

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on How to be Beautiful

Try the "Silence Cure" If You Care For Beauty

By Maggie Teyte



MAGGIE TEYTE

STOP chattering and grow young. Constant talking ages one. A scientist—a woman scientist at that—has decided that women who chatter themselves out with useless and unnecessary and continuous talking, the way it makes wrinkles, spoils the shape of the mouth, makes the voice dry, raspy, and generally unpleasant and depletes nerves, blood and heart force. She says it is quite as injurious as too much alcohol or drugs. In her opinion it is the cause of more nervous breakdowns than genuine hard work, and causes more domestic unhappiness than anyone not versed in the amount of talking women do would believe.

Moreover, she goes on to explain that it is a most insidious habit. It fastens itself upon one before she realizes it and it is one of the most difficult things to cure.

As a remedy she advocates the cultivation of silence. In fact, she says only in silence is the hope for the chronic chatterer.

By retiring from other chatterers or complaining listeners she thinks the well-balanced woman should be able to conquer her vice of gabbliness and give her nerves and heart and head and voice a chance to adjust themselves. The rules for recovery are very simple to understand, but they are less simple to follow.

The first one is, "Talk only when you have something to say." If you live up to that the rest of the rules don't matter.

Let's stop chattering and think it over. The genuine chatterer so seldom has time to think. And thinking is good for all of us.

Mercy, how those other women rattle along when we are trying the silence cure! It's no wonder they look feverish and nervous and worn out! And how they shrill their voices! Poor souls, why don't they rest and let us try to see if we have a regular name for them in France—we call them "Peter Pan" in this country—people who never grow up, and they do make such a nuisance of themselves when they get out without a guardian.

But perhaps you are a little fussy yourself. Daddy's jokes may be a bore to you—you've heard them since you were a baby. Remember they are brand new to some of your friends—and to them he may appear quite an irresistible cut-up. Let daddy alone, and don't be ashamed of him. Be nice to him, and help him to have a good time, and believe me, not one friend of yours who is worth keeping but will like you all the better for it.

Année Laurie

Advice to Girls

By Année Laurie

Miss Laurie is all 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.

AND daddy won't remember that you're grown up, and when you have company he comes in the room and tells jokes, and tries to get smart and be entertaining, and you know they're all laughing at him and not with him, and you wish he wouldn't, and what are you going to do about it?

Poor little girl—and poor old daddy.

Maybe he wants to grow up but can't—just can't—that's all.

Perhaps he's only just about as old as you are really in his heart. There are such people everywhere—they

have a regular name for them in France—we call them "Peter Pan" in this country—people who never grow up, and they do make such a nuisance of themselves when they get out without a guardian.

But perhaps you are a little fussy yourself. Daddy's jokes may be a bore to you—you've heard them since you were a baby. Remember they are brand new to some of your friends—and to them he may appear quite an irresistible cut-up. Let daddy alone, and don't be ashamed of him. Be nice to him, and help him to have a good time, and believe me, not one friend of yours who is worth keeping but will like you all the better for it.

Année Laurie

JUNIOR SUFFRAGE CLUB.

The Junior Suffrage Club will meet next Monday at the University Settlement, Adelaide and Peter streets. The meeting will start at 8 o'clock.

LAYMEN'S MISSION COUNCIL.

Next year's work for the Canadian Laymen's Mission Council will be outlined at a meeting at St. James' parish house tonight.

HOME TOMORROW.

Rev. Dr. McKay, secretary Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board, is expected home tomorrow from Europe. He has been at The Hague attending a meeting of the world's mission conference combination committee.

GOOPS

By GELETT BURGESS



HELEN CLAY

I wonder if, like Helen Clay, You nibble, nibble, all the day, Pie, pudding, doughnuts, cookies, cake. And everything the cook can make? Nibbling between meals is a habit Belonging to a Goop—or rabbit!

Don't Be A Goop!

FOR CHRISTMAS SAKE

Come and See the Display of DUTCH POTTERY AND BRASS WARE

From 15c up, also PAINTINGS, ETCHINGS, &c.

H. VAN EDEN NIERHOFF

128 King St. West

"ABILITY TO SING LATENT IN ALL"



Mme. Margaret Matzenauer

Noted Prima Donna Advises Music Students

BY MME. MATZENAUER

OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA CO., NEW YORK.

SINGING is the perfect union of speech and tone. It is sometimes used as a passing amusement for the frivolous and unthinking, but, inasmuch as singing is a many-sided art, the amusement side should not be held against it.

Singing is a business also. Composers of songs, the singers of songs and the critics of both the singer and the song—all work together to live, and each finds joy in the work.

The composer knows his music. The singer interprets the song. The audience, with a desire to understand the singer, listens. The critic in an intelligent manner points out the good and bad points of both the music and its interpretation.

Everybody ought to sing.

Any one who can speak intelligently can learn to sing. The ability to sing is latent in all of us. The music germ is ever with us and the only thing that is lacking is to develop it. A slight cultivation of the sense of pitch and rhythm with a goodly grain of intuition and a whole-hearted willingness to work—these are the requirements for the embryo singer.

I know some one is about to rise and say at this point: "A voice is a gift of God." This is true. The five senses are also gifts of God—so is life.

Singing has been defined as "sustained talking on a tune." This definition is quite as good as any other.

I believe in the natural, easy method of singing. I am willing to admit that the obvious in music sometimes makes the biggest hit with the public. The student who makes himself a connoisseur, the pianist who wears long hair and does acrobatic work with his hands and arms, and the singer, who by clever and obvious distortions makes his work look difficult, often "bring down the house." But this same public, when given something simple and undistorted having true artistic value, will rise to the occasion every time.

The art of singing is dominated by the intellect and the soul, but, alas! plenty of voice does not always insure a plenitude of brains. Hypnotic vocal power does not insure success as a singer. In fact, such voices seldom succeed. The possessors are apt to be too lazy to work. The singer who works is the singer who wins. Give me the ordinary, every-day voice of the average boy or girl with a fair amount of intelligence and a dash of sensuous pathetic appeal—give me that and I'll show you in a remarkably short time a singer who will touch the hearts of an audience anywhere.

First, then, is the uncovering of the latent singing instinct. The student is advised by the cunning of the poets and musicians who so thoroughly understood the use of language and sound. The music may be of ancient or modern origin, but when the student begins in earnestness to study, and is filled with a desire to know and to perform or interpret, then he becomes an artist.

There are no limitations in singing, save the limitations we set for ourselves. Any singer of ordinary physique should be able to sing any role, but singers set their own limitations by saying "this role or that role does not suit me."

"Avoid the tear in the voice. There is enough sorrow in the world now. Don't spend too much time trying to look pretty, and on your life, avoid the incessant smile. People of engaging personality and with brilliant natural voices are apt to put too much stress on these qualities. Put yourself in your singing. In other words, put character in your work."

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a \$10,000 prize 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.

The Girl

"WELL," said dad, when I diffidently spoke of falling in love, "there is much to be said for and against the early marriage. For one thing, it gives a man the chance to enjoy the vanishing fragment of his youth with his children, and 'late children are early orphans.' Moreover, in a sense, you and your wife grow up together and mold your habits and temperaments more easily to each other. On the other hand, the love of maturity is a stronger, surer thing. It knows that the headstrong passion of youth is evanescent; it appreciates the responsibilities of a life partnership and the development of the child; it knows a lot more than the callow youth, as flinging himself into a lifetime partnership with a distracting, pretty girl. But I don't know, son. After all you're only twenty-one. What, what do you think?"

Mother looked up from her sewing, and I thought her eyes were very grave. "Well," said she, slowly, "it depends."

"It does indeed," interrupted father. "It depends upon the girl." And dad sighed for he was a doctor and knew

a lot of which he rarely spoke about woman and her chain of mysterious ailments and delinquencies.

"Now, mother and I," went on dad, with a quick glance of approval at mother's gray head bent over her work, "mother and I were kind when we married, but your mother, my son, had a fund of horse sense which I have yet to find in one woman out of twelve. Moreover, she developed with the times. And you'll find, I think, that women at a certain age stand stock still and vegetate where the man forges steadily ahead."

"At forty-five a woman begins to feed upon memory, and it is monotonous ear work for her husband when she does. He may have memories of his own, to be sure, but he never drops his grasp upon the present and the future; he can't; and as a result he's a snappy, optimistic sort of being, where nine times out of ten his wife's a drizzling pessimist. And a pessimist, next to an anarchist, is, in my opinion, the most deadly influence abroad." He glanced kindly at my crestfallen face. "But, son," he added, "the right sort of partnership you can't go in too early."

My face scarlet, I made the plunge. "I've been thinking some of Mary Penfield," I blurted, and "some" was putting it mildly.

Looking back now, I remember the interval of dead silence that followed.

"Mary Penfield's a mighty pretty girl," said dad at length.

But mother, in the fashion of mothers, rose and slipped her arm about my shoulder. And at the time I thought her question was very odd.

"Son," she said, "does she know some one thing well?"

"Why—why—yes," I stammered; "I suppose she does; most girls do, don't they?"

"No," said mother gently. "I'm afraid they don't. They know a lot of things and no one thing well. And out of that grab-bag of imperfect acquaintance they expect to draw the boon of wife and mother efficiency without any effort at all. But if in the grab-bag there's something they do know well, then they're sufficiently disciplined to learn something else well. There's a lot of talk these days about the lack of domesticity of the business girl. But the business girl, my son, has learned one thing well, and by learning that she's learned at the same time the invaluable lesson of concentration."

"It's been my experience watching the wideawake girls of to-day that the business girl will apply her trained energies to the analysis of housekeeping and try to put it on a business basis, but the girl with a smattering knowledge of everything gets but a smattering of the world's big job, keeping the home and the children of the world clean and happy. Now, dad and I want to see you happy. We want to know some wise, sweet little woman who thinks more of the job of making you happy than of anything else in the world. Isn't that it, father?"

And dad, and he puffed long and hard upon his pipe.

I smiled with the conscious superiority of youth. Mary Penfield knew one thing superlatively well, and that was the art of looking beautiful. It was good enough for me.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Moderns Must Temper Rigors of "Hardening"

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

(Copyright, 1913, by L. K. Hirschberg.)

TO suffer and be strong is the Puritan idea applied to physical health. It is a sublime thing to be imperious alike to the extremities of the weather and the blandishments of the flesh. If a baby can be reared in all kinds of grim cold and soggy, marrow-pinchng skies, she should, according to the dictum of the super-Puritans of vigor, be able to withstand any old kind of meteorologic gymnastics. But this new sort of health crusading forgets that:

"Hercules himself must yield to odds; And many strokes, though with a little axe, Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak."

Perhaps the Spartans, the Stoics and the other brave, historic crew who lost many children by deliberate exposure to hunger, cold and fatigue in order to weed out the unfit, really destroyed the flower of their stocks.

Who knows? Certainly all of the so-called enervated, luxury loving nations still survive to-day. But where are the Spartans? Where are the Stoics?

Be this as it may, there is no doubt that a sane, middle course that does away with coddlng, pampering and spoiling the human body is the correct one. The two extremes of overfed Senators or overhardened babies mean death to the individual and race suicide as far as the nation is concerned.

The Goths and Huns may for a time destroy a Rome, because the luxurious are always open to attack. But such seemingly stalwart giants are soon forced from the stage of life when the average, middle-class Italians make their bow.

In the piercing, bleak Siberian days of the winter it is always a problem with mothers as well as all other persons, as to just how much clothing baby shall wear, or how many mufflers and overcoats the grown-ups shall put on.

As a matter of fact there is as much danger in attempting indiscreetly to toughen the individual as it is to be over careful in over-dressing him. Acute, infectious "arthritis" or inflammatory joints, the costly price of too little clothing. This malady, the only true "rheumatism" known, attacks children and young adults. It lasts about three months and is accompanied by high fever.

Together with pneumonia this is the ailment which nipping winds and biting frosts cause. Dr. Alois Shesser, the eminent German physician, says that the super-Puritan epidemic among modern medical men of "hardening children" has been overdone to the great cost of life and human efficiency. Rigid systems of "hardening" are distinctly injurious. To pour cold water over an infant or young child is a good tonic, but

DAILY HEALTH HINT

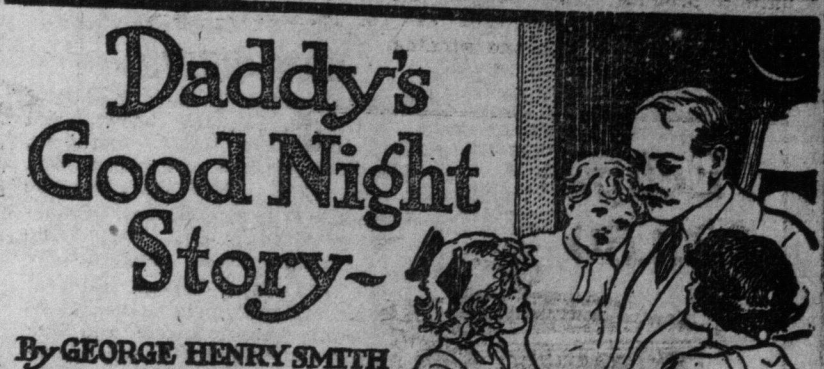
"Pins and needles" sensations or a feeling as if ants are crawling over you, is usually due to disturbance of the tiny nerves in the skin. Many people are much alarmed by this and fear it means paralysis. There is no cause for fright when such tingling is present. Usually a good dose of salt or sedative powders, or a tablespoonful of castor oil relieves the immediate trouble. A disturbed stomach, worry, loss of sleep and similar troubles cause these odd sensations.

Answers to Health Questions

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygiene 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 this office.

J. S. Jr.—My front teeth are turning dark. Can anything be done?

Neglect of the teeth or a tooth powder or paste made with certain bitter chemicals may turn the teeth dark. When the discoloration is on the lower part of the teeth it may be due to lead poisoning. Many deposits of mercury are attributed by dentists to uric acid—and with a cure of the cause and the use of such oxidizing tooth pastes as contain chlorate of potash.



By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

BRETT RABBIT sat reading the Woodland News one evening when little Billy Bunney put his arms around his neck and said: "Say, Pop, will you sleep in my bed to-night? 'Cause you slept with Jimmy last night and you haven't slept with me in a long time." It was some time before Brett Rabbit looked away from his newspaper, and then he said: "Yes, Billy, I guess so, but you got the bed warm first and I'll be up later."

"How much longer do you mean?" asked Billy, giving his father an extra hug.

"Just as soon as I finish reading this paper," answered his father. All was still for a while and then a voice came down from upstairs with: "Hey, there, Pop! this bed is so hot I am nearly baked in it!" Brett Rabbit threw down his newspaper and started upstairs two steps at a time. When he reached Billy's room he put his hand under the bed clothes and said, "Why, Billy, your bed isn't half warm enough for me." Then he turned and went downstairs to finish his newspaper.

Little Billy lay in bed thinking what he could do to make his father come upstairs to bed with him. At last he thought of a bright idea—he would sneeze and that would make his father think that he had taken a cold and come up to see about it.

"Ch-e-r cho-o-o!" went Billy and his father hopped upstairs again, as fast as he could.

Billy lay in the bed playing he was asleep and his father undressed as fast as he could. He did not dare ask Billy whether he had taken cold or not, but Brett Rabbit was ready to get in bed when Billy opened his eyes and he asked him: "Have you taken cold?"

"I don't know, Pop," answered Billy. "I guess the bed was too hot. It made me sneeze."

"Call it I have Can ch And

The "ECI" tures—the perfected arm, the C has the m unite to p built of (three disc

"Ed \$32

T A J B E T C In

To D the next tv Toronto.