

# THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

## Exit the Girdle; Waistline Disappears in the Newest Of Fashion's Decrees

### Bishop Sleeves and Puffs Return—Fur Trimming on Skirt and at Wrist as Marked as Unexpected Eruption of Puffs.

By MARGARET MASON.  
Make haste and take your girdle off. It's not good style, they say. Though belted corsets may be good form. The belted girl's pass.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Here's something to take off in the name of fashion. Girdles and belts simply aren't to be worn this season. This stern decree may bring the blush to the cheek of those who recall what a vital part the girdle plays in the 1915 evening gown. Rob an evening confection of this its last stay of stability and what have you? There's nothing to it. Since an evening gown consists solely of a circle and a shoulder strap, a banishment of the girdle is bound to leave much open to discussion. No doubt many will unobscure themselves unduly on the subject.

It's bound to make a mighty embracing for a fellow, too. How in the world can he tell whether his lady fair is wearing her own in the middle of an up under her shoulder blades with no distinguishing belt to trace a trail. Even the poor girl herself is apt to be so confused and misty her waistline altogether. What with donning a normal waisted blouse in the morning, a long-waisted Moyen Age effect at noon, and an Empire gown at night, she's bound to lose her sense of waist location without a single belt to cling to.

### Here's the Substitute.

Just a mere milliner's fold of goods will join the bodices to skirts this year. A tiny cord of oftentimes a seam. Naturally, in the much heralded process frocks, no joining at the waistline is necessary, and they may go to the head of the class of girdless gowns, shirring, corseting, smoking, and so forth. Those sold in Paris to the professional buyers are the styles each season which "set the fashions" in America. The Parisian style creators adapt their own creations to suit their private customers. But in America, where the ready-made clothing industry has reached such gigantic proportions, copies of the original sample styles are turned out by the quantity. Women who buy them without discrimination look as if they, too, had been turned out of a factory hopper. Women are not uniform in size, shape, complexion and social requirements, and when they dress as if they were, the result is most unsatisfactory.

Style has to do with the fashions that are in vogue; it also has a great deal to do with the skillful or unskillful way in which the reigning modes are adapted to the woman who is to wear them, and to her needs.—Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney, in Good Health.

## Tailored Chapeaux of Velour And Felt Will Do Away With Hatpins

### Small Hats of Head Size Fit Tightly and Eliminate the Troublesome Hatpin From the Equation.

### Comfort Will Be First Consideration in Choice of Fall Walking Hat—Velour and French Felt Favorite Materials.

VELOURS and French felt seem to be the only hat materials that have any chance of rivaling the popularity of velvet and hatter's plush. The French felt was first introduced in the colored fall hats, and it proved so adaptable that milliners have prolonged its reign into the winter months. Both velours and French felt are extremely pliable, and a hat of either of these may be twisted several ways with entirely different results. One small hat of velours is designed to give the best kind of rough and ready wear. It has a rolling brim, comparatively narrow, and the tall crown that distinguishes the hats of this season. A broad band of gros-grain ribbon is drawn through a shiny steel buckle at the center front to carry out one of the decrees of the prevailing mode. The hat fits the wearer's head so closely that hatpins are not needed. Any color may be used, of course, and since this is not a year of contrasts the gros-grain band will be likely to match the hat material as closely as possible. The beauty of such a plain hat is that it may be worn with a sweater or suit and seem appropriate to each.



—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

## May Irwin, Comedienne, Insists That She Is a Serious Person

### But Since No One Will Take Her as Such, She Thinks That It Is Just as Well, and Lets It Go at That!

### Once She Was in a Serious Play, With a Serious Role, and They Kept It Going as a Farce for Three Weeks!

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

"AND I just got my little hammer and some nails and fixed up a nice little coop so that your hat wouldn't be hurt." May Irwin was bustling around in her dressing room at the National Theater yesterday afternoon getting ready for her party. Incidentally it might be mentioned that she is an excellent butler. She was unpacking the stage properties of the five women in the cast of her "33 Washington Square" company from one trunk where she had stowed them in a manner indicative of great genius. She spoke very seriously, but so quietly that neither of her listeners could restrain a laugh.

For aside from a radiating kindness and good-will I found the famous comedienne, who has made so many people in her life happy, in a serious mood. The hurry visit, which she said the National Press Club, the honor of having the President accept the invitation to attend her performance in these parlous times, and the death of a friend had all combined to make her a little quiet.

"I am a serious person," she said, compressing her lips and giving me a broad glance from under her brows, "but no one will take me so. After all, perhaps it is best that they do not know how near the tears are to the surface. And they are mighty near sometimes in these days."

She unfolded a gray cape and took four pairs of shoes out of a space no bigger than a pint cup. And it wasn't because the shoes were so frightfully fine either.

"Why, I have hardly slept since I knew for a certainty that I would come down here and that I was to be so highly honored. I've been so excited. I think that President Wilson is wonderful—I worship him—and can't believe that he can come to see my performance in these parlous times!" Out from the marvelous trunk she took the complete



MAY IRWIN.

set of costumes of the young woman who plays the part of Olivia in the farce, and handed them to her. Then she took a moment to sit down and chat quietly.

"Yes, I'm serious most of the time. People just laugh at me. Why, once I was playing in Factor's Theater years ago. Playing farces and light comedies and everything that came along and changing the bill once a week. It was stock. Well, a man came along with a serious play, one of those Bertha-the-beautiful-sewing-machine things, and nobody but me there!"

"I was serious. I took the thing and worked over it, and tried to put over what the author had intended. And then when I stood up and said 'I would rather be the poor girl that I am than what you people would make me,' the climax of the play, the audience yelled and cheered and laughed and the author wanted to take the thing off. He was furious, but they kept it on three weeks. And I was dead serious all the time. The audience just couldn't see it."

"But there is reason enough for being serious now. I have two sons and a husband, and I don't want any war. Me? Why, I'm an English-Canadian, but that doesn't prevent me from looking at things in the correct light."

She was walking nervously back and forth now, and giving useless and taking things out of the magic trunk with an absorbed air. She was serious, but it could not carry over to me. Her face was never made for anything but smiles, and to see it worried with a frown upon it only accentuated the humor of her remarks. For she does say things so briskly and so crisply that she simply takes the laugh right out of one's mouth.

"I'm not so terribly cut up about being not to Kipling. They hold me in secret contempt, or at least

our stage. They look upon us as curiosities to be looked and laughed at, but never taken seriously either as comedy or tragedy. When our players go over there they do not succeed unless they present some freak tendency of some social amenity different from that to which England is accustomed. They laugh at us. They never have treated the American stage with anything but contempt."

Silence seemed the best policy for me to follow, and I did not interrupt. The sentences were emphasized by sharp snaps on her knees, and both of the head. A clear blue eye would pierce me at intervals, and leave me fearful, lest I had betrayed a grin.

For even at her most serious moments, Miss Irwin is hopelessly funny. To hear her, after giving voice to a hypothetical question, give a house, "ha, ha," uttering a word of mirth, and then answer it herself with "I guess not," was too much to be endured.

She saw my sneaking grin, and let herself run down, stopping to open a letter to fill in the conversational gap. She slit the envelope carelessly and pulled out a long letter on dark brown paper written in temperamental ink. "Well, well, someone writes a poem to me, on laughing," she said without looking up. The expression on her face changed and melted and softened, and then I saw that after all May Irwin was a serious person, who possessed the most beautiful quality of seriousness to clear blue eyes, on laughing, she said without looking up. The expression on her face changed and melted and softened, and then I saw that after all May Irwin was a serious person, who possessed the most beautiful quality of seriousness to clear blue eyes, on laughing, she said without looking up.

## Germs Blown in Eyes Of Automobileists Are New Motor Car Peril

By DR. LEONARD KIRNE HIRSBERG.

RECREATION, as Bishop Hall says, is to the mind as whetting is to the scythe—intended to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve; as, contrarily, he who always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting, laboring much to little purpose.

Amusements in the open air are to virtue like breezes of air to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out. Much the same way is the riding in motor cars with the trees and fences spinning past you at the rate of twenty and more miles an hour. Even the city jockey, running at fifteen miles an hour through crowded thoroughfares, brings its need of exhilaration and health, dangers and anatomical disorders.

When you take to the jitney or your own motor car, if you are so fortunate, you are exposed to the ill as well as the rewards of the onrushing air, irrespective of possible collisions and other accidents to your eyes, ears and nose. You are more or less jeopardized by a fine spray of peppery dust, which penetrates beneath goggles, ear muffers, and other protective measures.

### Cause of Danger.

The rush of air even past the heat windshields of the motor cars may, by the force of the moving particles of air, irritate the eyes to a slight degree. It is, however, the minute granules of dust and road sand which stir up most of the trouble.

Particles enter the eyelids, work their way into the crevices at corners of the eyeballs and deposit a distinct and easily discernible layer of yellowish clay and dust. If germs of pink-eye and other types of conjunctivitis are absent, all is relatively well and good. Only a burning, stinging, uncomfortable sensation and some mild appearance of "bloodshot" eyes may thus be inaugurated.

Often, however, bacilli of one sort or another enter the eye with the wind-blown grains of dust. The particles of dust and the heat of the air in motion scratch your eyeball and literally vaccinate the living germs into the eyes. "Bloodshot" eyes may thus be inaugurated.

Hadly, such occurrences are few and far between. Much more commonly, one of a fine, fiery, alternating hot and cold—before and after a motor trip—will conserve their health, strength and vision.

### A "Motor Ear?"

A few persons are gradually and insidiously becoming deaf from motorizing, according to Dr. H. Harold Walker, of Boston. In my own experience, however, I have not met with any such cases.

"Motoring has become so general," he says, "that a 'motor ear' is of common occurrence. This condition is caused by the abnormal speed through the air and from the irritation of dust. The heat of the air in motion irritates the ear and after a motor trip, alkaline antiseptic wash of them after returning is good."

Dr. Walker has been exercising certain delicate muscles on the "motor ear" by electricity, using an alternating current of thirteen or fourteen volts out of twenty cases of deafness have been improved, so far as hearing more distinctly is concerned. However, while it is possible that ear disorders occur from fast riding, they must be comparatively rare.

"Fine chauffeurs and others who drive motor cars should be compelled to submit themselves to the same tests as engineers and aviators for color blindness. One chauffeur among my patients escaped at least twice barely with his life and was in five motor accidents despite his reputation as a first class driver. Not until a color vision test was car-

## Answers to Health Questions

G. A.—I am troubled with shortness of the breath. What can you recommend? This prevents me from sleeping.

Have your kidneys, blood, heart and other structures examined at a hospital. Sleep on two or three pillows.

M. W.—Is it natural to have red spots on the face and hands from eating raspberries and strawberries? Is there any danger attached to it? Where can goat milk be obtained daily?

This comes from a susceptibility on your part to the albumens of berries. It is annoying, but not dangerous, avoid the offending fruits and it will soon disappear.

Usually a nanny goat with young can be bought or hired for this purpose.

S. M. S.—What remedy do you advise for brown liver spots?

These so-called "liver spots" are on the order of freckles, and usually have nothing to do with the liver, insect bites, stomach or intestinal troubles. They are, however, especially in women, traceable to internal complaint. Apply this locally several times a day: Glycerine, 1 ounce; violet water, 2 ounces; ammonium chloride, 1 drachm; sodium sulphate, 2 drachms; Borax, 2 drachms; tincture tolu, 2 drachms; distilled water enough to make one pint.

Kindly advise something to use as a spray for my nostrils. They become clogged and I begin to sneeze when exposed to a draft.

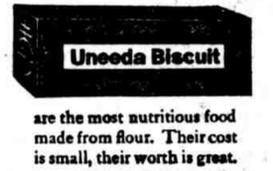
The alkaline antiseptic fluid compound is very good to use as a spray to the nostrils. It is diluted three times in water, and used two or three times daily. Each night, or if necessary at frequent intervals during the day, apply to the nostrils ammoniated mercury, 6 grains; white vaseline, ¼ ounce.

## PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To receive inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.

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## What They Say About Us

Pertinent Interests of Women As Viewed By Editorial Writers of the Newspapers.

### Women and Opinion.

Those who aver that when a woman has done as much as a man in any given work because of the added obstacles she has surmounted, do not always discern that the chief of these obstacles is the habit of thinking about women as a class apart. Women as well as men still cling to this differentiation, and make the mistake of acclaiming a woman's success as if it were something to be wondered at.

This differentiation still has many strongholds in opinion is seen in the fact that in some States women law students are not yet admitted to the bar. The denial of the ballot is another evidence that, though in the every-day association of men and women it is unconsciously admitted that women think as and feel and understand simply as members of the human race, not as variants from type, the old-time barriers are not yet wholly removed. Social prejudice makes women slaves to conventions of a petty sort, denying them free laughter, for example. Their dress is hampering, uncomfortable, and requires far more time and thought than a man's. If it is to be as trig and tidy. Men are still found to tell the endeavoring woman that she has no right to do a man's work. The accumulation of trifles like these petty annoyances, petty criticisms, is still a needless burden to the working woman. The habitual sibe at her still comes too glibly to the tongue of housekeeping women as well as of men. Many an idiosyncrasy is expected of women. It would seem as if the time had come to grant workingwomen the same mental letting alone that the working man enjoys, and so remove this often unseen, but perhaps therefore the greater, hindrance.—Christian Science Monitor.

### Blessed Peace of the Poor.

There are compensations even in poverty. No humble widow, sitting by her lamp in the evening, ever

dreads the approach of a burglar tempted by the brilliant diamonds which she wears, for the simple reason that she wears none.

She is not worried, either, lest her men servants and maid servants are criminals conspiring to rob her, for the simple reason that she does her own work.

The New York widow with several hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, who was found dead after a visit of burglars, would have been alive today if her only diamond had been the one in the engagement ring her husband gave her.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.



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## ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Miss Annie Laurie:—I am a young man of twenty-four from the West. Six years ago, during my last year in high school, I met a girl with whom I fell very much in love. I came East the ensuing year. I have been having her alone in my mind during all this time. Indeed, she has been a source of inspiration to me. Realizing I would not be able to return to the West for some time, I began to write to her and send her valentines each year, but there has never been a word in reply. Neither were the letters or valentines returned. This has been going on for five years. From mutual acquaintances I

found that she did receive all those things and that she had no other fellow. Now I have accumulated a little money and expect to take a trip back West. Now tell me what I should do after arriving at my home town. Should I go right ahead and call at her home or just let her know that I have returned? FAITHFUL LOVER—OR POOL.

Go and call at her home. Take her by surprise. Otherwise, when she hears that you are in town she may refuse to let you call from force of habit—not because she doesn't like you, but because she

knows she will have to explain the fact of not answering those letters of yours. I surely am glad to notice the rare case of a man who determines to make himself worthy of a girl, even though she is so far away that what he does may never reach her ears. Here's hoping that your ideal is as lovely in the present reality as she was in your school days six years ago. (Copyright, 1915, Newspaper Feature Service.)

Only such letters as present some problem of general personal interest can be answered in this column. Legal advice cannot be given. Miss Laurie will be glad to answer specific personal inquiries if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.