DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

A REFRACTORY TEAM ✠ *By Will Nies*

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SOMETIMES it does happen that a team doesn't drive QUITE true. To all appearance it may be finely matched—just to see 'em you couldn't imagine a better team—but appearances sometimes ARE deceiving. Take this pair, for example. If you had met them when they were cantering through the sweetheart days, prancing with the joy of FINDING their mate, proudly galloping together everywhere, you'd never have dreamed that THEY could be refractory. But they are—see for yourself—still it may be the weight of the HARNESS. Oh, if only they can forget that and not run away to the wreck called divorce! This is Cupid's task—to get them safely past the dangers till the harness-weight becomes heart-joy. Then they'll settle down with gladness to a joyous trot through life together.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

How She Made an "Easy" but Charming Dance Frock.

WHEN I opened my eyes this morning and became conscious of the fact that a robin's song had awakened me, I knew that it was going to be a wonderful day.

After breakfast I went to the sewing room to finish the dance frock that I am making for Cicily. Then I remembered that we were going to have old-fashioned strawberry shortcake for lunch and ran over to ask Mrs. Jimmy to drop in about 1 o'clock and help eat it.

Just as I came through the hedge I saw the expressman struggling up the walk with a long, narrow box, which seemed to be filled with lead. Imagine my curiosity when I found that the box was addressed to me! It required the combined efforts of the gardener, cook, expressman and myself to bring to light the mysterious contents—a sun dial and pedestal.

The donor of this longed for gift was none other than the Editor-Man. He is the most knowing creature on earth, for no one else would have guessed that I wanted a sun dial.

It has for a motto those well known lines from Browning's "Rabbi Ben-Ezra":

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

With it came a note, saying, "This is for your garden at the cottage. You did not mention that there is a sun dial, but somehow, I know there is not. Your garden is not complete without it, and do not forget the path of stepping-stones."

I could hardly tear myself away from the sun dial and get back to work, but I remembered that Cicily had begged me to have the frock finished so that she could wear it to the junior prom.

So I proceeded to stitch on tulle and ribbon while my thoughts ran away to gardens and sun dials.

But I had the frock completed by late afternoon, and it is so lovely that I cannot help feeling a wee bit proud of my needlework.

The foundation is a slip made of Cicily's pale blue, pussy-willow taffeta that she wore so much last summer. I trimmed the petticoat with ruches of the taffeta and pale pink roses. Then I made a camisole of lace and pale blue ribbon and roses and attached it to the petticoat. The slip is pretty enough to wear for a dress, and, since it is separate, it can be worn under any frock.

For the overdress I used white net and bands of pale blue taffeta ribbon. I cut the skirt over the pattern I used for my pink tulle frock, making it very wide about the hem. After French-seaming the widths of tulle together, I gathered the skirt about the waist line and stitched it to a narrow band.

There was no need to hem the skirt as I applied a band of ribbon to the extreme edge. Above this I arranged seven bands of ribbon in graduated widths, spacing them an equal distance apart. This brought the narrowest band nearly to the waist line. I gathered the skirt at the top and stitched it firmly to a waist band.

The bodice was made before I knew it, for it required very little trimming and the lines were simple. It consists of two sections of white net which pass over the shoulders and cross surplice fashion in the front and at the back. I made full, puff sleeves which extend nearly to the elbows and trimmed them with frills of lace. These I stitched to the normal armholes.

A frock of this type requires a wide girdle, so I took a piece of the pale blue pussy-willow taffeta and arranged it in soft folds about the waist, extending it high both in front and at the back. I added a small bow of taffeta to the front of the girdle and a corsage bouquet of tiny pink and mauve flowers. I repeated this touch of color on the skirt by sewing a cluster of the same flowers to the lower edge of the skirt.

I packed the frock in a suit box and sent it to be expressed to Cicily. Then I went back to my sun dial—just as the sunset shadows fell across its face.

Smart Dance Frock of Taffeta, Tulle, Ribbon and Pink Rosebuds.

Five Selected Recipes

By ANN MARIE LLOYD

Rice Jelly.

A pound of rice boiled in three and a half pints of water. When ready, beat through a sieve, and it then should be, when cold, a solid clear jelly. When required for use it may be warmed up with milk or cream, but a nice way is to mix milk or cream while the jelly is hot, then when nearly cool fill small moulds large enough for each person. Sugar and sliced lemons may be served with the dish.

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Hot Plum Cake.

An excellent method of making this is to take about two pounds of large blue plums, one cupful of flour, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of melted butter, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one egg, half a cupful of sugar. Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar into a bowl, add the milk, egg and melted butter; mix well. The plums should be washed and cut in half; remove the stones; place in the dough, skin side down, cover with half a cupful of sugar, put in a moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes. The cake should be served hot.

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Gravies.

Distinction should always be made between gravy and fat. Gravy for serving with roast beef should not be perceptibly thickened; while for pork and lamb it can have a sufficient thickening of flour to make it about the consistency of cream. Chicken and duck gravies may be slightly thickened, but not as much as those for other meats.

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Pickled Carrots.

Carefully scrape some large carrots and cut them into two or three pieces lengthways, according to size. Boil till tender, and then drain them from moisture. Put them into deep jars, add a bay leaf, a couple of peppercorns, and a piece of onion; pour in enough vinegar to cover, and tie down. The pickle should be kept in a cold place for about a week, and then it will be ready for the table.

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Coffee Jelly.

This jelly is often enjoyed by invalids, and is a pleasant and usually harmless stimulant. Prepare some clear coffee—allowing two good dessertspoonfuls to half a pint of boiling water. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water for an hour or so, dissolve and add the coffee. Add a very little brandy if desired; sweeten to taste, and allow to set.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl of 17, and have two young men friends. One of these young men objects to the attentions I receive from the other young man, and says he will not come to see me any more unless I agree to have no other callers.

I like both of the young men and want them both to come to see me. My parents do not object to either of them, as they are both nice fellows.

Would you go with just one of them or go with both? Please advise me what to do.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL: Don't you think you're pretty young to think of settling down and having just one friend? These are golden years, little woman, and you ought to have all the good times you can while you are still 17.

The young man ought not to think of monopolizing your entire time unless he is in a position to marry, and even if he could offer you everything, don't you think you are really too young to be engaged?

What do your parents think about it? Talk to them; they are your best friends, you know.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

We are two girls of 16. We are going with two boys of 17 whom we love very much, and we know they love us, because they told us they did.

They asked us to be their wives. We thought we were too young, and so they told us they would wait until we were older if we would marry them. We told them we would.

Do you think we did wrong by telling them we would marry them?

They used to smoke all the time. We did not like it, and because we did not like it they quit smoking. Do you not think they love us?

Will you please advise us what to do, as our mothers both say we are too young to go with the boys.

CHUMS.

CHUMS: Your mothers are right, girls. You are too young to think of being married for several years. The boys may like you, and I hope that you will all have many good times together, but they probably do not love you, and you ought not to think of being engaged unless there is a possibility of marrying.

It was splendid of the boys to give up smoking to please you, and quite a test of their loyalty, too. I am glad you use your influence to help the young men to overcome bad habits.

I hope you will always remember that your mothers are your best friends, and that their advice will never lead you any way but the best one. Try to be sensible girls, won't you? Remember, you will only be little girls for a short time now. Why don't you have all the fun you can while you're young?

Three Minute Journeys

By TEMPLE MANNING

WHERE A BOARD ON A HORSE IS A BUTCHER SHOP.

A YEAR ago few of us in this country could not have told where Salonica is. It was the occupation of Salonica by the soldiers of the Allies that brought the vilayet and capital of the same name back to mind.

But had any one been asked where Thessalonica was he would very likely have dimly recalled that it was somewhere in central European Turkey. Furthermore, he might have remembered that St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians was addressed to the inhabitants of that interesting town. Indeed, all through the ages this little country and its most interesting capital has been under the shadows of war. Every foot of its ground and every street of the city has been fought for and won, and lost and won again. If there is a city of the earth where wars and rumors of wars have done their best and their worst it is this historic city of Salonica.

The changing races that have occupied the city and have given place to their conquerors have left many interesting customs behind them. Salonica is a veritable kaleidoscope of shifting customs and changing races. Perhaps the most interesting custom the visitor sees is that shown by the perambulating butcher shops.

When the good housewives of Salonica wish meat for dinner they do not go to the corner shop. They wait until the butcher comes to their houses. Our illustration shows the shop in its entirety. It is merely a pony equipped with a V-shaped board hung over its back. On this board the meats are displayed. At a glance the housewife can make her selection. Sanitary? Of course not.

A Salonica Butcher Shop.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

Why Madge Hesitated to Give Miss Sonnot "Her Chance."

OH! Then you must be his Margaret!"

As the words left Miss Sonnot's lips she gazed at me with a half-frightened little air as if she regretted their utterance.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Graham," she said contritely. "You must think I have taken leave of my senses. But I have heard so much about you."

"From Mr. Bickett?" My head was whirling. I thought I knew almost every thought of my brother-cousin's, and yet my mother-in-law's nurse had a photograph of him in her scrap book, and evidently knew him well enough to receive his confidences concerning me.

I had never heard him speak the name "Sonnot." Indeed I would never have known he had met her, save for the accidental opening of her scrap book to his picture when she and I were searching for chafing dish recipes.

"Oh! no indeed, I have never seen Mr. Bickett myself."

A rosy embarrassed flush stole over her face as she spoke. Her eyes were starry. Through my bewilderment came a thought which I voiced.

"That is his loss then. He would think so if he could see you now."

She laughed confusedly while the rosy tint of her cheeks deepened.

"I must explain to you," she said simply. "I have never seen Mr. Bickett, but my brother is one of his friends. They used to correspond, and I enjoyed his letters as much as Mark did. I think his is a wonderful personality, don't you?"

"Naturally," I returned, a trifle dryly. The little nurse revealing more than she dreamed. There was romantic admiration in every note of her voice. I was not quite sure that I liked it.

"Mark used to be much in his confidence," Miss Sonnot went on. "They were together for a year on a dangerous expedition some time ago, and naturally confided to each other things of which they otherwise might never have spoken. I know Mark told him a lot about me, for Mr. Bickett was kind enough to send me several little souvenirs of the trip. And he told Mark about his foster sister, Margaret, who meant so much to him."

"Mark Earle's Sister."

She stopped, then spoke hesitatingly:

"You will forgive me if I tell you I always imagined you would be Mrs. Bickett some day."

There was palpable relief in her tones that I was not! I saw what the little nurse herself did not suspect that this chum of her brother's had been a figure of romance in her life.

"Never mind that." I smiled to hide the ungracious ness of the words. "But I am puzzled over one thing. I thought I knew all the companions of those awful trips of Jack's, but I do not recall the name Sonnot."

"Of course not, for my brother is only my half-brother, and his name is not Sonnot, but Earle."

"Mark Earle! Are you Mark Earle's little sister, Katherine?"

"The same!" She smiled at me mischievously.

"Then I know you very well indeed." I returned, "for three years ago when Jack returned from the expedition with Mark he was shared he could talk of little else but the wonderful qualities of Mark Earle. And he spoke often of Mark's sister, saying he had seen her letters and her photograph, and would like to meet her. But of course I had the impression that her name was Earle."

I told her nothing save the truth, but—I did not tell her all the truth. I had a very distinct impression, indeed, of "Mark Earle's little sister, Katherine." In those days I had had no inkling of Jack's real feelings toward me, which he had revealed to me so dramatically after my marriage. I had thought more than once when he was talking of the girl whom he knew only through her photograph and letters, that he was romantically impressed. I remembered that I had distinctly resented the idea, and had been glad when he finally stopped talking about his chum's sister.

I was ashamed to find that the old resentment still lingered. I realized now what Dicky's sisters must have felt when they knew he was to marry me. Jack Bickett was not my brother in blood, but a kingly one in reality. I had been the only woman in his existence so long that the idea of any other woman dominating his life was a distinct shock to me.

A Feasible Plan.

"Where is your brother, Mark, now?" I asked, more to gain time than because I cared anything about the answer.

"He has been in the Philippines for two years," she answered, a note of constraint in her voice. I understood at once. A proud, sensitive girl, she had read my unworthy resentment, and was regretting deeply her momentary confidence.

I put all selfish considerations down with an iron hand, and smiled in most friendly fashion at her.

"Isn't it wonderful that after hearing so much of each other, we should meet in this way?" I add heartily. "If only our brothers were here."

Miss Sonnot's face brightened again. "Is Mr. Bickett in this country?" she asked, her voice carefully nonchalant. "I have not heard anything about him for two or three years."

"He sailed for France a week ago," I answered slowly. "He intends to join the French engineering corps."

There was a long moment of silence. Then Miss Sonnot spoke slowly, and there was a note almost of reverence in her voice.

"That is just what he would do," and then, impetuously, "How I envy him!"

"Envy him?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, indeed." Her voice was militant, her eyes shining, her face aglow. "How I have wished I were a man ever since this war started! I am just waiting a good chance to join a hospital unit, but I do not happen to know any surgeon who has gone, and of course they all pick their own nurses. But my chance will come. I am sure of it, and then I am going to do my part. Why! my great-grandfather was an officer in Napoleon's army. I feel ashamed not to be over there!"

I opened my lips to tell her something that had just occurred to me, then closed them again. No need to raise false hopes. But I was reasonably sure that the little nurse would have her chance. Dicky's brother-in-law, Dr. Edwin Braithwaite of Detroit was to sail in a week for France, taking a corps of physicians and nurses with him. I knew that Miss Sonnot was high in the good graces of Dicky's mother, which would insure her name being mentioned to the eminent surgeon, if she wished it. That she was an unusually competent nurse I knew from Dr. Pettit's praise of her. The chances were in favor of her securing the post she coveted.

It rested with me to pull the different wires for the desired result. Did I wish to do so? I did not dare to name even to myself, the reluctance I felt to lift one finger toward the sending of this attractive girl across the seas.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Your Blood Moves, Bringing Life to Your Body

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

THE blood, like man himself, is not perfect. Man has made some things and has improved others, but he cannot create a red blood corpuscle or see his own soul.

New tissues and new materials are made and brought to their proper positions in the anatomical whole by the scarlet Avon's gentle flow. Oxygen and fodder are transported hither and thither, and waste is carried by the veins to the seas, called kidneys.

In the simplest, miscroscopic animalcules the movements in the tiny globule of living stuff is not called circulation of the blood," because there is no distinctly different structures such as blood and no channels marked off from the whole mass. Higher animals have definite tubes, and rainspouts, elaborated into networks, through which white, green, blue, yellow or red blood flows. The heart is one of the bulging places along the highways of tubes which convey the blood. It is still maintained erroneously by many doctors that "the passage of the blood through the veins, arteries and heart is controlled by purely mechanical features."

The Vital Spark.

A little experiment with a rattlesnake's heart—or the heart of some other animal, such as a chicken that has been served at dinner—will disprove the alleged "mechanical features." If the heart of such an animal is separated from the veins and arteries, and if milk or sugar water is allowed to wash or bathe it, the heart will continue to beat as of yore. Moreover, a bit of heart muscle sliced up and kept properly in an incubator will continue rhythmically to beat in the same way. It will also grow and multiply. Despite these facts, some doctors, chemists and physicists persist in calling the heart action "mechanical" and "physico-chemical."

True enough, the heart furnishes some of the motive power of the "circulation" of blood, but it is equally correct to say that the blood, the elastic walls of the veins and arteries—the milk or sugar water of the amputated heart—also act in part as propelling forces. As a matter of fact, the same vital spark that makes a live baby differ from a dried seed also serves as "the mechanical factors" which keep the blood in motion.

The heart does not pump, push or squeeze the blood forward by means of its rhythmical contraction, any more than the force of gravity or the vacuum in the heart suctions in it. The muscular rhythm, automatic as it is, helps to maintain a steady pressure in the whole "closed system," but the extreme elasticity of healthy arteries and veins have much to do with it after all. Indeed, were it not for their flexibility—the power to expand quickly and as speedily to shrink—the intermittent pulsation of the heart might cause eternal unsteadiness in the flow.

Other Wave Aids.

The recoil of the rubber-like muscles of the arterial and venous walls has perhaps more to do with the progress of the blood stream after it has left the neighborhood of the heart than has the latter itself. As a new beat of the heart occurs, more blood moves as a wave into the arteries, again they stretch and recoil, again the stream is moved and tapped just gently enough to give it a steady forward movement.

The heart beat, indicated by the pulse or beat of the artery in line with your thumb—or any other artery—is a wave in the flow, independent in its inception, or at least in your perception of it, from the onward flow of the blood.

The pulse waves wear themselves out in the cobweb-like, spread-eagle surface of the capillaries. Therefore, it is unfelt in the veins, which are the channels that return the stale, soiled, decaldized blood to the heart and lungs.

Obviously the heart beat—the pulse—is not the only source or motion to the blood rush, because it is felt in both the veins and the lymph spaces. You might as well say that the motor in an automobile makes the gasoline flow into its cylinders as to say that the heart is the sole cause of the flow of the blood.

The circulation of the blood really has its primary impulse in many things, not the least of which, perhaps, is to be found in some internal combustion analogous to that of gasoline and air in a gas engine.

Answers to Health Questions

APRIL. Q—Kindly advise a way to remedy gray hair in a young person.

2—What is a good hair tonic?

A—A harmless color may be given the hair by powdered burnt cork, in the form of crayon or grease paint, or home-made with vaseline. Different shades of red, brown, blonde and chestnut may be obtained in the same way with powdered henna leaves or powdered indigo.

2—To make a good hair tonic use the following:

Quinine	1 tablespoonful
Sage	1 ounce
Sulphur	1 tablespoonful
Boracic acid	1 tablespoonful
Rain water	1 pint

Steep the sage over night after pouring the pint of boiling water over it. Strain and add the other ingredients. Let it stand two days, strain and use with massage every night, applying directly to the scalp. If the scalp is very dry two ounces of glycerine is a good addition.

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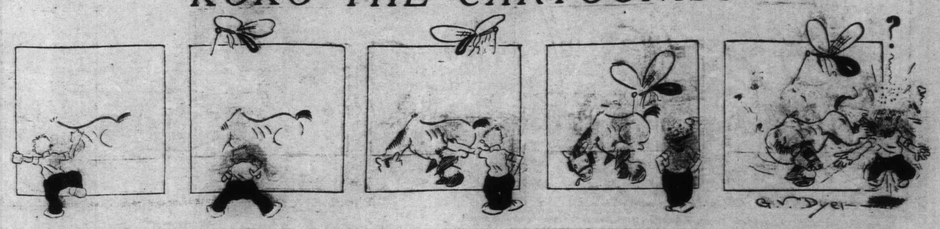
Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

KOKO THE CARTOONIST



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