

Women's Ways and Fancies

Empire Dancing Gown Popular



The gown shown in the illustration is a dance frock of peachblow changeable pussy willow taffeta, the straight gathered skirt attached to the short waisted bodice by a frill and a cord of black velvet and taffeta. The bodice is very simple, consisting only of a wide band of black velvet boldly embroidered in silver in sunflower design, held in place by two shoulder straps of silver embroidered in velvet and wisps of white tulle. A wide band of velvet embroidered in similar design to the bodice hems the skirt.

SPRING SHOE STYLES.

Surely the spring modes of 1915 were not designed for a climate where warm weather comes early in spite of the fact that most of them are supposed to have been designed in America. Choker collars, floating yells, long sleeves and high boots, is there a more alluring list if winter were only advancing instead of fading into spring? But, to return to the subject of footwear, there is no question but that high boots are vastly becoming and suitable for street wear, and it is high time that some one came to the rescue of the long suffering woman who for many moons has been buying silk stockings by the hundred in order to appear decently neat about the feet in gauzy coverings that scarcely allow of more than one wearing.

There are, of course, plenty of smart

low shoes and pumps for those who prefer them and for dressy wear, and the half shoe with buttoned upper of colored suede or cloth covering the instep follows the general lines of the taller boot.

The Useful Sailor.

Every one is glad that the sailor shape is in evidence in spring millinery. Many hats there are of picture type, poke shapes, too, that are vastly becoming. But for general wear nothing is so smart as the sailor. It will probably be worn a good deal when warmer weather comes.

Ether Removes Grease Stains.

Ether is a very good thing to remove grease stains from wearing apparel. Another method is to dip the garment in tepid water, then place it in cold water to which a little borax has been added. The article should be soaked for several hours and then dried quickly.

A Triple Play



—New York Evening Telegram.

FASHION HINTS.

Women Must Look Supple and Have Small Heads.

Coats are complicated and very varied. A delightful little model is something like a mess jacket, another is like a Russian blouse with a flounce, and there is a whole series of semi-fitting three-quarter coats with and without collars, just as there are some quite long models and some boleros. The shoulders may be said to follow the line of the body, but as the line of the body is so often faulty, according to the tailor's idea, this point has to be decided at the fittings. In all the models, in spite of their military cut, there is no suggestion of stiffness or that old-fashioned "tall built" look which used to mark us when we wore high, masculine collars, red ties, square toed boots and tan gloves, with white ones as a concession to afternoon calls.

The unalterable law of fashion today is that a woman must look supple, and with a loose waist, a free chest and properly balanced boots she should arrive at the springy, fleet movements of a Diana. At present, however, the bad habits of last year's tight skirts still make her walk anything but gracefully.

IRISH CROCHET.

One Use For This Lace Which Fashionably Is a Bit Passe.

One admirable use of Irish crochet was made by a well known New York dressmaker whose customer had great quantities of this lace and wanted to use it. An entire clinging underrobe was made of the lace, and this was entirely veiled in a deep electric blue chiffon, so sheer that all the bold pattern of the lace could be seen through it. This chiffon overdress was quite without trimmings, but the skirt was full and floated out from the narrow under silhouette in cloud-like fashion. A wide girde of silver tissue was wound round the waist and a very narrow line of silver lace finished the shallow round neck and the loose, short bell sleeves. To any one who has a left over frock of Irish crochet and net such as was worn so generally some years ago this idea should commend itself.

Use of Cards.

If a double card is used with Mr. and Mrs. engraved on it when calling on a married woman leave just one. In making a first call on a married couple, however, the wife leaves her own card and two of her husband's, keeping the combination card for use in subsequent calls. An engagement announcement should be acknowledged. Send a card with or without a polite acknowledgment and greeting in a few words, such as "Congratulations and good wishes." In making an evening call a man waits until the maid tells him he will be received, when he removes his hat, coat and gloves in the hall before being ushered into the reception room.

Parrots Win Where Statesmen Lose; or, How to Gain a Husband

By PAULINE RANDOLPH

"LUCY," said Mrs. Arnold to her niece, Lucy MacKnight, "how about this affair between you and George Horblison? George has been attentive to you for six months, and so far as I know nothing has come of it."

"What can I do, Aunt Rebecca? I can't make him propose."

"My dear," said the old lady in a kindly tone, "I have a suggestion to make."

"What is it, Aunt Beck?"

"Get a parrot."

"A parrot?"

"Yes, a parrot. But you'll understand me better after I have told you a story. When I was your age a number of young men at different times showed me a good deal of attention, but any one who married me must furnish all the income on which we would live, for I hadn't a cent. There's many a splendid girl who has remained a maid for this reason. Any prudent young man is liable to balk because the girl he would make his wife can furnish nothing toward the family support.

"Half a dozen young men had been devoted to me, but when each had become convinced that he must shoulder the whole load if he married me he withdrew. One day at the beginning of the summer a friend of my mother's came in and said that she and her family were going to the country and asked if we would take care of her parrot while they were gone. Mother said she would be happy to accommodate her, and the parrot—they called him Roger—was brought over. He was a queer looking bird—all parrots are—and was very amusing. The way he would climb about his cage, muttering to himself, made us all laugh. To me he seemed like an alderman in a red waistcoat.

"We put Roger on the porch, which was nicely fitted for summer lounging, and usually left him there all night, except when it stormed. In the evening we sat there ourselves; at least I did, for I found it a very convenient place to receive my friends.

"That spring I had met a young man who seemed to be as much pleased with me as the others had been, and by the time summer came he was giving me the usual devotion. But he was a clerk on something like \$1,200 a year salary, with nothing laid up or in prospect, and I expected that when September came and those away for the summer returned I should be left out in the cold again.

"During August there was scarcely any one in town, and my admirer had no place to go except to our house, and he was there four or five evenings a week. The truth is, this fact of his having nowhere else to go was the principal reason for his coming so often to see me. He never said a word

about love or marriage, though I admit—but I am getting ahead of my story.

"Well, Jack, as I have said, spent nearly every evening during July and August at our house. Sometimes my mother used to sit with us, but mother was afraid of the night air, and since we always sat on the porch she didn't trouble us very much. Jack used to apologize for being at the house so much, saying that if we could stand him till his mother and sisters came home he would give us a rest. I knew very well that he said this to prevent my considering his attentions serious. Of course I told him he was quite welcome and since all our friends were out of town I was as needful of his company as he was of mine.

"On the 1st of September Roger's owner returned to the city and the same evening came around for her pet. Jack was there, as usual, and mother and the lady came out on to the porch for the parrot. Jack rose and was introduced to the lady. He did not reseat himself, but stood on the step where he usually stood when I bid him good night on his leaving me.

"Roger was evidently quite pleased to see his mistress again and strutted about, whetting his beak on his perch and showing off all kinds of antics. When Jack said that he would bid us good evening the parrot suddenly exclaimed:

"'Goodby.'"

"Every one laughed, and doubtless this excited the parrot to further remark.

"'Give me another, Beck,' cried the bird.

"Our porch was furnished with an electric light, which Jack and I always kept turned off. Tonight it was turned on, and my crimson cheeks betrayed Roger's meaning. Jack in confusion was walking away when the parrot cried out:

"'Come back, Jack. You may have one more.'"

"I turned and ran into the house and up to my room, where I suffered no end of mortification. I knew the story would soon be all over town, and it was. Every time Jack met an acquaintance he was hailed with the words 'Give me another,' and my girl friends taunted me with 'Come back, Jack; you may have one more.' The result was that Jack was driven into matrimony with me and I with him. We were married and have lived happily ever since."

"Aunt," said Lucy, "where can I get a parrot and how much would one cost?"

"You don't need a parrot, dearie. There are plenty of other devices that will do as well."

"Yes, auntie, but the parrot does it all himself."

Religious

"Get Them Out" Plan Approved. Methodist Episcopal clergymen attending a New York conference recently received with applause the details of Newburgh's (N. Y.) "get them out" campaign. All denominations united, newspaper advertisements and other publicity measures were adopted, and a church attendance of 18,000 was obtained in a city whose population is 27,000.

Hiram B. Odell, an Episcopalian and a brother of former Governor Odell, was chairman of the "get them out" committee. It was announced that the plan would be adopted permanently. Marietta, O., is the only other city where it has been tried.

Members of the conference thought that the United States could end the war by placing an embargo on military supplies. The opinion was expressed by Bishop Luther B. Wilson and other clergymen in discussing the Rev. Andrew Schriver's motion to appoint a committee to report on the general state of the country.

THE DARDANELLES.

A Strait Famed In Mythology as Well as in History.

The Dardanelles and the Hellespont are names for the same thing. At its narrowest place the strait is less than a mile wide. On one side is Asia, and on the other is Europe.

The strait is famous in mythology. The pre-Christian incursions of barbarians into Europe often were halted there.

Xerxes and Alexander ferried across. One determined to destroy the civilization of Greece and the other to diffuse Grecian culture over the whole world.

Crusaders went back and forth over this strait. The Roman empire of the east commanded it even after the Mohammedans had established themselves at Adrianople.

By treaty and by consent and by her situation Turkey was given control of this strait.

Strange to say, in modern times the first ship of war that ever passed through flew the flag of America. Bainbridge ran by the guns of the forts and unfurled the stars and stripes in front of Constantinople, and in that city he and the American crew were elaborately entertained.

For many centuries Russia has looked with eager eyes for the control of the shores along this strait.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

SWEETHEARTS.

I F lovers were lovers always—
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

BUT husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

HAPPY is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still—
Whose voice, as of old, can charm;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill;

WHO has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace.
—Daniel O'Connell.

BLUNDERING REPORTERS.

Mistakes That Mangled the Speakers' Words and Feelings.

"Drunkenness is folly!" earnestly exclaimed Bishop Magee in the house of lords on a celebrated occasion. How horrified was the prelate to read in the papers next morning that he had given utterance to the very bacchanalian sentiment, "Drunkenness is Jolly!"

Lord Salisbury was a master phrase-maker, but one of his best points was spoiled when a careless reporter turned his reference to "manacles and Manitoba" into the meaningless "manacles and men at the bar."

Sir William Harcourt was badly misquoted once. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" he exclaimed upon the platform, but one reporter had it: "Great Dinah! What a farce is this!"

Lack of knowledge of familiar quotations is a prolific source of misreporting. For instance, a speaker once made use of the well known lines from Milton's "L'Allegro":

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven ye'cept Euphrosyne.

The brilliant reporter deputed to "take him down" was in despair. He could not make head or tail of this mysterious utterance. But, following the sound as far as possible, he seized his pen and produced the following gem:

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven she crept and froze her knee.
The speaker was taken down in more senses than one.—London Answers.

I WONDER.

I WONDER if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rime was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I WONDER if ever a rose was found
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah, never on earth shall we find the best!
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portal of shining gold.
—Author Unknown.

A Mean Critic.

"How realistic your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water!"
"A sunset makes your mouth water!"
"Oh, it is a sunset, is it? I thought it was a fried egg!"

For the Paper's Younger Readers

HOW THE "FAT MAN" GROWS.

Explaining a Stage Trick Which Has Mystified Many.

How many of the readers of this paper have seen the "fat man" trick in a pantomime and wondered how it was done? One of the characters in the pantomime sits at a table and ravenously eats dish after dish of food that a servant brings to him. Presently the man, who, like most ravenous eaters, was rather thin and scrawny, begins to grow plump. His clothes fit him snugly. His waistcoat steadily swells out under the very eyes of the audience. All the while he is eating like a sausage machine. In a few minutes he has grown to be a giant eight or nine feet tall and with the proportions of an inflated balloon. How is it done? To begin with, of course the food is not real food. It is ingeniously made of tissue paper—joints, vegetables, fowls and even the bread—and the actor chews it up into little pellets while using his napkin. His clothes are all of rubber and made to fit air tight around the wrists and neck. In sitting down he puts the heel of one boot over a little trap in the stage. An assistant below immediately couples a tube running from a bellows to a hole in the boot heel. Then he blows him up. By the time the suit has grown so big that there is danger of bursting the wind supply is cut off and the boot heel is plugged up. Then by an ingenious arrangement of springs under the actor's feet the height is acquired.

SPILLING OUT QUESTIONS.

Sent all the players save three in a row. The first of these three goes to each player and whispers in his ear some sentence descriptive of where he is supposed to be, the second player follows with a sentence telling what he is supposed to be doing and the third tells him whom he is supposed to be with. The first of the three then calls the name of some player and that player must give in one long sentence the three given him. If he laughs he pays a forfeit. As the three leaders are each ignorant of what the other gives the results are apt to be ludicrous.

One player saying "I am in the middle of the Atlantic ocean popping corn with Mary Smith," while another declares "I am in an airship darning stockings for Joe Brown," is apt to produce a gale of merriment.

"YOU QUIT KIDDIN'," SHE SAID TO THE PRESIDENT

If Mr. Wilson Called You By Phone Would You Answer Him That Way?—Little Miss Tumulty Did.

Miss Mary Tumulty, eldest daughter of President Wilson's secretary, was thirteen years old a short time ago. On her birthday the Tumulty telephone rang, and Miss Mary was called. When she said "Hello!" a voice on the other end of the wire replied:

"This is President Wilson. I want to congratulate you on your birthday."

"You quit kiddin'," said Miss Mary. "You can't fool me."

"Why, this is the president," the voice replied. "I trust you do not object to me calling you on the phone. I merely wanted to congratulate you."

Mr. Tumulty appeared and immediately assured his daughter she was not being "kidded," but was really talking with the president of the United States, and then Miss Mary dropped the receiver, trembling.

Hidden Cities.

1. Anna polishes the silver when company is expected.
 2. The unselfish hero bleeds for his country.
 3. Will Douglas go west if we give him a ticket?
 4. When we told her to go she neatly turned up her sleeves and cooked dinner.
 5. There came to my room a hare pursued by the hunters.
 6. I am her stalwart champion for ever.
 7. I called the hat extraordinary, chic, a gorgeous millinery confection.
- Answers.—1. Annapolis. 2. Leeds. 3. Glasgow. 4. Goshen. 5. Omaha. 6. Amherst. 7. Chicago.

Badges to Boy Scouts.

The American ambassador, Walter Hines Page, recently presented in behalf of the American Boy Scouts gold badges to twenty-five English boy scouts who assisted the American relief committee during the rush following the declaration of war. Mr. Page also sent letters, with badges, to five boy scouts now serving in the war zone.



Photo by American Press Association.

Mary Tumulty, Congratulated by President Wilson on Thirteenth Birthday.

A Bear Postman.

The most curious letter carrier yet heard of seems to be one that covered a small route in far off Alaska some months ago—nothing less than a bear harnessed to a bicycle on which his master fastened the mail sack. Bruin hauled the load while his master steered the wheel, and so much interest was excited by this strange combination that the outfit was taken to England for exhibition purposes.—St. Nicholas.