

M'LISS FINDS PHILADELPHIA "UP TO SNUFF" ON FASHIONS

It Took a Trip to New York, However, to Convince This Doubting Thomas Lady That Styles Here are Abreast of Changing Times

"TOO many cooks spoil the broth." The fashion expert, dapper and pink and perfumed like a new-blown rose, winked his brow speculatively, crossed his knees and applied the culinary adage to the sartorial situation of today.

We were sitting in the sanctum sanctorum in the rear of his pastel-tinted shop tucked in 5th avenue, New York. The refined hum of well-bred and heavy-pocket-booked customers filled the air with a buzz reminiscent of a busy summer afternoon in the vicinity of a beehive.

Marie, the cleverest saleswoman, in dulcet tones was convincing Madame, corpulent and 60, that a shamrock green sailor, with a flirtatious ostrich pom-pom on its port side was not too juvenile for her. Other smart patrons of varying ages and degrees of pulchritude were rapidly arriving at the stage of blissful intoxication induced by the spring opening. Soon it would reduce them to clay in the hands of the saleswoman. For whatever may be said for the rest of the inhabitants, the salespeople and the policemen of New York are a clever breed. I have met none more so.

But I am gradually getting back to my opening sentence. I had traveled New Yorkwards under the impressions (trust New York to create these impressions) that the metropolis had definitely and indisputably clinched the right to the sobriquet "the Paris of the Western World."

Like the rest of the glibbly ones, I too had become imbued with the idea that sartorial creations grow and flourish in the environs of 5th avenue which were not indigenous to any other clime in the United States. There were things to be seen there, it had often been impressed on me, which we of the "provinces" were not privileged to view on our native heath.

Three days I spent wandering through the shops of Manhattan, and interviewing the buyers and managers. There passed under my eye enough raiment, I am sure, to clothe the entire population of the world and many unborn generations. It seemed incredible that even rumors of a shortage in dress materials could be imminent, with such a profusion everywhere.

But my conclusions after I had got back to my hotel and bathed my aching feet and tired eyes? They can be epitomized in a single sentence:

"It is wonderful to gaze upon so many pretties, but I have seen nothing here that I have not seen a week ago in Philadelphia."

In short, though I made a point of looking for novelties and haunted those places where novelties are wont to thrive, I saw nothing that it has been denied me to see this City of Brotherly Love, and I do not believe that the Philadelphia woman has anything to gain by doing her shopping in this so-called Paris of the Western World, unless it be aching "tootsies" and a purse flatter than any flounder.

But I enjoyed my talk with the dapper, pink, little fashion expert, at any rate. A fashion expert never says anything for public print derogatory to present styles.

"The frocks of today," he elucidated, "face the same danger that does the soup in which every one wants to add an ingredient. It is too much of a pot-pourri and is going to lose thereby if the stylists do not organize and call a halt."

"The lace maker wants to get his inning; the silk man wants his. Likewise the maker of jeweled trimmings. There is much confusion and the creations show it. You take a little bit of this, a soupçon of that, a pinch of something else, and dab of something else and presto you have a gown. From the point of artistry it is not good, although it is good business and the customers have not yet rebelled."

All authorities agree that this is a period season, but when you ask them "What period?" they look a wee bit nonplussed. Finally, honesty forces them to confess that it doesn't matter what era is represented, just so the earmarks of some period are visible, and it isn't considered a sartorial solecism at all in this ruthless day to combine several periods in one gown!

For instance, I saw one model in a smart mannequin promenade sporting herself in a gown, the basque of which was decided Louis Quinze. Its stiff severity proclaimed that. On her head was perched a tip-tilted basket affair such as was worn by Marie Antoinette in the Petit Trianon days. Her skirt showed a Directoire tendency because it had a slit—tiny, it is true, but a slit none the less.

She was followed by a mannequin in a quaint costume, also a hybrid. The dominating idea of the gown was Empire—it had the short waist-line with the skirt beginning almost under the arms—from beneath the hem there peeped frilly, lace panties which were not of the Empire, but of a far earlier day.

Such is the present conception of a period gown. In all justice it must be stated that in many instances the result of these curious and anachronous combinations is quite charming and effective, but in a few cases they succeed in being only weird and bizarre.

One thing the majority of the modistes seem to be heartily agreed upon. The hoopskirt in its original, "space-requiring" dimensions will never go. It will have to be modified. It will have to be limbered.

"Modern life," one couturier told me, "has precluded the hoop. No woman could get into the crowded subway with one on. She could not hop nimbly into a taxi. She could not attend a bargain sale."

That settles it. No costume that eliminates the bargain sales will ever be popular. Away with the hoop and let joy and bargain hunting be unconfined!

M'LISS.

Address all communications to the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'Liss—Please send the booklet on uses of honey, as noted in Evening Ledger of date March 8, 1916. E. L. I am sorry, but my supply is exhausted. For a stamped, self-addressed envelope, however, I will gladly send you the name of the firm that let me have mine.

Dear M'Liss—Can you prescribe anything which would bleach the hair on the arms and yet would not encourage the growth of same? I would also like to know whether there is a remedy for inflamed eyelids. I use borax acid frequently, but it does not seem to help very much. Is there anything better? "GRATEFUL"

CASTOR OIL FAR FROM MOST VALUABLE REMEDY OF ITS KIND

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

THERE are still many old-fashioned people, not sharing our point of view upon the matter, who are doing some active propaganda work these days in behalf of castor oil. We quote from a "reprint" of a bona fide contribution to a professional periodical the following characteristic germs of logic:

"Contributing causes of scurvy are melancholia and psoriasis, and is (sic) prevented in a measure by the use of oleum ricini (castor oil)."

But would scurvy be prevented in a human being by the use of castor oil—or would it tend to produce more psoriasis? . . . thus relieving systemic stagnation (whatever that may be), and producing true vigor with the pink of youth on the cheeks and thus clarifying the skin."

With both subjective and objective experience in the use of castor oil, we must say we have never noticed any pronounced vigor or pink of youth attributable to the medicine. As for clarifying the skin, we have never tried it on the skin, but it is excellent for clearing up the front yard—you threaten to administer a dose to a refractory youth and the yard looks just as clean as a whistle when you get home that evening.

The putrefactive changes of different kinds of foods," continues the same writer—he is a dentist, it is fair to say—versate different kinds of bacteria (which will be startling news to scientists), which are thrown off by the circulation, and attacks (sic) the weakest points of resistance, etc., etc.

Well, anyway, the literature sounds impressive to the layman who isn't too critical or "pessimistic."

The use of castor oil, not by physicians, but by the laity, is utterly indefensible and unnecessary, or even injurious in nine out of ten cases. As a mere physic there is no more logical ground for the use of castor oil than the excerpts above quoted.

Reasons why castor oil is objectionable are many. First, it is such a horrid dose to take. However, some people do not mind taking it. Second, it always exerts a secondary heating effect upon the bowels, and therefore every dose always demands a more physic. Because it is so oil and apparently thick, it is very sticky and so it clogs up the bowels.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



HAT FOR DRESS OCCASIONS

THE really beautiful hat must combine good materials, smartness and charm. Such a union of good points is found in today's illustration. It is a model from "Pompaine, of Paris, and is sure to qualify. The shape is unique, and shown as it is from two angles, one must really get an idea for oneself of the odd and wholly new twist and turns of the brim. The straw is black Milan hemp, with a ruffled edge of the same. The trimming is simple, for the effectiveness of the hat really depends upon its bizarre shape. A broad band of black velvet, ornamented with floral designs applied in lace braid, is seen surrounding the crown. The paradise fancy is high. In black or colors, the price is \$51. It can be copied at a lower figure. Cape collars are all the rage on coats, suits and dresses, so it is quite to be expected that neckwear would reflect the mode. This cape is made of waterproof malines, with tiny rosettes dotting the back, and satin bows at the front. In any color, it costs \$3.

The name of the shop where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

GOOD FORM

Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Rush, written on one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though initials ONLY will be published upon request. The column will appear this week in Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's Evening Ledger.

A question in Good Form in the matter of hostess and guest. Some persons consider it old style to write what is called a "bread-and-butter" letter, and yet that is one of the first requirements of etiquette. If a person has visited a house, where he or she has been entertained overnight, the correct thing to do is to write a letter to the hostess, thanking her for her hospitality and telling how much the visit was enjoyed.

Wedding Invitation Answered Dear Deborah Rush—I had an attention to your query about the proper form to use in answering a wedding invitation when you wish to refuse it. I said that it is proper to answer whether you accept or refuse the invitation, and I should inform me which is correct and also a C. S.

It depends on the nature of the invitation. If it is an invitation to the church and not to the house, no answer is required; but if it is an invitation to the house, it should certainly be answered whether you accept or regret. It is certainly not bad form to regret if you have a previous engagement and it is due to the hostess that she may calculate about how many guests to provide breakfast for.

Three Requests Dear Deborah Rush—Will you kindly send me a copy of the following: First, Acknowledge a gift of flowers sent to me during my illness. Second, Write a note of condolence to a friend on the death of some one near to her. Third, Write a note to friends telling of your engagement.

Will you please let me have the first answer as soon as possible, as I am confined to bed in the hospital and have received many lovely flowers from acquaintances. Very truly yours, M. W.

First, My Dear—I was more than kind of you to think of me and to send me the exquisite flowers, which have cheered me very much during my days of suffering. You can have no idea how happy they have made me. Believe me, very gratefully, A. R.

Second, My Dear—The news of your bereavement has just reached me and I hasten to write you how much I feel for you. I know that there is nothing I can say which will help you, and yet I am sure that the knowledge that I am thinking of you and anxious to do anything I can may be of some comfort to you. Please let me know if I can be of any assistance. I am, with great sympathy, your affectionate friend.

Third, My Dear—Perhaps you will not be surprised to hear my news. My engagement to Mr. _____ will be announced in the papers on _____, but as you are an old and loved friend I wanted you to hear the news directly from me. I am anxious to have you meet my fiancé, for I am sure then you will appreciate how happy I am. Your loving friend, _____

How Garb the Bridegroom? Dear Deborah Rush—Please tell me how the man should dress at a 12 o'clock wedding. I mean the bridegroom, of course. VIRGINIE.

The conventional clothes for a noon wedding are: Cutaway coat and white vest; light, faintly striped trousers, gray four-in-hand tie, gray spats and gray gloves. DEBORAH RUSH.

When Ironing Linens When you are ironing round collars or luncheon cloths, place a piece of heavy flannel or a bath towel on the board; then lay the linen so that the threads are parallel and at right angles to the board.

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The opinion of an outsider on these questions is, of course, impartial, but may not be the right one for the case. It is true that on both parties and it might be better to skip an evening call now and again. On the other hand, if you are both sincerely in love you will want to be together as often as possible. I think your fears are groundless, provided you always treat each other with respect and propriety. Another question is, Just what do you mean by keeping company? Are you engaged to be married? That is, have you understood from your letter Company-keeping, so called, is always a mistake—it is not a fair proposition to either party and the very expression is not in good form.

Please Explain Vulgar Dear Deborah Rush—In Wednesday's paper you make a statement, in reply to the query of a correspondent, to the effect that to use the phrase "lady friend" or "girl friend" "gives one down as vulgar without further parley."

Surely you do not mean this to convey the impression that it does, that you consider the use of either of these phrases, in any connection whatever, absolutely and unreservedly a mark of vulgarity. I have frequently been painfully disturbed by hearing one young man or another, whose knowledge of etiquette was a little more than nil, speak of "my lady friend" as applied specifically to the girl with whom, as he termed it, he was "keeping company." On the other hand, however, I can conceive of no earthly reason why one may not with perfect propriety refer to a girl as a "girl friend" to distinguish her from a boy friend.

I rather imagine that the former usage is the one you have in mind, and in that

MENDING MAN MENDS BROKEN HEARTS AND PRIZED HEIRLOOMS

When the Wedding Gift Is Shattered His Clever Work Stops the Bride's Tears

AN INTERESTING SHOP

When the inevitable calamity comes, which is when the cherished heirloom, wedding present or precious dish is broken, the average woman sits down and has a good cry. After this she relegates the erstwhile heirloom to some conspicuous corner and looks upon the matter as closed. She seldom thinks of the possibility of having the article mended. For she, like many another woman in the same circumstances, is totally unaware of the wonderful work which has been done in this branch of the ceramic art.

The "mending man" who performs daily wonders in the most matter-of-fact way in the world, will, if you are interested, take you on a personally conducted tour of his workshop. There are marbles, bronzes, fans, old Sevres plates, pitchers, Dresden figures, china, cut glass, cloisonne vases, Sheffield candlesticks and a great variety of shattered fragments, wrapped up in bags, each one representing a separate "miracle" for this one man to perform.

An old figure of a girl in a Mexican dress is very noticeable among the others, because it is so unlike anything to be seen in America. The figure is dark brown wax, with streaming, fiery hair, like a doll's, and a queer cloth costume. In the lady's arms, which should be raised above her head, are conspicuous by their absence. The Mending Man has never seen a piece like this before, but the arms are to be molded and melted to the body, colored to match.

"Oh yes, china can be mended so that it cannot be detected," he explained. "Wedding presents are often shattered in the sending. Now I have one article here which was broken into four or five pieces when it crossed the ocean from its home in Switzerland. It took me three months to put it together again, but there was no crack, no line, not even a single irregularity of line to suggest a mend."

MAKES HALF A BOWL

Another very handsome and rare piece of glassware comes from Ireland, called Bealeware. It is a cream color, highly polished and laced together in like patterns, and fashioned into flowers, birds and figures. The piece in this case was a fruit bowl. One side of the bowl was completely crushed, the fragments being reduced to powder.

"Now the best way to treat this is to make a new side," this expert continued. "I have done it often. Of course, this requires a great deal of time, but it is decidedly interesting. I had a fan here which was a really beautiful one in our old Philadelphia homes. The design was a Watteau drawing, very beautiful and painted on old silk, which was rapidly rotting. The sticks were of pearl. I started to work on the silk, but it crumbled in my fingers. I told the owner of the fan that to repair it was an impossibility. She said anything would do, so that the fan could be preserved. So I got the new silk, tested the color of the old, and repaired both ingeniously. The design was easily painted on, and the old sticks were used. The impression of antiquity was so perfectly given that the owner of the fan doesn't know to this day that her original fan is in ruins."

Bronzes play an important part in his work, too. Refinishing, of course, is commonly done, but such operations as replacing missing figures in a group bring into play both ingenuity and creative genius. If the piece is a familiar one, however, the task is easy.

Wonderful marble and Dresden pieces are crowded together in the Mending Man's little workshop. He "sculps" fingers, hats, arms, legs, or any part of the statue that is missing. Shattered onyx pedestals, too, are fitted so cleverly that the tragedy is unknown. One huge lion's head, such as are seen on rugs, brought up the question as to what was wrong with it—for something has to be wrong with all the articles in the mender's shop.

He built up his mouth and made him a tongue," said the man. "He had been crushed, and the teeth, mouth and eyes were smashed. I would like you to see this piece of old Lowestoft ware—it is hundreds of years old, made before the Europeans knew how to make china. This bowl needs a handle. I have to study the period, design my handle, reproduce it in metal and then rivet it on so that it cannot be seen, for the bowl is the most prized article in a famous collection."

"Yes, I can mend them all," says the Mending Man, "but just now I am busy putting a snake handle on this old Italian jug."

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Marion Harland's Corner

Takes Out Peach Stains SOME time ago there was an inquiry with regard to taking out peach stains. Wet the linen and rub in a lot of common laundry soap. Then rub in common laundry starch so as to make a kind of paste. You may have to add water as you rub in the starch. Lay upon the grass in the sun. The process may have to be repeated, but the second time will be sufficient. I know it to be a sure cure. "H. D."

Poem in Old Reader "Can you get for me the poem 'The Atlantic Cable'?" It was in Sanders' Union reader. I have lost track of this book. I do not know the name of the author, but where the poem related to the laying of the Atlantic cable by Cyrus W. Field. If you can answer without putting it in the paper, I should prefer to have you do this. I hope I am not asking too much of an impossibility, but I am anxious to get the verses. "K. C."

Delicious Old Fashioned Dish "Buttermilk Soup—Take fresh buttermilk; put as much as required for a family into a kettle and let it come to a boil. Now take about a cup of flour, mix with water until just enough of the hot buttered milk to moisten it. Stir well and rub in the hands. It must be quite dry over the top and fall into small pieces as dough when mixing bread. Now stir in 'riveleches,' as the old folks call them, into the boiling buttermilk. Let it boil till quite thick. Add salt to taste, and into soup plates and sprinkle sugar on top to suit taste. Some mix just some beaten egg, so as to form strings as in the old-fashioned recipe. Others like bread crumbs stirred into the soup. It may be sweetened as you wish, but we prefer to let each one sweeten it to taste. This is a delicious old-fashioned dish. Some one asked for it quite a long time ago and I have not seen it since. It will be full of little funny stories properly made. "MRS. L. H."

Origin of Quotations "Who first said that something was 'a weak invention of the enemy'?" Who invented the phrase "her dearest foe"? Did anybody in his senses ever declare that "I hope I am not asking too much of an impossibility, but I am anxious to get the verses." "LILLIAN."

Each of us knows the annoyance of having a "ringing in one's brain" or phrase or rhyme. I will help you to the best of my ability. Colley Cibber, an English playwright and actor of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, wrote "A weak invention of the enemy." It appears in his play of "Richard Third." I do not know who said first "her dearest foe." An English dramatist, Thomas Middleton, said "my dearest and nearest enemy." Tennyson had a well balanced brain, but he tells us in "Lancelot and Elaine," "He makes no friend who never made a foe"—which comes pretty near to the quotation that "borders you." Do not hesitate to let us get the buzzing fancies out of your head when we can. It is a pleasure to the Corner that our juniors are getting more and more into the habit of appealing to us in small queries of this sort.

Submitting Manuscripts to Publishers "Could you kindly tell me if there would be any chance for me to have a manuscript read without having it typewritten? I hesitate to go to that expense unless I find a market for it, as I cannot afford any extra outlay at present. "E. B. C."

As to the insistence of publishers and editors that manuscripts submitted to them shall be typewritten, I cannot deny that the rule prevails in a majority of publishing houses. But your handwriting is exceptionally fine and legible. If you write what you have to say with black

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