

CORRESPONDENCE PAGE OF FASHIONS AND BEAUTY

Gowns for the High School Miss

THE gowns which are beginning to show themselves for Autumn and Winter wear for girls of high school and college age are stamped pleasantly with good sense. There are no exaggerations of cut or material to take away from the youthful simplicity required for maiden garments, and here and there one sees the lines of many a foregoing season reproduced.

The normal waistline is definitely with us once more, and as is the pleated skirt with plain front panel, which has long proven its usefulness and grace for walking purposes. Then there is the ancient coat sleeve which goes into the armhole with the barest suggestion of top gathering, and the skirt band that, after overskirts and before, divided the jupe in two pieces. The semi-princess effects with jersey-like upper portion and pleated bottoms that these gowns display, are widely approved and exceedingly becoming to slight young figures.

There are hints that the waist band will get tighter, but so comfortably loose are gowns still at this point that one need not fear a swift return to the old wasp waist, which emphasizes the figure and was always unsuitable for young girls. Dresses cut all-in-one for misses sometimes show almost a wrapper looseness, these giving an added sweetness to rounded or angular young bodies, and showing often the simplest band trimmings.

Misses' coats follow to a great extent the same looseness, many an old garment, or the top jacket that goes with a jumper frock, revealing almost the same cut as the brother's top coat. We are growing more sensible, in fact, everywhere but at our heads—for even misses' hats are growing larger, and are sometimes burdened with trimmings far too heavy for the peace of the human head and health.

It is vain to hope that the adult feminine of ultra smart taste will be guided by reason in choosing her Autumn or Winter hat; but let us devoutly pray that the mothers of daughters who have not reached their full growth will exercise some of their own wisdom in the matter of buying the headpiece. Unnumbered bodily ills are now being laid to the door of the too-heavy hat, one scientist, who has reason to speak with authority, claiming that it may even cause tuberculosis. The heavy weight on the head brings it forward; the chest is contracted, free breathing hampered and, behold, the ground is prepared for the awful germ, which in New York City alone—the hotbed of hat exaggerations—holds, in some way or other, 40 out of every hundred human beings in thrall!

But there; for I am not here after all to discuss Science and Health. My business today is with the pretty frocks on this page, and the tender and expert mothers who make the dresses for their high school or college going daughters.

Figure A—Checked wool of inexpensive quality realizes this little frock, whose style is suited to girls from 14 to 18 years of age. It is trimmed with plain color, and altogether the gown presents features that are as stylish as they are practical. In these materials, or in plain serge with braid bands, it is excellent for school wear, while if made of a finer wool or cloth it would be quite modish enough for the best dress.

Figure B—Here is another checked gown for the same age and purpose. Since heavy silks in somber colors are worn all Winter in the steam-heated class rooms of boarding schools, I will suggest this material for one dress for the girl who hates heavy clothes and only feels neat in the wash thing. A rich red or deep blue would be effective and becoming, and a wide band of contrasting material, or at least three little wash tuckers of cambric or lawn to go with the frock. As to these last details, the dressmaker will make the most of the gown, as the material is still a delightful and enhancing feature of gowns smart or otherwise, and with a model to go by so as not to waste material, these may be turned out at home for a dollar.

Only a lawn or cambric gimp would go with a wash school frock, but if Figure B were turned out in silk, cloth or cashmere, as it could be with excellent taste, net, mouseline or all-over lace should show in the gimp.

The two remaining dresses are for girls who have come to the dignity of long skirts—those tall girls who, while requiring modified effects, yet demand the lengths and measurements of womanhood. Both dresses, with the modish hats which top them, have been designed especially for college girls. Concerning the hats, neither runs to ex-



FIGURE A.

trimmings in either size of trimming, but each, I must tell you, just misses the danger line. The spread of the trim displays fashion's new tendency, all the down-dropping mushrooms and beehive and peach basket shapes being relegated to the shelf of modes passe.

Figure C—Effen, as the French say, the princess, cut-in-two dress. This one displays the latest going for the upper portion and presents a very smart band trimming for school use.

Figure D—Reasonableness from every point governs this frock, which would

make an excellent classroom dress if a good wiry serge turned out the skirt, and a pretty flannel, introducing the skirt color, formed the waist. Both pieces are in the newest designs for such garments, and both are too simple to present any terrors to the home sewer of even average gifts.

I have no pictures of sweaters and aprons to show, but I am delighted to say that both of these articles are still fashionable.

Schoolgirl sweaters of genuine splendor are in red, pale blue, white and light gray, as usual, but the bottom line has descended until at times almost comes to the knees. Classroom aprons that are altogether girlish and charming are sometimes made of black taffeta silk with a narrow edge of gaily flowered ribbon. The same ribbons, running through slits in the bodice, form the belt and strings of these deliciously feminine skirt protectors.

MARY DEAN.

Arrangement and Treatment of Hair

YOUNG girls have frequently written me asking for advice as to how to arrange their hair, and with but few exceptions it seemed to me that their own tastes regarding the matter were entirely at fault.

One dear child of 13 inquired if a "tail" of that age could not reasonably tuck up her hair lady fashion. Another of 14 deplored that though her hair was "splendid"—pride in hair seems to me excusable—it was not in the "wave," could never arrange it in the "wave," fluffy picture was fashionable." Still another complained that her forehead was too high for the big pompadours worn in her town; a fourth told of a forehead too low for the flat effect with middle parting; and so on down to the end of the chapter. Everybody had something, but never the right idea—that the hair of a girl in the early teens needs to be dressed with almost childish simplicity.

The latest king in grown-up hair dressing may suit a long-skirted college girl when she is approaching her debut in the world; but huge pompadours and the picture effects gained by waves, puffs and elaborate ribbon bandeaux never yet suited the youthful countenance and short petticoats of 13, 14 and 15.

As for pompadours, it is a name only for the school miss to conjure with, for with her, if properly arranged hair is lifted at the front it is with the softest, most feathery effect, and so is never suggestive of the stiff, hard cushion that the word pompadour implies.

Of course, it is hard for girls who live in rural districts to be contrary to the style that prevails in their small world, but if they would only let their judgment be guided by good sense, and consult their elders occasionally, they would at least get through without unsuitable exaggerations. Then, if there are no sensibly pretty heads to study close at hand, there are always fashion book and newspaper pictures to consult, for no good illustration of a "misses' dress" is ever published without the hair of the figure being arranged in a style which is suitable and stylish for the age represented.

Pretty hair arrangements shown for girls from 12 to 16 are of surprising simplicity. The hair is parted at the sides

and the front locks caught back with a loose puffiness. There is a middle parting or not, as suits the girl's face; a ribbon or dressing dilet (a temporary string) holds these front locks in place, and, after they are tied the ends are braided into the back hair, the pigtails tying with a big bow at the back of the head and held with another bow some inches above the ends of the hair, which flows loose.

Or the braids may be tied in a loop with a bow without ends that goes from ear to ear; or the ends of the back hair may be rolled over, and hidden underneath with a cushion effect, the inevitable ribbon bow being plastered over the crown of the head, which, after all, is for the older girls, those from 15 to 18.

Little girls of 12 or less often wear their hair, if it is straight, in English fashion, a middle parting is made, the sides combed back and the flowing locks held in place with a ribbon bandeau that fastens under the hair at the back with a hook and eye. Not a bow or a wave disfigures this classic arrangement, which is flat at the front and childlike and delightful.

As to fancy combs and shell pins—some of my most youthful correspondents inquired about these atrocities—even a college girl of 18 should be chary of using them profusely, for such lavish fussiness is quite out of place for heads not yet out of the schoolroom.

Ribbon bandeaux are always suitable, and with these running in and out of the hair with a party get-up, the locks of a girl of correct age and proportions may riot with all the elaborate wavings of the grown-up world, but never with its curls and puffs.

Combs make excellent cushions for the wide arrangement proper for big girls, and since hair is seemingly more inclined to fall from than to stay on the head, if these are carefully saved there will soon be enough for the cushions. When buying the store cushion or wire cage, get the smallest to be had, and see to it that the cushion is made of genuine hair and that the wire of the cage is of the invisible sort.

One point that my young correspondents forget always to discuss and that is the daily or nightly care of the hair—its washing, brushing, the bed-coiffure, the oils, the soaps, the combs and brushes needed. These are things which lie at the very root of the subject, for the most splendidly dressed head can never shine if the hair is matted with dust and oil from want of brushing, or sour for need of soap and water.

Every girl with a plentiful supply of hair



FIGURE B.

should wash it at least once a month, and I know of no better shampoo to suggest than eggs and castile soap, with a scalp massage the night before with olive oil. A shampoo every two weeks is needed by hair inclined to chronic sourness; all heads require an occasional sunning, and those which accumulate dust quickly through profusion of oil may be kept clean between the shampoos by an ivory fine comb.

Opinion is divided as to the beneficial qualities of this implement, but I can assure all those who have naturally healthy hair that it is exceedingly useful, not only for cleansing, but also for stimulating the scalp. Harm would come with hard scraping, of course, just as it would with careless brushing, but a gentle passage of this admirable little tool through vigorous hair every day is a distinct advantage.

A cheap fine comb is money thrown away. An ivory one at 50 cents or so will last several years—and the same rule holds good with other combs and brushes. Combs which I have found excellent are made of black rubber with coarse teeth; the brushes that go with them or are sold separately are best when chosen with medium stiff bristles. Disinfect these implements religiously, whenever hair is washed, with a good bath of warm water and soap and a teaspoonful of borax, but dry them quickly and let a cold stream of water run on the brush at last to restore the bristles to a crisp condition. Then shake it well and hang by the handle to dry.

To keep the hair in wholesome condition, with that brightness and healthy look which is, after all, its beauty par amount, a five minutes' brushing at night is requisite; and after that it should be combed and braided and securely tied to keep it from matting in bed. But do not turn over the ends of the hair when the braid is ready for tying, for this breaks it and may result in time in its "being eaten off," as the saying is at the ends.

Finally, let me assure all my youthful readers that it is upon the care they give their hair now that the beauty of maturity depends; and let me beg them to remember this when they feel inclined to go to bed without the invigorating brushing or protective braiding. Woman's crowning glory may only be kept in good shape, or even upon her head, by incessant care. And since space will not permit me to go here into the subject of tonics and oils, let me add that what is good for mother's hair in these directions is also good for the daughter's.

KATHERINE MORTON.

THE USEFUL SEWING BAG

MANY a girl is dubbed "laidly" at boarding school and college for the simple reason that she is without the proper implements with which to mend her clothes. The doing mama who sent her off with brand new raiment forgot all about the fickle nature of hooks and eyes in her anxiety for Mabel's health and manners; forgot that shoe buttons have taken no vow to stay with boots forever, and that belt bands, skirt tails, glove fingers, and what not need incessant tinkering with hard wear.

A neat sewing outfit, containing everything needed, is an absolute necessity for every girl going away from home for purposes of study. The receptacle for the conveniences may be a cretonne covered box, cut in sections which the together with ribbon, the box, with its filled pockets, lying flat when strings are untied for packing, but is handy when the strings are round cretonne bag, for when the draw strings are pulled together this defies the dust which heaps itself into the open basket.

Take any cretonne with what might be called a girlish design—red roses on a white background is always pretty, and such combinations wash well—and cut off a breadth of half 11 inches deep for the sides of the bag. Then turn over a bread and butter plate with smooth edges and use it as a pattern for two bottom pieces, drawing a line with a pencil at the plate edge and allowing a seam beyond. Gather the strip, which must be sewed together at the sides to form the rounded ends, and sew the bag at the inside with the other round, pretty part up. The bag is now made except for the hem at the top and a double row of stitching to hold the draw strings. These could be of white cotton tape, a binding of which would make a neat and pretty finish for all the bag.

Make the draw strings long enough to loop over the bedroom doorknob—there is nothing like having a convenience in sight—and fill it with the following things: A spool-board—one spool of black thread, one of white and two in the colors of the useful gowns; a board of different colored mending silks (these are on little spools of doll baby size); darning cotton in the colors of the gowns; a small box of needed colors; half cards of belt and waist hooks in black and white; one roll of petticoat tape; a card of shirt waist buttons, and a small box of sewing needles. Make a little flat case in cardboard design to hold the flat articles, and add at last to the bag three penny thimbles, a needle-book with bodkins for draw ribbons, a little tomato-shaped emery and a pair of scissors with sharp points.

Lastly, the pretty cretonne bag with its complete outfit may be used as a model for other bags as pretty for school Christmas gifts.



FIGURE C.

Wisdom for Ambitious Mothers



FIGURE D.

THREE family letters lie on my desk, and though all were not received on the same day, as you might suppose, the three were written by the same hand and are on the same subject.

My cousin Caroline writes to tell me between some gentle expressions of fondness for myself, that she does not know what she is going "to do" about Ray. During the Winter there she was with her nose eternally in school-books, grumpy if you asked her to dust a room, and ding-donging always that she would make her examinations. Now, up at the lake, she runs wild like a hoyden, showing a preference for rough games and wanting straw rides and teardrop rides, and she is not content with an unsatisfactory daughter when it came to the point of considering how soon she would be a woman grown.

"Why," said Caroline, "I don't know how I wanted to box her ears then!" "She can't be made to see how important the little accomplishments of a

manner are for a girl to make a good marriage. She only laughs and says, 'Oh, Mumsy, I am only 17.' And if I tell her, then she is too rough and rude to take up a profession or business, she says quite distractedly. 'Heavens, do you expect me to make my living?'

"It will be worse when she goes to school again," concluded my foolish cousin, "for then everything will be sacrificed for her inroads and tuition. What nonsense education is anyway. To know how to enter a room and go out of it are enough for any girl—with a little German or French, of course."

In matters educational my cousin Caroline is old-fashioned, and she is likewise 20 years behind the times in what she expects a girl who still goes to school and is absorbing an education of the "higher" sort. But as some of her unreasonableness is universal, her letters have suggested to me a little conduct or etiquette talk to the mothers of other schoolgirls.

What are the faults of my little sec-

ond cousin Ray? She has doubtless a round baker's dozen—no wholesome girl is without faults—but they are all of a sort that accompanies unformed youth. Ray is only 17, as she told her foolish mother, and so she cannot be expected to think too much of the pretty manners which pave the way for a good marriage. Her mind is exceptionally brilliant, but serious studies are hard for any 17-year-old, and so with examination always on the carpet, and with the questions of class rivalries to be considered of course she is irritable when her studies are interrupted. And when they are all over for the season, her overworked, undeveloped young body cries for the outdoor exercises which are her rightful portion.

In short, to my mind—and I have watched her carefully—Ray is the usual sound, overgrown girl, with her budding nature hawking at the artificialities of manner which come later on as a matter of course. She is the usual dear, poor, unfinished young woman, whom the mere mention of a business or profession would be as much of a horror as that of marriage—the darling always too big for clothes, lazier, who needs only to eat, sleep and play between bouts of hard study.

In fact, you can see with half an eye that when her nature and mind catch up with her length of limb and long skirt she will be quite a splendid woman. Meanwhile, she must grow—and study.

Many a mother, as I have indicated, and have reason to know, err in expecting too much grace of manner in a growing schoolgirl, and to them I will give the same advice that I sent to my cousin Caroline.

Remember how cruel and unnatural and unreasonable some of your own beloved mother's exactions seemed long ago; and don't forget for a moment what an unpunished boy you were yourself at that age. Give nature a chance first, then study, and look out for the small trimmings of manner. They are easy enough to acquire when a girl has fully matured, if she is entirely occupied with formal bonds and gray matter before then; for, after all, manners are only the ribbons that tie the bouquet, and not the perfume that comes from the heart of a girl. To be taught how to go in and out of a room is certainly a very important part of a well-brought-up girl's education, but it is far more sacred and more body in health and her mind untouched of the subjects and problems unsuited to her years.

Business, like marriage, is a subject too deep for the mind struggling with Greek and mathematics—a subject too cruel for a growing girl who up to now has been shielded from every wind, and one calculated to give her only terror and hatred for the life which seems likely to be her portion. Give her a chance, dear, foolish mother, and when the time comes, let her will work forth with the wings of her soul wide and take up her destiny at the right psychological moment.

Give her all the undisturbed time she needs now for study, and rejoice that, though she is 17 and wears long skirts, she still has the heart of a child. Then, what is 17 after all—what but a bundle of long limbs and thin arms and big sweet eyes, a thing for father and mother kisses and pink cotton when it comes to talk of the bitter hard world or of husbands and what is a long skirt but another name for one of society's conventions! The heart in this dear young body may be only seven years old, but it is in the red worsted ball when the hard studies are over.

All this as it should be in a normal girl of 17. She becomes a woman early, enough, heaven knows, and instead of fostering an early maturity of mind and manner, mothers should take pains to keep their daughters as simple and childish as possible.

But then this little talk is only for the too-ambitious mother—she who wants the daughter of 17 or less to grow up too quickly merely because skirts have been made long enough to hide long legs. With the other mother she who keeps the girl's dress so short that she is ashamed to be looked at, and who babies the big-headedness of a girl before Tom, Dick and Harry—I would take quite a different line.

As a last word, let me turn again to my cousin and her trio of complaining letters. "Do you think I am too extravagant?" "I know Ray's heart is in the right place—a brave, deep, true heart."

As if THAI, you will break my own. As if THAI, you will break my own. As if THAI, you will break my own.

So I wrote my cousin. And I added—for she asked me to send on some rule of conduct for Ray—"Throw the dust brush out the window till she gets through with 'colleges'."

PRUDENCE STANDISH.

Variety in the Cooking of Vegetables

MOST of us crave variety, and in August, when corn is plentiful, it is only the lazy housewife who serves corn day after day just "plain boiled." Of course, there are some persons who think that the only way to serve green corn is on the cob, boiled, steamed or roasted in the husk. But some of these persons, even, do not know how to cook it in this way so that it keeps all of its distinctive flavor and appears on the table as tender, crisp and succulent as when it left the stalk.

Corn on the Cob.—For eating on the cob, corn should be very carefully chosen, and this choice should never be left to the discretion of the vegetable man. The better shops make no objection when the woman who does her own marketing pulls down the outer sheafs of the husk to see that the kernels are white, plump and even. The secret of tender corn, once the right kind is chosen, lies in plenty of boiling water. Be sure to have enough water in the kettle to cover the corn, and be sure to have it actively boiling. Remove all but the inner leaves of the husk from the corn, drop the ears quickly into the boiling water, cover the kettle and boil about ten minutes—no longer—when the corn is young. Some cooks say that a bit of butter the size of a walnut dropped in the water keeps the corn white, and it certainly doesn't hurt it. Corn should be eaten the moment it is done. It should be taken to the table, covered with a napkin, and the corn white, and it certainly should have a special small plate for it, on which lies a small folded napkin or doily.

Baked Tomatoes Stuffed With Corn.—Corn and tomatoes are especially good together, and for a cool August evening the following dish will be found very appetizing. Select medium-sized, even tomatoes. Cut off the stem ends for covers—if they have little stems for handles all the better—and remove the pulp from the inside. Cut corn from enough freshly boiled ears to fill the required number of tomatoes, mix with a few dry bread crumbs, salt, pepper, butter and a little cream. Put this mixture in the tomatoes, on top of each put a thin slice of bacon, cover the two sides of the egg with stiff. Bake in muffin rings for 20 or 25 minutes.

Corn Gums.—In this guise, green corn may be served for breakfast. Cut the kernels from six ears of boiled corn, beat the yolks of two eggs and add to one cup of milk. Sift a cup and a half

of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt into a bowl. Pour in the milk and egg yolks, and beat with a Dover egg-beater. Remove the beater, with the corn with a spoon, and then pour the mixture into the muffin rings. Bake in muffin rings for 20 or 25 minutes.

Corn and Tomato Salad.—This is practically the same combination as the above, but is suitable for warmer weather. Select tomatoes like those for the baked dish, cut off the stem ends, and scoop out a good-sized recess in each tomato. Boil young and tender corn, cool it, and cut from the ears, being sure to get all the meaty little yellow hearts, and not just the outside of the kernels. Mix the corn with a French dressing made of three parts of oil to one of vinegar, salt and cayenne pepper. Have the tomatoes and corn both chilled when serving time comes. Place the tomatoes on crisp lettuce leaves, fill them with the corn and serve with salted wafers, buttered and toasted.

Cream of Corn Soup.—This is another dish for one of the cool evenings that sometimes come in August. Cut and scrape the corn from six ears of corn. Boil the cobs in a quart of water for 30 minutes, remove the cobs, add the corn to the water, and simmer on the back of the stove until it is very tender. Put it through a vegetable presser. Place the tomatoes on crisp lettuce leaves, fill them with the corn and serve with salted wafers, buttered and toasted.

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Ballad of Four Kisses.—Archibald Sullivan, in Smart Set, "I have been kissed by a King," he said, "Who with his court dandied by, By a German out of the coral caves, And a Knight who came like a golden flower."

Out of the evening sky, By a Fisher Lad as he dragged his net From the arms of the Summer sea, By a German out of the coral caves, Who called from the rocks to me.

"And the King he kissed with a wine-sweet mouth, Till the world was a ring of music, And the Knight's mad kiss made a crimson star."

Fall through the shadowed dusk, And the Fisher Lad was a kiss of sea, Cool on my lips as snow, And the German's kiss was a silver thread, That laid me down below.

"I have been kissed by a ghost," she said, "When the moon hung free of clouds, And the dead peered out at the Autumn hours, Through the reeds in their tattered shrouds."

And it seemed that the King and the Fisher Lad, And the Knight and the German too, Had followed close and were once again Kissing the mouth of me.

"And now I may never pass me by, The place where the dead are laid, But the voices of four who have kissed my lips, Call from the dusky shade. I knew the King and the Fisher Lad, The Knight and the German too, But who is this who is not of them? Yet kisses like them all?"

The sign read, "Children Under Five Years of Age Free." The conductor looked at it momentarily. "You may not believe it," said he, "but a woman with the child, I saw her, sat on the car the other day and convinced me that one of them was her own daughter. So now, I can't believe it yet."—New York Sun.