

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies in Fashions

## The Smart "Sports" Coat That Displaces Tweeds

MANY a woman hunts the shops in vain for the rough and tumble, serviceable tweed suit with its severe, well-cut lines which has so long occupied a place in her wardrobe.

She is told with a most expressive shoulder shrug: "We are not making tweeds this year."

She is offered plenty of substitutes, and some of them are admirable, but when she chooses the goods, she is confronted with the difficulty of finding the model which meets a taste she is compelled to believe must be hopelessly old-fashioned.

The truth is that the so-called "sports" coat has made the suit of this kind less necessary. These coats are just what the name implies. They are coats, roomy enough to be slipped on over a suit, smart in their informal informality of texture and cut, capable of giving any amount of hard wear and of filling any want in the life of travel or out-door interest.

Many eccentricities have been marketed in their name, but the average coat is a desirable garment. For the woman who, no matter how many coats she may possess, clamors for a substitute for her well-beloved tweeds, there are numerous plaids and checks, ranging from the shepherd to the Tartan, and running boldly the gamut of the color card and all its combinations.

Out of these materials in the sports suit finally constructed. The one illustrated has all the smartness one could desire and will prove of constant use for any woman. It is of soft brown plaid. There is plenty of room in the skirt to permit running for a train or swinging freely over the links. The coat is straight and half-fitting. The corners of the front are slightly rounded, giving an air of jauntyness, and there are three pockets, one on each side with buttoned flaps and a small pocket at the right at the bust line for a handkerchief.

A Smart "Sports" Suit.

ardrobe. Everywhere she meets the same rebuff: "Tweeds are not worn this season." When she broaches the subject to her tailor

A life of ease is a difficult pursuit. Bad advice is often most fatal to the adviser.—Flaccus.

Joy is an exchange; joy flies monopolists; it calls for two.—Young.

If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other.—Johnson.

Dissembled love is like the poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness.—Sewall.

Honest designs justly resemble our detentions, which we must pay and wait for the reward.—Sir Robert Howard.

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning.—Aron.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws is to be kept by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unoppressed when the world praises him.—Balzac.

These limbs—whence had we them? Is stormy force; this blood, with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow system gathered round me; wherein through some moments or years the Divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh.—Carlyle.

Art thou in misery, brother? Then I pray be comforted. Thy grief shall be plain.—Art thou dejected? Ah! be not too gay; temper thy joy; this, too, shall pass away.—Paul H. Hayne.

More stage beauties are made than are born. And by that I do not mean made up. For the test of stage beauty is made in the manager's office, where there are no footlights or other illusory aids.

The actress whose beauty lasts is the actress with brains. She learns early in the game that neglect means loss of pulchritude. She begins—if she is a wise little lady—to keep all the charms of face, figure, mind and manner that she has and add to them at compound interest. She knows she must have health to have good looks. So she takes care of her physical

AS SEEN THROUGH A KNOT HOLE  
By Homer Croy

How to Get a Wife Ashore

WE have decided that likes should marry likes. We reached that ponderous decision a few days ago after something that happened to a man at Llesite, Long Island, New York.

The party mentioned—a short nubbin of a man—had taken for better or for worse a full sized dear weighing a trifle over 200 pounds.

He loved every inch of her. He loved to take her in his arms—or as much of her as he could—and comfort her. He would hold as much of her as he could, then move over to a new place; in the course of the evening he would get all the way around with his cheer and comfort.

A few days ago he took her out for a row on the bay off Llesite. In a few minutes he had to take off his coat and pretty soon his collar. Rowing a 200 pound wife on a warm afternoon is hard work, no matter how much you love. No difference how far a flower she appears in one's eyes she pushes the boat down just the same.

Taking pity on her better half, she leaned over to fan his perspiring face, when something happened. She leaned too far and in a moment was in the bosom of the bay. The husband bent over to lift her out, but when the water lifted her clothes he could not budge her. He braced his foot against the bottom of the boat and heaved with all his might, but he could not get his love out of the bay. He tried to slip his arm around her waist, and almost joined

her in the water. The more he struggled the more the boat filled with water.

"Save me, darling, save me!" she cried.

"I am alone in my work," he gulped, trying to bring her comfort. "I am doing all that one individual can, but I have not any daintiest."

With that he tried to signal for help, but since his companion along life's rugged pathway was in the water, the people could not see them.

"You must get me ashore, Wilfred," she breathed.

"Yes," he returned softly. "I don't know how, but I'll try."

When it became apparent that she could not get into the boat, he cast around for some way to get her out of the dilemma. The casting was poor, and the dilemma seemed to have them in its tentacles. When all of a sudden an idea struck him.

With that he cast over the anchor rope and bent his back to the oars, while she clung on behind. Luch by luck he crept toward the shore. When they at last got in he tried to clasp his helmet to his bosom, but his arms were so tired that he could not do much comforting. He could only sit and tell her how glad he was that her mother hadn't been along. If his mother-in-law had been along the poor man could not have stood the strain.

"One of us would never have got back," he said, his face lighting up. "If like had married like, this would never have happened. Short, thin men worshipping at a plump shrine should think well before turning down the lamp and moving over to the other end of the sofa."

THE KING'S ADVANTAGE.  
Senator Glucose—I wonder if Henry Clay was sincere when he said he would rather be right than be president.

CONTENTMENT.  
"Do you think I can reduce the cost of living by raising my own vegetables?"

WANTED TO BE SAFE.  
"But why do you oppose your wife's suit for divorce if you don't want to live with her?"

"I am afraid if I were free I would be fool enough to marry again."

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## THE LESSON OF THE STAGE BEAUTY



IONE BRIGHT  
in "Stop Thief"

## Good Complexions Must Be Earned

By Eleanor Ames.

DON'T envy the stage beauty, sister mine. Take a lesson from her. Try just half as hard as she does to make the most of all her good points and take as good care of your health and good looks as she does and you may outshine her.

I know her hair is like spun gold, or jetty black as the raven's wing, and her brow is as smooth and white as alabaster, and her lips curve in the sweet, gentle smile of childhood, and her figure has all the curves of youth—and really she isn't so awfully young.

I know all the witchery and appeal of the stage beauty. What is more, I know that it is not there by chance, but the result of constant work and constant care.

And I say unto you, oh, my sisters, that if you took half the care of the looks and charm nature gave you the result would amaze you.

It's a question how far envy of the stage beauty is responsible for the increased number of well-cared-for girls and women we see every day in business and society.

More stage beauties are made than are born. And by that I do not mean made up. For the test of stage beauty is made in the manager's office, where there are no footlights or other illusory aids.

The actress whose beauty lasts is the actress with brains. She learns early in the game that neglect means loss of pulchritude. She begins—if she is a wise little lady—to keep all the charms of face, figure, mind and manner that she has and add to them at compound interest. She knows she must have health to have good looks. So she takes care of her physical

self. She is careful of her diet, she exercises, she gets all the fresh air she possibly can, she rests.

No, Elise, dear, she does not shine in the gay restaurants and the tango trotteries. The majority of the really beautiful and clever stage women are never seen in a public dining room. If one sees them at all, it is at the luncheon or tea hour, and they are apt to be eating toast and salad, or bread and milk. The lobster and wine diet has been the ruin of many a beauty. There is no record of its ever having made or preserved one.

Then, the lovely girl you so much admire has spent many hours getting acquainted with herself. She has studied her type. She has decided what she would like to be and she has put her best efforts toward achieving that ideal.

She doesn't worry. Worry makes wrinkles and old age. She has her temper in subjection. She tries to be always sweet and charming. She is interested in life. She cultivates all the pleasant friends that come her way. In fact, she lives a simple and wholesome life. Beauty is her stock in trade and she has constant competition.

Study the face of Ione Bright. Health and happiness are reflected in the fresh, firm outlines of the cheeks, the straight Grecian throat, the clear, intelligent eyes. The hair looks alive. It shows the effect of care, of cleanliness, of brushing. It is arranged to suit the oval of the face. The mouth is sensitive and sweet. It shows a sweet nature. Paints and powders and lotions won't do this for any woman on or off the stage. The price of beauty is eternal vigilance.

## A Letter, a Husband and a Wise Woman

By WINIFRED BLACK

SHE found it in his pocket the other day—the dreadful letter that broke her heart and turned the merry world of laughter, light and love she lived in into a very morgue of deathlike misery.

It was from one of her dearest friends—the letter—a girl she had loved and befriended and trusted, and the letter told a story of sickening treachery and miserable deceit.

My friend was blind for a little while after she read the letter—she tells me she doesn't believe she will ever see anything quite clearly again except the words that burned themselves into her horrified brain.

It was a love letter—such a foolish, silly, empty-headed little love letter—why, it wasn't worth the paper it was written on—but it was from a girl she loved, and it was written to the woman's husband.

My friend is a wise woman—and the first thing she did was to burn that letter.

The second thing she did was to pack her travelling bag and go for a trip to the country.

She left a note for her husband telling him she had been called suddenly away to a sick relative, and then she went away—and cried. She cried all day and all night—and then she felt better. She took long walks and she read and she forced herself to eat, and on the third day—she began to faint.

"My husband loves me," she thought—really. "We are travellers together on a long journey—this poor silly girl is only an incident in the realities of life. She will get off at the next station—I'll see to that."

And that was what my friend, the wise woman, did.

She went home, and she sat the girl, and she sent her away to another part of the country, penitent and ashamed.

She made it a condition that the girl must not tell the man that the wife knew a thing about it—she saw her off on a train, and came home when her husband with the pleasantest dinner and the sweetest smile he had found for some time.

She did not appear to notice it when husband wondered what had become of the girl and looked worried when he couldn't find the letter.

She was pleasant than ever, gayer than ever, more affectionate than ever, and it wasn't a week till the husband was wondering what on earth he ever saw in that goose of a girl to make him compare her for one moment to such a charming wife as his.

Clever woman, wasn't she—my friend, the wife? She knew that the man she loved wasn't worth loving—so she stopped loving him—then and there—but she found it convenient to have him love her, and so she managed the affair—rather wisely don't you think so? Could you do it?

Could I?

I don't know.

I find it rather interesting to wonder about it. Don't you?

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Why You Have Red Hair; Why Hair Colors Change

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg.

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RED hair, an index to a warm heart and firm beauty, has always stood for courage, humor, health, and light-heartedness; yet the first person, be he Cadmus or a Phoenician, who called golden tinted coiffures "red" must have been color blind. Of course, true scarlet or vermilion locks have been occasionally reported as anomalies, just as blue hair is seen in workers in cobalt mines and in indigo works; green hair in copper smelters; deep red hair in handlers of aniline dyes and vermilion paints. Dr. Kose, for example, saw two instances of grass-green hair in men employed in a brass foundry.

New born babies at times have tufts of hair of strange colors and Dr. Schenck describes a red-headed boy with a beard perfectly snow-white in color. Examples of red hair changing to white are all doubtful, but Professor Brown-Sequard, the great physiologist, said that one or two hairs in his own beard changed overnight to white, so he did not doubt that might really turn a whole beard of black hair white.

Byron mentions this peculiar anomaly in the opening stanzas of the "Prisoner of Chillon," whose living counterpart was Ludovico Sforza. "My hair is gray, but not with years. Nor grew it white In a single night, As man's have grown from sudden fears."

Why Hair Changes Color.  
The hair is apt to undergo certain changes of color due to injury or disease, especially to the shaft or blade in which the human pigment or coloring matter lodges. The French physician, Dr. Alibert, reports a patient, Mr. James E., born with brown hair, which was lost after a spell of typhoid fever. When it again grew out, there appeared a crop of the brightest red growth in its place.

This rare instance is duplicated by a very singular one, published over a hundred years ago as a young woman, whose hair was as fair as airy, fairy Lillians, was afflicted with a malady—possibly malaria—and her hair assumed a tawny red color as often as she fell ill with this fever. There are numerous examples of girls and men whose black and blond hair turned red. It is strange that authentic cases have been reported in the last fifty years.

Red hair is said by savants to be growing more and more rare.

Red Hair Growing Scarcer.  
Whereas red-haired animals are spreading over the face of the earth, red-haired apes, savages, and super-civilized men, like the seals and the whales, are being rapidly eliminated.

The fact that there were at one time many more red-haired individuals in the human family than at present is attested by Darwin, who cites the fact that the new-born

white child and the new-born negro nut-brown hair, which soon becomes darker; the black color may not appear until within a year.

Chorus girls and certain fashionable debutantes often seek for hair dyes or stains with which to color their brown or blond curls the tint of a summer sunset. This is a grievous practice, for artificial red hair is usually harmful, and the lure of golden tresses depends upon their rarity as much as their purity.

If you are the proud possessor of red hair, never use any chemicals upon your scalp without the advice of a medical specialist. Do not bind your tresses tightly with bands, combs, or hats.

Red Locks Inherited.  
Contrary to a prevalent belief, red hair really has nothing to do with iron or anything else in the blood. Just as one man inherits a club foot and another a cupid's bow mouth, so you inherit red hair. If red-haired parents are crossed with black-haired ones, as Dr. Donaldson has done, all of the litter from this mating will be black. If the young in turn marry—go to speak—three out of each four will be black and one will have red hair. If this red-haired one marries another red-haired one from this second generation all of the offspring will be red-haired. If it is, however, mated with a black-haired one, the young will be all black.

How to Care for Hair.  
Never use oils or eggs on your hair despite the wise advice of hair-dressers and beauty specialists. Do not clean your coiffure with borax, soda, or glycerine, and avoid as you would Old Nick the fine tooth comb and the ordinary cheap alkali soaps.

The head should be washed either with an odless cream or a neutral soap—a soap that is neither acid nor alkaline—and pure water. Pieces of "litmus" paper obtained from the druggist turn a deep blue in alkali water and a pale pink in acid solutions.

Finally, taboo all dyes and coloring matters.

DAILY HEALTH HINT

If your baby wakes up with a sharp cry at night or in the early morning and was well the day before, touch its ears. Fifty per cent of such winter ailments will call for the ear-dropper to puncture the ear-drum before pus and a high fever sets in. The alert mother will inform the family doctor that the baby will not sleep any one or anything to touch its ear. Three months' old infants give just as unerring warning of this as do older ones.

Answers to Health Questions.  
Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitary 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.

WOMAN ELECTED TO CALGARY SCHOOL BOARD

CALGARY, Dec. 10.—(Can. Press).—One of the interesting results of yesterday's municipal election, as disclosed by the complete returns today, is the sweeping victory of Miss Anna G. Frost, married Col. James Walker, chairman of the school board, by a majority of 1008.

Open Nights Till Xmas—A Gift for Every Visitor.

The Handsome Victoria Parlors of Ye Olde Prime Heintzman & Co. Limited, 193-195-197 Yonge street, Toronto, will be open nights till Christmas. A book of "Children's Rhymes" will be presented to those visiting the department.

Tried Recipes.

Jam Puffs.  
A small quantity of puff, or good half-and-half paste may be used up in this way. Roll it out thin and cut with large cookie-cutter or in squares, whichever is most convenient. Lay a tablespoonful of home-made jam or half a canned peach in centre of each; wet edges with white of egg and bake in a quick oven about 15 minutes.

Oysters, Kalamazoo Style.  
Drain a quart of oysters. Melt two tablespoonsful butter in your chafin dish or skillet, add two level tablespoonsful cornstarch or four teaspoonfuls flour, saltspoon of celery salt, dash of white pepper. Stir until smooth. Put in the oysters, and cook until their edges curl. Serve very hot on slices of whole wheat bread toasted and buttered.

Newest Styles in Corsets At Special Sale Prices

This is certainly a splendid opportunity of getting a pair of beautifully tailored Corsets in the new and most popular Tricot and Stockinette Fabrics.

The best Woolnough work and style is put into these Corsets, and we invite you to let us demonstrate at your earliest convenience.

\$25.00 Silk Tricot Corsets ..... \$15.00  
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\$3.00 Cotton Tricot Corsets ..... \$2.00  
\$3.00 Stockinette Corsets ..... \$2.00  
\$3.00 Stockinette Corsets ..... \$2.00

The latter have slight flaws that they not impair their wearing qualities. They are practically good as new.

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\$2.50 Stylish Models for ..... \$2.00  
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