

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion
Cords and Tassels Lend Modish Touch to Bags

By MADGE MARVEL

THESE seem to have no end to the variety or limit to the beauty of the shopping bags and bags for afternoon and evening use that are displayed by the best shops which pay great attention to the accessories of dress. Of course, the wonderful beaded bags are the most alluring for they give us the knowledge that infinite patience and hand work have been responsible for their exquisite colorings and intricate designs. But there are bags of silk and satin, plain and brocaded and embroidered, bags of velvet and chiffon, bags of fur and of lace, which are equally new and desirable. For example, I noticed a bag at the play the other night carried a lovely girl wearing a gown of chagant taffeta in which old and blue shades shimmered. It was of white satin brocade with a medallion top showing the head of some Empire beauty, and it was set in a rim of Mechlin lace framed in gold bead work. It was in the long shape with a gold tassel at the lower end, and gold cords drew it up at the top. Pale blue satin brocaded in gold roses formed an oblong bag with a ruching of plain blue satin to give room at the lower edge. Rose pink moire was combined with gold-shot chiffon brocaded in pink in another model. Some of these bags are drawn up by ribbons or cords, but many are mounted in frames of gold or silver. They are not difficult to make, and the mountings are easily obtainable. As spring approaches I am told there will be a revival of the Irish crochet

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" differs from the story series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

A Fifty-Fifty Man

"PETER," said Paul Brooks, one night as we were all walking home, "just how do you figure out this marriage game, fifty-fifty?" "Fifty-fifty," broke in Ned Cary, before I could proceed. "It's the only way."

"You're wrong," said Paul with decision. "It's got to be fifty-one-forty-nine or there'll be the very devil to pay." "Fifty-fifty gives the man a better fighting chance," insisted Ned Cary, with smiling good humor. "You'll find that most often when there's a fifty-one-forty-nine arrangement, the woman's the winner. And when there are the fifty-fifty, eleven odd, or eleven even, with the man a mere pin-point in the game." "Well," said Paul gloomily, "it's been my experience that if you don't begin with a high hand and keep it heavy you're in bad as the start. I mean my own breakfast if I win, for I get my own, though I'm not advertising the fact. And I do a lot of fool things that I ought not to do and wouldn't have had to do if I'd just put my foot down after the honeymoon. I mean, I'll do this and so and not another thing."

Long Hair on the Job

By Tom Jackson

PIANOS give a living to some people with long hair. Few persons know just what they play—the others do not care. Folks pay three dollars for a seat, and whisper, "Ain't it grand?" while all the time they'd much prefer a little German band. They talk of "motif" and "technique," of "symphony," and of such, and all admit the long-haired one has got a perfect touch, and of the latter there is not the slightest doubt. Oh, no—just ask the man who sits in the box-office of the show. The long-haired one sits on a stool with melancholy face, then he assaults all of the keys



from treble up to bass. He thumps the white ones on the face, the black ones on the back, then he grows mad, and with both hands gives all the bunch a whack. All sorts of dms come rushing from the pop piano's works. Some sound like the Bulgarians when they butt into Turks, some sound like tons of anthracite, a sliding down a hole—the racket, though, is "atmosphere," and "art," and likewise "soul." "Bravo!" the people loudly shout, which is the proper thing. Long Hair once more gets on the job, with BIR! and Bang! and Bing! The people are enraptured—or at least they say they are. But realize, it is safe to bet, they'd rather hear or far, or listen to the same hitting-cock this way. One cannot blame the foreign get for getting all his—but really on the level—it's the label brings the biz.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME :: By Michelson



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NOTHING could possibly be more commonplace than a clock—on its face. Always saying the same thing, until the Frenchmen invented the idea of having them count up 24 hours and asked you to say: "It's half-past twenty-two." But that's another story altogether. The real point is, the way the HANDS have of racing when you want every hour to be only a minute. All very well for the clock to pretend to put its hands over its face, but when these indexes get to be a BLURR and call it, say, eleven P. M. (or twenty-three o'clock) when it shouldn't be but a tick or two past nine, you can't expect any one to feel any respect for it.

The Little Feminist

By WINIFRED BLACK

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SHE'S just come home for the holidays—the Little Feminist. I met her at a studio tea yesterday, and she was quite the sensation of the affair. She wore the very latest and the very smartest kind of clothes—feminine to a degree—so feminine that they said in every line of them to every casual passerby, "I am a woman; look at me."

But somehow the Little Feminist wore her clothes with a sort of swagger that made them, somehow, in some vague way, absurdly masculine. Her neat little boots were low-heeled and sensible enough to evoke the wild admiration of the most sensible faddist on earth, and she carried in a perfectly good little pocket a perfectly good little cigarette case neatly monogrammed, and she hadn't been at the tea five minutes before she had half the other women smoking and the other half looking as if they wished they dared to smoke, too.

We heard all about the new ideal for woman from the Little Feminist. She told us while she smoked. She looked a bit taken aback when the tea was handed around. I don't know whether she really expected a highball or whether she just wanted to make us think that's what she expected. But anyhow she told us things.

Such interesting things—all about what women are doing and what they intend most emphatically never to do again. I gathered a sort of bewildered impression that the principal thing they were not under any circumstances going to think of doing ever, ever again as long as the world goes round—is to behave themselves.

"Why should we go on being so good and so patient and so forgiving?" said the Little Feminist, striking a match with the greatest neatness and decision. "The men don't do that sort of thing. Down with the double standard. When a man takes a sweetheart let his wife take one, too, and make no bones about it."

"Why should she—men don't?" "Why, nearly every woman I know has some sort of an affair, and not half of them ever intend to marry the man at all. The old-fashioned idea that you've got to marry every man you fall in love with is gone out—absolutely gone out. It's quite impossible, of course—now that you fall in love with so many men at so many different times."

SAID BY WISE MEN

Prodigality is the vice of a weak man, as avarice is of a strong one.—H. Taylor. Blessed is the man that has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Carlyle. When men first take up an opinion, and then seek for reasons for it, they must be contented with such as the absurdity of it will afford.—South. Some men make gain a fortune whence proceeds a stream of liberal and heroic deeds; the swell of pity not to be confined within the scanty limits of the mind, diddles the bank that throws the golden sands, a rich deposit on the bordering lands.—Cowper. The Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."—Anon. The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and the beginning of his life.—Goethe. Faith is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity.—T. T. Munster. The blossom cannot tell what becomes of the odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his example, that rolls away from him, and so beyond his ken on their perilous mission.—H. W. Beecher. I knew a wise man who had for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, "Stay a little, that we may come to the end sooner."—Bacon. Nature is beautiful, always beautiful. Every little flake of snow is a perfect crystal, and they fall together as gracefully as if fairies of the air caught water drops and made them into artificial flowers to garland the wings of the wind.—Lydia M. Child. This portable quality of good humor seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with in such a manner that there are no moments lost, but they all pass with so much satisfaction that the heaviest of loads, when it is a load, that off time, is never felt by us.—Steele.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Shock Made Harmless by "Turning off" Brain

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

YOU are worried. A messenger boy rings the door bell. He hands you a telegram and over you fall as if shot. This is called a shock. A man is on a telegraph pole. He touches a live wire and almost falls to the ground. This is a shock. Word of the serious illness of her only son is brought to an old mother. She almost succumbs to the news. This, too, is known as a shock.

A man is eating olives or oysters for the first time. They are both pure and fresh. There is nothing odd about them except this, the food has never been tasted before. His eyes begin to roll, he seems to be suffocating; he keels completely over. Pundits call this type of shock the "strange protein shock." Food poisoning is a misnomer given to it. Then there is the shock after an operation or an accident, the shock from drugs, and, finally, chronic and constant shocks known as nerve diseases of a certain sort.

Thus there are these varieties of shock: 1—Emotional shocks. 2—Electric shocks. 3—Injury and accident shocks. 4—Surgical shocks. 5—Food shocks. 6—Drug shocks. 7—Maladies of shocks and others. The tissues which are concerned in shocks are like a wound-up watch spring, ready to go off as quickly as a hair-trigger. The brain, the muscles, the nerves, the explosive thyroid and other internal organs, are among them. Gas or vapors, such as ether, chloroform, or laughing gas are no protection against shock. The fact that a man is comatose, unconscious, or under an anesthetic does not save his life from shock. The brain that a powder train touched off as easily under anaesthesia as without it.

Experiments on Animals. Dr. G. W. Crile was the first one to emphasize this fact with experiments upon dogs, cats, rabbits and similar brutes. Strong fear, worry and teasing permanently injured the brain of these creatures. Proteins—foreign or new foods—poisons from germs; drugs such as narcotics; injuries and the other kinds of shock cause serious damage to, and may even destroy, the life of those subjected to it.

Therefore, a new procedure and practice has come about in the art of medicine and surgery. Hereafter, whenever bad news must be broken to persons likely to be severely shocked, physicians must be summoned to give medicine that will cut off or switch off the tissues such as the brain, so that when the news is broken the tissues which spring the shock are uncoupled from the rest of the body and can do no harm.

Thus when certain new and bizarre or rare foods—proteins—are to be eaten for the first or second time, the doctor must first inject the correct drug to sever the connecting links. When a ball is to be opened, a tooth to be drawn, a gum to be lanced, or even the most trivial sort of pain is to be inflicted, the young up-to-date practitioner hastens first to separate the scene of his activities from the rest of the body.

None Need Suffer Now. Cocaine and morphine will not do this separating, and although many different kinds of dangerous shock really come from pain, morphine, the great pain-

killers, does not prevent shock. Hyoscinine, scopolamine, curare and a host of new drugs wholly unfamiliar to those not accustomed to administer them, are available for use before the brain can be blocked off from the rest of the body or particularly from the most sensitive parts.

So, then, hereafter the most feeble and timid person need not suffer from either the longest and most severe operations which require hours and hours, or even so trivial a one as jerking forth a petiferous tooth.

Dr. Hirschberg 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. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

WHERE are you going?" asked Mrs. Rabbit of Brer Rabbit one evening. "I think I'll go skating," replied her husband. "Be careful and do not drown yourself," said Mrs. Rabbit, as he disappeared out the door.

Brer Rabbit was soon down by the lake, where Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were already skating up and down the ice, while their children sat on the bank and laughed. "Hello, Brer Rabbit!" shouted Mr. Squirrel. "Be careful not to fall in those holes over there."

"Don't worry about me," said Brer Rabbit as he started on the ice. He almost fell as he left the shore, and Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel laughed at him, he looked so comical in the moonlight. Up and down, up and down the lake went Brer Rabbit as fast as the wind could carry him.

Coming down the side away from where Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were, he headed straight for the hole in the ice. Try as he could, he was unable to stop himself. "Cher-plunk!"

Down went Brer Rabbit with a shout, which attracted Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel, who rushed over to where he had disappeared. Now, Brer Rabbit was going so fast he fell in one hole in the ice and his head bobbed out another hole and he managed to pull himself out with his front paws.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were yelling "Help! Help!" while Jimmy Raccoon went for a stick to poke around in the icy cold water for Brer Rabbit. Soon Brer Rabbit was scampering up the bank and knocking at Mr. Raccoon's door. "Come in!" said Mr. Raccoon. Brer Rabbit entered and sat down by the fire.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Raccoon. "I'm drowned!" exclaimed Brer Rabbit, as he tumbled off the chair.

Test Too Severe. "Do you believe in Platonic love? Do you think it is lasting?" "Not with me. I always married the woman."

How He Avoided It. "Does he look upon the wine when he is red?" "No. He always closes his eyes when he opens his mouth."

One Instance Cited. "Circumstances alter cases," said the solemn hearer. "That's right," asserted the young lawyer. "Much less evidence is required for a confession than for an alibi."

"One touch of mine who world kin". On PILLS made a royal fr of a lady living in the She suffered with Kidn Troubles for years. Fou to get relief from any could buy at her hom heard of GIN PILLS a way to Toronto for them her last letter. It certain evidence of the powers to help the Kidneys and from Kidney and Bladder.

Sir George Doctor's Bulletin To-day Respects His Condition

[By Special Wire to THE TORONTO, Feb. 11.—The statement issued by Sir George Ross today on the condition of his health, and the probability of a further recovery, is a most interesting one. Sir George's condition is such that further reports will be necessary. The acute condition, which has been subsided into a chronic state, in which there are waves of improvement. While his condition is on the whole favorable, it is not yet such as to be regarded as permanent. Sir James Whitney's night and got up before him and taking his and smoke about the arrangement for his removal has been made.

SENTENCED TO NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—The former priest, 20-day in the cell during the week beginning 23 for the murder of Ar Schmidt, was found guilty first degree, at his second trial, which first failed to agree. Schmidt pleaded insanity for the prisoner would not be said repeatedly he wanted

A Kick About Coal

is by no means a rare these times. But it is with us, because we to buy only the best of coal, as we know toms would not be us any inferior quality not twice anyway. A policy to keep our we could not afford them any but the full weight, without rubbish and at a re-

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