DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

WHITE FOR SPRING SPORT COATS

Tan Also Chic, But Avoid the Vivid Shades.

By Annette Bradshaw

White Gabardine Sport Coat with Rolling Collar.

IT will soon be time to begin "cross-country hikes" over hill and dale in search of the very first spring flowers.

Of course you will need a smart sports coat to wear over your one-piece frock or shirtwaist and skirt upon these occasions.

There is more practical wear in a loose, comfortable top coat than in any other garment, and your first purchase for your new spring outfit should be one of the stunning walking coats on display in all the worthwhile shops. They are made of every modish material in all weights and weaves. Gabardine, corduroy, serges, Shantung silk of a particularly heavy quality, homespun, cheviot or Bedford cord.

Unlike the other coats for spring wear they do not emphasize the Empire line, but are belted loosely at the normal waistline. They do, however, flare from the shoulders, and flare about the lower edge.

This attractive coat of white gabardine should meet all the requirements of a modish, practical sports coat. It is of a becoming length, and possesses all the marks that proclaim it to be an inspiration of the spring fashions.

This design faintly suggests the Russian blouse with its belt and side-fastening. The neck line is finished with a high rolling collar, and the long sleeves have turned-back cuffs.

The wide box-pleat in front is held in position by the combination overskirt and belt. At each side there is a group of inverted pleats which make the coat extremely full at the bottom.

Large, coin-shaped buttons of white pearl ornament the front, belt and cuffs.

Last season there was a decided preference for sports coats in vivid colors. This season the smart coats are either all white or tan. There is a variety in dark blue, brown and gray, but the ultra fashionable coats are white.

The chic hat worn with this coat is of dark blue straw ornamented with a white feather fantasy.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Treating Scars Now a Part of Your Doctor's Practice

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins.)

DR. HIRSHBERG

DOCTORS come and doctors go, yet great medical schools go on forever. They flourish like green bay trees. There are eminent medical universities, connected with magnificently equipped hospitals, which rather discourage their graduates, even after eight and ten years' elaborate experience, experimentation and practice, from treating the people. They thus silently admit that much remains to be taught and to be learned.

Yet the "experts" and graduates of these best universities somehow become imbued with the notion that what has escaped them is either false, worthless or dangerous. Usually these professors of medicine assume the elevated pose that what they do not know is either vicious or impossible. Many of them go farther, and assume that what they do not know is impossible, hence to attempt it is immoral!

Needless to say, this is an absurdity.

There are many conditions of the living person which do not indicate inflammations or disease. There are also many states, not distinctly beyond the bounds or within the confines of health, yet may clearly fall to the open-minded surgeon and consultant for remedial aid and comfort.

This is peculiarly true in the matter of eliminating scars and the removal of pores in the skin. After chickenpox, pimples, smallpox, splinters, particles from the anvil and many accidents, ugly and disfiguring scars are left, which need not be suffered, either by any rules of religion or morals, to mar the face.

Scope of Treatment.

These little depressions in the skin may be elevated, or if raised scars, reduced, and the hard, tough, discolored skin can be softened and restored to its natural state. Individual and peculiar differences call for treatments to fit each separate instance. The plan and scope of the remedy, however, can be easily made to suit each kind of scar, and no less a proud leader than Prof. Paul Unna of Berlin, Ger., stands sponsor for this.

Large scars are first to be eliminated by scarification. It is by no means always necessary to transplant bits of the epidermis from another place. A special method to avoid this—too technical to explain to the lay reader—has been devised by Prof. Vidal.

Scars Are Absorbed.

Elevated, hard or soft scars that rise above the level and even skin can be reduced by the use of the electric needle. The whole "horny" layer of the scar is then removed by the use of a strong salicylic acid application, such as is used for warts and corns.

The most important treatment of scars, however, is included in the use of carbon dioxide snow in the depressions. This elevates the hollows and simultaneously softens them.

To cause an absorption of the scar tissue, injections of what is known to physiologists as fibrolysin is made. The absorption of the tough, discolored scar tissue begun in this way, is thereafter continued and hastened by the application of salicylic acid plaster or by the introduction of thiosinamin by the electric needle—the method is called "cataphoresis."

Ere this, the larger portions of the scar have vanished. The whole process is completed by polishing and friction in order to remove the last vestige of what was once a disfigurement and an abomination.

How It Feels for a GIRL To Be a Little "Movie" BOY

As It Is Experienced Nearly Every Day
By HELEN BADGLEY

"THE number of times I've been asked how it feels to play I'm a little boy in the films when I'm really a little girl, makes me think most people never were children at all—or have forgotten about it," said little Miss Badgley, "The Thanhauser Kid," between rehearsals in the big New York studio. "Now when I was four or five years old I used to like to play that I was 'most everything,' all by myself. And playing a little boy for the 'movies' is just dressing up—and playing what I used to play all alone by myself right out for other folks to see.

"I guess that's all there is to it—anyway I think that's all. But some of my girl friends seem to think differently, they're always asking me such a lot of funny questions. They want to know how it feels to do this or to be that, but particularly they want to find out how it feels to play that I'm a little boy and then to see myself as a little boy in the film.

"It's hard work being a 'Movie Boy'—but it's loads of fun, too."

"I've studied a whole lot over that question, and it's funny that I can't think of myself that way. I don't believe I ever thought about how I looked except, perhaps, the very first time. You see I'm always thinking about my acting and trying to do better—and I always see so many things that I ought to have acted better that it's quite discouraging sometimes. Even if I am only 8 years old. I can see how much better I could be. I think it's awfully nice of people to like me just as I am.

"My director, the one who works the hardest with me, likes me, too, and he's very kind to me, but there's one thing I never can understand. You see, he rehearses and rehearses me—sometimes we go over the same thing a dozen times—and then he says: 'Now just be natural.'

"It's hard work—that's what playing a boy is when you're really a little girl. That's how it feels—just like hard work. But it's loads of fun, too."

"Oh, Give Me Some Time to Blow the Man Home"

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

"Blow the man down, sailor, blow the man down.
Heave ho—blow the man down."

I HEARD him singing it in the garden this morning—the old sailor man in California.

Bent and bowed, wrinkled and gray, pottering about in the garden, tying up the white rose, pruning the red, cutting down the rambler, scolding the heliotrope for going too much to woody fiber, pulling up the weeds, stirring the black earth with his spade—an old man tired and heavy with the burden of years, and yet always something free and bold about him.

Something in his walk that reminds you of rolling decks, something in the way he carries his hands that makes you think of a rustling sail and the wind that follows fast, and something in his blue eye that speaks so wistfully of the open sea.

"As I was becalmed in the tropical seas,
Blow the man down, sailor, blow the man down.
I whistled all day but in vain for the breeze,
Give me some time to blow the man home."

Little Boy Could Understand.

What a fine old sea chanty it is. I wish I could go somewhere on a sailing ship and hear them sing it, when the anchor rose from the blue.

"As I was a-walking down Rothaby stream,
Blow the man down, sailor, blow the man down.
A nice little damsel I chanced for to meet,
Give me some time to blow the man home."

I couldn't stand it a minute longer, so I went out into the garden to talk with the old sailor man.

"What," said the old sailor man, "tell you about the seas? Why, what could I tell to you?

"You wouldn't sense what I was trying to say. You ain't never been in a gale, have you? And what will you make of it when I tell you about halyards? Women ain't got no truck with such as that."

And the old sailor man took a fresh chew of tobacco and told me that unless we did something very drastic, and did it soon, the snails would make the garden a regular world's fair for the snail family.

Not a word would he tell me of whistling winds and singing seas and countries far to see.

Not a word of rattling palms, or coral sands, or brown natives wreathed in garlands.

Not a word concerning captains and mates, or even of sea cooks. Not a syllable about scarlet fish or pink ones, not a thing about the roll of the surf on a sullen and lowering beach, not a word about the men he had sailed with—Lascar or Greek or Swede or Pole—not even a Chinaman would he mention.

Such affairs were not of my world. Slugs, and bugs, and snails, and cobwebs, these things he treasured in his mind for subjects of converse with me.

But when the little boy came home from school the old sailor man called him into the garden.

"Look here, younker," said the old sailor man, "cast your eye over what old Bill brought you."

And the old sailor man handed the little boy a boat, newly carved and with set sails.

"Here's a tub o' water old Bill has rigged for you," said the old sailor man. "Come and I'll show you how to sail her."

The Sailor Man's Skipper.

And all the afternoon the little boy and the old sailor man sailed the Giddy Betsy—for so the boat was named—and sailed her true and sailed her fair around and around the tub of water at the bottom of the garden.

And the evening shadows crept over the garden, and the little girl trooped in from school with a party of playmates at her heels, and still the Giddy Betsy luffed and tacked and went about, and still the old sailor man sang half under his breath:

"Blow the man home, sailor, blow the man home.
Give me some time to blow the man home."

A quick step sounded on the walk, the gate slammed. A little, black-eyed woman with a determined face switched into the garden.

"There," shrilled the little, black-eyed woman, "I knew I'd catch ye, and supper waiting for half an hour. Carvin' boats, and sailin' 'em!" And the old sailor man arose hastily and left the garden, without a word.

But on the brow of the hill he slipped behind his wife and made a gesture to the little boy, who stood aghast in utter amazement that one so godlike could be so addressed by a mere human being.

The little boy's wondering face lit up.

"He'll be back tomorrow," he said to the Giddy Betsy.

"Blow the man home, sailor, blow the man home.
Give me some time to blow the man home."

And the merry wind stopped whistling, and the fog crept in from the sea, but all the evening, while the rest of us talked and read by the fire, the little boy sang under his breath the old sea song, "Give me some time to blow the man home."

Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE MEN IMPERSONATE GODS TO "MAKE" RAIN

THE Indians of our American Southwest are very different Indians from those of the plains. While the plains Indians have always been hunters and predatory warriors, the Southwestern Indians have always been farmers and more than half-civilized for many generations. Rain is the most important thing in the world to them; therefore it is not strange to find that rain-making feasts hold a prominent place in their religious rites.

To most of us rain is a natural annoyance, to be taken for granted, but in the arid regions of Arizona and New Mexico it comes as a direct and very special favor of Providence. To the Southwestern Indians all rain is supplied by the spirits of the dead. Children who die young are supposed to attain miraculous maturity in the spirit land, and soon assume their part, too, in producing rain. Therefore, in the lapse of time there have come into spiritual power a vast number of rainmakers, but there are not too many, as the arid climate certainly proves.

The Indian priests, naturally, are foremost in the rain-making ceremonies, and they fast for days before the "rain dance" to make themselves worthy, and all the people prepare themselves, too. Then when the great day arrives the Great Father of the gods appears, fantastically disguised, preceded by a courier, and attended by 10 lesser gods.

In the old days the common people undoubtedly believed that the Great Father had come down to earth in person, but the college educated Indian of today certainly understands that the actual gods are impersonated by the priests, although they reverently take part in the "rain dance," and bow to the disguised priests as humbly as if they were not simply symbolic.

I shall never forget the one "rain dance" it was my privilege to attend—nor can I soon forget the speed with which the priests ran home after the ceremonies. You see, those poor fellow had fasted many days, and they were very, very hungry.

The Indian "Rain Gods."

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Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I have been invited to a dance to which a young man whom I admire very much has also been asked. Now, I am very eager for him to ask me, but would never be so farward as to request him to accompany me.

Kindly advise me as soon as you can, for I am waiting anxiously for a reply, and the dance is to be soon.

Yours in perplexity. MIRIAM.

POOR Miriam, what a terribly perplexing situation you are in, to be sure! Will he ask you, or won't he? And if he doesn't ask you to go with him how are you going to make him without your asking him? It reads even more puzzling than it really is, doesn't it?

I am almost sure that your friend has begged the privilege of being your escort long before this, but if he hasn't, isn't that fact sufficient proof for you that he doesn't wish to be? And if he doesn't wish to take you, all your asking him—or not asking him—isn't going to change the situation the least bit. It will only put you in an uncomfortable position.

Now, Miriam, I am going to give you a very simple rule of social conduct, and if you just keep it in mind you will never find yourself in such a perplexing situation again. This is the rule: The only time a lady may ask a gentleman to be her escort is when she is invited some place where he is not, and, furthermore, when she has been requested to ask any gentleman she wishes to accompany her.

For your present perplexity, my dear, there is only one solution. Whether or not your friend asks you to go with him, you must go anyway—go and have as happy a time as you can have. For it would never do to let him see, now would it?

Annie Laurie

Answers to Health Questions

J. H. P.—Q—I have lumbago at times. Will you please suggest a remedy?

A—Keep the intestines active, take up bending exercises, eat meat only once a day, and massage the back with cottonseed oil.

* * *

A READER—Q—1—Is sulphur bad for the stomach when taken for the purification of the blood?

2—I have heard that witch hazel is a good wash for weak eyes. Will it destroy the eyelashes?

A—1—Sulphur is not good for the blood or stomach. It is a fallacy to take it.

2—This may do harm to the eyelashes, and it is not good for weak eyes. Glasses are the only cure for weak eyes.

* * *

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of $10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

Love and Ideals.

LEONA DALRYMPLE

SOME day some brave spirit will arise and tell the truth about monogamy. It is an ideal, not a reality. And to love one's wife, curiously enough, may be quite different from being "in love" with her. To be in love, I take it, is an all-engrossing fever, as different from the simple, tranquil state of loving as a poppy from a rose. "In-loveness" is a virulent intoxication—selfish, unreasonable, violent—a thing of quicksilver and restless indecision. A man is "in love" with his young bride. The strong, fine love which he bears the mother of his children is as different from that first dear foolishness as the later love—a little tired and sated perhaps—which he bears for his old wife is different from the robust affection of his middle-age.

Dangers of "Tenderness."

And Heaven help me if I bring the world of lovers a-tumbling about my ears primed with passionate denial, only the "in-love" stage which never lasts is a real armor against possible infidelity. I do not mean infidelity in its sordid sense—a thing of the body only—I mean infidelity of the soul and heart and mind. Is there a man who hasn't faced the spectre? I faced it that night in the boat with Joan Arbeck.

Joan, as I said, began to cry. And strangely enough this first glimpse of weakness in the girl's usual cynicism swept me further afield than I had thought possible. It aroused the male instinct of protection. Dear ladies, I wonder in this day of your independence if you know how much of our very real tenderness you sacrifice. Protective tenderness is the most wholesome thing in the world. It is the one thing in the sweep of feminism which I can not give up willingly, for with it go hand in hand so many of the finer, manlier things of life.

Odd that I should speak of it now when that very tenderness was urging me away from Mary. But there are times when no man understands himself. And I faced such a time that night on the water with Joan.

The sight of the girl's tears brought surging over me a wave of tenderness and it seemed for a moment as if I stood upon the brink of a precipice. I thank God, for all your cynics may think to the contrary, that the emotion was clean and honest. I knew that I was perilously near being in love with Joan Arbeck. The knowledge came with something of a shock, for I had been very proud of my will and my immunity.

"I Love You."

Most men, I presume, cherish a secret ideal of marriage. It is a marriage based upon beauty first—always. But second there comes the desire for a mental companion. There was beauty enough in my pretty wife for any man—but—ah, well, somehow it seems unkind to say that Mary lacked intelligence, for she didn't. She merely was not so quick and keen as Joan. And standing upon the brink of the precipice—it came over me with sickening intensity what marriage might mean when a man's mate was attuned to him mentally and spiritually. Community of interest and taste—equality of brain and instinct—mutual respect for each other's opinions.

But Imagination is an imp painting with colors of fire and promise and her etchings are unfair. A man looks back over his years of marriage—be they few or many—and knows precisely what they have been. He starts again—with the painter—Imagination—reconstructs—drifts dangerously through the Land of What-Might-Have-Been and finds the ideal fraught with temptation—it is so different from what Life has really given him. But, after all, isn't it just the mystery that lures? Wouldn't it all end in exactly the same way—with another moment of wonder and regret when he least expected it?

I caught Joan's hands in mine.

"Don't cry, Joan!" I said. "I can't bear it."

"I can't help it, Peter," she said, choking, "I love you!"

A Bride's Own Story

By Isobel Brands

THE MOST APPRECIATED BIRTHDAY GIFT

AUNT gently criticised me this morning for purchasing a birthday gift for my chum, Maizie, that was really a dainty bit of "frilly nothing," as she called it.

"I think they're just too cute," I had insisted, "and I'm glad I bought satin boudoir slippers for Maizie instead of something useful. Indeed," I concluded pippantly, "if father and mother send me anything at all on my birthday I hope it will be something useless. When father and mother stopped giving me toys on gift occasions and began donating suits of clothes and other useful articles, I knew I was grown up. And I do wish that just this once they would give me something frivolous—some little inexpensive trifle that isn't any good at all except to look pretty for a little while."

But aunt's sense of humor was absent at the time. Instead she launched into the subject very seriously. "I think it's absolutely insulting to give or receive a useless thing. I know how you feel, because when I was 12 years old I resented receiving a suit of warm underwear for my birthday instead of the bicycle which I wanted more, but needed less. But that wasn't a circumstance to my regret when later on in years well-meaning friends and relatives would foolishly spend their money on be-ribboned cushions or pin trays or other knick-knacks, just to show that they hadn't forgotten me.

"It's my opinion that the only gift worth while is the really useful gift, and I'd rather have something useful that cost 10 cents than an' ornate, useless trifle that cost $10. It's not the amount you spend, but the individual thought you give that makes your gift worth while and appreciated."

"But, aunt, dear, I simply couldn't distribute potato peelers as birthday gifts, could I?" I teased.

"Why not?" asked aunt, imperturbably. "Of course, you're carrying the argument far, but I assure you that if Uncle Dick had bought me a washing machine my first birthday after we were married instead of my pearl ring I'd have appreciated it immeasureably more, although, of course, I never said so. I want lovely things. But first we must have the helpful, necessary things.

"As a matter of fact, the best present you can give a woman who does her own housework, at any season of the year and for any occasion, is some household help. Because it is sad, but true, that the majority of women who will unflinchingly pay $10 or $12 for a hat that will last only a few months, will declare sincerely that they can't possibly afford to spend the same sum for a household labor saver—even though they know that it will last for years. It's because women haven't been used to buying machinery for the home, and it's only within a comparatively short time that so many splendid labor-saving devices have been marketed."

"But tell me what can you buy as a gift—something that will be really pretty enough to be a gift as well as useful?" I asked.

"Lots of things, even if you want to keep within a limited sum. There are innumerable attractive electric devices—toasters and table gridirons and egg boilers—that make table service easy for the housewife who has no maid. Then there are attractive casseroles and aluminum utensils—percolators and teapots, etc. And in the smaller bits there are all kinds of attractive knives and forks of every kind—poultry shears and nutcrackers and corn hullers—you've a wide choice.

"And take my word for it," concluded aunt, "the tired housekeeper will see beauty in everything that saves her labor, and she'll appreciate it more than the loveliest bonbons you could send."

ODD FACTS

Playing cards are said to have been invented in 1390 to divert Charles IV., then King of France, who had fallen into a melancholy mood.

* * *

The only animals left alive in the Antwerp zoo are the elephants, which are now being used for military traction purposes.

* * *

Kimie Katayama, a young fisherwoman of Anjomura, in the province of Shima, Japan, and over 100 others applied to the naval authorities to be attached to the navy, as they desired to be engaged in clearing the sea at the mouth of Klauchau bay of submarine mines. Those fisherwomen are engaged in fishing a depth of more than 3 fathoms, and can swim under water freely, even in rough weather.