

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Fancies of Fashion

Wigs That Match Gowns Win Favor

By Madge Marvel

GREEN wigs and trouser skirts sound worse than they look. The Poiret version of the trouser skirt is a more attractive garment than the skirt with the exaggerated slash, and, under certain conditions, colored wigs have a possible charm.

I have no idea they will be generally worn on the street, but with the right gown, under the right light for evening, it is perfectly simple to see they are not impossible.

They were displayed recently at a costume salon in New York city, amounting to some of the newest Poiret creations, and women were rather enthusiastic about them. To be sure, they were given a Poiret setting, rose and violet hangings, rose lights, gray furniture and heaps and more heaps of Poiret pillows thrown about, which aided the effect.

Six costumes were shown, and there was a colored wig to match each one. The models were typical of the ultra-slender woman of the moment, and they had mastered the slinky, slouch walk, which represents the most extreme manner of locomotion.

Two Decided Novelties

The most decided dress novelties shown were the trouser skirt and the street suit with pockets.

The former did not startle anyone because it is fully six months since trousers were shown as possible substitutes for skirts, but this is the first time such an eminently practical edition of the style has been shown. They, or it, whichever is correct, are, or is, so mild and inoffensive one can readily believe the fashion will obtain to some considerable extent.

The trouser skirt is a Poiret is of taffeta. The model shown was in a dark blue gray. At first glance it looks like a perfectly plain and narrow skirt with a tiny pleated frill at the hem. The bifurcation is only in the front, and the frill is back of the skirt is exactly like a perfectly straight plain skirt. There is not the suspicion of a seam, and the division is made down the centre front with elastic bands attaching it to the back breadth.

When the wearer is standing still there is not the least indication of the bifurcation. When she walks it is not startling, but looks like any narrow skirt which catches about the feet when one walks fast. It is said to be very comfortable and it is not unattractive. Over it was worn a tunic of silk striped in Roman effect with the color of the skirt and a dull brick red. This had a wide sash of the material of the skirt and a vest of white muslin edged with gilt galleons.

The wig exactly matched the red stripe in the tunic.

Pockets Seem Mannish.
The suit with pockets was a far more mannish affair than the trouser skirt. It was developed in green and white checked suiting. The skirt was longer than we have been wearing for the trouser suit, and was worn over tight. The front was cut very long, and this extra length was folded up and buttoned across just below the waist, making deep pockets possible at each side, quite like the side pockets in real trousers, and giving full draping over each hip and a series of folds at the back of the skirt.

The coat was exactly on the loose lines of a man's sack coat, and the wearer thrust her hands in her pockets with the little coat pushed back of them. There was a simulated belt at the back of the coat with a bit of red showing at each end, and at the bust line there was long ends of the material of the suit with red embroidery for the finish. Underneath was a soft mullie blouse, and the wig was of silver white.

A bright blue wig was worn with a charming frock of blue and bronze changing taffeta. The skirt was plain, narrow, and instead of the slash there was an inverted pleat in the front where the closing was. On each hip were pleatings in exaggerated manner effect. They were confined entirely to the hip, stopping each side of the centre back and leaving a plain panel in front.

Live, Laugh and Love

By Brett Page

ALITTLE life, a little love, a little time to stay, a few short years of smiles and tears. And then we go away; Enjoy the laughter, songs and wine, There's none to say you shan't Live, laugh and love your fill, until, The time comes when you can't.

For what's life worth, if not with mirth To crowd each pleasant hour? For mirth lies in the race you've run, And faces sad and sour.



The smile's the thing, the laugh whose ring Wakes joy in every heart And knows that life is only and When good friends have to part.

So love your life, so love your life, While time is still to come, You smiling go as one who'd know What moves above the sun; For 'neath the sun, the race you've run, Since first your life began; Lived, laughed and loved your fill, until, You met Death like a man.

ROMANCE

By Michelson



AMAGIC word, you say? Yes, it is more—it is a magic word. Romance softens all the hard lines of the reality that SEEMS to be around us. It splashes with the colors of the rose and the violets and the opalescent sky all the pinched pleasures of the lonely. It brings into the gray hall bedroom the splendors of pageantry, the radiance of imagined days, the sparkle of royal enchantment.

Michelson has drawn a girl sitting at a pine table beside a simple kerosene lamp. For a moment her eyes have wandered from the hypnotic page. She has forgotten paper and type, the pine table

and the lamp. She has floated away into that other time and other place which for that moment are REAL, as the nearest things she may actually touch. She hears the blare of the tourney; she sees the flash of knightly banners, the beauty of bedizened princesses, the gleam of swords, the scarlet of plumes, the flutter of spangled fans.

And she feels the presence of a courtly person more brave, more imposing, more gracious, more faithful, certainly more delightfully decorated than any male creature one meets at the boarding house table or at the shop.

Isn't this a tribute to the power of a BOOK!

Fame Never Makes a Mistake

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.



Winifred Black

ACHARITABLE man died in New York the other day. He left a good big fortune to be used for the establishment of a bread line.

The only thing the charitable man wants done when the bread is handed out to those who need it is that some one shall see to it that each loaf is stamped with the name of the man who died.

Oh, yes, he wants the bread line known as his own particular bread line and called always by his name. Poor man. Wonder if he thought he'd sleep better in his narrow bed just because his name is stamped on the loaf of bread that some poor fellow stands in line in the cold and the storm to get.

There's something pathetic about the way we all try to reach out of our graves and make people remember us—somehow, anyhow. We all hate to think that we are just, each of us, a little bit of a mite of an atom in the scheme of the universe and that we aren't worth remembering one year, most of us, after the earth falls on the coffin at the funeral.

Remember me. That is what we all cry. Think of me, whether there is anything in particular to remember or not.

What a lot of children we are, after all, even the best of us. Writing our names upon the sand for the waves to come up and wash them out.

What wonderful curlycues we put after the name, some of us. I saw some children playing in the sand at a winter resort the other day. Some built great castles with frowning battlements and stuck pebbles in them for guns.

Pleasure Lies in Building

And some made gardens, lovely little walled gardens with seats and walks, and these took little sprigs of green and stuck them in for trees. And some made schoolhouses. One little girl—she was very pale, I noticed, and looked as if she wasn't much accustomed to outdoor air—built a great square of wet sand and took a pointed stick and wrote upon it Hospital for Sick Children.

And when she had finished it she wrote her name, too—Margery—and under the name she drew a beautiful rose with wide and spreading petals. Just as she finished, the rose tide swept in—and before the little girl, who had taken so much pains to build her wonderful hospital, could run her feet and the edge of her pretty flimsy skirt were very wet indeed. And the little girl cried and was very much discouraged, poor little thing. Her mother told her that she was foolish to cry.

Said by Wise Men

Every man who loves his country, or wishes well to the best interests of society, will show himself a decided friend not only of morality and the laws, but of religious institutions, and honorably bear his part in supporting them.—Hawes.

"It isn't the thing that you build that amounts to anything," said the mother gravely. "It is the fun you have building; come back tomorrow and we'll build a new one, better than this and bigger and much prettier, and it will be more fun tomorrow than it is today."

The next day I saw her on the sands again. She wore a fresh dress, not quite so delicate and easily soiled as the one she wore the first day, and her shoes were heavy and sensible.

She was not building, but she sat on a rock and told all the other children just exactly what to build and how to build it.

And the other children worked very hard and had a glorious time. But the little girl who told them what to do and how to do it seemed to me just the least little bit in the world bored.

Fate an "Arrangement"

Then the tide turned, and the waves came, and swept the grand hospital with its gardens and its walks and its sleeping porches out to sea.

She laughed then, did the little girl who knew, and somehow the sound majestically into the party. Rex is braver than Mrs. Penfield. I remember from the bumping of his tail, patted his shaggy head indolently.

"This is Mary's baby, Mrs. Anderson," I heard her say with fatuous pride in her voice. "Isn't he just wonderful? And you don't keep Mary awake nights crying, do you Rex?"

I gathered from the stifled laughter that followed that somebody's baby was addicted to the uncomfortable habit of crying nights and that Mrs. Penfield was a mother.

She was very poor, was Margaret, when she was alive, and she worked very hard, but every day when she went to work she carried with her a bag full of bread—crisp loaves they were, they say, and brown and sweet and wholesome—and she always found somebody who needed them, black or white, old or young, it mattered not to Margaret; all she cared to know was "Are you hungry?"

She grew better off as she grew older, and finally she had a little bakery all her own and she no longer carried the bread through the street, but stayed in her little shop and baked, and those who were hungry and had nowhere else to go came always to her. They were never turned away.

And now there is a statue to Margaret the Bread Woman, and they say that she would be greatly surprised if she knew about it—simple, kindly Margaret, who gave for the sake of giving and not for the sake of being remembered.

The thing we call fate is a just sort of arrangement after all, isn't it? What we want most bitterly we never seem to get.

And what we never think of coming knocking blithely at our very doors, and when you think it all over quietly, there's always a reason. Fame never, never makes a mistake.

Chips with the Bark on

A roll call—"Breakfast for one." The safe burglar is the one who is dead. Maidens know more than matrons about how to manage husbands. Dead men tell tales to the amateur detective. The private bored is the one who is compelled to listen to the war stories of his comrade with no chance to retaliate.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Combing Your Hair May Make You Bald

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirsberg.

ALMOST everybody who uses a comb is destined to be bald! Combs in general are a missing link in the missing link between the hair and the scalp. Fine-tooth combs are an abomination. Herewith, now and forever, I excommunicate all mothers who dare endanger the adult future of their infants by the plouthing and harrowing of the youngster's scalp with this pernicious instrument of hair-rape torture.

The fine-tooth comb is a survival of the pre-sivilized days of the ichthyosaurus and the plit-down skull. Perhaps when babies had heads so small that there was no room for wit, and scalps as smooth as sea-cows, hair that could be combed by laying heads to the wind; perhaps then fine-tooth combs were harmless.

At the maternal stroke of the fine-tooth comb the knell of a sad and permanent parting of the hair begins. Not the sort of part washed for by the nurse, but a germ-infecting, scalp-vacating kind of parting. This parting is not "out" the fine-tooth comb continues its service as hair but "with" the hair. For the fine-tooth comb, jerked like a currycomb is through Penfield's hair, causes the hair to leave the infant's scalp, as well as to inoculate the hair cups with marauding germs, which weave the beginnings of wool destruction in later life.

Indeed, the use of the fine-tooth comb is painful and irritating. Not only does it pull and heave-cho at the roots and fastening of the child's hair, but its sharp fence of dirks and stilettons dig deeply into the soft and tender flesh.

In its interstellar spaces, compactly huddled together in an oily, taffy-like, gelatinous condition, lurk the moulds and bacilli of boils, eczema, ringworm, tuberculosis, the itch, tetter, erysipelas, blood-poisoning and the major demerit of microbial maladies.

Moreover, they cannot be gotten rid of. You can no more clean a fine-tooth comb than you can stop an active volcano from volcanning.

Water, soap, sterilizing and seven seas of antiseptics have hitherto been tried in vain. The fineness of the grooves and the gumminess of the grease which surrounds the germs form an impervious protection of them in their treacherous whalebone or ivory lam.

Every time you use a fine-tooth comb you vaccinate bacteria, or virus or one sort or another, into the bosom of the hair. Some hardened sinners or innocent children prove occasionally immune to these vaccines, but in the long run, if the

Answers to Health Questions

MRS. P. J. B. W. Philadelphia, Pa.—Is there anything I can safely use at home to remove protruding moles?

If the moles hang from a slender thread, a pair of scissors for 10 minutes. When cool clip the mole off and then touch the bleeding point with a stick of iodine. If the mole is flat it is advisable to have it thoroughly removed by a good surgeon, who will see to it that no cancer can ever locate itself in the wound.

Dr. Hirsberg 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. Hirsberg, care this office.

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Vale," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by the Mc. Clure and S. McCure as judges. Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.

The truth 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.

The Questions of Children
XXXVIII.

IHAVE had a shock and a very real one. It came about in an odd manner. Mary had been entertaining the card club. I remember, now she had told me of her plans in the early morning, but I must have forgotten.

Before when I came home from the office and found the house festively lit, I was a little surprised and slipped in at the rear. There I made my way to my den and sat, lazily by the window in the summer twilight, smoking my pipe.

From the rooms beyond came the general hum and clatter of laughter and conversation, snatches of fashion talk and the external personalities in which women delight. There was a table very close to the door and Mrs. Penfield, Mary's mother, was playing there. There is a certain conversational gambol about Mary's mother that is unmistakable.

Rex, my big collic, came romping in from outdoors, sniffed about and walked majestically into the party. Rex is braver than Mrs. Penfield. I remember from the bumping of his tail, patted his shaggy head indolently.

"This is Mary's baby, Mrs. Anderson," I heard her say with fatuous pride in her voice. "Isn't he just wonderful? And you don't keep Mary awake nights crying, do you Rex?"

I gathered from the stifled laughter that followed that somebody's baby was addicted to the uncomfortable habit of crying nights and that Mrs. Penfield was a mother.

She was very poor, was Margaret, when she was alive, and she worked very hard, but every day when she went to work she carried with her a bag full of bread—crisp loaves they were, they say, and brown and sweet and wholesome—and she always found somebody who needed them, black or white, old or young, it mattered not to Margaret; all she cared to know was "Are you hungry?"

She grew better off as she grew older, and finally she had a little bakery all her own and she no longer carried the bread through the street, but stayed in her little shop and baked, and those who were hungry and had nowhere else to go came always to her. They were never turned away.

And now there is a statue to Margaret the Bread Woman, and they say that she would be greatly surprised if she knew about it—simple, kindly Margaret, who gave for the sake of giving and not for the sake of being remembered.

The thing we call fate is a just sort of arrangement after all, isn't it? What we want most bitterly we never seem to get.

And what we never think of coming knocking blithely at our very doors, and when you think it all over quietly, there's always a reason. Fame never, never makes a mistake.

What Cheer Is Worth

By Tom Jackson

BE cheerful as from day to day life's journey you pursue, for worry won't extend the time on notes a-comin' due. It makes white streaks among one's thatch, puts wrinkles on one's brow; it doesn't help stave off a debt which must be paid somehow. So just brace up and try and keep your mind in one's track, for worry will not trouble cure, the bunch will come the same.

Just try and do the best you can, and do it with a smile, for worry puts one on the fritz within a little while. If one month's rent you chance to owe, to touch you for a dollar bill perhaps a friend may strive, then laugh and cheer up and say, "I'm glad it wasn't five." Things may be pretty bad at times, and 'way upon the blink, but they could be a blame sight worse, if you'd but step and think. When clouds are rolling thick around, appearing mighty black, remember, like a looking glass, these have a shiny back. It never aided any one to put dough in the bank. It makes deep lines beneath one's eyes, like on a railroad map; it never helped a little bit, and isn't worth a rap. And so be cheerful—that's the stuff that helps to win the race. Old worry handicaps a man, his chances and his face.



play in Paris, but when she appeared before the footlights robed in Millie, which is an effort, we suspect, to ease the demand for the stuff called Milwaukee famous. Cobb addressed the Mississippi nature, but as the text of his has not been forwarded to us, we are granted that he discussed various forms of advertising, and a sympathetic audience. Baseball catcher in Frisco by the name of Sepulveda is said to be a millionaire, which is a reasonable conclusion for wearing a monaker like Governor Tener says he is going to the Cubs up right, but we suspect there will be a little cleaning up do this fall by the White Sox.

Beautiful!
Have!
Clean—Pure

MINT

ty pleasant
your teeth
strong—to give
bite for food
help digest it.
refreshing
mint leaves
t confection
wonder they
Goody That's
ou."

Wiley's
BOX
of
ed.
in Canada
Wiley Jr. Co. Ltd.
St., Toronto, Ont.



ONTO