

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

How One Gown Serves Many Social Purposes

By MADGE MARVEL



Do you know the possibilities of the black and white gown? It is asked by a friend, the modiste, as she tried the effect of the combination of mustard-colored chiffon over a black gown and assured me that it was quite the latest word, whether I liked it or not.

"We all think of our own opinions as worth too much," she interpolated. "When I spoke of black satin I didn't mean the one old-fashioned kind, but any of the new fabrics that look enough like it to be classed generally under the head. One of my customers that I admire immensely is a woman who has little money and lots of position. She has to go everywhere and it would be a hopeless struggle for her to keep up with the latest fashions for dress."

By the way, I have paid her many a good check for coming over here and designing the gowns for me when I had a big wedding or some other social affair to prepare for. It is a mystery to me why she doesn't go into business. She is an artist.

"Well, her black satin gown has been to luncheons, teas, receptions, dinners, the play, tango parties, almost everywhere except to the opera, and it would be there if she hadn't a white satin, the remnants of her wedding gown."

Her Fundamental Frock.

The fundamental frock is a well made draped skirt and a bodice with some gold and that odd new shade of blue. The material is really heavy, supple charmeuse. Then there is a bodice of black Spanish lace over white and a tunic of the same lace and a rose pink velvet skirt which makes one costume. Again, she wears a bodice and tunic of heavy white lace edged with stunk fur and having a sash of green moire.

"Another change is a tunic of tulle with pink and yellow motifs in beads and a bodice to match with yellow and pink combined in the skirt. That is the frock that goes to dinner and the play."

"And then there is the simplest, little house of white tulle over dark color that has a deep black skirt and a pink velvet rose to give a bit of color. When the dress is changed to a black and white gown, it is far better than a floor, and its cutting off the kitchen ware, and again and again."

And young men, white men; some a happy men and bad men; nationality and creed, the vast body of the unemployed. All join enthusiastically led by a man, and even the reading a two-day's work with flour, milk, potatoes by this means. The work is by means of vol-

unteers and a strong plea for public for clothing. At a most attentive day at the daily noon day morning breakfast is a revelation to not already taken work.

What do you want a man to be anyway, a book of etiquette with a checkbook in his pocket? Go on out with your brand new beau. Have a good time with him and try to give him a good time, too. Forget all about the waiter and the chauffeur and the policeman on the beat and the man at the next table. Be human. Be natural. Be nice and use what a good time you'll have.

Of course, it is the very worst form

in the world to talk to the waiter or include him in any way in your conversation. He isn't there to visit with you; he's there to wait upon you and earn his money. But don't lay too much stress on all those little things—it isn't worth while. The whole world isn't standing with its nose against the pane watching you and your brand new beau. Probably even the head waiter never noticed either of you, unless you both gave him an extra big tip—that's all he cares about.

Think less about yourself, little sister, and more about the real things of life. They're all that really count.

Annie Laurie

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

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

SO YOU go out a bit, you and your brand new beau—and when you go to restaurants he talks with the waiter who looks after him all the time, and you've been taught that sort of thing is very bad manners, and you don't know what to do about it?

Dear me, what's the matter with all of you girls, how fussy you're getting, to be sure. I don't wonder some of you have to sit at home alone these cool evenings. Who on earth would want to take you out—always worrying for fear the man who is trying to give you a good time will do something odd or peculiar.

What do you want a man to be anyway, a book of etiquette with a checkbook in his pocket? Go on out with your brand new beau. Have a good time with him and try to give him a good time, too. Forget all about the waiter and the chauffeur and the policeman on the beat and the man at the next table. Be human. Be natural. Be nice and use what a good time you'll have.

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THE CHARM OF A MUSICAL VOICE



Florence Reed, Who Says "American Twang" May Be Overcome.

Six Simple, Healthful Exercises

By MAGGIE TEYTE



MAGGIE TEYTE

Abroad it does not seem strange to hear it criticized. There is scarcely one of our national characteristics, no matter how worthy, which begins to enjoy the fame accorded the "Yankee twang," as our manner of speaking is dubbed.

How to overcome this undeniable fault has been solved by one clever American girl, Florence Reed, the young actress. Miss Reed inherited her dramatic talent from her father, the late Roland Reed. She also inherited his "voice," and she believes any girl can make her voice what she wishes it to be. She says her own experience has strengthened the belief.

"I inherited a comedian's voice from my dear father, whose voice was so perfect for a comedian, that the moment he spoke the audience was with him," said she, in a recent chat. "All the queer little tones which were so delightful in

his voice were emphasized in mine. That would have been all right, perhaps, if I, too, had been looking for laughter. But when I attempted emotional roles with the voice of a comedian—it won't do."

"It was either that I must be funny enough to carry the vulgar else get rid of it. I chose the latter. Dear is was my father's memory, and proud as I was of his success, I knew it would never do for his daughter to play tragedy with the same tones he used in comedy. I had learned to speak, and I believed I would try to act as my own tutor for

"I started with a piano and Shakespeare. I struck the middle register, which was the one in which I had fewest tones. Then I began on poor, old, patient Shakespeare. After skipping from cover to cover, I found the 'Merry' speech from 'The Merchant of Venice' to be the most useful for my purpose. It is peculiarly suitable for the modulation and cultivation of the pleasant speaking voice. I read it slowly and aloud, consciously dropping the register each time. 'I also found great help in the 'stage whisper'."

"Whispering in the loudest possible tone, I made my utterance distinct. All the time I was learning how to breathe. We need to breathe well before we can speak well. 'Poetry is more adaptable for voice practice than prose. Tennyson gives a splendid change from Shakespeare. 'All over the country there are teachers who have excellent methods for the specialty of voice production. But many women have neither the time nor the

money to pay for such instruction. And I find among the majority of women few, outside of those in public life, who pay attention to learning how to speak. 'In these days, when the cultivation of charm is no longer regarded as a luxury, no woman, be she ever so attractive, can hope to charm with the handicap of a raucous voice. It is cheerful, too, to realize that a disagreeable voice may be overcome much more easily than a physical defect—though I suppose it might really be classified under 'that head'."

"Get a copy of Shakespeare from the Free Public Library and devote from 15 minutes to a half-hour each day to the cultivation of a melodious voice. I believe you will be amazed with the result. 'Here are half a dozen rules which will help you. They are the same which have given me the proper voice for my professional work: '—Choose a passage from Shakespeare, read it aloud slowly several times. '—Consciously pitch the voice a tone lower at the second reading of the passage. '—Whisper the passage aloud in an audible tone as possible. '—Have some friend listen as you read, judging for you whether your tone is pleasantly modulated. '—Continue these exercises for at least 15 minutes every day. '—If you can sing it will be well to sing over the scale in a lower voice than your natural register. Do this several times in connection with the foregoing exercises."

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.

XXX.
Women and Religion

MOTHER," said I, "tell me, do most women have a strong religious sense?"

Mother glanced up from her sewing. "Why do you ask?" she queried, quietly.

"Well," said I, bluntly, "to tell the truth, Mary saves up her church hour to plan gowns and parties, and although I'm not a prude, still I must confess it shocked me a little. I always gave women credit for having a stronger religious sense than most men."

"There, Peter," said mother, unexpectedly, "I think you're wrong."

"But," I stammered, "I've always read that women are ever so much more religiously inclined than men."

"To the outward semblance, Peter," put in mother quickly, "Don't forget that women can look devout enough surely and they talk religion a great deal and go to church—but isn't it perhaps a little superficial with most of them?"

"I hope not," said I. For one by one, in these early days of my marriage I was losing my choicest illusions.

"Peter," said mother thoughtfully, "it has been my experience that a woman rarely brings a genuine depth of feeling into her religious life. She'll go unerringly to church, but the reason isn't always religious. She may want to see a friend. She may like the general rustle and state of the service—women are ceremonial by nature, I think, and love the emotional thrills of dramatic sanctity—and then again she may like the singing."

"Lots of women use a church as a sort of social clearing house to get the current of calls and engagements settled up for the week. Women are carelessly and passively good, Peter. They're good because it's a woman's nature to be good. When she isn't I firmly believe it's a deviation from the normal feminine. But she rarely feels the deep, powerful, pulsing truth underlying the dogma, if she does, she's the exception and not the rule."

"Women are more concerned with the emotional mysticism of religion. Watch the horde of fatuous women who follow the cult of the occult and theosophy. Hindu who comes here to expound the Yogi philosophy. The more mysticism

you can interpolate into a religion, the more women followers it will have, mysticism and sentimentality. 'Have you ever seen some of the religious books compiled for the consumption of old ladies by the country over? They are an unwholesome mass of morbid sentimentality and profane the great stirring message of true religion. And the poorer type of sacred song panders, too, to that emotional mysticism of women. None of those things are the big elements of religion, son. They're the tawdry gewgaws that attract a popular following. Isn't it true?"

"You're always right, mother," I said. "I sincerely believe that many a man who is careless about the outward observances of his creed has a deep, abiding sense of reverence in his heart. He may not look devout and he may hate to go to church, but it's there just the same. Still," I added fairly, "you can't deny that women hold the palm for morality."

"Chastity!" corrected mother quickly. "To all women, Peter, the two are synonymous. 'You mean—"

"In many of our ways women haven't such a deep sense of morality as men. Chastity, I grant, is the great virtue upon which they base their claim for greater morality—but women are immoral, too, in their own way. Petty jealousies, petty deceptions, petty hypocrites, how many a man wouldn't stoop—figure to their daily lives. It's true, Peter. I've watched it often enough to know."

"And women love to sulk!" I hinted.

"Man," said mother, thoughtfully, "is a creature of his rest, nose and big toes. Most women perhaps don't strike the high spots either way."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Science Now Offers You Choice of Nose Styles

Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

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

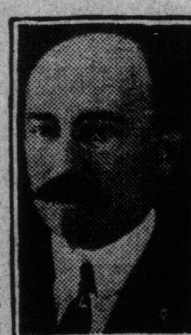
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As a nose is to a man's face, as a weather-cock to a steeple, as the sun in the day, so is a symmetrical, Apollo-like nose to a man.

A nose deflected to the side, a hump-backed nose, a parrot nose, a "retrousse" turned-up nose is an unseen, insupportable, invisible jest.

True, indeed, is it that a man with a broken nose, a wildly flamboyant nose, a squashed nose and other acutely inflamed noses will his him to a surgeon for repairs.

Indeed, football and lacrosse players will hasten, immediately after a most trivial accident to the nose, to the worst butcher of a surgeon for help, yet hesitate to undergo the same treatment for the ordinary, Sunday-best nose, deformed by nature and hawk-beaked by inheritance. It is not only the red nose, which I recently wrote about, the



DR. HIRSBERG

Now, nose, nose, nose, And who gave thee that jolly red nose? Cinnamon and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves, And that gave me my jolly red nose.

Kind that needs bleaching and shrinkage, which alone needs medical care.

In fine, any imperfectly formed nose, once supposed like the wandering Jew to have to remain forever the same, may now be moulded and shaped up as beautifully as that of Aphrodite.

It is an oft quoted historical fact from Pascal that, if the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter the whole face of the earth would have been changed. George Bernard Shaw says jestingly it would have been more cruel to change that saucy, little, retrousse nostril.

Nowadays the Khedive of Egypt would jump into his American made automobile, go to his modern station, where the locomotives are all electrified, unaccustomed himself with his little Cleopatra-plural, of course—comfortably in his Pullman, arrive at the Delta, go aboard a ship, disembark in New York, consult a cosmetic nose surgeon, and change the faces of the little Khedivettes more quickly than you can say Jack Robinson.

Lightly then would be their slender noses, tip-titled like the petals of a flower. Noses which would then ravage with impunity any rose.

Sunday school teacher—Tommy, who made all these beautiful fields and mountains about the class. At last the time came for little Willie Doran to read his. It was as follows: "—Choose a passage from Shakespeare, read it aloud slowly several times. '—Consciously pitch the voice a tone lower at the second reading of the passage."

"Grandpa, how old are you?" "I am 87 years old, my little dear." "Then you were born 80 years before I was."

"Yes, my little girl." "What a long time you had alone waiting for me."

The children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie Doran to read his. It was as follows: "—Choose a passage from Shakespeare, read it aloud slowly several times. '—Consciously pitch the voice a tone lower at the second reading of the passage."

"Why Teddy, dear, what is the matter? Don't you like asparagus?" "Yes, Mrs. Birchum; but the handles are so hot."

Three-year-old Ethel had been punished by having her little hands washed with soap. The result was that she had been dried Ethel put her ear to her doll's lips as though listening to something the doll had to say, and then said in a rebuking tone: "No, Dolly, you must not say that mamma is naughty for punishing me."

"Benny," said Mr. Bloomer, "it George Washington is the first in the hearts of his countrymen, who comes second?"

"I don't know about that," replied Benny, "but Independence day is the fourth."

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Answers to Health Questions

W. H.—At what age should a child's teeth begin to be brushed?

Silk dental floss should not be used until a child's second year, but an infant's teeth should be brushed clean three times a day from the day it requires something in addition to milk.

R. S. F.—I am a printer and my doctor says I have rheumatism in my lower legs. What can I do?

You have no "rheumatism," because there is no such disease. You may have the toxins—poisons—from some microbes which have settled in your tissues. A teaspoonful of milk of magnesia before your meals and five grains of hexamine-thylenetetramine in a glass of water every four hours will help.

Dr. Hirsberg 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. Hirsberg, care this office.

Sayings of Children

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