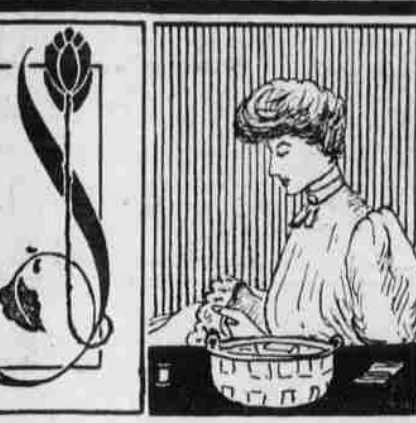




CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU OF FASHIONS CONDUCTED BY MARJORIE DANE



DEAR Miss Dane: With your kind assistance I am sure I will get a pretty spring suit, also a summer dress. What kind of material do you think would suit me. I have fair hair, blue eyes, at times you would think they were green. Height 5 feet 1 inch, bust 34, hips 39 inches, age 25. Kindly suggest something not too expensive.—Mrs. D.

A nice gray or navy blue serge or Vienna is excellent for general wear as a suit and the fine light weight mixed grays known as men's suitings have too much to recommend them. They wear like iron and are so dust resisting. You should have a pleated skirt, the pleats taking any form you please, the bottom to be finished with a hem. Make the coat in pony style as short as possible and a little looser than last season's styles. Instead of the seams from the shoulders back and front, they are only seen in the back now, and the fronts show little hip pockets trimmed with braid but no seams. The collar is in man fashion, and the coat closes single-breasted down the front with four buttons. The sleeves are coat shaped, finished with a little braid at the wrist, and altogether, this new model is one of the naggiest little wraps imaginable. For your summer frock, collienne, crepe de Paris or any of the thin girlish-looking silks will make up into a pretty, inexpensive girlish frock. Checked taffeta, top, is nice. This you could have made in princess style with gathers about the waist and a deep yoke of lace at the top, the bottom of the skirt to be tucked. The sleeves should be full and confined by cuffs matching the yoke. It is not an easy matter to suggest a definite style for a garment without knowing exactly what kind of material is to be employed, but the general lines of the model suggested will be becoming to you.

Dear Miss Dane: Kindly suggest a pretty way for making an evening dress of pink silk; I don't want anything elaborate. I am 18 years old, blue eyes and fair hair, good complexion with lots of color, height 5 feet, 32 bust, 20 waist and 36 hips. If you think this color too showy, please suggest some other shades.—Maude N.

Pink silk will be by no means too showy for an evening frock. Make a fairly full skirt gathered into the belt in groups and trimmed on the bottom with a couple of overlapping frills of pink point de 'sprit hemmed with pink baby ribbon. Have a baby waist cut low

All letters answered in these columns or by mail. Address Marjorie Dane, 44 East Twenty-third Street, New York City.

for wear with a guimpe and trim the edge with little ruffles of the point de 'sprit caught on the left of the yoke with a ribbon garniture of pink roses. The belt should be of soft pink ribbon and the sleeves full puffs of the de 'sprit, crushed strips of the silk coming down over them from the armhole at intervals, the whole confined by lace cuffs. The décolletage may have a strip of lace sewn on in a square effect, or a guimpe of a very light nature as fine ivory strigged net, white net scattered with pearls, or anything dainty really that suggests itself.

Dear Miss Dane: You have given me much good advice before that I would ask your help again. I have a loose summer coat, about seven-eighths length, that I wish to make over into a jacket for wear this spring. It is not cut very full and I think it is not becoming to me. It is black and white check, not distinct checks and only about half an inch square. The back is plain with a seam in the center and a bias strip of the goods concealing the seam. The sleeves are rather full and I think could be used without recutting. The fronts are plain and it closes invisibly under a facing on one side. It has little lapels running down from the collar, I am five feet two inches tall, bust measure 35, waist 26 and hip measure 42. Would you advise a pony style or the tight-fitting?—Fret.

I am inclined to favor the pony style as being of more practical value on account of the fairly loose fit. Such a coat would answer well for an extra summer wrap, while a tight-fitting wrap would be apt to crush the frock worn underneath. The looser styles are also more summery looking. Place the lower edge of your paper pattern to the lower edge of the coat in recutting; and, by the way, the model without the front shoulder seam is newer than that having the seams from the shoulders both back and front. Strap all the seams with the goods cut bias. ELIZABETH LEE.

The Eagle People and the Giant Clam

IN the far Northwest lay the Town of Skidans. The chief of it had a nephew living with him. The boy was the son of the old chief who was dead, and when he grew up he was to be chief in his father's place. Meantime the uncle studied how he could get rid of the boy and retain the chieftainship himself.

One day the uncle took a board and covered it with pitch. Then he threw eagle feathers on the pitch to hide it and placed the board in the bow of his canoe.

"Now," said he to his slaves, "take my nephew Gotsona out to spear fish. Make him lie down on one side of the pitch covered board. When he attempts to throw his spear, push him overboard. He will stick to the board and will not be able to help himself."

The slaves did as they were commanded and then paddled back to the town lamenting, saying that the boy had fallen into the water and been drowned.

All the people were very sorry, for they liked the boy and hated the uncle.

The boy had been thrown overboard near the mouth of the river, and a swift tide took him out to sea, but he did not drown, for the board to which he was stuck fast kept him afloat.

At a point near a village the waves finally washed him up on the beach, and scrambling up the shore, he sat down with his back to the sun.

Soon the heat melted the pitch so that he could pull the board off.

Scarcely had he hidden himself of the troublesome thing when he heard the sound of singing and saw two girls advancing down a path which led from the village to the shore.

He arranged his two fine blankets of manitow skin and his car ornaments of caribou skin which he had put on when he went out to hunt in the canoe, and advanced to meet the strangers, a well dressed, fine looking stalwart youth. He also had his quiver strung across his shoulder with two bows and many arrows in it, and anybody could see that he was a chief's son.

One of the girls turned out to be the daughter of the chief of the neighboring village, and the other was her slave. They greeted the boy kindly and invited him to the chief's house.

On arriving there, the boy found that he had come to the village of the Eagles. They gave Gotsona food and adopted him into the family of the chief right away, for the chief told him he was perfectly well aware of all that had happened, as a wise old shaman had foretold the whole thing a fortnight ago.

It was a curious place, this Eagle town. Every morning just before daybreak the people all entered their teacher's clothing and sat in a line upon a pole, which was laid horizontally between two trees in front of the town, like a great perch, as it were.

Sitting there, stretching their wings and pluming their feathers, they discussed the best place to fish for the day, and then flew away. At night they returned with all sorts of things—whales' tails, white porpoises, porpoises, ball-bird, red cod, spring salmon—everything one can think of. The strongest of them sometimes even brought back a whole whale which he had caught.

After a few days Gotsona begged that he might have a suit of feathers and go with the other people fishing.

The chief of the Eagles told him to bring a box which stood against the wall. The boy brought it, and the chief, opening it, took out another box. From the second box he took out a third, and from the third a fourth. Then out of the fourth box he drew a suit of eagle feathers and handed it to the boy, saying: "That is the eagle skin and feathers which I wore as a young man. It is too small for me to wear now, but it will make you stronger than any other of the Eagles."

The next morning Gotsona put on his feather suit and flew up on the perch with the other Eagles. After a little practice he found he could fly very well indeed—it was no trouble.

"Now, when you go fishing," cautioned the chief before the Eagle people flew away, "catch anything you like except a clam. Do not try to catch clams. There is a giant clam living hereabout which is dangerous. Its head looks just like the head of a sea-otter, but it has a great body embedded in the mud. If you try to catch it it will close its shell on your talons and hold you fast. One of our best hunters was lost that way not long ago."

Gotsona promised to be careful and flew away, out over the sea, delighted with his new experience. He circled round and round, looking for something to catch. Finally he saw a whale swimming along below him, sending the water through its blow-hole and lashing the sea into foam with its tail.

Swift as an arrow Gotsona swooped down and caught the whale in his talons. He found he could rise into the air with it easily, for the eagle suit of the chief had made him wonderfully strong.

Back to the village he flew with his catch, and all the people were full of compliments at his having caught a whale the very first time he went fishing. But Gotsona modestly said it was all due to the suit which the chief had given to him.

After that the boy took his seat every morning with the other Eagles on the perch in front of the town, and in time he became the greatest fisher of them all.

But one day, when he was circling about high in the air, he saw below him the head of the great clam against which he had been warned. Confident of his strength, he thought to distinguish himself by capturing it.

Down he swooped and tried to seize the clam. But the clam, quickly drawing in its head, closed its shell with a snap. It missed his talons, but caught him by one wing and began to sink down into the water, dragging him with it.

He was no match for the giant clam and called for help. The other Eagles came to his assistance, the first one seizing Gotsona and the others tailing on to the first in a vain effort to raise him up, until the clam had a whole string of Eagles which he was dragging under water.

Meantime a little Eagle had flown back to the village and told the chief's mother. Hastily she put on her eagle suit. She was a very old Eagle and had lost many feathers, but she had a strong suit and was skilful of flight. She reached the scene of the conflict just as the wing of the last Eagle was about to disappear beneath the waves.

Grabbing it, she exerted all her strength. It was a hard struggle, but finally she lifted them all out of the water and took them home to dry.

She gave Gotsona a good scolding and he promised never to try and catch a clam again as long as he lived. In fact, he said he would like to marry the chief's daughter, give up fishing and flying, and go back to be chief of his own people at Skidans.

So it was agreed, and after the wedding all the Eagle people, with the bride and bridegroom, put on their feathers and flew over to Skidans.

The people there were astonished at first, but when the visitors put off their Eagle clothing and they saw Gotsona once more they hailed him as chief and told him his wicked uncle had been dead for some time.

Then the Eagles went back to their own village, and Gotsona, settling down with his wife, lived for many years as chief of Skidans. But he never could bear clams, even when made into chowder.

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MADAMOISELLE PARCHESI

(Continued from page 2)

end of her fingers, where the tactile nerves were concentrated. These he pinched softly.

"These fool palmistry books give you a sort of map with little mountains and gulfs and rivers and peninsulas to guide one in exploring the human hand, but they don't help one much about a person's climate and meteorology—storms and winds and tides and currents and all that. It's all that that I'd like to know I wonder what sort of a friend you'd be. I wonder how you'd wear, and if I'd get tired of you, or you of me!"

There is no word for "wonder" in French; if there were, Mademoiselle Parchesi might have used it then, also, for she looked up suddenly as if to speak, and her eyes were full of a message she was trying to find the courage to say. But she looked down again passively and reclosed her hands, saying "Encore!" under her breath.

"I suppose," said Justin through his teeth, "if I were a certain sort of man, I would try to kiss you now, and if you were a different sort of girl, you would let me, after more or less stage business. Here's a *miscen-scène* appropriate enough for any sort of a flirtation. I wonder if I am that sort of man."

He rose and paced up and down the sand a few moments, thinking over the situation so intently that he was almost oblivious of the girl's presence. In her manner a few hints had begun to trouble him with a suggestion that, at first, he could not determine. He turned to her and saw that she was watching him intently. She had drawn on her cape as if preparing to leave. He went up to her quickly, with a flash of intuition, and standing still, said, deliberately, "I believe I will kiss you, and see what good that will do!"

He had made no suggestive motion, but as soon as the words had left his mouth Mademoiselle Parchesi started up and took a step away from him, and stood in an attitude of defense. Her face had gone scarlet, and her hands were raised to her breast.

With a rapid gesture he seized her by both arms and looked her straight in the eyes. "You speak English!" he cried, angrily. "You have understood every word I have said from the very beginning, and you've deliberately let me go on, talking like a fool. You've tricked me, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Then with a toss of his head he left her standing there, her hands covering her face, and walked away.

What had he said to her? Nothing of consequence perhaps, nothing at least he was ashamed of, but the feeling that he had been played with and led on for so long a time aroused a lively resentment. How stupid he had been not to have suspected her! But it had not entered his mind to doubt the girl after her first words. Her face had told him nothing of her nationality; she was only herself, Mademoiselle Parchesi, his three-days' friend—it seemed like three months! The recollection of her original escapades softened him, and a saving sense of humor came to her rescue, overthrowing all his annoyance. Certainly she had been as clever as he had been dull, and in a few moments he had acknowledged it to himself.

There was a rustling of silk skirts behind him, and he had but time to resume his mask of resentment when a hand was laid on his arm.

"I'm very sorry!" Mademoiselle Parchesi was saying, very softly; "I am ashamed of myself, and I apologize."

She looked up at him shyly through a little dew of tears. "But it was so funny, it was so terribly funny!" I tried to tell you so many, many times, really I did, but you were so awfully sure I was French; I couldn't help going on with the joke! And when you began saying things you really meant, so frankly, I couldn't resist the temptation to let you go on, though I knew I was no better than an eavesdropper. I've been in Paris for three years at a French pension, and it's so long since I've had any one say real things to me. You were so perfectly dear and genuine and absurd, and I was afraid you'd stop it all if you thought I understood. I have never heard a man really talk to himself before, and it fascinated me. I understand what you meant all the time, I'm sure I did, but now you'll think I'm a horrible little minx! But I don't care, it was terrible funny! Wasn't it?"

They laughed together as they had laughed when they first met. "I'll forgive you," Justin said, as they turned down the beach, "if you'll tell me whether I am to consider all this an episode or an event."

"You're going to leave to-night for New York in the 'Obdam,' aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, of course; and I thought it was cruel of you not to be sorry to say goodbye."

"Well," said Mademoiselle Parchesi, punching little holes in the smooth, wet sand with the end of her red silk parasol, "as long as I'm going in the 'Obdam,' 2000, perhaps this affair is only an episode. But, considering that I've met a man who has told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for three whole days, I think it ought to be regarded as an event."

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Marjorie Dane Patterns



SUCH little dresses as this one are among the most useful that the child's wardrobe contains. They can be made more or less dainty as the collar is plain or embroidered, but whatever the finish they are to be easily laundered; they involve very little labor in the making, yet they are absolutely becoming and absolutely satisfactory. The long lines given by the box plaits suit childish figures admirably well, and the fancy collars shown on this one adds an ornamental touch. For cool weather the long sleeves are desirable, but short ones will be greatly in vogue throughout the warmer season, and the neck can be made either with or without the standing collar. As illustrated, white linen is made with collar of the material embroidered in a simple design. But every material that is used for children's dresses is appropriate for this one, chambray and the like for the dresses of playtime wear, white serge and the light-weight wools for the cooler days, as well as washable fabrics. Again, the collar could be made from all-over embroidery and the edge finished with suitable little banding or frills if the work done on the material seems to involve too great labor, or a finish of scallops and eyelet holes only would be pretty and dainty.

The dress suits the tiny boys of two and four, as well as the girls to six years of age. It consists of the front and the backs with a plain yoke, to which the plaited dress is attached and over which the fancy collar is arranged. The full sleeves are gathered into bands whether they extend to the wrists or are very short, but when made long they are finished with roll-over cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 4½ yards 27, 3¼ yards 35 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 5636 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years.

SEVEN GORED PLAITED SKIRT.

Every variation of the plaited skirt is to be worn throughout the coming season, and new ones are constantly appearing. Here is an eminently graceful and altogether attractive model that can be made either in round or walking length, and that consequently suits the entire range of seasonable materials. In the illustration it is made of chiffon Panama cloth trimmed with braid and stitched with belding silk, but if designed for house wear it would be appropriate for voile, for pongee, foulard and all materials of similar weight. Later it will make an excellent model for the linen suits that will be in demand.

The skirt is made with seven gores and is laid in plaits at the back and at the sides, those of each group turning toward one another.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 8½ yards 27, 7 yards 44 or 52 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 8½ yards 44 or 5 yards 52 inches wide when it has not, with 11 yards of braid to trim, as illustrated.

The pattern 5611 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.
Either pattern will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents by Marjorie Dane, 44 East Twenty-third Street, New York City.