

CORRESPONDENCE PAGE OF FASHIONS & BEAUTY

Frocks for the Sweet Sixteens

The title of "sweet sixteen" has to me always been sadly misplaced. Pretty twenty-one would be much truer, for in reality there is no age more trying than sixteen. Girls who have reached that number of years are either too young to do one thing, or too old to do the other. It may be a sweet age to study, but to actually live through, I think every girl looks back to it as a nightmare. And



Afternoon Gowns.

mothers are often sorely perplexed with the question of what style is proper for a miss of that age. Perhaps these few suggestions will be welcome to such mothers. At least we hope so.

The very popular Peter Thompson suit, which, in reality is merely a type of sailor suit, is always to be purchased ready-made, but the price is high and the style rather severe. Today we are showing one of the newest sailor suit models. Dresses are among the most practical and becoming models for a girl whose figure is as yet unformed, and for outing and school no better style could be suggested. To make a dress of this model for a miss of sixteen would require five yards of double-width goods. Solid colors make up best, and a gray French serge trimmed with red velvet, red tulle and a most effective combination. Tan and brown are also popular.

tall and thin appearance; white touches of velvet about the bodice will always make any dress becoming to the girl who is burdened with a narrow skin. Styles for misses should be simple and graceful, shading from the hips and tapering down to the rich seal brown; innumerable blues that are rich in tone with silvery sheens, dull greens that can be worn with velvet and lace, but no bright, glaring shades to dazzle the eye. Indeed, all colors have almost a faded appearance, so soft are they in tone.

A neat and practical utility suit is also pictured, and made of dark blue serge nothing could be more useful and yet better suited for a little expenditure of money. A feature about this particular model is that it buttons close to the throat and thus eliminates the need of a fur except in very severe weather. It is an exceptionally stylish model for school wear, and could be developed in such goods as chevrot, tweeds or any novelty suiting. Corduroy makes a charming dress of this model, and for the girl who is out of doors much the goods is highly commended. It will stand the test of many storms, and any amount of hard usage to which every school girl submits her clothes. A suggestion which might help out would be to make it up of copper brown homespun with velvet. Have straps made of brown taffeta of a darker shade, while the collar might be finished from a velvet of a shade matching the taffeta bands. Silk braids might also be used instead of taffeta for strappings, with velvet buttons for combination.

With a coat suit one needs many walsats, or at the very least two are required, one of dark goods and one of softer and fainter material. The prettiest walsats shown today are made of white china silk. The fullness is laid in pleats and breadth is given to the blouse by extending the trimming over the shoulder. Young girls are as careful with their clothes as those of us who are older, and hence a material that will stand an occasional visit to the laundry is to be recommended. The model could be made up in dark silk, trimmed with Persian trimming, which is much used and very attractive for a utility walsat.

Many young girls are made absolutely unhappy because their parents never seem to think they have ideas of their own. It really matters very little to the average mother whether her young daughter wears a brown or a green dress, while to the average girl it is a vital question. I knew a girl who when 14 years old before she was allowed to select a dress of the color and style she wanted, and that dress was to her an event. Give the young folk a chance to say at least what color they want, and humor their little fancies as much as you can within reason, for things that to us seem mere trifles are to them mountains of disappointments.

Mary Dean

How to Get Pretty Arms

WHILE the long sleeve will doubtless be worn on all outdoor garments this season, very short sleeves are to be seen on all house and evening dresses, making pretty, well-rounded arms almost a necessity. So many of my correspondents write to me for information on this subject that these hints may be timely.

To begin with, red hands and arms are caused by poor circulation nine times out of ten, and hence to reduce the color you must reach the seat of the disorder. The circulation can be greatly assisted by bathing and massaging. Many women will spend plenty of time on their faces and utterly disregard their arms, which, in these days, are almost as conspicuous.

As a rule hot water should be used with a good plain soap, and your arms need much rubbing with a rough Turkish towel or other towel with rough finish. This rubbing tends to keep the flesh smooth and soft, keeping down any eruptions that might show themselves. If the skin is rough and scaly, I would suggest the use of oatmeal or bran bags, always rubbing the flesh dry with the rough towel until the skin is very red.

Regarding discolorations of the arm, home remedies are really better than any amount of prepared bleaches. The best bleaches of purpose to reduce the color are more valuable than the lemon. If the skin on the arms and hands has become discolored through exposure or housework, nothing will clear it better than the constant application of lemon juice. Cut a lemon in half and rub the arms well every night and morning. Fresh ripe tomatoes are also good for this purpose, while a milk made from the juice of fresh cucumbers is also excellent. Many women have a very rough elbow, and this affliction can be greatly relieved by rubbing with a cake of pumice stone every night. The rubbing should be gentle and gradual, not vigorous and violent.

The greatest evil that presents itself on the arms is the superabundance of hair—a trouble common to many women. These, of course, can be taken off by means of electricity, but the expense is great and the process very painful and slow. There is, however, a proprietary article that has worked wonderful results, and I shall be glad to recommend this depilatory to any readers who have this trouble to contend with.

At this season of the year women are very apt to slip a loose garment over their short-sleeved blouse, and run across to a neighbor's. This practice will chap the hands and arms and leave them in a bad condition. One of the best pomades for chapped hands and arms is made as follows:

Cocoa butter, 1 ounce; oil of sweet almonds, 1 ounce; oxide of zinc, 1 drachm; borax, 1 drachm; oil of bergamot, 4 drops. Heat the cocoa butter and oil of almonds in a double boiler and when thoroughly mixed add to them the zinc and borax. Stir until it is quite cool and then add the bergamot. The oxide of zinc in this pomade is very healing. Rub it well into the hands and arms at

Tasty Dishes From Cheap Meats

ON this day of soaring meat prices the housewife must summon all her ingenuity to stretch her usual allowance for meat over the seven days of the week. Many women who have a really comfortable income now serve meat on the table but once a day, and if the menus are properly planned, very attractive breakfasts and luncheons can be served without meat, which is reserved for dinner. So-called vegetable and Italian past dishes, enriched with meat stock, or beef essence, are also served in the place of a regulation meat dish.

Many women who once depended upon steaks, chops and other choice pieces of beef meat easy to prepare, have been obliged of late to fall back on cheaper cuts. Herein lies the danger for the fam-

ily palate. Cheap cuts must be prepared with infinite care or they are flavorless and unpalatable. Slow cooking over a low fire, with carefully selected flavoring is the secret of success in handling all cheap cuts of meat. Here are some suggestions worth following:

Beef Stew with Vegetables—Buy lean beef, cut from the rump or round, or cross rib, without any bones and just a little fat. Cut these in pieces about three inches long and an inch wide and thick. Roll in a mixture of flour, pepper and salt; have ready in a hot skillet plenty of drippings, slice into this a small onion, cook until golden brown. Lay in the beef carefully so that you can turn it as it browns. When it is a rich brown color on all sides, remove to a kettle, add an equal amount of raw potatoes, cut in good-sized dice, not too small. Now in the skillet you should have left some drippings. If there are not enough to cover the bottom of the pan, add a little butter, rub into this all the flour the drippings will absorb, add slowly milk and water, half and half, to make a thin creamy gravy, pour this over the meat potatoes and carrots (there should be enough to completely cover the meat and vegetables), set far back on the stove and simmer gently for two or three hours, adding at the finish some finely chopped parsley, and if you have any cold vegetables like peas or beans, cut them fine and add. Also, if you have it on hand you can use soup stock instead of the milk and water, which makes a far more nourishing dish. A tablespoonful of good wine added just before serving gives it a snappy flavor suggestive of restaurant fare.

Beefsteak with tomatoes, a new way of utilizing rump steak. Select rump steak one inch and a half thick, open a can of tomatoes and turn them gently into a colander. The juice will run through into a steppan set under the colander and leave some large pieces of tomatoes in the upper vessel. Spread your rump steak on a platter or meat board and gently lift the large pieces of tomatoes



NEW AND PRACTICAL UTILITY SUIT.

colander, some meat stock if you have it, bits of butter, and over all dredge lightly a little flour. Bake at least an hour—longer if the steak is very large, basting frequently.



Mince Meat—Buy two pounds of veal, lean beef or mutton, cut out bone. Simmer gently in only enough water to cover it, with sliced onions and carrots to give it a flavor. Remove the meat from the broth, run through a meat-chopper or mince finely. This should make about one pint of solid meat. Season with pepper and salt, add one

plint of finely-chopped raw potatoes, pour off and strain a cup of the water in which the meat was cooked. Add this to the mixture of meat and potatoes, turn into a baking-dish, scatter bread crumbs over the top and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. A noted Pennsylvania cook varies this recipe as follows: She butters a deep baking-pan, places in the bottom a layer of mashed potatoes, one of chopped meat, one of canned tomatoes, chopped so that there are no big pieces. Then comes another layer of meat, another of tomatoes with mashed potatoes on top. This she bakes a golden brown in the oven.

Mock Duck—Pound well a round steak that is cut about half an inch thick. Spread over it a dressing as follows: Put in a frying-pan a lump of butter the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of grated onion and a pinch of sage. Mix well a pint of bread crumbs, moistened with one egg. When the butter is very hot put it in, stir and turn slightly brown. Spread the steak, roll up and fasten with a few stitches. Stick with strips of fat bacon, dredge with pepper, salt and flour. Put in a dripping-pan with a little water and baste frequently. Bake an hour in a moderate oven and serve with a gravy made of the water in the pan thickened with flour. Slice this without unrolling.

Gloves.

They're mostly long. White is not dead. Suede rivals the glace. As a rule gloves match. They match dresses of pretty colors. At times they match the accessories. But don't wear bright green gloves, whatever they match. In many instances black or tan gloves to match shoes and hat are stunning.

A report received at Pekin from Chang Ting Yang, the Chinese resident of Lhasa, tells of the establishment of a native newspaper, the first one ever printed in the Tibetan language.

Chats With Half-Grown-Ups

IT is quite natural that youth should feel intolerant of age. Youth has every possibility apparently within its grasp. Age has either wasted, lost or exhausted the same possibilities. Youth thinks that it has the world at its feet—but it is a very bad idea to make public announcement of the fact until you have a firm grip on the world's throat, so to speak. Every youth is a modern edition of Monte Cristo, in crying, "The world is mine," but unfortunately his feet stand, not on the rock of accomplishment, but upon the slippery sands of false hopes.

Quite generally age smiles tolerantly upon youth and its claims. Sometimes, however, youth by action rather than by words, becomes so offensive that tolerance would be a little story. All this as a preface to a little story. The other evening in New York City, where half the theater-going world is always rattling to and fro home after the play, one of the stations was crowded with well-dressed men and women, young, middle-aged and old, who had been enjoying the evening at various theaters, accompanied by a well-gowned young woman, resented the conduct of the flying wedge and putting his broad shoulders against part of it, literally, and his lady fell into the car, while other theater-goers fell back in dismay.

One of the college youths stumbled, caught his feet in the train of the woman's gown and there was a rump, a crash, and a resounding slap on the collegian's face.

Of course, it very nearly ended in a riot, and even some of the older theater-goers said the man was wrong to make so futile and spectacular a stand against the college crowd. But, after all, why did he not have some rights on that train? Why should those monkey-eyed youths in rough sweaters, mud-covered shoes, silly caps and reeking pipes pre-empt a train for which orderly men and women had paid their fares before the arrival of the college crowd?

Was there anything courteous, chivalric or gentlemanly in their conduct? Were they a credit to their alma mater?

The next morning papers, whose reporters had heard the story, roasted the collegians, but did the lesson carry any weight? Not at all. The boys seemed rather proud of being exploited as having captured a theater-goer who, like the 20th century bandits they are.

At a matinee performance of a popular play, I noticed two parties of young girls. One consisted of eight pupils from a fashionable school in the suburbs, attended by a school chaplain. They were quietly dressed, had seats in the body of the house, and filed in orderly fashion, wearing the latest in a moderate oven for one hour. A plumaged bird. They wore all sorts of flowers, from violets to American Beauty roses. They had boxes upon boxes of bon bons. They leaned across

laughing are the trade-marks of the ill-bred girl. It may be a pleasant sensation to discover that you are the center of interest in a theater, on a crowded train, or in a restaurant, but I wonder if you would find the sensation so pleasant if in addition to seeing the interested faces around you, you might hear what the owners of the faces were saying to their companions?

"Too bad such a pretty girl should be so underbred, isn't it?"

"The youth of today is a trifle too exuberant, don't you think so? Like a vividly-colored chromo, which jars on the nerves."

Happiness gleamed in bright eyes, pleasure and animating spirits rippling to the surface in quiet laughter, strength and enthusiasm expressed in good carriage, brisk steps, animated conversation, these are not offensive to any one, but talking at the top of your voice in hopes that your remarks will amuse an entire car full of people, laughter that is strident and forced, just so that the world may know what a good time you are having, showing your way to the most conspicuous place in a public conveyance or theater or restaurant—these are evidences not of happy youth, but of ungente breeding, bad home training and a hopeless lack of naturally high ideals and instincts.

Prudence Standish

The Secrets of a Good Figure

"MY HIPS are too large," "My bust is too high," "I am so short-waisted!"

"I cannot wear my corsets in the house, as they hurt me."

Such are the cries that reach me in numbers every day. And to all these writers I can only say the same thing—your corsets are all wrong.

It is a most remarkable fact that women will save and pinch on the most important article of their wardrobe, an article that will make or mar their whole appearance, and that most important article of dress is nothing more nor less than a properly fitted corset. A corset that fits you represents the correct foundation for modish gowns and gives to every woman a style, ease and grace that no amount of good clothes could give to her if worn over an ill-fitting corset that pinches in one place and bulges in another.

Nine out of ten women will go into a shop and say, "Give me a white corset, size 26-inch and then take the one that an indignant clerk puts before them at a reasonable price. There are today hundreds of models on the market, and no matter what your figure or what size you are, you can get a tall and thin, then you want a long-waisted corset, with a high bust that will make the most of what you have."

Nature has no useless bones in the hips, then buy a corset that is cut high in the hip line, which will give full play to what little you have.

The stout woman should wear a corset lined with real whalebone, made with bias seams and ample gores; a long model that will reduce any abdominal protuberance, with two sets of garters on them. One set must be sewed on immediately in front, and the other set directly over the hips.

These garters could be of the elastic kind, about an inch and a half wide and buttoned onto the stockings. Many stout women find best results from the corset that laces in front, and such models are to be purchased for \$5 up. From \$5 to \$5 is little enough for a stout woman to pay for a corset, for she must have it made of good material and real bones. If you pay that amount of money for a corset the shop will do it to you, taking in and letting out in places where any alterations may be necessary. I wish I might impress upon my readers the vital necessity of this investment if they wish to have their clothes look well and keep their figures trim.

It is an idle boast to say "I've worn this make of corset ever since I was a girl." Your figure has changed, the styles have been improved and you should take advantage of the opportunity to improve with the age. Stick to the friends you made when you were a girl, read the books that were written then, but buy the most up-to-date corset that the shops offer, and have it fitted to your figure.

Many stout women take their corsets

off when in the house, and nothing will increase flesh more than such a practice. But they hurt me," they argue. No corset that reaches you ever hurts you. It is a support that you would never go without if you could but realize it. A corset that fits you will rest you, and you will never want to remove it except as you go to bed at night. I will be glad to suggest models for various figures to any of my readers upon request, and in enclosed stamp and self-addressed envelope, and believe me, it is the most important factor towards making your clothes look well and giving you a modish figure.



New Sailor Model.

Is Man Beautiful?

Artists say he is. They say he's woman's peer. Let's write that peer thus: p-e-e-r.

It is his lined lip shape is much better. It is declared by those who know best. Of his figure one pleads innocence, not having been inclined to haunt the beach during bathing hours.

But his face—there's no pleasing ignorance about that more or less exposed part of his anatomy.

And how he does pamper it! Is he chinless? No, no, he goes in for a most virile Vanduyke beard.

Is his mouth cruel or weak? Why, all he has to do is to drap it with the most becoming cut of moustache.

Is the lower part of his face out of the beauty race? That doesn't phase him. He grows a patriarchal beard.

And all this isn't mentioning his hair. Ah, the poetic possibilities of lengthy tresses that tempt sympathetic fingers as well as the breeze. Shear these off and the routine followers of many an idol would flee.

Across the Land. Baltimore Sun. Across the land he went whom we had watched and kept. So like a glimmer about a rose leaf when she slept.

Across the land when night had fallen and the stars were out, she passed into the light that lay upon the waking hills!

Across the land at morn she went whom we had watched and kept. So like a glory when awake, a shadow when asleep.

No breath of mourning or distress, but soft as step of dawn. The rattle of the wings of white her spirit had put on!

Across the land at morn she went, nor had we any thought. Of such a glory when awake, a shadow when asleep. For dumb we look across the land whose glory was our light.

As if the day had changed to gray and moon were as the night!

Across the land at morn she went, and morn is morn no more. The dawn, the dew, the bird, the bloom, the sun, as they were before.

Across the land at morn she went, and morn is morn no more. That filled our hearts, that filled our hearts, with joy and song and dream!

The Siamese regard uneven numbers as very unlucky.