

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 neck of the collarless gowns, whether for afternoon or evening wear. Instead of the little standing frill, which has been so much worn, there is now a soft 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 blouses 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 startlingly low cut at the back. And as so many of them are devoid of sleeves, or have the merest apertures for sleeves, they are viewed with disfavor, not unmixed with alarm, by the conservatives.

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.

Remnants Attract Shoppers

By the way, I am told by several exclusive shopkeepers that they are selling more and more goods for women each day, and the favorite style is the plain silk with the crook, the brother of the one carried by men, only a bit lighter. The wise women are scurrying about the shops looking for the treasures on the remnant counters. They buy not because things are cheap, but because they have taken inventory of their wardrobes and know exactly where a few dollars may be expended with greatest results.

There are wonderful bits of lace, motifs and edges that will add tremendously to the summer gowns and that are to be had for a tithe of their first price. Also there are staple goods in staple colors that are offered at little more than half their former price.

The silk counters are furnishing bargains in linens, and now and then it is possible to pick up a few yards of brocade which will make the most lovely evening coats for the proverbial "son of price."

The wise bargain hunter is the envy of her sex. She is the true economist. But—she is a rare species.

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 eats, 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 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, say, to the eighteenth floor? At his first throw the janitor would rush to noise to stop, and if he wasn't big enough, he'd whistle for a cop, who'd pinch the festive Troubadour and put him in a cell, then ship him to the bughouse 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.

THAT "DISTANT" FEELING

By Michelson



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A SOFA isn't very long if you measure it with a foot rule. But there are times when it may seem to stretch out like 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 receding 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 job 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 loves 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 when a handsome woman is concerned 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

WHERE 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."

Mary looked up from her book.

"At the Waverly Trust Co.," she said absently.

"At the Waverly Trust?" I exclaimed, in pardonable surprise. "Why, Mary, we haven't a cent in there and the check was on our own bank, hardly a stone's throw away."

"Peter!" exclaimed Mary, petulantly.

"Peter?" I exclaimed with some fervor.

"Next, after looking carefully over the check to see if it was quite right, I suppose, he said he'd prefer, if I didn't mind, to have mother's name on it because she has an account there. Billy, wasn't 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 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 whist 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."

"It's an automatic system of book-keeping, Mary," I explained pleasantly. "And besides, I've discovered from deadly experience that we've ever so much more economical. But don't try to get like you did today."

"Why shouldn't the teller at the Waverly cash the check anyway?" I asked. "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."

"Well," said Mary, "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 exploded, with a smile. "That Mary, just plain old-fashioned common sense, that 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 security when a woman can get things over that a man can't."

Yorkshire for more clues. Through Dr. Candy he got one. Mr. Blake had irritated him at the dinner party the night of the robbery by joking him about the medical profession. Hearing that Mr. Blake has not been sleeping well, unknown to him, Dr. Candy puts some laudanum into drink for him and gets his cousin, Godfrey Ablewhite, to see that he takes it on retiring. Such was his physical and mental condition that he throws him into an opium trance. Stimulated by the drug and worried at the safety of the diamond, he takes it from the cabinet where Rachel had put it. To establish that he was morally not responsible for the theft and also to discover, if possible, what he had done with the Moonstone, he re-enacts the scene in the presence of witnesses. He takes a jewel, as before, but falls into a stupor before the experiment is concluded.

How does the Moonstone get into Luker's hands? That Luker had it the Hindoes discover through a friend in his employ, whose letter is intercepted and opened by the warden while they are in jail. A year after the theft, when the time comes to redeem the jewel, accomplices of the Hindoes and others watch the bank where it had been deposited to see who receives it. Luker takes it out and passes it to a stranger. That night that man is murdered by the Hindoes and a confederate and the Moonstone, taken from him, subsequently goes back to India.

The dead man is recognized as Godfrey Ablewhite. His death leads to an investigation of his affairs. He was found to have led a double life.

He had never been known to walk in his sleep. Baffled, he goes again to

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Many Medics Brand Rheumatism as Fiction

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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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 la grippe, tonsillitis, pneumonia, typhoid fever and gout, lead poisoning, flat foot, household's knee, bruises, bumps and bone disorders are all mistaken by the snapshot 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.

Once they admit the truth, to wit, that there is no human ailment known as "rheumatism," then many an un-studied affection, which has been carefully thus dubbed, can be cured.

"Rheumatism" has for many years been a name for healers, herbists, patent medicine men and complacent Cap-padocians to conjure with. If a man is swollen with pain, if he limps or has a flat foot, if he has kidney colic or stone in the bladder, if he has a rigid wrist or stiff arm, confidence in the wise healer's wisdom was at once established by the magic word "rheumatism," and the patient is cured.

Let us now be done with such hocus-pocus. 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 15 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 predisposition. What shall I do?

What dentist calls 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 of 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.—Dezobry.

Foresee 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 abilities. No wonder, then, that most people are so shy of praising anything.—Hare.

Nature never dejects the wise and pure; no plot so narrow, but nature there; no waste so vacant, but may well employ each faculty of sense, and keep the heart awake to love and beauty.—Coleridge.

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