

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Fancies of Fashion

Waistline Is Unseen in New Gowns

By Madge Marvel

FIND the waistline is the puzzle presented by the newest spring silhouette. The average modish gown makes it an almost negligible quantity. For years woman's waistline has been roving about in a most independent manner...

Corsets Are "Reconstructed." It is said to be responsible for its actual and complete disappearance. His gowns have a perfectly straight line from the collar to the hem. A line which would fit the shoulders would fit equally well at the waist, the hips and the hem.

These are still long and snug. At the point where once was the waistline the corset abruptly ceases. Sometimes, where there is a surplus of adipose to be restrained, there is a top band of elastic material which gives a pleasing security. Where the top of the corset ends the modern brassiere begins. Only a year or so ago wearing a brassiere was a matter of choice while the time was unaccountably ill, but now it is a necessity. It has become a part of the corset. The fit of the brassiere is quite as important as that of the stays.

Many of the summer silks and cottons show the influence of the Mexican situation. Indeed, some of the figures might have been modeled from old Aztec temples, and there is the suggestion of Mexico in the embroidered boleros, and some of the "boleros" have the high crown which is typical of that agitated country.

In wraps there is a growing tendency toward the cape. Some of the new sports coats have sleeves so loose and roomy that they are almost rags, and there are frequent fur-trimmed wraps in front in the manner of our old golf capes.

THE SUPREME TEST

By Michelson



WHEN you wonder whether HE is the right one or SHE is the right one for a life companion, just fancy how it would be if you were cast away with that ONE on a desert island. Not for a day or a week, but for all the time that remains in all the calendar of a life.

That is the supreme test—that the OTHER ONE would be ENOUGH to make life complete. You may not hanker for a

desert island, but the test applies just the same—the other one should be the one that would be at least the MOST tolerable of all single companions.

A hard test, yes, but maybe matrimony isn't so much unlike a desert island in SOME particulars, and to make your choice the VERY wisest maybe it might not be so bad an idea to think about this picture before fixing your choice.

Great Novels in a Nutshell

James Fenimore Cooper's "The Spy"

Condensed by Helen S. Gray

THE scene of this book is laid in the time of the revolution. The Wharton family is divided in allegiance. The son, Henry, is a captain in the British army; the older sister, Sarah, sympathizes with that side; the younger, Frances, is engaged to an American officer, Maj. Peyton Dunwoode.

After a battle with the British, Capt. Lawton catches sight of Birch, who had been watching it, and makes pursuit. His horse stumbles and throws his rider just as Birch is almost in his clutches. Birch seizes Lawton's sword and could

have killed him as he lies there, but spares him and slips away among the rocks. He returns to his hut to his dying father. A band of marauders known as Skinners take all his savings from his cabin and carry him captive to the American army for reward. He escapes, disguised as an Irish washer-woman of the camp.

Birch carries Sarah out of the burning building. Capt. Lawton knows that once when Birch was on trial for his life, it was proved that he had carried information about the movements of the American troops to the British. But after all the friendly services Birch has

rendered him, he is puzzled, and asks him if he really is a royal spy. He replies that he is. Henry Wharton is now tried by a military court. The evidence points so strongly to his being a spy that he is sentenced to be hanged the next day. Birch comes disguised as one and tells the captain's name to the British. The ceremony is performed and the troops are just starting in pursuit when Birch comes to desert and prepare to meet the British. Henry reaches the British lines in safety. A battle occurs the next morning. A battle occurs the next morning. A battle occurs the next morning.

That sign doesn't mean the same thing at all today. The made-up complexion has come in with the dancing slippers for the street, the silk skirt, and the dancing hat. It will go out when they go out. I hate to see a young girl make up almost as badly as I hate to see a mature woman dye her hair.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Make-up is not for young girls and, like "Sincere," many need a brother's advice

Dear Annie Laurie: My brother says that no girl who paints her face is respectable. I know that isn't true, for I have lots of girl friends who paint and powder and make up their eyes, too—and they are good girls. I know it. I don't paint because my brother makes such an awful fuss about it. My mother doesn't believe in it, either, but she wouldn't know if I did paint, and I would look a whole lot better, all the girls say. I am sallow and dark, and it makes me look sickly. I don't see what harm there would be in my putting a little red on my cheeks, do you? Please answer on my checks, do you? Please answer.

S O brother thinks that no girl can paint her cheeks and be decent. Does he? He must know very few respectable girls. I'm afraid, or else he can't tell paint when he sees it. I'm rather inclined to sympathize with brother in his point of view. I know just what makes him feel the way he does about it, but when he gets too excited over it just ask him if he thinks a man can smoke cigars and be sensible, and see what he says.

Also I'd notice the sort of girls brother picks out to dance with when he goes to a tango evening. Does he choose a quiet, modest, little girl, all dressed in quiet gray or dull brown, or does he select the gayest girl in the room for his partner? If he really likes quiet girls with their own complexions, and shows it by paying real attention to them, you can pay real attention to what brother says, for there's some chance

that he may possibly mean it—about somebody else besides you. Of course, he's all wrong when he says that any girl who makes up her complexion is not respectable. Nine girls out of ten powder, and seven girls out of ten rouge. After all, it's a matter of custom entirely. Ten years ago any girl who rouged put out a sign which every man who saw it read only too easily.

That sign doesn't mean the same thing at all today. The made-up complexion has come in with the dancing slippers for the street, the silk skirt, and the dancing hat. It will go out when they go out. I hate to see a young girl make up almost as badly as I hate to see a mature woman dye her hair.

There is nothing in the world so beautiful, so attractive and so irresistible as youth, and there is something about a made-up complexion that adds years to any girl. You'll never be young but once, little girl. Do stay young and girlish and natural as long as you possibly can. Take plenty of baths, plenty of exercise, sleep in a room with the windows open, don't eat cake or candy or pastry—and unless there is something very wrong with you you'll have a skin that is a thousand times prettier than any paint could ever make it. Let the fading woman of 30 paint, and think that nobody knows. You stick to your own girlish complexion and your own girlish ways. You can

beat her at that every day in the week and not half try. When I was a girl of 18 I had a friend, a widow of 30. I and I nearly drove all my family crazy by trying to be like my friend. I had a lot of thick, luxuriant hair of my own, but my friend wore a waved bang—so I had to wear one, too, plastered down over my thick mop. It must have been hideous.

My friend darkened her eyelashes, too. So did I, and I succeeded by that simple method in making myself look at least 10 years older than I was. I wore black, and tried my best to assume an expression half-broken-hearted and half-knowing. I should think my mother would have shut me up somewhere on bread and water. I deserved it. My friend, the widow, was, of course, delighted. I was just a cheap imitation of her, and I deliberately threw away all my own attractions to do that imitation.

Don't be as silly as I was, little girl. Let the widows and the elderly belles do the making-up and the painting. They have to. You do not yet. Annie Laurie 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 this office.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Zephyrs of Spring May Give You "Pink-Eye"

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

THERE was at one time a popular belief to the effect that pink-eye made all water like wine. Dean Cowper of Durham, who was very economical and miserly of his red wines, descending one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who had pink-eye, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle."

"I do not wonder at it at all, sir," replied one of the deacons, who was a guest, "for we, who have as yet no pink-eyes, have seen no more than that one bottle all afternoon."

Drink, however, is not the worst or the most frequent source of the eye that is red. Just as a red nose is more often an unwelcome bit of nature's vermilion brushwork not due to the invisible spirit, which makes man forget love and duty, so pink-eye are gifts of other gods than these.

So Noah, when he anchored safe on the mountain top, his lofty haven. And all the passengers he bore. Were on the new world set ashore. He made it next his chief design To plant and propagate a vine. Which since has overthrown and drowned far greater numbers on dry ground.

Your true pink-eye is an infection which differs from typhoid fever and other "kiddis" only as due to several different kinds of contagious, or infectious germs, instead of one specific kind.

Early spring zephyrs are apt to catch you napping. These hushed winds keep no Sabbath. The shrill wail, or the deeply, distant spring sigh, waits a bit of dust in your eye. This unseen current may have "clean" dirt—just free from microbes—or it may team with creepy, haunting stygian bacteria. In either instance the wind cuts you to the quick. That is to say, it cuts a little invisible slit in your eyeball or eyelid. The evil present pink-eye bacilli, or cocci into this abrasion with some rough dust.

In fine, if the wind does not vaccinate this pink-eye virus into your visual apparatus, you "scratch it in," or scratch it in, with your handkerchief or finger. The eye is one of the excellent parts of the human constitution. It is as much the receptacle of experience and knowledge as it is the seat of inclinations, hopes, appetites and passions. It is the entrance portal to the ego itself. The outer world and nature makes itself felt and known to you by way of the eye. Anything which lowers the efficiency



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

G. G. Philadelphia—What will remove white spots from the finger nails?

It is first of all necessary to have good health. Constipation, liver trouble, indigestion and other common ailments will give the appearance. If you are afflicted with any of these troubles, you must find a cure before you can hope to improve. Exercise in the open air. Drink plenty of water every day to keep the system well flushed and do not neglect the daily bath, for cleanliness is quite essential.

You can do nothing to remove the white spots from the nails. They will gradually disappear as the nail grows out. 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 this office.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

BARGAINS in foodstuffs are quite as possible and practical as bargains in chiffons. Many clever housekeepers, who enjoy the reputation of being "good managers," watch special food sales with far more interest than they give to sales of wearing apparel.

But before the amateur grabs at the idea of food bargains as the longed-for solution of her problem of how to make ends meet in household expenditures, let her fully understand what it means to apply the advantage of the ever-alluring bargain to her table. It is never good policy to buy anything just because it happens to be cheap. In buying a staple such as flour, the judgment. But it frequently happens that there are sales of staples in household supplies which make considerable saving if a quantity is bought. For example, there are places which have "bargain days," when staples which are regularly 5 cents a bar may be bought at the rate of six or sometimes seven bars for a quarter.

The same rule may be applied to other staples, such as securing soap and starch and bluing and articles of standard quality.

Useful Hints for the Housewife By Ann Marie Lloyd

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

BRER RABBIT was sitting by the fire one evening reading the Woodland News. The two boys, Jack Rabbit and Billy Bunny, were studying their lessons. By and by the paper fell on Brer Rabbit's lap and he went fast asleep. Jack spoke to Billy and it woke Brer Rabbit up, and he looked around to see what was the matter. Then he got up and started to put some wood on the fire. "Ouch!" said he. "What is the matter?" asked Billy Bunny, running to his father's side. "My foot is asleep," whined Brer Rabbit, limping badly. "Sit down again," suggested Billy, as he got his pipe for him. Jack and Billy went back to their lessons and Brer Rabbit went fast asleep. "It is time for us to go to bed and it will not do to wake father up. What shall we do?" "Let's put the alarm clock by father's foot and set it for 11 o'clock. If his foot goes to sleep, the clock will wake it up," said Billy. "Great idea!" said Jack, taking the clock from the mantelpiece. They wound the clock and set the alarm for 11 o'clock and then went to bed. They were fast asleep when suddenly they heard: "Ting-a-ling-ling-ling-ling!" It seemed as if the clock would never stop ringing. Brer Rabbit ran upstairs and when he found the boys awake he said: "Why did you set that clock?" "We wanted to wake your foot up when it went to sleep," said Jack. "Bright boys," said Brer Rabbit as he hopped to his room.

As a Clown Sees Us

By Harry La Pearl

Premier Clown of the New York Hippodrome. Our Fashions! REGARD the coming of the colored wig as a circumstance of great value, affording a striking example of the stupidity with which we, as a people, worship at the shrine of fashion. This thing fashion-style—has such a powerful way that there have been times when I have been tempted to yield some respect to it. Its very omnipotence almost compels me to think there must be something behind it. I have comforted myself with that thought when my wife bankrupted the treasury to lay in an outfit of hobble skirts and such like, when she had much better looking garments in plenty either relegated to the attic cubby hole or shipped to the poor heathen far away.

But I know better now. I have torn off the mask and can demonstrate that this mighty modern Moloch is only a big fad! How? Well, this last break—the colored wig thing—did the trick. It happens to be a subject I am so familiar with that I can trace it right back to its source. About 20 years ago clowning, or "white face comedy," as it is called, had reached the apex of its possibilities. Everything that could be done to raise a laugh had been handed to the public in every possible form, and there was a crying demand for something new. Then some one discovered the efficacy of the red wig. From the red wig came the crown. Then the colored and other variations. In time these pallid red the "big foot" was introduced—a shoe made in the shape of a huge human hand, worn on each foot.

So, it appears, the origin of the colored wig was the effort of the professional fool to amuse a blase public. Now that society has taken up that cue we may look forward to seeing the tango, the hesitation and the maxixe done in the "big foot." Who can tell? While editors like MSS. to be flat, they do not want the stories to be. It is all right to paddle your own canoe, but a power boat will travel faster. "Sheel has one advantage," remarked the man with the heavy mustache, "it's the inhabitants never complain that it is a cold world."

With the Bark on

Job was tolerably patient, no doubt, but he never tried to use a telephone when the wires were crossed, nor did he ever wait for an answer to a "rush" message.