

Fancies of Fashion

Soft Tulle Replacing Neck Frill

By Madge Marvel

There is an apparent effort to soften all outlines in the new dresses. This is shown in the necks of the collarless gowns, whether for afternoon or evening wear. Instead of the little standing frill, which has been so much worn, some of the best modistes are using tulle in white or pale pink, drawn in prim, soft folds just inside the bodice, and coming up against the neck where it is most becoming. Quite a few of the new gowns have this arrangement instead of the frill.

There is a splash of strong color being introduced into the new clothes. One sees a good deal of bright red, called taupe, formerly tomato. There is also a vivid purple which is most useful in adding distinction to the pale yellow and soft tans which are so well liked for the demi-toilettes.

The Paris evening gowns that are just reaching here and are being shown for the spring season are starting to show a vivid purple which is most useful in adding distinction to the pale yellow and soft tans which are so well liked for the demi-toilettes.

High Collars in Vogue

As the season advances and the real winter begins, though we may talk of spring clothes we have still to keep warm, and the waistcoat is being much worn. It is tremendously attractive with the abbreviated suit coat and the bright brocades of which it is fashioned give an air of newness to the costume which may have been worn for some time without it.

One of the most delightful dress accessories is the new veil which is gathered into a narrow band of black velvet and fastened around the throat. This keeps the veil in place and also adds the whitening charm which the black velvet neckband always gives.

One sees more and more high starched stiff linen collars being worn with the morning suits on the street. They are entirely uncompromising, and have either a narrow four-in-hand tie or a bow of black satin.

I met a young woman in the shopping districts yesterday wearing one of these collars, and she looked very chic. Perhaps it was because the severity suited her style, for she was of the athletic type, the exact opposite of the drooping maid of the moment. Her suit was of gray tweed, the skirt short and scant and lapped in the front, and she wore a rounded coat with a Russian blouse style with a belt of black worn low on the hips. The collar was high and had wide open points, and the bow was of black velvet. With this she wore a hat which was a compromise between an English bowler and a sailor's hat with a wide brim.

Next day I went to the shopping districts and again until I had seen a number of these collars. The collars were of various styles, some of them being of a soft material, some of them being of a stiff material, and some of them being of a material which was a compromise between the two.

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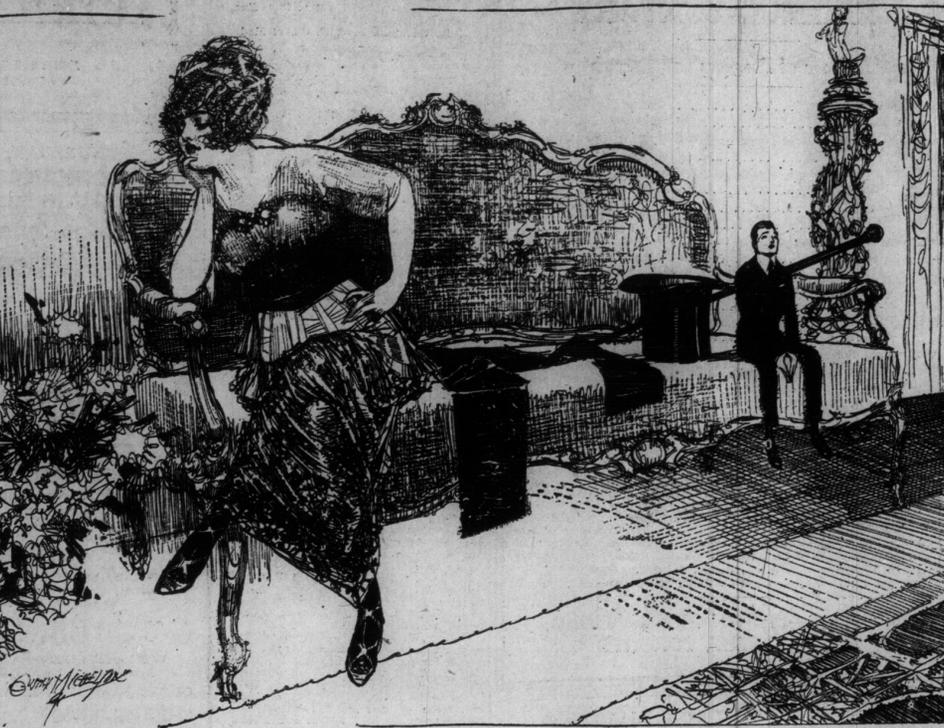
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THAT "DISTANT" FEELING :: :: By Michelson



A SOFA isn't very long if you measure it with a foot rule. All this time SHE is life size. Oh, yes! She is all right. She is very sure of that when she said YES just a long journey—when you may be at one end of it and a month ago, but there are some things— Well, little Mr. Man has got to grow bigger or that sofa will see the other end reeding like a horizon. It's an awful feeling, even if your bluff doesn't show it. And never shrink again. To remove that distant feeling is the biggest you feel yourself shrinking and shrinking in size until you seem job he ever undertook. In this instance it is one calling for IMMEDIATE attention.

Cynical Observations

Unless you settle down you can't hope to settle up.

Some men are so gloomy that even their laughs sound like crying.

Some men regard themselves as masterpieces of painting when they are really only caricatures.

It is not always talking too much that makes people unpopular. They may listen too little.

It pays to be honest, especially when about to open negotiations with a green-goods man.

Many men know how to make money who do not know how to keep it—or to spend it.

Nature can do much, but the best varieties of fruit are produced by careful, scientific culture.

The fear of being struck no longer makes the liar tremble. He can easily invent an excuse for refusing the loan.

A fair exchange may usually be no robbery, but when two pretty girls exchange kisses it robs some fellow.

Death never leaves a shining mark so well as when working in the guise of a sharpshooter.

It is not as much Justice as the jury that should be bludgeoned if an unprejudiced verdict is expected in the case of a handsome woman in concern in the case.

Pulling strings makes some men rich, but the practice keeps the conductors on the street cars poor.

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, plain and unvarnished, 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.

Tact or Nerve? XXI

HERE did you cash the check, Mary?" I inquired, referring to the weekly household check. "The reason I ask is that I was in the National late this afternoon and Drake said you hadn't been in."

"I was out," said Mary, "I was late. It was two minutes of three. And you know very well, Peter. It would certainly take up those two minutes to get to the National. It would, wouldn't it?"

"It might," I admitted. "And once before," continued Mary, "I phoned and asked them to stay open until I could get down there, and, although they were very nice about it, they said they couldn't."

"Hum!" said I. "Tell me what the teller at the Waverly said." "Why," said Mary brightly, "he was most polite. I merely handed him the check you gave me and he said, smiling, 'Have you an account here, Mrs. Hunt?' 'Dear me, no!' I exclaimed. 'Peter insists upon banking at the National.' 'My lord!' I exclaimed with some fervor.

"Next, after looking carefully all over the check to see if it was quite right, I suppose, he said he'd prefer, if I didn't mind, to have the mother's name on it because she has an account there. 'Billy, want it, Peter? I just made up my mind not to humor him. And, besides, a man in the line waiting behind me laughed and I knew very well he thought the teller was absurd to suggest such a thing. I told him it was utterly impossible, for mother was very busy at the white club and I didn't like to bother her over such a trivial matter. I don't see why we must put all our salary in the bank, anyway, Peter, and draw on it through checks. It's mighty inconvenient."

"Why shouldn't the teller at the Waverly cash the check anyway?" "Great Scott, Mary," I exclaimed. "Can't you see for yourself that it's most irregular? We bank at the National and that's scarcely a block away from here. 'Well,' said Mary airily, 'he was obliging about it, anyway.' 'He certainly was—mighty civil. Only a woman could swing such a thing. He would have refused a man.' 'I've always told you women had more tact than men,' said Mary with some superiority.

"Tact!" I spluttered, with a smile. "That Mary, when she's in a good temper, with her sweet, delicious, charming, feminine sort of nerve that bows a man over and takes away his breath completely." "I want some one to tell me how we are ever going to have absolute success when a woman can get things over that a man can't."

"What's that?" shouted Billy Bunny, jumping out of his seat. "Quiet," said Miss Rabbit. "Willie listened to all you had to say about his tail, now you must listen to what he has to say about your ears." With that Billy Bunny sat down, and Willie Squirrel began again: "Billy Bunny's Floppers."

"Billy Bunny is the only living flying machine. All he has to do is to jump off the top of a hill, flip his ears and wiggle his tail and he sails away like a bird. 'One day he sailed as far as the north pole, when one of his floppers gave out and he went down 'Cher-plunk!' right on the north pole, and there he stuck. After a while his flopper began to work and he got off the north pole and started home again."

"A rabbit, as you all know, is the ugliest living thing. That is why Billy makes such a good flying machine." "Teacher," I started Billy Bunny. "Wait," exclaimed Miss Rabbit. "Willie Squirrel ended up with: 'You see that what I say is true, for it is the truth about Billy and the truth always hurts.' 'I paid no attention to Billy because what he said about me was not true.' Willie sat down, while Billy began to laugh. 'That's right, Billy,' said the teacher, 'you must not feel hurt.'"

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Many Medics Brand Rheumatism as Fiction

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

DO YOU know what "rheumatism" is? Oh, you do, do you? Suppose you are told that "rheumatism" is a figment, a fiction, a shadow, a mare's nest, a Fata Morgana?

You smile. You are skeptical. You, mayhap, think this a jest. Yet, it may be solemnly, seriously sworn by bell, book and candle that there is no such entity, scientific or pathological, as rheumatism. "Rheumatism" and "uric acid" are apologetic white lies, mockeries, clap-traps and stalking horses of doctors, near-doctors and domestics who do not take the trouble to drink deeply of the Plerian spring of knowledge.

What passes for "rheumatism" in the public judgment is a whole gamut of miasmas, which are symptoms, aches, pains and irritations of 10 Colisarian legions of disease. Tuberculosis hip troubles, infections of a scarlet fever nature, venereal joint maladies, the beginnings of locomotor ataxia, the pains of a gripple, tonsillitis, pneumonia, typhoid fever and gout, lead poisoning, flat foot, household's knee, bruises, bumps and bone disorders are all mistaken for the snap-shot doctor and ready-to-wear diagnoses as "rheumatism" and a "uric acid" disposition.

It is high time that the thoughtful part of the public, as well as that portion of the medical profession which the Carnegie educational board brought to book, came to their senses. Let us now be done with such hocus-fucus. Even the acute infections of childhood and youth which are due to microbic poisoning, even these, with their inflammatory joints and high fever of six or more weeks' duration, are not "rheumatism."

Have done with this absurd and ancient name. Seek out the real, underlying trouble. Then, and then only, can it be removed.

Answers to Health Questions L. M. G.—What sort of pet animal is safest for a 4-year-old boy? One that will not give him a disease. A fine BB parrot, not over 9 months old, is an intelligent and interesting pet for a boy. A parrot learns from the child and also teaches him new things. It is clean, safe and interesting.

S. R.—My dentist says I, as well as my whole family, have a uric acid disposition. What shall I do? What dentist call uric acid is a mixture of salts, lime and mineral deposits from food, mouth microbes and mucous. Milk of magnesia or peroxide of hydrogen will free your teeth of this "tartar."

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.

Said by Wise Men

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.—Channing. There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke. When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.—Tacitus.

Never read a book through merely because you have begun it.—Wittgenstein. The purest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. Mere pleasure, sought outside of usefulness, is fraught with poison.—Becher.

Fortune misfortunes, that thou mayest strive to prevent them; but whenever they happen, bear them with magnanimity.—Zoroaster. The poets did well to conjoin music and medicine, because the office of medicine is but to tune the curious harp of man's body.—Bacon.

The merit of originality is not novelty, it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; he believes for himself, not for another.—Carlyle. What a person prizes is perhaps a surer standard, even than what he condemns, of his character, information and ability to wonder, then, that most people are so shy of praising anything.—Hare.

Nature never deserts the wise and pure; no plot so narrow, but may well employ each faculty of sense, and keep the heart awake to love and beauty.—Coleridge. There exists a strict relation between the class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filling from the first. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents abnormally virtue. It is virtue gone to seed; a kind of posthumous honor; a hall of the past. Great men are not commonly in its halls; they are absent in the fields; they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children.—Emerson.

His Little Day Is Done

By Tom Jackson

IN OLDEN days the Troubadour would wander near and far, and fill the night air with noise, accompanied by guitar. Beneath some fair one's window he would sing long hours through; his songs were sixty verses long—and had a chorus, too. The maid would throw him down a rose, which he'd kiss, and depart; but sometimes, when her pa threw things, he'd make a quicker start. There never was a Troubadour who worked at anything—except wait till the moon came out, then do a stunt or sing. Somehow he got his daily eat, and ribbons gay and bright, with silk pants that came to the knee, and always fitted tight. Unto a lady's eyebrow, or unto her shell-



like ear, he'd sing enough of stuff to make six columns of brevier. 'Tis lucky for the Troubadour he sang in ancient days, for things have changed from olden times in many sorts of ways. Fair maidens mostly now reside in swell and lofty flats, and there's no singing in the streets, except it be by cats. But, even if there were today a festive Troubadour, how could he make his voice extend a ray to the eighteenth floor? At his first throw the janitor would rush to the stop, and if he wasn't big enough, he'd whistle for a scowp, who'd pinch the festive Troubadour and put him in a cell, then ship him to the burghouse place where crazy people dwell. Ah! Yes, indeed, the Troubadour has had his little day. This is the age of German bands, ragtime and cabaret.

Great Novels in a Nutshell

"The Moonstone"

Condensed from the COLLINS novel by HELEN S. GRAY

THE Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins, is one of the greatest mystery stories ever written. It is based in some particulars on the stories of two of the royal diamonds of Europe. One of the Russian imperial stones was once the eye of an idol, and the famous Koh-i-Noor is supposed to have been a sacred gem of India with a curse on whoever should divert it from its original use.

Before the Moonstone was seized by a Mohammedan conceiver, it adorned the forehead of an idol in India. In the storming of Seringapatam by the British, one of the soldiers, a darddevil fellow, vows he will obtain it and does, presumably by killing the watchman. On his death he bequeaths it to his niece, Rachel Verinder, whether in re-venge or forgiveness of her mother the reader must judge for himself.

On the day that the Moonstone is taken to her home in Yorkshire, three Hindoos, disguised as jugglers, arrive. That night it disappears. Suspicion points to them and they are arrested and searched, but released for lack of evidence.

A great detective from London is sent for. He discovers an important clue in a smear made by a garment on a freshly painted door of the room where the Moonstone was kept the night of the robbery. That smear was not there at midnight that night, and by morning whose garment has a stain he will know who stole the jewel. Rosanna Spearman, a maid, who has a record as a thief, is suspected by some. Several days later she commits suicide. Rachel Verinder's strange behavior leads the detective to think she has taken the diamond herself. She is greatly agitated and at times hysterical and refuses to be questioned. Further- more, she is greatly offended with her lover, Franklin Blake. She assures her mother that she did not take the stone herself and hasn't it. Lady Verinder believes her. All efforts to learn from her what she knows about the theft affect Rachel's health so seriously that she is obliged to drop the search and dismiss the detective.

Unable to effect a reconciliation with Rachel, or even to get an explanation from her, Franklin Blake goes abroad. Nearly a year later the death of his father brings him back to England. He calls on Rachel, but she refuses to see him. So he goes to Yorkshire to learn something further of the mystery. There he finds a letter awaiting him from her. He discovers the Moonstone is delivered in person by the friend entrusted with it. It tells him where she had hidden a box. In the box is a painted night shirt, marked with his name, and a letter, which says she is expecting to commit suicide because of unrequited love for him and tells why she had put his night shirt in the box. Returning to London, he succeeds in having a talk with Rachel and demands an explanation. She tells him she saw him steal the Moonstone. She is in- dented with him for looking autounded and saying he knows nothing about the matter. He had never been known to walk in his sleep. Barred, he goes again to

Daddy's Good Night Story - By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

WHAT are you going to say in your essay about Billy Bunny's ears? He asked Peter Possum of Willie Squirrel, as they started up the steps of the Woodland school. "You will hear soon enough," exclaimed Willie. "Sure enough, the very first thing Miss Rabbit asked Willie Squirrel to read what he had written about Billy Bunny's ears. He began: "Billy Bunny's Floppers." "What's that?" shouted Billy Bunny, jumping out of his seat. "Quiet," said Miss Rabbit. "Willie listened to all you had to say about his tail, now you must listen to what he has to say about your ears." With that Billy Bunny sat down, and Willie Squirrel began again: "Billy Bunny's Floppers." "Billy Bunny is the only living flying machine. All he has to do is to jump off the top of a hill, flip his ears and wiggle his tail and he sails away like a bird. "One day he sailed as far as the north pole, when one of his floppers gave out and he went down "Cher-plunk!" right on the north pole, and there he stuck. After a while his flopper began to work and he got off the north pole and started home again."