

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on Beauty Culture

Newest Head Massage Has Rejuvenating Effect

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna, Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.



MAGGIE TEYTE

I WENT to a well-known beauty parlor on Fifth avenue in New York city for the innocent purpose of having my hair shampooed. I was being an object with me, and my maid being for the moment a minus quantity. That sounds very important to say "my maid." But if the average business woman only knew what a lot of service engenders and theatrical women got from their maids all ideas of extravagance would instantly vanish, and the comfort and aid to efficiency one of these useful persons would be better appreciated.

Personally, I have a treasure. She is a sensible, well-poised woman, honest as the day, and economical and patient and helps me to approach the goal I set for myself. She sees that I am on time for my engagements; that my gowns are in order; watches over me that I get my proper rest, and saves me money and time and nerve strain.

Effect of Good Brushing.

But to hark back to the beauty parlor. I went, I repeat, for the sole purpose of getting my hair shampooed. I entered the place with its white and gold luxuriance with the idea that I was a fairly well-groomed (much as I hate that word) woman. Before I had been there five minutes I was led to believe there was a lot of room for improvement, and when I left at the end of two hours I was rejuvenated.

Those beautifiers have the most persuasive manners! It seems a great pity that they should waste their energies on cold creams and rouges when such pleading and convincing eloquence would win them fame in any line of work they entered.

To begin with, I was urged to have my hair scientifically brushed for one-quarter of an hour. I did. It cost me \$1.25, but my head felt so alive and the mass seemed so near the surface I do not know that I begrudge the money. It was a wonderful brush with long, penetrating bristles, and the operator knew how to touch every inch of the scalp and give a steady stroke that started the blood circulating and set my head aglow. Also it put life into my hair, and at the end of a week the gloss and vibrant quality is still there. Then

she gave my head a massage and an electric treatment which made me feel as if I could go forth and accomplish the greatest of feats.

While she was working over my head she must have been studying my face, for she told me that my nose was just the least trifle too spreading at the nostrils, and before I could deny the charge she had a dainty clamp on it that held it close, while it did not stop the breath. It was a sort of glorified clothes pin arrangement, and very subtly she urged me to take her advice and save myself from becoming a fright by investing in one of them. When I refused she acted pained, as if she pitied me for my lack of judgment.

New Finger Shapes.

Oh, they are wonderful women these professional beauty makers! They really awe me. While she was adjusting the nose pin she discovered that my finger-tips were less taper than they should be. And with the same confidential insistence she produced some funny little affairs and said if I would only snap one on each of my digits before I went to sleep each night and also every morning that I was in my boudoir it would increase the loveliness of my finger-tips.

They were quite like miniature thimbles, I believe in the theory of them. If you want to accomplish the same results get some celluloid thimbles, fit them to each finger so they will hold the ends firm, and when you have massaged the hands carefully with some good skin food, place a thimble on each finger and keep it there all night. This is easy if you sleep in gloves to which your hands, and I know that such treatment persisted in for one month will show pleasing results. Especially if every time you wash your hands you will be sure to massage the finger tips into the properly pointed shape.

Erase Worry Wrinkles.

Then she discovered that I had some fine horizontal wrinkles between my eyes and at the corners of them. Quick as a flash she showed me a dainty box of crescent-shaped plasters with the assurance if "Madame would but try them each night she would never be without them. They would soon restore Madame's youth."

I put the hint along. Smooth out those little worry creases at night and stick them out with adhesive plasters or some slight coating of collodion. I think it may do a lot of good. It is the same principle of the plasters for which I was asked such a very pretty penny. And she can't say she is a vindicator, for the electric treatment in these strenuous days is really a great comfort. It does all the good things it should not be overdone. In moderation it is excellent. It drives away headaches, soothes the nerves, and it restores when the forty needed winks is impossible.

The Kind of Girl a Man Likes

By NORVELL ELLIOTT

The Widow

THE day was perfect as far as outside conditions went for the snow was falling cheerfully, adding merriment of flakes to the already well-parqueted ground. But, as my bachelor friend and I sped along in our sleigh, I felt that all was not at peace—there was a hot-headed, careless manner about my companion which was so unusual. I knew something very out of the ordinary had happened.

"Lass, I've just made a fool of myself," said he bluntly, and then added, even more bluntly, "I practically offered my heart and hand to Helen and she turned me down flat!"

"Why I never dreamed you cared for her—I knew you sometimes visited Helen but I really never dreamed you loved her," I answered, just a little dazed by the confession.

"I don't love her—that is the point of it all—that is the reason I've made such a blithering idiot of myself," and he gave a vicious little smirk at his horse—an act decidedly foreign to his humane nature.

"Well, there is one bright spot about it all," I suggested, seeing a glimmer of light. "Helen refused you. Think how much more dreadful might have been had she accepted! But, honestly, I cannot see the necessity for any of it. Why did you propose?"

"She is a widow," rapped out my bachelor friend, as though that explained everything. Seeing my thorough lack of understanding he vouchsafed an explanation.

"Widows have a way with them—never can be dissected and explained, but they have it nevertheless. Make a man feel at home, have the soft cushions looking as though they were used, papers piled about comfortably on the living room table, nothing set or spick and span looking. A man feels at home as soon as he hangs up his hat, and usually he feels more and more comfortable the longer he stays—I'm talking about the be-knighted widow, lass—not the heart-sick one; she's in a class all to herself."

"Helen is a typical be-knighted widow, mourned sincerely for Jimmie for three years, and you'll admit yourself that is longer than usual. Today I ran in for a little chat with Helen. . . . had no more idea when I entered her front door that I was going to propose than I had of blowing up the Panama canal. . . . But, she has a way with her, and I fell gloriously!"

LOVE'S BURDEN

By Michelson



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SUCH a versatile chap, Love is! Always busy disproving the sure theories of science—and the just as sure theories of sentiment gone sour.

The world may sometimes seem hollow, but if Love is properly braced to the load, and the right two are anywhere inside, let the procession of the solar system proceed.

Yes, Love has Atlas looking like a tottering

pigmy. The fact is that Love finds all burdens lighter than they would be to any one else. Bless his plucky heart! HE knows how to lift loads. He isn't PEEVISH. He has no grudges—except against ENVY and HATE; and sometimes he finds it hard to keep up any grudge against envy, because even envy sometimes leads to the IMITATION of Love, which is often next best to Love itself.

"Horrible Examples" Harmful

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

HANDS across the continent—Judge Lindsey of Denver—good, brave, clever, wise, sensible, honest, practical little Ben Lindsey.

So you don't believe in the moral effect of moving picture films of the white slave traffic?

You say it's all a farce to pretend that such pictures are exhibited to teach a great moral lesson? "I say that any person who actually knows girls and boys and who believes that these vile pictures of low life can be of any moral influence is either helping the moving picture companies along or else he has very little understanding of human nature."

"To begin with, every girl in her teens knows right from wrong."

"No girl, especially a city bred girl, has ever gone into a man's apartment alone without knowing in her heart that there was danger to her morality."

"If they say they do not, they lie."

"And so I say there is no moral lesson to a girl in seeing representations of white slavery. The girl needs no horrible example—she knows."

"I cannot understand how virtuous, reputable, intelligent women can be so blinded as to stand sponsor for such shows."

True for you, Judge Lindsey, true for you; every letter and every syllable of every word of that opinion is good, sound common sense and good, sound understanding of the human heart.

What in the world has come over the good, sensible women of this country and made them all turn into maudlin, hysterical faddists on this white slave question? Can't any of them remember anything about their own girlhood at all?

Why do they think that all these girls they are getting so excited about are so entirely different to what they were themselves when they were 16 or 17 and thought that every man who looked at them was desperately in love with them and hoped, oh, so hungrily, that he was?

Come on, sisters and cousins and aunts, let's stop sobbing over the white slave traffic and talk a little plain, hard, common sense together for just a few minutes.

Don't you remember when you were sweet 16 and lived in the little village out on the lonesome country road and the traveler that sold goods to your father's country store met you and asked you to go "buggy riding" with him—and you went—didn't you know that man was going to try to kiss you the very minute you got out of sight of town, and wouldn't you have been disappointed if he hadn't tried to "spoon"?

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Croup, Bane of Mothers, No Longer Dangerous

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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WITH the possible exception of earthquakes, there is nothing that frightens a young mother more than the hard, dry, teasing and hoarse metallic cough, erroneously called "croup." It evidently scares the parent more, and the doctor less, than any other symptom known to the science of medicine.

The midnight summons, "Doctor, come at once; baby has the croup," rings with fear in the physician's ear. The worried tones, anxious, startled words of the maternal command to hasten, all fall upon a tolerant but seemingly callous medical man in vain. The physician will leisurely, deliberately and heedfully arouse himself from his none too peaceful slumber and he himself forth to the much wrought-up parents. For he views like most other persons that home is saturated with the superstitions and medical delusions transmitted from the medieval ages of the healing art.

Like the other mistaken terms such as "rheumatism," the expression "croup" is the quack's or layman's cloak for a multitude of diagnostic aims. "Croup" actually is a disease exists only in the minds of the misguided who believe, yet never seek to know, in a word, it is the symptom of several harmless malady, and of only one, to wit, diphtheria, which only in days gone by could be called dangerous.

"Croup" Once Terrorized.

Until the discovery of that medical philosopher's stone—diphtheria antitoxin—which has reduced the death rate of this dread trouble from its last century toll of ninety to the present live in every hundred lives—until all the ancient prejudices against antitoxin were dispelled the word "croup" justly struck terror to a woman's heart. For before the days of the departments of health, before bacteria were handled and recognized as a tangible fact, the sight, dry membranous coverings with the choking mucus of living, malignant diphtheria, germs were indistinguishable from other and innocuous "croups." The distressed mother, often the grandmother of that day, felt despair and imagined that she heard the knell of doom at the very suspicion of "croup." To her, then, it means either death mechanically by choking the infant with the laryngeal membrane, or paralysis and death from the malignant diphtheria.

Since 1886, when anti-diphtheria serum was put into practical use by the doctors, when every reddened, sore or patchy-looking throat has had its exudates submitted to the alert eye of the bacteriologist, the medical man has breathed easier at what was also to him a most gruesome word. Now when he receives the home-made diagnosis of "croup," he puffs and blows with pride. For a full realization of no responsibility impinges upon him. It is either diphtheria (quickly ascertained), or it is not; usually the latter.

Serum All Powerful.

Nine times in ten the baby awakening from sound sleep with that menacing, dry, rasping, metallic, quick, abrupt bark, has either been breathing through an open mouth in a room with hot, dry air; has enlarged tonsils and adenoids; is exposed to a chilling current of air; has a catarrhal spasm of the throat muscles; is having the first coughs of bronchitis or whooping cough, or is lying on his back and has allowed a relaxed tongue to fall a bit backward into the palate. The true or membranous croup of 20 years ago and more has finally, unannounced and for all time been positively proved to have been due to the diphtheria bacillus. Therefore, today, when ever a child begins in the morning with hoarseness which grows worse as the day proceeds, whose breathing becomes

Answers to Health Questions

A. E. D.—For some months my hands have been cold. I am nearly 70 years old. I suppose I must expect this.

If your feet are warm there is no need even at 70 to worry about your hands. Many infants, children and adolescent persons have cold hands. Pay no attention to them if you are otherwise vigorous.

L. H. B.—I work in a department store and when returning home at night my face feels very grimy. What is the best way to cleanse the pores? I do not care to use a cream on my face.

Cleanse the face with warm water and a neutral soap. Then rinse the skin with water to which a little peroxide and witch hazel have been added. You can use two tablespoons of each to about a quart of water. This will prove refreshing as well as cleansing.

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. When the subject is not of general interest letters will be returned personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Said by Wise Men

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth; they must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth; Lo, before us lie the solemn chambers of death,—W. S. Plummer.

Precepts and maxims are of great weight, and a few useful ones at hand do more toward a wise and happy life than whole volumes of cautious that we know not where to find.—C. Simmons.

Sympathy wanting, all is wanting. Personal magnetism is the conductor of the sacred spark that puts us in human communion, and gives us to company, conversation and ourselves.—A. B. Alcott.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

EVERYTHING was quiet in Woodland one night. The moon was playing hide and seek with the clouds. Suddenly Mrs. Squirrel poked her head out of the window and shouted: "Fire!"

Brer Rabbit was sitting by his kitchen window watching the moon. He heard Mrs. Squirrel and, snatching his hat and hatchet, ran out the back door. He began shouting "Fire! Fire!" and soon all Woodland was awake. Then he ran straight into Mister Possum, who was running in the direction of the Squirrel home.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Brer Rabbit, as he picked up his hat. "This is no time for begging pardons," shouted Mister Possum, as he jumped up and ran toward the fire.

Mrs. Squirrel was still shouting "Fire! Fire! Oh! do save my children!" Mr. Squirrel was at the foot of the tree, where he had scampered in the hope of getting help.

The smoke was curling out of the hole which was the Squirrel family's front door. Just then Mister Flying Squirrel came along, picked up Mrs. Squirrel and carried her to safety. Then he carried her children to another tree. After this he jumped down and got a hunk of moss, which he stuffed into the hole. Soon the fire was smothered out.

"I must have done it with my pipe," whined Mr. Squirrel. "You better thank me for putting out the fire," said Brer Rabbit. "What did you do?" asked Mr. Squirrel. "I ran all the way from home," said Brer Rabbit, proudly. "Then you may walk back," said Mr. Squirrel in disgust.