

Can Men Reform Woman's Dress?

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Selfishness was everywhere. Greed had carried love away. Every face was marked by care—Ah! but that was yesterday.

If there is one thing above all others that a stylish woman will not confess it is that she is dressing to please the men. The truth is she craves to look her best in the eyes of admirer, lover and husband.

No one bemoans the advent of an absurd fashion more than the women who are dismayed by them, but forced into wearing them.

When it comes down to the truth of the matter, men are to blame for fashion's freakishness by not rising up in protest against them, not openly, but by clever ruses.

What sweetheart will feel quite satisfied with her new hooped gown if her lover remarks with a well-simulated sigh, "Of course I don't know anything about women's styles, but in my eyes you look a thousand times sweeter, more girlish, in the dress you have just laid aside than in this new one."

If you want to make me happy wear the other dress or a new one made on those pretty simple lines." Nine girls out of ten will brave fashion's eccentricity to

look adorable in the eyes of the man they care for.

The married man has a better grasp on the situation. He need not be so careful in choosing his language; his arrows can strike home with surprising accuracy. He can adroitly shame the wife who cares for his opinion into not countenancing outlandish modes, especially in the case where

he has glided past the fair and forty period and has accumulated more than her share of avoidpups. It is effective if the husband of such a wife throws up his hands in apparent horror when she shows him her new be-ruffled, hoop-skirted gown in triumph, exclaiming:

"Now, Lucy, what could have possessed a fat woman—yes, I say a fat woman—like you to stand for a caricature of that kind I cannot understand. You will appear to weigh 200 in it. Couldn't you have realized it will make you seem to be years older than you really are? When we are seen at a casual glance that I am taking my mother out for an airing. If you want to please me wear something built upon simple lines."

Of course the wife is thrown into a spasm of grief and tears, but the dress has become so obnoxious to her she lies straightway to her fashionable modiste, ordering the hoops and the bustle removed.

If all the women, young and old, who constitute society, refuse to accept this freakish fashion, or that one, the makers of styles would leash their imaginations, giving a little serious thought to the fitness of the modes they launch upon a world of suffering women. Men, and men only, could work a reformation that would be an eye-opener to fashion creators.

Men should set their feet cautiously down on the fat lady wearing skirts so tight that she has to be hoisted by main force into a street car; and wearing a beehooped affair means extra cars for the company, if a dozen or more hoop-skirted women of ample girth are to be accommodated within a car's limits, or separate cars for mere men. Pretty young things can look like charming old pictures, no matter what they choose to don. Yet men must begin to frown down absurd fashions on girls. If girls look pretty in their older women will wear them or die in the attempt.

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FAVORITE OF FILM DOM

Young star who has many followers among patrons of the movie theaters.



Lois Meredith.

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Spending Money Relative Matter Whether It's Buying Peanuts or a Private Car

The spending of thousands without thought is probably not so different from spending dimes and coppers when you get used to it. The man who makes half a million over night in war babies probably feels much the same when he blows \$10,000 at a lick as you do after you get your envelope and take home a bag of peanuts to the kids. There is a kind of glow of satisfaction in being able to spend a dime. As for the loss of the money—neither you nor the millionaire will know the difference by Monday morning. It is all a relative matter, says a writer.

Just the same, it must be a sensation the first time you do as the man did who breezed into the Pennsylvania railroad office in New York one day last summer and ordered a private car to take him to San Francisco. Of course, the Pennsy gets similar orders every once and so often and they are not in the habit of becoming excited about them.

But this was a little out of the ordinary, because no private cars were to be had, and when the prospective traveler was so advised he seemed to feel somewhat as commuters do when the incoming fall time table drops the fast summer train. In other words, he appeared to be annoyed and he showed it by ordering the railroad folk to buy him a car.

They did that little thing to oblige and it cost him some \$20,000—but it was worth it. He didn't have to worry once about getting up and giving a perfectly good, comfortable seat to a lady.

Wise and Otherwise.

No, Alonzo, spot cash isn't always spotless cash.

A tight man and a loose dog are equally dangerous.

Experience teaches us how to make other kinds of mistakes.

Man wants but little here below, but he never gets quite enough.

Sometimes a woman's face overdoes it in the matter of telling her age.

It isn't always the people who jolly you most who are your best friends.

A girl always tests her first engagement ring by trying to write her name on a pane of glass.

No, Pfänder, you can't always tell how much a girl wants to be kissed by the strenuous objections she puts up.

To sew.

To cook.

To mend.

To be gentle.

To dress neatly.

To keep a secret.

To avoid idleness.

To be self-reliant.

To darn stockings.

To respect old age.

To make good bread.

To keep a home tidy.

To make home happy.

To control her temper.

To be above gossiping.

To take care of the sick.

To take care of the baby.

To sweep down the cobwebs.

To take plenty of active exercise.

To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

And some men make it their business to interfere with the business of others.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

On every hand are seen young man and woman failures, a disappointment to themselves and their friends, who bitterly complain because of undernutrition during the formative period of life; they are hampered in their ambitions by chronic ill health; anemia, incipient stages of tuberculosis and other wasting diseases. No patent medicines nor abundance of food later in life will make up for the deficiency of building material during the time of cellular or tissue formation.

Janet Hill.

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Three Thousand Miles up the Amazon



STOPPING AT AN ISLAND

ON BOARD the steamer bound south out of New York, one meets with the usual rolling stone who has learned everything but to mind his own business.

He will inform the traveler of the dreadful climates to be endured, the shameful treatment extended to all foreigners, most especially Americans, that will have to be suffered in passing through custom houses; and other similar tales, writes F. E. Duerr in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.

After a voyage of 14 days the city of Para, better known as Belem, is reached, and among the many pleasant surprises that greet the traveler is the excellent and prompt manner in which his baggage is cleared through the customs by intelligent officials, who act with a degree of promptness that one would hardly expect in such close proximity to the equator.

From the pier or dock, which compares favorably with the best of our country, there are electric cars or automobiles that will take one to a first-class hotel, of which there are several in Para, where the inland traveler can put up until he makes his connection with a river steamer.

There are several ways of making the trip up the Amazon, the quickest being by means of an ocean steamer of either the Brazilian or British lines, which operate as far as Manaus. There are occasional British boats that go as far as Iquitos, Peru. In this way the trip to Manaus can be made in from three to four days. To properly see the Amazon, however, it is better to go by one of the river boats, which ply lazily up against the fast current. On account of the high cost of taking coal to the Amazon, the river boats are run by wood fuel, and the larger steamers consume about 12,000 sticks of wood, 4 feet long by 4 inches by 4 inches. On an average of every other day this fuel is loaded from the river banks, stick by stick, all the work being done by hand and, needless to say, this operation, after being witnessed more than once, may become somewhat tiresome.

Boats Are Comfortable. The cabins on the boat are large and roomy, and have electric lights and fans; the dining room is aft on the open deck, and in the mornings, as during the greater part of the day, it is quite comfortable on board. After sundown, however, the number of insects of all types, sizes, etc., makes it unpleasant and the traveler finds it necessary to escape into his screened stateroom, or into his hammock or cot, carefully inclosed by mosquito netting of very fine mesh. There are four first-class shower baths on board, also running water in the cabins, and everything considered, one can make one's self fairly comfortable. The captain, or "comandante," as he is called, rules supreme, and on the average, is a highly educated navigator, and he and his "cabinets" of officers are very agreeable to the passengers. When one becomes accustomed to the food, it is very nourishing, and the service on the whole is satisfactory.

Besides the frequent stops for fuel, the steamer calls at a half-dozen points between Para and Manaus, the principal ones being Santarem, noted for its fine bateaus (large rowboats and lighters); Obidos, the narrowest part of the river, and Itacoatiara, near the mouth of the Madeira river.

A further surprise to the traveler, who has just spent ten days in the mud-yellow river, is the sudden change in the color of the water to a deep black, which is the first sign of approaching the city of Manaus, a thousand miles from the mouth of a tropical river.

This city has an excellent electric car service, numerous public and private automobiles, first-class hotels and several moving-picture houses. There is a spirit of bustle and traffic in the streets that reminds one of our own Boston.

Up the Madeira. The steamer, having remained three days in Manaus, is now ready to continue her journey. The trip up the Amazon above Manaus takes one to Iquitos, the wonderful inland town of Peru, with an outlet through the Amazon to the Atlantic ocean, while it is but 500 miles from the Pacific coast. However, as our destination is in another direction, we will resume the journey on our river boat.

We return down the Amazon as far as Itacoatiara, entering the Madeira river, the principal tributary of the Amazon. Only three towns on the entire trip of 700 miles, consuming a week, are encountered—Manicore, Calum and Humaita. Numerous stops are made at rubber estates, there being several hundred along both banks of the Madeira, to deliver the mail.

The steamer trip ends at San Antonio, but as Portovello is the starting point of the Madeira Mamore railway, the voyage practically terminates at the latter place.

Arriving at Portovello one finds a mushroom town, such places are so located the world over where a sudden undertaking such as the building of a canal or railroad or the development of a mine on a large scale, calls for the installation of headquarters. Before the railroad was contemplated, Portovello was little known, even to the people of the Amazon regions. Today, besides the large and modern railroad shops, there is found a electric lighting of the streets, residences, offices and other buildings of the road, running water, and an ice plant that furnishes the ice for all the points along the line and even for some of the towns across the border in Bolivia. One mile distant, at Candelaria, there is a fine hospital with first-class equipment in every respect. Practically every train that leaves Portovello carries a hospital car, and serious cases are rapidly conducted to the hospital.

Alphabetical Atrocity. "An American airplane," asserted Adam arrogantly, "always ascends." Admiring Adam, as an amateur aviator, admires an authority among aeronauts, Anna acquiesced, and acquired an American airplane, as Adam advised.

Arabella abandoned an antagonistic attitude, although angry at Anna's act. Adam, annoyed at Arabella's antagonism, advocated an afternoon ascension. Anna agreed.

Afternoon arrived, as also artists, assuming an animated attitude, Anna and Arabella attracted admiring attention as Anna's American airplane airily arose.

Adam arrived as Arabella and Anna alighted. "Adam," acknowledged Arabella afterward, "although arrogant, always advises aright. American airplanes admire an air-annihilating airplane."

Youth's Companion. Was Well Trained. Many a man who permits himself to be led forth to musical entertainments, he does not care for will appreciate the following: "What made you start clapping your hands when that woman stepped on your foot in the tramcar?"

"It was dozing," answered Mr. Cunningham. "I thought mother and the girls were having a musicale at home, and one of them was signaling that it was time to applaud."

Some medical authorities, explaining the abatement of epidemic diseases in modern years, are sufficiently free from professional ties to attribute this betterment of conditions, not to medicinal science but to increased use of soap and water. The Homeopathic Envoy is of the opinion that with a clean house and a clean person no need have much fear of infection. A writer in the New York Medical Record says: "Soap is now recognized to be antiseptic and to be efficacious must produce a lather. Bacteria rubbed into soap or dropped on its surface are incapable of multiplication. The typhoid bacillus is very sensitive to soap, being killed by a 5 per cent solution in a short time. More than half the total number will die in one minute. The thorough use of a pure potash soap is not only a mechanical method of cleansing, but is an active factor in cutting down germ life."

Cleaning Furniture. The mistakes committed by woman are almost always the result of her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.—Balzac.

Daily Thought. The mistakes committed by woman are almost always the result of her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.—Balzac.

Gross Whiskers. "Construct a sentence using the word 'grossome,'" said the teacher. "When the man stopped shaving his whiskers grossome more," answered Willie.

Things That Never Happen. "You're a tattle-tale," said small Harry to his little sister. "You run and tell mamma everything that happens."

"Well, you are worse than I am," rejoined the small miss. "You tell her a lot of things that never happen at all."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

FROGS' BED-TIME. "Well," said Grandpa Frog, "it's a Cold Day."

"How Bright of you to say so," said Mr. Pond Frog with a Grin. "It's very Rude of you to Talk to me in such a manner," retorted Grandpa Frog. "It is a Cold Day. Perhaps you know it—but then I know it, too, and there is never any Harm in Saying something one knows."

"It all depends," said Mr. Pond Frog. "Depends on what?" snapped Grandpa Frog.

"You might know," answered Mr. Pond Frog slowly, "that Snakes like to Eat us up. But I hope you wouldn't go up to a Snake and bow politely and say: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Snake, but it must be almost your Eating time, and I know that you like Frogs. I also know that there are a great many living down yonder.'"

"Would you say that?" asked Mr. Pond Frog with a Wicked Grin. "You know that, you see, and you say there is no Harm in saying something you know."

"You're absurd, that's what you are," said Grandpa Frog. "Of course, I wouldn't Tell everything I knew. Some things would be very Silly to Tell. You should see that I know the difference. There is no Harm in Talking about the Weather."

"Yes, there is!" snapped Mr. Pond Frog. "What Harm?" asked Grandpa Frog in surprise.

"Because the Weather is Talked about altogether too much. It just annoys me."

"I'm not so sure about that," said little Pink Pig. "They've never been Pigs and so they don't know how nice it is. Just imagine how blissful it would be for Grow-Ups if they didn't have to wear those silly long Dresses and Hats, but could just stay in a good old Pen all day."

"They'd be pretty insulted if they heard you say that," said Mrs. Turkey.

"Do you for one moment suppose," and Pink Pig's squeal was very shrill, "that little Girls like those silly Ribbons and Sashes they wear as much as they would taking off their Shoes and Stockings and Wading in the Mud?"

"They like to Wade in clean Water on hot days, or in the cool Grass—but not in the Mud, Pink Pig. Your ideas are all wrong!"

"I can't understand it," said Pink Pig. "I don't think there's anything in the world like a Pig!"

"It's lucky for you, you think and feel that way about it," said Mrs. Turkey. "What a pity it would be if you longed all the time to be a Blue Bird, a little Girl or a Turkey for instance."

"I certainly wouldn't want to be a Turkey," said little Pink Pig. "And what's the matter with being a Turkey?" gobbled Mr. Turkey, who had been listening to this conversation.

"I wouldn't want to be Fed up and Fattened just to be Eaten for a Holiday Dinner party. No, I wouldn't. And little Pink Pig grunted crossly. "They Feed you so well because they're going to Eat you, and they want you to taste so fine!"

"Well," said Mr. Turkey. "And what do you suppose they Feed you for? Beauty? And Mr. Turkey laughed and walked around gobbling for all he was worth.

"Did anyone ever hear of a beautiful Pig? Oh, ha, ha, that is a good Joke!"