

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on Beauty Culture

Overdoing "Make-up" An Unfashionable Offence

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna, Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.

MAKE-UP is going out of fashion, remarked the Beauty-far, as she carefully plined his waves in my hair after a shampoo in which soap jelly and warm water combined with a massage had cleansed my scalp and hair and set my head growing with fresh life.

"It was simply done to death. Really, we have been positively ashamed to look at our patrons after we have followed their advice about the amount of white and mauve and yellow and pink and red to put on their faces. They said they knew how they looked best, and they all wanted to look young. It is the case for youth which has set the women to painting with such extravagance. They have looked like caricatures all winter. And the nicest of women have used the most make-up; it came to me it is all so foolish to try to cheat time with a rouge stick. Nothing makes a young woman look older than too much rouge. As for the older woman, it makes her hideous."

"I don't know what woke them up. Perhaps some big beauty leader has decided to wear her own face for awhile. I believe we are going to have a reaction from too much white and violet and red. None of our exclusive women are wearing liquid whitening on the face. They are using a little white powder for day time wear and have returned to flesh color or white."

The Ideal Face.

Fashions in faces—sounds funny to one with a well defined nose of humor. When you think of it, why should there be any face fashion but cleanliness and wholesomeness and the pleasantness and reflection of an intelligent mind and a cheerful spirit?

"I'm just optimistic enough to believe the day will come when such faces will be generally worn. There is such an engaging wave of mental uplift sweeping over the world it must have visible results, and the faces of persons reflect their characters, no matter how much powder and paint they use."

One who is on the lookout for beauty secrets finds them in the most peculiar places. I was talking with the brave little woman who sells me papers, and she has just sent her second son in the high school.

"You look like a young girl," I said to her. "You have kept your figure so well."

"Yes," she laughed, "it is standing does it. American women ought to stand more. You won't grow fat if you are standing up a great deal."

I called on a dear woman who has a family of growing children. She makes a small income as a long way and does a lot of good. She does the housework for a suburban house, takes care of four children, makes most of their clothes, and has only the aid of one maid-of-all-work, which means she is relieved only of the heaviest work.

Her Simple Rules.

This woman has a supple and well rounded figure, as young as her daughter's.

"I have never been careless about myself," she said. "I knew I should never want my children to be ashamed of me. So I have always had my housework stays well fitted and my housework gown becoming, even if I made them of 10-cent gingham. And I have made it a habit to make my daily tasks do the work of a gymnasium. I have never bent the knee to pick up anything. That has kept my waist supple. And when I have climbed the stairs I have kept the poise of my body and made the leg muscles do the work. And when I have had to reach up for anything on the top shelves I have done it as if I were doing the stretching exercise. That has kept my figure from settling."

"And I have always sat when I have been occupying a chair and lounged by dropping relaxed on my couch for 10 minutes, and made it a real rest. As for my complexion, I have tried to keep the lines out by not fretting them in, and soap and water and cold cream have done the rest."

So you see one can pick up helps by the wayside if she has her eyes and ears open.

WAR-TIME FASHIONS REVIVING

Styles of '60 Reflected in Newest Modes

DO you catch an intangible, but persistent, sense of relationship between the quaint wrap worn by Molly McIntyre and the new taffeta dolmans which are coming to us for spring wear as the very newest Paris creations?

There is the same looseness of sleeves, the same semi-fitted back, and the same quaint charm. To be sure the wrap of former days has seams where the wrap of today has none, but there is a certain similarity of effect, which sets women who understand the cycles of fashions thinking.

This wrap, in which pretty, blonde Miss McIntyre makes so fascinating a picture in "Kitty MacKay," is of the vintage of 1880. It is typical of the "war-time" modes. With it she wears a style of hair dressing which is more like the newest coiffure than even the new wrap is like the latest hint from Paris.

There are the funny little "cork-screw" curls which are already dandling over the ears of our French sisters, and the display of the ears is quite the newest fancy in hair dressing. But the thing which should arouse greatest interest is the realization that these attractive little wacons and these adorable little bobbing curls topped genuine hoopskirts.

Nobody really believes we are going to wear hoops again, but there is not only talk of bustles—there are bustles themselves are here, and those who make a study of fashions say there is a decided return to the modes of the early eighties.

And is it logical to expect a modern version of hoops after the modern understanding of bustles? The line of the bustle in the Whatover is there, no denying waves of style, there is no denying the attractiveness of this wrap nor its resemblance to the modes of spring, 1914.



Molly McIntyre in "Kitty MacKay."

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DO I believe that women are much vainier than men? You don't, you say, and you and your sweetheart are always arguing about it, and he's so stubbornly making you furious, and why can't he see and why won't he admit—and isn't he showing a very strange spirit to be so quarrelsome about a thing like that?

Oh, well, honey, I wouldn't take sweetheart's arguments so seriously if I were you.

Probably he thinks you look pretty when you're what he calls "mad," and as his main object in life just now is to see you look pretty, why you really can't blame him such a lot after all, can you?

Now as to the subject under discussion. No, I don't believe women are much vainier than men.

I don't believe they're half as vain as men—in fact, I know they aren't.

A girl of 18 may be as vain as a boy of 18. But she gets over it sometime—and the boy never does.

The older he gets the vainier he gets.

How many women of 40 or 50 do you know who fondly imagine that they can fascinate the best looking, cleverest, most successful, most run after young fellow of 25 in the world if they only set their minds to the task?

Did you ever see a man of any age, size, complexion, looks or ability who would be in the least surprised if a queen stepped down from her throne and begged him to let her go and live in a little two by four flat with him and be blissfully happy darning his socks the livelong day?

A man doesn't take quite as much pains with his looks as a woman. That's because he doesn't have to—he's so beautiful anyway, don't you know, and so altogether fascinating. Why gild refined gold or paint the lily?

And then, his hair is short and doesn't need so much combing; his clothes are rough and ready to stay put—and then, most of all, women do not fall in love with a man on account of the way he brushes his hair.

Men think a great deal of appearances. That's why women have to try to look pretty all the time.

Women like a man for what he is, or for what they think he is. And there you are.

Fonder all these things in your heart, honey, but don't say anything about them to your sweetheart or to any other man. He'll think you're a sufragette and run away and fall in love with some one who can't look after him half as well as you can, after all.

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.

Queer Creatures on Land and Sea

By Anita von Hartmann

The Rainbow Monkey

YOU have all seen black monkeys and gray monkeys and brown monkeys, but how many of you have seen a rainbow monkey?

The rainbow monkey's name is the mandrill and he lives in the hilly parts of Africa. He is indeed a weird looking creature. His snout is a bright scarlet, and on either side of his long, hideous face are deep grooves of purple and scarlet and blue. His eyes are tiny and glow like ugly sparks of fire.

The mandrill has funny, stubby ears and a tail that is only a saved-off stump. His hind legs are a deep violet color.

In fact, if you ever see a rainbow monkey you probably will exclaim, "There ain't no such animal!"

Fish That Climb

THERE is a funny little fish that uses his fins for elbows. His name is Mud Skipper and he is quite as much at home on land as he is in the water. He has a body that looks something like a hump, fat cigar and eyes that pop like a frog's. He can climb trees with his fins quite as well as any small boy can with his arms.

When Mr. Mud Skipper is hungry he hops out of his home in the ocean or river and skips about in the mud, devouring flies and other insects in large quantities. When his repast is over, he shimmies up a tree and leans on his elbows, while he watches the world around him with a knowing and languid air. A shoal of mud skippers sitting in a tree are as comical a sight as any one could wish to see.

Willie Rites on "Cole"

YERES an ages ago this erth wuz jest like a pot of mince pie. Bet it was baked with no crust on it an then it commenced to get hard an harder until it hadd a crust as thick as bakara pie. An then trees fell down an got imbedded in the face of the earth an got mixed in with ano an use an indur tomshawks an other antseaks that the kollektors hadn't gathered up an made cole with we burn in over stoves and furnaces. When littl boys has to carry in scuttles cove there father is tew busy workin to pay 4 the cole.

Then minnows take there picks an there lives in there hane an go down in the mines to dig 4 the black diamonds an anthracite cole. Ise cawled hard cole because it is new hious or soft cole an Coal was bitewhous or soft cole an history tells us he wuz purty soft 4 King The cole supply is gettin vary skairns an it will only last about 2 million years an paw sez he gesses he will have his cole bill paid by about that time.

Watching the World and His Wife Go By

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.



Winifred Black

THE National Conference on Race Betterment has just met at Balc Creek, and from that conference comes the glad tidings that we can all live to be a hundred years old—if we eat enough and not too much, sleep enough and not too hard, and take plenty of time for play.

Hurrah for us. Let's go ahead and do it.

I used to think I'd hate to live a day over forty; then I began to believe that fifty was about the right time to die.

Before I get through I suppose I shall be setting the mark at a hundred—like all the rest of the old ladies and gentlemen.

It would be fun to live to be a hundred, wouldn't it, if you could keep all your faculties all the time?

Up to fifty you're so busy being busy that you don't have time to live much of any life but your own.

And any one life is a pretty narrow boat to ride into the waters of eternity on, isn't it?

There are so many lives that interest me. I should love to see what's going to happen in them.

The world is just a great story book, isn't it? What a nuisance it will be when somebody calls you to come and help set the table or to call the younger children to supper—just when you're in the midst of the most interesting chapter of all.

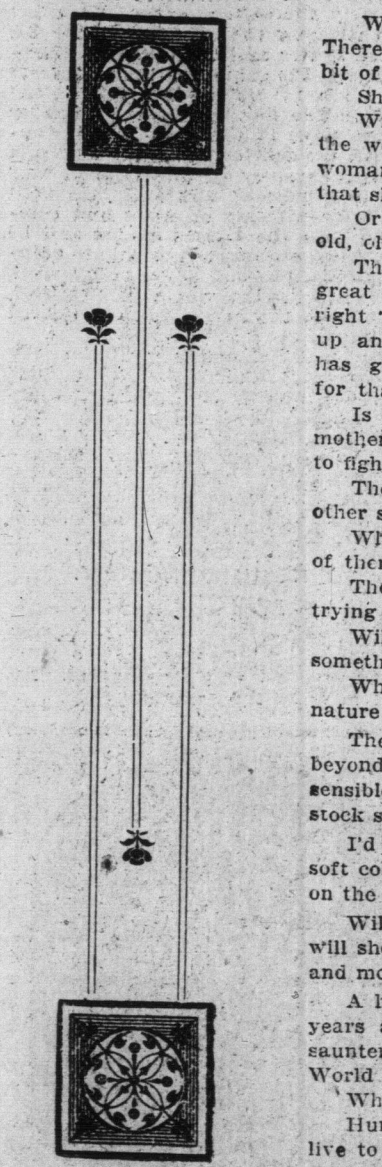
There is a girl I know who's marrying a rich old man for his money. She's rich herself and handsome and supposed to be clever. What on earth is the matter with her that she should do such a thing?

The man she's marrying is ignorant, crabbed, miserly and absolutely impossible in every way. What on earth is she marrying him for? What will she gain by such a sacrifice?

There's something wrong in that girl somewhere. What is it, and how will it manifest itself as she grows older?

The yellow streak—how will it show and when? And what will become of the old man and of the beautiful young woman who was making such an impossible fool of herself by marrying him.

There's the clever woman of thirty-five, brilliant, distinguished, successful, with money enough to live in comfortable widowhood the rest of her life. She's going to marry a handsome child of thirty—a dreamer, a man who plays on the guitar and wears love locks and fancies himself a Romeo.



What's going to come of that marriage? Oh, no, it isn't so certain. There's good in the man, too; and if the woman manages him right he's a bit of a genius.

She will be unhappy, of course. But he—what's he going to do about it? Will he fall in love with some goose of a girl and break the heart of the woman who is giving up everything to marry him now? Or will the woman get tired of his childish ways and be so absolutely bored to death that she will make any excuse on earth to get away from him?

Or will they come together somehow? Will the strange magic of the old, old sorcerer we call love make a success of it after all?

There's the woman with the only son. She thinks he's going to be a great man, and she's spending every penny she has to give him the right "advantages." She has left the city where she was born and brought up and has gone to live in the little university town to be near him; has given up everything, everybody, almost every beat of her heart, for that boy.

Is he going to turn out to be worth it? Or will the very sacrifices that mother has made turn the son, who might have been something if he'd had to fight his own way, into a selfish parasite?

There are the two sisters, one of them brilliant, talkative, erratic, the other slow, conscientious, studious—both of them ambitious to a degree.

Which of them is going to make what life calls a "success" and which of them will really "succeed" after all?

There's the man of genius with the narrow-minded, envious wife. He's trying so hard to be patient with her, to remember how he loved her—once. Will he be able to keep on—remembering—or will she drive him to do something which will cloud his name forever?

Which is going to be stronger in that puzzle of human lives, the small nature of the woman or the big nature of the man?

The pretty, selfish little girl has half a dozen beaux and not a thought beyond dress and admiration in her empty little head. She has a good sensible mother and a fine intelligent father. Will she begin to show the stock she sprang from—when she gets past the silly season of life?

I'd like to see that girl ten years from now, or maybe twenty—when the soft color is gone from her rounded cheek. Will there be something written on the brow then that is so smooth now? What will the something be?

Will it be selfishness and poise and a noble devotion to others? Or will she just cut lines into her face that mean "somebody has better clothes and more of them than I have and I'm mad about it."

A hundred years old! Wouldn't it be fun to sit in the shade for thirty years after you were seventy and watch all the world and his wife go sauntering by, and hear what Mr. World was saying and see how Mrs. World was listening to it all the way down the road?

Why, it ought to be The Happy Time—The Peace Time—of life.

Hurrah for Battle Creek and the conference! Let's all go to work and live to be a hundred.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Drafts Seldom Harm Those Free From Fears

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

WHAT would a furnace or cook stove be without a draft? What would your house be without a chimney?

Even a tree with green leaves and blossoms needs a draft, which, by the way, is no longer spelled "draught." Tennyson put it correctly: "The topmost elm tree gathered green from drafts of balmy air."

A draft is air that is drawn or moved from one place to another. When a confined current of air, as in a room, in a pipe or in the flue of a chimney, passes into another place, it is called a draft.

A draft of air depends upon a difference in the purity, or "density," or temperature of two different "bunches" of atmosphere.

Every breath you take, each inhalation and exhalation, is a draft. When you blow your cold fingers to keep warm, you create a draft. When you squeeze a bellows, a rubber ball, a pump, a "squirt," or an atomizer, you make drafts.

Yet you have been not improperly brought up on nurses' tales and superstitions to "keep out of drafts." There is a "wee, sma'" modicum of truth in the idea that teaches you to shun a draft.

But this gossamer filament of truth is outdone by the ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. of underlying nonsense, which makes most men and women shiver and shake and shut the shutters at the first sign of a draft.

Remember, my children, a draft is usually a lot of fresh air rushing in to replace a lot of foul, overheated, poisonous air.

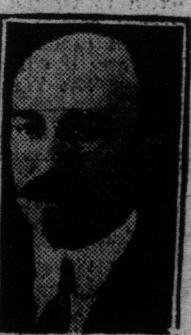
When any one shouts, "Shut the door, close the windows, I feel a draft," you may be sure that such a one has conditioned his skin and his tissues with too much clothing, as well as a superabundance of stale, overcharged indoor air.

Fear of "drafts" is not inherited. It is acquired in childhood and youth, very much in the way you are to believe that every blackberry bush harbors a snake. That is to say, "Somebody told you so."

Any one whose physical cowardice makes him shun fresh, outdoor air and open bedroom windows may fall ill from a "draft." But he whose skin is like the Sioux's, who said: "Injun not afraid of drafts; Injun face all over," should welcome drafts as they do the trailing arbutus in March.

Except wind blows as it never could, it is an ill wind turns none to good. It indeed blows the draft which profits nobody.

Drafts, like straws, show which way the wind blows. The air that thus bites shrewdly is a nipping, eager air, which freshens up the red and golden fabric of your soul.



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

MRS. A. N. B., W. Philadelphia, Pa.—Does it pay well to make honest breads and food free of sugar for diabetic patients?

The secret of making such food is to use no wheat, rye or other starchy flour. "Diabetics" may have no sweets, no sugars, no starches and none of the "carbohydrate" breads.

If you do not invest any money and can obtain customers such as all the hospitals, dispensaries and distinguished consulting physicians, you may eke out a small living. I can hardly see how it would "pay well."

J. G. S., Logan, Pa.—Do poles in the car, due to a ruptured drum from childhood illness, ever stop spontaneously?

Yes. As often this way as from the aid of an ear surgeon. Do not neglect other measures, however, while waiting for it.

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.

Three Minute Journeys

Modern Cave Men

By Jonathan MacFarland

ARE there any people who live in caves nowadays? Well, rather! Real holes in the ground, too; caves in the truest sense of the word. New York, Chicago and other large cities have their cliff-dwellers, but Tunis, that little North



African protectorate of France, sandwiched in between Algeria and Tripoli, has its cave-dwellers.

In the inaccessible southern part of the country, in the rolling land of the Matmata hills, lives a Berber tribe that keeps house under ground. The journey to their village is an arduous one—and consequently there are few white visitors.

The cave-dwellers are of different sorts. Some are cut out of the steep sides of mounds and others are formed by sinking a shaft into the top of a hill and carving out recesses from the sides of this opening. The shaft serves as a kind of court into which the various apartments open.

Now you would expect to find these human moles a dirty, ill-favored and somewhat anaemic lot of people. On my visit there I had an idea that I should have to put up with all sorts of unattractive conditions. But, compared with many of the more civilized dwellers in houses I have seen, they were positively immaculate. That is a comparison, of course, but it conveys the right idea. The people are healthy, too.

These home-burrowers are farmers for the most part. They raise olives and dates and a little corn, which they cultivate with a plough drawn by a camel. Their every-day dress is composed of cotton trousers, a shirt and a kind of shawl; but on gala occasions they don finery similar to that seen in other parts of the country.

The nearest approach we have in America to the troglodyte homes of Tunis is the Kansas cyclone cellar.