

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Care at Twenty-Five Keeps Age-Lines from Neck at Forty

By LUCREZIA BORI, Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

MANY women think that gray hair is the first sign of old age, and try in every way to keep time from touching their crowning glory with white. This is a common mistake, for age first makes its appearance in the neck and hands. One of my readers writes: "My neck is beginning to show signs of age. It is very thin and wrinkled, and few wrinkles have appeared in the skin. Can I do anything to make my neck plump and firm?"

I wish she had written me when the tissues of the neck first started to lose their firmness. Massage and a nourishing cream would have soon built them up, but now the process will be long and tiresome.

Every woman who has reached the age of 25 years should devote a few minutes each day to massaging her throat and chin. She may see no reason at that time for doing it, but if she neglects to follow these instructions, by the time she is 40 she will have a scrawny neck and the hated "double chin" that will loudly proclaim she is no longer young.

Excellent Neck Cream.

When treating the neck it must first be thoroughly cleansed so that no dust remains in the pores.

Fill a basin with very hot water and wash the skin with a good soap. Now wrap the throat with cloths wrung from hot water, for three or four minutes. Gently dry the skin and coat it with a skin food.

The following formula makes an excellent cream for this purpose:

Lanolin..... 2 1/2 ounces
Spermaceti..... 6 drams
White vaseline..... 2 1/2 ounces

Cocunut oil..... 2 ounces
Sweet almond oil..... 2 ounces
Tincture of benzoin..... 1/4 dram

Melt the first five ingredients by placing them in a porcelain bowl immersed in boiling water. When the mass congeals, add the benzoin drop by drop, beating the liquid until it is white and creamy. Scent with your favorite perfume.

Now massage the neck, using both hands. The motion must be a rotary one with the tips of the fingers. The upward stroke should be much stronger than the downward one. Bring the stroke up toward the ears at the finish.

The Massage Treatment.

Continue to apply the cream as it is absorbed by the pores. Do not neglect the base of the throat, for it is a network of cords which stretch from the collar bone to the chin, and when exposed, are anything but attractive. You want to keep them well covered with a layer of flesh.

Give special attention to the centre of the throat, using vigorous strokes to stimulate the muscles and tissues.

The nape of the neck should also be massaged well, for with age a cushion of flesh forms there which robs the throat of its graceful contour.

End the massage treatment with a stretching stroke which will smooth the wrinkles from the skin. Begin this by placing the finger tips together directly under the chin, and bring them up toward the ears in a hard, firm stroke.

Remove the superfluous grease with a soft towel and gently bathe the neck with warm water and a bland soap.

Finally apply cloths dipped in ice-water or a piece of ice to the throat. This will harden the tissues and close the pores.

To whiten the skin of the throat the following lotion will prove effective:

Tincture of benzoin..... 1 dram
Glycerin..... 1 ounce
Violet perfume..... 6 drops

Apply this to the throat with a piece of absorbent cotton and allow it to dry into the skin.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Selecting a Dressy Suit for "State Occasions."

ANOTHER of my good resolutions has gone toward paying the high road to the nether regions. I've been sinfully extravagant today and will have to do penance for weeks. I haven't decided whether I'll deny myself candy, flowers, tickets for the matinee or the new drop-light I promised myself for my room.

At a showing of French gowns I saw the most stunning silk jacket, and just couldn't be happy until I had made up my mind to have one like it.



Very Latest Coat Suit in Blue Faille.

It was fashioned of a wonderful quality of old blue faille, and I knew it would cost a small fortune for the material alone.

I approached the man at the silk counter bravely and asked to see the imported blue faille, and he spread out eight rolls of the loveliest tones of blue shading from a dark midnight to Gobelins.

The Good-Night Story

THE RAGGED MAID :: By Vernon Merry

ONCE there was a great count who lived in a wonderful palace, but he had no family, with the exception of a granddaughter. The young girl was very lovely, but the old man hated her bitterly because at her birth her mother, his daughter, had died.

He refused to talk to the child or provide for her in any manner, and she was forced to eat scraps and wear ragged frocks. For this reason the people in the village called her the "Ragged Maid."

She had, however, one friend—the boy who tended her grandfather's geese—and also used to spend much time with him listening quietly while he played tunes on his pipe.

One day news came to the village that the prince was travelling through the country to choose a wife from the maidens he saw, and that all the marriageable girls were to come the next day to the mayor's palace.

The "Ragged Maid" saw all the others, dressed in satins and laces, depart for the palace, and she wished with all her heart that she had a pretty frock to wear.

Just then the gooseherd came along and tried to cheer her. "Never mind," he said, "we'll go together and stand by the roadside and watch the procession pass."

So they started down the road, and the gooseherd played a merry tune, and the "Ragged Maid" forgot her troubles and began to dance.

Then a handsome young man rode up and asked the way to the mayor's palace. When he looked into the blue eyes of the "Ragged Maid" and heard her voice, which sounded like silver bells, he fell deeply in love with her.

"I am the king's son, and came to choose a wife. You are the only maiden in all the world I love. Will you marry me?"

The "Ragged Maid" smiled happily and then looked at her rags. "You had better choose one of the fine ladies at the palace. I would shame you should I appear in my rags."

Then the gooseherd blew a few notes on his pipe, and immediately her rags changed into a beautiful cloth of silver dress and her golden hair was bound with a fillet of pearls. No queen could have been more beautiful.

She thanked the gooseherd, and they all went to the mayor's palace to celebrate the wedding.

When her grandfather heard that she was the princess he was sorry he had not treated the "Ragged Maid" with greater kindness.

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



ON WITH THE DANCE HE—Who's that woman dancing friskily with the Colonel? SHE—That's my chaperone.

Work Drives "The Blues" Away

By WINIFRED BLACK

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MAN killed himself in San Francisco the other day and he left a note saying that he committed suicide because he was a failure and could never be anything else.

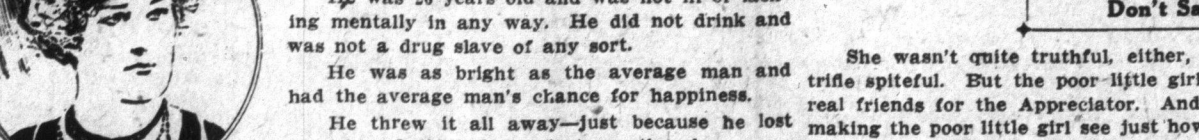
He was 26 years old and was not ill or lacking mentally in any way. He did not drink and was not a drug slave of any sort.

He was as bright as the average man and had the average man's chance for happiness.

He threw it all away—just because he lost his job and didn't know just exactly why.

Poor fellow—a failure at 26!

Why, he didn't even know whether he was a success or a failure! How can any man tell at 26?



Most of the really great work of the world is done by men who are over 40 years old.

What does 26 and under know of happiness—or unhappiness—that will last? Every boy of 19 or so has times when he is sure the world does not appreciate him.

Applying the Magic.

He loses his job or doesn't know what to do to look for the right niche in life for himself, or some little goose of a girl makes fun of him when he tries to be serious, or some cross-grained employer takes out his spite at the world in general on the nearest person handy—and the young man gets the blues.

"I'm not for this world," he thinks. "I'm too high-grained, too sensitive, too proud to endure the coarse contact with common miseries."

"Now if I had lived hundreds of years ago, when Jesus was really here among men, or a hundred years from now, when a man may be able to make himself felt for what he really is, I might have made my mark, but as it is, what's the use?"

Then the young man lights another cigarette and gives it up, for a while. Now, what that chap needs is just some good hard work.

I never saw anyone have the blues when he was working, and working hard, did you?

Girls get the blues, too. They are not "appreciated" at home. Nobody sees the truth about them.

I know a girl who picked up the strangest kind of creature at school and brought her home for a visit, because the creature appreciated her.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: My sister is going to marry before long, and her fiancé's brother will be the best man, and I will be the bridesmaid. I have never met him, but my sister tells me he is a very nice boy, about my own age, only he is very shy, and I am shy myself. Would you inform me what a fellow like him might generally say first when he met me, and how I would answer him? I have never been to a wedding before, nor have I ever gone with a fellow.

A BASHFUL FRIEND.

WELL, V. T., you had better take your mother's word for the best course for you to pursue until you are a little older. If you are fitted for a stage career time will give you the opportunity. A good education is very necessary now for any career. Better get that first and all else will follow. I cannot give you the address you request.

WHEEN you meet a young man like that talk about things that you are thinking about and any interesting things that come into your mind. The man will say something to you, and you will answer him, and before you know it you will be talking right along and forgetting all about being bashful.

ANNIE LAURIE

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Short Work Hours Best Both for You and Business

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

ALL play and no work makes Jack almost as dull a boy as no play and all work. It is truly staggering to an experimental psychologist, as well as to a practical physiologist, to note the descent of man. Go to the Indian schools and colleges. Observe the dapper, effete, well dressed, effeminate looking Mohican or Sioux. There he sits as foppish as Louis XIV. or Charles I.

Conjure up beside him in your mind's eye the vigorous, manly, agile, strong man in war paint, feathers and little else. There he sits astride his bareback mount. They leap across chasms and dash about the plains. You'll never look upon his like again. He was a man.

Civilized man rides in comfort and luxury in elevators, surface cars, automobiles, motor boats, cycles; he sits in upholstered chairs when he eats, shops and works. Even the farmer reads the latest experimental station report while astride of his plough or reaper.

Monotony—Civilization's Crime.

Nay, even hunting, fishing, farming and boating are lackadaisical, indolent pleasures, safeguarded from almost all danger or exertion. Indoor life enervates even the agriculturist and the hunter.

Should you ask me what is the greatest felony to be laid at the door of civilization, I should answer without hesitation, the humdrum monotony of the day's work. Should you ask also what is the greatest weakness in the rational animal man, I should say his tendency to acquiesce in monotony.

That is to say, the ease with which industrial workers, no less than merchant princes succumb to habit, routine and monotony is a poisoned dart in the balance of health—physical and intellectual.

Variety is more than a dash of red pepper to vitality. Efficiency, initiative, earning power, creative intensity, and the capacity to resist accidents and disease depend upon it.

The slow, steady grind should never be maintained for more than a few hours. Physical equilibrium is a greater argument against excessive hours of work than is trades unionism. The tissue waste and muscular debris which collects from many labor hours invites disaster. The malades mimams "neurasthenia," "indigestion," "nervousness" and "liver trouble" are the smallest price, years of invalidism in bed among the greatest prices, to be paid for steady, machine-like routine.

Child Labor Wasteful.

Visit the wards of any hospital and you will almost unconsciously point out those most injured by the illnesses of long hours. The pinched and haggard faces of the seamstresses, the housemaids, the cooks, the jog-trotting piece makers of the factory which does not provide relaxation, novelty and light, will make you, more happily situated, feel the quails of conscience.

Answers to Health Questions.

H. W. Q.—What can I do to prevent blushing? I find it very embarrassing at all times.

A.—Do not think of yourself when among people, but try to be interested in things that are being said and going on. Go more among young people. Join a gymnasium, dance, go to church socials, and take up some interesting study. Forget all about yourself and think more of others.

N. F. E. Q.—Please suggest a diet for constipation?

A.—The diet should be light and consist to a great extent of those articles of food which leave a bulky residue. The following foods are allowed. Clean soups, fish, meat of all kinds except veal or pork, poultry, ham, game, bacon; bread, white, brown or whole meal. In some cases nuts will help, also ginger bread. Oatmeal, cabbage, cauliflower, sprouts, French beans, celery, spinach, salads, figs, prunes, dates, oranges, apples, and drink three quarts of water daily.

J. W. R. C. Q.—Can you suggest a cure for ringing noises in the ears?

A.—Any instrument which will cause sonorous vibrations, such as a graphophone or a siren-like telephone will relieve this. By running up and down the scales with this instrument the sonorous vibrations cure the head noises. The treatment is completed by mechanical massage and vibration behind, around and near the ear. The hearing must be carefully retained after 20 to 30 such treatments. Two days are necessary for obstinate conditions. Six months are allowed to elapse before a second series of 50 such treatments should be tried if the case is obstinate.

C. J. M. Q.—Is there any relief for a Morton toe?

A.—An artificial arch which raises the toe is used for this trouble. The arch somewhat resembles the one used for a fallen arch.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical hygiene and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice in 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 this office.

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.

WELL, if you please, said my wife with a gulp, "leave mother quite out of this quarrel. It isn't nice of you, Peter, simply because you have gotten the worst of this argument—to scratch at her—"

I stared at my wife in utter stupefaction. For one thing, this amazing climax to our ridiculous quarrel about Joan's letter was untrue. I hadn't gotten the worst of it that I could see. To be sure Mary had ferreted forth the lie that had bothered me so and I had confessed and apologized handsomely. To my way of thinking, on the other hand I had caught my wife in one or two prevarications to me—and we were mutually at fault. I said so.

Mary smiled. "Peter," she said, "it seems to me that you should learn to distinguish between an absolute, cold-blooded lie and

—and an innocent fib such as I told you—"

"A fib," I snapped, "is merely a feminine convolution of a lie. It's a lie, my dear."

"Don't call me my dear—like that. Peter. It—it sounds so patently patronizing."

"I merely meant to say that a lie is an untruth told with intent to deceive—and when you told me you were lying down."

"You've said that before, Peter."

"I'm saying over and over a great many things that I've said before, Mary. You've forced me to. We always argue this way in broken circles."

The Circle's Broken.

"The circles aren't my fault," said Mary. "They talk themselves."

"Any fruitless argument is bound to be circular," I said.

"And," said Mary, "there isn't any end to a circle."

"Well," I said, "I profoundly hope there will be an end to this circle. See here, Mary, I'm awfully sorry about everything. I can't say any more than that I'm sorry. Joan wrote to me, I'm sorry I didn't tell you the minute the letter came. I'm sorry I told you the lie—"

"And I," said Mary, in a still, small voice, "am awfully sorry I fibbed to you, Peter. I—I wasn't lying down. I

was in the hallway when mother was phoning, telling her what to say—"

"Of course you were," I agreed, and inwardly I smiled. Mary clung to the smoother word "fib" in her self-arrangement.

The Pleasant Ending.

"Now," I said with a sigh of relief, "suppose we go downstairs and have lunch. As long as I'm home I might as well kill two birds with one stone."

"Mother," called Mary, "will you see if there's some cold ham in the ice box for Peter's lunch—and perhaps—an egg—"

"I'm not in a cold ham mood, Mary," I put in hastily, and heard the ice box door slam.

"Plenty, dear," came Mother Penfield's voice, rife with sex sympathy for her daughter.

"Never mind, mother; Peter doesn't want it. What do you want, then, Peter?"

"What is there in the house?"

"Nothing. I could go and get something. It's too late to phone."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said I, eager to lunch somewhere away from my mother-in-law's gaze; "powder your nose and slip into another gown and we'll lunch down town together."

Mary jumped up with a cry of delight.