

For Every Woman According to Her Needs



Scotch plaid is good with dark skirts

Young girls' skirts should be carefully bored

Shaped flounces are best for short petticoats

The fullest of them all

PARIS is wearing skirts that touch, and having to hold them up, it's a bit tiresome for the long freedom of these years of short skirts, but we'll probably follow her lead before many more pass.

But let that evil day come when we haven't strength of mind enough to fight fashion! There's a compensation to Paris, at least—and it has come in the shape of stunning new petticoats. If skirts are to be long enough to require holding up, then the petticoat will show, and right there is where Mademoiselle Paris congratulates herself. As a consequence, hosts of new petticoats have been made, fluffier and prettier than ever.

While we, as yet, haven't adapted the longer skirt (except for more formal occasions), we're "all for" the petticoat!

And they're stunning! The stronger colors that have made themselves dominant at home in dresses are re-echoed in petticoats, until some daring styles are seen.

Black has its following, stronger than any color, and brown and green and blue are almost as popular, with a glimpse of scarlet from under the hem of an occasional skirt. Red is especially good with pongee—natural colored, of course—but is worn with every other color under the sun, besides.

The gray plaid petticoats are back-gays or sober. Some stunning ones are made of the rich dark green and blue plaids that are almost as subdued as black, yet are full of the character of color.

The usual plaid petticoat—by the way, it's only for wear with dark skirts and walking suits—is gay. Red and blue and green are generously mixed up, with a dash of yellow by way of accentuating the color scheme. It does it!

Trimmings Are Lavish

The soft finish characteristic of all the new dress silks is evident in petticoats as well, some of the loveliest being made of china silk, to make them especially soft.

Some parts of all of the petticoats fit smoothly, and the lower have much fullness as possible crowded into them to hold out the extra fullness in the new dress skirts.

Flukes, ruffles, pleating and gathering are used in every way that will add to the fluff; great points are cut in full flounces to allow for pleating to be set in between twice as full.

And trimmings are lavish. On the darker skirts every bit of self-trimming, just puffings and billings and tiny ornamental ruffles of the same silk. But

of white taffeta and china silk, and, of course, on the fanciest of the finger petticoats, lace insertion and frills run riot.

Most of the insertion used is fairly narrow, but the edging is wide and usually of the softest sort of lace, put on as full as possible.

Some of the loveliest of the lingerie petticoats haven't the least scrap of lace about them, and are made instead with a flounce of several deep ruffles, trimmed with the simplicity of the ideal baby dress—with tiny hand-made scallops and trim little dots.

For the simple gowns they're really in better taste than the bunching together of great piles of lace.

A Great Need

Short petticoats have their set styles, as well as the long ones. They must fit even more snugly over the hips, and the flounce (which is about half of the skirt) must be shaped—not pulled on—or the outer petticoat and outside skirt will show the ugly bunching through.

Some of these short skirts are so carefully made that there is practically no fullness to be disposed of at the back; and what there is is got rid of in two tiny pleats. Often they have no bands at all, but are finished off smoothly and fastened by fasteners of buttons and with French loops.

Young girls' petticoats should be as carefully made as the "full-grown" petticoats. The modern young girl has her skirt well cut and wears her clothes with a grace that is delightfully girlish. And she's mighty particular about the set of her petticoat so that all unnecessary wrinkles are kept from spoiling the set of her skirt.

Splendid little petticoats come ready made, which small women are wearing almost as much as she. They're only possible with short skirts, for the longest one is only thirty-six inches.

The work-day petticoats are taking on new beauty as well as the finer ones of silk. Mohair—and nothing wears like mohair—is treated to effective flounces of plaid silk; and instead of the plain tucked white skirt that we've been wearing for a couple of years with morning suits, skirts trimmed with embroidery are worn.

For where the typical Parisian is most particular, rarely wearing the same piece two days in succession, and never wearing anything that is not the very whitest and cleanest possible.



PREPARING FOR GIRL GRADUATE'S GREAT DAY

WHILE the girl graduate is deep in getting plenty of grandiose dresses into her wardrobe, and almost as busy planning a fetching combination of frills and flounces, her friends are reminding themselves of presents.

The most personal sort of gifts are permissible at Commencement time—except for men to give. They are restricted to the flowers which heap the platform in such bewildering profusion, and which, luckily for the man who's the recipient of a number of invitations—are at the expense of their prices.

But by way of evening up, wonderful baskets and boxes are devised to send those flowers to, and are the most tempting things in the world.

Find out, if you can, her favorite flower, and let her know you remembered it. The bit of sentiment adds just one more pleasure to that of receiving them.

Roses, perhaps, make the best "showing," and no girl's aversion to having her bouquets loom up in size and number. Violets, although almost a too sober sort of flower for a gala day, are almost worshipped these last few years, until it's a bit of a feat to like them best.

A trick the florists have learned to accomplish with the aid of wire is the making of full bouquets of the short-stemmed flowers. Fancies, which were impossible except in buttonhole size, wire into the most beautiful shower bouquets, the wire stems being concealed under bits of green, and, perhaps, under a ribbon as well.

Some of us are old-fashioned enough

in our tastes to prefer flowers without ribbons, disliking the artificial touch to a natural beauty. But not so the girl graduate! She's out for all the frills going.

As to the personal gifts, they are legion, and the most welcome of all will be things to wear, from the ring she's set her heart on for a family present down to the veriest little things.

Bits of handwork—corset covers, chemises and the rare little collar and cuff sets that betray the quality of work so definitely—she'll be wild about.

Of course, she'll get books, and profess to take a deep interest in them—perhaps, with her thanks, come to you her plans for "solid reading," and the like. But don't send books if you feel that the world of education might be left behind her, if she chooses. She's secretly reveling in being a butterfly, if only for a very brief time. Help her fun along. The serious side will take care of itself.

Little pins—the kind we used to call clip pins—are used for every sort of thing, from pinning her stock straight to any one of a hundred uses. She never has enough of them.

New ones have come, enameled like peacock feathers, and at the same time, elegant and represented. Some are even jeweled, but the jewels seem a wee bit out of place.

Bracelets are coming into favor again, brought in by the short sleeves, and some lovely new ones are waiting to be worn, for the luck of the first wearing.

Commencement Day.

But the shops are full of new, beautiful ideas for her.

While you're thinking of Commencement presents, give a thought to the girl who's poor. She's sure to be in the class, sure to have to swallow some feeling of envy over the other girls' dresses and perhaps not getting a single gift, or a flower.

Look her up before you can, and give her some bit of money to help her out with her plainer dress; or surprise her with the flowers she longed for, but didn't dare expect.

A giftless Commencement Day would be a pretty sad memory.

PROFIT BY GOOD WEATHER

WITH April over, the weather's sufficiently made up its mind to be settled, and there's no excuse left for the sluggards who don't get out and take advantage of it.

The best way to do it is by walking. Most of us aren't energetic enough in spirit to plod along without casting envious glances at a swift horse or an automobile. But, in reality, when you've done a lot of walking, you become hardened to it, and soon learn to love the very effort of it.

There's no exercise like it from a health standpoint—none which you're less likely to overdo yourself practicing. And you get on intimate terms with nature in a way that the latest, dreamiest driving along shady lanes will never lead you to.

Many Come Ready Made

What we women need more than anything else is systematic walking—not done with the idea of covering a certain number of miles, but with leisurely enjoyment of the sights and surroundings.

Let those sights and sounds be real outdoor things. Go, get away from city streets and houses, and do your tramping religiously in the outdoor world, where birds haven't forgotten how to sing.

Perhaps during the week you're engaged in business; perhaps it's impossible for you to do more than walk to and from your work, and that you do by way of getting the necessary exercise any other way. But do a bit more. If there's no time to get into the country but Sunday, make it part of your program for that day, to get your country walk in. Go to the city park, if you

can't get any further away from civilization, but get as far away as you can, to notice a new flower or a new bird. Make the habit of observing as definite a part of your walk as the exercise—balance them to a nicety.

If you're not strong, don't let yourself be tempted to walk as far as some sturdier mortal can. You'll only make the very thought of walking wearisome, and the idea of repeating your walk unbearable. Walk a less distance than you feel equal to, and increase your walk gradually from day to day.

In some of the cities abroad, walking matches are held at stated times during the year, usually most of them in the fall, when the summer training shows its effect. Prizes are offered—good prizes—and the object is to promote the general interest in walking, especially among people who work. The regulations of some of the matches rule out everyone who isn't employed somewhere.

The famous matches of the working girls in France are splendid in the way they attract the girls, training all the year round, so as to have a better chance to win.

First prize is a sum of money, made into a pretty thing by being placed in the latest, most fashionable purse.

The effect upon the health of the girls is marvelous. The object hasn't started a like movement. The object makes it worth working for, and there's no denying the fact that an object does stimulate daily practice wonderfully.

THE WOMAN WHO WORRIES

A WOMAN who never worries declares that there is nothing more than worry. The worrying woman does nobody any good. She simply invites the hand of Time, which writes plenty of wrinkles on her brow, around her eyes and molars, and gives her face a yellow and gives a lack-lustre eye that no artifice can brighten.

It is quite unnecessary to worry, and it is a total waste of energy which could be better employed in doing something useful. The man who wrote it must have been a man! "It is not work that kills," says something. He had a wife, or a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt who worried him by the hour, and so killed him by inches. That is the worst of a worrying woman. She not only worries, but she worries you.

You know a worrying woman the moment you see her. Her character is written in her face in wrinkles which you would think nothing short of a miracle would obliterate.

Downright ugliness is a heavy price to have to pay for the possession of a bad habit, but there it is. And not only does worry directly influence the complexion for evil; its more remote effects are no less potent in robbing the face of the liver and organs of digestion and the general public. Worry affects the entire nervous system, and through it the liver and organs of digestion and the heart. The things a woman thinks have more than anything else the power to make or mar her beauty; so let her beware of worrying over much, lest she lose the greatest of all gifts.

CHOOSING EMBROIDERIES FROM A PRACTICAL STANDPOINT

WITH all the exquisite embroideries that have already appeared, and those that are hobnobbing out by hundreds each day, it's hard for the most practical woman out not to lose her head over them, and buy them from their beauty points alone.

There are definite points to consider about every sort of embroidery before getting it. Those short, beautiful bits that look almost like handwork are all very well in their way; but most of them are impossible (or should be) for anything that will get hard wear. There are some of these sheer embroideries that are made with every thread doubly protected, so that the ugly, thick kinds can be occasionally thrust aside, even for the sturdier sort of things.

Since those wonderful machines were invented, common sense and beauty have seemed, in a measure, to join forces.

Innumerable Combinations

In choosing embroideries, look first at the material; some of the sheerest are less flimsy than the apparently sturdy. Look next at the edge; if the stitching is too shallow, it's likely to pull out soon. If the scallop is in deep points, it's bound to curl up at the first wearing.

Lace and embroidery combinations—the new combinations that the fashionable world is petting to death—are myriad, from the tiny, wavy edges, ending in a heading and finished with the sheerest bit of Valenciennes filled on to the edge, to the heavy kinds, with heavy linen-embroidered—for the foundation and the frailest, most perishable of pompadour laces for ornament.

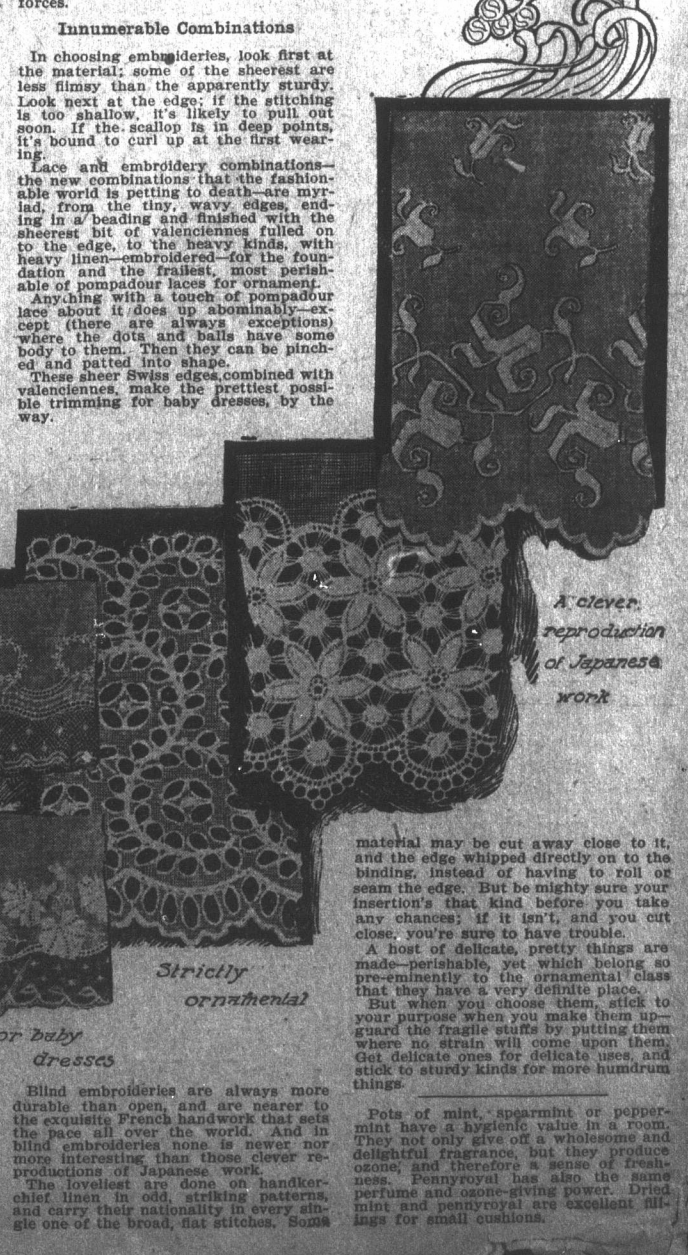
Anything with a touch of pompadour lace about it does up abominably—except (there are always exceptions) where the dots and balls have some body to them. Then they can be pinched and patted into shape.

These sheer Swiss edges, combined with Valenciennes, make the prettiest, possible trimming for baby dresses, by the way.

have the delicate Japanese drawnwork skillfully introduced here and there, which is beautiful, but takes away a little from their practical worth.

It all depends upon what you're buying embroidery for what points are most necessary for you to consider. If it's for underclothes, look at the wearing qualities are all there—embroidery not too heavily done for the foundation to support; no cobby things with odd little threads that stretch and break easily; and a good, firm edge is necessary.

In insertions sometimes you find one outlined on both sides with a heavy heading, so perfectly finished that the



Blind embroideries are always more durable than open, and are nearer to the exquisite French handwork that sets the pace all over the world. And in the entire series none is more interesting than those clever reproductions of Japanese work.

The loveliest are done on handkerchief linen in odd, striking patterns, and carry their artistry in every single one of the broad, flat stitches. Some

material may be cut away close to it, and the edge whipped directly on to the binding, instead of having to roll or seam the edge. But be mighty sure your insertion's that kind before you take any chances; if it isn't, and you cut close, you're sure to have trouble.

A host of delicate, pretty things are made—perishable, yet which belong so pre-eminently to the ornamental class that they have a very definite place. But when you choose them, stick to your purpose and make them where no strain will come upon them. Get delicate ones for delicate uses, and stick to sturdy kinds for more humdrum things.

Pots of mint, spearmint or peppermint have a hygienic value in a room. They not only give off a wholesome and delightful fragrance, but they produce oxygen, and therefore a sense of freshness. Pennyroyal has also the same perfume and odor-giving power. Dried mint and pennyroyal are excellent fillings for small cushions.