

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Ankle-Length Bloomers Replacing Petticoats

By MADGE MARVEL

WHETHER the smartness of the blouse depends on its plainness, but it must be exquisitely made. With skirts of the new wash corduroy in white these blouses have been much worn at the southern resorts. The woman who has to count pennies will welcome the little lace bolero which may be found ready made in some of the shops, and which will freshen an old frock and add new life to an old blouse. I noticed one on a tangoing guest in one of the popular restaurants the afternoon. It was of fine lace, and fitted quite smoothly in front from the neck to the waist line at the sides, but was cut up in front to show depth of width of about four inches, while straps of white taffeta held it together. The back of the bolero curved up between the shoulders where the straps were again used for fastenings. It was worn over a deep violet chiffon cloth blouse, which was part of a three-piece suit of duvetyne in the same color. The three-piece gown will be the popular and wise choice in taffeta this season. Sometimes the blouse will be of taffeta and sometimes of a combination of taffeta and lace. The woman who wants to wear the suit for many occasions will have two or three waists made to wear with the coat and skirt, being most careful to have each one look as if it will be by such gradual stages we will be wearing it before we realize it. Silken cords and tassels have lost none of their favor as trimming, and are used on some of the newest gowns to catch the drape. Each day sees this same drapery moving toward the back of the gown and bunching up quite like the bustle. And women who have said they would never wear that monstrous even if the whole world did are the ones who are most enthusiastic over the bouquet effect which is the modern version of the bustle. There is talk of the possibility of this becoming more prominent as the season advances. If the bustle really arrives it will be by such gradual stages we will be wearing it before we realize it. The new stockings are most ornate affairs with lace and drop stitch and embroidery combined. Also come in the most bewildering array of colors. The black and white are the most attractive, the white lace being used on the black hose, or the reverse, and the embroidery being in contrast. Garters, or spats, whichever one chooses to call them, are used extensively by fastidious women, and the shoe with the light upper applied in garter effect is tremendously smart for street wear. I think the spring will bring out so many shoes with light uppers that the plain black boot will be conspicuous. The very newest thing in blouses is the colored one of fine handkerchief linen. It is the most charming little garment. The colors are rose pale pink, blue in several shades, yellow and green. The

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By Leona Dalrymple

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

The truth, plain and unvarnished, about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

Wash Day
XXXVII.
HATE wash day. Most men do. Usually all the women in the house look harassed and fuss about the weather. Mary does at any rate. I was late this particular morning, and Mary was already downstairs with a wrinkle of worryment between her brows. "It's raining, Peter," she exclaimed petulantly. "And I do hate a rainy wash day."

"Why not hang the clothes in the attic?" I suggested, starting out into the garden mist outside the window. Incidentally I wondered why Mary didn't think of my rainy tramp into town instead of an inanimate string of flannels immune to discomfort. "Why," said Mary, helplessly, "I could do that I suppose. To tell you the truth, Peter, I didn't think of it. Would it be all right, Mrs. Martin?" "Sure," said Mrs. Martin. "I wonder you didn't think of it before. Would you make the starch, Mrs. Hunt? I'm a bit behind this morning."

"WOMEN TODAY WASTE ENERGIES"



By ELEANOR AMES

HAVING no meaningless superfluities in one's life is the secret of efficiency, according to the theory advanced by Frieda Hempel. She says the reason so many women break down and have to go to rest cures and sanatoriums is not because they really work so hard, but because they live in a mental clutter. "We are all apt to think we need too much of everything," declares the prima donna. "We fail to reduce life to a problem and then seek the simplest solution. There is so much of luxury and the possibility of possession and accomplishment in the world that, unless we keep ourselves well in hand, we are apt to get swamped in the morass of what I call 'too much-ness.' Women today waste their energies. "I think we ought to be busy all the time and accomplish all we can and have all the things that are necessary to our comfort and happiness. But in order to do this and no more we ought to have an understanding of ourselves. One person can only do so much work. One mind can only compass so many subjects. Trying to do a lot of things spells failure more often than success. Too many irons in the fire is a proverbially bad thing. "Women think faster than men. They are more intuitive than men. They have wonderful enthusiasms and ambition. But they need to save themselves from scattering their mental forces. They want to learn what men have learned—that there is only so much accomplishment possible for one human being. "Particularly is this something the business girl must learn. The business man works downtown. Then he is through with his work. He goes home to rest, or he goes to the club, or to the theatre, or somewhere for recreation. What of the business woman? She has a dozen things to do when her wage-earning day is over. She may have a house to keep. She may try to make her own clothes. Perhaps she has other dependent on her. She joins this class or that club and takes on herself a lot of cares which makes her life away from her work quite as strenuous as that existence in which she earns her livelihood. "Then, in addition to too many lines of endeavor, women are apt to surround themselves with much that confuses. If they have a house, they have too much room to care for and too many things in the room. They have too many clothes to keep in order. It is better to have fewer gowns and have them often. It saves a lot of wear and tear. "Women are such splendid factors in the world for all that is big and fine in the way of accomplishments. I wish they might learn conservation, which means riddance of the superfluities."

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: I have a friend who writes me such beautiful letters, and I have been very happy over them, but the other day I found out that he writes just the same sort of letters to other girls. He seemed to feel bad when I spoke to him about it, and said he didn't mean what he wrote to the other girls. Would you believe him?

WOULD you believe him? Indeed I would not believe him about that or about anything else on earth. He is either a weak fool or a conceited fellow who wants to believe himself a heart-breaker, and who doesn't care how many hearts he really does break—at all. What reason have you for believing a man whom you yourself have trapped in a deliberate falsehood? Oh, yes, honest people sometimes tell lies. But they do not persist in regular scheme of deception. Fall in love with a fool; fall in love with a failure. Fall in love with a poor man, or with a stupid man, or with an ugly man, or with a cold-hearted man—but never, never allow yourself to care the paring of a finger nail for a liar. He will wring your heart in his taked hands and hold it up for all the world to see it bleed. If he has lied to you he has lied to all the other girls. He comes of the breed that lies to women and is proud of it. The breed that will tell the truth to a man because he's afraid to do anything else, and will lie to a woman every time he gets a chance, just because she is utterly helpless and cannot protect herself against him.

Chippendale and Chintz
In my lady's room about Ninety years ago Chairs with arms and chairs without. Then stood in a row: White on curtain and on wall, In old-fashioned tint, Roses rambled—and 'twas all Chippendale and chintz. Fashions wax and wane, and when Fifty years are spent, What my lady loved is then To an attic sent. Crinolines, black! are worn (See the fashion printers), Crinolines whose wearers scorn Chippendale and chintz. Now my lady from her frame Sees her room once more As 'twas when a bride she came Gayly through the door: Sees the chairs stand by the wall—Where, in old-world tints, Roses rambled—and 'tis all Chippendale and chintz. ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

We Must Fight Insects or Be Destroyed by Them

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins). Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

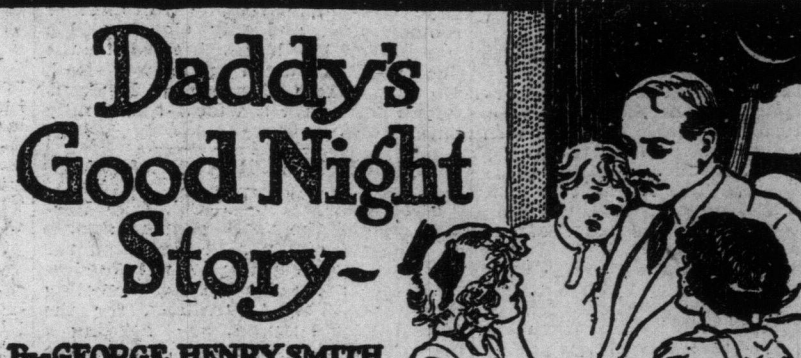
WHY do you shrink when an ant crawls over you? Are ants dirty? Do they sting you? You answer promptly, no, to both queries. When you hear the buzz of the female mosquito you are more nervous and excited than when it stings you. Why? A fly in the house of a civilized person, whose natural abhorrence of this insect has not been dulled and aborted by the familiarity that breeds contempt, is a worrisome abomination. Have you thought of an explanation? It all lies in the normal, unexpressed instinct of human kind that mosquitoes, flies, ants and cockroaches are enemies of mankind. Just as those huge, Gargantuan creatures of old, the pterodactyls, the dinosaurs, mastodons, mammoths, real flying dragons and similar behemoths, were exterminated by smaller creatures; just as whales, elephants, elk, buffalos, kangaroos and other troubles; bedbugs are blamed at times for leprosy, and, although the sandfly is innocent of causing pellagra and the horsey proved an ally in the case of baby paralysis, all insects are hostile anti-human "critters."

Answers to Health Questions
A READER—Tell me a cure for catarrh. No doctor or medicine has ever helped me.
What do you mean by "catarrh"? Whatever you mean, you fail to state where you have it, what your symptoms are, or how it shows itself to eye, touch or sense.
R. B. G.—My eyelids shake and twitch. Can anything be done?
Twitching of the eyelids and eye muscles may be due to a habit spasm, to a sty, an irritation of the nerves, or to the need of eyeglasses. Go to an eye dispensary first and have your vision examined.
Miss E. A. M. Prudal, Pa.—Kindly advise a treatment for my face, which is full of blackheads. I have no trouble with stomach.
Avoid all oily, greasy, fatty foods. Stop eating candies, pastries, sweets and sugary pabulum. Live upon plain and simple diet free of starches, sugars and oils, pickles, vinegars and sour things. Take some lactic acid bacilli tablets after your meals. Never use soap on your face. Use peroxide and glycerine, a teaspoonful of each to a pint of water, as a wash.
At night a sulphur and peroxide lotion may be kept on the face.
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.

Queer Creatures on Land and Sea
By Anita von Hartmann
Little Snow Baby
YOU would never think that a little baby could be born quite safe and sound under a deep pile of snow, would you? But that is just the way Little Baby Polar Bear is born. Each winter Mrs. Polar Bear says good-bye to her husband and trots inland for a long way. When she has gone far enough she digs a nice bed for herself deep down in the snow and covers herself all up with a warm snow blanket. Mrs. Bear sleeps soundly all winter in her cozy bed, and when she wakes up there is Little Baby Bear! And it is spring! Mother Bear is so pleased she licks Little Baby Bear all over and over. Then she gets up and shakes herself good. "Come, Little Baby Bear," she says, "hurry and we shall go and find father and get something to eat." And away they trot as fast as they can. Mother Bear and Little Baby Bear. "See what a nice Baby Bear I have brought you," Mother Bear proudly tells Mr. Polar Bear. And Mr. Polar Bear is so tickled with his little snow baby that he hurries away to kill a plump seal or a juicy walrus for Mrs. Bear's spring dinner.

The Sea Hedgehog
ONE of the ugliest little creatures of the sea is the hedgehog of the ocean called the Globe Fish. The Globe Fish has fins and a tail speckled with tiny spots like a polka dot shirt, and he is all armored with prickly spines, quite as unpleasant as any land hedgehog you have ever seen. Master Globe Fish is one of the few creatures of the deep that is quite safe from enemies. He fills himself with air, Puff! And, protected by his deadly spines, floats like an ugly little balloon wherever he will, quite unmolested. And Master Globe Fish is quite as deadly as he looks. He gathers his food from the corals, which, though wholesome for him, are poisonous for men, and this makes his flesh very dangerous for us to eat.

Not Real
He says that he has a wonderful wealth of imagination. "Well, that is the only sort of wealth he has."



WAIT!" shouted Mrs. Cackle to her son, Charlie Chick, as he started out of the henhouse. "What is it you want?" asked her son. "The snow has melted and you should put your rubbers on," said his mother. "The Duck children haven't their rubbers on," replied Charlie. "That is different," said Mrs. Cackle. "They are used to water; besides, it doesn't matter what other children do. I want you to do as I tell you." "All right," answered Charlie, as he put his rubbers on. He went out to where the Duck children were splashing around in the water which the melted snow had made. "Oh! Look!" shouted Danny Duck. "There's Charlie Chick with his rubbers on!" Then Danny took an extra splash just to attract Charlie's attention. "Why have you those things on your feet?" asked Ducky Duck, as he came splashing toward Charlie. "My mother told me to put my rubbers on," said Charlie Chick. "How are you going to scratch with those ugly things on?" asked Danny Duck. "I don't need to scratch," answered his companion. "When I want to eat I just eat and don't have to scratch. Where can you get anything to eat without scratching?" asked Danny Duck. "There is a box in the henhouse filled with corn and all I have to do is to help myself," said Charlie. "Show us the place," said Danny. Away they went to the henhouse and, sure enough, there was a box with corn in it, but the corn was covered with fine wires. Charlie reached in and helped himself. Danny Duck and Dicky Duck tried to get the corn, but their beaks were so broad they would not go in. "You make fun of my rubbers, so now I ought to make fun of your beaks," said Charlie. "Never mind about us," said Danny. "Just pick out a few kernels of corn for us." Charlie Chick got the corn for the Duck children and they never made fun of his rubbers again.

Three Minute Journeys

Where Bathing Is Best on Christmas Day

By Jonathan MacFarland

northern countries who had literary leanings. They would speak of Poe as a great genius, but the handling of words, but add that he was not a poet. The average visitor would rise to this bait and ask for an example, whereupon my friends would point to the second stanza of "The Raven" and point out the line: "Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December." "Anybody knows," they would say, "that December is one of the pleasantest months in the year. Now, if it had been July or August, he would not have offended the intelligence of his readers." Australia is one of the most interesting countries in the world. It is big in everything but population—area, resources, and beauty—but, although hardly smaller in the number of square miles than the United States, it holds fewer people than the city of New York. It is the most thinly populated country on earth, outside the polar regions. There is a desolate desert region in the interior where travellers seldom penetrate, but one may go into the mountains without much trouble, and there you find dizzy cliffs, thundering cataracts and such other scenery as makes a boisterous man revert. There is nothing else that quite compares with it—maybe on account of the loneliness, the thought that there are only one and one-half people, to the square mile in the whole land, and most of them in the few large cities. And it's always a safe bet that it will be a green Christmas in Australia.



I HAVE never posed as a warm-blooded individual, but not so very long ago I went swimming in an open stream on Christmas day, and, what is more, I took a sun-bath afterward. It was a hot day in December, and the air was sultry and oppressive. Yes, you're right—it was in Australia. There in that great island beneath the equator the whole scheme of the seasons is the reverse of what it is in these latitudes. It is a curious experience to be sweating under the sun in January and chilled in August. It was a favorite joke of some friends of mine in Sydney to discuss Edgar Allan Poe with visitors from