

# Man's Plea for Shirt Waist

By Frances Carroll

ONE of the feminine well-wishers in the shirt waist crusade called me up by telephone today and had a long discussion as to the whys and wherefores of the dropping of the shirt waist as a properly conventional piece of men's attire.

According to my telephone caller, the man themselves gave up the shirt waist since they preferred to die of heat rather than indigestion. Now it seems that the indigestion feature has to do with the belt which must be worn as a shirt waist accessory.

That the shirtwaist may look properly trim and neat, the belt has to be drawn rather snugger than comfort admits and as everybody knows a too tight belt interferes very radically with the stomach in its digestive processes whenever in despair the men again donned their coats.

Several men have substantiated this hypothesis so I fancy there is reason in it. But why in the world do not the men's outfitters think out some good scheme to avoid the necessity of the belt other than its use as a finishing detail?

**Why Not Buttons Or a Buttoned Belt?**

Now for instance why not go back to the juvenile days and take an idea from the small boy and his waist and trousers? In other words have a properly arranged contrivance in the way of a buttoned belt by which the shirt

waist and the pantaloons may be properly "hitched." If necessary, the buttons may be covered with a belt of the same material as the trousers or, why not adopt the swaggar patent leather belts like the girls are wearing?

I've a notion that almost any well-set-up individual would look mighty well in a summertime outfit consisting of gray trousers, a gray and white striped madras shirt waist and a Panama hat all to be completed by hosiery, tie, and belt in any one harmonious color preferred. If the men would not look better, feel better, and work better in a costume such as I have described I am much mistaken in my observations. I've a notion they are shy; that is, each several individual is too shy to take the initiative. It is a pity that some modern Berry Wall is not upon the scene to lead the way to sartorial comfort and peace and harmony with nature.

Here are a few letters giving the women's idea of the matter:

**Registers Her Vote For Men's Shirt Waists.**  
Capital Heights, Md., July 7, 1910.  
Dear Frances Carroll,  
Washington Times.

I hereby register my vote for men to wear shirt waists. I have often wondered why men would wear heavy cloth coats, through hot weather, when they could be so much more comfortable without them. I think the reason was the cause of it, or I should have voted against wearing coats long ago.

## This Mother Believes In Making Men Comfortable.

Washington, July 9, 1910.  
Dear Miss Carroll:  
I have read your article in The Washington Times, "Man's Plea For a Shirt Waist."

It is just what I wish every summer, even when I was unmarried, to see man comfortable as well as women. I am sure they look just as neat in the shirt waist, with a nice turndown collar and tie, and a woman with a very tight waist and Dutch collar. And even though they do not, it is certainly a sight that woman should want them to have all the comfort they can possibly get—that is man's wish for women.

I have a husband and a grown-up son, and it makes me feel badly to see them start out on a hot morning with coats on. They must be miserable on starting the day's work.

I hope all women will have as great an interest in man's comfort in summer as the men had in the Jeffries-Johnson fight, and then I am sure the shirt waist man will win. A MOTHER.

## Some Daring Person Should Start the Style.

As a matter of fact, the idea of the shirt waist is feasible, if only some daring soul would undertake to inaugurate the custom of wearing them in regular summertime attire, as are Panama hats and low shoes.

# SILLY SEASON ADVICE

By Dorothy Dix

THE silly season is upon us now, when the general public seems to entertain a fatuous belief that the recording angel knocks off work and shuts up his books, and when one may do with impunity the thing that would shock one-half to death to even think about doing at any other time of the year.

Why people's morality and sense of propriety should melt down into a mush in August, instead of rearing itself into an adamant column as it does in December, nobody knows. Suffice it to say that it does. We behold modest matrons that their toe peering from under their winter skirts calmly parade along the beach in summer in a ballet costume

but pleasure too high, little girl, and it is better to stay at home and eat a stuffy dinner in a stuffy flat than it is to have that sinking feeling in your heart when the man's wife comes home in the fall, and to know that the people are gossiping about you behind your back.

Because it is summer, Mrs. Married Woman, and you are off at a summer resort, don't get gay and giddy, and amuse yourself by trying to cut the girls out of the few beaux. It may be a temptation just to see whether or not you have lost your rabbit's foot as a charmer. It may be—may it is—actually thrilling to have a man tell you again that you are the most beautiful and fascinating creature on earth, and to



"Don't Be Silly Enough to Allow the Ever-present Idiot With the Camera to Snapshot You in an Affectionate Attitude."

that displays their curves to all.

Devoted wives, who are the very pinks of propriety in winter, indulge in summer flirtations that would land them in the divorce courts if their husbands knew of them; and even conventional people, who demand the grip and the passwords of society from all they meet in the winter, pick up chance acquaintances in summer without even so much as asking their names.

**Reputations Spoil In Hot Weather.**

Probably men are just as silly in the summer as women are, and do just as many foolish things, but because the consequences of a woman's folly are so much more serious to her than a man's is to him, I am minded to make a plea

Have one more nibble at the sweetmeats of romance, but you know what the only scandal mongers who form the rocking chair brigade on the gallery of a summer hotel say about a married woman who flirts.

Therefore, don't be silly enough to buy a few days' diversion at a price that may cost you your character, and your husband's faith in your loyalty.

**Mrs. Married Woman Just Read This.**

Also, Mrs. Married Woman, don't be silly enough to go off and spend three or four months in the summer, placidly enjoying yourself under the impression that your husband is sitting up at home, alone in his dreary flat, holding your photograph in his hand, and counting



"Don't Be Silly Enough, Just Because It Is Summer, to Engage Yourself to Some Man of Whom You Know Nothing."

to my sisters to at least try to be as little silly as they can through the dog days.

Because it is summer, and most of the bars are down, girls, don't let men treat you with a familiarity that you wouldn't stand for at any other time of the year. Don't forget that hot weather than at any other time, and that when you leave the seashore or the mountains you don't leave the report of your indiscretions behind you. Don't come home with any mud on your skirts, metaphorically or actually.

Because you happen to be on the seashore or in a camping party, don't be silly enough to let any young man lie around with his head in your lap, or for you to sit up with his arm about you. Because it is summer doesn't alter the fact of his being a man or you a woman or of any of the relationships of life now make it one whit less vulgar and dangerous.

Because it is summer, don't be silly enough to let the idiot with the camera snapshot you in an affectionate attitude with some young man. It may seem awfully funny at the time, and be perfectly innocent, but just reflect how that picture will look on some young man's wall next winter. It won't appeal to your sense of humor, then. It will rouse bitter shame in you.

Because it is summer, don't be silly enough to get into a flirtation with some good looking man that you meet on the train or a boat. He may be all right, and agree he may not, but at any rate you will have cheapened yourself in his eyes. Just remember that it doesn't take much handling to rub the bloom off a peach in July or August.

**Beware of the Moonlight And "Mooney" Men.**

Because it is summer, and you are staying at some romantic spot and it happens to be moonlight, don't be silly enough to engage yourself to some man of whom you know nothing and who is on the lookout for just such foolish little girls as you are, and many a tragedy, that wrecks a woman's life, begins at a summer resort. If a man tells you that he loves you, just tell him to wait, and come back and tell you that over again when the cold, hard, practical winter has set in, and that you will give him your answer then—when papa has taken his Bertillon measurements, and gotten his pedigree, and his rating from Bradstreet's.

Because it is summer, and his wife is away, don't be silly enough to get into any entanglement with a married man. Suppose he is lonesome! You don't hold the office of public comforter. Suppose he does want to take you about the roof gardens, and outdoor restaurants and to ride in his automobile! You can

# Talks With the Puzzlers

By Frances Carroll

AFTER all these months it would seem that the puzzle circle should be pretty well up on the proper procedure in regard to forwarding their solutions, but, alas, such is not the case. This morning and late last evening quite a few contributions arrived, of course too late for consideration.

If you do not remember the rules governing the contests pray refresh your several memories by reading the regulations published with the daily puzzle chat.

These rules are followed without variation and if you care at all to enter the contests for the purpose of being in line for a trophy you had better take note of the "how" of the matter.

Another thing I must request and that is flat manuscript. Not a few send me rolled manuscripts and this increases the trouble of those making the awards and incidentally destroys the appearance of the contribution.

If you will note the rules of which I have been talking you will see that the appearance of your offering has a very great deal to do with your chances as a prize winner.

Doubtless all this sounds a bit like scolding and I am not so sure that it is not, however, it is all meant for the good of the cause and will be time well spent if only the puzzle circle give heed to the admonition.

## PRIZES OFFERED PUZZLE SOLVERS

Weekly prizes of five, three, and two dollars, respectively, are given to the contestants for the puzzle printed on the Woman's Page of the Sunday evening edition of The Times each week for the three solutions adjudged worthy.

The contest, which closes at 3 p. m. on Friday of each week, is open to all who care to solve the puzzles. The awards are based, primarily, on correctness, timeliness, and neatness. Originality in presentation also receives consideration in awarding the prizes.

Once again, as we enter upon a new contest, I urge you to add a note stating your preferences—indeed, I am not so sure that it would not be a good idea for each of you to add a vote something like this:

"I vote for a literary mystic, or a literary jumble, or a logical thing, that, or the other thing, just as your fancy moves you. Give me a first and second prize, then when I file the solutions I will be able as I go along to make out the contest for the week succeeding. Please note this request."

# THE TIMES INQUIRY COLUMN

Answers to Questions Asked by Its Readers

## A Good Crab Chowder.

Mrs. J. A. D.—For crab chowder take three cups of cooked crab meat, one chopped onion, quarter cup salt pork fat, two heaping tablespoonsful of butter, two tablespoonsful of flour, a quart of milk, salt, paprika, blade of mace, one bay leaf and one cupful of hot cream, few drops of lemon juice.

Cook onion in salt pork fat. Melt the butter, stir in the flour, milk and seasonings, cook in double boiler for five minutes then take out bay leaf and blade of mace, add crab meat cut in small pieces and cook for fifteen minutes; then add strained salt pork fat, hot cream, and serve at once.

## Bran Broth.

J. D. S.—Wash a handful of clean bran in a quart of milk using a double boiler. Cook for fifteen minutes after the boiling point is reached. Season with salt and pepper and use either as a luncheon or as a piece of toast or drink instead of coffee at breakfast. The bran broth is beneficial in cases of constipation.

## Acceptable Party Prizes.

Julia—Prizes that will surely please are shallow boxes covered with brocade, fancy ribbons or art linens embroidered in ribbon work.

These are provided with various partitions to hold needles, pins, hairpins and safety pins. Sometimes the boxes contain safety pins only. Get gilt ones in all sizes, from the tiny shield pins to the largest made.

Such a box also makes an appropriate gift for the European traveler who will travel leisurely enough to take a trunk. It is a more convenient way to use these articles in a hotel than from the more usual rolled cases with pins, needles and so on stuck in them.

## Cleaning Fine Fabrics.

Mabel—After carefully removing the soiled spots in your summer dresses, plunge them into boiling water with one

## TOUCH OF COLOR TO ALL-WHITE FROCK

A pretty touch of color is given to an all-white frock by having the belt, necktie and wrist bag of cretonne in a gayly flowered pattern.

The grille should be quite wide, measuring almost six inches, and crushed about the figure—the lining of china silk increasing the soft effect.

In front there is a large buckle of white or smoked pearl through which the ends pull.

The tie is a narrow four-in-hand, and the bag is as large or small as the fancy dictates. Line with silk to match the dominant color in the cretonne.

tablespoonful of coarse salt which has been previously melted. Leave two minutes, remove and wring out and hang in the shade.

The color in the daintiest gown is set till the last thread of the fabric is worn out. This is a tried recipe which will give the utmost satisfaction. Try this on your new summer gowns before they have become soiled or faded by the sun. This is said to be a recipe tested for years. However, since caution has its place in all such affairs if any doubt as to the efficiency of the method is entertained, it may be dispelled by testing the procedure by means of scraps of material left from your summer sewing.

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# For the Nervous, Emotional Woman

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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WHAT counsel could you offer to one who is affected more by the emotional side of life than by the sensible; who can be reached through her sentimental nature sooner than by her reasoning power? She is easily moved to tears and is easily hurt and offended.

I would advise this woman to give up eating all solid foods for four to six weeks, and to drink a glass of milk every hour the first week and every half hour after that. No matter if she comes sick—it will only be temporary sickness! Let her persevere with the treatment until she has gained good, rich blood enough in her veins to restore the nervous system to a normal condition which it has in some way lost. She will be astonished at the improvement in her health and in her cheerfulness and good nature, once she has the will power to continue the milk diet for six weeks.

After that time she can resume an ordinary diet, but she will be better in health by taking two meals a day.

**Needs a Course Of Mental Gymnastics.**

Then she must begin a course of mental gymnastics, and reason with herself and control her moods, as she would use a check rein upon an unruly and restless horse if she were driving. Quiet words and gentle assertions to the animal that there is nothing to fear in his path help him to mind the reins. Just so quiet assertions that there is nothing to fear, that all is peace, love, and harmony, will help this woman to calm her excited nerves and to overcome her weak tendency to tears and sentimentality.

An hour given to self-analysis and meditation each day will help her to realize how unbecoming her moods and tantrums are, and how unlovable she makes herself, and what a crime she commits in destroying the comfort of her family and associates.

One might as well try to find sleep upon a bed of thorns as happiness in the house with a woman who is "easily hurt" and "oversensitive." To be over-sensitive means to be wholly bound up in one's self.

**Women Who Are Easily Wounded.**

The woman who thinks more of the comfort and happiness of others than

of herself has little time to be "easily wounded." By comfort I do not mean the physical comforts of an orderly house and a well-cooked meal. That is only a part of the comforts of life—the more spiritual conditions are of far greater importance. We can find order and good food at hotels and restaurants, but we cannot find love and cheer and peace and harmony with loved ones unless our loved ones help us. The sensitive, weeping, hysterical and unreasonable woman wants to remember these facts.

But the man who lives with such a nature does not want to aggravate it by thoughtless and inconsiderate actions, or wound it by neglect and indifference. He wants to use love and kindness and patience, and do his best to develop the reasoning powers at the same time.

Approach such a woman first through her sentimental nature—make her understand that she is unlovable, and that her moods spoil her attraction for men. Then talk with her.

A young girl was handsomely supported by her uncle. Speaking of his kindness to a party, the girl replied, "I cannot act affectionately unless the mood is on me. I inherit that peculiarity, and cannot change my nature."

The girl's reasoning was all wrong. She really did appreciate what her uncle was doing for her, and her habit of undemonstrativeness was not natural, but the result of her early environment. It had been repressed by parents who commanded obedience, and regarded duty as the governing law, and who left the affectionate side of

the girl's nature repressed and stunted. No spontaneous expressions of love were ever indulged in by the members of her family, and she inherited a misfortune to be her inheritance. But, even if such an inheritance is given a woman, the first part of her life should be to overcome it.

There is not a man on earth who does not like and appreciate a spontaneous word and act of affection now and then from the mother, sister, daughter, wife or other associate who is receiving his care and support. No matter if he gets embarrassed and ill at ease, or makes a ludicrous jest of it, or seems a little gruff and says, "What are you after now with all this taffy?" yet in the secret heart of him he is pleased and gratified.

**Men's Hearts Are Sore to the Core.**

Men have very soft hearts at the core. They are frequently crushed over with a tough outside, and many a man makes it the work of a lifetime to convince the world that he is cold and opposed to all sentiment, when the fact is he is quite the opposite.

The early physical training of our country was a disaster to the race. The repression of natural, affectional impulses, the cold and austere deportment of members of the family toward one another, have served to fill asylums and destroy the home life of thousands of the descendants of those rightly moral old ancestors of ours. It is a terrible misfortune for any young boy or girl to be reared in such an atmosphere. If it has been your lot, do not imagine it is your nature. If it is your nature, so to work and change it. Speak the words of gratitude and affection you feel, and force your enfeebled heart to limber up enough to bestow a tender little caress upon the persons nearest to you. Learn the essentials of love—and practice them. It will make you a better man or woman, and do more for your home life than cold, loveless duty and dollars can ever do.

## SOME GOOD RULES TO CARE FOR HATS

Proper Adjustment Heightens the Effect and Makes It More Becoming.

No matter what a dream of a hat you have, you lose the effect if you do not have a care in adjusting it to your head. Therefore—

Don't fail to pin your hat on securely.

Don't buy hatpins which are too long for your hat.

Don't wear your hat too far back on your head.

Don't, on the other hand, wear it tilted at an unbecoming angle far over your eyes.

Don't select a hat which is too heavy, frequent headaches will be the result should you do so.

Don't, if you are a small woman, wear a hat so large as to completely overshadow you.

Don't, if you are a large woman, affect the smallest variety of toques and turbans.

Don't tie a veil in a haphazard manner about your hat, pin it neatly with gilt pins or those which match it in color.

Don't throw your hat carelessly down, when returning from a trip in the open, but brush it carefully, arranging the bows, flowers, foliage, and other trimming neatly.

## ANTIENS BATHED WITH REGULARITY

Queen Medea Said to Be the First to Enjoy a Warm Plunge.

Bathing with the ancients was familiar to them as sitting or sleeping, and even in the heroic age of Greece the Greeks are mentioned as bathing in the sea and rivers.

A method of home bathing with the Greeks was heating water in a large vessel with three feet, and then pouring over the head and shoulders of the bather, who was seated in a large wooden tub.

The Roman baths were the epitome of luxury, and in imperial days there existed 870 baths which were masterpieces of art and magnificence.

Gold baths were much recommended by physicians in these bygone ages, and the works of Strabo, Pliney, Hippocrates, and Oribasius contain frequent mention of the beneficial results of cold water and sea bathing.

Queen Medea is said to have been the first person to indulge in warm baths, but unfortunately King of Thessaly, who took a warm bath at her suggestion, died from the results. In the open, but brush it carefully, arranging the bows, flowers, foliage, and other trimming neatly.

## THE BEDTIME STORY

Published for the thoughtful mothers who wish to read to the little folk while they are being tucked into their beds for the night.

**CHICK AND CHUCK BANTAM.**  
By FARMER SMITH.

"Pop's cawing," said Chick Bantam to his twin brother Chuck one morning, "come on, let's get up." "Get down, you mean, don't you," said Chuck, as he raised himself up on his perch and began smoothing down his feathers.

"Don't try to be funny," said Chick as he flew down off his perch, "but hurry up or you won't get any breakfast."

"Good morning, Mother Chick," they said, as they saw their mother out in the barnyard having a friendly chat with Mrs. Buff Cochin.

"You certainly have two nice boys," said Mrs. Buff Cochin to Mrs. Bantam. "None finer," smiled Mrs. Bantam, pluming herself.

Chuck nudged Chick slyly.

"That's what she tells mother," he said, "but you ought to hear her talk about us to Mrs. Plymouth Rock."

"What do we care for that old hen?" said Chick.

"Hello, Bantams," said a skinny young rooster strutting up to them, "had your breakfast?"

"Not yet," said Chick. "I wonder why father don't come in with it?"

"Well, if I declare," said Pim Rock, "can't you fellows wait on yourselves?"

"What's the use?" said Chuck. "Pop's a good fellow and always gets our breakfast for us."

"Well, I'm off for a nice sand pile," said Pim Rock, "when you fellows have had your breakfast, look me up."

"Well, what do you think of that?" watched Pim Rock, as they went.

"Wish mother would get me one like it," said Chuck, "there's hardly any pin feathers left in it."

"Never mind," said their father coming up back of them, "when you are a little older you can wear real feather suits too."

"I'd rather be able to crow like you, pop," said Chick.

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