

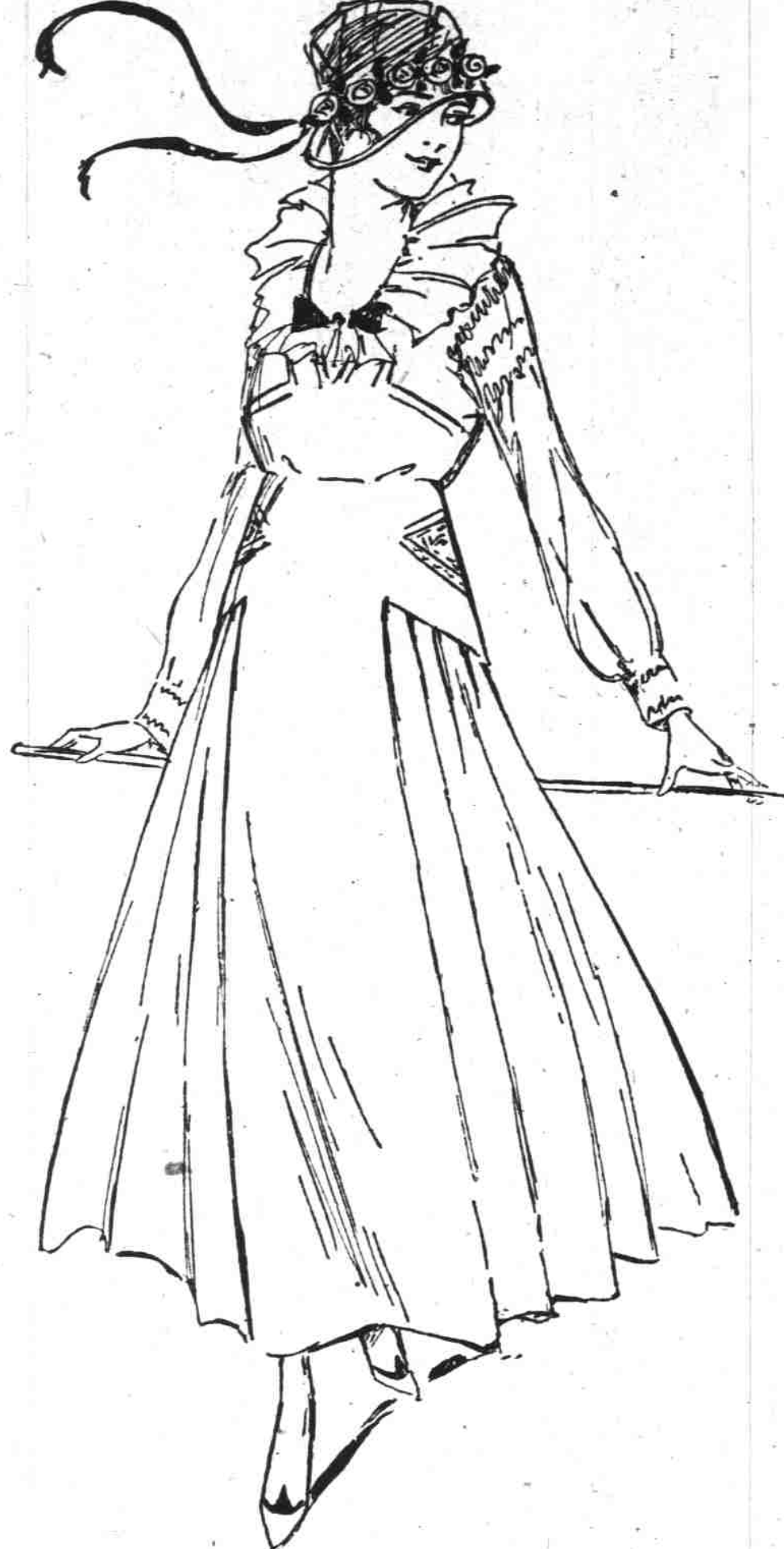
WHAT WE'LL RESSSED WOMEN WILL WEAR



Pink blouse with figured silk sleeves and kirtle.



Beer model of biscuit colored cloth with yellow vest.



Beer model of white serge embroidered in blue soutache. Blouse of white tulle embroidered in blue.



Afternoon frock of blue and green changeable taffeta embroidered in blue. Copied from a Paquin model.

This Season's Fashions Bound to Awaken Great Controversy Concerning Grace or Ugliness

By Anne Ritterhouse

THE American heroes of trade, as they should be rightly called for the way they dared minus, sublimed, war zone degree, and possible lack of a chance to bring themselves or their clothes home, have, through their work, put all the French models into the public's possession.

We have looked them over, digested their main points, argued about their defects and their new requirements, and have settled down to that "again adjustment" which President Wilson advised business to take up when congress adjourned.

Fashions are also hectic, as business and the general affairs of the planet have been for several months and the adjustment of them is a serious matter to far more thousands than the layman realizes. The world of trade that is made rich or poor by clever adaptation or inspired prophecy of the French trend of style has turrows in the brow and experienced some sleepless nights.

The clothes worn by my parade of women reflect the hopes and fears of millions. The accepted cut of a skirt may have meant freedom from worry by the woman of some household; the shape of a sleeve may have meant the prospect of a carefree summer vacation to a family of five; the money return from a special cloth worn possibly suggests a boy's chance at college next year.

Woven in the warp and woof of all these clothes that seem so unattainable to the layman, the scoffer and the passerby, is the success or failure of

hearts and minds and bodies far away from the setting. That is the thing an expert sees first in any showing of women's apparel. It is a vast industrial exposition, representing the labor, the inspiration, the inventions of men and women who have butter on their bread—or not, as these things have turned out well or ill.

And back of all the clothes today that have been tagged "France" is the story of individual courage, the gambling chance, cheerfully taken, the fears of those left behind, the adventurous zigzagging across the English channel, the tension on board ship, the determination to get the French models back to the states, the cabling to ambassadors for privileges, the holding of American liners to facilitate shipments, the personal bravery, and the plunging audacious American business methods that went out. These are the stories behind the clothes. Every garment you will wear this spring had its origin near the cannon and was secured with as much risk as was rubber in the old, wild days. There's a story to someone's hand, there.

What Do You Think of Them?

There is bound to be as much controversy over the new fashions as there was over those that are threatened with extinction. The full skirt will not rouse the howl or protest and indignation that greeted the hobbled one, and the bringing up of the skirt material over the top of the body instead of ending it practically at the waistline and giving the bust, shoulders and arms the illusive covering of illusion, will give those who strictly attend to the appearance of our morals no cause for alarm.

The real controversy will arise among

the grace or ugliness of the new fashions; with the conservative insisting that the ways of our grandmothers are good, possibly, too good, for us; the artists deploring the going out of beauty; and the doctor saying that if the pinched waist arrives with the tight high collar, the work of a decade will be undone in the line of health; with these protests there will be argument aplenty.

It won't affect women. It never has since the days of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and her fashion for India muslin clothes dampened in order to make them cling more closely to the body, and the ladies of Louis XI's day, who were excommunicated for wearing the high headdress, called the hennin, there have been few epochs in women's apparel so sternly rebuked as the one through which we have passed. But women continued on the path into which they had set their feet, guided by the designers, critics and cartoonists only made them more obstinate.

Victorianism to Ragtime.

New these clothes are threatened with extinction. Will this circumstance tend toward further freakishness or lead to sobriety? You know there are many ways of making the fashions that are introduced today into a series of exaggerations, lacking, possibly, in beauty and grace, but retaining that pronounced, but unnamable quality that has been exploited by women for five years.

Accentuation of any type of dressing causes attention, and there is feeling in the air that the more daring of the speculists will make something out of it, and out of these fashions that have been inspired by the pictures of the little girls who are now grandmothers, with flounced skirts, puffed sleeves, short sleeves, round décolletage, plaid facings, black velvet bows, high laced boots and white stockings.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, and her many followers have shown how these frocks can be invested with so strong a dash of the modern idea that they become during the girl wearing the wide flounced skirt of black grosgrain silk barred with a plaid made of black velvet ribbons, short enough to appear bobbed, and the hair encircled by a fillet of ribbon—would one, by any stretch of imagination, call her demure?

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Russian styles came in last winter, she thought things had improved, but they were really worse, for it took a certain swing to the head and figure to carry off those clothes borrowed from the Russian ballet.

They breathed easier when there was familiar talk of a revival of the Victorian era and its quality of demureness, its adoration of the lovely face with a sweet expression, its pinning of the appearance, called "womanly." There was no effort involved, there was the straight task of being oneself. Happy days!

But, like a mist of fog that skims the horizon on a bright day, there is creeping up this very adaptation of the Victorian era. There are the hennin, there have been few epochs in women's apparel so sternly rebuked as the one through which we have passed. But women continued on the path into which they had set their feet, guided by the designers, critics and cartoonists only made them more obstinate.

Will Summer See Elegance?

Through the fog comes a ray of hope in the attention of Mme. Cheruit and M. Doucet of the quiet styles that must prevail when this season's designers stand for what is known as elegance, a word that has deteriorated into slang over here, but is revered in France, with two such important houses insisting upon the times and the clothes corresponding in sobriety, and carrying out their convictions in charming frocks, there is a reason to suppose that the summer may tone down some of the bravado with which the fashions of 1870 have been invested.

All is not demure in the styles thrust upon us. Beer, who has a turn for the picturesque, has brought back the Watteau pleat in afternoon frocks as well as evening gowns. His model showing this revival is in old pink taffeta, the horizontal drapery being caught by roses or silver gauze and a full pleat at back in the material. The bodice, snug-fitting, has its square neckline, and the sleeves are of a full pleat at back in the material. The bodice, snug-fitting, has its square neckline, and the sleeves are of a full pleat at back in the material.

They step along in a spirited way instead of sliding about. They are clean-cut and well put together.

It may be that this feature in the new way of dressing will do more to change the figure and the prevailing idea underlying clothes than anything else. War is in the air and it is, therefore, bound to be reflected in some way in women's apparel. Possibly the reflection will not be in braid and buttons, in khaki coats and leather belts, but in a more upright carriage and less artificiality; in a more direct outlook on everything, therefore on the way one dresses.

Dark Blue Patent Leather.

But leaping from philosophy to detail, there was never such a fashion for patent leather as now. It has been brought out in dark blue, an absolute innovation. Belts, collar and cuffs, hems to street suits, pockets and many other accessories are fashioned of it.

Khaki colored serge and gabardine are in favor, more so than the khaki itself. Short jackets that have huge pockets above and below the belt, fastened over with a pointed flap and a brass button, are made by all the tailors. And as for military buttons, there is no end to them. Many have some kind of insignia on them, though, of course, the proper one, used by the allied armies, is not permitted.

FOR THE VERANDA

Every well-appointed country house has a veranda, terrace or gallery that is practically an outdoor sitting room. Unfortunately, however, the best appointments for these are still expensive at the select shops—being classed as "novelties" or "specialties." Will low arm chairs and Gloucester hammocks have been greatly reduced in price, but tables, garden seats, settees, etc. of good design are still absurdly high.

On the other hand, it is possible, with a little skill and a great deal of

patience, to furnish a veranda very attractively with little money.

A charming breakfast porch can be equipped entirely with kitchen furniture painted and decorated like the expensive "peasant" and "cottage" sets which are in vogue at present. One of the heavy, plain ironing tables that can be converted into a settle is the best type of table to buy, and the chairs should be of the plainest. Get your furniture in the natural wood, and paint it any color you wish—though green, on the whole is most satisfactory. Make or buy a stencil or some simple design; conventionalized flowers, like the decorations on the Swedish or Hungarian pottery are good. Stencil a border of these around your table and on the backs of your chairs. Paint it in bright "peasant" colors, and when these are dried go over the decorations with a waterproof varnish.

This is not work that demands any great skill, but it calls for time, patience as well as our minds and is well worth the trouble, for with the outlay of a few dollars you will have a set of furniture that you could not buy for five times that amount. Dairy benches and stools decorated in the same way make very attractive garden furniture.

An Unpleasant Reminder.

From Pearson's Weekly.

There is one good story told of General Smuts, who is one of those responsible for the deportation of the South African labor leaders.

During his last visit to England he was present at an official reception, and in the course of the evening he found himself next to a rather high and mighty young officer.

"Let me see," remarked the latter, starting at General Smuts rather superciliously through his monocle, "haven't we—ah—met somewhere?"

"Yes," replied the general.

"Thought so," remarked the officer, adding with a forced air: "One meets so many people; let me see, where did we meet?"

"In South Africa," retorted the general curtly. "You surrendered to me during the war."

Nobody wants to be mayor of Mantowoc, Wis. No nomination papers have been filed and Mayor Stolze says he will not be a candidate for reelection.

Father and His Garden

By E. K. Wooley.

"If you're going to have good crops in your vegetable garden, the thing to do is to trench it," quoth Pa Jenkins.

For some days pa has been showing symptoms of garden fever. Not only has he pored over seed catalogues, of which he has accumulated a score or more, but he has been reading of the most modern methods of making the backyard garden support a family, etc. A space of some 20 by 50 feet is devoted to the Jenkins gardening experiments.

"What's trenching?" asked Ma.

"It's what the Belgians do," informed pa.

"Hub!" sniffed Ma. "It's what the Germans and the French and English and all the rest of those crazy people over here are doing. I don't see any sense trying it on here."

"You don't understand," explained pa. "All fine gardeners do this trenching. They dig a deep ditch about 18 inches down. Then next to it they dig another ditch and so on, throwing the dirt from one ditch into the other each time. That gets the soil all stirred up and aired and it makes things grow better."

"And who," inquired Ma, "does the digging in this family?"

"Me," announced pa, straightening up and striking his broad chest. "I need the exercise, anyway. I'm getting all soft and good for nothing sticking to my desk all day. A man makes a mistake not to do any hard physical labor. The Creator intended us to use our bodies as well as our minds and we have to suffer for it if we don't."

"Well," remarked Ma, "don't come to me with your aches and pains." And she ostentatiously set out the arnica bottle.

Pa ordered several bags of expensive fertilizer, which he scattered lavishly over the 20 by 50. He also bought a new spade which he said was built especially for trenching and which cost accordingly. He demanded his garden

shows from last year and was peeved when he found that Mike, the dog, had chewed one of them into a pulp. But he donated the rest of the outfit—an ancient pair of pants frayed around the edges and stained with honest soil, blue shirt that had been washed into streaks, coat that any Wears William would scorn, a straw hat of old vintage, broken in the crown so that a tuft of pa's hair, like a warlock, stuck out begrudgingly. And a new pair of 10-cent-store gloves.

Pa started trenching. For a while the soil flew and pa whistled blithely. Then he stopped whistling. After a while he leaned on the spade and gazed speculatively into the hole he'd made. He dug again. He rested oftener. The sweat rolled down his face. He felt it tickling his ribs. He pulled off his coat and hung it on the fence. When Ma called him to dinner he was red, damp and exceedingly dirty.

"Great work!" he asserted. "I could eat a bear."

Ma gazed at the long, narrow hole pa had dug.

"It looks like a grave," she shuddered. "It looks like a grave."

Pa ate a real meal, punctuating it by telling how fine he felt. Then he went forth again and trenched until dark.

Pa went to sleep in his chair that evening and Ma had a time to get him to bed. He declared he would sleep like a log, but he talked trenching in his sleep and groaned and grunted in such degree that Ma had to shake him awake.

"I ain't no gravedigger," he murmured. "Ouch, where am I?"

"Shan't I get the arnica, pa?" anxiously inquired Ma.

But he grunted disgustedly and told her to go to sleep.

Pa was so lame next morning he could hardly straighten up, but instead he was all right. Later in the day a stolid looking individual in overalls presented a note to Ma.

"This man is a Belgian refugee and knows all about trenching, so I've hired him to help him out. I'll be home early. Doc Smith says I'm not over the grip yet."

"Pa."

VEIL TO DEFY THE ROUGHEST WIND



Smart motor veil worn with a tight-fitting blue leather hat.

It may turn out to be the most trying period of fashions we have been through. If, through sheer personal inability to return to an earlier period, or an artistic desire to make the revival, the women interpret it according to the temperament of the immediate past, then, indeed, we will be confronted with a reason for despair.

The woman who has none of the French flare, and who has felt herself hopelessly ruled out in the game of clothes, took a new interest in clothes when the word went forth that two types were to be revived: the Victorian and the martial. She felt that her personality and figure were suited to the former, and she hoped that she might adapt herself, on the street, to the latter.

She had sighed for flounced skirts, fichus, garden hats; all that equaled in truth, that went with the prettiness of those "belles and beauties" of the '70s and '80s. She recognized her inability to cope with the condition of fashion which turned all traditions topsy-turvy, and made mere prettiness as nothing, and worshipped the kind of peculiar personality which could exploit the audacious in clothes.

She could go on wearing clothes for decency's sake, but she had lost the hope of ever being stylish, of passing muster with the procession of slim, undulating, accentuated women who made up the frieze of fashion. When the

Another pictorial fashion which has been exploited by both Beer and Callot, and therefore will be extensively taken up, is the use of old and new lace frocks. It has been a long time since all-lace frocks were in the first fashion, although they never quite went out. This summer they will be revived with enthusiasm. It is not as strange as it seems, when there is a season of great lace-making depression as we thought when the first report of it came, for all the fabric pieces were limited this year in Europe, and large and rich houses in which fine materials are stored thought it wiser to use what they had, trusting to the future to give them a wider variety of choice.

Splendid old lace flounces are used for skirts, beneath which there are placed finely shaded satin flowers. The revival of real lace has suggested the festooning of draperies on both the skirt and bodice, and flowers of silver gauze are used. One is reminded of those pictures painted by Vierge Le Brun of Marie Antoinette after the court milliner and dressmaker, Rose Bertin, had finished preparing a costume for the best-dressed woman in Europe.

The Martial Manner.

Along with such gowns as Irlandaise and Kitchener and Joffre has come a small number of the more resolute women. They walk with shoulders back, instead of a collapsed chest.

She Stopped Her Son From Drinking

A St. Louis Woman Stopped Her Son From Drinking With a Simple Home Recipe That She Gave Secretly.

She Tells What She Gave.

A well known resident of St. Louis, whose son had used liquor to excess for years, broke him of the habit by using a simple home recipe which she gave secretly. In reply to the question as to what she used she made the following statement: "I used a simple prescription which I mixed at home and it is as follows: To 3 oz. of water add 20 grains of muriate of ammonia, a small box of Varlex Compound and 10 grains of psolin. I gave a teaspoonful three times a day in his coffee. Any druggist can mix it for you, or supply these ingredients at very little cost. This recipe can be given secretly in coffee, tea or milk, or in the food, as it has no taste, color or smell and is perfectly harmless. I believe any mother or wife can do as I have and rid their dear ones of this awful habit." (Adv.)

Spring Supper Suggestions

Spring is a season of flagging appetites—a little too warm for the heavy foods of winter, yet not warm enough for the light diet of summer. It is a season that tries the ingenuity of the housekeeper in the effort to set an appetizing and attractive table.

If a light meat or fish dish is substituted for the heavy roast at dinner it will be found a very welcome change.

Baked shad roe with cream sauce constitutes a delicious supper dish.

Boil the roe 15 minutes in salted water to which a teaspoon of lemon juice has been added. Butter a casserole and place the roe in it. Make a cream sauce with two tablespoons each of butter and flour, one pint of milk, one teaspoon of salt, and a half teaspoon of pepper. Pour four tablespoons of sauce over the roe. Cover, and bake about 20 minutes; then pour in more sauce, cover, and bake 20 minutes longer, basting frequently. When it is done, add all the remaining sauce, heat thoroughly and serve.

Croquettes of Calfs Brains—Cook the brains 20 minutes in boiling water

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of fearing a rash of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment as this is sold only under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles. (Adv.)