

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

### Treat

WHEAT

er Days  
ve it for  
Serve it as

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

**How the Kitchen Looked.**  
AN unsympathetic wife," I decided, "cancerously cast a pall of gloom over my house. If Mary would only come out here in the kitchen while I'm cleaning these fish instead of keeping cool and aloof, I'd feel a great deal better." But when Mary did come and gazed upon the scale-filled room with unaccustomed eyes, I wished she'd stayed at the piano and left me to my fishy fate.

"Peter Hunt!" she exclaimed, "what on earth have you done?"  
"I've cleaned a million fish," I said hastily. "What did you suppose? You knew what I was doing."  
"I don't mean that," said my wife. "Look-look at my kitchen!"  
"I have been looking at it too long as it is," I said lamely.

But I looked again, appalled at the havoc I'd wrought. I never saw such disorder in any one spot before. I don't know how long I contrived it, but in its way that kitchen was a masterpiece.

What Mary Said.  
"Scales and fish everywhere!" wailed Mary. "Everywhere. Almost, Peter, you can see them on the walls. And why on earth did you have to get every pot and pan out, and why have you made a fresco of plates of fish around the sink, and—"  
"I don't know why I've done any of those things," I retorted, "but I suppose at the time I did 'em because they seemed absolutely reasonable."  
"It can't be," said my wife. "Why is this settle under the sink?"  
"It was in the way."  
"And why—"  
"Don't 'why' any more!" I begged. "I've haggled fish with this until my hand aches."  
"I haven't. We haven't a decent knife in the house. Tomorrow I'm going out and buy 20 butter knives and a good many other things this kitchen needs."  
"Buy first," said my wife with dignity, "a pair of kitchen soap and a scrub woman."

Mary's Active Retort.  
"No woman," I retorted, "ever appreciates a man's way of doing things in a kitchen. This may look sort of spread about, but it's been done with system, and that's more than most women can say."  
"It's the system I object to," said Mary. "You've a system, for instance, in decorating your table surface with scales, and you've a system in—"  
"Enough," I broke in. But Mary had fled. I heard her upstairs hurrying around with determined feet.

"Wonder what's brewing now?" I thought uncomfortably. "I do hope she isn't going out or anything like that. She can't be going to offer to deliver the fish, maybe—"  
But Mary had appeared again in an old gown and an apron.  
"What are you going to do?" I demanded.  
"I'm going to clean up this kitchen," said my wife. "If I should have to get up tomorrow morning and see it as it is now I'd probably die on the spot. What are you going to do with the rest of that fish?"  
"I don't know," I said truthfully.

## Today's Fashion



**Dainty Frock of White Batiste.**  
THE frock of white batiste knows no rival for warm weather wear. This attractive model is of this material, which may be plain white or coin-spotted with old blue or other simple shades. The bodice is trimmed with rows of puffing and a double, turned-down collar of plain white batiste edged with lace. Rows of puffing form a deep yoke effect at the top of the skirt, and two full, gathered flounces trim the lower part. Flat bows of black taffeta supply the modish note of contrast.

## A CLOSE GAME \* \* \* \* \* By Michelson



Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

## A Bride's Own Story Of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

**How She Learned to Choose Wicker Furniture.**  
WILL you join me in a shopping trip?" I asked Bob, invitingly. He looked embarrassed and uncomfortable for a minute, as I knew he would, for no man likes to trail along on a feminine shopping expedition.

"M-m-m, I say, don't you think you can buy your frills and furberlows without me?" he demurred, and then softened the blow by a compliment. "You know I like all the things you buy for yourself."  
"Thank you, but this time it's something that you'll use just as much as I will, so we must have a double judgment," I explained. "We need a few more comfy chairs for the living room, and I want to get some wicker pieces. I decided that today is the day because two or three of the shops advertise special attractions."

It seemed quite like our engagement days to meet Bob at noon and rush off to the shops. This is the first time since that we've made any heavy purchases for the house, and we were both quite excited over it.  
I had the idea that wicker furniture of any kind was always strong, durable and good-looking, but when you begin making selections there are always so many things to learn!  
"Here's a comfortable looking chair," Bob pointed out a big, round armchair, high-backed, with book and magazine rack on each side. It looked attractive from afar, and I was quite impressed until I examined it carefully. Then I found that it was a poor quality of willow—no need at all. There's quite a difference, which is easily distinguishable.

Willow is not as strong as reed, and it should be—much cheaper. It has a

## Lift Those Sagging Muscles and Ugly Lines Will Leave

By LUCREZIA BORI

COME all of you who are interested in the subject of self-improvement, draw up your chairs on the piazza or swing comfortably in your hammocks under the trees while I tell you about one of the newest discoveries in beauty culture.

It is the process of "feature building" obtained through muscle manipulation. You know that the muscles of the face are inclined to sag, and in order to preserve the youthful contour of the face they must be lifted.  
If you are young, take every precaution to keep the muscles from slumping, and if you are advanced in years follow this suggestion to lift them back into place.

The large, flat muscles of the cheeks and the chin are the first to sag. They are the chief offenders when it comes to the slipping habit, and when they begin to sag the lower part of the face grows heavier and heavier. The fine, clear line of the chin is lost in an unbecoming accumulation of fat.  
**Massage Lines Away.**  
One of the unflattering signs of muscle sagging are the deepening of the lines about the mouth, and the cheek muscles must be strengthened to hold themselves in their normal position.  
To remedy this condition dip the tips of the fingers into your jar of skin food and manipulate the cheek muscles with strong, heavy, upward strokes from the chin to the ears. You will feel the blood tingle through the muscles and your cheeks will glow with color.

You have often noticed women whose eyes are sunken lakes surrounded by rims of dark, unhealthy-looking flesh.

## Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

**DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:**  
I am a girl 15 and have two boy friends who seem to care very much for me. They are both older than I am. One is fair and the other is dark. I like the dark one best, and have given up the fair one for the dark one. But cannot keep the fair one from me. He seems to like me the best. Would you please advise me which one to choose?  
TROUBLED.

## DEFINED AT RANDOM

Hop merchants—Dancing masters.  
Legal nudity—Losing one's suit.  
A centre ornament—Your nose.  
An Aristocratic complaint—The gout.  
The best get-up for ladies—A. M.  
Notice of a peal—A flash of lightning.  
The most dangerous case in a hospital—A case of surgical instruments.  
Something one can always borrow—Trouble.  
You can't take a trick with the trump of fame.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### "Bubbles in Your Hair"

Means Your Hair's White

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

THE silvered locks upon the heads of aged people is wrongly attributed to age. Notwithstanding the fact that gray beards grow upon the faces of young Hercules and the perennially youthful and buoyant Mars, it is usually yet mistakenly concluded that gray hairs are inevitable associates of passing years. Like many authoritative views, nothing could be farther from the truth.  
The shafts of hair, whether they be on the head, in the beard or upon the fleshy parts, can be compared with the twigs and branches of trees. There is an outer peel, bark or cuticle, which is a flat layer of bricked tissue units. Like the scales of a fish, this covers the heart or "cortex." A fluid, which often dries up, fills the interstices of these units. A typical hair shaft is made up of the outer cuticle, the soft "medulla" inside and the cortex between the two.  
The soft medulla is often absent, but is actually a series of column of "cells," oval in shape, filled with air. The color of the hair is white if the granules of pigment have been wholly or in great part disappeared from these columns of "cells" in the hair shaft. When the particles of pigment are present the hair is either black, brown, red, chestnut or blonde.  
**Some Real Color Facts.**  
Where does this pigment come from? It arises back through the generations, from the same ancestry that evolves a new race of men. Its origin is the same as that of a new rose, a new carnation, a black tulip.  
The color of guinea pigs, the shade of a horse's coat, the tint of a rabbit's hide all depends upon the inheritance. There is a red coloration crossed with a yellow one gives all red, and these crossed with each other give three reds and one yellow in every four, so a black-coated animal mated with a white one gives offspring with all black coats, and the second generation three with black coats to each white one. Prof. Yerkes of Harvard and other experimental animal behaviorists have thus discovered that inheritance and selection play a great role in the color of hair, and internal chemistry very little.  
When the pigment grains are gobbled up by hungry giants, such as white blood corpuscles, or suddenly dissolved by a flow of capillary gland juice, air or bubbles replace them, and the hair becomes white, gray or light in hue.  
When certain strenuous oxidizing agents, such as powerful sunlight, borax, moist salt water vapors, peroxide of hydrogen, oxalic acid and such combinations reach the pigment in the hair shafts they take the stain out of the granules of pigment. Briefly, the dark pigment fades to a whitish yellow. It becomes bleached.  
A man's woman's hair also depends where pigment granules are lacking. These are the so-called "vacuoles" or vacant areas.  
**White in a Night?**  
In light hair, sandy hair and tow-headers there are no granules of pigment, but there is a diffusion of the pigment, which is caused by reflected light. Moreover, the pigment itself is reddish-yellow. The pigment, when dark brown or black, crowns the head with raven tresses.  
In Caucasian beauties, Albinos and blondes, also in golden and Auburn-haired people, the pigment in the hair shafts is melted and run together. There are no granules or particles.  
Gray hair is of two kinds. In one the internal anatomy of the hair has been changed with respect to the bubbles of air remain. In the other the structure of the hair is still there, but air spaces have crowded the pigment granules out of existence. True enough, the giant corpuscles of the blood have scoured away with their bubbles, and also started the mischief. And it was not age!  
It has already been experimentally determined that the hair of many animals—and there is no reason to doubt in the case of man—that an enzyme or ferment, called "peroxidase," when present, destroys the pigment which gives color to the hair. Moreover, the juices formed in various glands such as the thyroid,



sex glands and suprarenal, pour out an excess of their substance, which in turn augments the amount of those enzymes. Since sudden fright, anxiety and worry are associated with an overactivity of these glands, and may open such a torrent of their juices as to devour within a few hours or even less all of the pigment grains in the hair, out-of-date doctors are proved to be in error when they dogmatically maintain that a person's hair cannot turn gray over night.  
There have been many unbiased reports of individuals whose hair has turned gray over night. There is no doubt about its possibility in the minds of biological chemists and zoologists. The unanimous discredit cast upon such reports by medical men generally is another bit of proof that superstition, obsessions and traditions still exist in most schools of medicine.

## Answers to Health Questions.

W. M. Q.—I am troubled with a white, thick mucus which causes constipation. What do you think is the cause and remedy?  
2—My face burns in summer but does not tan. What can I do for this?  
3—My gums are growing away from my teeth and I am afraid the teeth will fall out. Is there any remedy?  
4—What will remove hair that grows very thick on my ears?  
A.—This may be due to too little of green vegetables and fresh fruits in your diet.  
2—Use as a face wash chlorate of potash, 25 grams; carbonate of potash, 3 grams; orange flower water, 2 ounces; rosewater, 8 ounces.  
3—Your trouble is pyorrhea. Pyorrhea is treated hygienically with its granules, with staphylococcus and streptococcus vaccines, with increasing doses of iodine of potassium water after meals, beginning with 15 drops and increasing one drop at a time until 50 drops are being taken, and with scraping of the teeth by a dentist. All of the above must be done.  
4—Any druggist will mix the following for you. It is applied once a week, and allowed to remain on the ears for 10 minutes.  
Calcium sulphide..... 2 parts  
Zinc oxide..... 1 part  
Starch..... 1 part  
In using this make a paste with water.

A CONSTANT READER.—What is a remedy for high blood pressure?  
A.—Avoid all excitement and over-exercition, keep the bowels active, get more fresh air and sunlight. Rest and sleep eight to ten hours in every 24. Drink plenty of distilled water, and take a Bulgarian tablet with meals. Take 15 drops of saturated solution of iodide of potassium in water after meals. Increase one drop at a time until 50 drops are being taken, then go down to 15 and up again. Eat fresh fruits, steamed fruits, cereals and green vegetables.

Dr. Hirschberg 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. Hirschberg, care of this office.

## Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

**WHERE GRAVES ARE DUG INSIDE THE HOUSE.**  
IN Papua—a New Guinea is now called—there are hundreds of little islets that make a map of this interesting group appear as if it had been struck with smallpox. And among these islets, the island of Ambal presents to the visitor many sights that to his western eyes are amazing novelties.  
For many years there were few white traders and no white women to be seen in Ambal. It is only seven or eight years since the first white woman ascended this strange land with her startling face and the marvel of her costume. Even today the women of the island will timidly approach a chance white woman traveler and beg her to let down her hair that they may see the glory of its length and the marvel of its straight beauty.  
Today, though travel is still dangerous in the interior, the hazard of skirting the ordinary channels of trade has been reduced nearly to nothing. But in the old days one had to take care what gifts of food he accepted from hospitable villages, for if they chanced to take a dislike to the guest his doom was sealed in his food.  
One of the strangest sights that strike the traveller, however, is that of grave dug inside—not outside—the dwelling place.



**Making the Mourning Jacket.**  
This is made of closely woven string trimmed with "Job's tears." These are peculiar shaped berries, and together with the grave inside the house, signify adherence to tribal customs. There upon the grave she sits and works away until her jacket is finished, and she may go out once more into the bright sunlight of life.

TERRETT