DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Revelations of a Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

What Happened at Dinner Time

I AM beginning to believe that Grace Draper is the evil genius of my life with Dicky. During the time that she was away visiting her sick relative Dicky and I had the most delightful times. Perhaps I am fanciful, but it seemed to me that our meeting with her on our way to Marvin harbor was the forerunner of much misery for me.

Dicky was moody all the rest of our trip. I know that he has the most easily wounded feelings of any one in the world, and naturally he resented the fact that the beautiful model whom he had befriended and who was his secretary and studio assistant, had returned from her trip without letting him know she was at home.

If I only could be sure that pique at an employe's failure to report to him was at the bottom of his sulkiness! But the memory of the good-looking youth who hung over the girl so assiduously was before my eyes. I feared that the reason for Dicky's moody displeasure was the presence of the unknown admirer of his beautiful model.

Of course, all pleasure in the day's outing was gone for me also, and we were a silent pair as we wandered in and out among the innumerable creeks cutting through the sandy beaches. Dicky conscientiously but perfunctorily pointed out to me all the things which he thought I would find interesting, and in which, under other circumstances, I should have revelled.

"Let's Eat and Forget It."

The lobster pots drawn up on the shore, the oyster houses, the numberless fishing boats of all shapes, sizes and degrees of repair, the shining loads of fish which the boats brought in, all of these were things which I had long wanted to see, but which in our interest in other things we had hitherto neglected. I had long anticipated this trip. I resented fiercely the chance that had thrown the girl I detested in our path if only for a moment.

"Well, suppose we feed?"

Dicky's voice broke in on my thoughts. I was in just the mood to be captious, and I resented alike the slanginess of his utterance and what I fancied to be the bored weariness of his tone.

"If you are trying to find out whether I am ready for dinner," I retorted, "please put your question in English."

Dicky stared, frowned, and I expected him to burst out in a rage and propose returning home. But with one of his kaleidoscopic changes of temperament he threw back his head and burst out laughing.

"Did she have a grouch because of her low-brow husband?" he inquired mockingly, patting me on the shoulder as if I were a peevish child. I drew myself away pettishly.

"Oh, come out of it," my husband said good-humoredly. "I'll promise to talk like an instructor in pre-Elizabethan English if you like. Let's eat and forget it."

I felt like making him a tart reply and going directly home, but I controlled the impulse, and forced myself to chat cordially as we walked toward the crude shack called the "Shafer place," at which Dicky had stopped and ordered dinner on our way to the harbor.

"That Cat, Mrs. Gorman."

It was a most unprepossessing looking place, and the bare side room in which our dinner was served was as uninviting as the rest of the house. But the dinner was as excellent as its setting was crude. Dicky noted my surprise with evident satisfaction.

"Queer looking dump for such bully eats, isn't it?" he inquired, and then with a twinkle of mischief in his eye, "I beg your pardon, professor—I mean that it is an unusual appearing habitation for such a display of culinary excellence."

I laughed. I could not help it, at Dicky's mimicry of what he mockingly calls my "sonorous periods." But beneath the laughter lay a vague discomfort and uneasiness. Was I perhaps, as he himself would express it, "too high-brow" for Dicky? Would he not have been happier with a woman whose ideas were less rigid, a woman perhaps like Grace Draper?

I was heartily ashamed of the pettiness which had made me object to his slangy way of asking me whether I was ready for dinner. I forced myself to the semblance of gayety.

"Go to the head of the class," I said laughingly. "You are right," demurely. "The eats are certainly bully."

Dicky stared, then threw back his head and laughed with such heartiness that the tall, lank proprietor of the eating house put his head in at the door.

"House shook so, thought perhaps some spy had exploded a bomb in here," he explained with the easy familiarity of the average shore resort proprietor, but without the semblance of a smile upon his face.

Knowing Dicky's objection to any freedom in the manner of those who served him, I expected to see him regard the man coldly. But evidently the host of the little inn was a privileged character.

"Just trying to digest your cooking by laughing, Jake," Dicky retorted. "Impossible to do it any other way. Now I suppose you'll expect real kale for this feed. Gee! If I had your crust I'd be a millionaire."

"Yes, I expect you need a lot of crust in your business," drawled Jake, as he took the bill Dicky handed him, stuck it in one capacious pocket and drew from another the change.

"All right, Jake," chuckled Dicky, "we'll let it go at that." He handed the man a generous tip, pocketed the rest of the change and turned to me.

"Ready, Madge?"

I smiled an assent at him, and we passed out of the inn with a drawling "Good-by" from Jake accompanying us.

In my newborn resolution to be as chummy with Dicky as possible I determined to put down my own feelings toward Grace Draper. But it was an effort for me to say what I wished to Dicky. We had chatted about many things, and were nearly home, when I said timidly:

"Dicky, now that Miss Draper is back, don't you think you and I ought to call on her and her sister, and have them over to dinner?"

Dicky frowned impatiently:

"For heaven's sake don't monkey with that old cat, Mrs. Gorman. She is making trouble enough as it is."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

By Will Nies

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ANTICIPATION, they say, is half the joy of any pleasure. Realization almost never quite "comes up" to it. Take that vacation, for instance. My! my! what ROSY pictures many of us are painting at this instant!

But when the first day of freedom comes and we arrive at the summer hotel, there's the gauntlet to run. Girls—girls—girls, ACCIDENTALLY, everywhere, seeing what luck the train brought. A mere man's heart almost STOPS as up the path he marches, but often it just stops to START on the new life to which some lovely dream face awakens it.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Choosing Words Before Children

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Winifred Black

HAVE you ever wished people—grown-up people—could take a little more time to think about what they say before their children? I have, and I believe there would be ever so much less trouble to undo later on, if they did.

I was visiting a while ago in a family and I noticed so many thoughtless remarks the father and mother made to and around those blessed children of theirs that I wondered why I had ever liked them one single little bit in the world, and I got a "message which called me home." That was silly, of course. Now that I'm home again I can see I was really rather foolish, but let me tell you about it and see if you think I was so silly, after all.

This is the way the words flew round the breakfast table one morning:

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the father, "Jones is gone with five thousand dollars. I always knew he was too good to be true. That's always what happens with those goody-goods."

"Yes," said the mother, "he made me weary watching him wear that path to the church deeper every Sunday. Why couldn't he skip one now and then?"

"I've seen the fellows ask him to take a drink time and again," said the father, "and would he? Not he! Nor a smoke either. Oh, he's some angel, I can tell you. And when Brown was teasing him about that stunning girl who has her desk near his cage he blushed like a school boy. Well, well, he beats me! Seventeen years he's been the trusted cashier, and now——"

And So It Went.

"Yes, it says he was a 'model cashier,'" murmured the mother. "Here's a queer case, too—a man with an income of a thousand dollars a day and not spending hardly a bit of it. Thinks he's poor. Pitiful, isn't it?" And perilously she poured another cup of coffee, keeping her eyes fixed on the morning paper the while—for this family had one each and one for me, their guest. I had always thought of them as such sensible folks, letting their children gain a knowledge of the world and its doings in such a natural, every-day sort of way, and now——

There was a short silence and then the boy of fourteen found food for conversation as well as for breakfast:

"Say, dad," he said, "it says here that a man in the movies is getting $670,000 a year. That beats work sky high, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I should say," said the father as he helped himself to another slice of ham. "I should say! He's some man to make all that money!"

"I don't think so at all," said the sixteen-year-old daughter. "Money isn't everything in the world. Here's a girl who worked in a man's office and she helped his wife to make up with him when they were going to get a divorce. She'd seen and heard a lot he didn't know she had, but it showed he wasn't a bad man after all. And when the girl told it he and his wife tried to make her take a check for a thousand dollars, but she wouldn't do it. She said it made her happy enough just to think she could make them so happy again. Wasn't it lovely?"

"Oh, yes, in a way," said her mother, "but I think she was rather foolish."

"Rather!" said the father and the boy. "Rather! well, rather! Why, the girl ought to be locked up in the insane asylum."

Then there was another silence, Sweet Sixteen vowing never to speak again of one single thing she liked to think about. She'd just say "Yes" and "No," and never express another opinion. I saw her saying it all to herself and made up my mind to talk with her while we walked together in the park in the afternoon and tell her that I, for one, thought I'd like to meet the girl who loved to make other people happy just for the fun of it.

Money, Nothing but Money.

Money! money! money! What a lot of it we had had for breakfast that day! And my friends are not money mad either and they are really trying to bring up their children to be honest and sober and God-fearing citizens. But that one morning convinced me that the best thing I could do would be to get a message to return home at once, lest in an unguarded moment I should say what I thought to that man and woman about just that one morning's mischief.

I did risk a little sympathetic talk with Sweet Sixteen that afternoon—just a few very cautious words to the effect that her father and mother were too hurried at breakfast to choose their words carefully, and that without a doubt they didn't in the least mean it all exactly as it sounded. But Sweet Sixteen wasn't very convinced. I fear there had been dinner conversations not unsimilar, when the pressure of the day's responsibilities were over and when there was plenty of time not only to think, but to explain a little, too.

I was rather surprised to find in my talk with Sweet Sixteen the other afternoon to find that of all the crimes mentioned in the morning's chatter the implied situation between the man and his wife who wanted to reward the office girl was the only one she would call "immoral."

Do you think I'm silly to be glad I'm home again after that cutshort visit?

ODD FACTS

In France all medical prescriptions are written in the language of the country.

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Opals when first taken from the mines are said to be so soft they can be picked to pieces by the finger nails.

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It is estimated that nearly 70,000,000 wild animals are killed yearly for the sake of their fur.

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Three men require six months to make a cashmere shawl, which is worked from 10 goats' fleeces.

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Out of about 400 different kinds of British birds only about 140 remain in that country all the year round.

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The women of the Philippine islands make some of the finest lace in the world from a strong, silky fibre obtained from pineapple leaves.

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In Assam an oath is taken standing within a rope circle, to imply a wish to perish as the rope does if the witness does not tell the truth.

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The most remarkable tide in the world is that of the bay of Fundy. It rises at the rate of a foot every five minutes, the water sometimes attaining the height of 70 feet.

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In Holland sand is plentiful and inexpensive, and is used instead of hay and straw as beds for cows. It keeps the animals perfectly clean, requiring only a slight raking in the morning to soften and freshen it.

* * *

The "death plant" of Java has flowers which continually give off a perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled for any length of time, a full-grown man, and which kills all forms of insect life that come under its influence.

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It is reported that German manufacturers have discovered a substitute for jute and hemp, which have become scarce in Germany, in various species of Epilobium—willow-herb—the best fibre being yielded by E. hirsutum, while E. angustifolium comes second in merit. Both plants grow wild in Germany.

Today's Fashion

A Bow of Light Blue Ribbon Trims This Large Blue Leghorn Hat.

THE large hat with its simple trimming of ribbon forming a large bow across the front is very much in evidence at present. This is a practical hat to wear with tub frocks and possesses an inimitable smartness. This hat is of midnight blue leghorn, while the bow is of grosgrain ribbon in a brighter tone of blue. The bow is tied with a large knot and several loops and ends posed on top of the crown.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

One day I went to a party and a rain came up very suddenly for which I was unprepared. When the party broke up I was very much pleased to find that a young man with an umbrella was going my way—or at least part way. When we reached a place near where his home is he asked if he might see me the rest of the way home. On reaching home my stepmother was much displeased, though my father said nothing. Since then he has taken me out a few times against my step-mother's wishes. I have known of him quite a while, and have met him several times, and he seems to be a nice young man.

I think quite a little of him now. What shall I do?

BROWN EYES.

BROWN EYES: Your step-mother may feel the natural anxiety every mother feels when the girl of the family begins to have sweethearts. Some women know how to protect and guide those younger than themselves into a happy marriage, and other women only know how to use the tongue lash to make the girl realize that she must watch her every step or she may miss the happiness entirely and find only the bitterness of life. You and the young man walked to the place where your paths divided, and there he chose to go with you—perhaps only out of kindness of heart that time, so that you would not be alone in the storm. But perhaps—well, I wish you a long and prosperous journey on life's great way—you and the man you love.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

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Easy Desserts for Summer Days

HOUSEHOLD HELPS By ISOBEL BRANDS

IT is curious, but true, that the least important part of the dinner too often requires the greatest amount of time in its preparation—the dessert. Neither soup nor meats take very much time in preparation, although they do take greater time in cooking. Not even the vegetables need more than a few minutes for their boiling or steaming.

But the dessert—that's different. It is a positive fact, as many homemakers can verify, that too often the dessert will take twice as long to prepare as any other part of the meal, unless it is the rare, simple dessert unapproved by the children. The simplest cake requiring eggs must have the eggs beaten separately, and the ingredients carefully added, and requires more or less dexterity in handling and stove-watching lest the precious morsel be scorched. But vegetables; soups or meats can be placed on the stove and then forgotten for a definite time that one can calculate in advance.

Now, this is not a plea for the elimination of attractive desserts from the diet. But it is a plea for relieving the tired homemaker of what is too frequently the heaviest part of her cooking labors, although it is the lightest part of the family meal. In the first place, it is the far-sighted mothers who begin early to train the children to prefer simple desserts—the raw or steamed fruits, sweet salads, etc. But if you glance over the bill of fare of the average eating place, or pass a week dining with the average family it is plain that most of us can't be happy without whipped cream or elusive, complicated desserts.

On the other hand, a typical foreign menu would have substantial meats and vegetables, but the dessert would be most simple—a welcome contrast to the elaborate setting that preceded it. Instead of a pyramided rich cake we see a dish of raw or steamed fruit, or, perhaps, just a bit of cheese and crackers.

Now, it really is not necessary, from a nutritive standpoint, for any woman to persist each day in spending an hour, more or less, preparing an elaborate dessert—cake or pudding or what not. Try raw fruit for a change, and see if the family will not welcome it more than any more pretentious dish. Or combine your raw fruit with lettuce or endive, and let the sweet salad finish the meal. It is far more refreshing and will ward off the "soggy" feeling that comes when a heavy dessert tops an otherwise substantial dinner.

Especially is it most sensible to train the children in preferring the simpler foods. A dish of dates or a few figs, some golden honey and unsweetened crackers make an ideal dessert for the child with his inordinate craving for the utterly sweet. For it is the extreme sweetness that children desire, not necessarily the more elaborate dish that it has taken mother so very long to make.

As a matter of fact, whipped cream added to cake already rich in eggs, butter, etc., is likely to be positively harmful if eaten on top of an otherwise substantial meal. Whipped cream can be served with some non-fatty food, and it is best to make such a dish part of the less substantial luncheon or light supper.

Try the simpler desserts on your family. They may even please them more, and, what is better, will be more wholesome for them, beside saving you a great deal of unnecessary labor in the kitchen.

Secrets of Health

What Heatstroke Really Is—How to Treat the Sufferer

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

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

COME now the days when some of the ill, the weak and the physically unbalanced fall victims to the torrid temperatures of mid-summer. The humid, oppressingly "hot spells" sometimes remain so long, at other times they appear so suddenly, again the thermometer rises so high that tissues of the feeble, the old and those with defective blood pressure cannot always withstand the strain.

Heatstroke is a much more common condition than sunstroke. Indeed, it is doubtful at times whether or not the magnetic or luminous radiations of the sun affect the human fabric. Rather, it is the heat rays and not the light rays which produce what is called a "stroke."

But call it heatstroke or sunstroke the origin of the trouble is to be found in the sun. It may lay low its victim at night, it may strike like an assassin on a dark or dingy day, yet the fact remains that the solar radiations are at the bottom of the mischief.

Savants are alive who seriously maintain that there is, without splitting hairs, a real intrinsic difference between heat exhaustion and sunstroke, the latter shoots its sharp darts of ultra-violet rays—with powerful chemical effects—into the human structures.

Be this as it may, the heat is from the sun as well as the light and chemistry. The sufferers may be men with high blood pressure at work in the shade of the old apple tree or seated comfortably indoors, or they may be harvesters in the field or soldiers on the march.

Yet it is Old Sol, who has climbed above the equator, that properly deserves the blame.

Heatstroke is the name given to the condition suffered by the suddenly exhausted individual, who falls very abruptly without warning on hot, humid days. As if shot or stricken with apoplexy, the poor fellow sinks unconscious to the ground. At times he is mistakenly rushed to jail as drunk or to the hospital under the mistaken belief that it is an apoplectic attack. He may be comatose, snoring, gasping for breath, with hot, dry flesh and a purplish flush on his face.

Sometimes the victim is bathed in a profuse perspiration, with pulse bounding at his temples and throat or so feeble as to be unfelt at his wrist.

The face may, on the other hand, be pale and clammy, the skin so hot that a thermometer in the mouth registers 110 to 115 degrees—if the thermometer registers that high. Nausea, vomiting, twitches of the muscles or delirium may be present.

Treatment must be aimed at the reduction of the extremely high fever. Absolute quiet, the application of ice water to the head, hands, wrists and neck, vigorous massage and nibbing of the feet and legs, and the sprinkling of water over the exposed flesh are all to be tried.

As soon as the patient rounds to and begins to move both arms, both legs and both eyes, he should be gently and carefully put to bed under a physician's vigilant observation.

Answers to Health Questions

I. B. V. Q—Please advise a remedy for gums which shrink from the teeth.

2—How can small white spots be removed from the skin?

A—Have a dentist examine the teeth thoroughly, and if pyorrhoea is present the following treatment must be begun: Hypodermic treatments with ½-grain of emetine are used, but a vaccine injection of staphylococcus and streptoccus bacteria is more rational. Iodide of potash saturated in water taken after meals helps. Start with 15 drops and increase a drop at a time until 35 drops or so are taken. Have a dentist scrape the teeth. Take 5 grains each of hexamethylenetetramine and citrate of lithia every four hours in water.

2—One kind of these spots is incurable, others are merely temporary from sickness, anaemia, indoor life and need of fresh meats. Outdoor life in the sunlight assists in the treatment. Rub a little of the following into the white spots each night: Blaud's mass, 1 dram; yellow vaseline, ½ ounce; lanolin, ½ ounce.

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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.

Uses of Street Crowds.

BOSS—That guy in the yellow shirt's a nut. See him turn to the crowd and bow and then go right on painting again.

HELPER—Nut? Nope—he used t'be an actor, but never played to such a large and attentive audience before.