

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies in Fashions

Eton Jackets Appearing In Smart Paris Shops

By Madge Marvel

THE Eton jacket promises to make good the rumors of last season and come back as the leading coat mode of the spring. This is not a certainty, for nothing is certain at the moment regarding future changes. But I have the word of those just back from Paris that it is already appearing at some of the smartest places there, and one or two of the American fashion makers looked wise when it was mentioned. Review the coat ideas of the winter and you will discover the way for its graceful and unobtrusive advent has been made easy.

Last summer there were a few models, with long backs and wide skirts to fill in the space and save the shock of an abrupt change. The cut-away was the coat of the year. That has been more and more abbreviated until there is precious little left of the front and sides of the suit coat. One of the most exquisite fur coats shown by a Fifth Avenue furrier was almost an Eton of sable, with bias strip of the same fur used around the edge, which draped up in front and ended in something approaching a ruffle at the back.

If you study the very expensive fur coats of this season you can often predict the general style of the average coat of next year, for we are not all so rich that we can change the style of our fur coats every time a Paris designer changes his mind.

Another move of the midwinter places the belt of coats like the Norfolk over the shoulders, giving the long-waisted effect, which is youthful on the slender figure. The newest tailor-made are the

most attractive models, with more style in their lines, and the cut of the coats and the draping of the skirts than has ever been put into them before.

In the soft goods, particularly the chiffon broadcloths, the tunic of the tailored suit is carried out in the way of three narrow ruffles of the goods or of velvet placed quite apart and having the upward slope in front, which is generally assumed by women young or not so young—and which some of us are just old-fashioned enough not to favor keenly.

I have noticed in several of the most exclusive places the use of the velvet skirt or the velvet gown and the cloth coat. The coats of these combined suits are of rather extreme cut, loose and fit-less, like a sacque of years ago, and are buttoned close to the neck and straight down the front with big buttons.

The one which first attracted me was of King's blue and black checked velvet draped up in front, with one of those indestructible swirls of drapery to the side where a black silk tassel was pendant. The coat was of blue broadcloth with a band of black fox close about the throat. An economical-minded woman might take this for a hint and add another change and a new style to her wardrobe. If she has a winter suit of cloth with one of the loose coats she might have a separate skirt or a gown of velvet and wear it with the suit coat.

There seems to be a general idea that skirts are to be fuller. They are all very full at the hips now, but close about the feet—still, not nearly as tight as they were. The drapery above has given room at the hem. And they agree that the much discussed tango is responsible for it. It is marvelous how the dance craze has on the modish world. Every other dancing frock shown you in the shops, from the most modest to the most expensive, is a "tango" gown.

MILADY'S LATEST BEAUTY SECRETS



Hazel Davis in "The Little Cafe"

Complexion Lotions to be Made at Home

BY MAGGIE TEYTE

PRIMA DONNA OF THE CHICAGO-PHILADELPHIA GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

A DYSPEPTIC masculine individual has written me to say that if the average woman would read these quotations with half the interest she bestows upon "The Little Cafe" she would be able to make a few simple lotions to improve her complexion. I am sure that the most of her hair or remove one of her last year's freckles," she would be more worth while.

Really! I wonder what kind of woman he meets who will tell him about the beauty secrets she learns? Surely, the women I know are chary enough admitting to me that they know any. It is my honest opinion, publicly expressed, that he has been reading beauty columns in some magazine and is disappointed because his own case has not been reached.

Well, here are some hints for whomsoever may find them of use, and the grumbler is just as welcome as any one else. Here, for example, is a cold cream that is so delightful in its effects it well repays one for the trouble of making it. It is a cream in which much greaseiness is lacking and is absolutely pure. It is known as "Cream Cucumber."

Take four ounces of all of sweet almonds, ten ounces of fresh cucumber juice, three ounces of the essence of cucumber, one quarter of an ounce of powdered castile soap and forty drops of benzoin. In making cucumber cream you buy the same kind of cucumbers you would for the table, only be sure to select those that approach ripeness. Wash them and slice in thin thick slices without paring. Boil them in as little water as possible until they are soft. Then rub them through a puree sieve and strain the result through a cloth. The three ounces of cucumber essence is made by adding an ounce and a half of the juice to an equal quantity of pure alcohol.

Put the essence in a jar, add the soap, then the juice, the oil and the benzoin. Drop by drop, stirring all the time. Beat until it is thick and creamy. This makes a very generous quantity. You can make as much or as little as you need. If you are sure to keep the preservative you should all remember, next summer, when cucumbers are plentiful and cheap, that they are the sovereign remedy for sunburn, tan or for whitening and refining the face.

There is a simple lotion which is excellent for reducing double chin, and women tell me they have used it with good reducing effect on the arms and hips. Take of white iodine and camphor gum each one ounce. Dissolve the camphor in a pint of pure alcohol, add the iodine and use with firm massage. With this it is a wise plan to exercise the chin by lifting it as far in the air as one can and then bringing it back to position. And if you wish to make the double chin you have as little noticeable as possible, learn to hold it the least bit up and out.

When one is troubled with an offensive breath, I advocate finding the cause and removing it. In the meantime, a woman beauty specialist gives me this recipe: Dissolve one grain of permanganate of potash in two tablespoonfuls of rose water and use it as a mouth wash two or three times daily for three days. The mouth should be thoroughly rinsed with pure water afterward. As a wash for blonde hair, chamomile flowers made into a tea and applied warm will restore the brilliancy and prevent the hair from turning dark. The great value of this simple preparation is that it does not hurt the roots of the hair and will not actually change the color. It simply accentuates and preserves the natural tint of gold.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diary of the Green Van," awarded a \$10,000 prize 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.

"Peter" has already spoken to his parents, who are inclined to question his choice.

The Ring

MARY made a bewitching little face and immediately I kissed her.

"Well," said I hopefully, "what does your mother say?"

"Well," Mary shrugged prettily, "mother says I'm a fool to marry; that I'm only twenty and my best days are before me."

"But, great Scott!" I blurted, shocked at the sacrilegious suggestion, for in those days I was many kinds of an idealistic young fool, "can't we have our best days together?"

"Of course! Why, Peter, that's just what I said to mother. And we'll have the dearest wedding! Ann Burgrave had a green and white wedding, but I want something prettier and daintier. The notion of having a fashionable wedding is what reconciled mother, I think. And it's such fun to plan a big wedding, with bridesmaids and luncheons and all that! Oh, Peter, I'm just wild about it!"

"Bridesmaids and luncheons!" I burst forth again. "Why, Mary, sweetheart, I was thinking of a quiet little home wedding, and soon, with just mother and dad and your people."

Mary frowned.

"Don't be silly, Peter," she said.

"Why, I shouldn't feel married at all if I didn't walk up the church aisle on dad's arm, with everybody looking, and the girls with stunning trains and flowers and things. It—it wouldn't seem decent," said I, blushing.

"Well," said I blithely, "it doesn't seem overdone to me to parade the most sacred function of our lives before a host of staring, curious eyes, with glaring lights and flowers." I looked away, for somehow Mary seemed a lot more interested in the folly of a fashionable wedding than she was in me. But I turned again to Mary and kissed her and straightway banished the first faint warning sign of our courtship.

"Peter, dear," said Mary, "don't be a goose! We simply must be married in church. Isn't your father the leading lawyer in town and mine the leading lawyer? Why, people would talk terribly! Please, Peter, don't be a goose!"

I kissed Mary again and laughed. Like all men, I was a fool when a pretty woman pleaded. And after all, I'd read that girls were wild about weddings, save in an isolated instance or so, like mother and dad. So my Mary was but natural. I put away my cherished plan, which had given me on my twenty-first birthday, and looked at Mary.

"And here," said I, smiling, "is what?"

Mary squealed as I drew a package from my pocket.

"Oh, Peter, you dear! It's the ring!"

"It is," said I, thrilling at her pretty joy. And with involuntary reverence I drew forth the ring which was to be the visible token of Mary's love for me and mine for Mary.

"See," said I, "it's a ruby, Mary, and the ring is the one dad gave to mother years ago. And grandfather gave it to grandmother before that. See how

quaint and old the setting is. There's something sacred about it, isn't there?"

Mary did not answer. She was staring queerly at the ring and her lips were quivering.

"Oh!" she choked. "Oh—I—Peter, I thought it was a solitaire—a diamond solitaire!"

"A solitaire?"

Mary burst into tears.

"Why," she sobbed, in great disappointment, "every girl has a solitaire when she's engaged if she never has another diamond all her life. Why, the girls would talk and make fun of me!"

I pocketed mother's ring, flushing, and for the life of me I could not help recalling the bright tears in mother's eyes when she gave it to me, as had been the custom in our family. Somehow mother's tears were different from Mary's—they never got beyond her eyes.

"A solitaire!" said I again. "Well, Mary, since you feel that way about it you shall have one, dear. Indeed you shall. After all, we can only be engaged once. You see, I thought maybe you'd like this ring of mother's because—because—" I floundered, flushed again and fell silent. It was not so easy to explain without casting a certain reflection upon Mary.

"It's a queer old thing, Peter," said Mary, smiling, "and times change."

"And I wondered if in the changing time had brought to women no respect for the finer subtleties of life; if glitter and frivolity were always more to them than the quieter things. But I looked at the moon and Mary and banished the thought as mean and unworthy. So fools glide on to destruction though the voices by the wayside warn.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Right Breathing Needed To Insure Your Health

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg

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

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DO you breathe correctly? Have you ever thought that you were an automobile tire that must be blown up exactly right seventeen times a minute? Suppose you owned a motor car. On its wheels you have put the best tires ever made. When you take possession of them there is just the proper amount of fresh air in them. You must be possessed of a good memory, indeed, if you will recall every third second to blow your tires up. Furthermore, you must also be very patient, as well as have lots of time to do it.

Yet such is the work of your body. Your own tires, the lungs, must be pumped full of clean, fresh oxygen seventeen times each and every minute. Imagine what would happen if your life depended upon your remembering to carry this out. The impatience, the abject-mindedness, the call of many other duties would so distract you that you would pass out of this life.

Nature has, therefore, safeguarded higher animal life by automatically making the lungs pump your tires for you. There is a pause of over one-half a second between each full breath. Then the breath-movement consumes nearly three seconds itself. Seventeen of these are complete in a minute, and you, if you are sound in mind, are not aware of it at all.

As sure as the sun rises in the morning, if you are alive and well, without any knowledge on your part, asleep or awake, the lungs pump in fresh air and squeeze out stale air and waste products. If the tension in these tissue tires depended upon you—your ego, you personally—you could never stop long enough to sleep, eat or do anything else.

Causes of Unnatural Breathing.

Now the instant the air becomes foul your tires, hence your wheels—the brain—and your anatomy begin to "feel" woozy. The tire-pump begins to grow busy, and instead of seventeen "respirations" per minute as of yore, the number practically doubles.

Not only do the respirations increase in number, but the breathing becomes shallow, quick and lacks the rest or pause between the inhaling and exhaling. As soon as normal conditions are restored the healthy state of respiratory affairs returns.

Alterations in the rhythm of breathing may come from:

1. Bad air.
2. Obstruction to the air passages.
3. Ailments of the windpipe.
4. Maladies of the lungs.
5. Deficiencies in the blood.
6. Poisons in the internal tissues.
7. Bright's and heart disease.
8. Fevers.
9. Microbes.
10. Laziness or fatigue.

When you are "out of breath," or getting your "second wind," the



DR. L. K. HIRSCHBERG.

Some Different Types.

Rapid breathing and short-windedness are warnings by the tissues to stop, look and listen. A rest at such a time will prevent disaster. There are all kinds of bizarre and irregular types of breathing. When a small breath is followed by a larger and larger one until a maximum one is reached, which gradually becomes briefer and briefer until a distinct moment of absent respiration is present, serious poisoning of the blood stream, due to injured kidneys or other serious trouble, should be suspected.

"A little rule, a little sway. A sunbeam in a winter's day. Is all the prod and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave."

DAILY HEALTH HINT

Gin is a poison to kidneys, sick or well. Gin is as wicked and as poisonous a popular drink as the rum demon depends. Almost five persons in every ten have been erroneously told or taught by some seventh son of a seventh son that "gin is good for the kidneys." Nothing is further from the truth. Gin literally eats away the valuable kidney tissue. How this terrible fallacy became so widespread is hard to say. But avoid gin when in good health, and by all means of means fight shy of it when there is anything ailing or seriously wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Answers to Health Questions

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



BRETT RABBIT was always getting a pain in his back and Mrs. Rabbit always had to put a pine knot in a little water and put it on the stove so as to make some liniment with which to rub his back. One morning Mrs. Rabbit was rubbing Brett's back when he said to her, "Be careful, there! You might rub some of the hair off and I would be bald in the wrong place."

When Mrs. Rabbit had finished Brett's back she thought he would dress and go to see Dr. Woodchuck.

"Now, my dear," he began, "you hold your finger on the spot where the ache is and when I am dressed I will hold on to it so that I can show the doctor just where the hurt is."

Mrs. Rabbit helped her husband dress and soon he was on his way to the doctor's.

Just as he got to the top of the hill who should he see but Mrs. Squirrel running along the fence.

"Good morning," said Brett's Rabbit, taking off his hat and bowing very low, but not forgetting to hold on to the hurt place.

"I am very well, thank you, but what is the matter with you—you look like an old man!" asked Mrs. Squirrel.

"I have a pain right here in the middle of my back," answered Brett's Rabbit, "and I have to keep my finger on it so that I can show Dr. Woodchuck where the hurt is."

Quick as a flash Mrs. Squirrel thought how she could make Brett's Rabbit take his finger off the hurt spot. She got on the other side of him and said:

"I am in a hurry this morning, so good-bye, and off she started. Brett's Rabbit took off his hat again.

"You're not polite at all," said Mrs. Squirrel. "When I am on your right side you should take off your hat with your left hand."

At this Brett's Rabbit let go the spot and tipped his hat to Mrs. Squirrel. He suddenly thought that he had lost the hurt place. "There!" he exclaimed, "I will have to go home and find that hurt spot all over."

"There isn't any hurt spot, if you forget where it is," said Mrs. Squirrel, as she skipped off in search of nuts.

PROPER CARE OF PETS

By Eleanor Ames

THE pampered house pet is often a much-abused animal. Turning a cat or dog into a human being is neither wise nor kind. Yet the average animal that lives in a city apartment is required by his doting owner to conform to the rules that govern the behavior of a human being.

The chief wrong that women do their pet dogs and cats is to overfeed. They give them all the delicacies of the family table. They coax their appetites. They introduce all manner of injurious elements to their diet and teach their petates new tricks.

Instead of giving the dog or cat a nice bit of fresh turf with green growing grass as a special tidbit, the adoring mistress gives sugar or candy. Then, when Pido loses his appetite and his temper, she treats him to the hospital. There he may get the care that he needs, but he suffers with loneliness and fright until his nervous system is in a pitiful state. An animal properly cared for is usually healthy.

Intelligent feeding is simple feeding. Too much meat is the cause of many ills. Dog biscuits are the best staple food for the average dog. Many authorities agree on the one big meal a day plan. This should be given about three or four o'clock, and the same time each day. If he is fed often it should be but the lightest kind of a meal, such as a dog biscuit or something equally light. Some owners give two meals a day instead of the one big one.

One kennel master told the writer that a steer of lean meat, onions and carrots was given once a day, being poured over broken dog bread and fed cold. Every dog should have constant access to cool, fresh water.

Exercise is necessary for all dogs.

Don't fret your dog. Don't scold him. Let him eat grass whenever he goes for a walk. It is his medicine.

Don't wash a dog all the time. Take more time and brush him every morning.

Cat is the most difficult of all animals to understand. She is a bundle of nerves. And she has a reserve that is difficult to penetrate. She should never be frightened. And never should she be cuffed or beaten or scolded. She is clever enough to know by the tone of the voice if she is doing wrong.

Few experts believe in bathing puss. She should be brushed daily. This is obligatory with the long-haired varieties. The danger of intestinal obstruction from hair-ball is great.

Milk is staple food for the average cat. Scrupled raw meat is a tonic. Cooked liver once a week and fish as often very good. Ordinary vegetables are good. But rich foods, spices, gravies and the like are not for cats.

There are simple remedies for the little ills that come to pussycats. It is easy to tell what a cat is ill, for she shows it plainly. It is not so easy to tell what ails her. Diet and a dose of castor oil is a safe remedy. And if she does not quickly improve it is best to consult the expert. Gastritis is the menace of the overfed cat and needs quick and skilled attention.

For any skin eruption an ointment of sulphur and lard is safe and often sure. Some expert cat raisers feed bacon cut in small pieces for the first meal of the day. It is said to feed the system in condition.

The cat needs sunshine, grass and now and then catnip. Above all else she needs scrupulous cleanliness. And she must have fresh water at all times. Cats suffer cruelly from thirst.

The average life of a normal cat is from ten to fifteen years. Instead of having nine lives, she is a most delicately organized creature.

All a dream, little sister—just all a miserable, unhappy, foolish dream—nothing more.

What do you care what happens to a man who is such a fool as all that? Deceiving you—oh, I'm not so sure about that. He probably means what he says—while he's saying it.

Or perhaps he's one of those clever young men who flatters himself that he is absolutely irresistible and can't help trying every girl he sees to find out whether he really is such a conquering hero or not.

Don't be sorry for yourself when you hear he's out with another girl—be sorry for the girl. She'll have to wake up too—like you, and she may not wake up in time.

She may marry the man—horror! Be thankful you have escaped such a fate as that.

Annie Laurie

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

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

So he told you that you were the only girl he ever loved—and now you find out that you are the third girl he has been engaged to within a year and your heart is broken, and you wish you were dead—and please, how are you going to stop thinking about him, and wishing for him, and hoping he'll call you up on the telephone, and being almost crazy every time somebody tells you he's been out with some other girl. Dear me! What a lot of trouble you're in—terrible trouble—and it all seems perfectly real to you, too, doesn't it? Just like the trouble in the terrible dream you have after the breakfast bell has rung and you are trying to wake up—and can't.

And it is just about as real too.

STRONG DEAD.

24.—A telegram N. S. announces worst illness, at the Hon. J. N. Arm of the legislative since 1898.

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