

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on Beauty Giving Life and Luster to the Hair

By MAGGIE TEYTE
The Noted Prima Donna

It is estimated that there are about 100,000 hairs on the normal human head. Some have 15 or 20 thousand more—and a good many have less.

However, that figure will give an idea of what the average person has to care for in the way of "crowning glory," and what the bald-headed one has suffered in the way of loss.

When you see harrowing pictures of victims of barbarity suspended by the hair of their heads, take this comfort to yourself—then look the other way, for the only way to keep cheerful is not to dwell on unpleasantness. Right wrong whenever and wherever you can, but save your peace of mind and your beauty by avoiding all morbid dwelling on things you have no way of bettering.

Growth in Summer.
The crain of comfort is this, each hair of the human head is supposed to bear a weight of four ounces. Good, healthy hair should grow about seven inches each year. It makes most of the growth in warm weather. Very great cold has a stunting effect on the growth of hair.

Even the healthiest hair "sheds" all the time, but from such heads only the hair that fall are the old, worn-out ones, which have done their work and outlived their usefulness and drop in order that new and vigorous hair may sprout from the follicles they leave.

There has never been a time in the history of the human race when the possession of luxuriant tresses was not an enviable condition. Not every woman can have beautiful, long, wavy hair, but if what she has is not glossy and healthy and well cared for, it is her own fault.

How to Shampoo.
To begin with, the head should be shampooed just as often as it needs cleaning. The healthy head is the clean head, and just as much dirt and dust and germs settle on our heads as on our faces.

Marmalade Dainties For the Tea Hour
By MAY ELDRIDGE
The American palate has discovered the reason for the almost constant presence of the marmalade jar on the English table. It is because of its wholesome deliciousness. For generations the English have eaten marmalade with equal relish as an adjunct to the breakfast toast, or the tartine muffins. Now Americans have fallen in line.

Orange Marmalade.
Scrub one grapefruit, one orange and one lemon to remove all possibility of foreign elements on the rind. Shave the fruit fine, being careful that the seeds and bitter, tough core are eliminated, but making use of all the pulp and peel.

VERY LATEST FEATURES OF SPRING STYLES



Stripes and Figured Goods Are Often Effectively Combined. The Nipponese Bow Appears on the Spring Gowns. The Deep-Pointed Yoke with the Sleeves in One Piece. The Slit at the Back of Skirts Discloses a Frilled Petticoat. Boleros Are Seen on the New Frocks, Often in Contrasting Materials. Plaids in Plain Colorings Are Enjoying Unprecedented Popularity. Sashes Are on Most Gowns and There is No Rival for Their Placing.

By MADGE MARVEL
Here is shown the fancy for contrasting materials—the ruse for stripes and plaids and figures—the new silhouette, which is very bouffant at the hips and tapers to moderate dimensions at the feet, and the revival of the bustle. There is also evidence given of the increase of fullness at the lower parts of the new sleeves, the funny pulled-out-shoulder effect, the waistcoat and the bolero, to say nothing about the hats, which are every one worthy of mention. You will find many of the best frocks of the season showing sleeves of contrasting materials. This is illustrated in the first gown, where the sleeves and skirt are of green and white striped taffeta and the tunic of pompadour chiffon is of pink pique bloom on a pale green field. In the second figure there is a glimpse of Futurist roses done in bold outlined red and purple on the corners of the two-tiered tunic of soft brown crepe. This waist line shows the normal position and the flat Japanese bow on the front of the bodice. An original arrangement of stripes distinguishes the third frock. They are used for the deep pointed yoke and sleeves and for a deep band on the edge of the skirt, which is reminiscent of the shibboleth of chiffon. The tunic is of chiffon gathered full and caught in the center back by a tassel-tassel are extremely fashionable—and the upper part of the skirt is also of the plain material and gathered into the foot band of stripes. In the next gown the newest note is the bustle effect gained by the caught-up back drapery, which is the most popular version of the bustle. It is defined by a black velvet bow. The rest of the bodice is of chiffon. The sash tied just under the tunic is of moire material is olive green crepe meter.

What Do Our Visions and Dreams Mean?

By WINIFRED BLACK
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Winifred Black

A PRISONER woke his guards in the old, old prison in the old, old city of Rome the other night. He screamed at the top of his voice: "My mother, my mother, she is jumping from the window!" And two days later it turned out that, at the very hour the prisoner had the vision, his mother did jump out of her window at home and kill herself.

Doubtless hundreds of prisoners have waked their guards in that same old prison, perhaps in that same ancient cell, with some such cry of grief and terror. And doubtless few of their visions turned out to be anything but visions. Sometimes the things we hear and do not hear make me think of the queer, little, cheap-looking glasses you see in the bath-houses at the summer pavilions.

What is Love's Office?
These strange coincidences of visions and dreams and premonitions and signs and warnings—just how much do they mean, really, I often wonder. When you begin to get close into shore after an ocean voyage you are quite likely to see the branch of a tree or a bit of wreckage floating in the sea so long unmarked by any sign of land. Didn't Columbus save his own life and discover America because the look-out saw the limb of a tree floating in the blue sea just as the caravels were about to turn and go back to Spain? Sometimes I wonder if these visions and these signs are just floating branches, come from some unknown shore not yet visible through the gray mist of our limited human intelligence.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony
By Leona Dalrymple
Author of the New Novel, "Diane of the Green Valley" (Awarded a Prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure, Judges.)
The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies can't appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How "Restless" Muscles May Cause Sleep-Walking

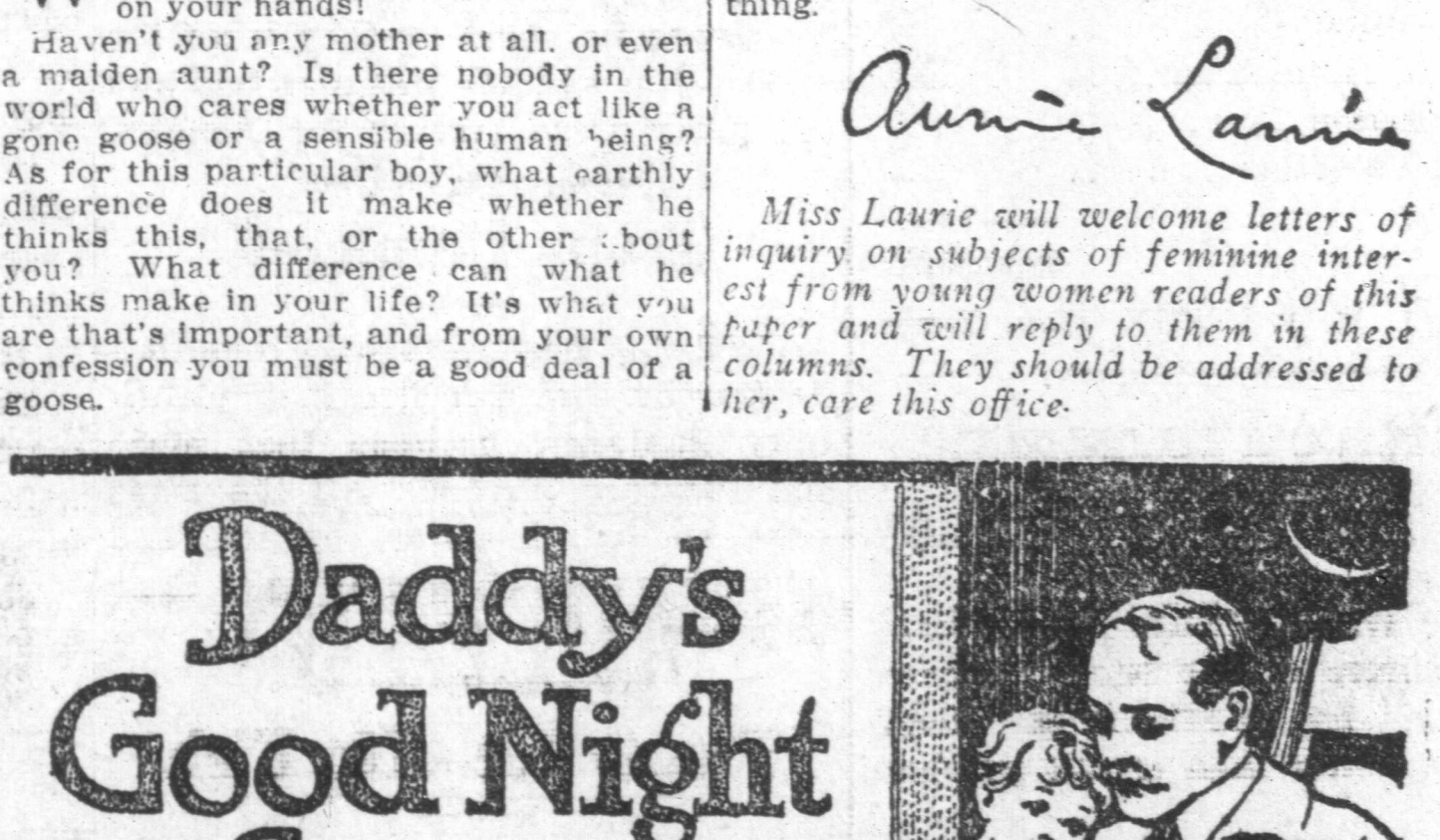
By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

TO be asleep or not to be asleep. That is the real question about somnambulism. Whether you, who walk in your sleep, are really awake, or whether you are tight asleep with your eyes open, is a moot point. There are those who maintain that somnambulism, or sleep-walking, like catalepsy, is a variety of insanity. "It is a mild form of lunacy," says one expert. "It is a type of automatism," says another. A third "authority" is convinced that somnambulism is, after all, a form of auto-hypnotism. It matters very much whether any one of these various views is correct, or whether they are all wrong.

Answers to Health Questions
Mrs. W. C. D. Collingwood, N. J.—Nearly a year ago I fell and turned my ankle. There is a sensitive swelling on the bone which hurts when touched but not while walking.
This is evidently not very serious. Hot poultices made of baking soda and glycerine will relieve the trouble. It does not have a surgeon lance it with extreme care.

Advice to Girls
By ANNIE LAURIE
Dear Annie Laurie—I am almost 15 years old, and I have gone with a boy for two years. He does not live in my town, and New Year's afternoon he came to visit me. The next day I received a letter from him, and since then I have not heard from him.

Daddy's Good Night Story
By GEORGE HENRY SMITH
MISTER POSSUM went to Mrs. Rabbit's door and knocked. "Bang! Bang! Bang!"
"Come in!" shouted Mrs. Rabbit from the kitchen.
Mister Possum went in the house very solemn-like and sat down.



Daddy's Good Night Story

My mother-in-law makes sentimental nicknames out of the most dignified combination of syllables you can offer her. A horse is a "dear old horse-uns" when she addresses it lovingly; a dog is a "dog-un"; Mary's cousin she calls "Fred-unn"; and I have become Peterkin. Thank goodness I ain't Peterkins, though it may be in time. Why she has alighted upon it, I can't say, but she has the one most capable of expressing her kittenish excess of affection I don't know. But she works it to death, along with a generous sprinkling of dearies and dears and honeys and dainties.