

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

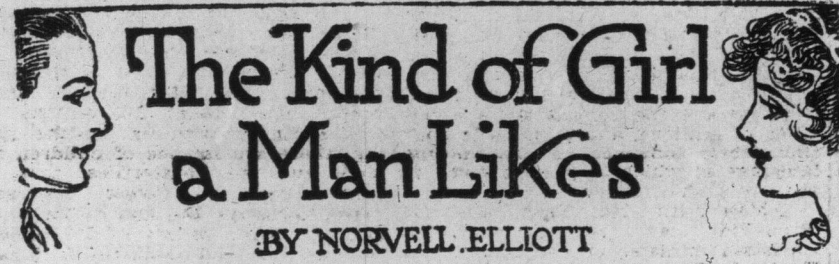
Very Latest Fancies in Fashions

## Togs for Ice Skaters Rival Tango Creations

By MADGE MARVEL



THE skating season is here and ice skating has become the rival of the all-absorbing tango. There is no age limit on the skating pond. The grandfather and grandmother that have been learning all the new dips and twirls in the tea dances are out cutting capers on the ice. Skating creates dress needs. Weavers and designers have anticipated them. There are all manner of new skating togs offered in the shops. The angora jackets, cashmere sweaters and camel's hair coats are delightfully warm and attractive for sports wear. The silk sweaters with their trim lines, their clinging fit and their bewilderment of color and pattern are almost out of the sweater class, so elaborate and expensive they have grown. For when one goes to buy a sweater and the saleswoman says "fifty dollars," without a bit of effort, one feels that the word sweater has a new meaning. Yellow and all the shades of orange are much used for the silk sweaters which usually show the two-toned effect, and have a long knit sash with fringed ends and a scarf to match. The garments of reversible shetland wool are more practical and as good-looking for they seem to fit more into the scheme of outdoor life. These also show vivid coloring and the use of yellow. One of dark blue has a lining of orange. A golden brown shows the reverse side of canary yellow. Bright cherry red is lined with soft grey. In the angora garments the Norfolk style is most favored. It is a warm, sensible garment capable of giving good service and is delightfully comfortable for it gives the freedom of movement which is so necessary for all outdoor sports. Also it buttons close at the neck and makes a joke of the wintry blasts. For the all-round sports costume, and particularly for skating garb, there is nothing that surpasses corduroy. Two things to bear in mind in planning the skating suit is warmth without bulk and trim, snug lines with perfect freedom. The youthful figure is easy to fit in these suits, for the boyish style of short skirt and straight, belted Norfolk coat is exactly right. But, as all skaters have not the slimmest and symmetry of youth, there must be wider range. Even for the woman who is neither young nor slender, corduroy remains the first choice for skating suits. Only for such I would recommend a model introduced by a house dealing exclusively with sports clothes. The skirt, which clears the ground by three inches, has a narrow front panel and a corresponding back panel with cunningly concealed pleats at the hem which provide very comfortable fullness. The coat is shaped like a midshipman's blouse. It reaches below the hips and buttons straight up to the neck where there is a narrow standing collar. There is a half belt which starts from the centre back and slopes slightly downward, ending at the side seams. In dark blue, grey and blue mixture, or any of the dark shades of taupe, wood brown, this suit is practical and universally becoming. The addition of a band of fur at collar and cuffs is an entire matter of taste. The making of a skating cap is the work of only a few minutes for the home sewer. Take a half yard of eiderdown. Measure around the head. Let the length of the eiderdown be the length of the bag which is simply sewed up the width of the head size. Sew across one end. Then fold that end over once to form a "tuff" around forehead and back the rest in a rounded crown. Corduroy can be used in the same manner.



## The Kind of Girl a Man Likes

BY NORVELL ELLIOTT

**The Considerate Girl**  
GOOD morning, sir!" I called to the tall man coming rapidly toward me with outstretched hand. "You're looking quite yourself again. You were a bit tucked out, I thought, yesterday. But today you are looking fine!" "Agnes Redding did it," he stated slowly. "She deserves credit for it all. I tell you what, Agnes is surely a man's kind of a girl. If she only wasn't!" "Don't say it," I interrupted. "But go ahead and tell me why you are so enthusiastic about Agnes today." "Well, she's a tramp, that's all, a regular tramp! Taking her all in all, I never knew a girl who was always as considerate of the feelings of other people. As you know, I had an engagement to take her to the concert last night. I had a fearful hard day at the office, work just piled up until I didn't even get off for a quick lunch. At 7 o'clock I rushed home, ate hurriedly and freshened up for the evening as best I could. But I was worn out when I saw me on my way in last night I was feeling even worse than I looked. Agnes got one peep at me and exclaimed: "You're worn out and don't want to go to that concert—no you needn't be worried. I can see it in your eyes. You want to stay right here, comfortable and lazy." "In the end she had her way and we settled down for an ideal evening as a tired man could wish. Agnes read Omar to me and later turned the light down and talked along in her easy way about little homey things. I didn't have to think much to follow her, yet I enjoyed what she was saying—it was all kind of soothing and restful. I tell you I felt as refreshed after that little visit as though I had been doing in my easy chair at home. And the point about it all was this: Down in my heart I knew Agnes really wanted to go to that concert. She loves music and Chopin is her hobby. More than this, I found from her conversation she had been at home all day, and you know yourself how you enjoy an evening's pleasure all the more when you have been housed up for hours. She had dressed with care in a dainty bronze and gold gown that brought out the lights in her pretty hair and I know she would have enjoyed every minute of the little jaunt. Yet she was just as woman enough as just as considerate. Such a girl is a boon in any community of young men and I, well, if I were a young man, I'd make one stupendous effort to win her for myself." "Clang!" And Juliet Wrenman's little electric alarm ran over itself stopping at the curb near my bachelor friend and me. "Come, get in," she called hospitably, opening the door. "Let's all go for a spin. What were you talking so seriously about when I saw you?" she added, turning on the full power of her little six. "He was telling me about Agnes, what a dear she is," and I laughed uneasily. Juliet has a way of making most untimely remarks and I was afraid of what she might say. I had need to be. "I think if you'd been smart, Mr. Man," she said, addressing my bachelor friend seriously, "you could have occupied the hour to better advantage, had you been telling this girl what a dear she is. Women are curious creatures. They can be good pals with a man all right, but the time comes when they grow absolutely weary listening to the praise of other women."

## Goat Hunters, Beware!

By Tom Jackson

JOHNNY had a billy goat, with whiskers on its chin, and everywhere that Johnny went the goat butted in. He followed him to school one day, "twas just around the block. The teacher didn't mind it—he was German and liked bock. That goat was no aristocrat; he had no family pride; he liked to feed on three-sheet bills, with paste upon the side. He would grow fat upon a rock or on unfertilized air, and not a thing that walked this earth in him could throw a scare.

One day a cop saw the goat, and sought the same to pinch. The goat it looked so innocent he thought 'twould be a cinch! Then, for a time, up in the



air the copper seemed to float, and Johnny was delighted, for he didn't get his goat. An auto came a-speeding down the boulevard next day, and blew a honk because the goat was standing in its way. It hit the goat an awful rap, then skidded in a tree. The goat had left home with two horns, but he went back with three! To capture someone else's goat, some people, sometimes strive, not knowing that they may catch hold of something much alive. In none of other's goats do we care where you tread, or somehow it may happen that they may get your's instead.

"TO BE BEAUTIFUL IS A DUTY"



Charlotte Walker in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

## Looking Attractive Is a Business Need

By MAGGIE TEYTE



MAGGIE TEYTE

**Prima Donna of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company.**  
MOST interesting debate was recently held in Cooper Union, New York City. Business girls of many races, typical husbands of the great American "Melting Pot," discussed the right of woman to add to her appearance by artificial means—in other words, to use paint and powder. The decision gave her that right 10 to 1. Many interesting things were said pro and con. The girl in business is the girl who thinks, and many of the languid beauties with millions to do for them would find themselves sadly at a disadvantage when it came to the battle of brains with these young women who have not been long in America perhaps, or at best, are but one generation from strange lands. "These girls study and try to be at the top of the heap. They realize two things—the necessity for effort in the tremendous competition which confronts them and the need for learning.

One of the points that was brought out by both sides had to do with mental attitude. The speakers all agreed that the woman who would be beautiful must think beauty. Thinking beauty has a deeper significance than the mere sound. It means loving humanity. It means the killing of self pity in the wish to do one's best and help some one else. Pity is not as good a word to use in our feelings toward our fellowman as sympathy. The sympathy that includes understanding and help. Not the feeling that is provocative of carelessly bestowed charity, but the sympathy that sees the other reaching out after something good and just and which we can help him to attain by his own effort. The reason there is any need for beauty columns is because to look like our ideal requires work. If beauty was to be done up in packages like free samples, we wouldn't care enough for it to send the post card with our address. In this discussion one of the speakers told of the woman who had six children to support by scrubbing. She was pale and poor looking. She had hard work getting a job. She made herself more attractive. She bought a new bunch of hair and put powder and rouge on her cheeks and made herself look happier and more prosperous, and soon had a good job. The moral of that tale is obvious. It is not that we want our workers to be wigged and powdered and rouged. It is that we want them to look competent.

## Housewives Must Be Appreciated

By WINIFRED BLACK

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**D**R. CAROLINE COFFIN, president of the Housewives League of San Francisco, says that women are to blame for the high cost of living.

"What we want," says Mrs. Coffin, "is a class of young housewives who know what is what. Vegetables are picked on Monday, they pass through ill-washed hands until about Friday and the retailers give prices on them over the telephone.

"The vegetables are high—and so are the prices."

Right you are, Mrs. Caroline Coffin, exactly right—and then a little more so.

But the thing is not only that the housekeepers of this country do not know what is what, but they don't want to know.

Husband grumbles about the bills and has his little times of melancholia when he wishes that vegetables would taste like real vegetables and not like so much paper pulp. But when he gets right up from the table to go to some cafe and admire a young person who can do rag time and who couldn't wash a potato clean to save her life, how is he going to expect his wife to sit up nights worrying about what's the best way to boil an egg and whether it's cheaper to have plenty of gravy and lots of potatoes, or to do with a cheap cut that takes longer to cook and costs more in gas?

Some of the high cost of living is the fault of the women of this country—there isn't a particle of doubt about that, gentlemen of the jury.

The American woman is extravagant, selfish, vain and ignorant.

She won't keep house—if she can kitchenette; and she won't kitchenette—if she can board.



Winifred Black

She has more clothes than she needs, and she pays more for them than she ought to pay.

She spends money for face massage when she really ought to be saving something on the butcher's bill. But what's the poor thing going to do?

The one thing on earth she wants, the one thing she lives for, is the love of her husband.

And husband lets her see too plainly that he may talk about the sensible woman till doomsday—but the woman he wants to be with is the woman with the good clothes and the marcel wave and the face massage habit.

You can't have your cake and eat it, too, gentlemen of the great American husband class.

If you want your wife to do her own housekeeping and save your money for you, you'll have to show her that you really care something for her when she does it—and you'll have to show her by the way you act—and not by the way you talk.

You can say all the sensible things in the world, and go out and act like a fool, and nobody in the world is going to set you down as a Solomon—not even the wife of your bosom.

If you want a woman at the head of your household to believe that you love her when she's sensible and practical, don't let her sit at home and pare the potatoes for breakfast while you sit in some theatre and make eyes at the lady in pink, the third from the end of the row, who couldn't peel a potato to save her life and who wouldn't peel one—to save yours.

Let's begin at the beginning of this high cost of living question. Mrs. Coffin, and then we'll get somewhere.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

## A Strong Chin Is Your Most Valuable Asset

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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SOME men are lantern-jawed. Some have weak chins. Others are said to have power visible in their jaws. Man's chin is said to have improved with the ages. On the other hand, the elephant's jaw is a mere remnant of the long lower jaw of its ancestors of several millions of years ago. Still before the days of Darwin, Wallace and Huxley, the half-hearted sort of a chin that Jumbo has even nowadays was ascribed to the superiority of the elephant over other four-legged beasts. Old fossil jaws of reptiles with jaw-breaking names are said by paleontologists to have chins which resemble those of the human tribes. Nature's molding forces which shaped the bones of those ancient creatures were surely different from the brain activities which formed the chin of civilized man. The need of mankind for the proper speech machinery has played no small part in the style and cut of his mandibles. Another great factor that has worked for better chins in the human kind has been the feminine mating instinct.

Professor Louis Robinson of the British Association for Scientific Research has justly attributed the beauty of the modern chin to the essential preference of the women of 500,000 years ago and since for physical symmetry.

Even today there is among our outcasts and apes a sort of Simian beauty which inclines the feminine portion of apes to a particular type of jawbone. As for the fashionable world of today, as well as the standards of health and physical perfection, the chin is unquestionably one of the chief marks of the medical inspector of health points. The fellow with a weak chin is selected by employers, by hygienists, by efficiency experts, and, instinctively, by girls, because a receding jaw spells effeminacy, inefficiency and lack of vitality. A girl is drawn toward a lantern-jawed tough in spite of her horror for his vulgarity and boorishness.

The primitive man who was manly, who had a chin descended from successful conquerors both of the fair sex and of strong men, has handed down to his descendants of the present a treasure more permanent and more powerful than vaulting gold. Beards to Strengthen Chin.

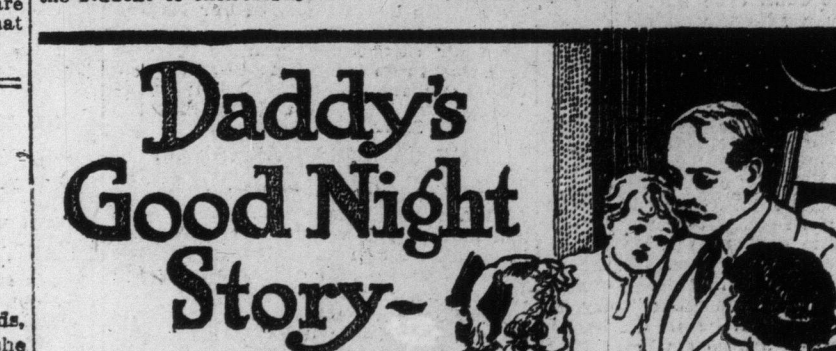
The reason that the men of many weak nations adorn their chins with beards is to enhance the look of strength, power and vigor which health and a strong ancestry should have given them. Kings and nobles once did this to preserve their manhood. It is a truth today that doctors, bankers, pedagogues and others who seek homage and respect from certain classes and groups in society, wear beards in order to thus ennoble their chins. European nations, indeed most races, except the British and Americans, unconsciously pay tribute to this idea by wearing whiskers and mustaches. Women for the same reason adorn their chins with artificial beautifiers, black patches, dimples and thick enamel, or cover them with veils, in order to make them seem less weak than they are.

Public speakers as a rule talk at the rate of about 150 words a minute. This involves about 150 movements, more or less, of the mouth and throat. The piston-beats of a multiple cylindered engine. Most of these rapid-fire and agile actions are due to one muscle of the tongue—the genio-glossus in its hard name—which is linked like a watch fob to the inside of the chin.

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 of this office.

## Points on Palmistry

Charles II., who was fond of hunting flies on the window, had large hands. No great musician ever had short fingers. The most correct and skilled musician have square fingers. The thumb, which is the most useful phalanx, is the most important to the student of chiropscopy. The epileptic in a fit closes the thumb before the fingers. A small thumb shows an irresolute, vacillating person. Short hands mean a disinclination to bodily exercise. Without being ignorant of love, persons with very hard hands do not know much tenderness.



By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

I DO wish you would hurry up," said Mrs. Potato Bug to her good husband one night. "You know that we are going to the Lady Bug party and we do not want to be late."

"Are the children ready?" asked Mr. Potato Bug. "Indeed they are," replied his wife.

When they were all ready Mr. Potato Bug had a great/who getting them all fixed on a hickory leaf so that he could pull them over to the Lady Bug's house.

Soon they were over the hill and in sight of the Lady Bug's bungalow. It was all lit up, for she had asked the fireflies to come and sit around the edge of the porch and they made the place look as light as day.

On the road they met Dr. Beetle, all dressed up, his high hat glistening now and then in the moonlight.

They also met Katie Grasshopper and her mother, and when they all started to go under the fence, Dr. Beetle bumped his high hat on the bottom rail and it tumbled off, much to the delight of Faith, Hope and Charity, the Potato Bug's children and Katie Grasshopper.

As they started up the steps the Bugville band began to play. The Grasshoppers had corn stalk fiddles and the Katy-Bugs were singing as loud as they could to fill in the chorus, while Luther Locust was pounding his wings together just like a bass drum.

The Lady Bug stood at the door to greet everyone and, when Dr. Beetle bowed very low to her, she exclaimed: "Why, dear doctor, you have a dent in your hat! I thought I told you once always to think before you act."

"I did think," replied Dr. Beetle, "but I was thinking so hard I knocked a hole in my hat and bumped my head."

"Yes," answered the Lady Bug, smiling, "you have a stove in your hat." At this everybody laughed and the good doctor was so ashamed of himself that he went over in the corner beside Mrs. Locust and asked her:

"Why is it everybody is always laughing at me?" "Because they all love you, my dear, good doctor. We often laugh the hardest at those we love the most."

"I see," answered the doctor, who seemed very much pleased after all.