

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Newest Blouses Show Art in Color Blending

By MADGE MARVEL



One of white lace and another of gold chiffon cloth showed the pale blue under-neath color. In the latter it "made" the blouse.

Blue and lavender is another combination which I have noticed. It needs an artistic eye if one would get the right shades.

There is a decided tendency toward the sleeveless evening bodice. It appears on some of the best and smartest models. To be successfully worn one should have the most beautifully modeled arms and they should be snowy white and velvety. It seems to me that the possession of such arms is the only real excuse for the sleeveless bodice. At any other time it gives a most unpleasant undressed appearance, which is exactly what one should wish to avoid in evening dress.

Terra cotta, which is sometimes called "mahogany," is coming rapidly into favor. I have seen some stunning velvet and cloth suits in this hue, and the other night at the theatre I saw a delightful gown of terra cotta chiffon over charmeuse in the same shade. The chiffon was embroidered in dull coppery beads and the tunic was edged with marten. The wearer was a blonde with a dazzling white skin and the faintest of pink cheeks and with hair of pale gold.

Pockets are surely going to be a part of our spring suits. And they are meant for use. Perhaps this is more significant than the careless ones realize. The autogists have long contended that until a woman has pockets in her clothes she is not fitted for the vote. Perhaps when she gets the pockets, she will be handed the franchise. Really we women do waste a terrible lot of time and nervous energy opening our shopping bags and taking out our purses, then waiting for the change and then doing it all over again—just as the vaudeville tells about amid shrieks of laughter. In the meantime we are dropping first a package and then a muff—and oh, dear, if ever we needed anything in the way of modern conveniences it is the pocket meant for use. So we may look to see the triumphant entry of pockets this spring.

I am again going to refer to the bustle, which is already here. I saw a gown the other day of much draped crepe in a dull green shade. There was nothing unusual about the front except that the hips were very full, the crepe being gathered into the waistband. At the back there was a queer bunching, as if two or three tucks had been taken in the draping. And it stood out from the figure in an unusual way for so soft a material. Investigation revealed a typical "extender" made of taffeta with five full and narrow ruffles gathered along its length.

The modists looked at my surprise with pity. "No, not so awfully new," said she in a bored tone. "We have made them for our exclusive trade for two or three months. They are old in Paris. But they will be new here for most people when the summer frocks come in."

We are brightening up our black hats with red roses and pink posies and purple and pink bouquets. There is a sudden influx of color noted. And the new color cards show strong shades in the predominance. We seem about to finish the winter in a burst of glory and enter the spring like animated rainbows. I say "seem," for who has the temerity to look ahead in these fickle days?

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: My sweetheart says I am heartless because I laughed when my mother cried over my staying out too late with him the other night. And yet he was the one that got me to stay out.

What do you make of his attitude? PERPLEXED.

WHY, Honey, he's a man, that's all that's the matter with him. Just a plain man. He wants you to act one way and feel another. He wants you to stay with him just as late as he pleases and yet he wants you to be worrying about your mother's fears all the time. You can never in the world make him understand that it takes two different kinds of girls to be the two different kinds of people he would like you to seem to him.

Give it up, there's no use trying. Stay with him, just long enough, but not too long. There are very few people in the world who are worth making your mother cry, don't you know that, little girl? She's your real friend, she's the one who really loves you, the one who really cares. Don't let your sweetheart think more about her grief than you do. It's a mistake and some day you'll know why.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her care this office.

The Kind of Girl a Man Likes

BY NORVELL ELLIOTT

The Red Haired Girl
I NEVER subscribed to the theory that all red haired girls were as hot headed on the inside as one would believe from the blaze of fire on the outside. I have known a number of little red haired girls who were as quiet as mice.

This piece of wisdom was advanced by my bachelor friend, who turned from an animated conversation with Vivien Glenn when she left our street car at her home corner. When Viv's friends are in the lukewarm class, they allude to her hair as "auburn"; when they are in a more friendly frame of mind, they call it "crimson"—but when they know for what she is and catch glimpses of her glorious hair in all its stages of light and shadow, they are perfectly frank and generally say:

"Why, Viv, you've got the REDDEST hair I ever saw in my life!"

And this last statement tickles Viv nearly to death. She glories in her hair and prefers the adjective "red" to any other ever invented by Mr. Webster.

"The girl is perfectly named," continued my bachelor friend, as he looked from the car window and lifted his hat finally to Vivien, who waved her muff at us.

"Whatever you call her hair, lass, she herself is as vivid a creature as I have ever known. Why, the minute she enters a room every man and woman in it is perfectly conscious of her vivid personality. And, as you know, she is far from being a hot headed, temperamental girl. I scarcely know where to put my finger on the charm of her, but it's there—there with a big T."

"I've noticed most red headed girls are that way," he continued, enthusiastically. "They are generally all attractive in one way or another. I've worked out a little theory for myself in the matter which runs about like this: 'When a man meets a red haired girl, if she is at all attractive, he generally takes a second look at her hair, it catches his eye like a red ball does a baby's, as it were. When he takes the second look, he gets a glimpse into her eyes on the way and, unless they are absolutely dull and lustreless, he takes a second look at them. From that on it's the old story. Whether the girl is quiet, or gay, or middling, she has caught that man's attention, and you know catching a man's attention is half the battle.'"

"Certain it is, most red haired girls have one or two men at their beck and call. There are generally violets, or orchids, or chrysanthemums on the parlor table, and the passer-by can catch a gleam of company light between the shutters seven evenings out of the week. There is one flower you'll always find ostensibly missing from the collection on the parlor table, though—it's that much beloved American Beauty—much beloved by all women with the exception of the girl whose hair is red."

"I'm not saying all red haired girls are attractive. There are exceptions. And I've noticed the exceptions are the red headed girls who refuse to darken their white eye lashes which go with their red hair. A man may adore red hair, but he abhors white eye lashes. Just take a tip from me, lass, never stop applying the black pencil to your own."

"My eye lashes are perfectly good and black, I'll thank you to understand. I replied, heatedly. I knew my companion was teasing, but I did not care for anyone who might overhear the conversation to misunderstand. The wretch laughed.

"But you have loads of red in your hair, and white eye lashes go along with it."

We had reached our destination.

"ALL OVER BETWEEN US!"

By MICHELSON



THIS is a sad business! That quick fling in the note that sent back the ring was easy enough. When you are really feeling SAVAGE these things can be done quickly. BUT when it comes to burning up the letters—Especially that one he wrote the week after the GREAT DAY—it is hard to burn that. It takes courage. It is like putting one's heart in the fire. DID any one ever write letters like these? Maybe he didn't mean what he wrote. But maybe he did. If he did—Why can't a girl KNOW? Ah! the whole problem of life is wrapped up in that doubt. Anyway, there's no need for burning the letters tonight. Tomorrow will do. Then, surely, they'll all go in the fire, unless—Well, let's wait till tomorrow. Tomorrows have done wonderful things.

"A Different Kind of Love"

By WINIFRED BLACK

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MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG of Chicago resigned from the board of education, and the whole city was torn up by it. They held indignation meetings on the sidewalk, men circulated petitions and women made speeches, and the "practical politicians," who forced Mrs. Young out of her position, were absolutely dumfounded over the excitement.

And Mrs. Young, the woman in the case, is over 70 years of age.

This world is certainly whirling around.

Why, 20 years ago when a woman was 50 there wasn't a thing for her to do but go out in the kitchen and make caraway cookies or sit in the corner in somebody else's house and mend somebody else's socks, and be so grateful to get the chance to do it that she didn't dare to speak above a whisper. And she always took the dark meat of the chicken and said "No, thank you," to dessert when there was unexpected company.

Thirty years ago a woman began to act that way when she was 40, and they do say that 50 years ago a woman of 30 was considered quite too old and feeble to go out without her cap and somebody to apologize for being seen outside the doorway with her.

Why, girls, we're just beginning to live, aren't we?

Take up the paper this morning and read about the women who are making the stir in the world—the women who do things—the women who are "somebodies."

Fifty and over, every single one of them, and proud of it, at that.



Winifred Black

A woman died out in Colorado the other day—a great big, splendid, courageous, clever, true-hearted woman—and they took her body to the capitol and she lay in state—and the great men of the community stood by that woman's coffin with their hats in their hands. The school children came and sang around her as she lay so still and calm the songs she loved. And not one single human being in all that city said a single word about the age of Sarah Platt Decker—the woman who lay in state in Denver.

She was 60 and over, and she never thought of pretending that she was a day younger any more than the Governor of the state of Colorado thought of being ashamed that he was 58 on the day he took his seat in the U. S. Senate.

It's all gone, the silly old superstition of ages, and every one of them has its place and its joys.

Love is the great thing in a woman's life—just as it is the great thing in a man's life. Without love there is really nothing to live for—nothing to wish for—nothing to hope for. But women are discovering that there is a different kind of love to go with the different kinds of ages, and every one of them has its place and its joys.

Imagine Ella Flagg Young, or Jane Addams, sitting down and crying because nobody was writing either of them a love letter every day in the week!

What a splendid time it is to be alive in, isn't it, girls—even when you're past thirty and nobody tells you you're a Venus—not even one a day.

Getting Crowded

"There is always room at the top, you know." I replied, heatedly. I knew my companion was teasing, but I did not care for anyone who might overhear the conversation to misunderstand. The wretch laughed.

"But you have loads of red in your hair, and white eye lashes go along with it."

We had reached our destination.

Chances Reduced

O'Kelly—It's too bad your boy lost his foot. What will you make of him now? McWhack—Sure, and I'll make a rope walker of him. Having only one foot he will have only half the chance of falling.

Making Haste

"Why are you playing so fast?" asked his mother of Johnny, who was practicing at the piano. "I want to finish my hour's practice in thirty minutes and go skating," said Johnny.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

If You Have the "Blues," Wear Red for a Tonic

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)
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WHAT would life be without color? Just as red is the life blood of higher animals and green the very same fluid for flowering plants, so there must be something in each and every hue of the glorious rainbow upon bodily conditions of health.

Sickness is often a skeleton of dusky men, which, clothed with life, color and complexion, becomes, as if by a fairy wand, youth, health and beauty.

Color is not understood by chemists and physicists. Nor can psychologists, savants or metaphysicians explain the curious effects upon some persons of red, violet, blue, yellow and green.

It is an extraordinary but well attested observation that flashing scarlet upon certain people is like shaking a red rag in a mad bull's face. These vermillion hues tone up, irritate, excite and stir the human emotions as no other colors do.

What little is known about colors comes from the physical laboratories. White light is a mixture of short-legged and long-legged soldiers, called waves or vibrations. As the legions of the light, as the long-legged and short-legged soldiers, proceed as of yore, the double-quick from the sun, the electric light or any source of illumination, they all march along evenly as long as no opposing force or obstacle intercepts them.

However, some large obstacle or enemy, blocks their passage, this militia becomes a straggling band. The little fellows who are short and swift escape interference and proceed as of yore. Not so the big fellows. These are held up a bit and lag behind the little chaps.

This is what happens with light. The red rays are the longest and slowest and the violet rays are the swiftest and shortest. The result is that demons are illustrated in fiery red and heaven and the sky are shown always in "blue or violet."

A modicum of red goes a great ways. Most people are passionately fond of scarlets and crimson hues. It excites the human appetites and emotions. Persons may eat in red dining rooms because vermillion adds zest to the viands and excitement to the appetite and the inner man.

People who "get the blues" are not the only ones who are infected and depressed by violet and near-blue tints. Thus the ruling reactionaries of a certain European country have their "red-dungeons" for dissenters and radicals.

The theory is that active, progressive and creative intelligence are soon depressed, saddened and made complacent in blue and near-blue light. Blue light was introduced into medi-



DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

cine by the late Prof. Pinsen of Copenhagen, to treat tuberculosis of the skin. This is one of the established methods today.

On the other hand the pitting and scarring of small pox patients is prevented by using red glass in the windows of quarantine hospitals and draping the rooms with red hangings.

Answers to Health Questions

J. H., BOSTON—Why do I sometimes want water and at others do not feel thirsty for hours? I make it a point to drink at least a pint of water in the forenoon and the same quantity in the afternoon. Is it advisable to drink water when one is not thirsty?

Yes. Sick people, infants, delirious and the insane must be given frequent sips of clear, refreshing water, despite the inability to call for it.

There is a vast difference in persons with regard to the stirring sensations of thirst. Many people are blunted in this, others, like you, are only conscious of thirst when they are not distracted by important matters. You should drink some water every hour.

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 this office.

Chips with the Bark on

The man who looks for trouble can find it where it isn't.

Money will not repay a man for the loss of his youth, but it will enable him to make his old age shorter.

While lightning may not strike twice in the same place, it often strikes one place twice as hard as it struck another.

Too many cooks spoil the broth and a good many of 'em spoil everything they put on the stove.

Many students of political economy would find a study of personal economy more profitable.

If all gift horses were examined by men who could tell their age by their teeth many of them would be refused.

In spite of the tempering of the wind, the lamb shorn in Wall street would have been more comfortable without the shearing.

Cooking does not improve the beauty of the trout, but it increases the edibility.

Uneasy rests the crown that's lost its head.

It is not the amount a man earns but the salary he gets that determines his financial standing.

The rough places that aid in climbing an ascent will bump hard when you slide down.

Vinegar may not catch flies, but it will drown them if they fall into it.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

I AM very tired this morning," said Mr. Hop Toad. "I am also very hungry and I do not want to go very far for something to eat. Perhaps if I sit here long enough a fly or a firefly will come along and do me for my breakfast."

While Mr. Hop Toad was thinking all this to himself, Mr. Fly was sitting on the fence just above his head and when he saw Mr. Hop Toad close his eyes and open his mouth wide he said to himself:

"I suppose that fellow down there thinks I'm going to fly right into his mouth and I guess I will have to fool him."

Mr. Fly took a little twig and dropped it into Mr. Hop Toad's mouth.

"Pop!" went Mr. Hop Toad's mouth, then his eyes opened very wide and he said to himself, "That does not taste very much like a fly."

He dropped the twig out of his mouth and closed his eyes again and opened his mouth wide.

He was almost asleep when he heard a noise above his head.

"Cher-choo!" Mr. Fly sneezed and then he peeked down to see if the noise had made Mr. Hop Toad wake up.

Sure enough his eyes were open and his mouth shut and he was looking straight at Mr. Fly.

"My goodness!" he said to Mr. Fly. "I think I will have to eat you for breakfast."

"You will have to catch me first," said Mr. Fly.

"How dare you talk to me like that?" shouted Mr. Hop Toad.

"Don't get excited," began Mr. Fly, "for if you get mad it only affects you. I don't care a bit. The madder you get the more I laugh."

"Aren't you afraid of me?" asked Mr. Hop Toad in a low voice.

"Why should I be afraid of you?" asked Mr. Fly. "If I were afraid of you the first thing I would do would be to fly into your mouth when you open it. It doesn't do to be afraid of anything, much less a Hop Toad like you."

"There, there," began Mr. Hop Toad, "I'm not going to get mad at you. I'm going to remember what you told me. Will you do me a favor?"

"Of course, I will," answered Mr. Fly.

"Then fly away and let me go to sleep," said Mr. Hop Toad meekly. "Talking to you makes my head tired."