

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Purple and Cerise in Model Poiret Gowns

By MADGE MARVEL



long that there is a slight train. The tunic, also of the violet, is long in the back and reaches just above the knees in front, but there is no abrupt slope and no distention at the edges.



An Effective Model

At each side are deep pleats which make a cascade effect at the lower edge and allow the lining of cerise to show. The sleeves are of the cerise, and down each side of the tunic on the hips is a

width of the cerise adorned with buttons of the violet. The front of the bodice is plain, and the fastening is on the side. There is a high rolling collar of lace. A purple wig worn with this costume when it was shown in a Poiret parade seemed to blend so perfectly with the ensemble that every one exclaimed: "How much prettier purple hair is than ours!"

But there were murmurs of disapproval when a mannequin appeared wearing a wig of emerald green. It was parted demurely in front, and built out at the back of the head with a casque effect.

It topped an evening gown that was as dainty and simple as a water lily, which some way it seemed to suggest. The skirt of pale green charmeuse was in the shade we once knew as Nile green. It was draped and short, and gave the idea of being but a lengthened overskirt worn over a petticoat of lace which was quite transparent. The bodice was of shaded chiffon velvet in a deeper green. It was plain, tight-fitting and sleeveless.

There was a tiny fold of tulle to soften the effect in front of the corsage. The tunic of tulle was pleated and full, quite like a ballet skirt. About the waist were pearl ornaments, forming a deep centre. From each ornament, hanging loose over the tulle tunic, was a strand of green beads ending in a tassel of pearls. White gloves reached just above the elbow, and the slippers were heelless and of white kid.

Another Poiret model for the spring is built on the lines of the straight blouse, which Mme. Poiret wore so beautifully in New York recently, but which would be trying to the average mature American figure, though for the young and slender girl it is charming. It illustrates the manner in which striped and plain fabrics are to be used.

The skirt, long and plain, is of dark blue serge. At the side there is a peculiar line, which gives a panel effect, with the edges piped with red, and on a line with the knees, at the side seams, there are three red bone buttons. The blouse, of blue and red-striped serge, is perfectly plain and straight, and reaches below the hips, where it has a band of red ducetone applied like a cuff. The sleeves are of the plain serge to match the skirt. There is a vest of cream muslin with a remarkable collar, which reaches up on the back of the head. It is so high and turns away in deep folds just at the ears.

On each of the points are tiny tassels of tarnished gilt, which sway like misplaced car-bells. There is a band of galloon which finishes the vest. The wig to wear with this frock is of the most glaring vermilion. There is a marked tendency in the spring styles toward the fitted bodice. In dozens of models one finds the "odice drawn snugly to the figure like the old-time basque.

KEEPING LENT

By Michelson



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A GREAT many foolish things have been said about Lent, but no one has denied that for some persons it follows a strenuous winter and precedes a strenuous spring. No one has denied that it is a good time in which to reflect upon one's failings and to make good resolutions. There are a great many ways of keeping it, and the luckiest people are those who have a choice—unless it

may be those who know just how to THINK they are keeping it.

It is a wonderful art, this keeping Lent—denying one's self comfortably, getting the most out of resignation, softening the asperities of deprivation, smuggling down into the lap of hardship with a sweet willingness.

EVERY ONE cannot keep Lent the same way. Of course not. It all DEPENDS, doesn't it?

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.

The "Girl in the Case," about whom Miss Dalrymple has written candidly and conscientiously, even though her analyses may have seemed harsh at times, has apparently come to a realization that a wife has some duties which should not be shirked. This may be said to mark the first step in her development in the modern marital arrangement.

The thousand and one questions which arise in the everyday household—mainly as a matter of course—come up now for the decision of Mary and Peter. As the series of Miss Dalrymple develops, these will be dealt with as frankly as the initial steps in the working out of such a "sample case" as this have been studied and chronicled.

Woman's Sense of Values XXXIX.



LEONA DALRYMPLE

OUT of much toil and turbulence Mary and I have at last settled down into a certain system of creditable house-keeping. I get my own breakfast regularly, and contribute considerable gray matter to household problems, but Mary has at last learned to keep her house in order, and that is a great relief.

For months after our wedding I remember our library was stacked high with wedding presents because Mary couldn't find a place to put them or time to find the place. Now she has evolved a sort of system, and we're getting along a lot better. When a woman honestly makes up her mind to do a thing, I notice, she usually finds a way. The trouble is she has so much difficulty making up her mind.

I find, however, now that Mary does keep her house in order, she talks a great deal in the bromide fashion of women about the terrible monotony of housework and the terrific amount of work she is daily obliged to do.

"I work and work, Peter," she exclaimed, "and I'm never through!"

Then she quoted that old couplet which women have hidden from time immemorial:

Man works from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

Most women, I fear, are extremists. I notice that the woman who is slovenly at all is excessively slovenly, and the woman who is orderly drives her family mad by a passion for detail. Mary was not, I am sure, slovenly by nature. She merely didn't know the things about a house that she should have known.

Now, for a while, Mary had a way of gliding away from the dining room table at night and leaving it just as it was—dishes and all—until morning. Her reason for this was that she could do housework when I wasn't around, but that it was a waste of time when we were together.

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Our guests were very decent. Their courtesy, however, did not mitigate my annoyance, and after they had gone I desperately resolved to have it out once for all with Mary.

"Mary," I inquired cautiously, "just what are you sewing on?"

"Peter," she countered lamely, "Did I know the Browns were coming?"

But that was the end of the slovenly kitchen. The trouble with some women is, I think, an abnormal sense of values. Else why would Mary make Christmas presents 11 months ahead when she ought to be washing dishes?

It was then January. I gasped.

"Mary," I said, "do you actually mean that you're making next year's Christmas presents 11 months ahead, and the dishes in the kitchen aren't washed?"

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Your Adam's Apple Is a Nest for "Liquid Nerves"

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

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HAVE you ever noticed a toad swallow? This is no riddle such as: "Have you ever seen a horse fly?" You are not expected to "bite" or to be the "goat." When a frog swallows you see a big lump come into his throat. There sits your frog on a toadstool, perhaps. He looks blandly and almost imploringly toward heaven as he gulps down, not tears, but air.

If you were a cruel vivisectionist, you would prop open the frog's jaw with a cork. The dentist does this to you with some annoyance, but no danger. When you thus torment a frog the creature dies.

The beseeching brilliancy of the frog-toad's eyes, with his head held skyward as he swallows, is due to the life-giving air which he drinks in.

A frog breathes by swallowing. If his mouth is kept open, he dies of suffocation. No air can enter his lungs and windpipe.

This has very little to do with a goitre. It draws your attention to the big, bulging lump seen outside the frog's white throat. This bulb, bubble or swelling of the frog's under-throat is slightly elastic cartilage. Sometimes it is a bit bony in texture. Perhaps its firm structure explains Hood's verse:

When I've upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand smiles then
That Adam was not adamant.

Just below your Adam's apple is a bouquet of sweatbread. It is a tender, delicate, greaselike effluence. This structure is called the "thyroid gland," and it plays a most vital part in your life.

From this nether convexity of your Adam's apple issues forth into your inner ravines of lymph, blood and chyle certain thyroid-made juices.

The juices made with particularity from each little thyroid gland group of living units in man and other animals are called "internal fluids," or "hormones."

The thyroid gland, or tongue-of-flesh, about your windpipe, has no canals. It manufactures its special juice, or "hormone," and literally squeezes it into the cob-web of veins, arteries and tissue spaces which ramify in its core.

Therefore, the guttre-making thyroid textile is numbered with other "hormone" makers, such as the spleen, the bone-marrow, the near kidney glands, or "adrenals," the "pituitary" or onion-like body beneath the brain, and others as "ductless" glands.

Regulates Your Emotions. All thyroids, luckily, do not become goitres. Any disordered thyroid, let it be remembered, is apt to be a type of goitre. Even infants have goitres, although in many cases, Dianas and Pandoras the goitre begins with budding womanhood, around 15 or so.

The hormone or fluid which your thyroid pours into your vermillion rivulet of life is actually a liquid "nerve." Just as there are fluid crystals, there are, as



DR. HIRSHBERG

I announced to a scientific society three years ago, liquid nerves.

The thyroid hormone flows like a babbling brook in and out among your tissues. It bathes them with a stuff which keeps your emotions just right.

When you are in a huff, fly into a passion, become afraid, grow excited, shiver and shake, have palpitations, perspire freely, almost "pop your eyes out," it is due to an excess of thyroid hormone issuing into your streaming serum.

This is why people who are excessively nervous, who tremble, who are irritable, easily excited, whose eyes are "frog-like," who suffer with a rapid pulse and a palpitating heart, should look for a panacea-like bulging in the neck.

Any overgrown thyroid may thus pump its hormone into you. Trouble in the thyroid may cause goitre. Goitres come from infected drinking water, infectious diseases, inheritance, cancers and many other things.

Answers to Health Questions

C. B., Philadelphia—Is eczema a skin disease or a blood disease? Are internal or external remedies necessary?

"Eczema" is another ancient name which covers a legion of skin ailments. While it is true there are really local troubles, just as cancer and leprosy are local when they begin, after a time the virus of "eczema" spreads around and requires additional general treatment.

MR. ROY N. Petrolia, Ont.—If the person who "hears voices" has the irritation in the auditory nerve in the brain, as your article excellently stated, what can be done? I will gladly pay for your advice.

I accept no pay, but am always most happy to advise the ill in every way I can. The condition you describe can only be remedied by a rare operation upon the brain. This I cannot, at this experimental stage, sanction.

Dr. Hirschberg 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. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

MISTER SQUIRREL pricked up his ears and listened. The children were up in bed talking about him.

"I wish our father could tell stories like Brer Rabbit," he heard Sammy Squirrel say.

"Yes," began Sallie Squirrel. "When father goes to tell us a story it's awfully dry. We all go to sleep, but when Brer Rabbit tells us a story we grow wider awake all the time."

"Yes," answered Sammy Squirrel, "when he told us about those Indians—"

At the word "Indians" Mister Squirrel sat up with a jump.

"You children go to sleep and stop talking about Indians!" he shouted.

"We can't go to sleep unless you tell us a story," answered Sammy Squirrel.

Mister Squirrel ran up stairs as fast as he could and, seating himself on the stairs where all the children could hear, he asked:

"What do you want me to tell you about?"

"Tell us about Indians," said Sallie Squirrel.

"No, don't," said Sammy. "You don't know anything about Indians."

Mister Squirrel jumped.

"Tell us a funny story, then," said Sallie. "and don't begin it 'once upon a time.' We hate that."

Then Mister Squirrel began: "Day before tomorrow there lived a little boy at the foot of the top of a mountain and—"

"How could a little boy live at the foot of the top of a mountain?" laughed Sammy.

"Keep still!" said Mister Squirrel. He continued: "He had two eyes, two ears and two feet. He—"

"The mountain top had one foot and the boy two," interrupted Sammy.

"Keep still or I will stop," said their father.

"The boy's name was Bobolino," continued Mister Squirrel.

"How do you spell it?" asked Sallie.

"Never mind how I spell it—just listen to the story. It is very funny. As I was saying, Bobolino started down the mountain one day to get some ears of corn and—"

"I thought he had two ears already," laughed Sammy.

"You don't know how to tell a story anyway," added Sallie Squirrel.

Mister Squirrel went down stairs without answering and when he got seated in his chair the children began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mister Squirrel.

"At Bobolino!" shouted all the children at once.

What Happened to Jonah

By Tom Jackson

JONAH was a hoodoo man, who lived long years ago, and every place he butted in he'd queer the bloom'n' show. He was a picture of bad luck; a Jinx, he was for fair. Whenever he liked to a town the folks got out of there. One time he took a trip to sea. A storm it soon arose. "All hands on deck," the captain cried. "Great Scott, men, how it blows!"

"There is a hoodoo on this craft," the first mate loudly said, and then a wave came right like that, and stood him on his head. "You're right," old Hoss, the crew replied, "wherever can it be?"

"Get out the box," the captain cried, "and chuck the dice, and see." They threw the bones the best they could, and Jonah, he threw low. "Pack up your

trif," the captain said, "then overboard you go." Sure, Jonah made an awful kick; put up a fearful whine, but sailor men just picked him up and threw him in the brine. Just three points off the starboard bow a whale, old Jonah spied. "It's me for it," he shouted forth, and then he went inside. He landed safe within the whale, without a scratch or jar; the whale was so unpollstered, like a Pullman palace car. For seven days he paid no board, and travelled here and there. He had a stateroom to himself without a cent of fare. "Twas then the whale it thought and thought, and said: 'I guess, my friend, I'll give up this sea chaffeur job, your joy ride's at an end.'"

So Jonah was cast on the shore, while natives gathered 'round and listened to the story of the hoodoo man they'd found. "For seven days," said Jonah, "I have lived upon sardines. I am the guy, the first to try and test out submergins."

With brains enough to see a point when you make one? If she is, just laugh the next time she tries to borrow anything, and say good-humoredly, "Not today, little sister. I need that about time you got some of your own things for your own self."

If you don't want to do that, start in borrowing yourself. Begin before she gets a chance. Borrow every thing she has—and forget to return it. If she hasn't anything to lend she'll soon wake up and get something. It is all very well to be good-humored, but it is all very ill to be imposed upon.

Dear Annie Laurie: I've a friend who says that no lady would go anywhere with mended gloves on. She says she'd stay at home all her life before she'd do it. What do you think?

I THINK your friend is the queen of the Amalgamated Order of Goose Girls. Let her stay in the order—that's where she belongs.

Put on your mended gloves and your neat little hat and your best smile and go anywhere you want to go, and forget that such people as your friend, the goose girl, are alive at all. That's the best way.

Dear Annie Laurie: I go to business college, and there's a girl who sits next to me who is very pleasant and agreeable, but she borrows every last thing I've got. I do not want to offend her, but it is getting to be a perfect nuisance. What shall I do about it?

THERE are so many ways to do, dear child, and it all depends upon you and upon the other girl as to which is the best.

What sort of girl is she? A bright, clever, irresponsible sort of creature

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her care this office.

Annie Laurie

Can't Be Prevented.

Bess—You would not let a man hug you unless you were engaged to him, would you?

Maries—How can you expect me to be engaged to every man jammed in next to me in the subway?

Problem.

"I was just wondering," said the bride. "What about?"

"Whether it is better to have a husband who does not tell you all he does or to have one who tells you more than he does?"

It Was.

"That's what I call a picture of health," remarked Gobson.

"What is?" asked his patient wife. "This one in the paper here," was the answer. "It is labelled 'After Taking,' you see."

CONSERVATIVES

branch of the Centre and into Conservative. One will find, in the clubhouse, 1914, et. on Thursday afternoon, at 3.15, when Hon. Adam will speak. He will be "Electricity and the Derived From It in City Life." Mrs. Edmund Brittain at tea after the

of Lima Beans. and, cook them as usual until they are done, get very cold. Make a little mustard, adding a little parsley and chopped also a stewed red pepper. Chop all very fine, and serve the beans.

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