

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies in Fashions

"Minaret Hat" Is the Season's Newest Model

By MADGE MARVEL

THE newest hat is called the minaret. It is more familiarly known as the "double-decker." That only partially expresses it. It is often two or three times that. In other words, there are several brims, arranged in tiers. To produce them would take far more material than the "Merry Widow" ever contained, divided and re-arranged in struts. Towering above the top layer of the minaret is some waving feather or flowers. Often other flowers nestle between the brims.

When it is not overdone, and the brim is only double, the newest hat is a most charming affair.

I saw one of black tulle in sailor shape with two curved and wired brims above the flat one that fitted next to the head. Between them pink and white gardenias were clustered. There was a fluffy and upright pom-pom of tulle surmounting the structure. My advice to one who fancies the minaret hat in its newest form is to get it and wear it and have done with it before the craze starts.

Tulle hats and hats of straw are appearing in growing numbers in the shop windows and topping fur coats on the street. They are especially for the southern trade, but they will be worn in New York before this gets into print. The straw that I have noticed seem rather generous as to size, flat in shape where they are not minaret-like and trimmed quite sweetly with flowers and ribbon. I am assured by several milliners that hats are to be tremendously

New Sandwich Ideas For Afternoon Tea

By Jeannette Young Norton

THE polite sandwich of the drawing room is a concoction of the chef's highest art, exquisite in flavor, varied in fillings and dainty as angel food. Afternoon tea, almost treading on the heels of a late luncheon and stepping on the advancing toes of the dinner hour, must, of necessity, include only the lightest edibles for its tea accompaniment.

So cooks of high degree have outdone their brain for variety, and one can scarcely go to any of these functions without coming home with a new sandwich idea to try. Cakes do not vary so much, except that small cakes are most popular, the layer cakes having been relegated to the luncheon table.

The tea has become quite as well understood a function to pay off small social obligations as are state dinners.

As the guests come and go it is necessary to keep fresh tea and new plates of sandwiches on the move. In order to do this, first class help must be behind the scenes, else the young women who have been invited to "pounce" will be at their wits' end, and instead of "one lump or two" guests may get it "with or without."

Here are a few fillings that the reader may find new and be perhaps the first to introduce to her home circle. A few sandwich rules might be suggested first to insure success. Butter should be fresh, unsalted if possible, and warm enough to spread without tearing the thin slices of bread. Bread should be at least a day old to slice properly, and, if the sandwiches are to be kept long, they may be done very closely in wax paper or wrapped in a linen cloth wrung out in cold water.

Like Grandma Made

By TOM JACKSON

A pumpkin pie is bulky stuff. Be sure that it is pumpkin, though, and not composed of squash. You want to get the homestead kind, about a cart-wheel size, and made so deep that it extends clear from your mouth to eyes! There's lots of so-called pumpkin pies with color very faint, a little shallow bit of paste touched up with yellow paint—that looks as if about to die. They are so pale and thin that one could be all eaten up before you scarce begin.

No, Grandma didn't make such pies—we all know that, of course. For if she had, why, Grandma would have used her for divorce. Dear-Grandma made



thick pumpkin pies, with crispy crust so brown the thin and weary looking pies are stamped out in the town. They run a big edition of "It's time to go to press."

Yes, pumpkin pie is goodly stuff. The Pilgrims found it so. They didn't have much money, but for it they raised the dough. When fighting Indians they would wait to see each savage die, then sing a hymn of praise and grab a chunk of pumpkin pie. You may cut this delicious pie by knife, fork, spoon, or hand. No matter how you capture it, don't it beat the band? It fills a man with ginger and with pleasure and delight, but when you start to hunt the same, be sure you get it right.

THE RIGHT NUMBER : By MICHELSON



YOU would know at a glance that it wasn't one of those annoying instances of a strange, empty voice at the other end of the wire that says "Jack WHO?"

O no! There is no mistake here. Miss Caller and Jack gets the right number—Miss Central have Jack RIGHT.

It was one of Jack's friends who remarked a week ago that Jack's friends were, "She's got your number!" The English language is so queer now-a-days that it is impossible to tell what Jack's friend meant—exactly.

Anyway, she has a wonderful memory in the matter of telephone mathematics, and when either she or Well, some day one of these telephone central girls will write a novel.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the New Novel, "Diana of the Green Van" Awarded a Prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as Judges.

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.

Honeymoon Troubles

I was near the end of my honeymoon. Mary and I—back from our trip to Montreal and Quebec—had halted at a summer hotel in the Adirondacks. There was a lake dotted with snowy lilies almost beneath the window and the boats rocking by the shore had tempted me for hours.

"Let me row you around the lake, Mary," I suggested. "It's a bully day."

Mary merely stared out of the window.

"You—would better go by yourself, perhaps," she said, and bit her lips.

"I certainly won't!" I declared. "I'm no solo honeymooner. What's wrong, Mary? You haven't really been yourself since we got here."

To my consternation Mary burst into tears.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, thoroughly bewildered. "There certainly is something wrong. Is it anything I've done, Mary?"

"Don't you remember?" reminded Mary, looking away. "You said her hair shone like beautiful copper in the sunlight."

"Why, so I did," said I at last. "But Mary, I never saw such hair on a girl in my life. And such quantities of it!"

"It was most likely pounds and pounds of false hair!" cried Mary, very white. "Oh, Peter!" The last was a wail and Mary began to cry again. And there I stood, dumb! I began to see. Mary was

A Cinch
Gobank-A year on Mars is nearly twice as long as a year on the earth. Mrs. Gobank—How nice! A woman would be only half as old as she really is.

Brief
"What sort of a marriage did she make?"
"Laconic."

Looked Like Time
"Why did you change your doctor?"
"I learned that the first one had a brother who is an undertaker."

Getting Ready
"I understand he has become a rabid fighter of dumb animals."
"Yes, he is preparing to begin an active warfare on parrots and phonographs."

Made Cautious by Cost
"What makes old Specie so careful in running his auto? He used to be a speed maniac."
"Yes, but he ran over a man once who had a policy in his insurance company."

High Old Time
"They are to be married in a balloon."
"Then I suppose the wedding will take place at high noon."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Heat, Applied Quickly, Best Cure for Sprains

By LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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HAVE you ever tried to break a twig from a growing tree? You most certainly have. Moreover, you have been amazed when you sought to bend a bough or branch over your knee to find that the wrench you gave it had little or no effect upon it. Then you turned and twisted the green stick. Finally, with the greatest difficulty, you found that you had pulled away a few strands of fibers at the crack. Perhaps with these fibers there came away a spicule of the wood which might, with some stretch of the imagination, be called "broken."

Now if the green tree had a lot of free fluid such as lymph and blood serum dancing right merrily through its anatomy, this would be partially blocked or dammed up at the bent portion of the bough. In other words, there would be a distinct swelling at that point.

This is what happens when any individual of the human tribe cracks his shin bone, turns his ankle, hits his crazy bone a sharp whack or turns his knee with too sudden or unusual a jerk.

In time, such misadventures are called "sprains." For the same reason that the branch of a growing tree when thus distorted may be justly said to endure a strain.

A sprain in man or brute is a strain which has gone beyond the point of elasticity. Even a mischievous boy with a rubber slingshot—not the swinging string kind which David used to slay Goliath—knows that the rubber band can only be stretched to a certain point. This is often erroneously called the "breaking point." But that is removed even a degree beyond the point where the elasticity disappears.

When the elasticity disappears either in a tree, in the human tissues, animal structures or rubber—which is the gum of a tree—the texture cannot return to normal shape, size or appearance.

Briefly, it is sprained. This is over and above a mere strain. A strained material may be made to assume its usual condition. Not so a sprained structure. When you speak surgically and physiologically you mean that the ligaments around the elbow, knee, ankle, wrist, shoulder and other bodily joints have been violently stretched with some damage to those parts.

Usually the two or more bones which always come together in a joint escape severe damage. True enough, on occasion, thin shavers of bone may be whipped loose when the sprain occurs, but the bone needs little attention in most sprains.

A sprain is not worse than a fracture, as popular belief maintains. It is, however, decidedly more painful. The two conditions are very difficult to distinguish between even by the most expert. Only an X-ray photograph may decide in court which is which.

The bruise, discoloration, blackness and blueness, the swelling, the tenderness and the pain of a sprained ankle—the most common type of sprain—or the sprain of any joint, are all due to the damming up in the injured parts of the fluids such as blood and lymph which have collected there.

The channels which convey the tissue juices are, of course, also ruptured;

Answers to Health Questions

QUESTIONER—Can you recommend any diet for a person with a tendency toward hardening of the arteries?

Yes; but many other things besides a diet are required. Your habits must be altered; your point of view on life must be switched off upon a different track; you must make yourself relax your tissues and relinquish most of your responsibilities.

You must not take fried fish, pork, corned beef, real heavy bread, hashes, stews, batter cakes, lamb, beef, mutton, gravies, peas, beans, pastry, ice cream, cakes, not so tobacco, malt or spirituous liquors. You make take soups. Broths with rice or barley, vegetable or fish soup. Fish. Boiled or broiled fresh fish, raw oysters, raw clams. Chicken, game, fat bacon and fat ham (sparingly). Hominy, oatmeal, wheaten grits, rice, stale bread, whole wheat bread, toast, milk toast, biscuits, macaroni, spinach, celery, watercresses, lettuce, mushrooms, mashed potato, cauliflower, rice and milk puddings, stewed fruits, raw ripe fruits, pure water, milk, fresh buttermilk, milk with hot water equal parts, whey, weak tea and toast.

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Said by Wise Men

The good are heaven's peculiar care.—Ovid.

Each one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

He is a fool who can not be angry; but he is a prouder man who will not.—Old Proverb.

What thou wilt thou shalt rather enforce with thy smile than hew it with thy sword.—Shakespeare.

Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.—Fropius.

That is the most perfect government under which a wrong to the humblest is an affront to all.—Seneca.

In matters of prudence last thoughts are the best; in matters of morality first thoughts.—Robert Hall.

The arrows of sarcasm are barbed with contempt. It is the sneer in the satire or ridicule that galls and wounds.—W. Gladden.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.—H. W. Beecher.

No man can ever be noble who thinks meanly and contemptuously of himself, and no man can ever be noble who thinks first and only of himself.—Dolinger.

The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but to emotions—in the works of its greatest masters, it is more marvelous, more mysterious than poetry.—H. Giles.

Go to your bosom, knock there and ask your heart what it doth know that is like my brother's fault; if it confess a natural guiltiness, such as his is, let it not sound a thought upon your tongue against my brother.—Shakespeare.

HEATH GREEN says that estimated to open-air games such as polo and fox and hounds.

The poorest place in the world to follow the onion theory is when calling on a girl. Once when we were a bit clever, in the onion theory we doctored ourselves on a couple of full-grown, robust specimens and went to call on a girl. She was bright and smiling when we arrived and played divinely, but in the middle of a sonata she began feeling bad about her nose. In a few minutes she complained of a headache and started for the door.

"You should try onions," we exclaimed. "They will cure you of anything!"

She arose stiffly. "I'd rather have it," she said pulling the door to after her.

Half an hour later we stepped into a soda fountain to get a plate of ice cream—and there was our girl, chatting merrily with our rival.

An onion had come between us.

"The onion cure is all right—after you get a million. After that people will cut up with almost anything."



AS SEEN THROUGH A KNOT HOLE

By Homer Croy

The Onion Cure

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