

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Fancies of Fashion

THE NEW STEP

By MICHELSON

Health and Happiness

Grey Tones Distinguish New Gowns

By MADGE MARVEL

I WISH all grey-haired women could realize the charm of grey for costumes. I met a woman in the Ritz the other day at the tea hour. She was the typical dowager, tall and portly, with an air of authority which you felt instinctively was hers by right and with no smack of arrogance. Her hair was soft grey. Her eyes were dark and sparkling. Her cheeks were as pink as a girl's.

She wore a three-piece suit of chiffon velvet in dove grey. The coat was long and cut away over the shoulders and bordered on the centre back and front with bold arabesques in silver. The skirt was long without suggesting a train and was draped to one side, showing a grey chiffon pleating in front when the wearer walked.

There was a gleam of rhinestones in her hair ornaments and her hat was a smart high model of grey velvet with tulle drapings and shaded grey ostrich tips at the side. With this costume, when she entered her waiting limousine, she wore splendid chinchilla furs.

Costs to Be Full

There is a gain of softness and smartness in the adoption of grey for dress wear by the grey-haired woman. It adds a certain distinction she might never otherwise possess. All too often grey-haired women think black is for them. It is the most fatal error in judgment. It hardens their features, deadens their complexions and brings to view all wrinkles.

The makers of styles tell us that we are to see a change in our new coats. They are to have added basques suggesting the former model. I have seen several of the newest models that have almost three-quarter coats. In the same breath that the designer extols these he speaks of the shortness of the spring coats and the return of the Eton.

Have you noticed the hold that cuffs are gaining in our fancy? I have seen many crepe and chiffon skirts that were composed of rows of puffing and fluffing, little draped finish at the feet. In the taffeta frocks deep flounces, one above the other with only a little space between, rise from the knee to the waist, higher in front and tipping down in the back. One of these in pale yellow taffeta from a Cherid model was charming.

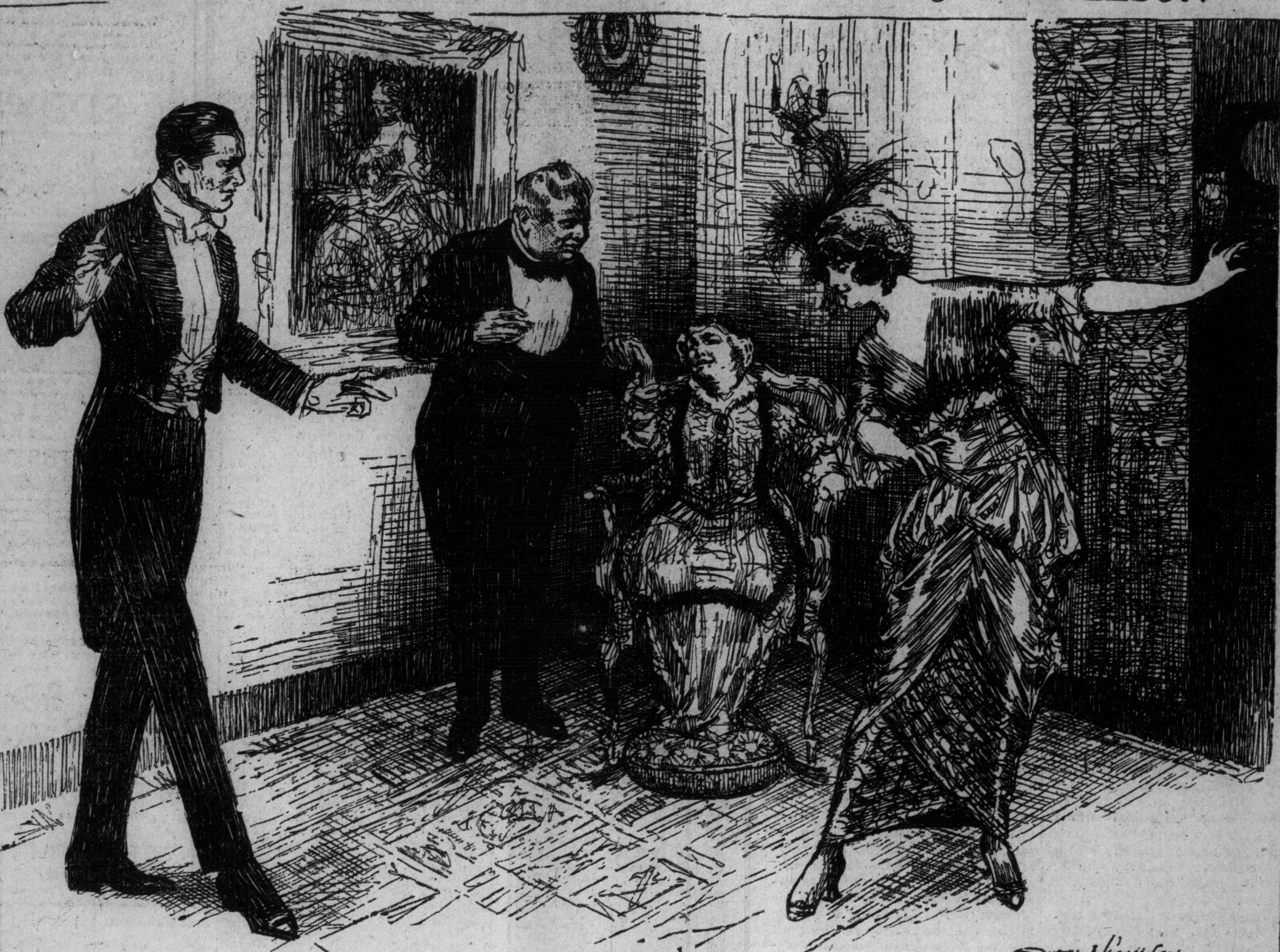
The fur trimmed, full double and triple tunics give some of the new velvet frocks a quaint air. The tunics are of chiffon in the same shade as the velvet and the fur gives them the bouffant effect that the wearing of any glove when they were introduced. There is every evidence that the tunic will remain during the spring and will be replaced by ruffles in the thinner fabrics, which will lead to the same result—the keeping the skirts well trimmed and fluffy between waist and knees and narrow at the bottom.

It Is 38 Now

We no longer try to have our clothes snugly. It is not the mark of correctness. We look upon a 30 or 32-inch waist with equanimity and get all our clothes in the loose, baggy style. We even carry it to our gloves and you often see women refusing any glove that they "can't put right on, so, and twiddle all my fingers in and what my hands! Fancy dear grandmamma testing the size of a glove by its opportunity to make fists!

Not is it correct to know the size of one's clothes. You must never remember what size cost, or correct, or remember shoe you take. You are supposed to ask for something "fitting enough for comfort" and maintain an attitude of indifference when the size is given by the saleswoman.

Moreover, if you watch the advertisements for "models wanted," you will find that 38 is more often specified than the famous 36 we once regarded as the perfect type.



NEW! Why, they bubble from the fertile fancy of this ingenious era with a rapidity that bewilders. They go out of date while you meditate the possibility of mastering them. And then there are others—torrents of others.

SHE knows them all. She has them at her toe tips. There is one called "Hesitation." She knows that to perfection. He hesitated, and was lost. He is still lost. Poor chap!—he MUST get that step! She doesn't ask him to ride in a joust or win at broadsword. Now-a-days he must dance or be left behind in the race. His FEET must traverse the road to her heart.

Also, kindly observe Father. It is contagious. Everybody is dancing now-a-days. "Come, Mother! Let us try it!" Maybe it's the music. That tantalizing rhythm has stirred the blood of the nations with its irresistible STEP LIVELY.

Points on Palmistry

Fingers usually have pointed fingers. Planists usually have fingers spatulated at the ends.

It was Sir Isaac Newton who said: "I want of other proofs, the thumb would convince me of the existence of a God."

Many born idiots have no thumbs. People with soft hands are more capable of tenderness than love.

People with large thumbs are governed by the head and see better with the eye of reflection than of the moment.

A great palmist declares that Homer and Shakespeare had small thumbs and Voltaire large ones.

Early risers have hard hands. Hands firm, but not hard; elastic, but not soft, show extensive and active intelligence.

Plato, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Tibertus and many other ancient philosophers wrote works on palmistry.

The persons whose fingers are inclined to bend backward through suppleness and elasticity are endowed with sagacity, curiosity and address.

If a hand raised before a light shows neither light nor transparency, and the fingers keep in their exact parallelism, it means avarice.

Short, thick fingers indicate cruelty. Long, straggling fingers are those of impostors, cheats and sharp.

An inclination to steal is shown by the cuter bulges of the fingers being blunt and flat.

A hollow, deep palm denotes loss of money, misery and failure in business enterprises.

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.

(Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

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.

Early Breakfast

XIV.

THE alarm clock changed tortuously through the early dawn. I stirred and sat up. My wife had already gone downstairs.

What different atmospheres one finds in houses in the early morning. Early morning in my mother's home was always cheerful. A smell of wood through the house as the old fashioned wood fire was kindled and bustling noises in the kitchen and the sound of a woman humming. Here, in my little cottage, it was—well—different.

There was no smell of kindling wood of course—for Mary prepared the breakfast by means of a gas stove and there are no bustling noises, for Mary isn't accustomed yet to the tasks of the housewife, and besides she is not the bustling type. Nor can I imagine Mary humming before breakfast, for she hates to get up.

I hurriedly dressed and went downstairs. Mary was in the kitchen boiling eggs, our invariable breakfast since our marriage. I'm a little tired of them, but morning, I fully realize, is a difficult time for the housekeeper, and besides Mary doesn't yet know how to prepare such else.

She smiled as I entered and yawned. I'm happy to say Mary can yawn prettily. Most women can't.

"Isn't that dreadful, Peter," she said, "to have to get up so early. At home I always had my breakfast in bed."

Already I am in the hackneyed position of the man who must listen patiently to those more prosperous days of his wife before she sacrificed herself in marriage.

I glanced at my watch and looked away. Morning by morning, I regret to say, Mary was growing a little more careless about her attire. In her trousses she had had a profusion of gaudy, fluffy pink things covered with lace and ribbon and about as sensible for a professional housekeeper as white gloves would be for me for street wear. Women, I think, delight in owning wholly beautiful and, incidentally, wholly useless things.

I remember our first morning in our little home. Mary had come daintily downstairs in silky things of ravishing beauty and, for all I admired it, I regretted, I felt wonder how in the world she expected to trail about in a kitchen floor in it. She did and now the result is woefully apparent. Mary's fingers are all bedraggled and dirty, but she wears it still.

This morning she was wearing down-at-heel slippers that clattered noisily up and down as she walked and she had not combed her hair. Now, it is hard to arise at seven when you have been accustomed to wake at nine and breakfast luxuriously in bed—but surely Mary can discipline herself, for the sake of our love, to this rugged form of life.

I thought of mother's trim, brown dresses set off with white collar and cuffs. I do not think that I have ever in my life seen mother slovenly, but then mother was not a thorough housewife, nor was she spoiled, as I fear Mary was, by a doting mother.

"Mary," I ventured gently, "why wear those fuzzy things in the early morning? Wouldn't you like a brown linen gown with some white cuffs and a collar—like—like mother's?"

"Peter," exclaimed Mary petulantly, "how horrid of you! When I don't have a minute to dress in the morning, I just slip into this and hurry downstairs and—and it's so bleak and gray and I hate the kitchen with all the dishes lying around from the night before."

I did not suggest that the aftermath of dishes in the morning was easily obviated the night before. I merely kissed Mary and helped her to get breakfast. "Suppose," I said at breakfast, "suppose I set the clock for a little earlier, dear. Then you'll have loads of time."

Mary bit her lip and looked hurt, and I sighed.

Is a woman born with the same sense of personal neatness as a man? A cynic tells me that the kimona has wrecked many a home.

Said by Wise Men

He deserves small trust who is not privy counselor to himself.—Ford.

If hours did not hang heavy what would become of scandal?—Bancroft.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin, but greater sin to keep a sinful oath.—Shakespeare.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Koran than that this universal frame is without a mind.—Bacon.

Some men do as much begrudge others a good name as they want one themselves; and perhaps that is the reason of it.—Perrin.

He who has no taste for order will be often wrong in his judgment, and seldom considerate or conscientious in his actions.—Lavater.

Whenever nature leaves a hole in a person's mind, she generally plasters it over with a thick coat of self-conceit.—Lovel.

Midus longed for gold. He got it, so that whatever he touched became gold, and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it.—Carlyle.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note or great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows.—Charles Reade.

There is no right without a parallel duty, no liberty without the supremacy of the law, no high destiny without earnest perseverance, no greatness without self-denial.—Lieber.

Acid in the Core

Usually a caddy or some child crossing the links finds an old golf ball. He either wears its covers off, bouncing it, or, boy-like, digs into the core to "see what it's made of."

The result is a sudden release and discharge of the caustic poison contained in the golf ball core. A burned eye and a poisoned face is not the least of the damage to the child which follows. Analyses of the poison in the five different makes of golf balls shows each to contain, under pressure, differently destructive mixtures.

Although the general public seems not yet to know the hazards run in playing with the fire concealed in golf balls, there are a great many of these dangerous accidents now known to medical observers. Philadelphia, Boston, Toronto, London, Baltimore and all popular golfing centres have already contributed scores of recorded victims.

Answers to Health Questions

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 perfunctorily, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed with all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Willie Rites on Fizziology

FIZZIOLOGY is the science which tells us about the human frame and shows how many bones there are in the human frame. The doctor cums an luke yew over when



out to be a recount. The doctor cums and sez stik out yewr tongue wick yew dew but the doc sez yew dont cawl stick out yewr tongue like yew wud to Spike Hamner if he ast yew for a peace of kandy and then he sez itts the measur kep him out of skule wick makes yew almost well rite away.

Percy Smith is a lucky guy he had the measles, the mumps an the jawndice an the chicken pox awl las yere an wuz out a skule for 6 months wen I didnt git nuttin awl the term an yew I head the measuls my littel brother wuz out a skule for 2 weeks mear. The fuzziology sez yew have 9 miles of sewer pipe inside of yew and I day last fawd I ate sum green apples an there was sumthin doper for the hole nine miles back an it just felt as if a sewer inspektor wud knock off work at 1 o'clock but he kep rite till six o'clock and spoiled my hull afternoon an over play quarter back.

I wuz in the game last weak an we en got out of the centen path and wuz righed. Fishes has a lot more bones than humans an thars why sum fellers are late to skule so often they have fish for breakins. WILLIE JONES.

"Play More and Work Less"

By LEO SLEZAK

Donor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, runs an adage older than our great-grandfather's. It is good advice that most people should profit by, but which is generally unheeded. In America, especially, where the struggle of life is keener than anywhere else vacations should come twice a year. It is well enough for employers to say they cannot afford to allow their employees more than a few days each 12 months, but I fear it is bad business policy.

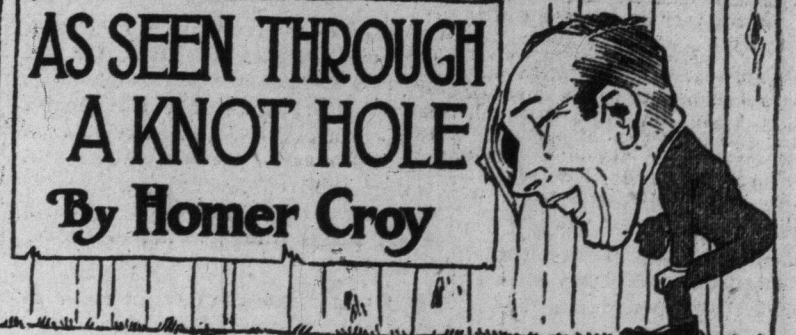
It is also shortsightedness that prevents these men of business, both large and small, from setting away from their cares, often enough and long enough to build up their tired bodies and minds. Rest the mind and muscles and give them a chance and note the great benefit.

Getting down to the office at eight in the morning and working until six at night gets into the marrow of one's vitality. Kept up for 50 weeks in every calendar year it makes intruders upon the health and shortens life. Some thinking men and women know this; still they persist in working and working until the doctor's duties are followed by the undertaker's services.

In Europe, where we take our work less seriously, the average man and woman live longer and get more out of life. Americans rush through the morning meal, eat lunch at their desks, or on a lunch room stool, where they be first at the cashier's desk, and go home at night dragging one foot after the other. Life is too short and sweet to be so badly abused. More work and better work would be done in shorter hours, if employers and employees would co-operate to benefit one another in a

readjustment of long established customs. I presume, some manufacturers, merchants, and others fear to give their employees too much liberty, taking the ground that there would be no appreciation of the consideration shown. On the other hand, I suppose the workers imagine they have fought the fight for all they get.

Co-operation, consideration and justice on the two sides would bring wonders to the workers. Those who draw salaries and earn them would give increased service if their bodies and brains were refreshed by brief periods of labor and two vacations a year. Such a method would put a premium on loyalty. The men and women who furnish the money for the pay envelope would quickly determine those entitled to consideration. Those failing to gain it would soon disappear and their places be taken by competent deserving workers glad to have the waiting job.



Chicken Fanciers

THE other night a gentleman living in Des Moines, Iowa, hearing a strange noise, arose and went out to his chickenhouse. There he found on his hens. The thief pleaded that he was getting broth for a sick friend.

We have been the owner of chickens in our time and nothing makes us madder than to have a total stranger come around to our home after the shades of night have been drawn and take away a chicken for a sick friend. Our town was full of sick people. Never a week passed that somebody didn't come around to get some broth without leaving the address with us.

We thoroughly disliked being called on for broth every time anybody was under the weather—it was too hard on

the hens. Soon the gripe was carrying off a couple of hens a week, so we had to purchase a building enjoying the best of health and make his bed in front of the chickenhouse door. From that day on there was hardly a case of sickness in the whole town.

When we hear the chickens complaining, along in the quiet hours of the night, we are like everything to slip out to their home with a lantern and a chair to see who has a sick friend. We hate to go to the chickenhouse when there is a person inside for fear the chickens will have to be witnesses to violence and possibly bloodshed. We hate to go, especially when the caller is carrying a chair.

The man in Des Moines was given three months. We think that all individuals who come to a chickenhouse after the hens have retired for the night should get more than broth—they should get at least a year.