

ong tones on the possible, and of warm blue, gray.

mine, even if the have a choice of etter: also a new used by many tors; then there ole wall, or only be paper, which

ite as possible. If if the walls are the natural finod, clean looking. or dark oak, as and is not san-

bats of light paint make the shelves ight wiping off. pecially in a small oom will greatly cotting if the oilometimes well to ne, as it makes a ir finish, particuust. but with care

dull finish. like ish, which always

too light in tone. rk. dingy kitchens em. Light walls nore. And if it will know where

and rugs in their rt of many women a careful worker loor, grease, and n having wooden -which is much then flooring at a satisfied by the ily wiped, and re If your purse is are several cork fficiency and sani

leum paitern; the en and harmonichen troubles will stine Frederick.

AT YACHT CLUB

Royal Grenadiers. Lieut. John

#### HE little buy ran in, his face aflame with loy. He had in his left hand a tall white fleu-delis-white flags, we used to call them when I was a little boy's age-and in the other hand he carried a real flagred, white and blue. The fleur-de-lis drooped a little, and

What Kind of a Castle

Are You Making Today?

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

the real flag was a bit creased and wrinkly-the little boy's hands weren't hands at all, but grubby little pawsand his face was grimy, and the nice clean waist he had put on in the morning was spotted-and he had torn a hole, a great big jagged one at that, right in the knee of his trousers. "Well," said I. "little boy. whatever is the matter; have you been to the

And some one, who loves the little

boy very dearly-but he does not quite understand him-said, "Little boy, how dreadfully you look. Your hands and your face-I should think you would be afraid the rag man would get you and carry you off in his wagon." The little boy looked at me and then at the one who does not quite

understand him, and his clear eyes shone. "I know I'm dirty," he said, "and I tared my clothes-but I built a castle. Dis flag is going on top of the castle, and dis big white flower is a tall tree that I'm going to plant by the gate. Come." said the little boy, "come and see my castle."

Little Boy's Castle.

And the one who loves the little boy very dearly, but who does not understand him very well, and I went out into the garden to see the castleand a fine, brave castle it turned out to be.

"I didn't think I could make it at first," said the little boy. "it was se mixed up, but I worked and worked. I carried the water in my tin cup to mix with the dirt, and I found the stones over there by the garden wall some of dem was weal heavy, too-dat's how I tared my clothes, carrying de stones-and now I've got my flag-and my tree-Oh. the little boy fairly danced, "oh, isn't it a splendid castle?"

And it was-quite splendid-and we told him so, and he was very proud and sat down to look at it with his grubby hands on his knees, and an air of great pride and contentment.

I knew a man once who started out to build him a castle. A fair castle of proud proportions-and the name of the castle was to be Success. He was a fine young fellow when he went out into the garden of the

world to build the castle-proud, brave, self-reliant, frank, kind and gen-We were all very proud of him, in the house where he lived, and we loved

him and were very anxious to see what he was going to do, when he left us behind and went out into the great garden to do his chosen work. And one day when it was very quiet at home the man I used to know came backand he wasn't the same man at all.

His frank eyes were veiled, his high look was fallen, his kind smile was hard, and, oh, his whole face was as if some rough hand had passed over it rudely, and smoothed away everything that was beautiful and fine-and left nothing there but the smutch of cruelty, and selfishness and evil ambition. But he had built his castle, so he told me, and a sorry, sorry was-made of nothing but money. No tall trees flowered by the gate-no free flag floated from the battlements. It was just a dirty, sordid, crooked ple-of dirty, sordid, crooked money. And the man who had built it had locked at it so long that he thought it was beautiful, and he could not understand when we, who loved him and wanted to be proud of him, tried to get him to talk about something else.

A Lounging (and Smoking) House Costume, Chinese Style, With Just a Dash

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

of Turkish in the Skirt.



ROM Paris you always expect the novel, and, whien Paul Poiret is the artist, the startling. And Poiret does not disappoint us in this lounging robe.

It is of white cotton crepe, lined with white china silk and trimmed with black hand embroidery. The coat is pure Chinese style, like a mandarin blouse, showing even the pockets of the oriental coat. The neckband is straight, finished with a standing ruche of white tulle, and is very becoming to a slender throat.

The costume may be worn loose or with a girdle. If the girdle is worn, it should be bound close around the body to make a bandage for the hips, leaving the rest of the figure quite free.

The skirt is Turkish, divided style, and is tailored in effect. The feet, clad in Turkish slippers, pass through openings that are trimmed to match, "peeping in and out like little playing mice," as the poet sang so long

## HERE'S THE LATEST FROM PARIS Secrets of Health and Happiness Why Aeroplaning Is Like

# Aerophagia (Air Gulping) By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

AVE you a stomach? If you are aware that you possess this ubiquitous and soul-stirring organ, something is wrong. Some sophisticated persons worry because they cannot feel their food digest. This is a curious opinion, as prevalent among longshoremen as among the wealthy and elect.

Opinion. however, as Pericles said, is but a fool that nakes you sean the outward habit for the inward man. If you begin to learn by any of the myriad, wireless signals of your own ego that there is a Pandora's box of evils in your tummy and gizzard department; if, by any devices known to your tissues, you, yourself, your "I," are made aware that deeds of derring-do are a-brewing



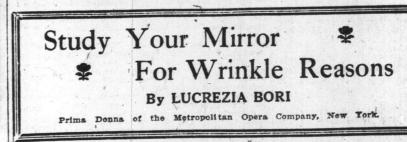
called into

in your gastric sac, then something is truly amiss. DR. HIRSHBER Gas in the stomach and flatufency has been the source,

zince time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, of more despair and melancholia than all financial and domestic calamities known. Other than the habit of aerophagia, or charcoal, cinnamon, dilute acids, and air swallowing, which-like aero-planing -is a voluntary thing, there are all sorts of causes for gastric-gastric comes and then cold, from a Greek word which means If the muscular walls of the stomach are science at the alignmentary switch the

are asleep at the alimentary switch the use of adrenalin, physical culture, the maxixe, tennis and other disturbers of stomach, not "gas"-flatulency. High blood pressure, the tango heartdue to any kind of muscular excess and these sluggards must be called int these sluggards must be called int requisition. But only under your doc tor's orders, tions, dilated stomachs, indoor life, an excess of sweets and starches, are only

excess of sweets and starcnes, are only a few of the three-score-and-ten ways to be a chronic Zeppelin dirigible. Asafoetida has a worse name than the has odor among pharmacologists. Until has door among pharmacologists until has odor among pharmacologists. Until very recently no scientific physician ever again dared look his fellow-savant in the eyes if he prescribed it. But like the turban hat, the poke bonnet, the Medici collar, and the girdle tunic, it has come into medical vogue once more. Ginger, gentian, quinine, magnesia,



Special arrangements have been made with Senorita Lucrezia Bori, the fa-mous prima donna soprano, who has created a wonderful impression in Europe and New York on account of Europe and New York on account of Europe and New York on account of her remarkable beauty and artistic at-tainment, to write for this paper a scries of articles on beauty. There is probably no authority her equal in giving the newest and most approved methods of attaining and preserving "the divine eight of woman."

at the Yacht Club

rage deficient

eavily tax to digest ip vitality

efficiency igest, not for body ne whole rted into ur grocer

ispness; or sugar iny meal ny kind. afer, for

ny, Limited



to pay for same

But a Crumbled Pile.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am in love with a young fellow

with whom I have been going for

over two years. He never goes with

any one else, and he thinks lots of

me. He wants me to marry him, and I am willing to, as we can't stay

away from each other. But my mother doesn't want me to

marry. There are six girls of us at home, and I am next to the oldest.

Do you think she will give in to my marriage, as there will be five girls

I'm sure we are both old enough, as he is 21 and I am 10. I hope you won't think this too young, as we think so much of each

other. My mother hasn't any reason for us not to marry, only she wants the rest of us girls to stay at home. ANXIOUS.

He showed us the dirt on his hands, he showed us the scars on his face-ugly scars that stood for ugly things-and be was proud of them.

And we were all very sad and didn't know what to say, and the man we all wanted to love and be proud of jingled the money in his pockets so loud that he didn't hear the sweet old song that somebody tried to sing for him-the song his mother sang when she held him in her arms years and years ago. And we, who loved him, were all at once very glad when the man we wanted to be proud of got up and went away-forever-from our lives.

He died the other day. There was a great horde of people around his death bed, relatives most of them, and persons who call themselves his

friends. The man we all wanted to be proud of tried to tell the people, who crowded into the room where he lay dying, something about his castle. He showed them the scars that he had got building the castle-and he told them how hard he had worked, and how fine the castle stood when he had finished with it-and the relatives and the people who pretended to be his friends looked at the clock and whispered-to each other- When will the will be read?"

And when the man heard this he turned restlessly on his pillow, and asked some one to sing to him the sweet old song his mother used to sing, when she carried him in her arms, when he was a little, little boy-years and years ago. But no one knew the song-and so the man died, without it

The castle that the man we all wanted to love built? Oh, that was all torn down-the very day the will was read-and the dead man was so proud of it, and so anxious that it should stand forever, too.

Little Boy, with the grave and honest eyes-when you build your castle, build it, I beg you, of something besides money, and let the sears you get in the building of it be honorable ones.

And then we, who love you, will be very happy-for we will be able to be proud of you and of your castle.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

as well, as sweet?

have reason to give her.

her six daughters. And isn't she wise-

Startling as is this very latest lounging robe, it will be noticed that it achieves its effect by lines and not by colors. Black and white are the austere shades, although my lady herself may add the spectrum's gamut with the girdle.



White Cotton Crepe.

#### 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.

case" distinguishes this new series by angered by her manner. Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the ma-

No. 127 You're only 19, you're next to the Idest, and the young man is determined

Now, if mamma were dying to marry you all off perhaps he wouldn't be so anxious. Don't be discouraged about mamma, she'll listen to reason when you

bouquet of roses, a rose for every year columns. They should be addressed to heavy dignity. "Kindly remember that of her happy life, and one for each of her, care of this office. I am your wife's mother."

ing more furniture than we need. "When I married your daughter I thought I had married a sweet, pretty,

Mrs. remeas righterics.
Mrs. Penneid s frysterics.
Mrs. S. Piskarian
Mrs. Pisk

never called iny motion and in you could not allord to keep my trace your innuence. Them to the tribesmen approached us and probably never shall, deeming it a daughter in the way she lived at home," Mrs. Penfield, white and shaking, held drowned. His tribesmen approached us W mother of six daughters, who wants every one of them to stay at home with her. I wish I was one of the daughters, don't you, little girl with the matchmaking mamma? Don't you. little sister with the managing aunt? That mother of yours must be worth folts a mile or so to see. I wish I had be address. If come and give her a buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and provide the address. The vish I had be address. The vish I had the man give her a buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and provide the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and provide the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and provide the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and provide the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and provide the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and her address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and her with every here the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and here the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and here the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and here the address. The vish I had buguet of roses, a rose for every year of her hanny life and here due and the race and columns. They should be addressed to the address. They should be addressed to the race, the dead the address. They should be addressed to the address. They should be addressed to the race, the dead the race, the dead the race, the dead

"the divine right of woman." Women don't look in their

mirrors often enough! Isn't that a surprising statement to make? Perhaps I had better amend it, and say they don't look with sharp enough eyes. The mirror is the greatest friend a woman has. If she ened me. There was such a peevish, discontented look about the mouth, such a sullen light in the eyes that I was really startled. I knew I had been peevish and out of sorts for weeks, that I had been letting go my temper, that I had seemed a different being from the self I had always supposed was me, but I hadn't dreamed that it was indexed on my face.

"I have started on a course of beauty culture, and the first thing I am going to do is to love everybody and everything do is to love everybody and everything in the world, even if it hurts to do it. I won't see faults in any one but myself. I will have only kindly wishes for every

"I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror the other day," a woman con-

fessed to me. "and my own face fright-ened me. There was such a peevish,

wants it to show LUCREZIA BORI her how she really looks to an unprejudiced world it will do looks to an unprejudiced world it will do so. Most women look at themselves with like that."

blinded eyes. They look to find what Her work is worth copying. We can blinded eyes. They look to find what they want to find, not what is really there. Mirrors are truthful, but the eyes that see cannot read a-right. Every woman who wants to improve her personal appearance will do well to learn how to use the mirror. She will

Every woman who wants to improve her personal appearance will do well to learn how to use the mirror. She will take it where the light is strongest and begin by studying her reflection as a whole—as a general assemblage of line and color. Then, she can pick it to pieces later. The tout ensemble is what strikes the ordinary observer. The more intimate acquaintance notices details. What about the expression of the eyes and mouth? What is the story it tells? Does it tell a tale of selfashness, greed, deceit, conceit, superficiality? Or does it give out the idea of kindness, love, gendeceit, conceit, supericlainty? Or does it suit. There's a reason behind every give out the idea of kindness, love, gen-erosity, good sense, intelligence, friend-liness? Or is there a queer intermingling of good and bad expressions? And, in right the fault.





The Trader Paid.

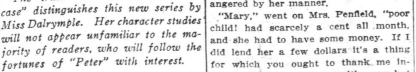


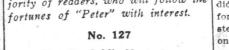


did lend her a few dollars it's a thing for which you ought to thank me in-stead of bolting in here with your hat on and glaring at me in such a vulgar Way." I flushed and removed my hat. She is the stead didn't

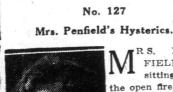
The truth about "the girl in the, "I'm not likely to forget it," I said, flercely, "and you insisted upon her hav-

child! had scarcely a cent all month, lovable girl that at least knew some and she had to have some money. If I thing of the essentials of housekeeping. My salary is more than sufficient for





### Mrs. Penfield's Hysterics.



Nineteen is pretty young to marry for a girl; and a man of 21 is nothing but. a boy. Do you really think you want to risk your whole life's happiness on

×

what two such very immature people seem to think about it-right now? Still, there have been happy marriages at that

age. D'on't marry without your mother's consent. She's just trying to see whether you're really in earnest or not. Be a little patient, and she will come around to your way of thinking, never fear. WELCOME to our department, oh mother of six daughters, who Ding, dong, dell-what's so sweet as

(Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

'at home' day, every week," I flung back tor.

