FASHIONS AND FANCIES

DRASTIC changes are the order of the day in Fashion's realm. For clinging sheaths we are exchanging ample draperies, for long coats very short ones, and even in materials and colors the order for change is insistent. It remains to be seen which will conquer—feminine constancy to the straight lines and slim silhouette, or the determination of the designers of the modes to lead us from them.

The keenly observant will take note of many subtle ways in which the "tube" look of last year is being flouted deliberately in favor of rounded effects. The new coats are very far removed in cut from those of the autumn and early winter. Instead of straight seams curved ones are being introduced; in lieu of the expanse of undecorated material that clung to the figure, pockets are simulated and produced for actual use, and there is plenty of trimming beneath the arms.

When to such remarkable productions are added dresses with flounces, not of the simulated order, but honestly and avowedly the deep ruffles of old times, it will be agreed that a series of remarkable changes are threatening many of the modes that have found favor among us for a long time past.

The masculine coat sleeve of the past is giving place to the

Clinging Crepe, With High Waist Line

slightly fuller one of the present. Capes are actually promised a vogue, and strapped embellishments are to be a feature of the newest tailor-made attire.

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Every sign, then, is present of a relaxation of the severity of the fashions of last year. A preference for rounded effects is seen; indeed, it is more than probable that heroic efforts of femininity to keep down their avoirdupois may be allowed to lapse, though it is scarcely necessary to emphasize once more the undoubted fact that the time has gone by for drastic changes to be effected suddenly, and that the appreciation for curved lines is not likely to be manifested with startling celerity.

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A copious use is to be made of two materials in the production of one toilette. It will be conceded when such efforts are issued that the pitfalls that await the unskilful when the mixing of materials is in hand are as many as those that threaten the reputation of the cook, with an even sadder result of dire failure. If patchiness and puerile effects of that description are to be avoided, much time and intelligence must be spent on the task of amalgamation.

The spring will bring in gowns developed in silk and cloth, and satin and velvet are to be used together. Of one material will the underskirt be made, while the polonaise will be represented by a second fabric.

As for the sleeves of frocks, never was there greater license permitted with regard to their pattern and their length. Short, long, or mittened ones, according to the fancy of their wearers, may be ordered, with a due recognition of the requirements of the occasion, it need hardly be added.

It has been decided that the sombre colors of the winter have had their day, and to say truth they have not met with very enthusiastic approval. Women like black dresses and tailor-made suits and dark furs, but for the sad and dowdy dyes to which they have been introduced recently they have little sustained appreciation.

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The present generation longs for brightness and light. It is good news, then, that I have to tell of a new reign of favor for pale shades. Tailor-made suits that are being made are developed in satin cloth of such shades as almond pink, pale powder blue, and a lovely violet with a white bloom upon it.

A considerable amount of crepon is being used in conjunction with cloth, and wonderfully attractive are the soft silk and satin suits that the tailors are making for warm climates. Figured materials will be permitted to take their place as aspirants for fame in the list of new materials.

Then, again, there is another concession to be made to the healthy predilection for brightness and gaiety now evinced by the majority of women. To the subdued effect of the dark sets and laces dyed to match cloth has been due much of the sobriety of the winter toilette.

Many complexions and figures are not beautified by raiment deprived of the relief of white, wherefore the white chemisette—nay, even the corsage—is to be reinstated with draperies of colored chiffon to match the dress. There is a germ of good in the idea which when deftly developed will be found most acceptable.

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Already a fashionable couturier is making the most fascinating soft white silk and satin corsages draped, as I have said, with colored chiffon, and the pleasure with which his designs are being received speaks well for the future of the scheme.

A great deal depends, of course, upon the exact shade of white used with various materials, and that there are many the student of dress will realize. Oyster, ivory and pearl are among the possibilities, and there are various gradations of cream from cafe au lait to parchment. A crude contrast between white and color is not successful, but a carefully chosen one is quite the reverse. The beauty of mauve morte and cream is not to be denied, and leaf green looks infinitely brightened by a touch of parchment white.

Whether to wear a belt or whether not to do so is a question that can be answered with Fashion's absolute approval in the negative or affirmative according to taste and the requirements of the figure. One of the most elegant of frocks seen of late was made for the afternoon, and was finished audaciously by means of a black patent leather cincture fastened with a buckle at one side.

On the other hand the corselet skirt is still a la mode, and is found very useful in the morning, though only the perfectly proportioned or sylph-like figure looks well in it owing to its tendency to shorten the height above the waist, or, to use a dressmaker's phrase, "to cut up," the figure.

To counteract the effect of the sober winter suit a resource is offered in the fur scarves that are so very fashionable. The matronly looking tippet, the shoulder cape with tails disposed all over it, and the shaped scarf all give way before twisted twice round the throat without looking bulky, since it is as soft and easily manipulated as satin.

The furriers have surpassed themselves this winter in their efforts to combine elegance with splendor. They have been a little too adventurous in some cases perhaps, notably in a mingling of different furs upon one garment, always a hazardous course of procedure.

But in some instances different pelts look extremely well together. A mantle of caracul bordered with lynx, one of ermine with a flounce of fox, or a coat of mink with a skunk edging, look extremely rich, one fur setting off the beauty of the other; but in the case of smaller garments, such as scarfs and capes, the result of mignling two or three furs is not invariably happy. It is often said that the open air life of the present day dominates the fashions, and we are able to trace in some of the newests efforts in millinery the impetus lately given to aviation feats.

What of the skull cap, for example, which literally moulds the head, and is made of the softest white tailless ermine, with a border of the fur inset with tails tied at one side in a jaunty little bow?

The way in which the turban is pulled down over the head, so that only the merest glimpse of the coiffure is permitted, is said to prove the imitative tendencies of femininity, who must actually fancy themselves flying and under the stern necessity to keep their headgear on, though they are all the time walking on the solid earth.

THE GERMAN MONORAIL CAR

IN our recent article on Brennan's gyrostatic car, it was noted that his hand had been forced, in some degree, by the appearance of the Scherl car in Berlin. This car has now been brought to America and is making exhibition trips around an oval track in a Brooklyn skating rink. A description of it is contributed to The American Machinist (New York) by Prof. Wilhelm Kubler. After outlining the principles of gyrostatic balancing, which are practically the same in this system as in Brennan's, the author goes on to say:

"In the trial car the fly-wheels run at a speed of 7,000 to 8,000 revolutions per minute and upward, being driven by electric motors, which are the only drive seriously considered for railway purposes. How high this rotary speed may go is still in question. . . . With such weight as is entirely admissible very effective apparatus may be attained. The weight of the gyrostat mechanism, in the car before us, requires some 6 or 7 per cent. of the total weight of the vehicle. It is self-evident that in selecting a speed regard must be paid to the construction of the drive and to the strength of the material, one of the best of which is nickel steel.

"The revolving masses are enclosed in tight envelopes from which the air is excluded, so far as possible, thus minimizing friction, and using the least possible power from the motor. In the test car only about one-third of the horsepower was consumed by the gyrostat. As a result of the very small friction, it takes a great while for a gyrostat to come to rest, specifically about four hours. This removes the ground for apprehension that some disaster may befall the vehicle if the current be cut off from the gyrostat. In such a case the passengers have more than a whole hour in which to get out or in which to prop up the car by means provided for the purpose. Since, however, interruptions of current, if they occur, last, as a rule only a few minutes, they are practically negligible so far as regards the operating safety of the system. . .

"If the gyrostat is to be run in vacuo it will be unavoidable to place the motor in the vacuum with it. The difficulty of cooling will necessitate a good deal of study. Very novel and interesting problems are, therefore, presented to the builder of the electric motors. The gyrostat motors must in every case be so calculated that they will be able to impart a sufficiently great initial acceleration; since, if the revolving masses require four hours to come to rest, they also need a certain time to acquire their speed; and this is an important question in practical service. . . . It is self-evident from what has already been said that the gyrostat is not simply left to itself, but in a certain degree 'governed,' although by a perfectly automatic method.

"It is in the contrivance for this purpose that the inventiveness of the Dresden gentleman has been especially displayed.

"It is hardly to be feared that the gyrostats will take up much more space that would otherwise be useful. They are built very low in the car, to whose frame they are directly attached. Even if the space over the gyrostate be not adapted to seating purposes, some other use can be found for it . . .

"A single disadvantage is still present, although this also may be very easily removed; it is the loud noise produced by the fly-wheel, and sometimes increased by resonance. If the bearing be modified and the inside mechanism somewhat altered, this disagreeable feature will disappear.

"If, now, it be seriously questioned whether this new vehicle is actually destined to lead an important advance in railroading, an affirmative answer may be given. The advantages of the monorail system have often enough been stated and are beyond doubt. It is much safer, easier and cheaper to lay a single rail very firmly and accurately than a pair of rails. It is also simpler to maintain this single rail with the care required for ordinary service.

"As a road structure there is used in the Dresden experimental road a common iron bar laid on concrete strips. In

Graceful in the Extreme—A Cloak of Serpent Green Liberty Satin

the public introduction of the car, at the exhibition hall of the Berlin Zoological Garden, a common railway rail is used. I have had opportunity to ride in this car myself and to determine that smoothness and safety of locomotion throughout are not less than upon a double-rail track. When standing still and moving slowly, one or more persons could jump up and down without shaking the car. The passage over unfavorable curves is possible in the Scherl car. The danger of derailing is not greater than on other roads, perhaps even less. It is not the least advantage that, should the car leave the track, on a level road at least, the gyrostat would, as a rule, keep the car upright. Naturally I will not say that there are no questions left for engineers to answer in future monorailroad building. Even in ordinary railroading new problems are from time to time presented. But these problems are no longer of a fundamental nature, nor will they be such henceforth upon mono-railroads."

Mr. S. L. F. Deyo, chief engineer of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, said, after seeing the car in operation:

"I do not think the monorail car has passed out of the experimental stage yet, but that is not saying that I do not believe that some day it will come into use for certain kinds of travel. If there were a collision, for instance, and a monorail car were derailed, it would probably turn turtle. In such a case I would prefer to be on board of a two-rail car."

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA

TRAVELLERS love islands. Romancers, novelists, poets, artists, adventurous spirits, all love them. An island is to the ocean what an oasis is to the desert. It is a relief to the expanse. It is the focus of a picture. It is inviting. It is mysterious. What lies within it? It is different from the mainland. It is separated, cut off. It is complete in itself. It is not a part of anything. It is itself a continent in miniature. To visit it is to discover it. In a sense, every traveller is a discoverer. No two see quite the same things. If one had his choice as to what he should discover, would it not be an island? The islands embraced in its itinerary are a remarkable feature of the cruise of the S.S. "Oceana"—one of a series of ten cruises scheduled for the coming summer by the Hamburg-American Line. The cruises and the ports visited are fascinatingly described in an attractive booklet just issued by the company, entitled "Summer Voyages," a copy of which will be sent upon application.

THE BOAT THAT NATURE BUILT

MAN makes the largest sea-going vessels, but Nature constructs the smallest. This, a species of jellyfish, is found only in tropical seas, and it has a sail.

That part of the fish that is submerged resembles a mass of tangled threads, while the "sail" looks like a tough membrane, shaped like a shell, and measuring quite five inches or more across. The jellyfish can raise or lower this sail at will.

Knowing seamen avoid contact with this curiosity of Nature, for the reason that each of the threads composing its body possesses the power of inflicting a very painful sting. This sting enables the jelly fish to defend itself from porpoises, albatrosses, and other natural enemies.

It may be added that this odd little creature has no other means of locomotion aside from its sail. When seen skimming along the surface of the water, it closely resembles a child's toy boat, giving no indication whatever of a living creature in search of food.

WINNIPEG BONSPIEL

OF course the Bonspiel is the large sound wave this week and next. We of Winnipeg have become so used to having this Bonspiel every winter that we don't think of it as one of the biggest things on ice—or off it—we just look upon it as a good thing—one of the many that we have.

As a matter of fact, when we stop to analyze it, the Bonspiel is one of the great sporting events of the world and represents a combination of sporting interests so large and so widespread that there aren't many events of the sort in any part of the world that reach out so far or gather so many actual players. When we cast our eye over the map, it reads a good many miles from Nova Scotia to Dawson City, a good many miles from New York and Boston to Winnipeg and a good many from Montana to Manitoba. And yet all of this is tributary territory for the Winnipeg Bonspiel and sometimes we stretch our hands across the sea and get a few of our "brithers a'" from Scotland to come and take a hand at the game they made and love. No doubt if there were curlers in Florida and South America we should have them at our Bonspiel, but, alas for the puir wee bodies who live in those awfu' hot countries, they've no curling, more's the pity.

But there's a good few that come else. They gather here in Winnipeg from the breadth of the continent, and from a good bit of it's length. When they come up from the Atlantic coast, they travel hard upon two thousand miles to their fun, and when the lads come down from Dawson, it takes them the best part of a month to make the trip and costs each man five or six hundred dollars for his expenses. The same is true—with modifications—of the other long-distance trips that are made to the Winnipeg Bonspiel and if you know of many sporting events that gather 'em in like that, you got me guessing what they are. For dead certain sure, there isn't another in the world that does the like in the winter time and especially winter of the man-grown type that we do most affect. It is a real thing in sports, the Winnipeg Bonspiel, none like it.

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THERE'S good reason for all the fame that our Bonspiel has gathered unto itself, too. In the first place, the game is one of the very best of all the games played by man. Simple elements, countless combinations, and an unlimited field for study and development of skill, go to make up the true game of games and here curling has every game, with the possible exception of billiards, with a crick in the back of their necks from looking upward. In some respects it even beats billiards, because billiards is a one-man game and curling gives room for some of the finest team plays that could be conceived and team play must always be rated higher than individual play, because it calls for the highest elements of sport—consideration of the whole and sacrifice of self to the general good when this becomes necessary.

Every man is more or less a hog in games or business. A good deal depends on predisposition and another good deal on his bringing up, and you can lay it down for a solid fact that a big, big deal hangs upon the games he plays and how he's made to play 'em. In fact, it takes about every derned thing in the world to knock the natural born hog out of the average man, and any game that helps to do this is right in line for the thanks and admiration of the whole outfit of mankind—the extra selfish ones and the few who are unselfish, the very, very few. Of course, curling doesn't root out all the bristles that grow on the backs of men—no game or work could do that—but it makes 'em so derned conspicuous that the chap who has 'em looks like a black cat in a snowdrift—mighty conspicuous—and if that doesn't cure him of some of his cussedness, it at least makes him loom so large that the others can see him a long way off and go around him when there's any picking and choosing to be done. It is sure a great point for curling that it helps to reduce the hog to the lowest point of usefulness and to make him more useful and more happy in proportion as he is less of a hog and more of a man.

Then there's the beauty of the game from an amateur point of view. Nobody could imagine professional curling. The game is at once too intricate and too simple to be spectacular and it is mostly games that lend themselves to the spectacular that become professional. Of course, there's no reason why rival curling rinks may not put up a money prize to play for—a bet made by themselves—but we have to score another credit mark to curling that this is not done, or if it is done at all, it isn't made conspicuous by being made into a regular match for money. Goodness knows, there are enough prizes offered at every bonspiel to make mere money meanly meretricious, but that doesn't alter the fact that curling is a strongly amateur game, a game for the player and not for the spectator, although he who looks may see a deal to enjoy and to learn from.

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NO doubt those prizes help to bring the curlers together, and why should they not? It is about as natural for a man to want to get something for work or play as it is to eat when hunger grips the stomach. That is in a tournament, of course, for thousands play in everyday events at even the most strongly professional games, for the very fun of the thing. We hear a lot, of course, about these chaps who fish all day and are amply rewarded if they get a bite—an assurance that fish were there to be caught. Also much of those who hunt day after day without landing a feather or fur and are yet content because they have hunted. Also of those who are as well pleased to lose as to win, and very, very much about the men who, with plenty to keep them and theirs still keep at work for the mere joy of working. Never believe it—neither the one nor the other. If those first chaps are so well suited with bites and no fish, with hunting and no birds or other game, why do they look about for good fishing and good hunting places? They'll travel miles to fish a stream or lake where fish are reported plentiful or to hunt cover in which there are said to be birds and game galore. If the other thing suits them best, they can find it with a lot less trouble and get their full of it. Just the same with the men who love to lose; they work day and night to perfect their game so that few can beat them when they have the joy of losing at their command by being as poor as possible—the easiest of all easy things. And if you want to find out how much these old duffers will do for love of it put up a proposition that is all work and no money and see 'em beat Jim Corbett's smoothest sidestepping to get away from it. Nothing to it; men mostly play or work to get something—to beat somebody, and when these things are cut out of the estimates, their interest goes along with it.

And so the prizes help to make the Bonspiel attractive, and no wonder, for I doubt if there is another amateur sporting event in the world that offers so many real prizes as this Bonspiel of ours. There's a sure enough load of 'em and all good. Cups until the company or eminent citizen who hasn't given one for Bonspiel competition is scarcer than those who have, by a long mark. Watches, so many that these chaps who have formed the habit of winning 'em year after year must have one for each pocket in each suit of clothes. Silver services, stick-pins; diamonds, lockets, chains; everything to make the spirit of mortal proud to win and to be really useful and ornamental besides. What with the bully good game that curling is and the rewards that go to the winners, is it any wonder that Winnipeg draws 'em in from thousands of miles away for the February fortnight? Not the least in the world; if there is any wonder it is that more don't come and from further away.

A PLANTER OF PEARLS

WE hear of poultry farms, and bee farms, of cattle farms, and dog farms, but so far as is known, there is only one pearl farm. It is a large farm, for it extends over some five thousand square miles and is covered by shallow water. The site of this farm is Torres Strait, at the northmost point of Australia.

It belongs to a capitalist known in that quarter of the world as "the king of pearl-fishers." He stocked it with one hundred and fifty thousand pearl oysters rather more than ten years ago. It takes one thousand five hundred men to gather in his crop, of whom two hundred are divers. Two hundred and fifty vessels are regularly employed.

In the shallow water that covers his great farm the shells grow very large, and the divers can operate well. The harvest is no mean one, for the pearls, when sold in London, fetch two hundred thousand dollars and upward every year.

THE MAN WHO WINS

A READY memory for names of persons and their faces is a tremendous advantage to a young man. We may not be quite able to explain it, yet there is no one who will deny being greatly pleased when his name is spoken at an office door. The clerk who can do it eighty times out of a hundred is rare. Most young men can hardly accost a third of the customers who enter the store by name.

The politician who can do what James G. Blaine always did and with such apparent ease (call the voters that thronged his platform by name) perhaps never will be seen again. It went a long way toward kindling that unreasoning enthusiasm for the "Plumed Knight" that was nigh to religious worship itself.

There are not lacking nemonic systems that will assist the poorest memory in fastening the names upon introduction. The key to all is to give sharp heed to the name, even if you have to ask again for it. Then simply associate it with that man's features. It is worth the effort, because every one has a bit of personal vanity which is touched by the ready recognition, as if he were of some little importance in the world.

Worth while because the buyer in town, pacing the corridor unnoticed, turns to you with a confidence far beyond what it is really worth when you put out your hand with his name. The law firm that has a man who never forgets a name eventually promotes that member to the high and easy life of doing not much else but greet people. He can bring in more business than all the rest of the firm combined. He knows people.

Great thing! Most of us do not know our neighbor and in church or club walk about to disadvantage, unable to address our fellows by name.

It is, however, a genuine interest in persons that gives staying power to the art of recognition. You are really sincere in your attention to this new acquaintance for the time being. What he has to say, what he is you honestly acknowledge. That fastens him in mind.

All friendships begin that way. They are mere introductions, then acquaintances, then friends. We are so many million on millions that tread the sod. Old friends remove and all are mortal. He who makes no new friends will find himself lonesome by middle life. There are as good and true men whom you do not yet know as any you ever did know.

Be sincere yourself and you will find sincerity. The mere trick of memorizing names and faces for trade purposes is a labor hardly worth the effort. But a genuine pleasure is a wide knowledge of one's fellowmen, an eye quick to read the face that is manly, a fraternal heart in fact, make some men rich in acquaintances whose names they can call by the thousands, and when they speak the thousands gladly acknowledge that salutation.

A NOVEL USE FOR MEGAPHONES

ON an island off the Connecticut coast there stands a huge revolving platform whereon are placed eight large megaphones, each measuring some seventeen feet and having a mouth seven feet in diameter.

These horns are intended to cry warning to vessels at every point of the compass, the power being furnished by a steam whistle.

Their cry has been heard a distance of twenty miles, and when the wind is favorable it will carry nearly twice as far.

The instruments utter their warnings every fifteen seconds, each megaphone giving out its cry in turn, so that the warning notes make their way out over the water in every direction. There is a combination of short and long blasts for each point of the compass, so that mariners may know exactly whence the sound proceeds.

At Diamond Shoals, off Cape Hatteras, that graveyard of the Atlantic where, by reason of the shifty character of the soil, it has been found impracticable to erect a lighthouse, the Federal Government has intalled a contrivance held down by "mushroom" anchors. This instrument consists of two big megaphones, with a diaphragm vibrated by electricity. The machine is operated by clockwork, and, once wound up, shouts for many months without the necessity of any attention on the part of attendants. In calm weather the shout of this instrument is audible for a distance of twenty-five miles.

WHAT astonishes the visiting Briton most is the manner in which every kind of immigrant to the United States adapts himself to the prevailing ideas about Englishmen. In the course of conversation with the noble Italian who condescends to brighten shoes, the visitor informed the bootblack that he was an Englishman—and Englishmen had a great respect for Italians, and had entertained Garibaldi in grand style. "Inglees! Ha! Ha! Inglees!" said Diego in soft, musical tones. "Ha! They spic no good, dey droppa da haitch!"

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