

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF MAGGIE TEYTE

Maggie Teyte's Talk on Beauty

Why Bathing Brings Charm to the Skin

By MAGGIE TEYTE,

Prima Donna Soprano Chicago-Phila Grand Opera Comp

CLEANLINESS is one of the first rules of observation by the beauty seeker. Now don't scoff, nor sneer, nor be offended. Lots of persons we all know need to be told that cleanliness is a cardinal virtue. In spite of all the fuss and talk about being well-groomed—I disapprove that expression, but we have to use it to make our meaning clear—half the world doesn't bathe often enough.

So few of us take more baths than we need that we don't count. The human body throws off matter which must be removed by baths, and one has only to wipe a clean handkerchief across one's brow to realize that we are all the time collecting dirt.

Clogged pores are the source of a whole lot of physical ills and bad complexions.

While we all need baths we don't all need the same kind. Some of us can't stand hot baths. Some fail to react after a cold sponge and could never endure a cold plunge. Others need the latter to make them feel fit. You may take any kind of a bath you please, only let it be taken often and thoroughly.

Personally, I approve the hot bath three nights a week, followed by a cool sponge and an alcohol rub, and the tepid sponge or shower, graduated to cool, every morning and a warm sponge at night. The daily bath is an absolute necessity.

After the temperature of the water comes the choice of soap. Shun the highly perfumed kind. Use a pure, plain soap, as free from alkali as can be found. Bran and oatmeal, combined with soap shavings and enclosed in cheese-cloth bags, make a pleasing and excellent cleanser.

For the woman who is trying to reduce her weight, plain epsom salts, which cost five cents a pound, added to the bath three times a week, in the proportion of a pound to a tub of hot water, will be found excellent. After this bath don't dry the body, but wrap it in a woolen sheet and lie down for a half hour, then give a brisk alcohol and witch hazel rub.

Common table salt is a splendid bath tonic. Rubbed into the skin and followed by the alcohol and witch hazel, it makes one feel ten years younger. Some tender bodies find it too vigorous.

A warm bath compound used by the woman will take the place of two or three soaps. Dried rosemary, which is very inexpensive, is the finest of cleansing agents.

Another bath compound used by the divine Sarah is made as follows: Half a pound of dried Marshmallow leaves.

One-quarter of a pound of hyssop herb.

Four pounds of bran flour.

And again to refer to the secrets of the wonderful Bernhardt, here is a beauty bath which is said to make the skin soft, white, and youthful. It is well within the reach of most of us.

Take two pounds of barley, a pound of rice, three pounds of powdered



Three Glimpses of the Gifted Prima Donna Who Will Write About Beauty for This Newspaper.

About The Bodies We Live In

Wrinkles in Mind Wrinkle the Face

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg,
A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

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THERE is a close relation between crow's feet, wrinkles under the eyes, on the forehead and in other parts of your anatomy and your thoughts and feelings. Actually it is possible to read a person's character by the creases, crows' feet and lines commonly known as wrinkles. When Professor Karl Pearson proposed the lines on the fingers for some such purpose, it was the wise Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Prefecture, that wisely applied the discovery to the finger-print identification method.

It is no far-fetched idea from the inherited lines upon your thumbs to the wrinkles upon your brow. The only difference is that the latter are acquired from your habits of thought, disposition and activities, while the thumb marks are like a true poet, born and not made.

Meaning of Wrinkles.

Sir J. Davis, who was almost as good a physician as he was a philosopher, said that the mind contracts itself and shrinks within itself when in meditation. Goethe, with something of the same sort in mind, wrote that a person for meditating or worrying without the capacity for thinking creates a narrow, shriveled point of view that warps the mind.

Tailors shrink all the cloth you wear, which is no doubt a good thing for wool. Any one can tell the difference between an unsponged cheviot and one that has been shrunk. It is another story with a sponged brain. It takes an executive of experience or an experimental psychologist to recognize a wrinkled or warped mind in good health, from one that is expanding all the time.

Have you ever stopped to analyze wrinkles? Try it. The next person you meet will be found to have a wrinkle, a dimple, a double chin, a scowling forehead, a glowering look, or a puzzled mien. Each of the disordered lineaments means something. Ascertain them by reading literally between the facial lines.

Health Is Elastic.

In health and youth, a certain resiliency and adaptability in the thoughts, muscles, skin and uncrystallized character make most wrinkles, but the setting changes of a summer's soot and shadows. Even advancing years and body are at ease physiologically. If, however, a man be a gay Lothario or the young woman's fancy turns to thoughts of ubiquitous love, the lines and dashes will soon disclose the less of mental and physical vitality.

Disease, worry, age, emaciation, the wear and tear of the weather-beating winds of unhappy experiences, all tend toward the acquisition of new wrinkles. Any one who looks the world under difficulties may expect a fair share of them irrespective of any angelic or divine nature. Little Dorrit, Tiny Tim, Oliver Twist and even the Poor Little Rich Girl, all have their muscular stamps. Care, ill health and distress keep watch in every crease of the skin.

Similarly, there is much in massaging, "ironing" and polishing the folds and wrinkles with vigorous and frequent applications of oils, unguents and other harmless lotions. Petroleum or vasoline, good oil or cocoa butter are useful aids. Fresh air, absence of worry, red-blooded health and plenty of sleep preserve many a skin that would otherwise show age, ruggedness and other signs of rough and ready wrinkles.

Most important, however, is a clean mind and virtuous habits. Lives there a person with soul so dead as to show any type of non-virtuous features he should at once mend his ways. Thus should at once mend his ways. Thus should at once mend his ways.

DAILY HEALTH HINT

The best baby hint in the winter is to always keep them out doors and bundled up when well, and never keep them out of doors with the mildest and most trivial nose-running, ear ache or cough. Winds and winter weather aggravate these troubles into fatal afflictions.

Answers to Health Questions.

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, an envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

The Way He Really Proposed to Me

By Martha Kittredge.

I AM a sentimental person. In fact, having lived a most practical life among wholly conventional people, I cling to my sentimentality as others to their dearest possessions.

For example, I shall be very exacting about my proposal because, from my observation, if a girl isn't at a man's feet after marriage she is certainly at his back and call, so it is no more than right that on one occasion, at least, he should be at hers, if not literally, certainly mentally.

Of course, men no longer go down on their knees when they offer their heart and hand to a girl. The present age and fashion in trousers have done away with that—more's the pity! But at least he must sue for my hand, must describe his love for me in glowing terms, must plead and protest. And I shall never meet him half way or help him in right away either. I shall keep him on the rack awhile—not too long, but just enough to make him value surrender when it comes.

I had gotten this far in my dream when Ray came in, and I had to sit up and look very wide-awake indeed lest he suspect my weakness. For Ray laughs at day dream and at many other things, which makes him a charming companion, but will prevent him ever being a successful lover.

Knowing Ray as well as I do, it gave me no surprise when later in the evening he leaned over and took my hand in his to compare the length of my fingers, or something of that sort, and though it never gave me a thrill, I like the feeling of his hand on mine.

There is such a difference in hands, some are so cold they are clammy, and others almost burn you. But Ray's are just the right temperature—neither hot nor cold. He has a small hand, long-fingered and slender, though not in the least effeminate, with a look of nervous strength about it.

He held my hand idly a moment, then asked me carelessly: "What kind of an engagement ring do you want?"

"What kind of an engagement ring do you want?"

Now to my mind an engagement ring is of small consequence compared with an engagement, so I answered lightly, without stirring from among the pillows with which I had surrounded myself:

"Oh, I don't know! I shouldn't care anything for a ring bought just for me. What I should like" (warming somewhat to my subject) "would be a ring that had been in the family, or his mother's engagement ring. Something with an association."

"How would a ring that belonged to a fellow himself do?"

"Well, that would be better than a brand new one gotten for the occasion. The only trouble with that, most men's rings would be too large, and to have one cut down would spoil the idea."

I had almost said sentiment, but caught myself in time.

"How would this one fit?" he said, drawing off the ring that he always wore on his little finger. I held up my hand and he slipped it on.

"A little large," he commented.

"Yes, but it would be all right with a guard."

"Of course! What kind of a one would you want?"

"Why, a chased one, I suppose. They are rather the prettiest."

Really it was surprising the amount of interest he was taking in a supposititious case.

"And about the size?"

I began to feel a faint interest myself. Why it was almost like a flirtation.

"Here," I said, taking a ring from my other hand. "I put it on his finger and it came down to the second joint."

"Um," he murmured reflectively. "I guess I can get it all right. Well," as he rose to his feet, "you might as well keep it on. I will bring the guard next time."

And stooping he kissed me and left me sitting there alone—alone, with Ray's ring on my right finger and my dream in fragments at my feet.

Humor on Tombstones

UNDER ordinary circumstances no stretch of the imagination can draw humor from a tombstone, but in various parts of the United States can be found these grim memorials to those who have gone before which would coax a smile to the most solemn visage.

In a quiet little Maine graveyard stands an ancient shaft of stone which has weathered the storms of more than a century, and upon its scarred surface the following matrimonial advertisement is inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of James H. Random, who died August 6th, 1890. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged only 24, and possessing every qualification of a good wife, lives in this village."

Not to be outwitted by the East, a small Western mining town, where the burying ground record bears the names of many to whom a quick draw and a sure shot were words of law, offers the following epitaph: "Bill Henry Shraiken, who came to his death by being shot with a Colt's revolver, as the story would not be believed, and of such is the wisdom of heaven."

Many years ago a man whose mouth was unusually large, was a citizen of a small Southern town, so that he died these words were inscribed upon the shaft above his grave: "Reader, tread gently over this sod. For if he says you're going by God, although there is no record that his mouth was unusually large, a Chicago woman bore a reputation during his life for having a very active tongue, so to be sure that her fate as a talker would not be dimmed even by death, those who pass her last resting place."

England is also given credit for the following short, but expressive epitaph: "Here lies my wife, poor Molly, let her find repose at last and so do I."

Said by Wise Men.

Temperance is a bride of gold—Burton.

Vanity is the poison of agreeableness—Greville.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature—Levasser.

Best men are often molded out of faults—Shakespeare.

There is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card table, and those cutting passions which attend them—Steele.

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good breeding—Stanslaus.

The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than real brilliancy—Rochefoucauld.

He who feels contempt for any living thing hath faculties that he hath never used and thought with him is in his infancy—Wordsworth.

Health, beauty, vigor, riches, and all the other things called good, operate equally as evils to the vicious and unjust, as they do as benefits to the just—Plato.

What profits us that we from heaven derive a soul immortal, and with looks erect, survey the stars, if, like the brutal hind, we follow where our passions lead the way—Dryden.

There is an active principle in the human soul that will ever be exerting its faculties to the utmost stretch, in whatever employment, by the accidents of time and place, the general plan of education, or the custom and manners of the age and country it may happen to find itself engaged—Blackstone.



AS SEEN THROUGH A KNOT HOLE

By Homer Croy

A Way Bulls Have

MY heart goes out to R. T. Lane, of Muskegon, Michigan. I know just how he feels.

Recently he was digging post holes in a red undershirt, and when he finished he started across the pasture without putting on his coat. He was spied by a bull. As soon as the bull saw him, the bull began to act queerly. He bent over, and placing his nose near the ground, started rapidly in Mr. Lane's direction. At the same time the creature put his tail up in the air and doubled his speed.

It took Mr. Lane but a moment to decide that something was wrong. In the same length of time he decided to hurry on. He started across a hazel patch, where they were burning off some dead brush. The bull came after him with his tail in the same original position. Mr. Lane moved on as fast as he could. He regretted that he could not do any better. He knew what the trouble was; he knew that his red undershirt was the source of the misunderstanding, but he could not stop to remove the trouble. He looked over his shoulder to see what the bull was doing.

The bull was doing his best. He saw that the animal was coming on apace. When he turned around the next time he saw that the animal had come on several of them. Meanwhile Mr. Lane kept hurriedly getting off one foot on the other.

He sighted a dead tree and made for it to the best of his ability. Catching hold of a lower limb he started to swing himself up, but the disagreeable animal put his horn into the seat of his trousers and in a great way destroyed their usefulness. Although Mr. Lane perched himself on a high limb the bull did not grow discouraged and leave. Instead of that he stood at the foot

of the tree, keeping his eye on the occupant of the tree.

The fire that had been burning in the brush caught in the tree. This changed Mr. Lane's plans. He had thought that he would sit in the tree until the animal saw fit to leave, but now he saw that he would have to shift his plans all around. The smoke came up into his face, while the bull still hung around, as if anticipating trouble. In fact the animal began to paw the ground with expectancy.

Soon the tree began to totter. Mr. Lane was between the tree and the deep red bull. The tree began to rock so Mr. Lane had to clamber down, although he disliked to do this. The closer to the ground he got the nearer the bull got to the tree. Mr. Lane did not like the looks of his reception committee. At last Mr. Lane dropped and began dodging from one side of the tree to the other. This was great exercise for the bull, and they both entered into it with spirit. Finally the bull caught up with Mr. Lane and the shirt was practically ruined. Mr. Lane went home that night with his mind full made up that he would refrain ever after from such underwear.

My heart goes out to Mr. Lane, for one time I had a bull to send me up a tree. The tree was not as large as I should have liked. It was young and supple and leaned over with me toward the individual waiting for me at its foot. It went farther and farther, and at last broke. After that I had no use for the bull that had sent me to the tree. After that there was a certain coldness between us.

I know just how Mr. Lane felt when they gathered him up and took him home and my heart goes out to him. He can join me, if he so wishes, in my campaign of coldness toward bulls.

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But since the time that the Tower Building poked its dome skyward complete transformation in building has brought forth the Woolworth, Singer, Metropolitan and other giant structures, and now the day of the Tower Building, the first building to be reared on the idea from which these later monoliths appear, is to be torn down to make way for a more gigantic pile of steel and stone.

The owners of the Tower Building explain that the income derived from its eleven floors is not sufficient to meet the tax assessment. The ground upon which it stands is valued at \$1,295,000, and the building is assessed at \$192,000. So it has been decided that land upon which a fifty-story pile can be built is too valuable to be wasted upon a mere eleven-story pyramid.

The Woolworth Building is the best example of the effort to get the maximum of floor space with the minimum of ground. Although the giant structure, 750 feet in height and with fifty-one stories, covers a site of but 155 feet by 700 feet, it has twenty-seven acres of floor space. More than 20,000 tons of steel were used in its construction, as well as 50,000,000 rivets and 17,000,000 common bricks.

While the Woolworth Building is the most striking example of the modern American skyscraper, New York boasts of many other structures evolved from the same idea. According to a recent "census" 75,000 persons are daily inhabitants of ten of the largest buildings in the city, the individual skyscrapers having populations ranging from 3,000 in the Pulitzer Building, to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, with 15,000 regular occupants.

Here are three charming examples of the latest neck dressing. They are equally attractive and can easily be copied by the amateur needlewoman. And it is hard work that gives the note of distinction to the separate waist. Incidentally, they are splendid suggestions for Christmas gifts.

The one at the top has a soft rolled collar of black, for which crepe de chine or one of the soft silks or satins is recommended. At each side is a ruffle of lace, mull or net. This is particularly effective with a surplice waist, or the surplice may be made of net and a part of the collar.

The centre design is a new way of finishing a blouse. The square on shoulders and below the bust are of dark velvet embroidered with gold or beads.

The last cut shows the long shoulder, which is a feature of many of the best blouses.



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