

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

The FLARE'S the THING in TOPCOATS

Any Material
Will Do, But
Flare it Must

THE top coat, like the poor, is always with us, for it demands a place in every outfit selected for practical service. This winter one sees more separate coats, and smarter ones, than for many years past.

When not made entirely of peltry, the long coat is invariably collared and cuffed with fur. In many instances fur bandings are added about the hem and waistline.

And the waistline of the latest coat shifts anywhere from the hip to just below the arms, though from present indications the empire style promises to become the general favorite.

The principal feature of the new coat is the flare. It may begin to flare anywhere between the shoulders or hips, but flare it must.

Particularly lovely are the youthful models of broadcloth, corduroy or velvet with the fullness belted in about the waist. These are to be had in all colors, from the brilliant cerise red to the conservative tones of brown or gray.

The serviceable and extremely smart coat in the drawing is of brown broadcloth trimmed with dark mink.

Instead of the usual circular flare, the fullness is provided by a group of wide pleats extending from the shoulders to the hem at each side.

The long sleeves are gathered about the wrists with straps of the material, forming frills which fall over the hands. A wide turned-down collar of mink finishes the neck line, which, in severe weather, may be fastened closed about the throat. Quite a new idea is the belt of fur, slipped through slashes, formed in one pleat of each group, front and back which serve to hold the belt in position.

The long coat is a good investment in a season when one's clothes may be no important a role in clothes.



Long Coat of Brown Broadcloth Trimmed with Mink.

By
Annette
Bradshaw

Clara Morris Says—

THAT THE VERY FINEST SIGHT OF OUR TIMES WAS
THE WAY THE WOMEN HELPED THE
MEN IN THE COTTON CRISIS.



CLARA MORRIS

IF you ever raise your eyes from the desk, to see, all suddenly, the thunderous grayness of the sky spanned by the ethereal radiance of that bow of promise—the divine token? And do you remember your quick little gasp of pleasure? Yes! Well that was over the beauty of the bow of promise, at whose far end rests a pot of gold; but today I felt that same little thrill of surprise and pleasure over the glimmering of a bow of hope whose near end rested distinctly on the cotton crusade.

This glorious crop, with which Providence rewarded the hard working cotton planters, going to stupendous loss, is the merita of an unmoved crop holds up business far and wide. Note the countless spindles stilled, the idle hands pressing empty stomachs! But listen now:

"Except wind stand, as never it stood. It is an ill wind, turns some to good."

You see, to our women, this ill wind brought an opportunity to prove their solidarity, their patriotism, and their quick good sense. They saw what to do, and they did it. The cotton campaign was on. The women, thinkers, writers, talkers, workers and lookers turned themselves into glorified drummers.

Many of the leaders in this crusade have a considerable power to thank you. The membership of these women's clubs can doubtless be counted, so can a cloud of locusts; but, counted or uncounted, when these leaders can by command, or advice, line up a few hundred thousand women—not necessarily all club members—before the counters of the country, money in hand, something is going to move. This time it was cotton.

Even acknowledged beauties beat up trade by illustrating, in their own fair persons, that perfectly fascinating dinner gown can be developed from these softly draping, fairly fine, weaves of cotton in colors of exquisite beauty.

And 110 pretty girls helped by buying more than one dress while mamma stocked up her linen shelf, or closet, as the case may be.

But see these women and these men working together, for the welfare of all! Do you know a goodlier sight than this unity of effort, and the sex factor clear out of sight? Is there to be an end to the long tug-of-war—men and women pulling with starting eyes, and straining muscles, against each other? Will they come to understand that equality will lead to more perfect unity?

We read, "I set my bow in the clouds as a token." Divine promise, divinely kept. Then in our newspapers we read, "Women helping men over a business crisis," and we saw—perhaps it's only a mirage—women taken on her merits with justice, equality. Say, even a mirage is a mighty pretty thing to look at!

Forget Fashion in Coiffures; Dress Your Hair Becomingly

A Common-Sense Interview with Miss Lily Cahill
By DOROTHEA MACCARTNEY

BESIDES knowing how to dress her hair in an artistic manner, Miss Lily Cahill, the much perplexed lady in "Under Cover," at the Cort Theatre, New York, possesses a charming personality.

"You may ask me anything you like," she said with a gracious nod of her head and a smile that simply beamed hospitality.

And when she nodded I saw that her head was a joy to behold, well-shaped and coiffured in a different manner, so I asked: "How do you dress your hair?"

"It is very becoming."

"I like them myself. They are nothing really new. In fact, they are ages old, only instead of wearing them dangling over the ears I arrange them on top of my head."

"Many women used to find the severe, plain coiffure unbecoming. For if you happened to have a high forehead you

looked a fright. Then fashion said: 'Wear the soft, low pompadour if you like,' and we breathed sighs of relief. 'It is very easy to arrange the hair in the style I suggest. Simply separate the front from the back and draw it over the forehead in a low pompadour. Then comb the back hair back on top of the head and pull it loosely on the crown.'

"Form each slender corkscrew puff by taking a strand of hair and, starting at the end, roll it over and over the front fingers. When it is close to the head, pin it at either end to hold it in shape. 'There is no hard and fast rule as to where the corkscrew puffs are to be placed. An artistic irregularity is better than to cluster them about the coil.'

"I feel sure that many women will



Corkscrew Curls Are As Old as Time, but Ever Becomingly New.

"You like my corkscrew curls, then? I like them myself. They are nothing really new. In fact, they are ages old, only instead of wearing them dangling over the ears I arrange them on top of my head."

"Many women used to find the severe, plain coiffure unbecoming. For if you happened to have a high forehead you

gladly forsake the disfiguring 'sideburns,' 'potholes' and 'question marks' which give such a queer expression to the face for the corkscrew puffs. They relieve the monotonous line of the coiffure.

"This form of hairdressing borders on the classical, for the puffs are but another translation of the Psyche curls, which are usually arranged in a cascade over the crown of the head."

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

No. 286.
JOAN THINKS Peter "interesting."

I SUPPOSE it is painful to anyone to restrain judgments to which he has come. To me it was almost surgical in its cruelty to have my smug classification of women jolted into chaos by Joan's back. I had always believed that there were two LEONA DALRYMPLE classes of women with a heavily chalked line barring them from each other. I was reconstructing my views. For I know now that, paradoxical as it may seem, there are good women who are bad and bad women who are good.

I know a good woman who has driven her husband to anemic misanthropy by persistent ambition, and she has denied him the saving of his soul—a child. I know another woman, unfortunate enough to have made a big moral mistake which the world will not permit her to forget for all she regrets—and her heart is kinder, tenderer and better than the other woman to whose ambition a shameless woman owes her ruin. And, at the risk of a great outcry, I stoutly hold that the second woman is better than the first.

Men Merely Experiences.
Joan Arbeck was the type of woman presented by the good woman who was bad. We had a painful time that first evening of our first meeting. Joan and I. She was constantly giving me chances to misunderstand, and when I finally realized that she was a devil-like creature, it was a devil-like experience.

"Peter," she said once with an irresistible laugh of amusement, "you are truly the queerest, drollest experience I've ever had in my life."

"All men, then," I came back quickly. "are merely experiences. I thought so, Joan."

"Why," she asked curiously, "if you are shocked to very easily, do you call me Joan? You haven't known me three hours."

"I don't know," I said truthfully. "I am a wonder myself."

"And why," she persisted, "do you say that all men are merely experiences?"

"Because," I said brutally, "you are as cruel as you are beautiful. I think you're like the man who impales a living butterfly upon a pin to watch it twitch. I know your eyes are wonderful—you know you have a slim grace that never fails to please the eye and your mind never tires the effect of your beauty on every man."

The Tables Turn.
"If you can make him care—the game becomes interesting. But you take care never to lose your poise. Then when

you are tired of him you can send him on his way. I don't think you'd even care if you spoiled his life."

Joan shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, Peter," she said, "you can't spoil a man's life. They fly from one girl to another. One pretty face atones for the loss of another."

"You are very cynical," I said reproachfully.

"Not cynical," corrected Joan. "Merely without illusions."

"In a girl's young," I said, "that is a very sad thing."

"Why?"

"Because you're losing the tenderness of life—the sweetness that only comes once. There's a winsome daintiness to the girl who believes in illusions."

"I go me this night," murmured Joan slyly, "to buy a milk pail and a wonderful peasant gown—and where, sir, may I purchase illusions?"

She laughed up into my face with bewildering suddenness. I smiled in spite of myself.

"You're funnier than I," I told her. "I hope I'm as interesting," she came back, her eyes very friendly, and, like any other man, I said she was.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Exercise Your Sore Fingers to Avoid Enlarged Joints

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

IT cannot be said of the hands as it was said of the eyes of a top who asked why his eyes were so weak: "Oh," replied the oculist, "that is but natural; they are in a weak place."

Our hands are in a strong position and are covered with rough, weather-beaten epidermis. Nevertheless, the knuckles of many women and some men become enlarged, thick, and deformed. The finger joints swell, grow calcified, ossified, or hide-bound. The fingers, hands and wrists often contract, the skin may even shrink, split, or exhibit a multitude of variegated eruptions.

Dr. HIRSHBERG If some iconoclastic, idol-smashing Achilles ever breaks loose, and aims a crushing blow at the most titanic fetish and delusion of the present day medical profession, he will take the battalion of enlarged or stiff joints. The tendency of human nature to coddle itself, because motion, use and exercise cause pain or soreness lies at the bottom.

Guilt for this designation is especially pronounced against doctors, quacks and charlatans who call the thickened bones or nodes of the finger joints by this confusion of terms—"rheumatism." The causes of the various deformities of the fingers and hands are too numerous to mention in less than many volumes. Furthermore, other than chemicals, microbes and irritants, near and remote, many causes remain to be unearthed.

Be all this as it may, the number of persons with thickened finger joints and distorted hands are so numerous that no one can avoid meeting persons with this condition. New discoveries, however, hold out a happy prospect of a cure in the incidence of this malady.

It is now positively known that this deforming arthritis when present in the hands practically never spreads to other joints. In fact, a woman with big, "rheumatoid" fingers may be physically disturbed, but she need have no fears of ever becoming bed-ridden. None of the large joints will be affected. In a word, the malady becomes arrested and dies "a-borning."

It is the fear of pain, the disinclination to suffer pain and irritation which is often responsible for stiffness and inactivity and additional deformity in an

enlarged or stiff joint. The tendency of human nature to coddle itself, because motion, use and exercise cause pain or soreness lies at the bottom.

Answers to Health Questions
H. M. Q.—My eyes are sunk back into my head, and have dark circles around them. What shall I do?
A.—Eat butter, cream, sugar, spices, pastries, fats, ham, pork, gravies and oils every three hours. Sleep 10 hours; also take an extra meal at midnight. Exercise your muscles slightly. Drink lots of fresh milk, cream and plenty of water.

E. A. Q.—What is a remedy for one feeling puffy and short-breathed?
A.—Take very deep breaths when in the fresh air, eat less at meal times, and take seven grains of oxide of magnesium before meals.

Dr. HIRSHBERG 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. E. HIRSHBERG, care of this office.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I have a cousin, not married, of whom I think a great deal. Some time ago, on a hot afternoon, while visiting there, he was sitting on the lawn with other members of the family, and my hand was in a devil-like position at my side on the ground. He tried to put his hand into mine, but as he held tight he did not put his hand into mine. For his part I know he meant nothing wrong, for he is a perfect gentleman, although I probably should not have allowed him to do it. I do not know. Remember, Miss Laurie, I would never allow another man to do the same, but as he was my cousin I did not say anything.

Should a girl my age or a few years younger say "Hello," "Good Morning" or "How do you do?" to a boy of the same age or older? A boy, I mean, who is in a way a stranger.

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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 of this office.

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Beauty Hints

How to Steam the Lines Out of Your Face

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

IT is generally known that steaming the face will work wonders with the complexion, but judging from the number of requests I have recently received, there are many who know nothing of the process.

Face steaming may be highly beneficial or injurious—it all depends upon the method followed.

First you will need a pan or basin with a large surface, which can be placed over an alcohol lamp or a gas flame, if the latter is low, so that the face can be easily held over the pan.

Persepiration the Goal.
The water must be kept just below the boiling point, for boiling steam will burn the skin. There must be enough heat, however, to keep up a good volume of steam in order to promote perspiration so that the pores may be thoroughly cleansed.

When you have prepared everything for the steam bath, cover the face with a thick coat of cleansing cream. The following makes an excellent face cream for this purpose:

White wax..... 2 ounces
Spermaceti..... 2 ounces
Sweet almond oil..... 12 ounces
Distilled water..... 2 ounces
Glycerine..... 2 ounces
Salicylic acid..... 20 grains

Remove the cream with a soft towel, so that the dust and grease will come off together. Then apply another layer, and with the finger tips massage the flesh. Use vigorous, rotary strokes over the entire surface, making the upward half of the stroke the stronger. Continue the massage treatment for eight or ten minutes.

When the water begins to steam, bend the face over it and cover the head and hair with a towel so that the steam is



WHAT IS THE MOST WHOLESOME WINTER BREAKFAST?

I SUPPOSE it's a sensible disposition that allows us to indulge in the "great American diet" in winter-time—having meat for breakfast. But with the price of fresh meats going up, up, up, it seems to me gross extravagance to try to have steaks or chops for breakfast—because you can't afford much else.

At breakfast if you have meat you must have the specially nice cuts—the alternative of liver and bacon, or sausage.

Aunt's particular breakfast criticism is leveled at one of the most popular combinations—hot cakes and sausage. She produces evidence from unquestionable authorities that the combination is ruinous to proper nutrition with its topheaviness of fat.

Personally, I'd rather do without, and I suppose most women—and men, too—who do sedentary work or something far removed from muscular, physical exercise, seldom really feel the need of a heavy protein like meat. As a matter of fact, it's not the best thing for us. Hot cakes or a cereal is what Aunt and I seem to prefer. The hot cakes do seem to offer such endless variety. There are the wheat cakes, and the cornmeal cakes, and the oatmeal cakes, and even the hot potato cakes made of potato leftovers, taste delicious.

The breakfast beverage isn't so much a problem with Aunt Juliette, either, due to her application of the very elastic rule for all good cookery—variety. I don't know why, but in some families it seems to be a tradition that there is something hot for breakfast as a rule. Aunt solves the problem by having some new beverage every so often. Sometimes it's coffee, or chocolate, or a banana coffee, or some of the dozen good coffee substitutes there are on the market. Some typical wholesome winter breakfasts that Aunt has are:

Irish pinhead oatmeal
Toasted oatmeal
Hot chocolate
Toasted oatmeal
Toasted oatmeal
Toasted oatmeal

The "pinhead oatmeal" was something new for me. It's the entire oatmeal, grain and all, and is ever so much more substantial than some of the more common varieties. The oatmeal and cornmeal are certainly the proper heat-producers for these wintry days!

Add enough boiling water to this mixture to make a pint. Boil the face with this lotion, allowing it to dry on the skin. It is a wonderful tonic, and may be used on the throat and arms as well as the face. Do not steam the face oftener than once a week, for too frequent applications will cause wrinkles and make the skin flabby.

If carefully done, steaming will greatly improve the texture of the skin, making it fine and soft. Should you find it impossible to steam the face in this manner, the next best method is to apply a towel dipped in the superheated water and then lay the towel across the face, allowing it to remain until it is cold. Repeat this until the pores are cleansed, and then bathe the face in cold water or apply ice to the steam bath.

Closing the Pores.
After this, dry the face and bathe it with cold water, or better still, rub a piece of ice over the skin so that the pores will be closed. If there is no eruption on the face an excellent astringent lotion to apply is made of:

Spirits of camphor..... 1 ounce
Spirits of ammonia..... 1 ounce
Alcohol..... 1 gill
Sea salt..... 2 1/2 ounces

Remove the cream with a soft towel, so that the dust and grease will come off together. Then apply another layer, and with the finger tips massage the flesh. Use vigorous, rotary strokes over the entire surface, making the upward half of the stroke the stronger. Continue the massage treatment for eight or ten minutes.

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