

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Fancies of Fashion

THE THIRD DEGREE

By Michelson

About The Bodies We Live In

Women's Ears Again Peep Out Beneath Hair

By Madge Marvel.

EARS are again being worn by fashionable women. That is one of the fashion lessons resulting from the opening of the opera season.

On the opening night the decided change in the appearance of the feminine head was most noticeable. Instead of the soft collar at the nape of the neck, and the hair being pulled forward in loose loops, quite obliterating the ears, there was positive signs of at least half portion of auricular appendages on many beautifully coiffed heads. And a few were bold enough to show the entire ear.

The newest hairdressing is unlike any recent mode. It brings the waved effect into prominence from brow to crown in a way somewhat reminiscent of the long favored marcel. The utter absence of extra hair is another feature—or, at any rate, if it is used it is made to appear quite one's own. The natural shape of the head is most seriously followed, but it is an alteration of the shape to which the recent close manner of arrangement has accustomed us.

To begin with, the hair is dressed semi-high. The waves are drawn from the forehead to the crown of the head and the ends of the hair are tucked away in a marvelous manner, with not the least sign of a knot or roll. Still, there is the effect of the modified cascade. The lobes of the ears are brought into evidence.

In front of the ears are tiny curls. Sometimes they are wee ringlets, two or three in a cluster, nestling coquettishly at the side of the face with the



The Reappearing Ear.

pink shell of the ear peeping out from behind them. Again, they are plain little half-curls, such as our mothers knew as montagues. These are more effective when the hair is dark. The ringlets seem to belong more to blondes. The style is becoming to many faces.

It is an interesting fact that some of the most beautiful women in New York society have never attempted innovations in hair dressing. Three who have clung persistently to the full soft pompadour are Mrs. Phil Lydie, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay. It suits their particular style and they are far too clever to change to a less personal, even if more popular, mode. Mrs. John Astor usually wears her beautiful hair in a loose pompadour and drawn into a soft knot at the crown of the head. She occasionally varies this with a slight one-sided part, but with the fullness retained.

The new hair dressing makes the forehead no less prominent. If anything, the hair is brought even lower, and some of the young women at the opera wore the waves almost touching the eyebrows.

Another impressive point was the absence of head ornamentation. Of course, there was Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's diamond tiara, and an exquisite diamond tiara, and an exquisite diamond tiara, and an exquisite diamond tiara.

On dancing frocks, especially for the debutante, rhinestones are much used for edging the tulle of tulle, which are part of every other gown. This is a feature of all Callot models.

Said By Wise Men

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue.—South.

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich.—Mrs. Browning.

Live in the present that you may be ready for the future.—Kingsley.

A fit of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic to life.—J. G. Holland.

O mysterious night! Thou art not silent! Many tongues have thou—Joanna Baillie.

When the night begins within him self a man's worth something. The soul wakes and grows.—Browning.

He had such a gentle way of re proving their faults that they were not so much afraid as ashamed to re peat them.—Athenry.

WHO shall say that it is not just as dreadful as the Third Degree invented by the police? To have Cupid hold you with his ruthless eye, and then, levelling his chubby finger straight at your very soul, demand to KNOW!

Do you love him? Do you love him ENOUGH? Why did you say No when you meant Yes? What will you say when he

Right Diet for the Plump

By Maggie Teyte.



MAGGIE TEYTE.

THE stout woman who wishes to reduce faces the problem of diet as well as of exercise. She must be nourished, but with an elimination of all fat-producing foods. It is almost impossible for one to lay down a hard and fast rule for reduction. Persons vary in their physical make-up, and what reduces one has little effect on others. In the exercises recommended I have tried to give those which I know to be of value to everyone, in giving strength as well as taking off flesh and improving the general health.

Personally I am of the opinion that when a woman has been stout a long time, she should have expert advice from her family physician before she begins a course of reduction. That is, unless she is one of the rapidly increasing army of women who have themselves in hand and know the common sense rules of life, which will restrain them from overdoing any undertaking.

It is the general impression of all obesity experts that fat is an over-supply of some food. It is an unnatural condition. It is also controllable. The thing to find is the right method of control. Some persons of my acquaintance have had excellent results in reducing simply by cutting in half all food supply. Others omit all sweets, starches, a

asks you again? Isn't he really the ONE MAN? Isn't your heart shouting that to you at this moment?

A terrible inquisitor, Cupid. No escaping him, once he GETS you. He simply won't let you go until you have answered. And remember that everything you say is taken down by the dictagraph—the dictagraph of Memory!

For Your Scrap Book

The unfortunate individual who has had to sleep with an alarm clock alongside his bed or who has been roused from slumber morning after morning just when the sleeping was good, will appreciate these verses.

Sleep Enough.

O H. I hate this gitten' up, gitten' up, gitten' up—
Oh, I hate this gitten' up, gitten' up, gitten' up!

I would like to lie in bed till the evenin' sun was red,
An' if folks would think I'm dead 't wouldn't hurt.

I've been a-gitten' up, gitten' up, gitten' up,
I've been a-gitten' up forty years. Since I used to live at hum, an' my father used to come,
With his finger ah' his thumb on my ear.

I have hustled round an' sparred, an' hustled round, hustled round!
I have scratched and fit and tore an' hustled round.

Till I'd like to git a berth in the cemetery earth.
An' just sleep for all I'm worth under ground.

"Don't you go for to salute! I'm a common kind of coot!"

Just a ornery galoot, plain as hay!
"You don't need to make no show; make no show! make no show!"

You don't need to put on style, not for me!
I don't want no harm nor crown, nor no shinin' golden gown,
For my taste is all low down, like I be.

"You just put me anywhere, anywhere, anywhere!
So it's somewhere I can sleep, sleep to stay!
Any shakedown you kin fix, where it's allus half-past 6,
Where it gits to that an' sticks all the day!"

"An' jest send a nigger kid, nigger kid, nigger kid—
(If there's colored angels here, as I s'pose)—
Send him twice a day to shake at my shoulder till I wake,
An' bid me make a break for my clothes."

"Then I'll sort o' groan an' yawn, groan an' yawn, groan an' yawn,
An' I'll roll upon my back half a turn!
Then remember pretty soon, reckernise the octoroon,
And I'll tell that angel coon: 'You be durn!'"

"Then I'll hear him crawl away, crawl away, crawl away!
An' he'll tell me as he goes: 'Don't you stit!'
Then I'll snuggle down just so, where it's sleepy warm below,
An' I'll murmur as I go: 'Thank you, sir.'"

With Gray Eyes You Have Poise and Power

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

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THE eye is an Aladdin's cavern, which leads to the dearest treasures of the mind and heart. It is scintillating in its eloquence, twin-born of thought, and it outstrips the human voice in truth, is swifter than the nimble lightning's flash, and reflects the motives better, far than muscular action. When you gaze into the glittering gray orbs of Psyche or Minerva, you bow before the microscopic power that discerns the electrons in an atom or molecule of dew.

If liberties may be taken with Avon's bard, it may be written that doctrines are derived from grayish eyes. They belch forth Promethean fires. They are the best books of the very universities that nourish all the world.

Gray Eyes Denote Energy.

Men with gray eyes are likely to have a curious, bent keenness. They are energetic, austere, cold and seemingly unsympathetic, yet in times of trouble they rise to all emergencies. Even their benevolences, carried on quietly, are usually extensive and well disposed of. Roguish eyes are more often brown than gray, while the "black eye sparklings" spells mystery and mischief.

True enough, there are rare exceptions to this physiological truth, but they are indeed few and far between. Personally, I have in an extensive and world-wide acquaintanceship met not one emotional individual equipped with gray eyes.

Health seems not so firmly linked with gray eyes as with brown and black eyes. Dr. William Osler, of chloroform and pellagra fame—you may recall he jocosely suggested that the aged be chloroformed, and seriously that there was no pellagra in the United States—has said that if two individuals have consumption it will go worse with the one who has gray orbs.

Addison perhaps anticipated Dr. Osler when he wrote that the fine part of the human constitution, the eye, is as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, inclinations, as the mind and body are. It is at least the outward portal that introduces them to the house within; or, rather, the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and avarice all visibly move in those little semi-globes.

Dark Eyes More Dangerous.

Is it not curious how most girls fall victims to the blandishments of a dark eye, yet feel themselves safe and clad in the armor of the Lord before gray eyes? This is not a psychological curiosity, but a physiological condition allied with the mating instinct as well as a motherly

inheritance of DR. L. K. HIRSCHBERG feeling of the future. One scientific contributor, Dr. Paul Dubois, has data to show that in families—rare as these are—in which both the father and the mother have gray eyes there are fewer children. Many sterile homes, he says, are able to trace the cause of the absent offspring to the want of normal marital emotions thus associated with these eyes.

There is no doubt that some of our most troublesome reformers have gray eyes. It is, perhaps, true that they carry a vanguard of many emotional brown and dark-eyed privates with them, but the leaders and directors are commonly gray-eyed.

The gray eye is par excellence the one that threatens and commands. It is to be found in the protagonists of all new movements. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Rockefeller, Emperor William and President Woodrow Wilson should by their natures be thus endowed. Skillful politicians, leading statesmen, successful financiers and great merchants have it. Women who are at the top of their professions, industries and arts are thus crowned by nature. If they are deficient in the warm, tranquil glow of red-blood passions, they are accordingly their lights the better for it. When it comes to determining what is gray—often the so-called gray is a decided greenish color—the average person may well find some difficulty.

DAILY HEALTH HINT

To really become meager of flesh, you must practice the abstemiousness of a hermit in a desert. Tea, water, cream, lettuce, white of eggs, sour milk, raw oysters, sweet bread and the spars of green vegetables must take the place of all your accustomed dietary joys.

Finally, sane, vigorous exercise and the avoidance of all food after 8 o'clock at night will eliminate much of your too abundant flesh.

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 this office.

Willie Rites on Gramar



GRAMAR an' judges is the construction ov sentences. Judges generally ar in favor of long sentences such as 30 years or life an theses sentences ar purty hard to decline. The other day the teacher ast Fatty Collins to build a sentence with wud contain sumthin about dew and Fatty rote The mortgage on over house is about dew. Father sez so himself.

An the teacher ses to me in gramar class Willie if Henry Proctor sed to yew I ain't got no chestnuts wud that be rite an I ses I dont bleev it aud cause Henry is a cagy guy an d be spicuous he wuz holdin out on ae.

Paw ses gramar is a no gude judy for me anny way cause wen I row up lie be a great man an hav a privete secretary who kin dew all ny gramarin butt then I won't be

abul to rite sum Nick Carter Novells wich I wud derely luv to do.

Sam Niles an me that we had a skeme to bete out the gramar period yestiddy. Sam kin throw as nifty a fit as yew hav ever seen an we framed it up fer Sam to throw a fit in gramar klasses an kepe throwin it till we wudden hav time for the lesson. Sam throo the fit all rite butt he wuz overtrained I ges fer old Bones the grammar teacher got wise an ses Sam that's a pretty bum fit. It is wuss than this One yewr father throo me that I hav on. Come out of it, Sams father is a tayler so the skeme didn work.

Boston is a vary gramatical town. Even the boot wuz in that mapbook say to whom to whom instead of to who to who like honest to gudness ovws.

WILLIE JONES.

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Cleanser
Many other uses and full
directions on large size can be