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DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Fancies of Fashion

New Silks Striped in Many Colors

By Madge Marvel

WOMEN crowd and jostle and talk about the table where the newest silks are grouped.

"Look at this! And this—and isn't this the sweetest thing, and isn't this the most absurd figure? What is it—a nasturtium? Nmh-no. For there never was a purple nasturtium as bright as that. But it is easy to see this is a dandelion, and isn't it perfectly fascinating? Or is it a dandelion after all. Perhaps it's a cowslip. Or a buttercup—no, it's too big for a buttercup. Oh, I wonder if it isn't a conventionalized sunflower? I believe it is.

"No, I don't believe I will get one, for they are too conspicuous for me, but there are dozens of women who will look perfectly stunning in every one of them. As for me, I am crazy about the stripes. Who ever dreamed of combining such a medley of color and getting something artistic out of it? Blue, purple, gold, red, green, black, orange—and isn't it the most [illegible]

Adjectives Are Inadequate.

The chatter begins early and lasts late. It goes on in the cars, the restaurants, the drawing rooms. Wherever women meet, Poiret is a magic word.

The new silks make me feel more than anything else the paucity of my vocabulary. Just words seem weak. If one were an artist, she might splash some wonderful colors on the page and give an idea of the fabrics. Or if she were a musician, she might crash out a few big chords and then play a dreamy interlude, and run a few scales and sing an aria and that would give an inkling of an idea, if she had well-nourished imaginations to deal with. And if she were a poet she might indite a sonnet or a rondelay.

As for applying the principles of botany to the silks—it is a waste of time. Also it is unsatisfactory. It makes you lose interest in botany.

We are facing a summer of stripes. For two years we have worn Turkish towelling for suits and gowns. This year we are wearing awnings.

Stripes to Be Popular.

The striped voiles have alternating stripes of blue and white, red and white, black and white, green and white, each stripe a full inch in width. They are used chiefly for the tunics and waists over a skirt of white or the color of the stripe. As the tunics are full there is a softened effect of the stripes.

The nearest approach to the threatened bustle seems to be the funny little puff tunic used on many of the taffeta frocks. It is a balloon-like affair, gathered in at the waist and reaching just to the edge of the hips, being very bouffant in the back.

The edges of the ruffles, which are used on the skirts in spiral lines circling from the knees to the waist, are frequently finished with a cord almost as large as the little finger. This is enclosed in the hem, and gives weight and finish to the silk.

The frilled and shirred taffeta wraps are the most alluring garments we have had in a long time. They are cut loose with kimono sleeves, and are longer in the back and slope up nearly to the waist in front. They are almost the exact garment mother wore in war times, only they have fewer seams and more ruffles. Sometimes there are three ruffles, again only two. There is usually a pinked pleating about the neck.

Willie Rites on "Vacewam Kleners"

THAY is a nu kind of massheen for klenin howse wich is cawled a vacewem klener an my paw bought one for my maw. Paw sez its a gud klener awl rite becaws it klened awl the dust out of my pockets to pay it itt and thares no ews of yewer maw goun through my trowsers pockets for sum time to coam. Yew hook it rite onto the elektrick lite wire an turn it lewse an then go downn in the cyklone seller an cum back in a few days an start howsekeepun awl ovur agin aftur yew take the furnichoor owt of the kleher. An yewer howse is klene as a whistle in a kole mine. If enny of the chares an furnitchoor is injured aw yew got tew dew is buy new furnitchoor.

Maw sez to paw this howse is so durty

that yew kin rite yewer name backwards on the dinin room chaies an termorrer we will hitch up the vacewem klener an fix things up in a jiffy. The nex day thay started the thing tew work an the currents of air frum itt sucked everythin off the brakefast tabul except the butter an I gess the butter was sew strong an robust it wuznt afrade to rassel with enny vacewem klener or even a Swead at catch-as-catch-can weights. Aftur the masheen had been workin 3 or for howers maw sez ware is Sammy an paw sez He bet a wishboan frum a newsboys dinner tew a pound of radium that hes in the vacewem klener an I thought it wuz chewin up the dust to bete the band.

Shure enuf thay opened up the klener and thare was Sammy cryin as if his littul hart wud bust, an he sure was helpin the klener out with a supplementary suction. Wot is hoam without a vacewem klener. WILLIE JONES.

IF SHE WERE TWINS

By Michelson

IF by some dreadful magic of nature she really were twins, what should he do? Here he is just on the point of proposing. Suppose there was two of her, which twin should he choose?

Of course both twins would be beautiful—just alike. But with those puzzling contrasts of hers actually separated, which elements should he prefer in a life companion?

Ah! THAT would be a problem! Whether to ask the wistful, fanciful, curious, affectionate, ease-loving side of her, or the breezy, high-spirited, quick-tempered, unexpected, commanding, clever side of her.

Wouldn't it be a HEART-BREAKING choice to have to make? Wouldn't he be torn with regrets at losing either side?

Shouldn't he be glad that this is only a dream and that both sides of her, complicated and perplexing as they may be, are combined in one girl, his (let us hope) for the asking?

What Threatens the Girl Art Student

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

ALMA GLUCK says that American girls who go to Europe to study music spend much of their time sitting around telling each other what Jean de Reszke thinks about their voices—and much of it running about to cafes and being Bohemian.

The rest of the time, says Alma Gluck, people sit around and talk about the American musical students.

The American Woman's Club of Berlin says that Alma Gluck either didn't know or didn't care what she was talking about when she said these things.

There was a meeting of the club held recently, and that meeting turned itself into a protest against Miss Gluck's statements. Mrs. Gerard, wife of the ambassador, acted as hostess and "protest" leader.

Now I don't know a thing about the American girls studying music in Europe, but I do know a little something about the American girls who study music at home, and I'd think a good long while before I'd let any pretty little daughter of mine run over to Europe "to study" just because some self-seeking person with an aunt who pays her a commission to send boarders to some "near American" boarding house in Paris, or Dresden, or Vienna, or Stuttgart, filled her head with a lot of nonsense.

The average American girl has a good deal more common sense than the average girl of any other nationality. But, between you and me, that isn't saying so very much either.

The American girl is by temperament and by training and by her whole ideal of life better able to take care of herself than any other girl in the world. But somehow I can't believe that we made over human nature when we invented the stars and stripes.

I'd as soon throw a nice, chubby little baby into a den of wolves as to send the average light-hearted, light-headed American girl to Europe, or anywhere else, "to study" alone.

The Girl from Sioux City.

There's nothing particularly settling to the mind about the study of music, or art, either.

In fact, there are those who believe that the effect of both art and music upon the mind of a young and growing girl is apt to be somewhat "temperamental." Whatever did we do before we had that convenient word?

I met a girl from Sioux City, Ia., in New York last winter. She was there "studying," and she was full of rhapsodies about the glory of living the broader life.

"I should die if I had to go back to Sioux City," said the girl who was studying. "My soul would starve."

The Sioux City girl invited me to her "studio," to a Bohemian tea. Of course, I went. I have a fad for going to things that people call "Bohemian." I love to find out what they mean by it.

This tea turned out to be so very Bohemian that there was no tea at all, just highballs and gin-rickies and cigarettes—oh, plenty and plenty of cigarettes—and girls in queer shabby clothes and scrambled hair, and men with pale faces and red eyes and a general look of having been out much too late for several nights.

I didn't hear much that seemed to me particularly broadening in the conversation at the studio tea.

People talked very much as intelligent people talk in Sioux City, Ia., or in What Cheer, Neb., for that matter, or any other place where the daily newspaper gets into town on the 9:55 and the whole town goes to the train to get it.

The young lady from Sioux City sang to us, a little thing of some French composer—rather sweet and pretty it was, too—all about the rose upon the balcony, and the morning air and the song of the birds in the trees. Somehow I kept seeing the girl from Sioux City in a nice, fresh, little print frock sweeping off the balcony somewhere in a pretty little home—in Sioux City—and being a thousand times better off and cleverer and more attractive to real people who really live than she was, poor girl, in her shabby frock and her tousled hair singing rather sweetly to a lot of dissipated persons who would go out after the "Bohemian" tea and tell everybody that she had only a scrap of a voice and not a particle of temperament.

They were all very temperamental, the people at the studio tea.

I know they were because they kept saying so, over and over again they said it.

One young man in particular was so temperamental that he never spoke without casting up his eyes and shrugging his shoulders and clasping his hands.

Genius Will Walk Alone.

Poor young man, he did look so out of place in trousers and coat; I did want to send him a nice, pale pink negligee. It would have suited him so well.

One of the women at the tea was unusually temperamental, too. She told a lot of things to prove that.

She hadn't paid her rent for a month, and didn't intend to pay it for six months longer, by—well, I really don't think I'll quote just what she "by'd" with. And everybody shrieked with laughter and was greatly edified.

We talked about marriage at the Bohemian tea—and apparently none of us approved of marriage at all. Some of us called it a superstition and some of us said it was archaic. We all despised people who got married—poor, old-fashioned, narrow-minded things—and toward the end of the tea two or three elderly men came in. They were not at all like the young men who were so very temperamental.

The elderly men were not temperamental at all—in appearance. They wore exceedingly smart clothes and were well groomed and they had automobiles waiting for them below, and they stayed when the tea broke up, and I think I saw my little friend from Sioux City, Ia., snuggling into one of the automobiles with a particularly well kept old person with a mouth like a pig's and eyes like a cruel tiger.

Poor little girl. I wonder how long she'll stay away from Sioux City—and "study"—and when she will have to take her broken heart back home for her mother to mend!

A genius, a girl with a real voice, with real ability, something more than just a pretty little parlor talent—ah, that is a different matter, a different matter entirely. The girl is different all the way through.

She may starve and fight and almost die alone in a garret in some foreign city, but she'll work and she'll work, and she'll keep on working—and some day she will "arrive"—through what bitter roads of agony none but those who have walked therein can ever dream.

She may go right or she may go wrong, personally—her genius will hold her steady to its flame and nothing that she does or does not do will change that by the shadow of a hair.

Genius walks—alone—because it can and because it must.

You can't keep your genius at home, little mother with the anxious eyes. She's an eagle and all your cluckings will never make a little brown hen of her.

But be sure she is a genius before you let her out alone into the ravening world, which eats up little girls who have nothing but talent—eats them up, body, brain and soul.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Your Hair Is a Gauge of Your Physical Vigor

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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DR. HIRSHBERG

THE hoary head may be a crown of glory, but hair is also used to cover the bodies of brutes. Gray hairs, in these days of dangerous yet oft-used hair dyes, rarely bring people down to their graves.

Rather is it the other way round. Time creeps on; fancy may grow cold; still there are no silvery locks nowadays to tell the advancing winters of life.

Men may tarry at Jericho until their beards are grown, yet they will not be old in the common acceptance of the word. Sable locks are no harbingers of a green old age.

Dark hair upon the head, or the same upon the chin of youths, has always stood for manliness and vigor. Conquerors and rulers have always indulged themselves in whiskers and wigs, and Nero was meek and like putty without his curled periwig upon his brows.

The capture of the Sabine women had much to do with their lovely hair. Women, however, are more powerful than men, for "one hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred oxen."

Goethe's scene in the Hartz mountains in "Faust" contains these wise words: "Beware of her fair hair, for she excels all women in the magic of her locks; and when she winds them round a young man's neck she will not ever let him free again."

The reason of this strong appeal rests upon the physiological fact that fine hair, abundant, ungrayed and long indicates health. Thick, rich, deeply colored hair beckons you. Nobody takes a smooth-pated, bald man seriously. There is an absence of quivers and thrills where there is a want of hair.

Life's whole strength; all the joys of dress
Rest in the hs—health, hair and happiness.

There are, nevertheless, many odd health fallacies associated with hair. One of these has to do with the expression, "cure the bite with the hair of the dog that bit you."

Then there is the odd phrase, which is associated with the fact that worry and fear, as well as disease, affect the hair. Walter Besant says: "A pint of port! Man alive! We can take two bottles and never turn a hair."

The vast amount of hair which women of sound physique have is responsible for the expression which bald-headed men cannot abide.

Yet, withal, the fine texture of beautiful hair is also recognized in its perfection. Even a single hair casts its shadow, like a dark meteor through the glowing air. Your general strength, your freedom from illness is in proportion to the numbers and texture of your hair.

"Much hair means money," and "long hair leans to strength" are platitudes with lots of truth in them. They spell robust anatomies and clean, wholesome tissues.

Hair is the health and blessing of the rich and the riches of the poor. The one goes with the other, and they are treasures dearer than the wealth of Cathay.

Answers to Health Questions

A. B. O., Darby, Pa.—I am a motorman, and while at work I suffer pains in the skin and legs below the knee. The bone is sore in the forepart of the leg. At night, as soon as I stop work, I feel all right.

You may have trouble from your occupation of striking the gong with your leg. Change of work or method of ringing the bell would, if this is true, cure the trouble.

Meanwhile a brisk laxative, hot applications to the legs several times at night and in the day, and iodide of potash will possibly relieve the acute pain.

* * *

Dr. Hirshberg 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. Hirshberg, care this office.

Maggie Teyte's Advice to Beauty Seekers

Maggie Teyte, prima donna of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, whose articles on Beauty are written exclusively for this paper, receives daily a large number of letters from readers. In the following she answers a few. Letters addressed to her in care of this office will be replied to as space permits.

FRANCES MORRIS—Five hours' sleep is not enough for any one. Seven or eight hours is a safe rule to follow. Brain-workers require more than those whose work is more physical. A cup of hot milk slowly sipped before retiring is sometimes a cure for insomnia. Hot tea is excellent for nerves. Fresh air is necessary. There should be a circulation of air in the sleeping room without a direct draught.

MRS. EMERSON—There is nothing simpler for a burn than a mixture of lime water and sweet oil, that should be a household remedy which is never allowed to be forgotten. Its prompt application has saved lives, to say nothing of an immense amount of suffering.

Another splendid remedy for burns consists of a mixture of two ounces of glycerine and olive oil with two drachms of boracic acid. Apply with old soft linen or absorbent cotton. One of the chief things to remember in the treatment of burns is to exclude the air.

* * *

MISS L. J. T.—Flatulency, which is but another name for that "full feeling" after eating, may be overcome to a degree by taking a pinch of common baking soda, the size of a pea, in half a glass of water, as hot as can be drunk, a half-hour before meals. I would not say make a habit of it, but take it when you need it.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

WHR—R—R! Whr—r—r! The great wind was whisking around Brer Rabbit's house while Billy Bunny was writing a new story.

"It seems to me that while you write stories I ought to be drawing the pictures," said Jack Rabbit.

"Go ahead," replied Billy. "but don't bother me. I am very busy."

Billy did not look at his brother, who was standing in front of the looking glass with a piece of soap in his hand.

Looking at the glass he saw his head and great ears. He went nearer the glass and began to draw the outline of his head and ears on the mirror with the piece of soap.

He worked and worked until finally he stood off a little ways and, sure enough, there was a rabbit right in the glass. Then he stole softly down stairs.

Billy finished his story and looked around for Jack. He was nowhere to be seen.

"I wonder if he left his drawing anywhere," said Billy to himself. Looking at the wash stand, he saw the face in the mirror.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "Do I look like that?" Then he looked behind him to see if any one else was in the room. Turning again to the glass he said:

"What are you looking at me so funny for?" The rabbit in the glass didn't say a word.

"Don't you look at me like that!" he fairly shouted. "Come out of that looking glass or I will throw something at you!"

The rabbit in the glass kept quiet.

Then Billy picked up the soap dish and said threateningly:

"Are you going to speak to me?"

The picture didn't answer.

"Speak to me or I'll hit you," said Billy.

"What's the matter with you?" asked a voice behind him.

Turning, he saw Jack.

"I'm going to hit that rabbit in the glass," said Billy.

"Don't! Don't!" cried Jack. "That's my picture. I drew it with a piece of soap."

"Oh!" said Billy, and turning to the rabbit picture he said:

"My, but you came near getting hurt."