

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Soft, Flowing Net Effects Seen in Newest Frocks

By MADGE MARVEL



PLAIN white net is a most important fabric this season. It forms the foundation of nine-tenths of the blouses and gowns of the spring and summer. It is the lining fabric pre-eminent and has quite displaced the heavier "waist lining" of other days.

Soft slinkiness is the thing to be desired in all gowns. With this effect there is the same need as ever for a certain firmness which is in unapparent existence, and it is for this that net is most desirable. In the coarser mesh, such as is used for linings, it gives all the body required even for the woman of full figure who feels that in the making of her gowns she must have "something to hold her."

Net Waist Features.

Even so slight a thing as the net lining makes all the difference in the world in the wear of a gown and gives perishable blouses something of substance. In the linen frocks the net bodice lining will lessen the necessity of such frequent trips to the cleaners, and will give a feeling of crispness and freshness which linen should have and which it loses when it is subjected to contact with arms and neck moistened with perspiration.

In making the net waist the outside fabric is caught only at the side seams. The foundation is plain and fitted and fastened with tiny snap fasteners. The net lining sleeves are made separate from the sleeves of the gown so they can be slipped out and cleaned. This makes them of great advantage for use in the summer gown, for the sleeves are the first part of a gown to become sticky and soiled.

MODERN GRACES :: By Michelson



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THOSE original Three Graces so dear to tradition waited on Venus. But note this—SOMETIMES attended Apollo. It's in the books and we must believe it. The point is that they were goddesses, and, in particular, they represented Grace, Beauty and Joy. If they ever paid any attention to Apollo, he probably deserved the high gift. For they were honored goddesses. And of all Graces, Her Grace Miss America is the most difficult to draw—and to win.

Secrets of Dainty "College" Candies

By Ann Marie Lloyd

WHEN Josephine Martin was a student in college she was called "the dandiest fudge maker" in the university. She made candies of every kind, from the most elaborate and ornate bonbons, which tasted exactly like dollar-a-pound kind, to simple taffies. Her candies made her famous all over the country. The girls were always begging her to make them a box to send to some of the "girls at home," and she was voted the "sweetest girl" in each of her classes. After she left college there was a sudden turn in her fortunes. Her father, who had lavished money on her, died suddenly and left his family almost penniless. It remained for Josephine to support herself, her mother and a younger sister. A less practical young woman might have tried to teach, or do some of the other regular things to which the mind of woman instinctively turns when she has to earn money. But instead she took mental stock of her accomplishments. She had never been a student. She had slipped through college, and her record for popularity was far more brilliant than her record for scholarship. "I am going into the candy business," she announced to her family. And she did. Luckily she had her home, and so

Unknown. "You say that you are a stranger in town? Don't you know any one?" "Not a soul. Why I am such a stranger that I could not be identified sufficient to entitle me to be lynched."

Both Seeking Rest. Gobang—I think I will go to the country next week to get a little fresh air. Grynae—I sent my wife and little fresh to the country a week ago to get him away from me.

Then the Fighting Begun "What started that Kentucky feud?" "Col. Bludd started that. Gore a dog." "That was not much to fight about." "No, but he said the sort of dog he meant was a water spaniel."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Freckles Are Signs of Your Natural Vigor

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

Do you know Jimmy Ransome, doctor?"

"Who is he?"

"He's the boy that is such a great goalkeeper on the City College team."

"Oh, the chap who caused the City College and the Polytechnic to suspend athletic competitions?"

"Yes."

"No. I don't know him personally. What about him?"

"Well, he has the jolliest freckles you ever saw. I'm proud of my own since I saw his."

A beautiful girl of sixteen said this. She exhibited good sense beyond measure.

Odd to say, ninety-nine girls and men with freckles are forever tormented by the thought of these indices of good health. Indeed, this pretty maid, so sensible and sweet and innocent in her naive remark about the boy of Fantagruel look like a teacup.

"Is he conceited?" I asked this more and more wonderful maid.

"Of course not," she archly answered. "Nobody with freckles is egotistic. He has too many to be so."

"And," she roughly added, "so have I."

This is in part true, and Solomon was never more wise. The vanity of any one with freckles is exactly in inverse ratio to the number and extent of the freckles.

With 10 freckles you are 8 per cent. conceited. With 20 freckles you are 93 per cent. vain. With 30 freckles you are 99 per cent. egotistical.

From this degree upward vanity begins to grow less and less until a myriad of the pretty, little, serene and yellowish brown dots are legion and accountable.

Modesty, humility, bravery and bashfulness are in direct proportion to the swarm of proud freckles. While it is true that many persons are foolish about a few freckles, those with teeming faces fall far from the mark.

It is their lack of personal self-consciousness and looking-glass egotism which precludes their attention to themselves.

Strange as it at first blush appears, freckles are deposited by a combination of circumstances, which ancient philosophers and modern alchemists have eternally sought.

This is to wit, it actually the "giving power" itself. It chemists know how to make freckles, to dab this ethereal pigment of nature upon the modest cheek of man, they would have solved the mystery of the ages.

A drop of blood surcharged with an overabundant food and frolic saturated, as it were, with more electric sparks of human vitality than is needed, reaches the arched of the deeper folds of the skin.

Now Apollo, the sun god, shoots his few darts of his burning beams through



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

PHILADELPHIA—Why is it that tonics and washes make my hair come out? If I merely brush it, it is O. K.

This is exactly as is to be expected. Crude oil, vaseline and resorcin ointments clean it, and also keep the brushes fresh. . . .

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:

A boy whom I have known for years and who is my next-door neighbor, but whom I have been on bad terms with and have not spoken to for months, asked his cousin, a friend of mine, to introduce him to me at the rink. This was ridiculous, considering the length of time we have known each other, even though we are not friends at present. Luckily his cousin refused to comply with the request. This saved me from much embarrassment for the time being, but if, in the future, he should get some one to carry out his foolish plan, what should I do? EXPECTANT.

WELL, now, little Expectant, aren't you making a good deal of a fuss over nothing, or next to nothing?

What there so terrible about this boy who lives next to you that you haven't spoken to him for months? Of all the silly things on earth the "not speaking" fad is the silliest. No one who is over 10 years old should ever indulge in it. You needn't be dead in love with a boy to say "Good morning, isn't it a beautiful day?" need you? I think he seems to be a young person with a bit of humor myself.

Why don't you "oultage" him? The next time you meet him anywhere and he asks to be introduced to you as if you were a perfect stranger, be present, laugh, and put an end to the whole ridiculous business.

Don't be a goose; be a nice, jolly, good-natured girl with a friendly heart for every one, and see how much more fun you'll have.

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.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

TING-A-LING! Ting-a-ling!

Mrs. Web-foot stood outside Mrs. Leghorn's door and pulled the little string while the merry bell rang inside.

"Come in," said Mrs. Leghorn, and when she caught sight of Mrs. Web-foot she rushed right up to her with:

"Why, how do you do. I am delighted to see you."

"How are your dear children?" inquired Mrs. Web-foot.

"They are all well, but I have quite a time keeping their feet dry," replied Mrs. Leghorn.

"Now isn't that funny. My children are never so happy as when their feet are wet," said Mrs. Web-foot.

"You should never worry about your children."

"I wasn't worrying about my children," said Mrs. Leghorn. "I was simply telling you something. It always relieves one's mind to talk to someone."

"Your children mustn't get their feet wet and mine mustn't fly," replied Mrs. Web-foot.

"I didn't know that your children ought not to fly," began Mrs. Leghorn.

"Some ducks do. Wild ones, of course, but not my dear children. They have enough to do swimming."

Mrs. Leghorn laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mrs. Web-foot.

"Well," began Mrs. Leghorn, "my little Willie, bright boy that he is, tried to go in swimming one day when he saw Dickie Duck paddling around. He almost drowned."

"I remember Dickie had to pull Willie out," replied Mrs. Web-foot.

"Yes," said Mrs. Leghorn. "That wasn't all. He told Willie that children should stay where they belong."

"You see, Dickie is a bright boy, too," said Mrs. Web-foot, as she followed Mrs. Leghorn into the kitchen.

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as Judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

The Word "Obey."

MARY and I have had a queer discussion—queer in that I took the side one would naturally expect her to take, and she took the side the average man might take—over a clinging vine.

It began by an article I had read about the elimination of the word "obey" from the marriage ceremony.

"I wonder," I said, looking up from my newspaper, "was the word 'obey' in our marriage ceremony, Mary?"

"I don't remember," said Mary.

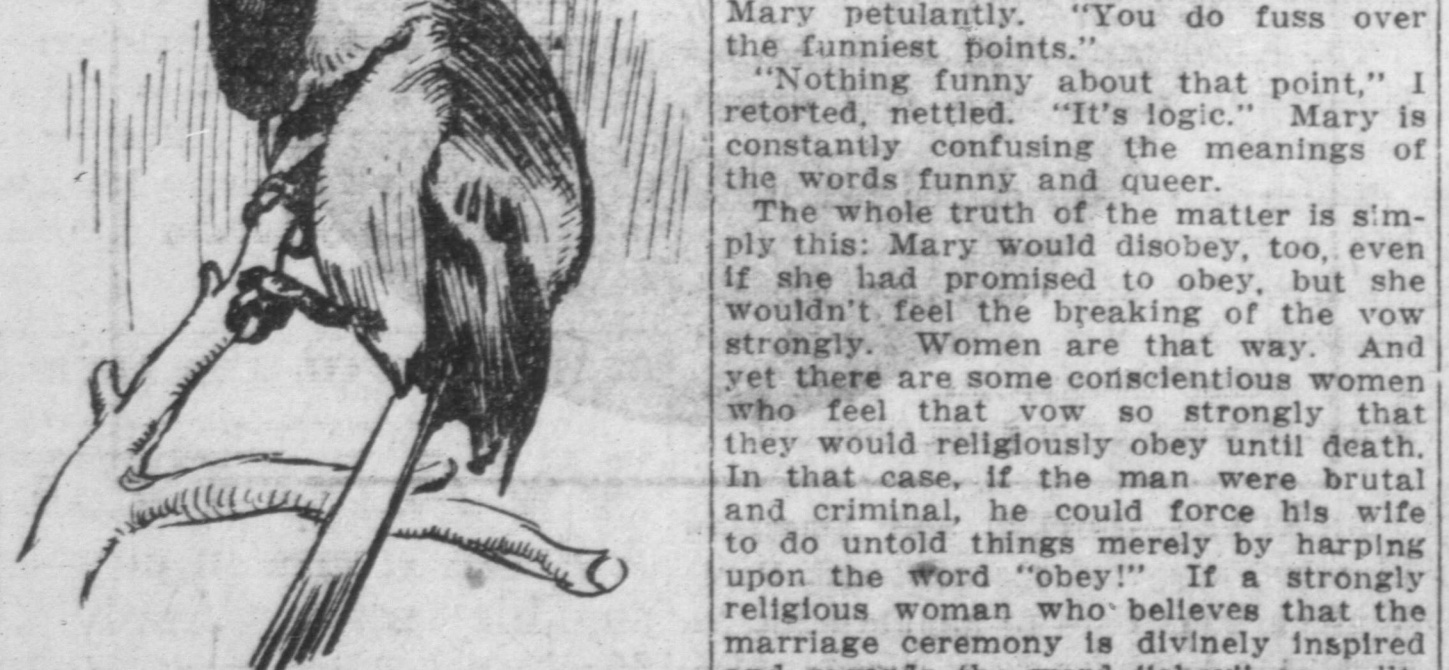
"I don't think it was," said I. "Nor do I think it should be," said I. "Nor do I think it should," said Mary unexpectedly.

Our Bird Friends

The Chickadee

BECAUSE of its delightful notes, its confiding ways and its fearlessness, the chickadee is one of the best known birds of the United States and Canada. It responds to encouragement, and by hanging within its reach a constant supply of sweet the chickadee can be made a constant visitor to the garden and orchard.

Though insignificant in size, titmice (another name for the attractive little birds) are far from being so in an



The Chickadee at Work on a Twig: economic sense, owing to their numbers and activity. While one locality is being searched for food by a larger bird, 10 are being scrutinized by the smaller species. The chickadee's food is made up of insects and vegetable matter. Moths and caterpillars are favorites, and form about one-third of the whole. The vegetable food is composed largely of seeds and weeds. There are few more useful birds than this.