

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

EDUCATION  By Michelson

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

LEONA DALRYMPLE

Something in the Wind.

THINK Mary and I both rather dreaded going back to our apartment. For as a thing, there is something inexpressibly dreary about four walls that have known no human tenants for a time. They lack some spirit of warmth.

Somehow, with this new tenderness in my heart for Mary I dreaded the painful link to the past which I must take up when the thought-ghosts sprang out of our empty apartment to meet us. There was the furniture to remind us of our extravagance and how we had lived beyond our means, and, queerly enough, in this dread of mine there was no such a reminiscence of Mary's thoughtless extravagance as a guilty remembrance of the carping, nervous, old young man that had been I.

But Fate, curiously enough, had been kind to Mary and me again, thanks to Aunt Minerva.

Uncle Jeff's Chuckles.

There was no earthly reason that I could see for Aunt Minerva accompanying us home, but into the creaky old carriage we all fled again with much of the dear nonsense and laughter which characterized a home party pleasantly ended by a reunion.

Aunt Minerva's carriage creaked heavily up the street with its family party, and Uncle Jeff suddenly started us all by a tremendous wheeze and chuckle totally uncalled for by any happening in the party.

"What a minute," I called hastily, "we're going by the house."

Today's Fashion



A Top-Coat for Early Spring.



LOVE

Is the Brought-up-by-Rule Child Really Happy?

By WINIFRED BLACK



Never! Never! Never!

How will she ever know to understand?

Children are better now than they used to be, they say, more obedient, more reasonable, better looked after in every way.

I suppose the rest all meant what they said. But I didn't mean a syllable of it, not one syllable.

The little girl was plump and rosy and well fed and well dressed. She looked as if she had her meals on the very stroke of the hour, and not a thing that wasn't hygienic to eat at them.

What She Misses.

She's never tasted candy in her life, or a cookie or a doughnut. And she's never run away from home for a whole half a block, and felt like a wild creature, just because the wind was blowing and nobody was holding her by the hand.

THE chubby little girl raised her serious brown eyes to her mother's face.

"But mamma," she said, "is it right for me to play when I have not finished the doll's dress?"

And the chubby little girl's mother was very proud, and told us how hard she had worked to make the little girl thorough and conscientious and painstaking and exact.

And we all looked at each other and at her and smiled, and said: "Wonderful!"

I suppose the rest all meant what they said. But I didn't mean a syllable of it, not one syllable.

The young colt there in the meadow, how he kicks up his heels and runs for very pleasure.

Some day he will wear a harness and pull a heavy load. I'd like to keep him free in the pasture a little while longer, wouldn't you?

How will she ever know to understand?

Children are better now than they used to be, they say, more obedient, more reasonable, better looked after in every way.

I suppose they are—I really do suppose they are.

But, oh, I'm glad I was little in the days when you could be naughty once in a while, just for fun, and when all the gardens were not laid out in such prim, straight up-and-down paths to walk in.

Do you know the time I love to think of, when I remember my mother? Not the times when I did just as I should and she knew it, but when I did sometimes a little that I shouldn't do and she knew it, and looked at me reproachfully, and laughed, and held out her arms, and I ran and threw myself into them, and we laughed and cried a little together.

For, oh, it is sweet to forgive and sweet to be forgiven!

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Wrist-Watch Wounds Are a New War Hazard

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

THERE is an element of humor mingled with the sympathy with which Americans learn that the source of pain and death has appeared in the wake of the great world's war now in the process of settlement. The surgeons of Germany, England, France and Russia have announced that a new sort of wound, more common than any one could dream of before, has made its appearance on all the battlefields.

This is caused by the wrist watches worn by soldiers. It comes as a Gargantuan surprise to American and American physicians. It had not been realized before that practically all military men of Europe, privates as well as officers, have given up watch chains and fobs. Long ago they abandoned all other methods of carrying watches other than on a wristband.

Dr. Carl Melchior of Munich has been appointed by the army medical corps particularly to describe the multitude of severe wounds encountered upon soldiers and directly traced to the wrist watch. Injuries received in this manner are henceforth to receive the classification, "wounds from indirect projectiles." This means that the wrist watch becomes an auxiliary projectile.

The sad part of this new type of wound can be appreciated when it is remembered that watches are never cleaned, never sterilized and always full of dirt, bacteria, lockjaw germs and other vicious enemies of human health. In nearly all examples of wrist-watch wounds the arm becomes dangerously invaded with the germs of blood poisoning, and it requires all the skill of the field surgeon and the application of the newest methods of disinfection to save the arm and the life of the victim.

Dr. Melchior calls upon the general public to be particularly watchful to issue a new order forbidding the use of wrist watches. Not only is it important to stop soldiers wearing them, but railroad men, hunters, chauffeurs, aviators and anyone whose occupations should be cautioned about this newest of vicious wounds.

American soldiers were slow in adopting a number of European fads and customs which have later seized hold of the nation. The motion picture theatre, the picture postcard and numerous other European innovations had slipped across the seas long before several years before Americans became equally mad about them.

The wrist watch seems to be like the others. It has already seized hold of many persons in various occupations. It has successfully traversed the stage of effeminacy, and real men on this side



Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. R. L. W.—Q—In your prescription for making the eyebrows grow what was your other name for pepper ointment?

A—Another name for this is capsicum vaseline.

D. H. Q—For the last month I have had no strength in my hands. I have no pain. What can you suggest?

A—Apply dry heat and an electric battery three times a day to the hands.

CONSTANT READER—Q—What shall I do for an itching sensation all over my body?

A—Apply to the itching parts: Calamine, 25 grams; glycerine, 2 grams; salicylic acid, 2 grams; phenol, 1/2 gram; lime water and rosewater enough to make 3 ounces.

A. B. C.—Q—Can you tell me what will stop a constant craving for candy? I have tried to stop it, but cannot.

A—Will power is about the only thing that will stop it. You might try chewing gum instead of candy until you can break your self entirely of the habit.

K. Y. Z.—Q—Tell me what to do for high blood pressure?

A—Avoid excitement, take plenty of sleep and rest, keep the bowels active, and never over-exert yourself. Eat no meat, peas, beans, nuts, or solid foods. Take 15 drops of a saturated solution of iodine of potassium in water after meals. Increase the dose one drop a meal until 25 drops are taken, and then go back to 15 drops, and up again several times. Drink milk and distilled water, and also take a Bulgarian tablet with meals.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and domestic 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. Hirshberg, care this office.

Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE MEN ARE CARRIED TO THEIR GRAVES TO DIE.

IN the Andaman Islands, best known to the world as the Indian penal settlement maintained by Great Britain, never tell them to him complainingly. He has just as heavy a load to bear as you have, and if you wince he will never complain about it. Laugh over your mishaps just as you've laughed over them with me here.

Walking through the cultivated lands, that have later seized hold of the nation. The motion picture theatre, the picture postcard and numerous other European innovations had slipped across the seas long before several years before Americans became equally mad about them.

The journey is precisely in the nature of a funeral procession. Consequently, when the man does not die, but recovers, as sometimes happens, he is as one who has returned from the dead. He must undergo many ceremonies before his delirium is purged and he is permitted to mingle once more with the living.

But, as the Nicobar Islander fights transportation to the hut of death with all his power, the contempts seldom occurs. When a dying man once finds himself in the hut of death he gives up the fight to live. Dying he gazes upon the open grave that is to be his last resting place.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

but I couldn't like him any more than a cousin, and not that sometimes. Will you advise me what to do, please? I'll be so grateful.

A BRIDE'S OWN STORY Of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

THE HAPPY "PLAY HOUSE" DAYS ARE OVER.

I'M packing my things now, because I'm going back home on the 3 o'clock tomorrow morning. No more "playing housekeeping" at Aunt Julia's. There'll be days and days of fussing over clothes at home, and final preparations for the eventful day, and then over to our own nest we go, Bob and I.

I keep telling myself I'm not nervous, that everything is absolutely right. I feel I know so much more than I did only a few months ago that I know how to make a home happy and comfortable. I'm sure I'll try with all my heart and brain to be a success. But I stand positively appalled at the idea of what would have happened if I had just stumbled into housekeeping without the least bit of preparation, without knowing what a "balanced meal" meant, how to judge the quality and freshness of foods, how to do housework without wearing myself out, how to keep accounts, and hundreds of other things that would have absolutely new to me. And yet that is what I had 'tilthey

Annex

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