

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Beauty Culture

### "Love Curls," Season's Fad, Losing Favor

By MAGGIE TEYER

The Noted Prima Donna.

**M**Y DEAR, do you like the side-whiskers?"

I heard with some amazement one young woman ask the question of another as they promenaded the famous peacock Alley of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York city.

"I'm not so awfully keen about them," replied the other in the most matter of fact tone. "Still, they suit some faces. They are not good on me. And where they are not good they are frightful. Besides every one will wear them and that will be the end of them."

It didn't take long to find the little "love curls" of the spring mode of hair dressing were the "side-whiskers" alluded to.

It didn't take much longer to find the truth of the other two assertions. Sometimes they are becoming. More often they are not. Any way they are decidedly overdone. A tiny curl may allure. A plastered quill that covers the major portion of the cheek from ear almost to mouth disfigures.

**Many Hair Innovations.**

The style of hair dressing has changed distinctly. There have been many hair innovations besides the colored wigs. Some are charming, but there is no one way in which all women can wear their hair and have it universally becoming. The wise woman experiments well before she decides and when she has found the right way to "do" her hair, she remains faithful to its main features, for the most ideal beauty is crowned with some hideous coiffure and her beauty would "vanish like the rose."

To begin with, the side curls are never worth half the trouble it is to arrange. It must be cut just the right length, and the smallest fraction of an inch will make a conspicuous difference with its charm.

Then it must be curled at the most exact angle, one which is at once coy and coquettish, interrogatory and impudent, and securely transfixed with its curling iron or some other gummy preparation.

And it is possible only for the decided brunette, dark curl lying against a velvety cheek may fascinate. A blonde wisp of hair in the same arrangement becomes lispid and looks simply straggly and unkempt.

**Modes Require Study.**

The wise woman who has decided to follow fashion's mandate and disclose her ears and elevate her coiffure, will lie herself to the best of hairdressers and learn the art of making the most becoming twist.

She will have all she can do to beauty properly her ears for exhibition, for the ear is a prominent as well as useful feature.

It must be the right size, the right shape, the most delicately tinted, in order to be lovely, attractive adjunct to her face.

As for the new hair modes, they require study. The arrangement of the hair should, first of all, conform to one's individual style.

Then it should be studied from all angles. The arrangement which is becoming in front, may be quite unbecoming from the side and impossible from the back view.

There is a revival of the French twist—but it is not the old twist we used to know. It is more suggestive than positive. It rolls easily in soft ripples and tucks the tresses away with no distinct manner of disappearance.

## IF THEY SHOULD MEET



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**J**UST suppose they should—just suppose that Miss 1914, very sure of herself, very confident of the final beauty of HER clothes, should come face to face with Miss 1860 and Miss 1870, for instance. Wouldn't it be awkward! All awfully nice girls, you understand, and not wishing to hurt any one's feelings. Yet each would know that the others were so FUNNY!

It would be a big strain on their self-control—not to giggle, or to say a

word about wondering how they ever STOOD it. And all three would have another consuming wonder as to each of the others—how they ever contrived comfortably to SIT DOWN!

Yet each (and this is the perennial miracle) knows that the supreme comfort is in being FASHIONABLE. Each knows that somehow, though in so many different ways, she is always charming as she IS.

## \* Chips \*

Confidence men destroy confidence.

Tell a lie, stick to it, and it will stick to you.

Force is not argument, and that may be the reason that it wins.

The evil men don't do lives after them in their biographies.

Leasiness is not a necessity and yet it is the mother of some inventions.

The truth that is told is sometimes less effective than the truth that is suppressed.

The broken promises will be remembered after the one that was redeemed has been forgotten.

It is useless to lie when the statement will not be believed, and it is almost equally useless to tell the truth to a sceptic who will not believe it.

## What Is "Funny" About a Broken Heart?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

The little white coffin was covered with a pall of lilies-of-the-valley, and when the carriage with the child's mother in it drove away the little dead boy's faithful dog looked through the bars of the garden gate and whined and cried almost like a human being.

I do hope my friend who wrote those headlines was there when that carriage drove away. He would have seen something exquisitely humorous about it. I'm sure—and treated us all to his point of view in the paper the next morning.

Think of it, a child dead, a jolly little fellow whom I saw playing in his mother's garden only two or three days ago—a cowboy he was with two pistols and a "lawyer"—that's the way he pronounced it. And the dog was a wolf part of the time, and sometimes he was a bear, and sometimes a lion, fierce and furious.

And the syringa bush was a hair. The little boy camped behind it and peered through the branches with his chubby face distorted in a fearsome frown.

### Humor in Broken Hearts!

The little boy's mother came to the window often to watch him play, and her sad little face lit up with wonderful radiance whenever she looked at him. She's a widow, they say, the mother of the little boy who died, and she loved her husband very dearly and was heart-broken when he died.

What a lot of fun the humorous headline writer could have about that! Why, that fellow could get all sorts of jokes out of the inscription the little widow had cut into the stone at the head of the low grave where the man she loves lies sleeping. And just think of the fun he could make of the way things looked to her in the little garden when she came home from the funeral!

I'll warrant she couldn't even look at the syringa bush without tears, and when the child's dog came and laid his snarling head upon her knee—what a howling farce!

And the little starchy shoes, and the faded little cowboy suit he was so proud of—just a few short days ago—the little, little boy—why, there's a whole column of wit in that.

I do love a man with a sense of humor—don't you? He brightens up the world so, for us all—even when he yanks the chair out from under you and cripples you for life or puts salt in the coffee, or

pretends to be deaf and dumb, or does any of the rest of those charming little tricks of his which while away the time for his appreciative friends.

But, somehow, when I had finished reading all those funny headlines about the divorce, I went to the telephone and cancelled my subscription to the paper which printed the funny man's funny headlines.

A humorous divorce—what is there funny about a broken heart? Maybe it is ridiculous for a woman to love a man and believe in him and trust him and leave her own friends and her own family and her own home and follow him smiling down to the very gates of death again and again—bringing up from the valley of the shadow with her his children in her arms.

Perhaps she is a sentimental fool to think that the man loved her and would be true to her and that they two will stand together—against the whole world if they would have to, and be happy in poverty and in illness and in discouragement—just because they were together.

No woman ever went into the divorce court in her life with anything but a bleeding heart, and I have seen men go there, too, with faces as set in agony as if they had been going to their own execution.

I sat beside a woman in court the other day. She was there to fight for the rights of her children and herself. Her husband had fallen in love with a young girl—and turned her and her four children out like vagrant dogs to make their way in the world as best they could alone.

### One Poor Bride's Case.

Oh, yes, he gave them money, a pension such as one gives an old and worn out servant, and he branded the children as worse than fatherless and the woman as worse than widowed.

The woman did everything in her power to get the man to let her live in outward amity with him for the sake of the children. But the man believed in him and she was in love with that he would get rid of his wife and self-respect.

I was at that woman's wedding and helped to dress her for the ceremony. How happy she was, how gay, how light of heart!

How sorry she felt for all of us who had not yet found such a prince among men for ours, to have and to hold, as long as we both should live.

I remember the man, too—how handsome he was and how triumphant and how proud; he walked as one who treads on air.

"For better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health until death do us part."

How the old, old words rang through the room and thrilled us all. And the other day I sat beside the bride—poor bride. Her wedding roses are faded in her cheek and no one in the world could say her eyes are like violets now. They have shed too many bitter, bitter tears.

What a lot of fun the humorist of the headline, would have seen something deliciously amusing about the whole situation.

For my part, if I had a newspaper and any man wrote what he considered funny headlines about a divorce, I would discharge him then and there.

Men with that sort of sense of humor are dangerous. You never can tell what will seem funny to them.

**Playing Safety.**  
"I wonder why he never married."  
"Oh, his ex-station does not allow him to propose to any but married women."

**Not Practical.**  
"Is he such an impractical man?"  
"The worst ever. He stood in front of a mirror and looked at himself, took careful aim at his reflection and shattered the mirror."

**Her Only Chance.**  
"I understand that Miss Antique is engaged."  
"Hypnotism!"

**Average Was Low.**  
"Has she been married long?"  
"Well, one of them lasted nearly two years, but the average, I think, has been six months."

**Tiresome.**  
"Willst—Did you read that magazine article about modern slavery?"  
"Fright—No, I am tired to death of the discussion of the divorce problem."

**He Wanted to Win.**  
"He proposed to her the first time they met."  
"Yes, he didn't want her to learn too much about him."

## Secrets of Health

### Grief Costs You Dearly In Vitality

By Dr. L. K. Hirschberg,

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

**S**ORROW, like lies of fire, grows by what it feeds on. There are many good souls alive today who feel that their final love, the respect for their dear departed, the regrets over past errors, and the remembrance of things gone by cannot be sincere without deep, dyed-in-the-wool, heart-tormenting sorrow.

Yet sorrow really is an obnoxious and unnecessary demon that gives up its solitude. Nothing more diverts it from the sad visions of the other world than to call it at moments back to this.

The busy, serious, efficient person with high resolve and high purpose has no time for tears. He bears both the torments and the sorrow that, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

Disappointed joys are too many. It is the vile daily deep, drop, drop that wears the soul out like marble with petty cares.

Dismiss each unfulfilled wish, each unconquered task, each disappointed plan, at once and forever. Let the man and many other young-old men, at tribute with justice their long and beautiful life to the fact that they never moped when thwarted by others.

When joys are poisoned, when hope is turned into despair, obstructions put in your way, and all sorts of unexpected obstacles block your ambition, your life's desire, your lover, your yearning, calmly turn away into another path and raise a new plan and structure.

One fire burnt out another's burning, one pain is lessened by another's anguish; one desperate grief cures with another's languish. Take then some new infection to the eye, and the rank poison of the old will die.

There is no sense, reason, justification, glory, health or beneficence in sorrow. Affliction is the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many people she didn't know what to do. Each painful throe, each sigh of sorrow bears other sons, uglier than their brothers.

Happy deaths make healthful nature. Joy should displace everybody's sorrow. It is the malting of all forward movement. Without it stagnation and retrogression in strength, vitality, working power and the capacity to live follow.

The soul, secure in her existence, should smile at the drawn dagger, and defy its point. The stars may fade away, all lovers, friends and dear ones go, the sun himself may dim with age, and nature sink in years, yet the human spirit should flourish happily as a green bay tree.

The cracks of matter, the crush of risks, the war of the elements should give a calm, helpful mood, not the morbid one of sorrow.

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AY, APRIL 29, 1914

# CASTORIA

For Children

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# CASTORIA

COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

AL MILK FROM PACKAGE

They Are Hungry and Look Like a Meal Does Not Count.

April 29.—If you must draw milk, before drawn, was part of the bossie belonged to, so did the lactical fluid, forcibly from the animal the offense that much the court.

said that they had not twenty-four hours and that looked like a meal ticket.

YOYLE TO VISIT W. J. BURNS

April 28.—Sir Arthur has decided to pay another visit to America and will soon ten years since his last visit.

are not clear," Sir Arthur said, "I shall not do any lecturing in America."

Sir Arthur's hosts will be Mr. and Mrs. William J. Burns.

le \$35.00

and \$55.00

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