

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies of Fashion

Vogue Laughs at Fate Peacock Plumes Presage

By MADGE MARVEL

THE time-honored superstition of bad luck attached to the wearing of peacock feathers seems to have been overcome. Or else the modern woman desires such silly hoo-doo. At any rate, one notices a great many smart hats trimmed with the levelly iridescent plumage.

One milliner assures her patrons that the only bad luck that can possibly come from wearing peacock feathers is that the wearer will not marry for a year. As so many of the up-to-date girls are indifferent about marriage anyway, they shrug their shoulders and order the feathers.

One or two, at the most, three long and perfect feathers are all that are usually used. They wave on high, full length, at the side or back of the little hats. Or else they are slanted and reach out into the faces of the neighbors in the particularly unpleasant manner of some of the hats of the season.

One sailor hat had the crown encircled with eight of the loveliest of these blue and bronze and green feathers, the ends of four meeting at the side, where they formed a little side tuft.

I have noticed several sailors in the mid-season hats that have a narrow band of fur and several big and bright flowers such as roses or velvet poppies or poinsettias arranged about the crown. The high draped turban of black velvet, quite devoid of trimming, is ever so much worn, but I would warn the woman who adopts it to be sure it is large enough for her face, for the narrow, high effect on a full face is not attractive.

Many women with time and knowledge of sewing at their command prefer to make their own lingerie. Here is a hint which may prove interesting. There is a revived interest in Irish lace for trimming, and the newest way to use it is to set the scalloped edge into the material and then finish with beading and ribbon.

And while on the subject of lingerie I would say to the girl who loves daintiness—and where is there one who does not?—that she will find use next summer for all the filmy underbodices or camisoles she can make. The little touch of color showing through dress bodices or blouses is going to last through the season I am sure.

Butterfly bows are growing in popularity. A year ago all the little girls were crowned with them quite out of proportion to their size. Now their older sisters have usurped the fad and are splashing them on their evening frocks. There is the butterfly bow worn in front at the waist line, and its duplicate worn at the back of the neck, and there is the big bow catching the ends of the sash at the back of the gown or at the side, and sometimes there is the bow at the waist and the end of the sash extended to the knees and caught there at the side or back with another and bigger bow.

All this fancy for bows and sashes has given no end of impetus to the ribbon makers, and there were never such wonderful things in ribbon land. The gold and silver backgrounds with enormous tropical blooms rioting over them seem too gaudy for real use, but when they are made part of the gown they lose all that appearance and become just rich and sumptuous.

I saw a moire gown at tea the other day trimmed with bands of broadcloth on the tunic. It was novel, but seemed rather out of keeping.

Great Novels in a Nutshell "Around the World in 80 Days"

Condensed from the VERNE novel by ANITA VON HARTMANN.

PHILEAS FOGG had just discharged his old valet and was interviewing his new one, a stout young Frenchman named Jean Passepartout.

"What is the time by your watch?" Mr. Fogg asked the man.

"Eleven twenty-two," replied Passepartout.

"You are four minutes slow," said Mr. Fogg. "Now, from this moment, eleven twenty-nine A. M., Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1873, you are in my service."

So saying, Mr. Fogg hurriedly returned to his club. He found some friends discussing how long it would take to go around the world. Most of them thought three months. Phileas wagered \$100,000 that he could make the tour in 80 days.

He coolly finished his game of cards and returned home.

"We leave in 15 minutes for Dover," he told Passepartout. "You are going to make a tour of the world."

Mr. Fogg carried a passport that he had witnessed at every important city along his route to show that he made the journey.

Twenty days after starting Mr. Fogg, with Passepartout and Sir Francis Cromarty, a fellow-traveller, left Bombay on a new railway which was reported to extend to Allahabad.

But the railway was not finished, it seemed, and the train stopped 50 miles from Allahabad. An hour after arriving at the end of the railway the little party were again travelling on through the Indian forests on the back of an elephant purchased by Mr. Fogg.

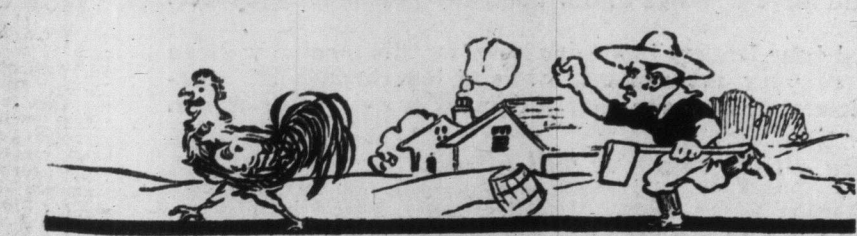
Suddenly they were halted by a great funeral procession of a dead rajah, whose young wife was being dragged along by the priests.

"If we could only save the young woman," murmured Mr. Fogg. "I have still 12 hours to spare. I can devote them to her."

That Chesty Bird

By Tom Jackson

THE ROOSTER is a chesty bird, stuck on himself, and proud. All that he does is strut about, and crow, both long and loud. Now and again he finds a worm, and almost throws a fit in calling hens to hurry up—then he eats all of it. He looks upon the hens with scorn, and thinks he is their pet. In spite of all his feathers fine, he isn't in their set. But when a hen has laid an egg he crows to beat the band, and struts around as if he was boss of the barn yard land. Meanwhile, the hen that laid the egg—to whom the credit's due—is lucky if she can get in a modest cluck or two.



The Rooster is full of conceit, and sometimes full of corn. He sets until he goes to roost, and starts again at dawn. We have had roosters at our home, for chickens or stew, who must have fed on paving stones, and on barbed wire, too. Sometimes a Rooster will get gay, and go look for a fight; but once he's licked, he flies the coop—then for him it's "Good night." The hens give him the frosty cluck, by goshes he is hissed. Sad is the Rooster who is put on the boycotted list.

Throughout the merry summer months, the Rooster has the call, but there's an axe behind the barn that meets him in the fall. With roofing gravel he is filled, then shipped away as freight. In life he was cock full of pride, in death—chock full of weight. But mostly all the hens remain. So would the Rooster, too, if he could furnish nickel eggs—which Roosters cannot do.

BEAUTY DEMANDS PATIENT STUDY

"Margaret Greene Possesses
What We Might Call a
Wonderful Complexion"



Road to a Good Complexion Well Defined

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.

EVERY woman whose photograph is reproduced here, possesses what we might call a wonderful complexion. She aids nature, however, in the care she takes of her attractive features. And so must we all.

I have less patience than sympathy for the woman with a bad skin. If her health is even fairly good and her skin remains spotted and muddy and unwholesome then she is either ignorant or lazy. There is small excuse for the present day. There is none for the latter. A lazy person is an abomination in the sight of all right-minded persons.

If you want to improve your complexion, I say to you: Wash it. Then wash it again. Then clean it with cold cream. And when after all that has been done and the last dab of absorbent cotton is unsold after it has travelled over the face, we are ready to begin.

All faces will not respond to the same treatment, for some skins are oily and some dry, some are thick and some thin. But absolute cleanliness is suited to them all.

If you are troubled with pimples and forces, whose photograph is reproduced here, possesses what we might call a wonderful complexion. She aids nature, however, in the care she takes of her attractive features. And so must we all.

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What the Gilt Prophet Says

By WINIFRED BLACK

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THE little-gilt horse on the weather vane rides high above the storm today.

I lived here quite a while before I knew he was there at all—the gray little-gilt horse with his arched neck and his waving tail.

He was hidden by a tall tree which stands like a kind of ragged sentinel at the bottom of the garden.

It is a California garden and so it is green and smiling now, though the flowers are not quite ready to bloom as they should, for flowers do not love the driving rain, whether it comes in June or January.

Yesterday the wind came screaming in from the ocean with great tales to tell of wild adventures on the salt, salt sea.

I knew in the night that there would be a storm, for I heard the ships come howling up the bay like great calves lost from their mothers, and the storm sirens called across the wild waters in a kind of ecstasy. In the morning I looked to see what the little gilt horse thought about it.

The ragged eucalyptus at the bottom of the garden was in a great state of mind over the weather. He threw up his great arms wildly, like a pictureque beggar tossing his rags in some fantastic dance, and between the branches I caught a glimpse of my friend—the little gilt horse—riding high and free and looking bravely out to sea.



Winifred Black

So the wind sets in that direction, does it—Pegasus of the glided mane—and what do you think of it, I wonder? What is your idea of your mission in life? Do you imagine perhaps that it is you who make the weather? I thought I saw something of that idea in your pose as you galloped so gallantly high in the air, with your gold head turned to the wild, wild sea.

Come wind, come storm, come rain—you seemed to cry above the strange music of the elements. Come, come, it is I who call, the golden prophet, and when I speak you must all obey. I don't believe you know that it is the wind that rules you and not you that rules the wind.

Are you not something like many of us, who live here so far below you on the green slopes of the hills?

The winds of destiny, how far they blow us and what wild songs they sing sometimes in our frightened ears. And even while we cover before them we think, poor vain, deluded beings, sometimes we think that we have called the winds and that they have answered to us.

Ride on high above in the clear, clear air, oh, little horse of gilt—and if it pleases you to think that it is you who have called to the trade wind to gather up the waters like a tent, who are we, or any like us, that we should dare to smile.

Trying to Dodge.
She—Are you in favor of votes for women?
He—I am in favor of whatever you are prepared to advocate.

The Ideal Husband.
"An ideal husband," said the thoughtful girl, "would be a poet and a millionaire."

"I think," said the more thoughtful girl, "I would marry the millionaire first."

No Possible Treatment
"If you are not feeling well why not see a doctor?"
"What's the use? My vermiform appendix has already been removed."

One Boss Enough.
"The chap was right who said that no man can serve two masters."
"Yes?"
"Surest thing you know. That's the reason it is foolish for a married man to try to boss himself."

Disproved.
"So you don't think my ancestors came over in the Mayflower?"
"Certainly I don't. The Mayflower carried no steerage passengers."

Between Bases.
"So Dodge is to be married after all these years. How do you account for it?"
"I understand two widows got him between them and he was run down between bases."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

To Protect Your Hair "Cultivate" Your Head

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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SCIENCE will tell you that hair is so much vegetation. The poet will tell you that it is "woman's crowning glory"—leaving you to assume that it is of some use and an ornament to men also.

Whatever may be said by either science or sentiment, it is quite beyond dispute that it is most ardently appreciated by those who have lost it, in which respect it is entirely like the other blessings that "brighten as they take their flight."

Bald heads are not a new invention. Caesar is understood to have been bald, though he was not an old man when this condition was noted, and there are vastly older allusions to a hairless or relatively hairless condition.

Yet we are living in an age when baldness, like other undesirable physical shortcomings, is described from day to day as "on the increase." The eminent German life-insurance actuary, Dr. Moll, declares emphatically that, both in men and women, there is a steady decline in the human output of hair.

Just how different from our ancestors we may be in respect to hair is by no means a matter of common accord. All ages seem to have agreed in admiring hair, and in regretting its loss. All ages seem to have agreed also in associating it with physical vigor. The tradition of Samson's loss of power by the loss of his hair has a certain point to make with regard to the wicked Delilahs of the world, but it emphasizes also the popular feeling that plenty of hair and power go together. The king of beasts has a splendid mane. A bald hero is out of the question. Fortunately for the afflicted, bald-headed wisdom is accepted without complaint.

Hair is a "Crop."
This feeling of resentment against baldness has expressed itself specifically in wigs, which have filled a decorative and perhaps useful function in the history of the race. Men and women from the beginning of time have used artifices to cover individual defects once these defects are commonly recognized as such. A good wig is, ethically speaking, no infringement on morals.

It is, however, more to the point to ask why does hair fall out? Can it be made to grow again when it has fallen out? He would be a beneficent physician who could answer these questions to everybody's satisfaction. The prevailing superstitions about falling hair are as numerous as notes in the sunbeam. Commonly it is supposed that a fine tooth comb, a hard-bristled brush, eternal vigilance and violent cleanliness are excellent means of cultivating a substantial crop of hair. The answer is not so easily given. True enough, if you care for your hair in the days of your youth you will be acting as wisely as the farmer who practices scientific agricultural methods. Hair is undoubtedly a "crop." The secret and the solution is to keep up the quality of the crop. You cannot rotate your crops like the farmer, but you can, like the farmer, keep healthy the soil in which your crop grows.

The soil in which your hair grows is an individual soil. Just as the soil in which the farmer ploughs and plants, so the health, the fertility of the scalp on which your hair thrives, is different from another's. It is these differences that complicate the reasonable explanations for the loss of hair, as well as the exercise of those possible precautions which every man and woman would wish to use.

No Magic Formula.
The average amateur beauty doctor knows no more about the preservation of hair than the average farmer knows about farming. They are as much in the dark, and as credulous as the peasant who consults a chance pharmacist as to a cure. Druggists are taught how to make drugs, combine drugs, mix drugs and flavor drugs. To them it does not fall to deal with the influence of drugs upon ailing conditions.

Druggists are not taught to distinguish between hair that falls out and inevitably returns without medical aid—as, for example, after typhoid fever—and hair that is gone forever. Nor is the druggist able to tell you whether your falling hair is due to ringworm, dandruff, a fungus disease, an exema or an anæmia.

Let it be said without equivocation, there is no magic formula other than the

Answers to Health Questions

C. C.—My eyes are beginning to ache and I often see things in a confused jumble. Shall I consult a jewelry optician?

The best eye specialists devote from five to ten years of day and night study and experimentation to the attempt to understand all about the eyes. Then they do not know all. The optometrist and jewelry opticians rarely devote the full days and nights of three years to this vital matter. With these facts before you I shall leave you to choose the guardians of your precious eyesight.

B. G.—Will you please tell me what to do to keep my hair in its natural color? I have blond hair, but it is beginning to turn dark.

Which is the better to take off freckles, buttermilk or lemon juice? I have tried the latter for some time, but with no results.

Lemon juice applied to the blond hair will keep it light. The juice is put on the hair before the final rinsing.

Both the milk and the lemon juice are good in particular cases. If the latter failed to help you, you should try the buttermilk. Should this prove ineffective try the remedy "Obstinate Freckles."

Side of skin.....15 drams
Sublimed of bisulphur.....15 drams
Dextrine.....15 drams
Glycerine.....15 drams

Spread the paste upon the freckles at night before going to bed. In the morning remove what remains with a little powdered box and sweet oil.

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.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

MR. RACCOON put Brer Rabbit to bed after he had fallen in the hole in the tree, and no sooner had Brer Rabbit fallen asleep than there was a great knocking at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Mr. Raccoon.

"Oh! Mr. Raccoon, Brer Rabbit is drowned!" exclaimed Mr. Squirrel.

"We fished for him everywhere and can't find him."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Raccoon. "It's a good thing he has gone. We will not miss him."

"How can you talk like that?" whined Mrs. Squirrel, the tears falling all over her white muffs.

That moment Brer Rabbit poked his head out from under the bed clothes and said:

"Who says I am drowned? I am very much alive!"

"Oh! we are so glad to see you," said Mrs. Squirrel. "Be careful and do not freeze to death going home!"

Soon there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Mr. Raccoon.

Mr. Raccoon, my poor husband is drowned," said Mrs. Rabbit.

"You don't tell me you don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Raccoon.

"I do tell you," sobbed Mrs. Rabbit.

"Well," said Mr. Raccoon, "it's a good thing he is gone! Now we won't be bothered any more. He was a big nuisance."

"Don't talk that way about my dear husband!" answered Mrs. Rabbit.

"I loved him—yes, I did!"

Brer Rabbit couldn't stand it any longer, so he jumped out of bed and threw his arms around his good wife's neck.

"I thought you were drowned!" exclaimed Mrs. Rabbit.

"It's worth being drowned to find you love me so," said Brer Rabbit, as he gave his wife an extra hug.