

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Gems to Match the Gown, Society's Latest Jewel Fad

By MADGE MARVEL

**M**ATCHING jewelry to one's costume is a fashion fancy. The jewelers have made it possible and fascinating. With a gown of the new brown, wear to pieces; with one of the wonderful shades of purple, choose amethysts.

And when you wear blue there are the most delightful jeweled ornaments in blue itself.

Tourmalines come in wondrous colors, fascinating greens and alluring pinks, which will perfectly accord with corresponding shades in the new fabric colors.

And if you want a gem which will match any and all costumes, there is the marvelous black opal, with its imprisoned rainbow tints, and the moonstone, with its clear translucence and its charm of mystery which melts into the hue of the gown without losing its own distinction.

Perhaps of all semi-precious gems none is so popular as the moonstone. It forms splendid cabochon rings, fastens the waistcoat of the ultra-smart tailored frock and is suspended from the chain of the gown without losing its own distinction.

The heavy ring, once given over to the sterner sex, is much favored by women, who cling to the tailored garb, despite the variations and vagaries of fashion.

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 about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Leona Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 96. Mary's Piability. PETER, in great distress, "what in the world shall I do?" Mr. Vance and Mr. Rankin are quarrelling dreadfully over these apartments. Yesterday Mr. Vance came to pay the rent to him, and today Mr. Rankin says it must be paid to him. What would you do?

"Pay no rent," said I, promptly. "We'll put the money in the bank and wait until they're through quarrelling."

Vance and Rankin, the owners of the little apartment house in which Mary and I lived, were usually quarrelling over something. This time, however, the quarrel lasted longer than it ever had before, and the visits of the rival landlords became frequent and insistent.

"They worry me to death," complained Mary. "And, Peter, Mr. Vance is such a nice man. Just today he told me the most beautiful thing I ever heard of, and truly, you wouldn't believe one man could be such a perfectly dreadful fellow."

"No, certainly not," I said. "Mr. Vance?"

"Well, wait a bit longer," said I with caution. "A few days later Mary brought up the subject again."

"Do you know, Peter," she said, "I believe, after all, I was wrong about Mr. Rankin. He was here today over an hour, and—well, all I can say is that Mr. Vance must be a most dreadful fellow to have said so many horrible things."

Verily matrimony is one long series of vicissitudes!

Now, Mabel, what earthly use is a man to you or to any one else who gets mad "if you look at him"? What sort of sweetheart does such a man make—to say nothing of a husband? If he "gets mad if you look at him" now, when you are not in his power, what would he do if he had you tied to his side with a nice gold ring and the minister's blessing?

A bad temper is the very worst kind of company. Why don't you try getting

MAIL TIME

By Michelson



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**E**VEN the loveliest country, however softy fragrant, however sparkling with flowers, however conducive to contentment, cannot supply EVERYTHING.

Even the loveliest girl, who most wishes to be content, is likely to want one sign not furnished by either the sky or the landscape.

The thing she wants, and wants again, will come up over the rise of the yellow road in a creaky wagon, that never seems to hurry at all.

It is a LETTER. So that if it is mail time the loveliest girl has SOME excuse for just a little impatience. She will try not to show the country postman how she feels. But he will guess. Girls don't haunt a mailbox without reason. Anyway, so long as the man, miles and miles away, doesn't see that eagerness, all is well. To let HIM see would spoil him.

The Fallacy of Face Peeling Treatment

By LUCREZIA BORI

Special arrangements have been made with Senorita Lucrezia Bori, the famous prima donna soprano, who has created a wonderful impression in Europe and New York on account of her remarkable beauty and artistic attainment, to write for this paper a series of articles on beauty. There is probably no authority her equal in giving the newest and most approved methods of attaining and preserving "the divine right of woman."

And once more, why should he be any more disenchanted by her wrinkles than she is by his immaturity of mind and viewpoint? Just think what a wonderful mental start she has of him in those fifteen years! Why, he should respect her for all that superiority of wisdom and experience. But that isn't the way of the world and the poor lady is going to have to torture in order to keep his love.

Face peeling is one of the beautifying means employed by some expert beauty culturists. It is exactly described in its name. The face is literally peeled and tender skin underneath is a fresh, pink and tender skin which would be quite beautiful on a newborn babe, but which is never anything but absurd on a mature and somewhat aged woman.

It is not always a dangerous operation. It is always painful. Patients moan and sob, clenching their fists in their agony till the nails cut into the palms. These are facts. They can be substantiated. I have heard more than one woman who has submitted to the process confess it.

Then, there is a chance that the peeling will not accomplish that which it set out to. The skin may be fair and "babyish" or it may be roughened and unsightly.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Anger Kills Beauty; How It Affects the Body

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

**A**NGER is like a tempest that from cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage, till, in the furious elemental war dissolved, the whole precipitated mass unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.

When there is war in the body, the black-winged hosts of anger arise and dash here and there through the coursing blood stream. The sun is then indeed down upon your wrath.

Prof. George W. Cline, of Cleveland, not only experimentally by means of rabbits, rats, cats and dogs, but by thorough, painstaking examination upon men, has proved conclusively that the fine texture of the brain, as well as other delicate structures, is definitely damaged every time you burst into anger.

Moreover, Prof. William Canon, of Harvard University, the noted physiologist and experimental psychologist, has disclosed the fact that you are aware when you are angry. That is to say, when rage, like an overheated furnace, singes your tissues, the storehouse of your reserve fuel—sugar—is incinerated, and the granaries are emptied out to the dismay of the body.

Anger is a self-consuming fire. To grow wrathful is really to make an auto-cannibal of yourself. You sup upon yourself, and even starve as you feed.

Briefly, then, rage is self-destruction. It is worse than slow poisoning; it is progressive suicide. On the other hand, to be so cool, apathetic and ice-blooded as never to allow the ancient passions to stir will, in the views of Prof. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, Henri Bergson, of Paris, and Ernest Jones, of London, result in perversion of thoughts which may turn out to be the equivalent of near-insanity.

Mere superficial control of your violent emotion is not enough. Yet absolute annihilation causes the distortions, which break out in fits, irritabilities, furies, hysterics, manias, depressive and militant morales.

Mere control or down-stamping of anger is not enough. Your physiological mechanism must generate a control of such a nature that it will prevent anger instead of treating it. Prophylaxis is the watchword; it is worth pounds of cure.

If you carry anger as the flint bears fire, which, much used, flashes up and is cold again, your reservoirs of fuel—sugar and deoxyribose, your vital nerve units are injured, your blood pressure is raised almost to the apoplectic point.

Not only is this raging emotion a violent assault upon the blood serum, the

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