

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Fancies of Fashion

Flowers Add Last Touch to Neckwear

By MADGE MARVEL

SEE the simple bow of black tulle used for the neck finish for many blouses. It also appears on some of the fichus that are worn outside the gown as a finish where the surplus crosses. Embroidery on the tulle is not difficult, and it is the thing that makes the best neckwear so very attractive. A few sprays of conventionalized flowers on the sides of the collar and the yoke portion of the gumpie adds the touch that speaks volumes to the woman who appreciates the fine points of dress.

I have seen several noticeably attractive fichus with yellow lace used with the white net. This is usually Val, and used as narrow frills to outline white lace. The cream tulle lace collars are exquisite.

Another most practical dress transformation for the woman who counts cost is the adjustable tunic, which may be found ready-made or can be made at home at a reasonable cost and with very little knowledge of sewing. The one thing to remember in choosing the tunic is to have it appear as if it had a right to existence, and was not simply slipped on to make a show of smartness. Harmony is the one important thing to remember when you make over a frock or brighten one up, or when you draw a new one. It is the word that plans the line between style and dowdiness.

There is a plain shade and goods to match almost all the embroidered fabrics, and I am assured the coat of strong color will be a part of the most desirable summer frocks of lighter shades and fabric.

There are new lines, too, but even they are not the same linen we once knew. They have taken on a suppleness and softness which is due to silken threads and they appear in patterns, checks and stripes of different kinds.

One of the crepes which I actually saw being purchased was of white with yellow daffodil embroidered in solid effect. The coat was to be of yellow novelty duvetine in the same shade of the daffodil and closely resembling ribbed velours.

The young woman for whom the gown was intended was tall and dark with a clear complexion and hazel eyes with yellow lights. She hesitated between the duvetine and the satin crepe, which is another new fabric which is quite like panne velvet in appearance.

The Winning Power of a Smile

By Jeannette Young Norton

IT is the "cheery man with a smile that gets the job every time," it is said, so young women take notice and smile on your would-be employer. "Smile into the office with head and shoulders erect, simply and suitably dressed. Impress the fact that you are energetic, ambitious, capable, with time enough for business and none for nonsense, and really want the job. Two to one you will get it."

After you get the job, young woman, remember that the habit of punctuality is invaluable, and the unflinching conscientiousness about keeping appointments will endear you to all of your business friends.

If yours is outside work, do not fail to keep in touch with the office, so, though out of sight, you may be reached. Above all, do not let the office be a day off; rather say you are going to a funeral, a fight or a wedding instead, as nothing so queer as an employer as to not like it. Always smile. Smile so that a helper is always at hand, and so that a helper is always at hand.

Willie Rites on Animals

DOMESTIC animals are animals that hang around the house grubs, horses, clothes horses, cats, rats and mice and dogs, cows, oxen and pigs.

up wun of her nine lives an I gess she must have mislaid the other eight lives. Because she never did kum to life again. Dum animals mite be dum but lots of times they no moan soam humans dew an they wuz ont a man who hadd a hoarse wich he kep grazun in a lott nere his barn. wun day he wanted to show how smart he wuz in ketchin his hoarse without goan after him an he jest took a cat measure an went out in the lott an chucked a bluff that he wuz goan to give the hoarse sim otes. An the hoarse he kem over on a hop skip and jump but he found out that the crewel man putt wun over on him. Tuen not long after the vice guy wanted to gitt the hoarse ride had to ride over tew a ballgame an he tride the same trick but there wuz nothin doing this time an the hoarse wud cum just so close to the fresh guy that he cud almost tech him. An then the hoarse wud say neigh neigh an bes the man cud ketch the jarse the bawf name wuz over.

New must allus be kind to dum animals if you are kind to a mule he wont kick you wile you are standin at his head.

CALLING IN A SPECIALIST

By Michelson



WHEN the world stops looking as it should; when spring and the birds and blossoms look a long way off, and summer seems like the most unreal and impossible happening; when sound is out of tune, perfume a mockery, friends a delusion, the future a blank—THEN the Master Wizard is sorely needed.

When all other doctors fail, call Dr. Cupid. Let HIM prescribe. Let him diagnose the situation in his keen, searching way.

Said by Wise Men

By searching the old learn the new.—
Shakespeare.
No legacy is so rich as honesty.—
Shakespeare.
The sea drinks the air and the sun the sea.—
Anacreon.
The trust self-respect is not to think of self.—
Beecher.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:
My chum says that a girl who marries for money is a fool. I say that a girl who doesn't marry for money is a fool. If you marry for love, you may stay in love and you may not. Then what? But if you marry for money, there you are with what you wanted sure enough. What do you think? BROWN EYES.

Oh, fudge, little girl, I don't think about it at all. I don't have to, and then, what's the use?
No girl who was ever worth marrying at all ever married for money. She may think she will; she may say she's going to, and she may try her very best to do it, but when the time actually comes for the wedding, any girl who is worth the snap of her own finger, will run away and take a place in somebody's kitchen as a very indifferent cook, or she'll go out and scrub floors for a living, or she'll book to people who never read or sell cream to people who have no complexions to preserve—anything, anything she'll do rather than marry for money.

If you marry for love, the love may go—well, what of it?
You don't expect a plate of ice cream to last forever, do you?

Love is the flower that grows along the pathway of life, the only flower that is worth the picking, little girl—never forget that for one minute. If your particular little plant turns out to have more thorns than blossoms, that is your misfortune. But at least you stopped a moment when the dust lay thick in the road and smiled to see the flower springing there—for you.

And, as long as you live, you will remember.
I saw her at the cemetery the other day, a little, withered, plain, old woman. She rose from the side of a low grave, and her eyes were like stars as she turned to go away.
I looked at the name on the simple headstone, "Thomas Riley, beloved husband of Mary." I wonder if he was worth it all—Thomas Riley—the love, the faith, the trust, the deep devotion in that tired little woman's face. But whether he was or not, her love for him was worth the joy it brought her.

Being loved is all well enough, little girl, but, dear me, it isn't a patch on loving.
Let the girl with the mean little mind and the starved little heart marry for money.
She wouldn't know what love was anyway. Money is all she'll ever get;

let her have it—and be sorry for her. You marry for love. If he's plain or if he's handsome, if he's clever or if he's stupid, you marry for love, and hear the silver chimes ring in your happy heart, even if they only ring a little while, and then are mute forever.

They say in Ireland that you can tell those who have ever met a fairy face to face. There's a look about them, a something in the eye. So it is with those who love or who have ever loved. I believe I can tell them even when I pass them in the street—those who love or who have ever loved. There's a look about them—something in the eye. Don't go down to your grave, little girl, without that look about you.

Marry for love and for love alone. If you have to live in one room and wear cotton stockings the rest of your life to do it.

Miss Laurie will 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.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Sane Clothing Makes Tonic of Winter's Cold

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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I SING of bare arms and scantily clothed men! Of the cold, not "colds," I must speak. The effect of extreme cold upon the human body plays a vitally important part with regard to health. Look about you and judge, as with your non-medical, common sense. Observe the sk, rard mount of sickness, incapacity, decreased earning power, defective physical and mental powers in these Borean days of wintry winter.

Extreme days of wintry winter, true enough, drive disease and death into many a human nook and corner, but the influence of cold itself for a reasonable time, no matter how severe, is actually an accessory to physical endeavor.

While this is true for robust individuals, who obtain the sleep of the just, the plain victuals of the Pythagorean cannot be expected to hold for the decrepit, the half-starved, the white wayfaries, the night owls and the aged.

Cold calms the changing cheek, it cools the scorching vein, restores sanity to the maddened brain, tempers the voracious steel and inspires to daring deeds.

Cold is Anesthetic.
Cold is, medically speaking, like love. It is like a dizziness that "wins" a poor body gang about its business. If that business be bad for the "pulp body."

Dr. Thomas Darlington, the former head of the New York department of health, has emphasized the fact that cold lowers your susceptibility to infections. Even extreme degrees of cold character increase muscular adaptiveness.

Curious to relate, cold actually generates heat in your living tissues. The freezing blasts which drive the blood from your skin really burn up food and tissue juices within you. It increases the chemical goings-on inside of you, and thus enhances your power to do and to dare and to hold.

This temporary exposure to inordinate degrees of cold is an anesthetic, removes pain and knits up the ragged sleeve of care by inducing sleep.

Long years of physiological discretion, however, are necessary to decide just how little cold Jane may safely withstand, and how much Roger can endure. The pseudo intelligence which tries cold first is like the old saw of "after meat the mustard, and after death the doctor."

For stern winter loves a dirge-like sound, and in this manner, to lock the stable door after the steed has gone, proves only too often a sad truth. Cold really makes severe inroads upon the health, stamina and vitality of any one not physically at par.

Since there be few, indeed, who may, like Hercules, do what they may; since those earthborn creatures who are 100 per cent, healthful are few and far between, an insane desire to go beyond the limits of frozen tissue elasticity can only result in catastrophes.

Victims Are Many.
The efficiency brought about by occasional wafts of Aurora blasts is soon metamorphosed to debility and inefficiency when feelings of cold and discomfort show themselves.

The benumbing effects of an icy atmosphere, the very dulling of the senses, the insidiousness of the cold, the absent-mindedness, the loss of initiative, the sluggish perception and slothful muscles, cold winter, with the strength of its sunbeam, touches the flesh and the soul awakes. If heavy, clumsy, overpower-

Dr. Hirschberg 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. Hirschberg, care this office.

Sayings of Children

Willie—Grandpa, tell me a story.
Grandpa—Once upon a time, before people thought of marrying for money—
Willie—Oh, I don't mean a fairy story.

Phyllis accidentally discovered a doll that her mother had concealed in a trunk in readiness for the little lady's birthday. The following day at dinner she surprised the family by remarking: "I'm trying so hard to forget something fall! I want to remember that I don't feel very hungry."

A little Boston girl, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming: "Oh, darling, how did you get there?"

"Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

WHAT'S the matter with you?" asked Brer Rabbit of Mister Squirrel. "My wife won't tell me a secret I want to know and I am very sad."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Brer Rabbit. "I'll tell you what to do. My wife put my hand in water one night. She thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I told her a lot of things."

"That's a good idea," said Mister Squirrel. "When my wife goes to sleep tonight I'll put her hand in water and she will tell me where she put my pipe."

"She hid it because she thought I set the house on fire. Good-by," and away scampered Mister Squirrel.

That night, when all was quiet and Mrs. Squirrel was asleep (as her husband thought), he put her hand in water and she began to talk: "What a dear, dear husband I have. He is so good and kind to me. I don't know what I would do without him."

"Where's my pipe?" "The boys hid it," said Mrs. Squirrel. That was all she said, and Mister Squirrel went to sleep without learning where his pipe was.

The next day Mrs. Squirrel met Mrs. Rabbit. "I am very much obliged to you for telling me about Brer Rabbit putting your hand in water. Mr. Squirrel did that to me last night."

"What did you tell him?" "I told him he was the dearest, sweetest husband in the world."

"That's good," laughed Mrs. Rabbit. "People like pleasant things told me, but they don't like to hear what is disagreeable."

Queer Creatures on Land and Sea

Why a Flounder Is Flat

FLOUNDERS are not born flat. Mother Flounder lays her eggs way out at sea. The tide carries them on the surface of the water toward the coast. As the eggs drift they develop, and by and by all the eggs that have not been gobbled down by hungry fish hunters hatch out baby flounders.

At first Baby Flounder is only an ordinary little fish, swimming upright like other fishes. Soon after he is born he drops to the bottom of the ocean. When he is two years old he is about six inches long, but when he is three years his size doubles and becomes a foot in length. At four years of age Baby Flounder has become a full grown fish of some 14 or 20 inches.

Meanwhile a wonderful change has been taking place. Gradually Baby Flounder has grown thinner and thinner, and very, very broad, until at last he is no longer vertical, but flat as a pancake. Moreover, his eyes, which were on either side of his head like any normal little fish, have been travelling! They are now both on the top of his head in line with each other.

Besides this, Mr. Flounder has wholly changed color. The upper part of him has become of a sand tint like the mud in which he lives, and the under part of him, where no light ever reaches, has grown to be a dull, creamy white.

Nature never does anything without a reason—not even a flounder. Bit by bit she has been fitting Mr. Flounder to live at the bottom of the sea—to slide over the mud easily, to detect his prey as it darts over his head and to hunt for his food without being seen.

Desirable.
"There is a great demand for the right sort of synonyms."
"What sort?"
"Those that are easie to spell."

Smilers and Villains.
"A man may smile and smile and be a villain," too," quoted one man who adds "Yes," asserted the other, "especially when he smiles at some other fellow's expense."

Why He Wobbled.
"He does not seem to walk as straight as he formerly did."
"No. He lost his balance at the bank."

His Limit.
"Is he a good artist?"
"Well, he can draw a fine crowd when working on the street."

Disproven.
"The pen is not mightier than the sword."
"No?"
"No, indeed. When the commanding general says for the war correspondent to go, the writer goes."

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