

For Everyone In The Family To Read

RANDOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN.

THE PALM BEACH SUIT.

The Palm Beach suit is a substitute for the real clothes which men wear in place of a kimono. There are a great many men who could wear a loose-flowing kimono with excellent effect, owing to being constructed on the solid architectural lines of the standpipes, but there is only now and then a man who can climb into a Palm Beach suit and look as if he knew whether he was going north or south.

The Palm Beach suit derived its inspiration from one of the greatest utilities ever draped upon the male physique—the linen pant. This article, as worn until recent years, was made out of a discarded gunny sack and was almost as porous as a deep sea sponge. When worn in connection with a short seersucker coat it gave to a fat man an air of dignity which no other garment has ever been able to imitate, but when strung around a lean, cadaverous citizen it imparted to him a lugubrious and crestfallen look. Nobody who wants to be in style nowadays wears a shellina pant, and it has declined in popularity faster than a patent medicine which has quit advertising.

The Palm Beach suit came into being along with the discovery that business men could take a month's vacation every summer without ushering in Gabriel's tool. It is a thin form of raiment, worn on the outside, and is fastened firmly to the hips of the wearer by a belt. The Palm Beach suit would create more respect if it were held up by suspenders, thus preventing that alarming flat to starboard which arouses so much consternation at our summer resorts. It is a proof of man's stubborn nature that the fewer hips he has the more determined he is to wear a pair of baggy, underlining pants which have to be yanked back into place ever and anon with a nervous hand.

Originally the Palm Beach suit was a sign of aristocratic birth and blue blood, being donned mainly by men who could afford to flutter across the golf links and make love to a girl with whom they came in contact. This is all changed now. The suit has produced a Palm Beach craze which will fit anything from a featherweight to a monolith and which retails at \$8.75. There is every village in it to be found the proud possessor of one of these articles of shocks, having serenely among his fellow-men with composed mien and bulging hips.

SAVE A PENNY, BENNY.



HOUSEKEEPING

By HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL.

MAPLE SUGAR PRALINES.

We are the luckiest nation the sun shines on. Think of it. We are urged to eat maple to prove our patriotism. Not much urging needed, on a sugarless day, when maple is the substitute offered.

Maple was, and fudge and taffy please the children; and that, you say gravely, is why you always make a little of it when the fresh sugar is available. It would not do to say right out that you like it better than the kiddies do, and a season without a taste of these sweets would be as bad as a year without the Fourth of July or Christmas. The love for maple sweets is an American taste to be proud of.

One delicacy that you will surely prize is maple sugar biscuits. Make a rich baking powder dough and roll it out to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Spread this with warmed butter, and sprinkle with maple sugar that has been crushed or chopped fine. Turn half the dough upon the other half, so it will be half an inch thick. Spread butter and sugar over the top. Cut out the biscuits and bake as usual.

Maple Rings (cookies). Cream one half cup of butter with one half cup of sugar. You can use light brown sugar—and half a cup of chopped maple sugar. Add two eggs, one tablespoon of water. Two and a half cups of flour and baking powder in proportion. More flour may be needed to make a dough heavy enough to roll out. Finish as with any cookies. If you use maple syrup in place of the sugar omit the water and use a cup of granulated or brown sugar in place of the half cup.

Maple pralines are made with almonds blanched and chopped fine. Use one pound of maple sugar, one cup of water, and when this boils and threads from a spoon, add the nuts. Pour onto a greased platter, and cut in squares when cool.

Other goodies you must not forget are: maple custard, made with milk and cornstarch, and often called "floating island"; maple sauce which is only thin maple syrup with hot cream added; and maple jam—this last is made with thickener of the syrup, and is the nicest filling and frosting one can make for a silver or other white cake. Use one half



YOUNG LOVE.

He—Did you know that the moon affects the tide?
She—I know it affects romantic lovers, but I was of the impression that it lost its power after they were tied.

I Thank You.

A young clerk was called before the manager.
"Mr. Jones, of late your work has been very perfunctory."
Just as he was going to ask for an explanation, the young clerk broke in:
"The whole affair is not pleasant. But I do insist that there should be some honesty of acceptance in the situation as it now stands, and this should apply equally to all parties concerned."

MARY PICKFORD AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

ARE PRINCIPALS IN BIG MOVIE LOVE ROW

Athlete Film Star and Wife Quit Living Together, and Mary is Deserted by Her Husband, Owen Moore, Who Admits Grievance and Threatens Action.



Douglas Fairbanks, the athlete motion picture star, and his wife have come to the parting of the ways. The name of Mary Pickford, also motion picture star, is involved. Whether a couple of divorces will result is hard to forecast just yet. Mrs. Fairbanks says that while she is not living with her husband any longer she does not want a divorce because of their 11-year-old son, Owen Moore, husband of Mary Pickford, says he will make no statement until after Mrs. Fairbanks has had her say.

Discussing his grievance in guarded sentences, Moore admits that it involves Fairbanks. To what extent? Ah, that is the question that is keeping sleep away from the thousands of stars, co-stars, satellites, and mere twinklings in the Pacific coast movie firmament.

Moore Acts Like Hamlet.

Like Hamlet, Moore assumes attitudes and hints gravely. The matter may get into the courts, but what is a court decree? The Celtic Apollo is most concerned about the judgment from the great American public.

Moore, always polite, waited to give a lady first chance to talk. The lady is Mrs. Fairbanks. In New York Mrs. Fairbanks, announcing her separation from her husband, said that "Douglas" was "in love with one of the world's most famous motion picture actresses, who has admitted to her friends and relatives her uncontrollable love for Mr. Fairbanks."

"I am surprised that Mrs. Fairbanks was able to maintain silence so long," said Moore. "Mr. Fairbanks is a man of complex and fascinating personality."

Moore has given up his quarters in the Moore-Pickford residence and is living at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

This removal has started tongues wagging about the early days of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, that for years has been regarded as "the dearest thing" in movie land.

Was Real Love Affair.

The romance was a real love affair, developed between the young couple as they played real love scenes under the direction of David Wark Griffith in the "star" days. Friends recall the famous wedding of the noted couple in the old Spanish mission in southern California. They remember every little evidence of tenderness and affection during the days of "Owen and Mary" and then, having chronicled all that, they wonder again what the present affair is all about and why Mrs. Fairbanks is all against Douglas' anything to do with the grievance of Douglas' wife against a "famous motion picture actress."

"For twelve years I have put my husband's happiness first," says Mrs. Fairbanks. "Now his happiness seems to lie in paths of his own choosing and I cannot defend any woman with whom my husband's name has been linked, nor will I malign her. She is associated with my husband in business. That, of course, is no concern of mine. I have made up my mind that I no longer will act as a shield for her."

Mary and Doug Boost Loan.

Meanwhile Owen Moore, husband of Mary Pickford, the motion picture actress and himself engaged in the same line of work, expressed great sympathy for Mrs. Fairbanks. In view of the fact it was reported he also had domestic troubles, He would neither deny nor affirm that he would seek a divorce.

Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are two of the well known picture stars who are devoting their time to boosting the Third Liberty Loan. Recently, accompanied by Charlie Chaplin, the comedian, they went to New York from the Pacific coast and there began their respective campaigns for the bonds.

Mary Pickford declines to comment on the story from Los Angeles that her husband had said he would take immediate action against Fairbanks and that he was willing to leave it to the "judgment of the morally-sound American public."

The popular motion picture star did not indicate she knew the basis of the grievance of her husband. In view of the fact "I do not know that my husband made any such statement," she said, "I have nothing to say."

Miss Pickford declared she "did not care how many telegrams came from Los Angeles," she "had nothing to say about the matter."

It's Propaganda, Says Doug.

"German propaganda," says Fairbanks, but would expain no further. Which started Mrs. Fairbanks to talking again.

"His 'German propaganda' reply to the statements I have been forced to make was not quite playing the game," she says. "I did not speak until matters passed the point of endurance. I am ready to prove every assertion I have made. I will make public the proofs if there is no statement forthcoming from the individuals most involved."

"My husband has not telephoned me, nor has he tried to communicate with me since he left New York. He is trying to bluff it along a little further. The whole affair is not pleasant. But I do insist that there should be some honesty of acceptance in the situation as it now stands, and this should apply equally to all parties concerned."

WHAT THOSE INVOLVED SAY

OWEN MOORE— I am surprised that Mrs. Fairbanks was silent so long. Mr. Fairbanks is a man of complex and fascinating personality. I leave judgment to the great American public.

MARY PICKFORD (Mrs. Owen Moore)— I do not care how many telegrams come from Los Angeles. I have nothing to say about that matter.

MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS— I am separating from Mr. Fairbanks because I love him too much to keep him from another woman, one of the world's most famous motion-picture actresses.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS— My wife and I are not separated. This story is German propaganda.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON.

SPRING IN GERMANY.

In Germany the wren and sparrow are singing springtime ditties now; but no man plies the drill or harrow, and none gets busy with the plow. The Kaiser's needing all the horses, which should be plowing up the loam, to gather in his crop of coresses—a ghastly sort of Harvest Home. By stalwart men no fields are seeded, though spuds and prunes are needed much, for all the men and spades are needed for digging trenches, graves and such. The rains don't cheer the German farmer, he has no eye for sun or clouds, for "on with Gott" he goes in armor, to boost the price of biers and shouds. The starving German cows go reeling down to the brook to drink their fill; the raw-boned hogs are always squealing, and sip a substitute for swill. There is no grub that's worth the eating, there is no kraut or wurst in kegs; the hungry calves and lambs are bleating, the hens lay substitutes for eggs. Since Germans took up warlike labors they've found—and they are somewhat bored—they can't make wienersurst with saebes, or carve good pretzels with a sword. Oh, spring in Germany's forbidding, a time of stress and want and groan; so, Kaiser Wilhelm, quit your kidding, and harvest hay instead of bones.

OUR SHORT STORY.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GOOP.

The only difference between Cantliever Binding and Roscoe Loose was that Binding never agreed with anybody about anything at any time and would rather have lost a meal than an argument, while Loose always agreed with everybody about everything and would have preferred jail to a heated discussion.

"Mr. Binding," said Axfield Rochester, "I want you to meet Mr. Loose, Mr. Loose, Mr. Binding."

"Glad to know you," said Binding.

"Yes indeed," said Loose.

"Do you know," said Binding, who happened to be particularly itchy for an argument that evening, "I've come to the conclusion that the Germans deserve to win the war."

Loose nodded pleasantly. "Quite so, quite so," he agreed. "Some of the nicest people I know are of German descent. Once a man named Schlieffenpfeffer paid my carfare both ways."

Cantliever Binding swallowed hard, and fearful lest he lose his temper, murmured, "Been a nice day, hasn't it?"

"Elegant. Perfectly elegant," smiled Roscoe Loose.

Now as a matter of fact it had been a miserable, drizzly, damp, deucedly uncomfortable day, and still was, and Binding, suddenly remembering, added hastily, "What am I talking about?—I mean it's been a beauty day."

"Terrible," said Loose. "I thought perhaps you may have meant that it was a nice day for farmers."

Cantliever Binding swallowed even harder.

"On second thoughts—about the war question, I'm afraid I must differ with you," he said. "The Germans are Huns. Do you hear, Huns, Huns, Huns! I!"

"Exactly. That describes them to a T," suggested Loose.

Cantliever Binding suddenly found himself unable to swallow at all. An hour later a kind hearted lady, finding Roscoe Loose lying unconscious on her front pavement, compassionately threw a bucket of cold water over him.

OUR DOT COUSIN.



The startling is one of the handsomest of the British birds. The bright plumage, the quickness of its movements and the elegance of its form render it a truly beautiful bird. Would you like to see one? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

LOST IN THE MUD.

The following is a Munchausen tale, showing the quality of the mud in Flanders at the present day.

A soldier walking along a road noticed a hat, which he attempted to kick out of the mud. What was his surprise to find a head under it, and to hear a voice calling for help.

When the man was extricated, he said, "I was on horseback." So together they proceeded to dig out the horse. The horse's mouth was found to be full of hay taken from a wagon which had sunk still farther down.

Everybody's Magazine.

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

ATTRACTIVE FINGER NAILS.

The chief difference between a home manicure and a professional manicure, is the treatment of the cuticle about each nail.

The professional manicurist either clips, or pushes back, the skin that grows over the nail, and cleans away all the jagged hangnails or dead skin that collects at the sides, leaving a pink and polished nail perfectly rounded, embedded in smooth flesh. The home manicurist, unless she's clever, leaves the cuticle rough looking with tiny ends showing; later these get sore, with infinitesimal pieces of the old skin clinging to the nail, and the sides—which require most care—in a half finished state.

The easiest way to clean the nail at home is, first, to file each nail to an oval, then to soak the fingers in warm soapy water, until the skin about the nail has softened. Then, take some powdered pumice, wet the nail, and take your cuticle knife—which is an excellent investment for twenty-five cents—and run it all around the nail, taking every bit of dead skin off of it, paying especial attention to the sides. The pumice will leave a clean surface, and the hangnails will be rubbed up so they can be cut off with

a manicure scissors, without any trouble at all.

Then, if the rest of the cuticle has to be clipped, it can be done easily. If it doesn't have to be, wash the nail and push the skin back with an orange wood stick; cuticle clipped too often, grows tough and unsightly. Powdered pumice or lemon juice will clean all stains from around and under the nail.

Then you can polish. A real professional polish is obtained by using both polishing paste and polishing powder.

Questions and Answers.

S. D.—Legs develop by exercise. If yours are fat, exercise them—swim, walk, run, climb, take up tennis, golf, or any sort of outdoor sport like that. Wear corsets loose in the waist, tight only around the hips; tight laced corsets are apt to cause the flesh to settle around, and below, the hips.

Interesting Reader—I don't know the exact meaning of an "acid stream in the stomach." I suppose it means a condition that forms a lot of acid in the digestive organs—but I frankly confess I never heard the term before.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?



SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON.

WHY IS IT HARD?

Sometimes I marvel at myself. Last fall I met a very nice young man. And the nicest thing in all his very niceness, was the way he spoke about his mother. She wasn't an ordinary mother, he informed me, but a very remarkable variety.

She Even Understood Baseball. She understood. She was a comrade as well as a mother. When he had been at school, she had been interested in all the things he was doing. She really liked and understood a baseball game. And now that he had gone to work, she liked to hear all about that. And he liked to go places with her. Why, he'd rather take her to the theatre, than any girl he knew. And she was a dandy looker, too. He wanted me to see her.

Well, this winter I did see her. She was visiting in my home town at the same time I was. We talked about her son and I told her what a very nice young man he was.

And Yet I Had Looked Forward To Telling Her. But—and herein lies the explanation of my opening sentence—I couldn't seem to get myself to tell her what I had promised myself I certainly would tell her if we ever met, what I had indeed looked forward to telling her,—namely, how splendidly her son spoke of her.

I can't tell you what on earth withheld me. "I'll tell her tomorrow," I promised myself. "I'll tell her tomorrow," I promised myself.

And then her visit was unexpectedly shortened and she went away wit' out my telling her.

What is this queer awkwardness, this unparadonable constraint that makes us shrink from saying words of open and serious praise to a person's face?

Our Racial Undemonstrativeness. I have told a dozen people how much that son thinks of his mother. Why should I have found it awkward to tell her?

I think it is part of our queer Anglo-Saxon reticence, our racial undemonstrativeness.

There are some of us, of course, who have that quick social instinct



DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

She—Do you love me less than you did a week ago when you brought me flowers or candy every night?
He—No, but pay day is a week off and I generally get broke about the middle of the month.



IRREPRESSIBLE JIGGS.

Commanding Officer—You're fined a month's pay for overstaying your leave. Now, the second offense is two months' pay, the third offense is three months' pay, and so on.
Private Jiggs—How much is a season ticket?