DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

New Modes Accentuate Lines of Natural Figure

By MADGE MARVEL

MANY changes will doubtless mark the spring tailor-made. The models which are shown for the southern resorts may invariably be taken as straws indicative of the suits which will be seen on the streets here when the southland climate has moved north.

The first thing one notices about these newest suits is the short-waisted front effect, or perhaps it is more expressive to call it the high-waist effect. At any rate, the result is the same and seeks not only to follow the lines of the natural figure, but to accentuate them. Then coats are much shorter. Also they are much fuller. Many of them slope from mere boleros in front to short and full ruffle like postillons at the back.

The Eton will be with us again. In fact, it is already being worn. I saw a charming development of this ever-welcome style worn by a tall blonde girl lunching in the Plaza. It was the coat of a suit of dull bronze green chiffon velvet. In front the little coat hung quite loose to the waist line, but in the back it became two ripply postillons, one reaching just below the waist and the other a little longer. The front of the coat was crossed just at the bust and held in place by a button and loop of twisted taffeta. There was the same twisted silk trimming used across the backs where the first postillon became evident. The skirt was composed of three deep flounces, each one curving upward in front and gaining in fulness toward the back. The deep girdle was of the taffeta.

It will surely be a season of many ruffles and flounces. And there will be a decided increase of fulness about the hips. So far there does not seem to be any increase of width at the foot of the skirts, but it may be that the pleated skirts, which are being introduced in Paris and meeting with success, will add a little to the present width without appearing to do so. There is a general feeling that the pleated skirt will take. The pleats are either narrow and flat stitched to bands which preserve the straight and slim outline, or they are fine in the familiar accordion style. But even so they are not allowed to fly free and full.

The craze for taffeta is already here, as I told you it would be weeks ago. It will be the silk of the season. Charmeuse seems of lesser importance, but a well known maker of fashions tells me taffeta will not displace the lovely soft satiny fabric with discerning dressers. Some of the new taffeta frocks show the deep pointed godets in the tunic, which give the fulness and a quaint effect which taffeta seems to exact.

Moire has not lost favor. There is a good deal of it shown in the silk poplins which develop into delightful semi-tailored suits.

For the practical one-piece gown, which so many of us have to include as the standby of our wardrobe, there are the most delightful serges in attractive colorings and of a hitherto unknown suppleness.

Plaids and plain materials are to be so generally used in combination in these gowns there seems to be a plaid accompanying each shade of the plain serge. There is a wide range of shades in what is best described as a color between putty and mustard. It has the softness of mode and the liveliness of yellow with a hint of green. The plaid is small and has usually a thread of the dull, clear blue which accords with the plain color. The plaid is used for trimmings in various ways, one being side hip portions of it which narrow toward the knee, while the main portion of the skirt in modified pegtop style is of the plain goods.

Or in a suit which I noticed in this combination, the straight peasant-like coat and the skirt was of the plain serge and below the coat was a pleating of the plaid, while plaid was also used for the sleeves. In the dressier suits of poplin or taffeta the seven-eighths sleeve with width at the lower edge is liked. It is usually set into the wide armseye which has been used this past season.

A Place for Everything

By Tom Jackson

THERE is a place for ev'rything, a right and proper spot. The place to eat limburger cheese is in an open lot. The place to have a boil is on some other guy, and, if you've ever had a boil you know the reason why. When ma-in-law comes to your home a month or so to stay, you feel the proper place for her is—well—we shall not say. And married men, who from the lodge at early morning glide, can find a safer place to rest than by their wifey's side. The coal bin, or the parlor floor, or on the hallway tile, if they seek quiet, is the place—least for a little while.

To cut a lemon or extract the juice from it by hand should not be done when one stands near a little German band—it breaketh up the trombo man, likewise the piccolo, and causes them to use strange words because they cannot blow. So if you have a lemon, of a German band beware—it knocks out "Tannerhauser" with a splutter and a swear.

The proper place to kiss a maid—we know of what we speak—is on her lips, but if you can't, take second best, her cheek. The proper place to court a maid is in a parlor dark, for the "movie" man may get you if you make love in the park. The proper place to graft a smoke is when an old friend dear says, when he meets you on the street, "Come on we'll go in here."

THE SPRING SONG :: By Michelson

SUNG a little early, perhaps, so far as the calendar is concerned, but NOT before the proper occasion, be assured of that. For the proper occasion is the special and particular harbinger of Spring—that HAT.

The thermometer is fickle. The birds are conservatively wary about expressing confidence that there IS going to be a spring. But the HAT floats in proudly, arrogantly, with a regal assurance of welcome for its prophecy.

Ah! that is a welcome! Happy the man who should be looked upon with the glowing adoration that is bestowed on this intricate wonder, this supreme triumph of art! Indeed, no ordinary man could safely be entrusted with such a look. It would spoil him.

Sweet the song that hails the spring—hat. Magical the art that can work so delicious a miracle. Lucky the girl who can find the question of being happy so conclusively answered.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Your Capacity for Work Shows in Your Handshake

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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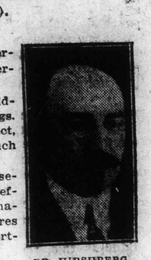

DR. HIRSHBERG

YOU are a housewife! Or perchance you are a merchant or a forelady? You must choose a good servant. Your workers must be efficient.

Better, perhaps, you are one of those happy individuals who wish to examine into their own shortcomings. You know that, although the Creator made you perfect, the accidents of life and inheritance have taken much away from this immutability.

Providence has left it in your human power to persevere to a better physical state. Your own felicity and efficiency is consigned to your own choosing and determination. Yet you are wofully wanting in criteria, measures and standards by which to uncover your own shortcomings.

Much more simple, you think, do the deficiencies of your helpers, your employes or your assistants come into the mercurial light.

Actually, when a woman becomes wise enough or a man punished enough to search for his own defects, physical, economic, soulful and mental, it is discovered that you were accidentally living upon the fossilized principle that

"When better cherries are not to be had. We needs must take the seeming best of bad."

Nothing Taken for Granted.

But this is not so. Experimental psychology, the new rigid science of mathematics applied to human and animal activities, takes nothing for granted, considers no living condition final and despises mere inside thoughts which lack outside manifestations open to every next thousand healthful persons, be these who they may.

Hereafter merchants, factory foremen, buyers, housekeepers and "bosses" generally, who must pick their human aids, must cease confounding their own selections by instinct, intuition and the other guesswork fol-de-rol so common.

Always shake hands with an applicant for work. The grip, the texture, the shape and look of the fingers, as well as the hands and the quality of the nails, all point to the presence or absence of skill. A firm, unconscious handshake with a sound grip which lingers neither too long nor drops the other hand too quickly is a sign of health, vigor and sincerity.

A flabby shake spells hypocrisy, dishonesty and indifference. It is almost certain proof of inattentiveness and unreliability. Pale finger nails with little nicks and tears of the badly trimmed nail, as well as the presence of hangnails, means nervousness, poor health, slovenliness and the thralldom of bad habits. Any one who bites his nails is one easily muzzled into routine. Wise employers are cautious about hiring nail-biters, as they are apt to get into a hopeless rut.

Skilful Questions Enlighten.

Long, overly-polished, manicured nails usually accompany an extravagant, lazy, over-indulged disposition, while short, clean and smooth nails, which show no evidence of the manicure's work, mean soundness of body and mind and a high degree of intelligence.

Texture and quality of the flesh of the hands and face also shed side lights upon an individual's qualifications for duty. A furrowed brow with sunken flesh around the sockets of the eyes, hollow cheek bones and a flabby skin mean narrowness, bitterness and lack of power to put the full measure of work in an appointed task. If the skin is fine and filmy and of a smooth spun type, pale and inclined to be dark, this individual is too dreamy and too esthetic to keep his mind on his task.

Flesh that is taut and smooth, without the earmarks of coddling or the sallowness and pallor of ill-health, is usually a sign of endurance. Reddish cheeks and dancing eyes make a man particularly desirable, if strangers must be met for the first time.

There is a long list of questions designed to bring to light facts which the usual inspection fails to reveal. Through skilfully arranged questions many who pretend to frankness and modesty in answers that state that they lack certain accomplishments which they really have are easily discovered. The best endowed workers answer all questions without modesty, without boastfulness, precisely according to the truth.

Answers to Health Questions

A. C. A.—I shampoo my hair once every two weeks, but it becomes oily soon after. Kindly publish a remedy for this.

Five grains of resorcin in an ounce of equal parts of alcohol, glycerine and carnation, or other scented water, is a good anti-oil lotion. Stop shampooing your hair and merely wash it twice a month with an alcohol—transparent—soap.

* * *

MRS. S. O.—How can hollows in the neck be filled out? Is cocoa butter helpful? What will color my cheeks naturally? How can I gain weight?

1—Drink cocoanut oil, eat butter and margarine, meat fats, goose oils and all fatty things. Massage the hollow spaces every four hours for five minutes with goose grease.

2—Cocoa butter is only an expensive fad.

3—Rosy cheeks result from plenty of fresh air at night while you sleep under plenty of covers. Sunlight, a brisk two hours' outdoors daily exposure to dry air and plenty of meats, gravies and good victuals. Massage your cheeks every two hours for one or two minutes.

4—You will gain flesh by sleeping for nine or 10 hours after midnight, eating oils, fats, sugars, rich meats, spices, sauces, pastries, starches, fruits and drinking lots of cream and the yolks of a dozen eggs daily.

Spend all the money you used to spend on medicines on eggs, creams, big steaks and good oils. Eat your suppers late and another meal at midnight.

* * *

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.

The truth, plain and unvarnished, about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

What Is Husband's Day?

XXXIV.

LEONA DALRYMPLE

MARY," I began, somewhat doubtful of my ground, "I don't think I'm going to church this morning."

"Why?" asked Mary idly.

"Well," I suggested, "there are lots of little things to do about the house, and, really, Sunday is about the only time I have—"

"What about Saturday afternoons?" inquired Mary ominously.

"That," I reminded mildly, "is my golf time, and as long as the weather is good I'd rather not miss it. Besides, I need the exercise."

"I need exercise, too," said Mary, "but I don't get it."

Deadly conversation packed with bromides, wasn't it? But that is exactly the point at which Mary and I have arrived. There must be a definite pattern for certain marriage conversations, for they seem to recur persistently in the life of every married man. I can sometimes predict two laps ahead just what Mary is going to say.

I wish some one would tell me why women feel called upon to object to the mildest forms of male diversion. My Saturday afternoon of golf has spurred Mary to the most eloquent and unreasonable heights of objection. She invites endless and ingenious tasks for me that must be done somehow Saturday afternoon; she makes uninteresting engagements in which I must perforce accompany her or suffer the ordeal of tears; she slanders my golf clubs and loses them, frowns resentfully at any column of golf news, and never loses an opportunity to rebuke me plaintively for leaving her alone Saturday afternoon in the golf season.

"I do believe," she frequently accuses, "that you care more for those horrid old golf clubs than you do for me." Which I usually refrain from answering, having heard it applied to nearly everything I like. When a mild dispute bids fair to end in pointless amicability, Mary invariably drags forth this especial plaint from the conversational grab-bag and I surrender.

This Sunday, for some reason, Mary did not object to my staying home from church. She went cheerfully upstairs to dress and came down presently looking sweet and lovely, as she always does. I marvel at the facial control some women have. I have seen Mary, flushed and indignant, turn at the entrance of another woman and fairly radiate a sweet optimism and content.

I was soon to learn why Mary had no objection to my remaining home from church.

"Peter," she said sweetly, "since you are going to be home all morning and it really wouldn't be so very much trouble for you, won't you please put the things on the dinner table, and maybe do whatever there is to do? I do hate to come home from church all tired out and have to get into a kitchen apron."

Mary, I notice, is always tired when she's coming home from church. Her card club, however, doesn't tire her.

That was the beginning. Now I stay home from church every Sunday and get the Sunday dinner.

I was thinking some of this when Jack Henderson hailed me one morning on the way to the office.

"Hello, Peter," he said, halting his car, "get in and I'll take you into town."

I did so, and he made room for me with a cordial grin.

"Had to laugh at Mary yesterday morning," he began pleasantly. "I offered to bring her home from church, and what do you suppose she said?"

I didn't know, but I suspected from the twinkle in Jack's eye that the joke was on me.

"She said: 'Thank you, Jack, but I'd rather walk. It takes more time.'"

"What did she mean by that?" I ventured cautiously.

"Well," said Jack, "she did say that if she got home early she had to get dinner, but if she was a little late you had it ready for her. And Sunday she insists is her day because she works hard all week!"

Sunday is Mary's day. When is mine?

Three Minute Journeys

San Marino—the Skyscraper Republic

By Jonathan MacFarland

I NEVER go into one of the tall office buildings but I think of the republic of San Marino. The similarity is remarkable in more ways than one. The capital of the republic, for instance, which bears the same name, is situated on a rock that rises like the prow of an ancient galleon up to a sharp precipice as high as the Woolworth building. There are no elevators, though, and to reach the town you must go around to the back entrance, so to speak.

San Marino is in Italy, just a few hours east of the city of Florence, but it is wholly independent. It has been under the protection of Italy since 1862, but as far as its laws and their enforcement are concerned it has nothing to do with the kingdom which surrounds it on all sides. It even has its own coinage, but unlike Italy, and, in fact, most other countries, it has no public debt.

As far as area goes, it has the distinction of being the smallest republic in the world. Beside its 38 square miles, the 175 square miles of Andorra, its nearest competitor for diminutive size, seem like a large tract of land. Take the smallest state in the Union, Rhode Island; why, its land area alone is 28 times as great as that of San Marino. And I know of an office building in New York—a skyscraper, if you please—that has a daily population of 10,000 people, which is within 2000 of that of this tiny republic.

I found life picturesque in San Marino. The people were much as they are all over Italy—charming in their gayety and their quaint apparel. The medieval buildings—the prison, the palace, the military quarters—all speak of a day that is past, but somehow or other I felt that I was living in yesterday. In San Marino the middle ages seem very close at hand.

Throughout their strenuous years the republic had its share of turmoil which even its strategic position could not avert. And among other things that are interesting in connection with its history it had the distinction of providing Napoleon, the conqueror, an opportunity of being magnanimous. Everything had fallen before him until San Marino was the only remaining independent state in Italy, and the people were without hope. But they put their best foot forward, interviewed the general, and succeeded in convincing him that he neither needed nor wanted San Marino.

So there it is today, intact and independent, and some day when the tourist business warrants it they are going to install express elevators to the top.

As They Are Not.

"A man never sees things as they are until he is past middle age," said the philosopher.

"Perhaps," said the experimentalist, "but a young man often sees things where they are not."

Cause of Forgetfulness.

"She says she is always happy when she sings."

"It also makes the hearers forget their other troubles."

Could Not Get Over It.

John Doe—Does Gobang always stick to the truth?

Richard Roe—Well, sometimes he sticks at it.

Evidence of His Occupation.

"I wonder who that new boarder is?" inquired the parlor front.

"Guess he is an editor," said the third floor rear. "I heard him refer to the condensed milk as 'blue-pencilled lacteal fluid' this morning."

More Similarity.

She—Why does a college graduate call his diploma a sheepskin?

He—Because it is made from the hide of a sheep.

She—It would be more appropriate to make it of a calf skin.

Where It Belongs.

"What became of your scheme to make a fortune by building underground railways?"

"Oh, it is buried."

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

"WHAT are you waiting for?" asked Mrs. Raccoon of Mrs. Squirrel, one afternoon when she was getting ready for her afternoon tea.

"Mrs. Rabbit hasn't come yet," said Mrs. Squirrel. "All the children are up stairs. I invited Jack Rabbit and Billy Bunny to keep my little ones company. They are up stairs telling stories now. I do wish my good husband could tell stories like Brer Rabbit."

"My husband is very good at keeping our children quiet," said Mrs. Raccoon.

"I wonder why those children are so still?" asked Mrs. Squirrel.

The reason the children were so quiet was they heard what Mrs. Raccoon said and they were quietly putting on their things. They hopped down the back stairs and were soon knocking on Mister Raccoon's door. "Come in!" shouted a voice within.

Mister Raccoon was seated before the fire smoking a pipe.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, as he bounded from the chair and took all the children in his arms.

"Tell us a story! Tell us a story!" they all shouted at once.

Reggie Raccoon climbed down from the window sill and said to his father: "Tell us about Mrs. Grizzly Bear."

Mister Raccoon put the children on sofa pillows by the window and began:

"Mrs. Grizzly Bear lived near the north pole, about two miles from the end of the world. She always gave her children a cake of ice with hot reindeer milk on it for breakfast and for dinner they had a hunk of ginger bread with frosting on top.

"The children ate the frosting off first, because it made them warmer than the ginger bread.

"At night Mrs. Grizzly Bear gave her children a snow ball each with star dust sprinkled over it for sugar. After supper she put them all to bed in a blanket of snow, their dear little heads on cakes of ice and—what's the matter, children?"

One by one the children had crept over by the fire and were warming themselves.

"That story almost froze me," said Sammy Squirrel, with a shiver.

"Didn't you like it?" asked Mister Raccoon.

"Yes," said Sammy Squirrel. "But next time put in something hot once in a while."

At this they all laughed.

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1914

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