

lowed their advice about the amount of a lot of good. She does the housework white and mauve and yellow and pink | for a suburban house, takes care of four and red to put on their faces. They said children, makes most of their clothes. they knew how they looked best, and and has only the aid of one maid-of-all-work, which means she is relieved only they all wanted to look young. It is the of the heaviest work. craze for youth which has set the wom-

en to painting with such extravagance. Her Simple Rules. They have looked like caricatures all. This woman has a supple and well winter. And the nicest of women have rounded figure, as young as her daugh-

used the most make-up, it sems to me. | "I have never been careless about my-It is all so foolish to try to cheat time self," she said. "I knew I should never with a rouge stick. Nothing makes a want my children to be ashamed of me. young woman look older than too much So I have always had my housework rouge. As for the older woman, it stays well fitted and my housework makes her hideous. gowns becoming, even if I made them of "I don't know what woke them up. 10-cent gingham. And I have made it a Perhaps some big beauty leader has de- habit to make my daily tasks do the cided to wear her own face for awhile. work of a gymnasium. I have never It's funny how women copy each other. bent the knee to pick up anything. That I believe we are going to have a reac- has kept my waist supple. And when I tion from too much white and vi let have climbed the stairs I have kept the and red. None of our exclusive women poise of my body and made the leg are wearing liquid whitening on the muscles do the work. And when I have

street. And the few who ever used had to reach up for anything on the top mauve powder for day time wear have shelves I have done it as if I were takreturned to flesh color or white- ing the stretching exercises. That has cream.' kept my figure from settling. The Ideal Face.

"And I have always sat when I have been occupying a chair and lounged by

Fashions in faces-sounds funny to one dropping relaxed on my couch for 10 with a well defined sense of 'umor. minutes, and made it a real rest. As When you think of it, why should there for my complexion, I have tried to keep be any face fashion but cleanliness and the lines out by not fretting them in, wholesomeness and pleasantness and the and soap and water and cold cream reflection of an intelligent mind and a have done the rest.' cheerful spirit? So you see one can pick up helps by

I am just optimist enough to believe the wayside if she has her eyes and the day will come when such faces will ears open.

### latest hint from Paris, There are the funny little "corkscrew" curls which are already dangling over the ears of our French sisters, and the display of the ears is quite the newest fancy in hair dressing. But the

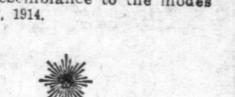
thing which should rouse greatest interest is the realization that these attractive little sacques and these adorable little bobbing curls topped genuine hoopskirts. Nobody really believes we are

even the new wrap is like the

going to wear hoops again, but there is not only talk of bustlesthe real bustles themselves are here, and those who make a study of fashions say there is a decided return to the modes of the early eighties.

And is it logical to expect a modern version of hoops after the modern understanding of bustles? Whatever is on the way in the waves of style, there is no denying the attractiveness of this wrap nor its resemblance to the modes of spring, 1914.

2



Advice to Girls

Molly McLatyre in "Kitty MacKay."

## By Annie Laurie

O I believe that women are much. How many women of 40 or 50 do, count of the way he brushes his hair. It is an ill wind turns none to good. Ill Where the subject is not of general vainer that men? You don't, you know who fondly imagine that Men think a great deal of appearyou say, and you and your they can fascinate the best looking, ances. That's why women have to try sweetheart are always arguing about cleverest, most successful, most run to look pretty all the time.

it, and he's so stubborn he makes you after young fellow of 25 in the world Women like a man for what he is, shrewdly is a nipping, eager air, which OU have all seen black monkeys THERE is a funny little fish that firious, and why can't he see- and -if they only set their minds to the or for what they think he is. And freshens up the red and golden fabric quiries to Dr. L. K Hirshberg, care

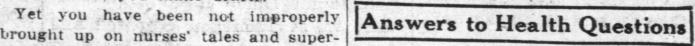
there you are. showing a very strange spirit to be so Did you ever see a man of any age, Fonder all these things in your name is Mud Skipper and he is quarrelsome about a thing like that? size, complexion, looks or ability who heart, honey, but don't say anything quite as much at home on land as he Oh, well, honey, I wouldn't take would be in the least surprised if a about them to your sweetheart or The rainbow monkey's name is the is in the water. He has a body that sweetheart's arguments so seriously queen stepped down from her throne any other man. He'll think you're a mandril and he lives in the hilly looks something like a huge, fat if I were you. and begged him to let her go and live suffragette and run away-and fall in

cigar and eyes that pop like a frog's. Probably he thinks you look pretty in a little two by four flat with him love with some one who can't look He can climb trees with his fins quite when you're what he calls "nod," and ard be blissfully happy darning his after him half as well as you can, after all.

to see you look pretty, why you really A man doesn't take quite as much his long, hideous face are deep When Mr. Mud Skipper is hungry can't blame him such a lot after all, pains with his looks as a woman. blue. His eyes are tiny and glow like or river and skips about in the mud, Now as to the subject under dis- he's so beautiful anyway, don't you devouring flies and other insects in cussion. No, I don't believe women know, and so altogether fascinating.

Every breath you take, each inhalation and exhala- DR. HIRSHBERG tion is a draft. When you blow your cold fingers to keep warm, you create a draft. When you squeeze a bellows, a rubber ball, a pump, a "squirter," or an atomizer, you make drafts.

brought up on nurses' tales and super-



stitions to "keep out of drafts." There MRS. A. N. B., W. Philadelphia, Pa .is a "wee, sma'" modicum of truth in Does it pay well to make honest breads the idea that teaches you to shun a and food free of sugar for diabetic padraft.

But this gossamer filament of truth The secret of making such food is to is outdone by the ninety-nine and nine- use no wheat, rye or other starchy flour. tenths per cent. of underlying non- "Diabetics" may have no sweets, no sense, which makes most men and sugars, no starches and none of the women shiver and shake and shut the "carbohydrate" breads. shutters at the first sign of a draft.

If you do not invest any money and Remember, my children, a draft is can obtain customers such as all the usually a lot of fresh air rushing in to hospitals, dispensaries and distinguished replace a lot of foul, overheated, poi- consulting physicians, you may eke out a small living. I can hardly see how it sonous air. When any one shouts, "Shut the door, | would "pay well."

close the windows, I feel a draft." you may be sure that such a one has cod-

dled his skin and his tissues with too J. G. S., Logan, Pa.-Do noises in the much clothing, as well as a super- ear, due to a ruptured drum from a abundance of stale, overcharged indoor childhood illness, ever stop spontaneous-

Fear of "drafts" is not inherited. It

is acquired in childhood and youth, very Yes. As often this way as from the much in the way you learn to believe aid of an ear surgeon. Do not neglect that every blackberry bush harbors a other measures, however, while waiting snake. That is to say, "Somebody told for it. you so.' .\* \* \*

Any one whose physical cowardice makes him shun fresh, outdoor air and Dr. Hirshberg will answer quesopen bedroom windows may fall 111 tions for readers of this raper on from a "draft." But he whose skin is like the Sidux's, who said: "Injun not medical, hygienic and sanitation subafraid of drafts; Injun face all over," jects that are of general interest. He should welcome drafts as they do the will not undertake to prescribe or indeed blows the draft which profits interest letters will be answered per-Drafts, like straws, show which way sonally if a stamped and addressed

the wind blows. The air that thus bites envelope is enclosed. Address all inof your soul. this office.



## Queer Creatures on Land and Sea By Anita von Hartmann

and gray monkeys and brown monkeys, but how many of you

The Rainbow Monkey

have seen a rainbow monkey?

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Constant Con

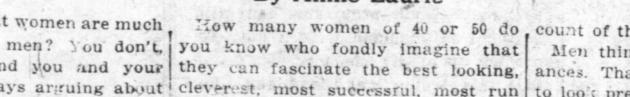
parts of Africa. He is indeed a weird

looking creature. His shout is a as well as any small, boy can with as his main object in life just now is socks the livelong day? bright scarlet, and on either side of his arms.

grooves of purple and scarlet and he hops out of his home in the ocean can you?

Fish That Climb

The mandril has funny, stubby ears large quantities. When his repast is are much vainer than men. Vhy gild refined gold or paint the and a tail that is only a sawed-off over, he shinnies up a tree and leans I don't believe they're half as vain lily? Miss Laurie will welcome letters of A in caves nowadays? Well, stump. His hind legs are a deep vio- on his elbows, while he watches the as men-in fact, I know they aren't. And then, his hair is short and inquiry on subjects of feminine inter- rather! Real holes in the world around him with a knowing and A girl of 16 may be as vain as a boy deesn't need so much combing; his c t from young women readers of ground, too; caves in the truest sense In fact, if you ever see a rainbow languid air. A shoal of mud skippers of 18. But she gets over it sometime- clothes are rough and ready to stay this paper and will reply to them in of the word. New York, Chicago and monkey you probably will exclaim, sitting in a tree are as comical a and the boy never does. pu -and then, most of all, wor en do liese columns. They should be ad- other large cities have their cliffsight as any one could wish to see. The older he gets the vainer he gets. not fall in love with a man on ac-12, ssed to her care this office. "There ain't no such animal!" dwellers, but Tunis, that little North \*



uses his fins for elbows. His why won't he admit-and isn't he task?

# Willie Rites on: "Cole"

PERES an ages ago this erth wuz jest like a pot of minse pie. Bet it wuz baked with no krust on it an then it commensed to git hard an harder ! until he hadd a krust as thick as bakurs pie. An then treez fell down an got imbedded in the face of the earth an got mixt in with sno an ise an indeen tomahawks an other anteeks that the kollectors hadn't gathured up an made cole wich we burn in ower stoves, and furnases Wich littul boys hass to carry In souttuls caws thare fathur is tew JUSY Workin to pay 4 the cole.

Then miners take thare picks an thare ives in thare hans an go dowun in the mines to dig 4 the black diamonds an anthracite cole iss cawled hard cole becaws it is sew hard to pay 4 Oie King Coal was bitewminous or soft cole an histry tells us he wuz purty soft 4 the hurdy gurdy grinders an blind fiddlers. The cole supply is gettun vary skairse an it will only last about 2 milyun veres an paw sez he gesses he will have his cole bill pade by about that time.



A soft ansur turneth away rath but soft cole smoke duz surely mak the commooters mad. Mr. Stone the cole deler in ower town wuz elected mayor an paw sed it wudnt bee mutch truble 4 him to fix up his cabinet becaws he Wuz used to fixun up his slate. Cole wuz wot made the poet rite thare is no



By WINIFRED BLACL y Newspaper Feature Service.

Watching the World and His Wife Go By

HE National Conference on Race Betterment has i met at Battle Creek, and from that conference comes the glad tidings that we can all live to be a hundred years old-if we eat enough and not too much, sleep enough and not too much, work enough and not too hard, and take plenty of time for play. Hurrah for us. Let's go ahead and

do it. I used to think I'd hate to live a day over forty; then I began to believe that fifty was about the right time to die. Before I get through I suppose I

shall be setting the mark at a hundred-like all the rest of the old ladies and gentlemen.

It would be fun to live to be a hundred, wouldn't it, if you could keep all your faculties al! the time?

Up to fifty you're so busy being busy that you don't have time to live much of any life but your own." The barren had hand and the the sub sub sub And any one life is a pretty narrow boat to ride into the waters of eter-

nity on, isn't it? There are so many lives that interest me. I should love to see what's going to happen in them.

The world is just a great story book, isn't it? What a nuisance it will be when somebody calls you to come and help set the table or to call the younger children to supper-just when you're in the midst of the most interesting chapter of all. incomp and

There is a girl I know who's marrying a rich old man for his money. She's rich herself and handsome and supposed to be clever. What on earth is the matter with Her that she should do such a thing?

The man she's marrying is ignorant, crabbed, miserly and absolutely impossible in every way. What on earth is she marrying him for? What will she gain by such a sacrifice?

There's something wrong in that girl somewhere. What is it, and how will it manifest itself as she grows older?

The yellow streak-how will it show and when? And what will become of the old man and of the beautiful young woman who was making such

What's going to come of that marriage? ( no. it isn't so certain. There's good in the man, too; and if the woman manages him right he's a bit of a genius.

She will be unhappy, of course. But he-what's he going to do about it? Will he fall in love with some goose of a girl and break the heart of the woman who is giving up everything to manry him now? Or will the woman get tired of his childish ways and be so absolutely bored to death that she will make any excuse on earth to get away from him? Or will they come together somehow? Will the strange magic of the old, old sorcerer we call love make a success of it after all? There's the woman with the only son. She thinks he's going to be a

great man, and she's spending every penny she has to give him the right "advantages." She has left the city where she was born and brought up and has gone to live in the little university town to be near him; has given up everything, everybody, almost every beat of her heart, for that boy.

Is he going to turn out to be worth it? Or will the very sacrifices that mother has made turn the son, who might have been something if he'd had to fight his own way, into a selfish parasite?

There are the two sisters, one of them brilliant, talkative, erratic, the other slow, conscientious, studious-both of them ambitious to a degree.

Which of them is going to make what life calls a "success" and which of them will really "succeed" after all?

There's the man of genius with the narrow-minded, envious wife. He's trying so hard to be patient with her, to remember how he loved her-once.

Will he be able to keep on-remembering-or will she drive him to do something which will cloud his name forever?

Which is going to be stronger in that puzzle of human lives, the small nature of the woman or the big nature of the man?

The pretty, selfish little girl has half a dozen beaux and not a thought beyond dress and admiration in her empty little head. She has a good sensible mother and a fine intelligent father. Will she begin to show the stock she sprang from-when she gets past the silly season of life?

I'd like to see that girl ten years from now, or maybe twenty-when the soft color is gone from her rounded cheek. Will there be something written on the brow then that is so smooth now? What will the something be?

Will it be unselfishness and poise and a noble devotion to others? Or will she just cut lines into her face that mean "somebody has better clothes and more of them than I have and I'm mad about it."

A hundred years old! Wouldn't it be fun to sit in the shade for thirty years after you were seventy and watch all the world and his wife go



African protectorate of France, sandwiched in between Algeria and Tripoli, has its cave-dwellers. In the inaccessible southern part of the country, in the rolling land of the Matmata hills, lives a Berber tribe that keeps house under ground. The journey to their village is an arduous one, and consequently there are few white visitors, o the raise The cave-dwellings are of different

sorts. Some are cut out of the steep sides of mounds and others are formed by sinking a shaft into the top of a hill and carving out recesses from the sides of this opening. The shaft serves as a kind of court into which the various apartments open.

Now you would expect to find these human moles a dirty, ill-favored and somewhat anaemic lot of people. On my visit there I had an idea that I should have to put up with all sorts of unattractive conditions. But, compared with many of the more civilized dwellers in houses I have seen, they were positively immaculate. That is a comparison, of course, but it conveys the right idea. The people are healthy, too.

These home-burrowers are farmers for the most part. They raise olives and dates and a little corn, which they cultivate with a plough drawn by a camel. Their every-day dress is composed of cotton trousers, a shirt and a kind of shawl; but on gala oc-

