

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Fancies of Fashion

### New Bodices Mere Wisps of Chiffon

By MADGE MARVEL

IF the diaphanous bodices of winter made onlookers fear for the chillness of the wearer, those of the summer will make them sympathetic for sunburn. They are mere wisps of very lovely chiffon vanity. And they make even the ones who will eventually wear them gasp, they seem so little to fulfill the accepted demands of clothing. It is really difficult to see how they could be any less and be at all. Besides, they are often cut down in the back to quite an alarming depth.

As for the bodices of the evening gowns, with the lack of back and the frank openness of the front, and the slipping off of the shoulders, they seem almost too little of nothing, even to the woman who is not absurdly conservative.

There is this much comfort, they can't possibly grow any less and the pendulum will have to swing back, and then we shall probably go to the other extreme and wear stiff-boned bodices with choker collars. If the styles didn't change, what a very dull world this would be! And if women didn't wear things that are daring, what a waste field there would be for busy tailors.

#### New "Petties" Attract.

There is a creeping back to acceptance of the long-banished petticoat. It has won recognition because of its sheer loveliness. And there may be two meanings given to "sheer," for the new "petties" are very slimy bits of wearing apparel and correspondingly exquisite. Chiffon and crepe de chine and lace make the most lovely ones.

There are plenty of women all over the world who never feel their wardrobes are quite complete without a foulard frock. This season they have been generous, remembering the makers of silks. The new foulards are fascinating both in color and design. Fresh bouquets of posies or single flowers seem scattered on backgrounds which show an indefinite trelis of stripes or a checkered wicket effect as an apparent support for the flowers.

By the time the sun begins to give hint of real summer I predict the bigger hat. And I am sure it will be wreathed in flowers.

Also I am told the cape will be the favorite wrap of the summer. There are the most charming old-time peleries of taffeta, the biggest and most comfy new version of the golf cape, and some frothy chiffon wraps which resemble the revival of the cape. There was one of Lincoln green, long and enveloping, the mannequin catching one end and throwing it over her shoulders in jaunty fashion. There was also a cape of white with a black velvet collar which was attached at an angle which meant, they think it had slipped to the left shoulder.

#### Spring Veils Varicolored.

And there was the most wonderful wrap of gold and red brocade, which saw a murmur of admiration rippling through the audience.

There is a fancy just at the moment for brown veils. They give a charming tone to the complexion, and brown is one of the very much liked shades of the spring. The veil with the insect, butterfly or bug crawling on one cheek is seen at every turn. So, too, is the thin white veil with the black velvet beauty spot.

If this spot is rightly applied it is quite bewitching, but it has a ludicrous habit of settling located in the corner of the face where it makes a caricature of even the prettiest woman. The harem veil is well liked. The lower part has heavy dots of shadow design, and the upper is the thinnest of net, so thin at a distance no veil shows. The heavy part is supposed to end just below the eyes.

At another exhibition of gowns there was displayed a long shawl-like wrap of taffeta with chiffon flounces. The point of the shawl came to the hem of the gown in the back and the shawl sloped up over the arms exactly like a shawl, and then there were pointed and ruffled ends to the feet in front. The color was a changeable rose and green, and the chiffon, which alternated with the taffeta ruffles, was rose over green.

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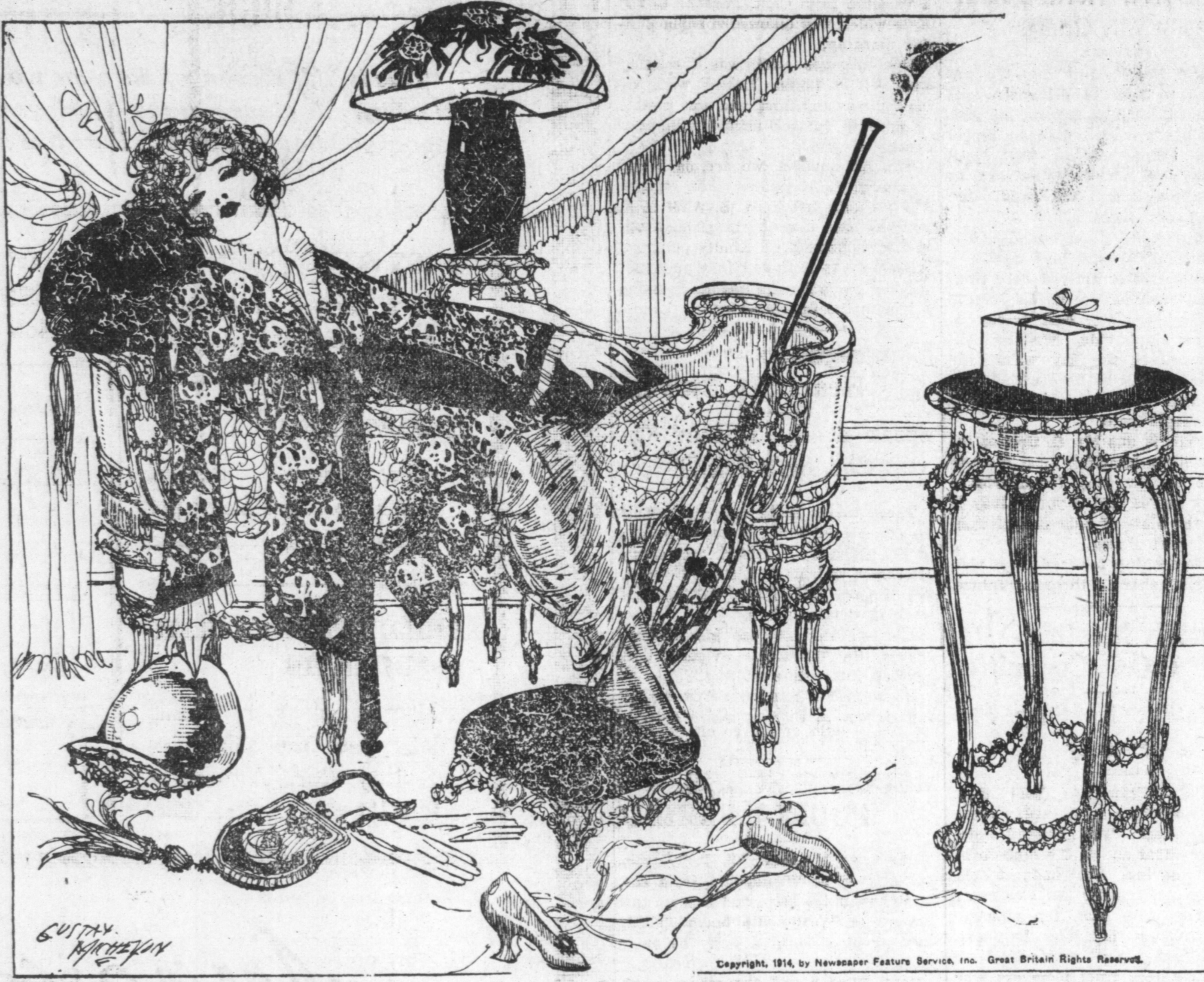


**Taking No Chances.**  
"Why does he never run his own auto? He knows how, doesn't he?"  
"Yes, he knows how, but he says he has a friend whose wife eloped with his chauffeur."

**Merciless.**  
First Waiter—I think he must be a pirate.  
Second Waiter—Why? Is he a bit crusty?  
"He gives no quarter."

**He Expected Trouble.**  
Shylock had demanded his pound of flesh and Portia had hoodwinked him out of it.  
"I expected trouble when I saw her," said Shylock. "I had rather deal with the servants to whom I give commissions than with the mistresses."  
And he began casting up the accounts in his ledger.

## A HARD DAY'S SHOPPING :: :: By Michelson



NOTICE the little package. Think of the brave efforts summed up in this result of an arduous day. The girl herself is utterly fagged—she would have a lot of pretty well battered wads to describe that silken weariness of hers. Isn't shopping DREADFUL?—hovering over all that litter when you don't know what you DO want, and when you are less sure the more you look.

Probably the girls behind the counters in the shops are tired, too. Isn't it an odd world? For some of us so much trouble spending money; for some others of us so much trouble earning and saving it. The worst of it is, we don't always like the stuff in our package after all. That is a tragedy. Better not form THAT habit. Discontent with YOUR share is a good way to be unhappy.

## The Fascination of American Accents

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

MME. SLAVKE GROUITCH says that the American girl would be the greatest sort of social success in Europe, if it were not for her accent.

Mme. Slavke Grouitch is the wife of the Serbian minister to the court of St. James. Before she was married her name was Dunlap, and she came from West Virginia, in which locality we learn from song and poetry that the inhabitants "neva tire."

She ought to know what she is talking about. I wonder if she does. Here's one of the things she says: "It seems to me that for this drawback there is no excuse; every girl ought to be brought up to speak pure English—and not a colloquial dialect. Quite true, Mme. Grouitch, quite true."

And who shall be the one to teach the American girl a pure accent—somebody from West Virginia, where they say "gyardian" for garden and tell about "rotting" things when they mean carry?

There's nothing in the world so sweet as the cultivated voice of a cultivated British woman, whether she comes from Ireland and says something that sounds like "cher" for chair, or from Scotland and says "toocht" when she means thought, or from England and says "zell" for girl—provided that the accent is natural and not affected.

There's only one thing sweeter in the world than the voice of an educated English woman, and that's the voice of an Irish woman, educated or not. It's pure cream surging out of a silver jug into a clear glass of crystal, and there's peat smoke in the air and the shamrock springs green under foot, and all the lakes of Killarney laugh blue under the sun in the distance.

#### Which Accent is Preferable?

The American voice is the most outrageous voice in the world. It is a shrill and a crow of defiance and a cackle of acid mirth; it is raw with the adolescence of a nation—that's what's the matter with the American speech, not the American accent.

Why should an American girl want anything but an American accent, and what accent should she choose to take the place of her own natural one? Do tell us, Mme. Grouitch. Shall it be Serbian, or would you prefer that of the lower Mediterranean?

Perhaps it is the English accent you like. Shall our girls say "het" for hat, and "rawther" for rather, and shall her accent be from Devonshire or Cornwall, or do you prefer the London pronunciation?

Of course, there is a certain cultivated way of speech that tells the story of the speaker's education and family surrounding when everything else can hide it, that does not belong particularly in any one country. The American girl brought up in a home where people say "haint" and "warn't" will learn to say "isn't" and "wasn't," while the English girl, whose grandmother said "trine" for train, and "urry" for hurry, is just beginning to know there's something wrong about the way she talks and won't be quite sure what it is.

#### Where the Tango Originated

There is nothing new in the step that has been taken in certain high circles, both at home and abroad, in regard to the tango.

As long ago as the December of 1877, the Archbishop of Buenos Ayres communicated one Senor de la Cueva y Benavides, governor of the city, for dancing the tango in public.

Even then the dance was anything but new. An authority in the Argentine states that the tango is named after a province in Indo-China, and that it originated there more than 2000 years ago.

It was the gypsies who took the dance to Spain, from whence it reached Argentina.

One definition of the tango—given in a glossary of South American Spanish—is "Oath-like dance of gypsies."

The dance has not been improved or being civilized or modernized. As danced by the up-country Argentines and the Spanish gypsies it is exceedingly fresh or coarse indistinct.

I've seen a girl from Iowa City, Ia., learn to say "Mothah" and "bath" in six months at boarding school in Boston, and I never could see the sense in the way the people in Iowa City laughed at her for doing it when she got back home. She went to Boston to learn what people outside of Iowa did. What's the use of sending her if she isn't going to learn?

I love the American accent myself, every variety of it, all but the whine that comes from some states, and that I dislike because it sounds so lazy.

I had a nurse in the house once from North Carolina—the sweetest, prettiest, cosiest, nicest little thing imaginable.

One morning I called to her and said: "There's a door creaking somewhere; will you please shut it?"

"Yas'is," whined my dear, cosy, pretty little nurse; and she went from room to room looking for the door that creaked. She couldn't find it.

Presently the creaking began again.

"There," I said, "there it is again."

My little nurse came and stood in the door, her face a mixture of rueful surprise and gentle amusement.

"Why," she whined, pleasantly, "that wasn't a door a-creaking; that was me a-calling 'Annie.' And it was."

#### Our Distinct "Dialects."

I do not like the accent that is like the creaking of a door, but that may be a mere personal prejudice. To my neighbors' ears that creaking accent may be as the voice of a winged seraph. But all the other American accents I like, barbarian that I am. And I love to think that I can tell where a man is from the minute I hear him ask the conductor to let him off at such and such a street.

It is my delight of a moonshine night in the season of the year, the year or any other time, to get the man from New England to say something about going to "Bahbah"—and if I can inveigle the courteous person from Virginia to pass some one a plate of cookies and say, "Hep yosef, honey," why, my cup of joy is full to the overflowing.

I've some friends whose name is Boyd; they went to live in a New York apartment house and, lo, the gas bill and the milk bill and the tea bill all came to Mr. Bird, and when my friend expostulated and asked who was this mysterious Bird person, they all said, "Why, how do you spell Boyd; isn't that the way?"

And out in San Francisco, where the weather is fair, the policemen on the beat will tell you to go over to "Folst" street, or "Thoid" and Kearny.

It is a kind of city accent, apparently; and every human being born and bred in any of our big towns has it, and will show it in moments of excitement.

Don't you love to hear the girl from the Middle West call her chums "gir-r-r-ls" and talk about "teacher-r-r"? Or would you rather hear the little Boston maid say "gulls" and "teachah"?

Do you love to hear the sweet thing from South Carolina ask you, "whah you are goin' this evenin'?"—honestly, now, doesn't it sound a great deal sweeter to you than as if she said it in plain English the way she should?

I'm for the American accent, every American accent from Maine to California, and from "Nyawilms" to "Nyawik," and even to Boston, Massachusetts, with the O in Boston as the O in "lot."

Take away our nasal voice, Mme. Grouitch, but leave, oh, leave us our good old dyed in the wool American accents.

#### Chips with the Bark on

Planning for re-election some times prevents re-nomination.

Copvina a man that he is wrong and you have made an enemy.

No man is a hero to his valet. Neither is the valet heroic to his employer, so the account is evenly balanced.

The skates that will help a man who knows how to use them on smooth ice will throw the man not skilled in skating.

Make good by doing good.

The buzzing of a mosquito is more annoying than the rattle of thunder.

One trouble about judging the future by the past lies in the fact that no object looks the same from two directions.

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## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### Why Baldness Is Common; How to Save Your Hair

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

THERE is a nodular condition of the hair, which occurs occasionally in girls, but chiefly in men. The beard, whiskers and mustache are more liable to attack than the hair of the head, but the hair of any part of the body may be affected.

Little bead-like swellings of a whitish appearance occur at regular intervals along the hair shafts. Like dandruff, circular bald patches, ringworm and many other hair troubles, this is a germ disease. The bacteria seem to settle in the "nodes," or joints, of which each single hair has several.

Shaving and vigorous X-ray treatment—even jerking the hair out sharply—are among the unpleasant remedies necessary to cure this disturbance.

True "alopecia," or in plain United States baldness, though women scarcely believe it, is really a masculine malady.

No one has as yet come to explain why men are bald. Though girls and women constantly complain of falling hair, the best of all is right living. An excellent local remedy is:

Chloral hydrate..... 3 drams  
Resorcin..... 5 grains  
Glycerine..... 2 drams  
Oil of Beauty Beans..... 3 drops  
Beta naphthol..... 10 grains  
Petrolatum..... 6 ounces

Perhaps the delicate mould of a girl's skull, the absent constriction around the temples due to a man's hatband, less strenuous work, and the associated masculine poison called "the sweat of the brow," these, together with late hours and the glare of the theatre spotlight, help to make baldness a masculine rather than a feminine malady.

The slow but steady drop, drop, drop of the comb-clung hairs is, however, decidedly worrisome to the feminine division, despite the assurance and conviction that lost hair is more deadly to the male of the species.

The use by women of hair dyes and tonics has been accredited with an excellent purpose. It is said to kill off all the foolish women, and allow all others a sweet and charming old age. Be this as it may, there is always some need of sane scalp treatment to save the stubble and hirsute remnants.

If three people go to bed, one in love, one with the toothache, and one in worry about her falling hair, the one with the toothache will be asleep first, the one with the spectre of baldness before her last.

The secret to secure firmly upon your rotund dome the fast escaping locks rests in the knowledge that the feeling, scalp-scratching hair shafts are usually freed and at large because microscopic and the loss of physiological balance inside your textures and outside on the skin have injured the hair roots to the point of death.

The nourishment of and nursing back to health of the hair bulbs may be brought about with oils, ointments, electric brushes, vibration, massage and the righting of internal troubles. But the



DR. HIRSHBERG

#### Answers to Health Questions

M. M. K., Chicago—How can I get rid of blotches on my face?

With a lack of explicit details of the exact kind of blotches I should advise the use of glycerine, one ounce, and borie acid two drams as a local application.

J. JONES, Philadelphia, Pa.—I have chronic stomach gastritis. What do you advise besides diet?

If you have the right diet, drink copious draughts of buttermilk, but no alcoholic drinks or coffee. Take Bulgarian tablets three times a day.

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.

## Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie—I have a very epicurean friend, but sometimes he makes me so mad I feel like hitting him over the head with my umbrella. For instance, the other night I was going to the theatre with him, and, of course, we took the car. What do you think he did? He deliberately walked up to where two young ladies were sitting opposite and started to flirt with them.

I do not think he acted like a gentleman. Do you? What shall I do?

INDIGNANT.

He's not a gentleman, and he doesn't even know how to pretend to be one, and that's pretty bad. Don't you think so, Indignant?

If I were you, do you know what I would have done with that young man? I would have picked out the best looking chap in the car and gazed soulfully at him.

No, I wouldn't have made myself conspicuous, or let the good looking chap suspect that I was anything but absent-minded. But I'd let the flirtatious man who was insulting me suspect, and when he spoke to me I'd start and come back from somewhere a long ways off, and then I'd say something about the good looks of the chap at the other end of the car.

And after that I would never go anywhere with him again, not if he was the last man on earth.

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.

## Words of Wise Men

Disease generally begins the equality which death completes.—Johnson.

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe.—Dryden.

Show me the man you honor, and I will know what kind of a man you are, for it shows me what your ideal of manhood is, and what kind of a man you long to be.—Carlyle.

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul.—Boecher.

The pleasantest hospitality waiteth not for curious costliness, when it can give cleanly sufficiency. More cometh of pride and greater friendliness to your own ostentation than to the comfort of the guest.—Sir P. Sidney.

Opportunity sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.—Lord Stanley.

Good breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid.—Chesterfield.

A person of genius should marry a person of character. Genius does not herd with genius. The musk deer and the civet cat are never found in company.—Holmes.

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked and trodden under foot as a useless stone suddenly squarises out in new light, as a discovered diamond?—Mrs. Stowe.

## Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

GOOD morning, Mister Possum," said Brer Rabbit one morning, as he hopped in front of Mister Possum's house.

"Good afternoon," replied Mister Possum.

"Why do you say 'afternoon'?" asked Brer Rabbit in surprise.

"Because I just woke up," replied Mr. Possum.

"You are too lazy for anything!" exclaimed Brer Rabbit.

"Yes," answered Mister Possum. "I am just like your front legs."

"What!" said Brer Rabbit, sitting up very straight.

"Yes," went on Mister Possum. "Everybody knows a rabbit's hind legs are the busiest things in the world and their front paws are too lazy for anything."

"Ahem!" went Brer Rabbit.

"I am a possum and as a possum I am lazy. If I were a rabbit, I would be a rabbit and not so lazy. I can't change myself. I don't want to."

"Ahem! ahem!" went Brer Rabbit.

"Now I wish you would jump away as a good rabbit and let me take a snooze. And remember that people do not like to be told disagreeable things. Now run along!"