

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

You're Born to Be Plump
Stop "Cures" and Be Happy

By MOLLY HAMLEY-CLIFFORD
Who Has Tried Everything but Cannon Balls.

HERE once was a time," said Miss Molly Hamley-Clifford, as she found her courage for the second act, where she says her clever things, in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," at the Little Theatre, New York, "and remember that I'm not so old as popular esteem would have me, having passed my 27th birthday this year—when I resented being called fat, I couldn't stand the word, and used to pore over my thesaurus by the hour, looking for a dignified synonym. But finding that the fact remained, no matter what I altered the description, I became reconciled to my waistline, and developed what three reviewers—one American and the rest not—have called a sunny disposition."

"I am by nature what you call a sensible woman. It is on the strength of that quality that I say I am not unconscious of my limitations. And my efforts to reduce physically have so far attracted public attention, that I have been invited by several flesh melting concerns to pose as the 'Before' of Lucretia Borgia would consent to do the 'After.'"

"In the course of my busy life—and once more note that the 27 years of my present limit—I have sampled seven-eighths of all the obesity cures suggested by the medical bunglers of two hemispheres. Idleness is not responsible for my flesh, for Activity is my middle name. I have rolled on the

floor until I have been stopped by every piece of furniture in my room; I have run up and down stairs until I have nearly broken my neck; so much boiling water has descended my throat that I have all but lost my voice—my singing voice is gone entirely—and the less I eat, the better my voice—my singing voice is already in my possession, although I have thought better of pointing to the sound hole. I fear that I shall have to remain constant, play friend of mine. He suggested my getting in the way of a German cannon ball, and so impressed was I by the common sense of this that I have taken a vow to have no other recreation."

"Avoiding all has been the curse of my life. Managers refuse to consider me for parts by any other scale than girth. And as fat implies comedy, I can't get young roles in serious plays. My first London part, after my experience in touring the provinces, was the old lady, Mrs. John Elphinstone. So, until I am relieved of the burden of bearing these 15 what they give me, and be thankful to it. I shall have to remain constant, play friend of mine. He suggested my getting in the way of a German cannon ball, and so impressed was I by the common sense of this that I have taken a vow to have no other recreation."

"But," Miss Clifford gazed into the mirror and spoke her mind, "the crystal informs me that you want to inquire how I like being fat. To that I have but one response—if I wasn't delightedly brought up I'd swear."

"The Family's Opinion."

PRESUME all people who are in the least thoughtful have depressed minutes when a sense of the futility of existence is made even more terrible by a sense of waste in the years that have gone.

LEONA DALRYMPLE, I felt very much like this when I was walking down to Dad's that morning home. Looking back I regretted almost everything that had happened. Mother met me at the door, and it made me feel no whit better to see how snow-white her hair had grown. Lady's wasn't so much whiter than when I had gone away with Mary to doctor up my crying nerves, but absence dulled impressions, and mother's hair looked very white this morning in the sunlight.

"Why so glum, Peter?" she asked, smiling.

"Well, mother," I confessed, "I've been thinking of so many, many ways I might have done things a little better. Well, mother, I've wasted my life. Mother bridled in the fashion of all good mothers."

"But," I said, a little gloomily, "I've own come further. I've almost decided, mother, that I've wasted my life. Mother bridled in the fashion of all good mothers."

"No, Peter," she said, "I'm not going to blame Mary. She's a dear, sweet child, and Minerva is quite keen about her. She said last night, going home, that Mary was like a great, great many soft, pretty, clinging women, plastic to the touch, capable of evolution into a beautiful statue or something marred by unkind hands."

"And my hands have been unkind," said, looking away. "I've been impatient and critical, mother."

The Limit.

SEVENTY—never knew such a wet blanket as Mary.

CARLUS—That's right. If that girl should jump from the frying-pan into the fire she would put the fire out.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Sun Baths Actually Cure Some Stubborn Maladies

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

AN inquisitive savant who travelled in the tropics was amazed to find the native negroes so powerful, yet without very poor in flesh and without nourishment. Though these bulky, black giants eat little, their muscular strength is marvellous.

Prof. Neuen explains this anomalous fact as due to the capacity of the dark, African skin to absorb the light. By virtue of the deep, black pigment in their almost naked skin the sun's rays are absorbed, and its energy is stored up in their muscles.

The strength and endurance of the unclad negro is out of all proportion to the food he takes, and far superior to that of a white man. There can be no doubt of this. The stored-up energy that they receive from the sun. Since food is used to yield heat, energy and growth, there can be no doubt but that the light of the sun can in a measure replace some of the nutriment.

Sunlight and a fresh air bath outdoors, even in bitter, cold weather, is the light of these facts, takes on a new meaning. An air bath, if we are to call it such, invigorates the tissues, adds energy to the vital reservoirs, and increases the oxidation and combustion within your body.

Air and Light Baths.

If an air bath is taken indoors or in the shade out-of-doors in mild weather, with practically all of the skin exposed, heat is abstracted from the body. The cooler surrounding air, minus the sun's rays, continually draws away heat. Air baths taken at night exhibit this effect strikingly. When fever runs, this is by no means the worst measure that may be taken.

Much more complex, indeed, is the light bath. The effects of sunlight, after all, are decidedly more intense. The fabric of human flesh gathers heat and energy instead of losing it. The temperature of the skin, no less than its activity, begins to rise. Forsooth, it too long a period of exposure occurs in other than cold weather, profuse perspiration and exhaustion may follow.

Accordingly, the air bath depends really upon the sunlight for its best influence. The basic spring of its power rests with the electronic energy, its radiations. Judge Swing would resolve all forms of energy into heat, but the science of physics still maintains that there are underlying analyses of heat, light, invisible radiations, chemical, magnetic and other rays which can be separated from heat. Perpetual energy is known to flow at the absolute zero in the absence of all heat.

Sun Baths and Heat.

The beneficial effects to be obtained from a sunlight air bath in a comfortable heated sun parlor are easily confirmed. A thermometer thrust under the tongue 10 minutes after the sun air bath is begun will be found to register a whole degree higher than before the bath was begun.

Many maladies, carelessly dubbed as neurasthenia, nervousness, "rheumatism," "uric acid," and the rest of the ponderous names for fixed emotions, aches, pains and woe, which can be separated or even made worse by the usual methods of bathing, are greatly improved by the sunlight-air-baths given a day.

Nay, even out-of-doors on a fresh, sunny winter day, a bath will raise the temperature of your living tissues. Moreover, the rise of temperature brought about by sunlight remains with you until midnight. If you retire before 10 o'clock it is still present the next morning.

If perspiration appears, it means that the degree or fraction of a degree of heat has been added.

A Bride's Own Story Of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

The First Cleaning Day at Home—and a Stain

I PUT on my cleaning bib and tucked this morning right after breakfast, and started on my initial cleaning campaign. The sun was pouring into the room, away happily at the top of my voice, keeping time with a song of my dust on the furniture. Then, suddenly, I observed something that made my heart sink.

First I thought it was dust and dirt, but the bright confirmed. Worst still I felt it right off that I must have done it myself. Last night to make sure everything was shining hot I heated the plate with the vegetable bowl had scorched its way clear through the silence cloth and just ruined my lovely table.

LATEST PANTALETTE GOWN

Fashion of the Days of Our Grandmamas Has Really Returned

By Annette Bradshaw

THE modern edition of the Crinolone girl is wearing pantalettes as did her grandmother. They are dainty confections of chiffon and lace, and peep from beneath the full skirts.

These, however, is not the first recent appearance of pantalettes, for they were worn with the slashed skirts and oriental frocks so popular last season. But they are now a fitting addition to the dance-trock of the 1940 type and every "smart" girl must wear pantalettes—for they have really returned.

Many of the newest frocks seem designed for the debutante, they are so girlish and quaint with their wide skirts, tiny bodices and short, puffed sleeves, trimmed with fruit or flowers.

This charming model is made after the fashion of the second empire, and the material used is cyclamen pink and blue changeable chiffon taffeta. Chiffon of the same color and embroidered flowers in tones of pink, silver and mauve, are combined in the trimming.

The lower portion of the high-waisted corset is embroidered and gathered to a band of pale blue and silver satin, which forms a very low shoulder line.

A gathered tucker of chiffon fills in the décolletage. This is also trimmed with a band of satin ornamented in the centre front with a cameo.

The short sleeves are cut in one with the bodice, and are bordered and trimmed with a narrow pleated ruffle of the chiffon.

A narrow belt clasped with a cameo defines the waist line, and the ends are tied at the back to form the loops and ends.

The taffeta skirt is gathered to the belt, and above the knees is a band of blue and silver finished with a cameo.

From this hangs a wide flounce of the taffeta shaped to form shell-shaped scallops about the lower edge. Each scallop is embroidered and edged with a pleated ruffle of chiffon.

Black satin slippers with black velvet ribbon cut-throats are worn with pale pink stockings to carry out the effect of the second empire costume.

A band of blue and silver ribbon clasped with a jeweled ornament in front is worn low over the forehead.



Charming Rock with High Waisted Corset in Pink and Blue Taffeta.

Can There Be a Real Home Without Children?

By WINIFRED BLACK
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"I'm tired of the sad faces, I'm sick of the cold eyes, I don't like to see the cynical look."

I wish I could meet somebody who wasn't tired. Somebody who isn't rushed. Somebody who hasn't an axe to grind.

Somebody whose thinking about something besides how to get out of somebody else. Some one who isn't anxious about the rent. Some one who isn't bothered about what somebody will think.

Some one who's real and honest and simple and hopeful and happy.

I want to see some children, some real children.

Not these little city imitations. Not these little fashion plates and these poor little, pent-up creatures who think they're boys and girls.

I heard two of them talking yesterday in the hotel dining room.

"Well," drawled the 11-year-old, with an exaggerated society manner, "yes, he is rather striking, I'll admit, but not good form."

"Well," said the 10-year-old, "I don't know about that. He has a beautiful limousine and his own chauffeur."

I took a wicked desire either to take them both out and spoil their complexion with chocolate and ice cream sodas and the movies and a story or two about real little girls and the real way they really lived, or to take both of them over my knee and give them each a good spanking.

Love and Fudge.

I want to see a boy who hasn't a "tutor." I want to see a girl who hasn't a "governess."

I want to go out in the kitchen and make fudge and have the children talk, and I'll let the little girl stir the sugar, and the little boy shall grease the pan. We'll put out the cat and bring in the dog, and we'll save some for the friend of the family, and we'll put some away in a box for school, and we'll laugh and tell each other foolish jokes and call each other pet names and tell one another what a great, big, lonesome ache the world has been ever since we've been separated.

And when I even begin to think of that time I shall cry, I know I shall. I shall shed all the tears I'm keeping back right now. The little girl will put her arms around my neck and scold me softly and the little boy will make me sit down in the kitchen rocking chair and he will put both of his chubby arms around me. He will lay his brown cheek close to mine, and he will come so near to crying himself that he will have to begin to laugh to keep from doing it.

The fudge will boil over on the gas range, and somebody with a brown face and white teeth and black eyes will come running up from down stairs and say: "What's burning?" And then we'll all laugh and be very, very happy.

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And while the fudge is cooling we'll go and play "I love you, California," and "Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and "Give the Wind Time to Blow the Man Home"—all the songs we all love and can't forget to save our lives.

The Quiet Evening.

In the evening we'll read aloud from "The Wind in the Willows" all about the river rat and the velvet mole, and how they lived together on the river bank and were so cozy and friendly and prosperous and happy.

And from the "Snow Queen" in the red-covered Hans Andersen, all about little Kay who loved little Gerda so tenderly, until a piece of ice from the Snow Queen's sledge pierced his heart, and he became cold and calculating and selfish and cruel, and how he laughed at little Gerda's simple efforts to amuse and entertain him, and how dreadfully Gerda felt, till the little boy can bear it no longer and must rush to his sister and tell her that no Snow Queen who ever lived could ever make him behave so to her.

The gray cat, Alice Sit by the Fire, will look into the dancing flames as if she saw a wondrous vision there, and the great dog will come and lay his faithful head upon my knee, and outside the wind will come screaming in from the wild sea, and all the tall trees will bow before it and sigh and sob at his dominant mastery. And some one I have known and loved for years will call me on the telephone, and old friends will drop in for a few minutes, and oh! I shall be at home again, and happy.

How I pity the poor women who have no children. What do they do when they get tired of the cold faces and the scheming faces and the different faces and the deceitful faces? What do they do when they have no clear, honest eyes to look into for comfort and support?

I shall never again be unkind, in even the slightest way, to a childless woman.

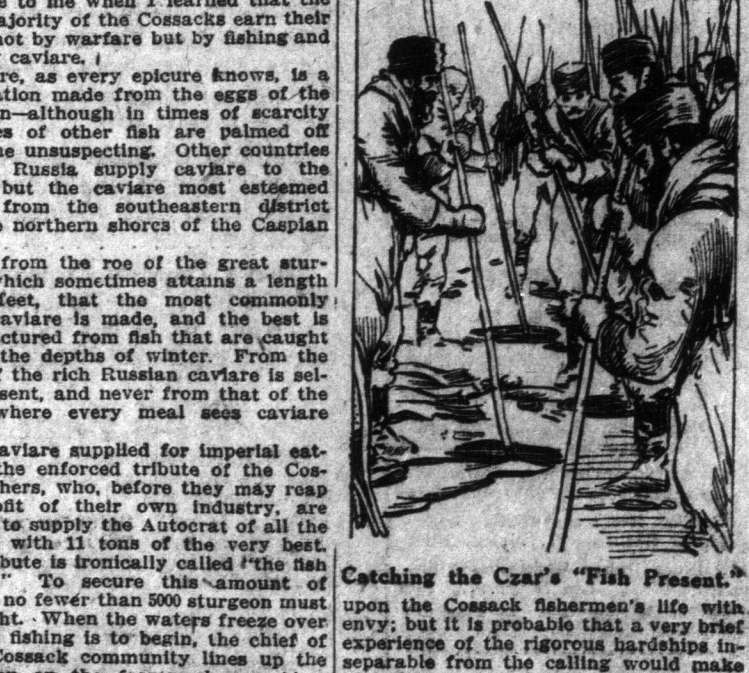
I am too sorry for her.

Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE THE FIERCE COSSACKS TAMELY MAKE CAVIARE

MOST of us think the Cossacks are out on the ice. Then, with a wild song, they chop through the ice and start the season's fishing. Many gourmets who believe life without caviare is a sad existence may look out caviare is a sad existence may look



Catching the Czar's "Fish Present."

upon the Cossack fishermen's life with envy; but it is probable that a very brief experience of the rigorous hardships inseparable from the calling would make him sigh for his own life again, caviare or no caviare.