

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on Beauty Culture

Your Cold Bath a Tonic If You Breathe Deeply

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.



AM constantly in receipt of letters which ask advice about various ailments, and request recommendation of some internal remedy. I cannot give any such information.

To begin with, I am not a physician. Then I am not willing to give even so-called harmless remedies for ailments of which I know nothing. If any of my correspondents are ill, I wish, without delay, they would seek aid from the proper channels. And they have my best wishes at all times, my kindly thoughts, and the hope of a speedy delivery from all their ills.

All I can do is to help to make life a little more pleasant by giving a few hints on making the most of ourselves. I am always glad to reply to any question which I am able to answer. Any letters sent to me in care of this paper will be forwarded to me.

One of the questions asked me so many times concerns the relative value of the hot and the cold bath.

I do not consider them interchangeable. The work of the hot bath is primarily cleansing. The work of the cold bath is tonifying. The hot bath relaxes and relaxes the system. The cold bath awakens it.

Not all of us can take cold baths. The one sure test is, whether having tried them, one experiences the reaction and exhilaration which should result from

THAT BARBARIC IMPULSE :: :: By Michelson



THESE were the days of the cave man—the days when lovers went wooing with a club—how different everything would be! Sounds like a cruel affair to say that the lover of those days smote her a tidy whack over the head, then carted her off. But it was good form in the stone age, and even SHE took it for granted.

Sometimes the modern man hears the barbaric song. Something in his blood that has come down from the stone age makes him wish that the splendid simplicity of the old method were in operation today. When she

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Those Who Are Over-Fat Must Form New Habits

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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CAESAR said that men of the Cassius type who are restless kickers who would untire the gods themselves, and that the round, buxom fellows, sleek-headed men and such as sleep 'o' nights, are safe, sane and satisfied.

Caesar here states a hygienic truth beyond both his rhetoric, his strategy and his philosophy. Those who lose sleep waste and become like the pale, new moon. Those who sleep 'o' nights' wax oily.

Jack Spratt can eat no fat, his wife can eat no lean; thus betwixt the twain they keep their checkbook clean.

This old nursery rhyme brought up to the instant is as false as all true proverbs must be. When a fat person abides in an apartment house, when they inhabit close quarters in an apartment house, the buxom one grows fatter and the lean and usually far from hungry, narrow one approaches the shadow of infinity.

Married couples should not dwell together in this sense. That is to say, even individual beds are but sorry aids to restore the flesh-balance. Separate sleeping rooms, wherever possible, are the sanitarious solutions of excessive fatness and mere skin over bones.

"What makes me so stout?" asks the fair lady, and the answer may be tabulated:

- Suppers after 6 o'clock.
- Midnight luncheons.
- Trolley cars.
- Slow walking.
- Late hours.
- Elevators.
- Automobiles.
- Matinees.
- Theatre.
- Eating to satiation.
- Infectious diseases and an Africa jungle of omissions and analogous commissions.

Habits Must Be Changed.

The remedy rests in a recognition of these facts and then a change of habits upon the part of the glubular owner of a fat and far from forty equatorial line. This fleshy habit can be reduced. It is not strictly a matter of diet, and it is absolutely never a question of dangerous drugs.

If you are oil-bound, let it be said, at the risk of hard feelings, you are physically on the down grade.

No one who waxes spheroidal or ellipsoidal can learn, do, or feel as he or she would once able. Then the fat is in the fire.

The expressions, "fair, fat and forty," "laugh and grow fat," "who is your fat friend," "nobody loves a fat man," each contain a sly dig, and but a declamated part of the truth. For to be inflated with this useless avoirdupois is a vain boast of health and happiness. Shakespeare, Caesar and Faust are to the contrary notwithstanding.

Twixt fat and isthmus there's this difference known, the thin seek other's good, the stout their own. Don't blame me for these words. A clown said them. Of course, they are in line with aristocratic views, hence far from the whole truth.

If the obese would be as thin as the millenium trillionth of a gossamer thread they must change their habits. If you are sawing your equator; if there is much drooping over your bow, and you would be an isthmus with your spindle-shanks, ninety and nine per cent. of your habits must be changed.

A "Bad Habit."

Briefly, fat means age more than "hardened arteries" do. A woman is as old as she is fat, and a man is a decade older. To lose this is to be rejuvenated, to be made sound in soul and body, to become a vigorous, thoughtful, bright, creative individual once again.

To be fat, it must be plain, is a bad habit. Diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt until they are too strong to be broken. Small habits well pursued betimes thus reach the dignity of crimes.

Adipose tissue waxes rapidly when the power of burning up the food is less than the quantity of victuals. Indeed, many



DR. HIRSHBERG

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.

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Kitchen Experiments

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WHY don't you make some chicken soup, Mary?" I suggested one night at dinner. "I'm mighty fond of it."

"I don't know how," I confessed.

"What about a cook book?" I suggested mildly.

"I'm scared to death of cook books ever since I thought it said a half a peck of gelatine to thicken the cream instead of half a package. And Peter, aren't groceries stupid? Yesterday I ordered a pound of bay leaves and the grocer brought me a great big flour bag jammed full. How was I to know they weigh so little? And why didn't he tell me and just bring a few?"

"Probably," I suggested, "like the man who went on leaving milk while we were away, he had a sense of humor."

"Do you suppose they buy them by the dozen forever?" ventured Mary.

"I did not smile."

"Probably by the ounce," I suggested.

"Why don't you call mother up and ask her how to make the soup?"

"I-I don't want to," admitted Mary.

"It looks so stupid, and I know your mother thinks I ought to know all those things like old-fashioned women. I'll try it tomorrow night, Peter. I'll give you a cook book to look over, and if there's anything very wrong with the recipe, according to what you remember it, you can tell me and we'll let it go at that."

Willie Rites on Ekonomee

EKONOMEE is the road to wealth. But it ain't no asphalt street—new cent ride along it in automobiles on a paw see tuk care of the pennies an yewer ails will tak care of the dollar.

could even. I red in a paper how to make iskream in a pale without a freezer wich we'll dew an hav the ha ha on the leaman. I will fest tak this grant dishpan an fill it with watur an set it out in the yard an after awile we'll have a 25 cent peace of ice an proceed to mak the iskream without a freezer. I sent 4 it. Yew bett that iskreames with 4 it. Bes long we had a fine robust cake of ice awrite but in takin it out of the pan the bottom of the pan kalm with it, thareby bustin maw: 2 dollar grant pan.

But we had a 25 cent peace of ice awrite an paw started to mak the iskream without no freezer by takin a common tub an fillin that with crushed ice and salt an then tuk the pale by the handul an kep turnin it roum an roum in the salt an ice until his arm got tired an purty soon the creams commenced to stiff hard an paw turned it an made an awful fase and supplied his mouth purty quick becaws thay was a like lobster salad. Paw sez Willie yew run down quick to the iskream storj an buy 3 quartz wich I did an maw sez paw this is purty gud iskream its as good as thay mak in the iskream storj. But paw an me got an ekonomise secret. Willie Jones.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Tango is only a romp, but girls like "Distressed," whose "Life is spoiled without it," should obey their mothers.

In effect that no girl could possibly waltz—and be decent.

A lot of people agreed with him, too, though they didn't write poetry about it.

And, whisper, he was a good deal more right than the Tangophobes.

A waltz is just twice as sensuous as any tango ever dared to be.

The tango isn't a dance at all—it's a romp—and it takes a romping hoiden to dance it, and it isn't the romping hoiden who elopes with the chauffeur. It's the modest little girl who can't speak above a whisper—to any one but the chauffeur.

You might as well call a blowy game of tennis a lure of Satan, as to inveigh against the immorality of the tango.

All this I believe firmly and truly, but I don't see any reason why you should commit suicide because your mother doesn't think as I do.

Your whole life won't be spoiled by the fact that you either tango or do not tango.

Don't be such a crank about it. Stop talking about it and thinking about it for a while, and the first thing you know your mother will forget all about her prejudice.

It worries her to see you so perfectly carried away with the idea. Drop it, and she'll drop her opposition.

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.

Daddy's Good Night Story

JACK RABBIT was peeking out of the window one Saturday morning, over the snow.

"Bang! Bang!" they knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said Mrs. Rabbit, and in walked the children.

"We have come to hear Billy Bunny's story," said Sammy Squirrel.

"Go right upstairs to the children's room," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"They scampered upstairs as fast as they could and into the boys' room.

"We have come to hear your story," said Sammy Squirrel to Billy Bunny.

"My, but I am famous!" exclaimed Billy.

"We are all writing stories ourselves," said Billy Possum. "We want to know how you do it!"

"That is a secret," said Billy Bunny. "Great writers do not tell how they write stories. I will read you what I have written if you promise not to tell any one."

"We promise!" they all shouted at once.

"Yes," said Billy Bunny, "but you must all cross your hearts."

Billy Possum, Sammie and Sallie Squirrel stood up and solemnly crossed their hearts.

"You mustn't read your story before you send it to the Editor," said Jack Rabbit to Billy Bunny.

"I am sorry, but I guess Jack is right. Come on down stairs and we will make fudge instead and you can read my story in The Woodland News," said Billy Bunny.

"We had rather do that than hear your story anyway," said Billy Possum.

They all scampered down stairs and into the kitchen where Mrs. Rabbit let them make candy.

"I'll bet those children just came over to make candy," said Mrs. Rabbit to Brer Rabbit.

"They are a bright crowd," said Brer Rabbit, as he peeped in the kitchen

To Avoid Contagion: He-That girl with the peaches and cream complexion can't tolerate smoking. She-No. She uses smokeless powder.

Titles and Titles: "Has he a title?" "I suppose so, or she would not grant it to him."

Regulation: "What is a limited partnership?" "Oh, it must be some regulation adopted by the Mormons."