

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Diary of a Well-dressed Girl

BY SYLVIA GERARD

How She Helped Janet Select the Very Latest Wedding Gown.

THE Editor-Man and I have declared a truce. We are going to try being nice to one another for a change. He says that if I hadn't been so much heralded by my adoring friends he might have surrendered his admiration less reluctantly. I answered that I had come to a decision to dislike him, and that my unfeeling "first impression" was likely to linger for quite some time. He said that he had read hostility in my eyes when we were introduced, and had vowed within himself not to "dance to my tune."

Then, all of a sudden, he awoke to the fact that I might be worth while knowing better, so he decided to call about the wedding. He said that while I do not altogether approve of the Editor-Man, I rather like his not going out of his way to do me wrong. His "I don't care whether you like me or not" attitude is rather refreshing. Then he says such startling things, at times. For instance, he remarked, yesterday, that he didn't believe that any girl who thought a great deal of clothes had any time left to do the worth while things of life. In other words, one must be a "dowd" to accomplish anything of any account. What a queer idea!

Dad ought to be here to air his views upon the subject. He believes that no matter how forceful a woman may be, she must be tastefully dressed in order to win the approval of the eyes. He says if she is unattractively frocked she has a big handicap to overcome before she can command attention or admiration. I'm glad Dad admires "fine feathers."

In the midst of this discussion of "dresses" Janet came in and, totally ignorant of the Editor-Man's opinion of a girl "who thinks a great deal about clothes," insisted that I show him the sketch of the gown I had designed for her, and which is nearly completed.

Janet is a firm believer in "preparation." The usual last minute rush will not detract from the enjoyment of her wedding.

I apologetically presented the sketch for the Editor-Man's criticism, and he admitted that it "looked very well on paper."

It really is a "masterpiece" and I'm as proud of it as our garden is when he shows me a new carnation which he has grown, and asks me to give it a "high-soundin'" name.

Mme. Carton-Jane's modesty says that this bridal gown is the handsomest she has ever made. I go to the shop every day and offer any suggestions that I consider necessary.

It was interesting to watch the building of the gown. First a princess slip of ivory-white satin was fitted with easy lines to Janet's figure. Then over this was arranged a full skirt of ivory-white mousseline de soie.

The satin bodice is slightly medievall in character, having long, closely fitted sleeves with cuffs of flit lace threaded with silver, that extend well over the hands.

Revers and a collar of mousseline and lace finish the pointed neck line, and a chemise of the mousseline adds a pretty softness to the front of the bodice.

I insisted that the gown be fastened at the back with bullet, satin-covered buttons.

The upper half of the skirt is covered by an apron-tunic of mousseline trimmed with insets of the white and silver lace which forms an uneven line about the lower edge.

Mme. Carton finished the waistline with a girle of white satin arranged in soft folds. I added a band of narrow silver ribbon to the top and bottom, tying the ends in tiny, flat bows in front.

The gown is entirely completed with the exception of finishing the long court train, which is to hang from the shoulders. It is made of the satin with a deep border of the lace, and is lined with mousseline de soie. Mme. Carton is finishing the train with three narrow pleated frills of the mousseline dotted here and there with bows of narrow silver ribbon.

Janet began to describe the gown and its trimming to the Editor-Man, but I could see that it was all Greek to him, and came to the rescue by reminding her that since he is to be in the bridal party the frock would be no "surprise" if she told him all about it beforehand.

Then he took his departure. I have promised to go with him to an art exhibit tomorrow.

To preserve flbert remove their husks when perfectly ripe and dry the nuts by rubbing them with a coarse cloth. Sprinkle the bottom of a stone jar with a little salt; then add a layer of flberts and lay alternate layers of salt and nuts. Lay the salt on slightly. Keep the jar closed down and let it stand in a dry place.

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WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT RUNNING AWAY



Winifred Black

THE little boy ran away again the other day. It happened like this: He fell off his wheel and made a hole in his stocking and one of the other boys saw it.

"Who—hoo!" yelled the other boy. "What's the matter with your knee?" And in a second there was a ring of hostile carpers around the little boy, all yelling at the top of their leather lungs.

"Bud's got a hole in his stocking! Bud's got a hole in his stocking! Hoo-hoo! Come on and see the hole in Bud's stocking!"

And Bud, who goaded to madness, rose with furious calm, his round little face tense and his voice shrill with suppressed emotion.

"Kid," said outraged Bud, singling out the boy who led the onslaught. "You're nothing but, but"—and while the encircling hosts waited with breathless interest Bud finished the sentence—"nothing but a neighborhood gossip."

This line of attack was so utterly new and different from all strategic plans that the ring fell back and Bud rode out, a proud and lonely victor.

But his elder sister, looking from a window, heard and marked, and when he came into the house she said, very sweetly:

"How's the neighborhood gossip, Bud?" and before half an hour was over she was calling him N.G., for short, and the mother of the two children, being foolish in her day and generation and lightly moved to laughter, laughed.

Despair and rage entered into the heart of Bud the triumphant. He burst forth into a torrent of denunciation. Women didn't understand, he said. Girls were gumps, nothing but gumps. He wouldn't live in the house with any kind of a gump another single hour. So saying, he snatched his cap, grabbed up his puppy, clutched his roller skates in his disengaged hand and stormed out of the house—forever.

"It Is the Test." And it was, all of a sudden, very quiet in the room and a little sad. Big sister began to cry, for Bud is a good-natured creature, not easily moved to anger, and well and dearly loved.

"Oh," sobbed sister, "he's really gone—oh, oh, what shall I do! I didn't mean—"

But Bud's mother was adamant. She wouldn't let sister run after Bud. She wouldn't let the Brown girl in the kitchen, who had suddenly stopped singing a wild song of the alien lands, go after him. She forbade the gentle relative, who protested bitterly, to move a step, and she herself would not call him.

And daylight began to fade and dusk came on; across the shining silver of the wide waters the star of the watching lighthouse gleamed and shone; the wild wind cried from the sea and shook the windows, but still Bud's mother sat in her chair and read quite calmly the evening paper, the close observer might have noticed that she held it upside down.

The little girl wandered miserably up and down the house. The gentle relative made errands from one room which commanded one view, to another which looked another way.

And the evening star shone in the sky and night fell and the little boy was gone.

Together they gathered around the blazing fire, the three in the great room, full of the memories of pleasant hours, and the brown girl stole in from the kitchen and laid a bundle of fragrant faggots upon the hearth, and all the air was full of spicy perfume that spoke of summer, and of rustling boughs. No one spoke or laughed.

And the wind cried bitterly in the chimney. Then Bud's mother spoke. "It is the test," she said. "I must make it. I must hold firm." And she looked away from the others that they might not see the misty tears in her grief-stricken but determined eyes.

"Scratch!" What was that at the door? "Scratch! Who?"

"It's Tatters," cried the sister. "They've come back!" And she rushed to the door with a heart shining in her radiant eyes.

And it was Tatters, the puppy, but he came—alone.

The little girl gathered him in her arms and called softly from the steps. "Bud," she called over and over. "Come, Bud, the fire is lighted." But there was no answer, and when she shut the door again the little girl could not speak, and Bud's mother pretended not to have heard her.

And the lights were lit and the odor of food came from the kitchen, and the puppy ran from one room to the other, looking for his little master, and all the house seemed suddenly as lonely as death and as bitter hard to bear as life.

"Hark!" A foot on the doorstep, a hand on the door, a rush of cold night air, and—Bud!

Bud, with his eyes swollen and red, and smiling. Bud, with his cap on the back of his head and a great bundle of fresh-cut faggots from the lower garden in his sturdy arms.

The Running-Away Folly. "I heard you say you liked this kind," he said to his mother, and he knelt and laid the bunch of faggots on the smoldering fire. And his mother sank to her knees beside him on the hearth, and they were in each other's arms.

When dinner was ready Bud was hungry. And sister kept filling his glass with the rich milk, and nobody said a word about the hole in his stocking or about the neighborhood gossip or about the time he'd been away.

Later, when Bud was fresh and warm from his walk, and sister kept filling his glass with the rich milk, and nobody said a word about the hole in his stocking or about the neighborhood gossip or about the time he'd been away.

And Bud's mother called in sister and the little woman said she was sorry and they all said their prayers together, and in every word of prayer was a heart-beat of joy and gratitude to think that they were all together again.

Somehow, the mother thought, as she sat and watched the moon rise and shine upon the restless water, "I wonder if it is so with us to the Great Intelligence. I've run away so many times myself—run away in bitterness and in anger and sorrow—run away in despair, in discouragement, in a line of operation. How foolish I have been to leave the warmth and light and love. I'll never run away again."

And she told it all to me, and I am telling it to you. Does it mean anything, as you read it, I wonder?

The Amateur Gardener

VEGETABLES FOR HOME USE.

IN SMALL gardens but few vegetables can be grown—just enough to give a taste of each—but this taste will be found so satisfactory to the person who has once tasted the vegetable brought in the market that it is well worth while to plant every foot of the available ground to something that one is reasonably sure of success with, if the directions relative to the preparation of the home garden have been carefully followed.

When vegetables grown at home, and cooked as soon as taken from the ground, are brought to the table, then, and not till then, does one fully understand the superiority of those produced in the home garden. In order to get the greatest amount of pleasure from any vegetable it must be used before its flavor has had an opportunity to evaporate, as it speedily will after being taken from the ground.

There should be a little patch of lettuce. The ground in which it is planted should be quite rich, in order to push the plant rapidly ahead. In a poor soil it will be slow in developing, and the leaves of it will be wholly lacking in that crisp tenderness which constitutes its chief charm.

There should be a little patch of radishes also. This plant requires a rich soil. If it happens to be a light, sandy one, all the better. The value of a radish depends entirely on quick growth. Slow growth results in a tough, strong flavored article, that may look well, but doesn't tempt the appetite after the first bite of it has been taken.

Beans though for several seasons can be grown in a limited space. There should be a few early onions for flavoring soups and salads. By all means, have a few plants of parsley for garnishing roasts and other foods that appear on the home table. If space will admit of it, have a few hills of cucumbers. These will keep on bearing thru the greater part of the summer if none are allowed to go to seed.

If there is room for half a dozen tomato plants count yourself fortunate, for from them you will be likely to get as much fruit as you care to make use of during late August and early September. Beets enough for "green" can be grown in a small space, if sown thickly.

Tuck in some spinach seed here and there if you like this vegetable. But don't attempt to grow corn and potatoes in the small garden, as these plants require a good deal of room for satisfactory development.

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Belgian "Friday Feast"

INGREDIENTS

1 head cabbage.
3 pounds chestnuts.
1 ounce butter.
½ pint milk.
Pepper and salt.

METHOD

Cook the cabbage until tender, generally about 20 minutes. Mince finely and rub thru a coarse wire sieve. Boil all the chestnuts, skin, put aside eight or nine, and rub the rest thru the sieve. Mix in the milk so as to make a thick puree, add the cabbage, seasoning and butter and put into a mold. Cook in a double-boiler for 15 minutes, turn out and decorate with the whole chestnuts.



E-MOTION PICTURES

First came "Moving Pictures."

Then arrived "Motion Pictures."

Now come "E-motion Pictures" in "The Iron Claw"

"The Iron Claw" will hold your interest from the second the title flashes on the screen until the last picture fades out. It sets a pace that thrills and gratifies. It makes theatre-goers realize that new standards of excellence are being created before their eyes. It represents the supreme achievement of PATHE.

If there is one writer in the world who is master of the hearts and emotions of readers, his name is Arthur Stringer. He is the man whose virile pen created "The Iron Claw" stories. These stories will appear weekly in this newspaper simultaneously with the release of the pictures in the theatres. The pictures are the most thrilling that have ever been thrown on the screen. The thrills of the "Elaine" pictures have been outdone by George Brackett Seitz, the photoplay author.

"THE IRON CLAW"

By

Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Wire Tappers," "The Hand of Peril,"

"Open Water," "The Shadow,"

Etc., Etc.

Story Will Be Published By The Sunday World Beginning Sunday, April 2nd

Everybody knows that Mr. Arthur Stringer is a Canadian, living in Chatham, Ontario, and in reading this story you will enjoy perusing the efforts of a Canadian author who was the successful one out of twenty competitors to be chosen to write this serial. Do not forget to place your order with the newspaper dealer for the first instalment which will appear in The Toronto Sunday World, Sunday the 2nd of April.