

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 Poirot 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 claim.

I have no idea they will be generally worn on the street, but with the right gowns, 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, surmounting some of the newest Poirot creations, and women were rather enthusiastic about them. To be sure, they were given a Poirot setting, rose and violet hangings, rose lights, gray furniture and heaps and more heaps of Poirot 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 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 any one because it is fully six months since trousers were shown as possible substitutes for skirts, but this is the first time 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 à la Poirot is of taffeta. The model shown is in a dark blue gray. At first glance it looks like a perfectly plain and narrow skirt with a tiny pleated front. The skirt, or it, whichever is correct, are, or is, so mild and inoffensive one can readily believe the fashion will obtain to some considerable extent.

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 the most 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 slash 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 waist of the coat with a bit of red showing at each end, and at the bust line there were long ends of the material of the skirt with red embroidery for the finish. Underneath was a soft mull blouse, and the wig was of silver white.

A bright blue wig was worn with a charming frock of blue and bronze changeable taffeta. The skirt was plain, narrow, and had no finish, and there was an inverted pleat in the front where dressings in exaggerated manner. 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

A LITTLE 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 wins. There's none to say you shan't. Live, laugh and love your fill, until the time comes when you can't.

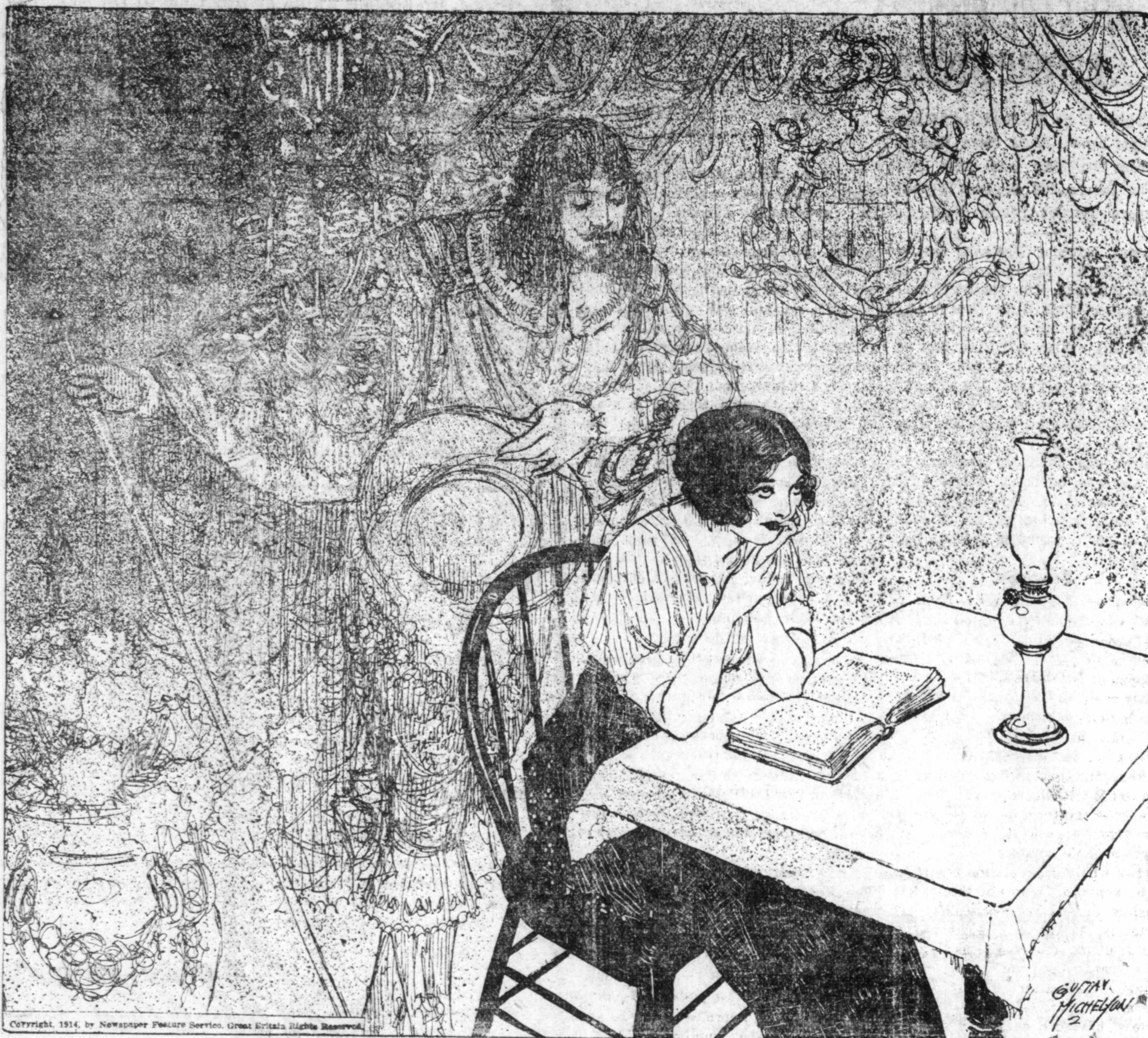
For what's life worth, if not with'neath to crowd each blessed hour. No merit lies in frightened eyes. And faces sad and sour.

Thesmile's the thing, the laugh whoering. Wakes joy in every heart. And knows that life is only sad. When good friends have to part.

So love your life, so live your life. When revell's shall come. You smiling so as one who'd know. What moves above the sun. For 'neath the sun, the race you've run. Since first your life began. Live, laugh and love your fill, until. You meet Death like a man.

ROMANCE

By Michelson



A MAGIC word, you say? Yes, it is more—it is a magic thing. 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 paganry, 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 as REAL as the nearer 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

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Winifred Black

A CHARITABLE 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, I 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 curlyques 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 the 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 filmy 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.—J. H. Hayes.

A man is one whose body has been trained to be the ready servant of his mind; whose passions are trained to be the servants of his will; who enjoys the beautiful, lives truth, hates wrong, loves to do good, and respects others as himself.—Aeschylus.

"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."

But the little girl cried and cried and would not be comforted. The next day I saw her on the sands again. She wore a fresh dress, not quite so delicate and neatly 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 of her laughter was not particularly pleasant to hear—for she laughed at her playmates, and not with them, which is always a good deal of a mistake. Poor little girl, she didn't realize that what her mother told her was absolutely true.

What we build doesn't seem to make much of a difference, does it? It's the fun we have in building that counts.

There's a statue down in New Orleans that I always go to see whenever I'm down that way, with the mocking birds and the magnolias—it stands in rather a dingy little square and it isn't a great and astounding work of art, though it is well enough, too.

But I never can leave the city till I have gone and looked—at Margaret the Bread Woman.

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 big loaf 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 comes 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 HIRSHBERG

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

ALMOST everybody who uses a comb is destined to be bald! Combs in general are a hissing and a mocking, also hair brushes. 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 plucking and harrowing of the youngster's scalp with this pernicious instrument of hirute torture.

The fine-tooth comb is a survival of the pre-fossilized days of the Ichthyosaurus and the pithdown skull.

Perhaps when babies had heads so small that there was no room for wigs, 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 wished for by the nurse, but a germ-infecting, scalp-vaccinating kind of parting. This parting is not of the hair, but of the scalp. For the fine-tooth comb, jerked like a currycomb through Pegasus, 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 woful destruction in their life.

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

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

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

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



DR. HIRSHBERG'S ANSWERS TO HEALTH QUESTIONS

Answers to Health Questions

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

If the moles hang from a slender thread hold a pair of scissors for 10 minutes. When cool clip the mole off and then touch the bleeding point with a stick of alum.

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. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on mental, 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. Hirshberg, 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.

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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 Question of Children

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"I HAVE 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.

Therefore when I came home from the office and found the house festively lighted, I was a little surprised and slipped in at the rear. Thence 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 eternal personalities in which women delight. There was a table very close to the door and Mrs. Penfield's mother was playing there.

There is a certain conversational gush about Mary's mother that is unmistakable. Rex, my big collie, came romping in from outdoors, sniffed about and walked majestically into the study and sat down.

"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 stilled laughter that followed that somebody's baby was addicted to the uncomfortable habit of crying nights and that Mrs. Pen-

field's reference was not without spite. The players shifted. Mrs. Penfield evidently remained, for her voice came clearly to me again a little later.

"Of course, Jane hasn't been so fortunate as Mary," she was saying in sweetly acerbated tones of patronage. "Jane is tied down with a young baby and can't go anywhere. Dearful, isn't it?"

I listened intently from that time on, something in Mrs. Penfield's voice rousing an unconscious resentment. I soon learned the reason for that fatuous arrogance in her tone. She was flaunting in the face of the young mothers in the club Mary's childless freedom.

I confess I was greatly shocked. Mary's indifference to children had often jarred upon me. Now I was learning the secret of it. It was a reflex of her mother's undermining instruction.

What sort of a mother will deliberately discourage her daughter's interest in the normal function of every woman who is a wife?

Mary's mother, in an insane desire to shield her daughter from physical hardship, is subtly undermining my future happiness. And she is deliberately patronizing the young wives who have babies. I was inexplicably horrified.

"I've I spoke to Mary," I said quietly, "tell me, why does your mother speak so slightly of the girls who are married and have babies? Is it some sort of disgrace to her way of thinking?"

"Mother," said Mary, coloring, "thinks it is a great pity for a girl to be so tied down."

"I wheeled suddenly. "Mary," I flamed, "tell me honestly, do you want to go through life without children?"

"Yes," said she, defiantly. "I do, Peter. I—I don't see why women have to bear it all."

"Mary," I flamed with anger. Mary's mother has sent to me a wife who knows nothing of the duties of womanhood. Now she is putting into her mouth shallow, artificial arguments that may crack our lives. Mary and I quarreled terribly. I told her that the childless wife is but a legalized mistress, and Mary cried. A mother then may be a harmful influence. It is a disturbing thought."

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-coffin due. It makes white streaks among one's thatch, puts wrinkles on one's brow; it doesn't help stave off a death which must be paid somehow. So just brace up, and try and keep your mind in cheerful frame—for worry will not trouble care, 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 frits within a little while. If one month's rent you chance to owe, be glad it isn't four; and, if there's worry to be done, let landlord walk the floor. To touch you for a dollar bill perhaps a friend may strive, then laugh unto yourself and say, "I'm glad it wasn't five." Things may be pretty bad as



lones, and way upon the bank, but they could be a blame sight worse, if you'd but stop and smile. When clouds are rolling thick around, appearing mighty black, remember, like a looking glass, they have a shiny back. "Tis worry puts a man all in, and causes care to cank; 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.