

SOCIETY AND HOME TOPICS FOR WOMEN

ACTIVITIES OF SOCIETY

Miss Fashion and Some Others—News of Prominent People Here and Elsewhere—Mrs. Bankhead Entertains in Washington for Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall—Approaching Events—Mrs. J. V. Allen's Buffet Luncheon. Announcements—Personals

By MYRTLE MILES



MISS ALICE PHILLIPS As "Miss Fashion"—Photo by Stephenson Studio

In this week of the supremacy of fashion comes this letter as to feminism and fashion in Paris. The writer asserts that every day sees some new attempt to attract customers to the big dressmaking establishments, and it can almost be imagined that the "creators" pass sleepless nights in order to be spoken about in the morning. We are living in a fever of clothes, and it is the object of every woman in Paris at the moment to know the very latest movement in the arrangement of taffetas, cloth, and tulle.

Picture a silk mantle or cape—for coat it cannot in truth be called—made in puce taffetas with the upper part drawn tightly round the shoulders, and the lower falling like an ordinary full cape between the knees and the hips. The shape in itself is original, and its name is derived from the pointed petals of the flower that are a reproduction of the cactus-dahlia. Layers and layers of tulle, one beneath the other, pointed and raw-edged, fill the space from throat to elbow, the long cape effect in full taffetas finished at the bottom with three rows of these petals. In puce or in black this new cloak is perhaps wearable, but when we see it in stripes of orange and red, of mauve blue in all, in fact, of the wonderful colorings that the horticulturists have been able to combine in the flower, it is difficult to imagine how this creation can become a fashion.

The effect, however, of this craving for originality on the dressmaker's part is influencing the same minded Parisiennes and, as if by common accord, the new

dresser that they are ordering are cut on the simplest lines. A shepherd's plaid tailor costume for the morning, a taffeta, dark blue or bottle green for the afternoon, a tulle evening dress with wonderful embroideries in sparkling beads that appear like a coat of mail around the bust, veiled in the tulle that crosses from the shoulders, are the three favorites. We have an example of the perspicacity of the fashionable dressmaker when he makes dresses for the stage. Here he knows he has to deal with the criticisms of a first-night audience, and has to study the standing of the actress he dresses, and it is here on the stage that we find the most wearable fashions. He cannot experiment with Jeanne Granier, Cecile Sorel, Rejane, Dornicot, redresses, and it is here on the stage that ward to the productions of new plays, at this time of the year, as the keynote to fashion. We see the materials, the colors that will be worn, and also the shape we must take, to be in the movement. In a few words, the silhouette for the spring of 1914 is wide at the hips and narrow at the feet.

MRS. BANKHEAD HOSTESS IN WASHINGTON
Mrs. John Hollis Bankhead, who has been one of the beloved southern women in Washington for a number of years, during her husband's incumbency both as congressman and senator, was hostess this week at a large buffet luncheon. The Washington dailies yesterday had each an interesting account of the entertainment, one publishing a handsome portrait of Mrs. Bankhead. The Times, which

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MRS. BUMPKINS DISCOURSES ON THE NEW STYLES SHE HAS SEEN DURING THE WEEK

By DOLLY DALRYMPLE

"Now let me tell you something, Mrs. Titter," said Mrs. Bumpkins as she settled herself yesterday to deliver some opinions. "When fashion says that women shall part with their petticoats, it is high time that fashion was given a week's wages and told to go."

Mrs. Titter listened attentively as she sat back, round and fat and forty.

"This diaphanous racket is a bit astonishing even to a woman of broad views," Mrs. Bumpkins continued. "At a certain fashionable club recently, one balmy after-

Bumpkins, how can you wear a lace or chiffon gown with a red flannel petticoat? I don't especially approved of the diaphanous gown—not entirely—but I can easily understand how it can be."

"It isn't so much that the slit gowns or the diaphanous gowns are immodest, but that all the women in a bunch will chase after such fool fads," Mrs. Bumpkins answered. "It isn't sweet and it isn't womanly. It used to be that a woman blushed occasionally, and a blush, let me tell you, is not to be despised. It is a pretty and very unusual thing, for its mighty seldom that you ever see these days a real good sized man's blush like our grandmothers used to make. You haven't a blush to your name and neither have I. But as I was about to say about the fashions: I draw the line at this daring and daring and daring, of wearing a frock cut a bit lower than your neighbor's, of having a skirt split by a little splitter than your best friend's, and finally of thinning out your underwear until you've got on a yard of shadow lace sewed to a band at the waist and call yourself clothed."

"I say, let 'em wear 'em, let 'em wear 'em," Mrs. Titter observed.

"Would you have your daughter wear 'em?" asked Mrs. Bumpkins faintly.

"Haven't got a daughter to my name. You know that all my daughters are sons," replied Mrs. Titter.

"You are heaving," Mrs. Bumpkins insisted. "If this generation goes about clad in net and chiffon, what will the next generation wear, I wonder?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Titter. "The next generation can look after its own dressing. Goodness knows, I have enough trouble getting a good dressmaker, and selecting a style and making Mr. Titter dig for the bills to be worrying about the next generation."

"Mrs. Titter, you belong to the spineless age," Mrs. Bumpkins pronounced.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Titter, curiously.

"You belong to the spineless age," Mrs. Bumpkins repeated. "We all owe it to ourselves and our families to make character and reputation and it is done right at our own firesides, not by a lot of philanthropists who get their names in the papers for building big buildings and things, and by men who design inconceivable fashions, and you've got your husband and boys to consider."

"But I do consider them," Mrs. Titter declared. "If I were any more considerate or any sweeter to them, I couldn't stand it on my own society. Why, it would make other people look so mean and piggy."

"Oh, how you talk," Mrs. Bumpkins retorted. "But as I was saying, I believe dress has as much influence on a woman's character and a man's, too, for that matter, as any other one essential in the world. Now, I refuse to consider the 'see-through' gown, or the slit skirt, or the loose, floppy blouse, and if I hear of any of my friends wearing them I'm going to cut their acquaintance."

"I've done something worse than that," Mrs. Titter acknowledged. "I've bought a box of purple powder, and put it on my nose."

"The box?" Mrs. Bumpkins exclaimed.

"No—the powder," Mrs. Titter corrected. "The place for the box is on the east, at least that's where most people get it. I also purchased some dark, dark, yellow powder. One day I powdered my nose dark and what do you think? I turned twice within 15 minutes, quite by accident, and what do you think? I turned perfectly green."

"You were that to begin with, or you wouldn't have used the foolish stuff," said Mrs. Bumpkins. "I've heard of people taking footbath powder, but I never heard of any wise woman using it on her nose. Will you kindly tell me, please, why any sensible woman should want a purple nose or a deep yellow nose?"

"If you want such a physiognomy, then I am all the more sure that you belong to the spineless age."

"Please explain your nose and for all about this spineless age business," begged Mrs. Titter.

"The age we are living in is the spineless age," Mrs. Bumpkins declared. "Everybody's looking for new sensations and new fads. Behold the colored hair and colored face powder, and the sloppy way the women are dressing! They wear no corset and the net and chiffon houses they wear wouldn't furnish enough material to wad a gun with. When they walk they draw in their chests and slump in at the neck. I like the no-corset idea all right, but I hate the sticky, snaky shuffle! They 'mozy' along like they didn't have enough energy to blow a good sized soap bubble. The few waists are dandy because they give a fellow a chance to breathe freely, but there isn't much to be said of the spineless girl."

"Dresses and hats match," Mrs. Bump-



Mildred Kettig sketches "Miss Fashion"

ernoon when we were sitting on the porch sipping the first mint juleps of the spring. I watched a number of ladies alight from their motor cars. The western sun was setting in the west, where of course a perfectly good sun should set, and as it set it smiled. So did I. The ladies were between 14 and me. I give my word, that two thicknesses of chiffon were a buffalo robe in comparison with some of the fluff draperies that I saw.

"I've been doing some thinking out myself," Mrs. Titter interposed. "Of course, I'm still sticking to skirts, street skirts, I mean, but getting lighter weight ones each time, until crepe and chiffon are about the heaviest materials that I wear at all now. I want to ask you, Mrs.



Gladys Williams' clever drawing of "Miss Fashion"

kins continued. "In everything there is nothing but a mere intimation these days. A bathing suit is just a sample, and the other day I saw a rain coat which was wrapped up in a small rubber envelope. The average party frock can be put in your vanity case, and none of the gowns has any whalebone, or lining, or collar, or sleeves. They are merely a wisp of dragged wool round and round, and held together by the imagination, cleverly termed a sash or a butterfly bow. As for the hats, why they look like bullets! There's absolutely nothing to them, and so I say with the spineless girl, and the spineless dress, and the spineless hat it is a spineless age!"

"But you will admit that the colored powder is an innovation that isn't spineless," suggested Mrs. Titter.

"Why, if you were done up in blue



A model of "Fashion Week" as seen by Katherine McCormack

powder, Mrs. Bumpkins, I should say that your face would look like a Delft platter. You'd make a sensation, all right, if that's what you are looking for."

"But I'm not," Mrs. Titter protested. "I'm merely trying to keep up with the parade."

"That is not keeping up," said Mrs. Bumpkins. "It's drooping to the rear. You should keep up with things worth while. Purple powder is silly, not green wigs are utterly foolishness. None of those things will make the inside of your head any healthier or your heart any bigger, or your soul stretch out any splendor."

"You are preaching now," said Mrs. Titter.

"Maybe I am, but I may as well preach to you as to anybody else if my preaching doesn't hurt you. It's kind of fun to soar up in the clouds sometimes and take



As Baxter Badham sees "Miss Fashion"

SOME HELPING HAND HINTS FOR THE HOME

By MARION HARLAND

Bought of Grocers

Please tell me through your valuable Corner how to make potato flour. I have been trying your potato sponge cake, but failed, not knowing how to flour potatoes.

Potato flour, as fine as that made from wheat is sold by grocers in bulk or in packages. It is ready for use, having been prepared by processes unknown to the housewife. Don't trouble yourself to attempt the manufacture. It is light and nutritious and easily wrought into cake or bread.

Good and Inexpensive

"I enclose my mother's recipe for graham pudding, which is good and inexpensive. I noticed that this recipe was asked for in the Corner: Two cups of graham flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, one cup of sweet milk, two level teaspoons of saleratus dissolved in a little warm water, a pinch of salt, half a teaspoon of nutmeg, half a teaspoon of allspice, half a teaspoon of cloves. Put into a greased pudding dish and steam for three hours. Serve with hard or hot sauce.

E. M. D."

If not the recipe asked for, it is good enough to be substituted for it. We thank you, and so will the member who is looking for the graham pudding.

Apples on Sticks

"I saw in the Corner a request for a recipe called apples on sticks. I send one: Cook together (without stirring) two and a half cups of granulated sugar and a still of water until a little when dropped into cold water may be brought into fondant between the fingers. Add a tablespoon of butter and cook until it hardens instantly into a brittle thread when dropped into ice water. Have the apples ready washed and wiped clean and dry. Transfix each to the heart with a small stick or a tiny, slender reed. As the syrup cools, dip each apple into it and hang in the wind until the candy is cool and firm. Then dip again and continue to do this until you have the right thickness. Let each coating dry thoroughly before the next is applied.

H. J. S."

The best apples for this purpose are the pretty bright little "lady apples," much used in Christmas decorations. Grapes may be "crystallized" in the same way. When thickly coated with the fondant, they are often put up in candy boxes by confectioners and sold at fancy prices. They are toothsome, but do not keep long, becoming sour within a few days.

Lady Baltimore Cake

"I should like if through the Corner you would give me a recipe for Lady Baltimore cake. Below is a recipe for Lady Baltimore frosting: Two cups granulated sugar, one cup of water, the whites of two eggs, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup chopped nuts. Boil the sugar and water five minutes. Pour the boiling

a bird's eye view of humanity. I like the fashions all right, but I never was one to give myself heart and soul to style. Following the fashions isn't a very satisfying job. By the time you get something that is in style, it's out of style, because everybody else has it, too. Of course, one doesn't want to be a frump, but dear heaven, fashion is so fleeting and so uncertain."

"Well, I must say that I think fashion has quite outdone herself this season with bustles and panniers and shabby effects," Mrs. Titter said, "but honestly, I shall always be grateful for the spineless age because of the corset proposition. The old speeched-in-quantor sort of effect has all but killed fat women, and thanks to the Bulgazian sash and the tunic of 1914, the torture that has so long been endured can be dispensed with now, and women can get acquainted again with a long, deep breath, and smile as if the straight jacket had never been heard of."

syrup over the whites of beaten eggs until stiff, and set half of the mixture for frosting the cake. Add the raisins and nuts and use for filling.

M. M. B."

The most delicious Lady Baltimore cake that ever passed my lips came from the home of the luxury immortalized in the novel, "Lady Baltimore." The scene is laid in Charleston, S. C. It was a good layer cake, filled with just the compound for which you give the formula. Without knowing it you have answered your own request. The filling and frosting impart the distinctive character to the cake. Any good cup cake will do for the framework.

White Cake: Cream together two cups of granulated sugar, one-quarter cup of lard, one-quarter cup of butter, and four tablespoons of hot water. Add a cup of cold water, mix well, add three cups of flour and two teaspoons baking powder that ever passed my lips came from the home of the luxury immortalized in the novel, "Lady Baltimore." The scene is laid in Charleston, S. C. It was a good layer cake, filled with just the compound for which you give the formula. Without knowing it you have answered your own request. The filling and frosting impart the distinctive character to the cake. Any good cup cake will do for the framework.

HER EXPERIENCE GAINED ON TRIP

Found That Ladies in State Agreed With Her on One Important Question

Mangham, La.—Mrs. Liza Barber, of this town, who has returned from a trip in West and Middle Tennessee, has the following to say: "I have been on a trip in Middle and West Tennessee, where I found many ladies using Cardui, the woman's tonic. While traveling I took great pleasure in telling what it had done for me—I not only praised Cardui—but advised poor, suffering women to take it. I know that Cardui cured me and I believe it will do the same for other women.

Some time ago I could hardly stand on my feet, and I had given up ever having good health. After using two bottles of Cardui I could tell it was helping me, and I continued taking it for awhile. I soon felt as well as I ever did, and I could do all of my work.

I shall always praise this great medicine to every suffering woman. I think there is no other half so good."

Mrs. Barber would have found weak, ailing women taking Cardui almost anywhere she could have gone, because Cardui is recognized as the standard woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women back to health and strength in the past 50 years.

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N. E.—Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

M. W. Searight Call Main 99 for Awnings Louie Reese

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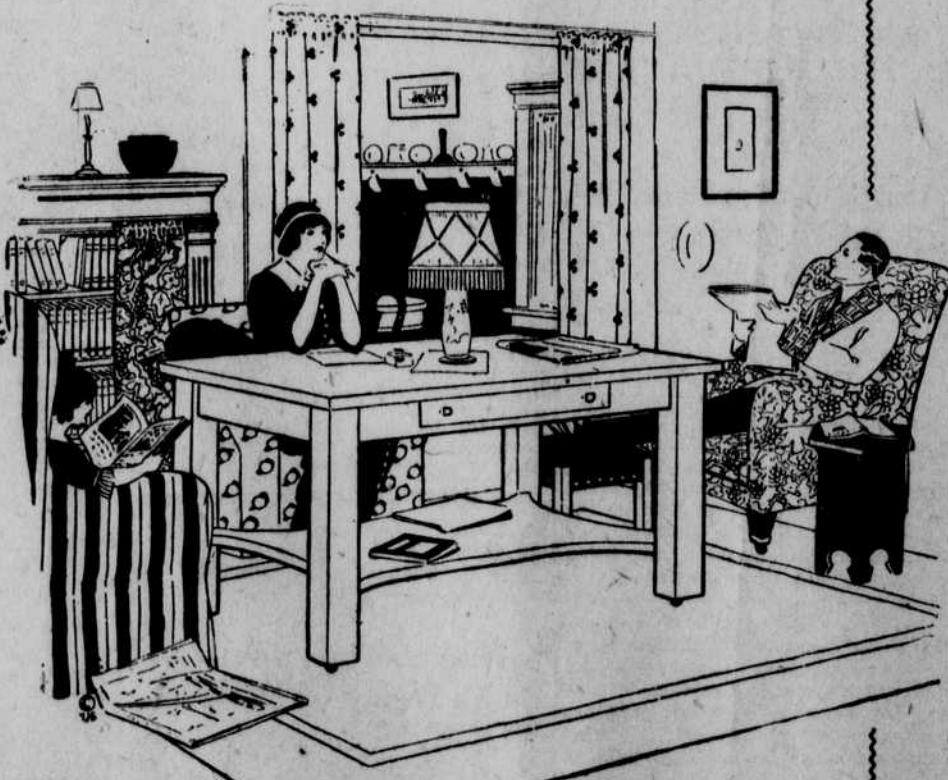
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Illustration Shows Two of These Ultra Fashionable Tailor-Mades for Easter and Spring

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Materials are the smartest now in vogue, including—French Serge, Gaberdine, Mannish Suitings, Wool Poplin, Duvetyne, Wool Crepe, Shepherd Plaid, Basket Weave, Moire, Silk Poplin, Etc.

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The Colorings Are Lovely—Saxe Blue, Navy Blue, New Brown Shades, Mahogany, Rich Green, Blacks, Pretty Tan and Two-Tone Effects

All of the jackets are loose, short peasant effects with short or long sleeves—and you'll note among the trimmings upstanding Directorate collars, quaint Medici collars, the new Capuchin collars (like little tiers) or small, dressy collars of lace, flowered crepe linings. All of the skirts are in peg top, one, two or three tier styles.

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