 pounds to sustain my large and active brain. Is that correct?

Phrenology, like building air-castles, is dreaming and writing poetry, is interesting, but useless. Phrenology is practiced by sincere, well-meaning, illogical "professors," who profess honestly more rot than was ever dreamed of by the Delphian oracle.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

Odd Bits of Knowledge

The New York city park department uses a vacuum cleaner in grooming horses.

There are 250,000 motor boats, worth an average of \$1000 apiece, in the United States.

Westminster Hall, London, was built in 1099, and for the first time repairs are now being made to its roof. Most of the timber shows only slight signs of decay after 600 years.

It takes 100 workmen 10 weeks to paint the dome of the Capitol at Washington. They use 65 tons of paint covering the 132,000 square feet of surface.

The smallest wire made commercially in the United States is 5-1000 of an inch in diameter. The steel through which it is drawn are genuine diamonds.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will be illuminated at night by electric lights having 4,000,000 candle-power.

The department of agriculture is using poisoned grain to kill prairie dogs in the West. The little pests render land practically useless as a range for cattle or sheep.

Rubber flowers are a novelty for women bathers. Delicate tints of roses and violets are reproduced, and the flowers are not affected by water or sun.

The largest railway station in Europe is being constructed at Leipzig, Germany, at a cost of \$25,000,000. It is half finished now and will be completed within two years.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

AFTER Judge Bear went down the road he came to a soft, mossy bank and sat down to rest. It was Friday, the day that Mister Jay Bird is always up to mischief, and he hoped he would meet that sassy fellow so that he could tell him about Brer Rabbit stuffing his ears with cotton. By and by he heard Mister Jay Bird up in the tree singing. The Judge coughed very loud; this made Mister Jay Bird notice him.

"Hello, Judge," he began, "got any mischief for me today?"

"Brer Rabbit was just telling me that he was going to put cotton in his ears so that no one could tickle him." At this the Judge laughed until he had to hold his sides.

"What do you want me to do about it?" asked Mister Jay Bird.

"I thought you might put some burrs in the cotton," answered the Judge.

"Bright idea!" exclaimed Mister Jay Bird as he started in search of Brer Rabbit. He found him asleep under a sassafras tree near the big briar patch.

Mister Jay Bird was so tickled at finding him he had to get up in a tree and laugh and laugh.

Then he gathered a lot of burrs and one by one he dropped them into the cotton in Brer Rabbit's ears.

He was putting a great big burr in Brer Rabbit's right ear when Brer Rabbit snored.

Mister Jay Bird jumped into a tree quick as a wink. Soon Brer Rabbit was asleep again.

Once more Mister Jay Bird started filling Brer Rabbit's ears with burrs. He turned over in his sleep and this made Mister Jay Bird hop into the tree again. By and by Brer Rabbit's ears were full of burrs and Mister Jay Bird flew high up in a hickory tree and waited to see what would happen.

He had not long to wait, for soon Brer Rabbit got up and started for home. He was so tired and sleepy he forgot all about the cotton in his ears and he did not know about the burrs.

As he passed by Mrs. Squirrel's house she peeked out of the window and began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

"We just happened to think of something!" exclaimed Mrs. Squirrel. Brer Rabbit went down the road wondering and wondering what was the matter.