

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Plaids Still Popular For Misses' Models

By MADGE MARVEL

PLAIDS have had unusual popularity for several months, and the liking for them seems still strong. For the slender figure they are attractive, and for the schoolgirl they offer many



Two Charming Models for Misses

pleasing variations of costume not otherwise possible.

In the illustration an example of the skilful combination of plaids is shown

to advantage. In this case the skirt is of one of the tartan plaid serges, in fine weave, and dull blues and greens with the thread of yellow and red which gives life without being obtrusive. It is made in the modified pug-top style. The tunic is of light silk in the same colorings but a very different plaid. Indeed, so narrow are the dividing lines that only close scrutiny makes them apparent.

At first glance the effect is of stripes running around the figure on the skirt of the tunic and biased on the bodice.

In this silk the widest stripe is blue, which is the strongest color in the plaid of the skirt, and the revers and sash are of satin in the same shade. A frill of cream lace finishes the neck. The cuffs are banded with the ribbon tied in a prim little bow.

The gown on the other figure is charming in its simplicity, and is beautifully suited for the same young schoolgirl for whom the plaid is intended.

It is pink silk mull, the skirt having a tier of four ruffles, the upper and deeper one being the skirt of the tunic. Each ruffle is slightly lifted at the side and caught with wreaths of thin pink chiffon roses. If a contrast is desired these rose garlands may be of pale blue, as the use of pink and blue is one of the season's fancies.

The bodice could not be more simple with its simple closing, and is finished at the neck and elbow sleeves with a double ruffling of the mull. Where the surplus crosses there is another of the new creations. The sash is of a deeper pink moire ribbon. A narrow band of the same ribbon divides the ruche of the sleeves.

"BEAUTY MUST BE INTELLIGENT"

Teresa Maxwell-Conover



Work, Hard Work, the Best Rule

By TERESA MAXWELL-CONOVER

BEAUTY is merely a letter of introduction—to your social world or to your audience. If you are an actress, you present it, and you are classified at once. You have afterward no prejudice to overcome, and the way is clear; but it is for you to find out what you are going to do with that introduction. That, in itself, is only an opportunity, an open gate.

The intelligent woman is not always physically beautiful, but the beautiful woman must be intelligent. In regard to intelligence, one is never in doubt. You do not hear, "Is she intelligent?" for you know whether the person under consideration is of the elect or not. But when it comes to beauty—

I am reminded of what Clyde Fitch said when he dramatized "The House of Mirth." Many people remarked to him after the play the first night: "Oh, that wasn't my idea of Lily Bart!" "If

had pleased every one," he answered, "I should have had to have as many Llys as there were people in the house." We rarely agree as to the ideal beauty, the exact composition of features, coloring, the ensemble, so to speak, but I believe we do agree that the highest type of beauty, the beauty that remains, the beauty that accomplishes great things, is always the beauty that has intelligence as its sister.

There is the beauty that strikes your new acquaintance, or the set at the show, or your audience almost speechless. They say: "Isn't she lovely?" and then they wait. If the first impression you make is not followed by an intelligent interpretation of your role as hostess or guest, or character in a play, your fall from grace is inevitable. It may not come at once; friends, acquaintances, the public, all are loath to turn the back on so much promise. But, unless you look yourself in a showcase beyond the reach of our modern life your beauty cannot stand alone.

The beauty that cannot talk, that has no savor, that knows nothing of the arts and artifices which must make the setting for the picture, that can take no interest except in its own physical perfection, that knows nothing of ambition, of work—for such beauty one can have only pity after the first admiring glance.

To be beautiful one must be human, and to be human means that you are in touch with the minds and hearts of those in your world. Living, as well as acting, is just dramatized understanding.

I think the only recipe for real beauty is work, intelligent work. One cannot stand still in this life. To stand still mentally means that beauty goes backward, too.

Whether you play the role of beautiful woman on the stage or in actual life you must remember that the part is only as strong as its weakest link. That you must strengthen by the only possible aid—intelligence, which means work.

with cream—I do hope they brought them to the table in a blue dish with a big silver spoon standing straight up in the middle of them like a flag-staff. Succotash and hominy and sweet pickles and sour pickles and mixed pickles and preserved peaches and canned cherries and apple sauce with cinnamon in it and apple sauce without it, and quince jelly, pale and tinged with a geranium leaf—however did you get it so perfect, Aunt Mary—apple jelly as pink as the heart of an apple blossom in May, currant and cranberry and purple as the jewels Queen Esther wore at her coronation—

Pies—every kind you could think of, from lemon with whipped cream on top of it, browned just right in the old oven that could bake all around the new ovens—to dried apple, made specially to please Uncle James, and to vinegar pie, which was there to show what Grandma did when fruit was scarce in the early days and her man got pie hungry.

Indigestion—headache, the blues—never in the wide world, not after that party, not even if you were the worst hygienic crank in the world.

Here's looking at you, Grandma Shirley, and at you, too, Grandpa Shirley—66 years married and not a divorce lawyer in the family records. When you looked across the table, Grandma Shirley, at the withered face of the woman who has loved you so dear for these many years, I hope she looked as pretty to you the very day of that anniversary dinner as she did when you kissed her first, 66 years ago, in the old apple orchard, when the Early Junes were just beginning to ripen.

But, whisper—I hope neither of you told your guests that you'd never had a single quarrel in all the 66 years. If you did, every one who heard you tell it knew that you were either shaming furiously or that one of you didn't amount to very much.

Happy days, old people—and many of them even yet.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Weak Achilles Tendon Cause of "Tired Feet"

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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WHERE is your most vulnerable part? It may be your solar plexus; it may be your eyes; it may be your supersensitive feelings.

Do you recall the beautiful myth about the hero-god Achilles? He, when an infant, was dipped into the river Styx by his mother. Hence he became invulnerable to spears, knives, or death, except in his heel, where his mother held him.

Greek physicians and later anatomists called this part of the human body "the Achilles heel." Then when the tissues inside the heel were dissected one of them which stretches from the calf to the bottom of the heel like a bass violin string was named the "tendon of Achilles."

There are three muscles of the leg which narrow and fuse together as the "tendon of Achilles." This is a most vulnerable texture in housewives, maids, salespeople, letter carriers and all those whose duties limit their walking and standing to a routine habit.

The aches, pains and tribulations of these victims of weak feet and "tired feet" are often beyond the endurance of a job.

"O little feet! that such long years must wander on through hopes and fears, must ache and bleed beneath your load."

I nearer to the way-side inn Where toil shall cease and rest begin, Am weary thinking of your road.

"It is a modern conception," according to Dr. Emil S. Geist, the orthopedic surgeon of the University of Minnesota, "that flat foot is primarily caused by a loss of balance of the muscles of the leg and foot."

Various diseases, accidents, clumsiness, faulty shoes, ailments and sprains throw the pedal machinery out of gear. The disturbances which follow cause the so-called "tired," "aching," "aching" feet.

A discovery of the greatest importance has just been made about these conditions, and Dr. Geist lays a just emphasis upon it.

The tendon-Achilles, it has been found, in a great proportion of foot defects, deformities and diseases has shrunk and become shortened.

Briefly, a whole host of young surgeons maintain that one in every five examples of weak feet show upon examination a contracted, short tendon of Achilles. Of these almost all of them are women.

It cannot be due so much to the high heels of women as to the traditional and faulty emphasis which lasts which shoe manufacturers persist in making.

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.



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

L. L.—What is neurasthenia? Professor of Toronto University says I have it.

"Neurasthenia" means nervous weakness, but it is only a conglomerate of symptoms. It has taken the place of the medical fallacy of our fathers, to wit, "nervousness." Like the latter, it is an absurd cloak to cover a multitude of sins.

Usually "neurasthenia" is actually a form of muscle weakness or muscular "blindness."

That is to say, your muscles of precision, skill, agility, gymnastics and adaptability have become partially defective. "Muscle of hearing" and "muscle of sight." Proper muscular training will help your "neurasthenia."

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Masterpieces of the Cuisine

By E. Panchard

Chef of the Hotel McAlpin, New York.

PLUM PUDDING.

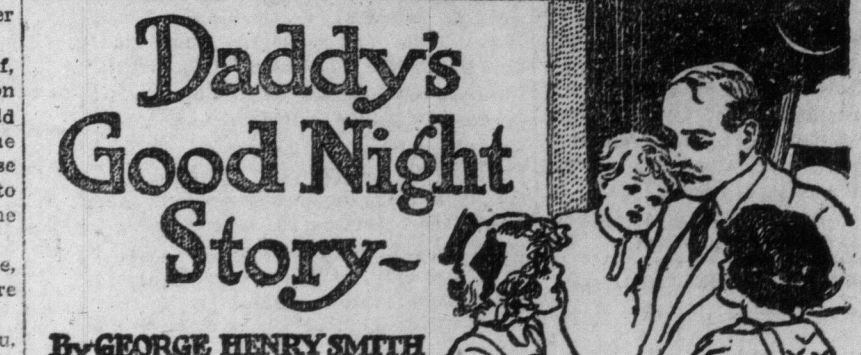
PLACE in a vessel one pound of beef marrow, suet, very dry, free of fibres, and chopped very finely; one pound of seeded raisins; one pound of currants cleaned and washed in plenty of water; one pound of bread crumbs, sifted through a sieve; one quarter of a pound of candied lemon peel, chopped up very fine; one pound of powdered sugar; four tablespoonsful of flour; a quarter of an ounce of nutmeg and allspice; a pint of brandy and six eggs. Mix the whole well together. Dip a strong cloth in cold water and wring it out to extract all its moisture; spread it open on a table and butter it liberally with butter softened to the consistency of cream, dredge over with sifted flour and shake the cloth to remove the excess of flour that has failed to adhere to the butter. Lay in the cen-

tre of this cloth the above prepared mixture, form it in the shape of a ball, raise up the edges of the cloth, bringing the four ends together and all around so as to enclose the preparation well, then tighten and tie the firmly.

Have on the fire a high sauce pan filled to three-quarters of its height with water. Have it stand for five minutes before cutting the string; undo the cloth carefully and invert the pudding on a hot dish; besprinkle it with sugar, pour over some brandy or rum and set it on the fire; serve immediately. Have a separate sauce boat of frothy vanilla and rum sauce to be made as follows:

Chop up half a pound of beef marrow, melt it in a bain-marie, then strain through a napkin into a bowl and when it begins to cool, add four ounces of fresh butter broken in small parts, four ounces of vanilla sugar, and lastly, half a gill of rum. Serve.

E. PANCHARD



Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

DO YOU know," began Judge Bear, talking to Mrs. Bear, "I feel as if I want to go down by the brook and talk to the fishes. It rests me."

"Then why don't you go?" asked his wife.

Judge Bear put on his hat and started for the brook. He sat down on a mossy bank and waited for a little fish to come along. He waited and waited and no one came. Finally he heard a voice saying:

"Mr. but I am glad to get here!"

Looking down in the water, Judge Bear saw Mr. Eel peering straight at him.

"Why are you glad to get here, Mr. Eel?" asked Judge Bear.

"Because I have come a thousand miles," answered Mr. Eel.

"The brook isn't a thousand miles long," replied Judge Bear.

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Eel.

"Because Mr. Cat Fish told me," answered Judge Bear.

"Well," began Mr. Eel. "He is right, but I came from the bottom of the ocean, many, many miles out to sea. I was born there."

"Why do you come up the brook?" asked Judge Bear.

"There is not so much danger here," said Mr. Eel. "My brothers and sisters and I go along the seashore until we find a river. We go up the river until we come to a brook and then we swim up it as far as we can go."

"Don't you get tired?" asked Judge Bear.

"No," said Mr. Eel. "For there is always something to see. Lazy folks get tired."

"I see," said Judge Bear, as he went up the bank. On the way home he began to look at the flowers, the birds and the trees. "I guess Mr. Eel was right," he said to himself. "I'm going to watch everything after this."

Great Novels in a Nutshell

"The House of Seven Gables"

Condensed from the HAWTHORNE novel by HELEN S. GRAY.

SEVERAL houses in Salem have been pointed out with insistence as the originals of "The House of Seven Gables"; but, while they doubtless contributed to the picture Hawthorne drew, he says himself that he built the mansion of material long in use for constructing castles in the air.

The book deals with an hereditary feud between the Pyncheons and the Maules dating back about two hundred years. Matthew Maule had cleared a patch of ground and built him a hut. Some forty years later Col. Pyncheon, a prominent and powerful personage, laid claim to Maule's clearing, together with a large tract of adjacent land, on the strength of a grant from the Legislature. Maule stubbornly maintained his right to his homestead until executed on the charge of witchcraft. From the house he built a curse on his enemy, who sat watching the scene and who, it was hinted, had helped secure his condemnation.

Col. Pyncheon then built a fine mansion with seven gables on the site of Maule's cabin. His enemy's son was head of the counter. When the mansion was finished Col. Pyncheon invited his friends and neighbors to a house-warming. When they came they found him dead in his big armchair. A vast tract of land in Maine, it was understood, had just been granted to him, but no trace of any deed could be found among his papers.

Nearly two centuries later the Pyncheon family was reduced to five members; and so far as known, there were no Maules. After a brief history of the Pyncheon family the scene of the story shifts to the opening of a shop for the sale of small wares in the old family mansion by Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon.

She was a "mildewed piece of aristocracy," who, like all her predecessors, cherished "an absurd delusion of family importance," based chiefly on shadowy claims to princely territory. Driven by stress of poverty Miss Hepzibah took lodgings named Holgrave and opened a shop. She was a gaunt, sorrowful, stiff-jointed woman of sixty, of unwholesome appearance and with a brow due to near-sightedness, but which her neighbors thought indicated an ugly disposition. When disgrace fell upon

her brother, in her grief and wounded pride she devoted herself of her friends and held herself aloof as much as possible from her neighbors.

One day a young cousin, Phebe Pyncheon, came to visit Hepzibah. As her mother had remarried, Phebe arranged to live in the mouldy old mansion. Her presence was a great comfort to the old woman, who had just returned. Phebe assisted Hepzibah and went about her work with alacrity.

Clifford Pyncheon had a sensitive, delicate, finely constituted nature such as artists and poets have, but his tenacious and bawdiest of them—this he had spent thirty years in prison for a crime he did not commit. The experience left him partly imbecile and at times partly crazy. His sentence was life imprisonment, but through the influence of his cousin, Judge Pyncheon, he had been released for the reason that he thought Clifford was a masochist, a person who always carried a big gold-headed cane. He resembled his ancestor, Col. Pyncheon. He was always a benevolent aspect, but it veiled a guilty heart. In his youth he had been a gambler and in debt. One night he ransacked his uncle's papers and his uncle caught him in the act. It gave the old gentleman such a shock that he died then and there of apoplexy. Judge continued his search and found two wills, one in his favor and a later one in favor of Clifford, which he destroyed. Circumstances pointed to murder, and Judge allowed it to be thought so and Clifford was pushed for the crime. Judge Pyncheon was highly esteemed in the community. On the eve of his nomination as Governor of Massachusetts he died in the same manner as did Col. Pyncheon and in the same armchair.

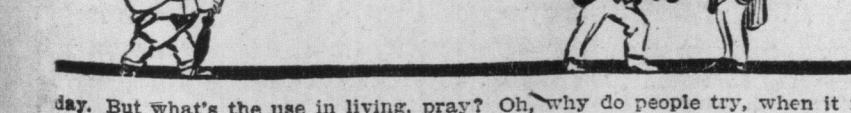
The next ship from Europe brought news of the death of his only son. So Hepzibah, Clifford and Phebe inherited his large fortune. Just prior to the news of the death of the judge's son Holgrave and Phebe became engaged. Then he confessed that he was a Maule. The Maules all along had known the whereabouts of the missing deed, now worthless. It had been hidden by the carpenter Maule in a recess he had constructed behind Col. Pyncheon's portrait. In the marriage the ancient feud was ended.

On His Dreary Way

By Tom Jackson

THE PESSIMIST is one who views all earthly things with fear, whose system is all full of rust, unrolled and out of gear. He looks upon affairs of life with solemn face and grim, while indigestion seems to play a top-line part in him. If one should say, "It's a nice day, the sun is shining bright," the Pessimist would answer, "Yes, but it will rain by night."

And when he eats a dinner fine he never can refrain from saying, "Oh, what is the use! I'll have to eat again." When he sees a happy man he whispers, "Don't be gay, because you may be laid up sick before another



day. But what's the use in living, pray? Oh, why do people try, when it is an established fact that they are bound to die? There's no cure for the Pessimist, whose mind is full of dents. When he approaches, if you can, just dodge behind a fence. He throws cold water on our smiles, he wears an icy mitt, and every jolly thing on earth he loves to smite and hit. He's never in a cheerful mood, except when he is sad; he's never feeling good at all unless he's feeling bad. We cannot teach the Pessimist to happy be and gay, or look upon the brighter side—he isn't built that way. So he goes on his dreary path, and woe on sorrow piles, until he has his funeral, when everybody smiles.

Not Wealthy.
"Her face is her fortune."
"Then I suppose she was in earnest when she said she would be contented with love in a cottage."

Perhaps.
"I wonder why they call this the palm room?"
"Why, there are three or four palms here."
"Yes, but the waiters in the cafe and the other dining rooms exhibit theirs as often."

Possibly.
Faint—What is meant by "Initial velocity?"
Bright—That is the speed with which a man signs checks.

Two Real Advantages.
"He expects to make his fortune out of a combination of the phonograph and the moving picture."
"Oh, that idea is old."
"But he has a scheme for you to see the phonograph and hear the moving picture. Oh, what!"

Keeps Her Busy.
"Your wife says that she always speaks her mind," said John Doe.
"She does," assented Richard Roe, "and she has an active mind, too."

One Use for It.
"My ability to do tricks with cards," said the amateur prestidigitator, "often proves quite handy."
"So I should think," said a solemn man, "Now I don't reckon you ever have any trouble getting a good sandwich at a railway lunch counter."