

* DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY *

Fancies of Fashion

New Styles Influenced By Dances

By Madge Marvel



NEVER in the history of dress has the dance played so important a part in the making of fashion. It has practically made obsolete the plain tailor suit which, only a few seasons ago, we felt quite justified in wearing for the tea hour and all but the most formal afternoon functions. It has compelled changes from the most unexpected sources and has stamped its influence on the dress of young and old.

We have special frocks in our wardrobe that owe their entire being to the tango. We have new shoes and slippers and stays and waives and colors and lines all paying homage to the dance. We hear of the "tango" this and the "tango" that. And now we have added a few dancing hours to the day by having dancing luncheons. The next step would seem to affect our negligees and boudoir caps.

The most remarkable fact is that all this has not worn out the craze nor weakened the influence. There are some new dances to be brought out this winter. One of them is a wild Brazilian whirl which makes the tango seem too mild for interest. This dance comes via Paris, where they have gone quite literally "dippy" about it.

A clever woman said the other day the only things she knew of that came from Brazil were nuts and bugs. "And goodness knows," she added, "we have enough of those here now." Another sure influence on the coming modes will be the spirit of Mexico. Just what will be adopted remains to be seen. But keep your eye on Mexico for style inspiration. It was war in the Balkans that gave us the deluge of Balkan and Bulgarian fashions and colors and collars. Well, Mexico is much nearer home. Yet no one who follows the way of the fashion world expects the Mexican influence to come direct. No indeed. It is far more apt to spread over the United States by way of Paris.

The authorities say that the dance luncheon will demand no different dress than the tango. The only point is that one will do the latter frock earlier in the day. Also, as the season progresses it will be the correct dress for the luncheon and something new will be applied for the dance.

"Soup should be seen and not heard." At any event, noises that are generally tolerated in the great orator, such as loud breathing and throat rattling, would destroy the singer. The orator's main purpose is to convey a thought, and this is accomplished, but the singer's main purpose is to beautify everything. In singing the voice must be pure, the words must come with accuracy and distinct articulation, the musical phrase must be correctly delivered and the emotional content of both text and music impressed upon the listener. A vital difference between the normal speaking voice and the singing voice is in the resonance of the latter. This is due not only to the increased intensity, but to the fact that the singing effort keeps the voice continually upon a stated plane of sustained tone, is always supported by the body in complete buoyant freedom, a condition which even the orator and the actor do not always maintain. Artistic color in the voice is the result of artistic feeling. Nothing so quickly speaks culture as a voice rich in color.

A singer must either go forward or backward. There is no marking time in the world of music. If the singer goes backwards there is soon a vacancy in the ranks, and the songy clouds of oblivion bury the singer. The singer who works in the singer who advances. No racy and smart effort, the singer must be attained, if we but pay the price for the law of compensation never sleeps.

THE HEART LINE

By MICHELSON



THE LIFE LINE runs from under the forehead, around the ball of the thumb, down toward the wrist. If he knows about palmistry, and is a good guesser, he knows when he sees that line just how long you are going to live.

But that isn't the line that interests him most. He will take a chance on the life line. The line that interests him most—the line he's studying while he's telling you about the life line—is the heart line.

He knows that that heart line is really the GREATEST GUESS of all. If he can guess that he's a wonder—he's THE wonder. And if you were a good guesser you could guess from the way he afterward spoke of that heart line just what sort of a heart HE has. O, it's a delicate situation! Meanwhile, HE HAS THE HAND. Possession is nine points of Love.

"A Singer's Main Purpose Must Be to Beautify"

By Mme. Margarete Matzenauer

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

SINGING is intensified speech. By that I mean we rise above the plane of ordinary speech in song and beautify it by emotional color and sustained musical tone. In song we run the entire gamut of human emotion, from the subdued song of the drawing room or sanctuary to the love song, and on up to the oratorio and finally the operatic aria, where every element of power or restraint is brought forth in the unfolding of the fabric.

It is a great accomplishment to have a beautiful speaking voice, and every one should strive to possess a voice of sweetness, beauty and power, but all this is far below the plane of art sought by the student of song.

In the cultivation of the singing voice several things must be considered, such as breathing, color, volume and resonance. Then there must be the establishment of proper intonation, correct pronunciation of tone quality and a true conception of poise.

In singing there must be no accompanying noises with the voice. As I wrote this sentence I read it to my husband, Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, tenor of the Boston Opera Company. He laughed at my admonition and said it reminded him of the old quip about the backwoodsman who, figuring how he should eat his soup, the answer be-

ing: "Soup should be seen and not heard."

We Need More Self-Control

By WINIFRED BLACK

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DR. CARL H. HOMBERG of Pittsburgh, Pa., says that it's a good thing to go out and get drunk—once in a while.

"A good many of my patients are big men, corporation lawyers, railroad presidents, and things," said Dr. Homberg, when he lectured about the "Get Drunk and You'll Be Happy" idea the other night. "And I find that the only thing that seems to let down the tension with them is to go off once in a while on a real old fashioned 'jag'."

"Of course, you can't give that kind of advice to every kind of a man, and the 'jag' must never become a spree or a hang-over. If it does it's fatal. But just a good, plain one, to forget that you aren't twenty-one with the world before you, that every girl you meet is likely to fall dead in love with you on the spot, with a constitution that can resist anything on earth, is the best thing on earth for a certain sort of man who lives all the time under a certain sort of strain."

"I suppose all the W. C. T. U.'s in the world will be after my scalp now for saying this—but it's true, just the same."

Now, Dr. Homberg, I'm not a W. C. T. U. at all—not the least little bit in the world. But I'm afraid I wish I had a good scalping knife handy—for somebody needs your scalp, and needs it quickly.

A good "jag" may be good for a bad man—once in a while—but where do you draw the line between a good drunk and a bad one? I've seen all kinds, and so have you, doctor, if you've had any kind of experience in the world at all.

The good natured jag, where the man makes a fool of himself and of everybody belonging to him; the quarrelsome jag, where the man gets into disgrace that it takes him years to get out of; the harmless little spree, where a man runs away with some hard-faced waitress from some disreputable resort somewhere and marries



Winifred Black

her—and repents in sack cloth and ashes all the rest of his life. Not one of them is worth having, doctor—not a single one of them!

Nervous strain—you and your bank presidents and railroad officials and professional men—why, any woman on earth who raises a family of children endures more nervous strain in a day than any dozen bank presidents who ever lived! Maybe she'd be better off if she went on a spree once in a while to "relieve the tension." But what would her children be doing in the meantime, and how would she feel about it when she came to?

That's what a woman thinks of, and that's what a man should think of, too, if you don't mind looking the matter honestly, without prejudice, straight in the face, good Dr. Homberg.

There isn't a single one of us who ever can, ever will ever has or ever would live absolutely alone in this world. It isn't possible to do it. The man who goes on a harmless spree always harms somebody somehow before he gets back from it. Then how can it be harmless?

What you want to teach your bank presidents and your railroad officials and all the rest of these very important persons, who think that they have some divine license to do what they please just because they are successful at money-making, is not less self-control, but more of it.

Why, a little bit of a woman with a backache and feet that hurt and eyes that burn with fatigue will keep her temper and wait on a sick man night and day, take care of three or four children, do all her own housework and the mending thrown in, and never think of going on a spree to get away from herself.

Is she bigger and finer and nobler and more worth while than your sporting bank president, Dr. Homberg? I am just silly enough to believe that she is. I wonder what you think about this very pertinent question right down in the bottom of your heart?

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Form the Sleep Habit, Armor Against Ills

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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HAVE you ever heard of White Nights? They are dark and Stygian when you sleep well. The French call the nocturnal hours spent without sleep "nuits blanches." When the luxury of balmy sleep fails to be wooed by your heavy-lidded eyes, you say you have had a ghastly night.

You sleep well when you are conscious that you have had a "black night." Then sleep covers you all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak.

Sleep is drink to the thirsty, bread to the starving, warmth to the shivering and cool comfort to the hot. It is wealth beyond the dreams of Cathay—which purchases pleasures, kingdoms, fairy lands, happiness and knowledge to give their readers sleep.

Sleep is often as good a cure as antitoxins, antiseptics and antidotes generally. No one but an ill traveler can appreciate the boon of oblivious sleep. Like children in their beautiful innocence, soothing sleep is a virtue of health and optimism.

The magic potions concocted in the newest scientific laboratory; the ingenious workings of the surgeon's blade; the talismanic art of an Alexis Carrel would all go for naught without the knitting, healing powers of sleep.

To banish sleep from the repertoire of health is to throw the balance over to the side of human ailments. Physiologists and medical writers often work while the rest of humanity sleeps, sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.

"O soft embalmers of the still midnight! Shutting, with careful fingers and benign Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light, Enshaded in forgetfulness divine."

Sleep is the friend of physical woes and a vaccine against many vile contagions. It is the Great Beauty Doctor and the Fairy Restorative to Aged. Deep and silent sleep is, then, an exorcism of ill health and a prophylactic of trouble.

Morpheus, indeed, was known and worshipped by the ancients for his power to release pain from the human frame. Morpheus, the greatest of the pain alleviating drug-deeds, obtains its name from the god of sleep.

Sleeplessness may be due to the bad habits of remaining awake too late at night or of "carrying bees to bed." This latter expression refers to the morbid American habit of thrashing out the troubles of daylight upon the tossed about and rumpled sheets at night. Like bees and nettles, the harassing things of the day are permitted to sting you at night.

Slumber becomes an outcast when too much is eaten just before a late bedtime; when too much excitement such as card-playing, quarrelling or excessive muscular play or work has been quaffed from a late nocturnal source.

Cool and cold, windy and fresh air from widely open windows often restore the sleep-habit. Hot baths and hot drinks do their share in many instances. "Cold packs"—sheets which are moistened with cold water, wrung out, and

then wound around the victim or sleeplessness before retiring—surpass all the hypnotics and slumber inducing drugs known.

Answers to Health Questions

JOHNSON, JR.—When I was a boy physicians used "eye-cups" to strengthen weak eyes. Why were they abandoned? Was there any good reason for believing that they were effective?

Eye-cups are now coming into use by eye specialists with a clearer understanding of their uses by doctors. The application of boracic acid water to the eyes in dark blue-glass eye-cups is perhaps the very best way to treat the milder eye affections.

ADVICE—What is hiccupping and why will a mental shock often stop hiccupping?

Hiccupping or hiccupping, is due to many things. An over-distended stomach, inflammation in the lung cavity or in the abdomen, in short, anything which irritates the "diaphragm," may be a cause of these spasmodic, short clinkings of respiration.

"Mental shock" will often stop the temporary hiccupping due to a stretched or overloaded stomach, because it "short circuits" the nervous impulse responsible for the hiccupping spasms.

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 of this office.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Miss Laurie: I am a business girl and I lunch down town every day. My chum and I always lunch together and she says that I look at the men too much.

I don't see any harm in looking at a good looking man—do you? And if I smile at one once in a while, do you consider that a crime? My chum seems to think it is. I have a friend who married an awfully nice fellow that she met just the way I was. Why shouldn't I have the same good fortune?

MUTINIOUS. WHY shouldn't you, indeed, little girl? Maybe you have a friend who found a fifty-dollar gold piece in the street one day; why don't you give up your job and try to earn your living that way? It would be lots more fun than working in a stuffy office all day, wouldn't it?

I know a girl who was sitting on the porch of her father's house on a perfectly good farm one perfectly pleasant day in spring and a large bird flew down, straight out of the sky, and "lit right at her feet."

The bird turned out to be a man in a flying machine—he fell in love with the girl and now they are married—and she won't let him fly any more.

Why don't you go out on a farm somewhere and sit on the porch next

May and see if you can't have this same sort of luck?

Why, you poor foolish little thing, you, your friend took one chance in a million. And it happened to be the right one.

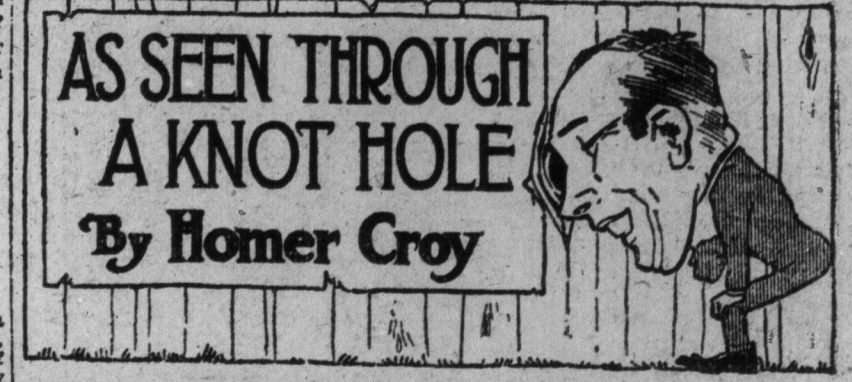
Don't think of following her example. How long has she been married, anyway? What do you know about the man she married? What if he has a wife somewhere else; what if he is a thief or a drunkard, or anything else on earth he might be?

It's bad enough to take matrimonial chances with a man you've known all your life. Don't dream of such a thing with a perfect stranger. And then, whisper, men are strange beings; they like to flirt with every girl who will flirt with them, but they very seldom talk the magic word m-a-r-r-y to the girl who likes to smile at strange men.

And when you come to think of it you can't wonder at it very much, can you, after all?

Stick to the men you know for your good times, little girl—that's the best way—the only way that's safe.

Annie Laurie



Bliss and a Baseball Bat

DIVORCE is getting entirely too common these days. It's getting so that people ask for divorce on the slightest pretext.

We are thinking especially of the man in New Haven, Ct., who has gone to court praying for divorce and all the excuse he has to offer is that his wife, who is of a muscular turn of mind, knocked him down with a baseball bat, and in the misunderstanding, knocked out his teeth.

As soon as the man was up and around he made straight for the court and asked to be divorced. Not one other bit of evidence did he offer. As soon as

this occurred he wanted to have the unpleasantness aired in court.

Too many people in this day and age are too prone to rush to court every time there is a disturbance in the family.

A man who has a wife addicted to the use of the baseball bat should pass it off lightly, when company is around. The time for him to try to get her to give up use of the bat is when they are in the privacy of their own home with no outside and uncaring ear to pass the gossip along.

A husband shouldn't run for divorce on the slightest provocation. A married man must just naturally expect a few ripples on his ocean of bliss.

New Hot Punches for Wintry Days

By Jeannette Young Norton

GOOD old-fashioned hot drinks are displaced in many quarters by cold drinks and iced punches. The hot chocolate and cocoa drinks, the hot coffee and the Turkish coffee are too well known to need recipe here. For the hot mulled wines use the best wines and the freshest of spices. For most tastes allowing the spice bag to remain while the drink comes to a boiling point is sufficient. Large, heavy, but thin-skinned lemons will yield the most juice for the lemon drinks.

MOSELLE CUP. Juice of three oranges, three lemons and one pineapple; strain into one quart Moselle wine with half cup of sugar. Just before serving add cracked ice, pony of brandy, tablespoonful of Maraschino cherries and one bottle of soda.

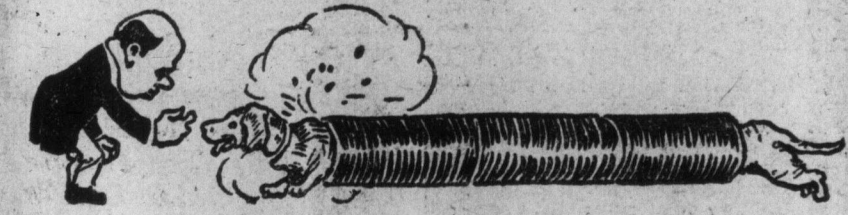
MULLED WINE. Allow one cup of good Madeira wine to each guest, then put in white enamel saucepan with spice bag, three slices of lemon and a teaspoonful of sugar to each cup of wine. Let the mixture come to a boiling point, then simmer 10 minutes; remove lemon and spice and serve in chocolate cups with old-fashioned cookies or sponge cake.

RUM PUNCH. Boil one quart of distilled water with one-half pound of rock candy, juice and the rind of one lemon and three cloves. When the candy is melted take from the fire, add a half tumbler of strained honey and a glass of the best Jamaica rum. Strain the mixture into thick punch glasses and serve with nut squares.

GINGER PUNCH. To one quart of boiling water add a half cup of ginger syrup, two cloves, one thinly sliced lemon, a tumbler of good whiskey, a spice bag and let stay at boiling point for 10 minutes. Then strain into punch glasses and put a spoonful of whipped cream on the top of each. Serve with fruit or white cake.

BAVARIAN PUNCH. Juice of six oranges and 13 lemons, half bottle of brandied fruit, half pound of granulated sugar. Just before serving pour into the punch bowl over a block of ice and add two bottles of table water.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH. Add to the juice of three lemons a pound of sugar, two quart bottles of pineapple juice and two slices fresh pineapple, sliced. Turn over cracked ice in the punch bowl and add, just before serving, two bottles of ginger ale.



A DACHSHUND isn't beautiful, but love you long he will. He looks like a suspension bridge when he is standing still, and though his head and tail may be a yard or so apart, up something in his forward end there beats a faithful heart. In winter when the icy winds begin to howl and there he makes a first-class weather strip across the kitchen door. If you've a stove-pipe to be cleaned, call on your son or brother to put the dachshund in one end—your whistle in the other. He will go through that pipe, he will, with nary yap or squeal, and turn around inside of it just like a turbine wheel. And when he comes out of the pipe it's best, good judges think, to give some boy a cent or so to hold him in the sink.

He is the only dog that you can tie up in a knot. Therefore, in small, congested houses, he is used quite a lot. He is a handy pet to have within a city flat; just throw him in a loop and hang him up beside your hat. And if your razor-blade grows dull, your shave up need not stop. Make him stand up beside a chair and use him as a stop. He does not fight like bulldogs do, he hasn't got their sand, but for domestic uses he just leads the canine band.

Useful in the Home

By Tom Jackson

TO LEPEERS. Meeting of Toronto Mission to Lepers, Toronto Bible College, on Tuesday, Jan. 13, J. M. P. Scott of the Presbyterian Church, who came from a mission station, where he visited for asylum of the press the meeting.

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