

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Soft Taffeta Newest Fad for Luxurious Lingerie

By MADGE MARVEL

DISPLAYS of new taffeta underwear are just beginning to make their appearance in the shops, and they surely are quite the most novel garments that have appeared among lingerie displays for some seasons past.

When one considers the term "taffeta underwear," it sounds highly impractical, for ordinary taffeta used for such a purpose might crack, would wash badly and iron to uncomfortable stiffness. However, Pussy Willow taffeta is the material used in the new lingerie, and it is very soft and pliable, washes as well as crepe de chine and wears better. Chemises and combinations of this new taffeta cost more than those of any other material, but the investment is a good one, for they will outwear lawn and lace a hundred times.

Smart Trimmings.
The style in which this new taffeta lingerie has been manufactured also tends to preserve it for some time. No trim these garments, for they are quite smartly tailored. Pique edges are the smart finish used on the sleeves and bands of some of them, while others have a very narrow, real Cluny heading about the neck. The under arms are cut quite deep and a plain ribbon band serves as a shoulder strap. In a few of the models three folds are caught at the center of the neck, and held by a flat tailored bow of ribbon. The folds give a fullness of material over the bust.

Pussy Willow taffeta garments are made in all the light colors. Some of the straight hanging chemises have a buttoning flap which joins the back hem of the garment to the front. In others drawers and corset-cover combinations in one are fitted quite snugly at the waistline.

The popularity of the new basque bodices which completely cover shoulders, neck and arms with material, may not make it quite so necessary to provide a large store of lace camisoles or corset covers for fall wear. When all bodices were mere wisps of this tulle underwear, bills and problems swelled to enormous size. Just now, as summer is passing, we may not need so many of these, but a few to wear under dainty afternoon costumes are an all-year-round necessity.

Easily Made.
One especially good feature of the shadow-lace chemises is that if you have one handsome net waist and four lace corset covers, you can give the effect of owning four different waists by finishing each corset cover with different ribbons and silks. One might be lined with deep-blue silk and strung with blue ribbons. Another might be combined with watermelon pink, another with lavender and a fourth with orange. Very wide, fine cotton net, doubled and buttonholed top and bottom, makes a corset cover at reasonable cost. Embroidered Japanese crepe is a good underwear material. A yard and a half or a yard and a quarter of fine shadow lace with heading at either edge is very easily made into pretty underwear.

This material has the advantage of having no pelings, thereby preserving the proper silhouette by not adding wasteful bulkiness to natural slenderness. By threading ribbon in the lengths of shadow lace, and sewing shoulder straps on each, a number of corset covers may be made in an hour and have all the appearance of those sold in the shops from \$2 to \$5 apiece. Embroidery is best to use for corset covers to be worn under linen business or morning waists, as it will bear much laundering.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am 15 years old and live with my aunt. She is very strict, and objects to my having boy friends. I am considered fairly good-looking, and am popular with boys and girls of my age. Although all my friends want to go out very much, my aunt will not allow me to go out very much with them, and consequently, I have little pleasure, and am very lonely.

I am thinking of leaving my aunt in spite of the fact that I have a good home with her, and going to the city to work. Do you think I would be doing wrong?
I do not know of any one else that I could ask for advice.

JESSICA.
STAY with your aunt, Jessica, stay with your aunt. You'll be glad some day that she was "strict" with you, and so will the man you marry. There's something in life besides pleasure, and that something is what your aunt is trying to teach you. Learn it, every bit of it that she has to teach, and the boys and girls who are worth knowing will think none the less of you for your good common sense. You're only 15. There's plenty time ahead of you for fun.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I have read a great deal of your advice to other girls, and I would like a little bit of advice also. I am a young girl of only 14 years of age, and I am a very good singer. I would like very much to go on the stage, and my parents think I am too young and, besides, I am very nervous. What would you advise me to do, and what is good for nervousness, especially when I go before a great crowd?

MISS LAURIE—Queen of Spain—no, of course, aren't you—are too young to sing in public. It is bad for you, and it is bad for your fragile thing in the world. Don't think of running the risk of losing it by singing in public too early without the proper training.

Nervous, of course you're nervous. I should think you would be—a little girl like you trying to act like a woman—you won't be nervous when you are a few years older. Or at least not nervous enough to do any harm—all artists are nervous to some extent. It is only the stupid who are never excited over anything. Don't go before great crowds—you're entirely untrained. Study practice, work, rejoice in the splendid gifts of a voice, and take care of it. Your time will come.

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 of this office.

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STARTLING FOOTWEAR FROM PARIS

Your Choice of Slippers if You Shy at Sandals



WILL France go stock- ingless next winter? That is the question fashionable Paris is asking since the dainty young actress, Mlle. Provost, adopted Greek sandals.

It was she who first publicly introduced the harem skirt. Then, when she married M. Firpo, she instigated a new jewelry vogue by using a wedding ring of durable platinum instead of gold. And now her fancy turns to footwear, for lately she appeared at dress rehearsal at the Rejane Theatre with bare pink toes and ankles encased in jewel-strapped sandals.

Some of the new slippers have large velvet flowers introduced in a design which is circled in lines of tarnished metal and overworked in beads, pearls, jet or fur.

Hand-painted morning glories are applied to the ankles of a new stocking, while lines of jewels and applied ribbon flowers are the elaborate trimming of others.

Not ornamental enough in themselves, the silk-barbed ankles are clasped by a bracelet of metal holding bright jewels or a droplet of marble. Following other inappropriate vagaries of fashion, one anklet actually holds the wearer's watch.

Man was made for reclining, running, moving and sleeping; never for sitting erect. The reason most persons do not pursue piano instruction, schooling and the like, or lose their appetites at the table, is traceable to the fact that their spine and coccyx are tortured worse than the spirits Dante met in the nine circles of hell.

If chairs are irritants to the soul, what must benches, book-keepers' stools, piano seats and other sitting devices be? Obviously they cause spinal curvature, weak backs, lumbago, stoop

What Dreams Have the Gulls?

By Winifred Black

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THE sea is gray today, gray with silver running molten through it, and the great space of the sky is blue, but it is belaced with clouds, great soft, lacy clouds, that drive before the wind as sheep are driven by the shepherd.

And what a herder he is, the wind. How gallantly he whistles down the skies and how they rush to follow him out to sea, the white flocks of the clouds.

It is no time today for the picnic we had planned upon. Do you know how I can tell that?

No, not because of the clouds and not because of the wind, and not because of the prophecies at the top of the newspaper—but because of the gulls. The sea gulls—they are the astronomer that tells the story of the skies to all who will learn to listen.

Whenever it is going to storm, some one sends word to the seagulls down there on the bay, and they all start screaming for the great sea. Do they go for love of the storm. I wonder—do they love to ride the wild waves and dip into the raging sea, or is it because something happens to the fish in the storms and the gulls can reach them easier so?

Anyhow, they're abroad this morning, the wild gulls. "S-c-r-e-a-m!" there's one now; right over the teaming city he flies. "S-c-r-e-a-m!"—there he goes over old St. Mary's—there, he lit for a moment on the cross. And there's his fellow opposite. I thought he was going to light on the gilt dome of the great Chinese bazaar—but no, he was in too much of a hurry.

What Must They Think?

What do they think of us and our foolish doings down here below them, I wonder?

What silly lives we lead, according to their notion—what useless creatures we are, and so busied all the time about nothing.

Always running to and fro, up and down the little runlets we call streets; always ringing bells and pounding with great hammers and hurrying and scurrying, as if some great bird of the skies was after us and might pounce upon us at any minute. Never for one minute do we rest upon the cradle of the deep, and never do we feel beneath our swaying bodies the soft hammock of the ever-swinging waters, and never, oh never, do we fly at all.

If I were a gull I think I should be very glad, and three times a day I should rise on my strong pinions to



There's Faith on Earth.

Little Miss White Wings—you who lit this morning on the tall mast of the great ship new-come from eastern seas—did you notice the gorgeous colors of the birds the Chinamen had there in the gilt cage on the lower deck, and did you wish that you, too, could dress in scarlet and green and azure, and wear a silver band about your ankle, even if you had to live in a cage to do it?

And have you chosen your mate yet, according to your own heart and your own mind and your own will, as a gull should, or are you going to marry you off to that old fellow with the stripe of black across his wing—the one I saw roosting near you on the gilt time ball of the ferry the other day?

Fahaw! What's the use of being a gull at all? The blue sky, the white clouds, the spreading lace of the sapphire sea, the singing shepherd of the wind, the cry of the wild storm—what use are they if your wings are weighted down with care and with the small and petty business of the thing we call living?

You might as well be a man and done with it. "S-c-r-e-a-m! S-c-r-e-a-m!" up there above in the blue. You shall not stir my tranquil heart, for here below, upon the quiet earth and the tame ground, here below, even in the great city, is love and faith and trust and charity, and the little children look at me with grave and tender eyes, and one I love is kind.

I'll stay on earth a while, for all the calling of the gulls.

Among the children of many countries the idea is incultured that toads can spit poison. Several allusions are made in English literature to the further notion that in the head of toads may be found an antidote for the poison of its spittle.

In the folklore of almost every country the magpie figures very largely. In popular superstitions, to see one magpie is unlucky; to see two denotes merriment or a marriage; to see three, a successful journey; four, good news; five, company.

In almost all countries having a season of frost is a common idea that neither man nor animal dies except during ebullition. In the fishing ports of England this superstition is devoutly believed, and is made use of in a literary way by Dickens and other authors.

Portuguese fishermen say that the black spot on each side of a haddock's head is the imprint of Peter's thumb and fingers. According to the tradition the haddock was the fish from which he took the piece of tribute money miraculously found in its mouth.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why a Good, Sound Back Is Like an "S" Reversed

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

THE 400th anniversary of the adoption of chairs by man is still far in the future. To look back upon the day when Sir Walter Raleigh gallantly spread his beautiful cape upon the mire to save Queen Elizabeth's daintily shod feet from mud means to recall a time when chairs, benches, foot stools, rockers and other comfy devices were a mystery to the masses.

"Your Highness" and "His Mightiness" are today testimonials to the fact that the throne was the only sort of a chair known in ancient days. On his date the lord, chieftain, king or emperor was literally placed above his subjects. The seat was might, luxury and comfort.

Man and monkeys are said by Darwin to have descended from a common ancestor, rather an ancestor in their tails. The 13 human tribes may have worn theirs down from sitting.

Sooth to say, occasionally infants are actually born with little tails, and the coccyx—as the little tail-like bone at the end of the spine is called—is a replica of a short or abbreviated tail. This is present in everybody.

The Japanese, and many oriental as well as western peoples, still sit cross-legged or on the ground. Indians and some chiefs have always done this. Instinctively they regard chairs as pests.

Chairs and Laziness.

The human spine, and the sacrum and coccyx at its lower end, were never created to sit upon chairs or lean against wooden backs.

Ineeded, the most comfortable rockers, Morris chairs, hammock backs and deck chairs nester the dignity and equilibrium from man's back.

The shape of a sound back—of which there are none among civilized persons who sit upon chairs—is like an inverted question mark or a capital S reversed. At the neck it concaves in, at the thorax it humps a bit outward, and in the small of the back, where practically all the strain falls, it saddles in like the trough between the humps of a camel.

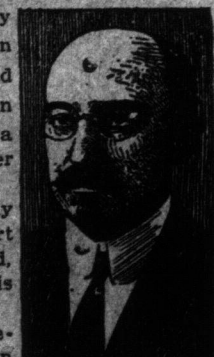
The true inwardness of the school-boy's laggardiness, who with shining morning face trudges wearily to school, depends upon the tortuous, S-like punishment he is compelled to receive by sitting in school.

Modern faddists and school superintendents think they have solved this problem. Chairs with movable, Pullman-like backs are supplied to school children. Yet even if each child was measured and fitted with an individual chair as his mother is fitted with a modish dress, he would be no more comfortable.

Chairs Cause Curvature.

Man was made for reclining, running, moving and sleeping; never for sitting erect. The reason most persons do not pursue piano instruction, schooling and the like, or lose their appetites at the table, is traceable to the fact that their spine and coccyx are tortured worse than the spirits Dante met in the nine circles of hell.

If chairs are irritants to the soul, what must benches, book-keepers' stools, piano seats and other sitting devices be? Obviously they cause spinal curvature, weak backs, lumbago, stoop



Answers to Health Questions

G. R.—What is the cure for common thread worms?

Infusion of quassa used as an injection.

OLD FRIEND AND READER—Doctors failed to cure a sore throat, resulting or remaining from a cold I had some three months ago. What can I do?

Have a slight operation performed to remove inflamed tissues.

JOS. M.—How can I develop face and chest?

2—What is good eye wash for weak eyes?

1—Massage, deep breathing, muscular exercise, plenty of good, rich food, lots of water, air and sunlight. Retire early and sleep late. Devour an extra meal before retiring.

2—Weak solution of boracic acid is good.

R. L. P.—Can you give me a diet for an extremely acid stomach? Have not drunk tea or coffee for two months.

Eat very little of anything at breakfast, only toast and milk; at noon, rice, broths, spinach, mashed potatoes and similar like things; at 6 o'clock only tea and crackers.

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 of this office.

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 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 interest.

No. 151
The Price of Success.

MR. PENFIELD drew me aside. "Peter," he said, "what in the world are we going to do? We've simply got to get Molly out of that car and up into the oculist's office. I stopped there this noon and explained the whole situation to him, and he's so pouting us. Now that we've got her this far we've simply got to get her the rest of the way, but how in the world are we to do it?"

I glanced at Mrs. Penfield, stout, comely, placid, gracious, revelling in the glory of her furs and her car. Her eyes were narrowed in the familiar squint, which betokened her imperative need of glasses, as she read the sign over a store to her right.

"It's too bad you can't tell her outright that you've made an appointment with the oculist for her," I said heatedly. "Instead of all this cheap trickery. Certainly she has sense enough to realize that tampering with one's eyesight is a dangerous matter."

"Oh, no, Peter," gasped Mr. Penfield. "It would never do to tell her. She's absolutely frenzied. I've even so much as hinted that she needed glasses. I've had too many painful arguments of that nature to risk one now. I've got to think of something, and think of it quick."

"Why in the world don't you go on and get your friend, Peter?" called Mrs. Penfield in that sweet, maternal way she affects in the hearing of others. "It's ten minutes of three now. He's waiting."

Mr. Penfield looked wildly about. He glanced desperately at the oculist's window, then at Mary, and then at me. His was his remedy. With never a moment's hesitation he slipped to the rear of his car, plucked his silex from his shoe, inserted it in a slight cut in the shoe, and jabbed at it viciously.



Very Apt.
He—swear I've never loved before. I swear it by yonder tree. She—You always say such appropriate things. That's a chestnut tree.



A Forest Museum.

An interesting side light of savage life which has a counterpart in our own civilization.

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