

WELL DRESSED WOMEN WILL WEAR



Spring Fashions Give Women Big Choice in Colors

However Milady Need Not Worry for the Silent Shades Will Rule This Season as Predicted.

By Anne Rittenhouse.

THE women who were troubled about the over-brilliance of coloring demanded for their clothes, may be at rest.

What Rodier has named silent colors have superseded the oriental ones that blazed a striking path through this season since the exit of Polret and Baket began.

In the hands of great masters like these, gorgeous colors were put through their paces, but in the countless hands of amateurs who filled red upon purple, blue upon green without knowledge or study, the result was enough to make the people of Paris think we had gone mad, if their tele- scopes are strong enough to see us running about the earth like multi-colored ants.

Whether or not such creators and dyers as Rodier and Chantini liked the Indian and Slavic shades they were compelled, or rather persuaded, into making by the wish of their designers, no one knows. They did the work beautifully, and if their art could have been repeated in all the mills that produce fabrics, all would have been well. But their designers' copyists got the right shade, and so confusion was added to ignorance.

A red and a green used in Paris by a designer was just as bad here as the latest fashion unless one had the opportunity to buy these colors from headhunters in Paris, there was no way to get the building naturally, the masses of women had to accept what was given them, and they went about in what was a travesty of the original fashion.

Even in certain places in America, where one paid absurdly high prices, there was no guarantee that the one touch of marvelous color that gave a frock distinction could be repeated when the gown was copied. Most of the dissatisfaction among women who have French models copied by their country designers arose from that constant deficiency.

Paris Monopolizes Shades. The American dressmaker had her troubles on this score also. She bought the gowns in Paris and was compelled to buy each of the materials there that went toward the building of them, for the American markets do not imitate the French colors anywhere near the mark, and often make no attempt to do it, or even copy the shade. France has a monopoly of these shades at the beginning of each season, to judge by their exclusiveness.

Therefore, our dressmakers buy from the fabric people abroad an inch of each material in its proper color as they think will be needed over here, judging by their usual trade in gowns. Sometimes they overlook the building of them, for the first instance they lose money unless they can put this surplus to some good use, and in the other case they are apt to lose a cent or more on each yard of material because the wrong shade was used on an expensive frock that depended on a certain shading to make it worth its value by the dressmaker.

Maybe you are only an onlooker at this absorbing money-making and money-losing game of buying clothes. If so, you must have wondered why it was that so many women wore such hideous colors, and, of course, you put it down to French influence. You exclaimed in horror and patriotism over this yielding of our women to the art of such colorists as the modern French school had produced, and wondered when such perversion of good American taste could stop.

Had you been privileged to see the original offering as the French designer put it out, you might have wondered why the average American woman who bought cheap clothes was not versed in the simplest rules of color schemes. The copy was no more like the original than the second trouble was in attempting to make bricks without straw. In other words, to create a French frock without the aid of a French mill.

This bonnet is made of brown straw, trimmed with tiny pink flowers and flowered ribbon ends.

been manufactured here, each of which bore American names, such as Palm Beach, sand, dusty, sage gray, Oregon green, etc. These names would attract interest, but not purchasers, if the tones had not merited themselves, which, however, they have.

All the gamut of glowing browns without ugliness are especially featured in this output, and as beige, taupe and their sisters are already popular, this drifting toward a deeper shade is within the general color scheme for the incoming season. The new tone of brown is altogether lovely, and resembles the London smoke shades that were far more appreciated in fabrics than in reality.

As far as one can judge from the meager information that the experts give, there will be as much laxity in choice of fashionable apparel from now until June as there has been since last June. If this condition is continued it might result in the elimination of that "flash" the leading fashion" and give women and dressmakers a far better chance to display initiative.

There are styles, however, that are not in the running any longer, wide as the choice remains. The skirt that is narrow across the back at the knees, and pulled up and forward to the front with a sash from hem to knees, is among the things that are reckoned as dead.

The long coat is another fashion with a taboo, unless it serves as an overcoat, and the wide elbow sleeves with a lowered armhole should be abandoned by those who still cling to it.

Long skirts for any occasion are not reckoned in the spring styles, for even when there is rain, it is not part of a hem that sweeps the floor all around, but a separate attachment.

Coats that fasten below the waistline are abandoned for those whose buttons, always prominent, and above the waist, or merge into a girlish. The long waistline on jackets is meeting with strong opposition, but no one can safely predict that its day is done.

Over in the circle of the carefully nursed insularists, requests from our ancestors, according to Senior Surgeon Banks, of the United States public health service.

When this superstition arose may only be surmised. Perhaps it is a survival of the primeval cult of sun worship, which led the ancients to classify anything outside the sphere of solar influence. Our forebears were wont to caution their offspring to "be careful about the night air," or "children were ordered to "come in out of the night air." It is perhaps fortunate for the children living in the Arctic circle, where the nights are six months long, that Eskimo mothers do not entertain this crude notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors.

This idea is generally prevalent and even one of our well-known flowers is loaded down with the horrible name of "Deadly Nightshade," as a sort of verbal relic of this old notion. The low-lying mist or fog that sometimes gathers about the surface of the earth under certain atmospheric conditions, after sunset, was held, is held, to be "miasmatic" and pregnant with lethal possibilities. This is worthy of all respect that should be put to any hoary superstition, but its place is in the specimen jars of an archaeological museum, not in the show room of modern, intelligent life.

Night Air No Different. The night air, minus the sun, is no different from the atmosphere of a sunless day. The atmospheric envelope of the earth does not change from benign to malign in the twinkling of an eye after sundown. It is still composed of oxygen, nitrogen, argon and carbon dioxide in the normal proportions, for the given locality. The open air treatment of tuberculosis and its kindred allies had first to combat this venerable jargon about the deadliness of night air, and only the remarkable results of this hygienic aid to its cure brought the superstitious a realization of the silliness of their ingrained noctophobia.



Smart coat of white corduroy worn with black and white check skirt.

with a band of satin or velvet ribbon of moderate width. The bodice is cut off the shoulders, or it is square in the fashion of Janice Meredith's day, and built high at the back by a plain, drawn scarf of tulle or chiffon. The waistline is normal, and, if one wishes to be quite in the picture of other days, then the bodice is pointed in the middle front and boned to stay in its place.

Assembling Various Periods. Possibly we shall continue to look as though we were at a fancy dress party if we are assembled in Empire frocks, Colonial ones, those of 1880 and 1850, with a dash of Russian and Algerian, which it may be impossible to keep out. It is safe to assert that if 50 women were foregathered each wearing a gown perfectly adapted to the new spring fashions, the appearance would be that they had responded to an invitation to a costume ball representing a half dozen periods.

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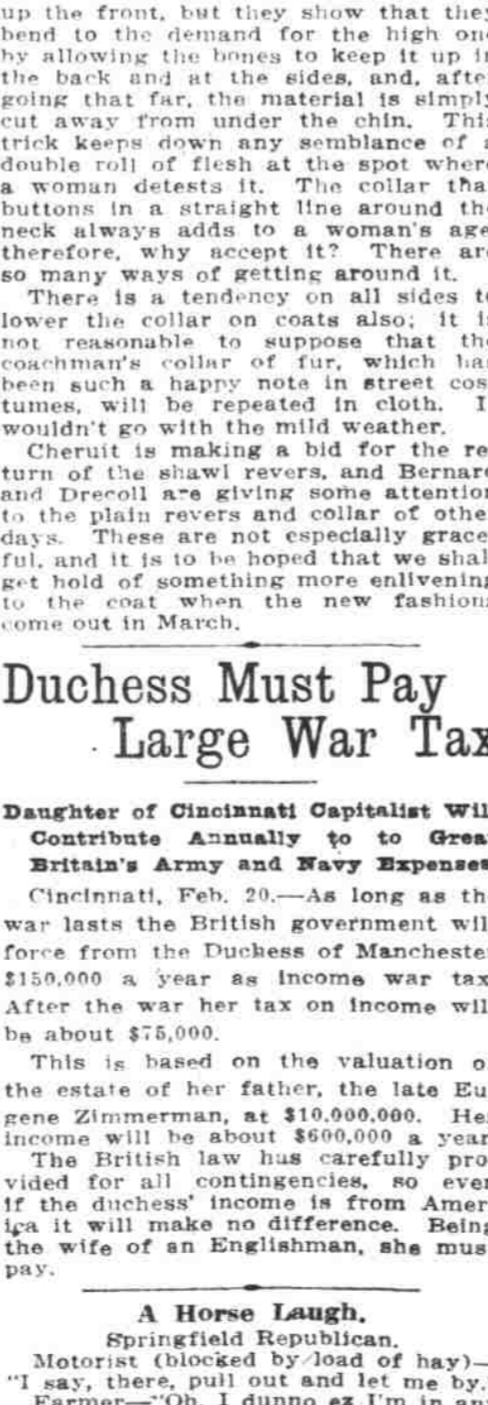
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Spring costume of embroidered blue satin and pleated mouseline trimmed with bands of fur. This is a Paris creation.



On the left is a summer frock of white batiste, with a little jacket of blue silk and a pink vest. On the right is a soft pink taffeta with pink and blue bead trimming.

Breathe Fresh Air Night and Day

Superstition Dispelled.

Breathe all the fresh air you can get, night and day. That's what fresh air is for. The fearsome legend about the baleful influences of "night air" which led the ancients to nurse insularist requests from our ancestors, according to Senior Surgeon Banks, of the United States public health service.

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This generation has witnessed the emancipation of human beings in respect to the value of fresh air, whether in bulk or in smaller "drafts." From being a people immersed in hermetically sealed rooms at night, breathing our own bodily exhalations over and over again, a constantly increasing number of persons are sleeping in the open, or at least with open windows, summer and winter, to their great benefit. In the morning they are refreshed with the pure oxygen of

Eugenics and the War Brides

By Rev. Mabel Irwin.

The heart of many a woman, working for the uplift of her sex, is filled with bitterness when she reads of the encouragement given to soldiers by the prelates of England and Germany to hastily marry before going to war. They cry out that the European war has set back the woman's cause two thousand years; that the world of men is again regarding woman simply as a "breeder of food for cannon," and on the face of it, it does look like a turning back of the clock for woman's advancement.

But for woman to win out in this battle for her rights her faith must be so strong that nothing—not even war, with all its horrors—can shake it. The woman's hour is here—not to be turned back—and she should begin to see that as mother the destiny of nations lies primarily in her hands, not in men's, that since it is she that bears and brings to birth all the warriors that shall ever be it lies with her to say whether these sons of hers shall go forth to battle as the stout sons in a fratricidal war—or whether they shall learn at the mother's knee that "the thar ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

RICE DESSERTS

Rice is one of the most nutritious desserts and can be offered in a variety of combinations, in addition to the more commonly known pudding. To boil the rice and secure large separate grains, use the following directions: Wash a cupful of rice in several waters, and in the meantime have not less than a quart of water boiling briskly on the stove. Sprinkle the rice in so slowly that it will not stop the boiling, and, without covering the pot, boil rapidly for 30 minutes. Turn the rice into a colander and pour over it a quart of cold water. Carry the colander on a plate to the oven door and toss the rice lightly with a fork while the heat passes through it, being careful not to break the grains. If the rice is to be served in molds, better results will be secured by cooking one cupful of rice in a double boiler with a quart of sweet milk and a dash of salt. This will require an hour more and the rice, when finished, should look like a thick blanc mange, the kernels having lost their shape entirely.

To make a nutritious and tasteful dessert from rice cooked in this fashion, pour the rice hot into a deep mold which has been dipped into cold water. When chilled, turn the rice on a plate, fill the hollow with fresh fruit thickly powdered with pulverized sugar, and let the fruit rise above the rice mold in pyramid form. Serve with whipped cream. The hollow may also be filled with a simple vermicelli custard, rather stiff and colored with a meringue baked to a delicate golden brown.

Says a Good Cook Can Make Fortune

Chicago Education Urges Women to Turn to the Kitchen and Become "a Pearl Without Price."

Chicago, Feb. 20.—"The woman who can cook better than other women can make her fortune these days," Miss Dora Wells, principal of the Lucy Flower Technical school, paused impressively as she voiced this opinion before 200 or more well-gowned feminine representatives of the educational world in the Hotel LaSalle. They were attending the first annual convention of the Vocational Education association of the middle west, and Miss Wells was discussing "The Needs of Women."

"The woman who can cook and cook well, is a pearl above price," she continued. "She need not worry about her job. Her services always will be in demand. "I am looking forward to the day when household work will be so highly regarded that a woman can take a position in a kitchen with no more loss of dignity than if she were a nurse or dressmaker."

"The trouble with domestic service is that it is not standardized. Housewives think they are buying a girl's time. What they are buying is her labor. It should be possible for the maid to keep as regular hours as the stenographer. Housewives say this cannot be done. It can be done. "Women must learn to specialize in housework as men learn to specialize in law or in medicine. The sooner they do this the sooner they will be recognized as co-partners with men on a footing of perfect equality; the sooner they do this the sooner will divorce and other grave social problems be solved. The question of organizing the home efficiently is one of the biggest questions of the day."

Another Atrocit.

Punch. Shopkeeper—Candles are up in price today, y'know. Mrs. O'Flynn—On account of the war, Mrs. O'Flynn—Och! Bad cess to them Germans! Why can't they be fighting by daylight?