

What the Business Girl Wears to Her Work; What Should She Wear?

In Advocating Decent Dress "A Mother" Goes to the Other Extreme in Suggesting What Amounts to a Uniform for the Business Office—Girls Will Dress Correctly When They Forget Vanity and Use Common Sense.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"Keep up the fight for decent dress and ridicule the present outrageous styles and you will do untold good in many a home."

That is the concluding sentence from "A Mother" of one of the most earnest letters I have received on the topic of the business girl's dress. But I am afraid I don't agree with one of the writer's suggestions. She advocates a uniform of dress among workers in business offices, such as now obtains in hotels and in large shops. This procedure seems to me unnecessary and unpleasant.

The only thing worse than looking like an animated domino is being one. The black with white spots worn by long rows of girls behind the counter, worn by them whether they are slender or stout, tall or small, sailor or rosy, lends an additional monotony to the world of shops and must chafe every free and independent spirit whose flesh is clothed in it.

To be sure, there are not as many varieties of dress as of income grades, but business girls may dress properly and well without adopting uniforms. Every girl should choose for her clothes the colors that suit her best. The simple one-piece dress, the simply tailored suit, are equally suitable for office wear, and the business girl ought to select the costume that is the more becoming. What "A Mother" calls "the fight for decent dress" does not mean the fight for unattractive dress for unattractive dress. But there is no true beauty without suitability, and the skirts of a circus rider, the stockings of a burlesque queen, the complexion of a Broadway hour, are not suited to the atmosphere of the business office.

We have had some constructive suggestions as to suitable business dress from our correspondents. Let us hear from others from all of you who believe that you have evolved an attractive and sensible costume for the daily task downtown. Your communications, undoubtedly will prove practical and helpful to girls who are beginning their business life, and to girls who are ignorant of the proper dress to wear in their appearance.

SENSELESS ATTIRE FOR BUSINESS GIRLS IS POSSIBLE. "Dear Madam: I think it is about time something were done about the dress and appearance of those young office women and their stenographers. Absolute freaks that I see pass my window daily, with their silk and chiffon dresses, knee-length skirts, silk stockings and high heeled pumps make one wonder how any respectable conducted office could tolerate such objects, and my husband tells me that the few I see are nothing to what is to be seen in the city.

"Why do not all business men agree to engage any young woman who does not dress suitably? It could easily be done. All the better class of business houses, such as stores, hotels, &c., insist upon a certain uniformity in the appearance of their employees; so why not offices?"

"How many offices would tolerate a young man coming to work in evening dress or in tennis get-up or any other freakish attire? So why should women dress in evening attire to go to the same kind of work? It is only the foolish ones who do so, and if a plain and suitable costume were insisted upon it would very soon be found that office labor had lost its attractions and they would turn to work more suited to their intelligence.

"There are so many pretty and sensible dresses for girls nowadays that there is no excuse for their dressing like demi-mondaines. Pretty and suitable summer dresses are within reach of any one's purse, and for winter what could be prettier than blue, green or brown serge dress, with a neat collar and ankle-length skirt? Keep up the fight for decent dress and ridicule the present outrageous styles and you will do untold good in many a home.

"A MOTHER." GIRLS DON'T NEGLECT YOUR BUSINESS FOR DRESS. "Dear Madam: This is what I would say to the business girl: When you choose what you shall wear at the store or office, base your choice on suitability. Whether you be saleswoman, cash girl or shipping clerk, have your clothes fit your work as well as your person.

"Business dress should be serviceable and it should be neat—the kind that is easily kept neat. It can be up to date, but it should be inconspicuous. Don't let your customer notice your dress before she observes and appreciates your pleasant look of attention. Make your dress secondary to your personality.

"A customer's eyes are gladdened by an attentive, properly costumed salesman or saleswoman. At first sight she has confidence in the clerk's good taste and judgment, and that helps to a quick purchase and a speedy sale for you. Follow the lead. The sale means just so much to your individual credit. Every favorable impression you make on a customer swells your list of credits with your department head, with the store man-

First Day in the New Flat

By Maurice Ketten

Comic strip panels with dialogue: 'WHERE ARE THE BATH TOWELS?', 'I DON'T KNOW JOHN, NOTHING IS UNPACKED...', 'DON'T I GET ANYTHING HOT FOR BREAKFAST?', 'NO, THE GAS STOVE IS NOT CONNECTED YET...', 'WHAT AWFUL PAPER! IT DOESN'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE THE SAMPLE', 'I TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE HIDEOUS ON THE WALL', 'THAT NOISE UP ABOVE IS TERRIBLE! SOUNDS LIKE THEY ARE PLAYING CROQUET', 'AND THEY TOLD ME IT WAS SOUND PROOF', 'WHERE ARE YOU GOING JOHN? THAT'S NOT THE FRONT DOOR', 'HAVEN'T I LEARNED THE LAYOUT OF THIS FLAT YET', 'JOHN, RUN DOWN AND GET SOME CANDLES THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IS NOT TURNED ON', 'DING BUST IT! I NOTIFIED THE COMPANY SIX MONTHS AGO'.

The Evening World's Beauty and Health Column

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

Through This Column Miss Furlong Will Reply to Women Readers' Questions Regarding Exercise, Diet and Other Means of Preserving Good Health and Good Looks.

How the Body Gets Life From the Food We Eat.

YESTERDAY I explained to my readers the classifications of foods and today I shall tell you how these are used up in the system. I have told you that foods supply the body with energy and heat and build tissue. They are burned up in the system, much the same as fuel is burned in a stove, and this very oxidation produces energy. This process of oxidation of foods which takes place in the body, helps it to carry on the vital processes, circulation, digestion, breathing and elimination, and aids it in keeping normal and healthy temperature.

This is the vital process called life, and the burning up of food and cells in the body is called oxidation. I have told my readers in recent lessons about how the little cells in the human body are made and created and constantly torn down and thrown from the body as waste matter during the wonderful process of life. Only through an intelligent selection of nourishing foods, taken in just the proper amount to sustain the body, can this important work of rebuilding the body go on.

PERSPIRATION ODORS—R. T. writes: "I have let my hands perspire through your column what will destroy perspiration odors of the body and also what will remove warts." Absolute cleanliness is the best remedy for perspiration odors. Wash the parts in soap and water several times each day. Powder with borax powder and wear clean underclothing and wash daily. Use a solution of the following mixture on the body after bathing: Alcohol one pint, salicylic acid two drams. Touch the warts with a stick of lard, caustic, previously dipped in water. Repeat if necessary. They will turn black and drop off in a few days.

WRINKLED HANDS—Margaret T. writes: "My hands look like those of a woman seventy years old and I am not thirty. What causes them to be so dry and wrinkled? Is there some remedy for this condition?" Avoid placing the hands in hot soapy water. Wear rubber gloves when you are compelled to keep the hands in water for any length of time. Rub hands with sweet almond oil, olive oil or cocoa butter each night for at least five minutes. This will bring about a marked improvement.

EXERCISES FOR DELICATE WOMEN—Mrs. Frank J. asks: "Which exercises if any, do you recommend for a woman in delicate condition?" By all means, take physical culture exercises of a milder sort. Deep breathing, stretching, relaxing and walking in the sunshine are very beneficial.

PIMPLES—N. R. asks: "Is carbolic soap good for pimples and should I use the face brush? I so, what kind do you recommend?" Do not use the face brush on pimples. Yes, carbolic soap is beneficial and use daily. Rub on the face. The face brush is used to remove blackheads.

CUCUMBER BLEACH—Arnes D. asks: "Are cucumbers bleaching to the skin and can you give me a lotion made from them?" Cucumbers contain arsenic and are bleaching to the skin. Wash and soap the face with water and clean water. Strain and mix the juice with an equal quantity of alcohol. This is also astringent and lightening to the skin.

WANTS WEIGHT—Mrs. Frank G. writes: "I am 5 feet 6 and weight 200 pounds. Please tell me what I should weigh?" You should weigh 141 pounds.

GAINED ELEVEN POUNDS—KITTY L. writes: "I enjoy reading your lessons and followed your last developing course and gain 11 pounds. Please tell me again the cause and cure for an unhealthy complexion. I wash my hair with castile soap and brush it each night fifty times, as you suggested, but a day or so after washing it is heavy with oil. What will prevent this?" A poor complexion is the result of some internal disturbance and retained waste in the body. The blood will have to be cleansed of impurities through deep breathing, light diet, daily exercise, baths and copious water drinking. Oily hair should be washed with tar or sulphur soap and not castile. Do not brush the oily scalp and hair.

Where Rice is Grown THE first rice introduced into North America was at Charleston, S. C. in 1671. It was planted first in vegetable gardens in that city and it yielded so abundantly that its culture was successfully attempted on a larger scale, eventually becoming one of the leading agricultural products of the South. In Texas and Louisiana the custom of observing "Rice Day" on the last day of September was instituted a few years ago. All the numerous varieties of cultivated rice originated from a wild plant called in India the Newar rice. Rice was cultivated in India, China and Japan the divided times, and in Syria as early as 400 B. C. Rice was first cultivated in Italy, the leading rice-growing country of Europe, at Pisa in 1468. China is supposed to lead the world in rice production by a great margin, but the actual production is unknown. British India is second among the rice-growing countries. The production of the United States was 23,649,000 bushels in 1914. The national beverage of Japan, sake, is prepared entirely from fermented rice.

Simple Photo Holder A HOLDER for show cards, photographs or other purposes where a small stand or easel is required, may be made from a piece of cardboard, cut and folded as shown in the illustration, says Popular Mechanics. A section of cardboard of a suitable color is cut to the shape shown A, and the dotted line indicated upon it. By folding the piece on the dotted line, as at B, two supports are provided, and the card or other article may be set in the two small notches at the front of the device, as indicated at C. The holder has the advantage that it may be made quickly and is quite inexpensive.

SAM Love Clashes With Pride in This Delightful Story of a Summer Girl's Flirtations

By E. J. Rath

CHAPTER II. (Continued.) SOMEBODY had left a rocking chair on the Witherbee lawn. She had not observed it when she approached the house, but now she fell over it. It bumped her knee cruelly. In addition to depositing her at full length upon the grass.

Within a second she was on her feet again, flaming with anger. She groped for her fallen satchel, recovered it, and ran on toward the shelter of the trees. Lights were moving in the windows of Witherbee House. She heard voices, some shrill with alarm. Again she turned and fled.

Presently she felt the gravel under her feet and followed the trail until it brought her back to the wharf, where her trunks crouched like black monsters in the faint light of the lantern. Here she paused to recover breath while she listened.

Through the little wood that had once seemed so dense she saw a glimmering of lanterns passing to and fro. "I am not frightened!" panted Miss Chalmers hotly. "I am merely a fool! Yes—a complete fool! But they'll not find me—not now! Not for anything in the world! I'll go back; I'll find some way. I won't stay in this island. The whole thing is perfectly beastly and absurd!"

Close to the wharf, at the very edge of the water, she now observed what looked like a boat-house. She sprang toward it and stepped out upon a small float that was anchored in front of it to find herself barred from refuge by padlocked doors. She slipped around the corner of the boat-house and flattened herself close against it.

A moment later there was a shuffling of feet on the wharf, then an exclamation of surprise in a man's voice. "By Jove, it's wonderful!" said the man. "I never ring the burglar alarm has already escaped, so we can all go to bed."

Not until the last sign of a light had disappeared, and only when she could no longer hear sounds from the direction of the house did Miss Chalmers venture from her seclusion. She went back to the dock and sat down on the string-piece.

"This is a fine state of affairs," she reflected. "Now I've got to stay. I never thought about the trunks. But how will I ever explain? I'll die before I admit I set off that burglar alarm. I'll not only die, but I'll lie. I'll die lying. Some time to-morrow morning I've got to announce myself."

Presently she shuddered, but it was not because there was a chill in the air. She was thinking of pajamas. "I shall never wear them again," she murmured. "But she had thought's very natural drift to a consideration of some place to sleep. She wondered if there was a way to get into the boat-house.

The interior of the boat-house was not inviting. A rowboat and two canoes were piled along one side, with a lot of loose gear, a collection of ill-smelling paint-pots and some oars and paddles. At the further end was a pile of canvas. "It's a roof at any rate," she observed. "I'll sleep on the canvas."

She put down the lantern, sat on the canvas and slipped off her twenty-dollar shoes. Then she lay down and attempted to convince herself that the bed was comfortable. "Oh, well," she murmured in a resigned tone, "I guess it will come to me better after I sleep a little."

Then she almost slept. The reason she did not quite sleep was an abrupt volley of shots.

CHAPTER III. Her initial impulse was to dash out of the boat house, confront her pursuers, and visit them with a merited rebuke for having disturbed her rest. But she remembered that she was not yet announced upon Witherbee's island; that she would not, in fact, arrive until morning, so far as the official statement was concerned. So she checked her rush and occupied a half-minute in putting on her shoes.

Tip-toeing across squeaking boards to the open doorway, she stepped out on the little boat. There was neither sign nor sound of the pajama squad.

"If only Mr. William was here, sir, we might..." "Confound Mr. William! He's not here and he won't be here, so we've got to do without him—listen! What was that?"

"I know perfectly well I heard shooting," she remarked. "I'm not given to imagining things. There'll be four shots there were this time. Instantly she ran to the end of the dock and looked out across the water. As she stared into the darkness there was another shot, preceded some three or four seconds by a yellow flash.

"It's on another island," she told herself rapidly. "Can it be possible that there are burglars about? Heavens! Suppose they really did come here!"

"It's another island," commented Miss Chalmers as she rested a second time, now not more than a hundred yards from the shore. "It's another burglar-hunt. Oh, dear! I suppose it means pajamas."

"The dogs aren't worth a hoot," growled one of the two "seemers like they ain't quite as 'nervous' as 'hev used to be, sir," admitted the other.

"I save them the scent, right where we found the footprints in the flower-bed, but they didn't even seem excited."

"The boatman whistled shrilly, then chuckled. "Well, if it isn't the master mechanic!" he said.

Not far distant in the darkness the second launch was plunging furiously toward the man in the stern anathematizing his lookout. "Thief!" hissed Miss Chalmers. "Strike a light here."

He obeyed, holding the match low

Another Craig Kennedy Story THE DEATH THOUGHT By ARTHUR B. REEVE Begins in The Evening World October 16

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