

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

DREAMS

By Will Nies

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Revelations of a Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

Why Madge "Bribed" Katie.

I HEARD a vehement clattering of pots and pans as I entered the kitchen to give Katie directions for the day before starting on my sight-seeing trip with my mother-in-law. Katie was standing by the sink, slapping things around as if she were venting her feelings upon the kitchen utensils. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears, her face was unnaturally flushed, she was evidently in a towering temper. Of course, I knew that she must have overheard part of our conversation, but I hoped if I pretended not to notice her anger she might recover herself. "Mrs. Graham and I are going out," Katie said pleasantly. "Her trunk will be here some time this morning. I think, perhaps not until this afternoon. There is a large trunk and a steamer trunk. I am sure the charges are all paid, but if the expressman should claim they are not, pay him what he asks out of this and make him give you a receipt for the money."

How Katie Heard.

"Katie, I am ashamed of you," I said, coldly and firmly. In much the same tone I would have used to a sullen child—and indeed, she was no more. "Mrs. Graham did not call you a sneak thief at all. You heard her say she had a trunk, and the only way you could have heard the word was by listening at the keyhole. Were you doing that?" Purposely I made my voice as contemptuous as possible. Katie dropped her eyes and her lips quivered. "I want to hear what she says about me," she said sullenly. "That wasn't the only reason, Katie," I said, "and you know it. Then, presently, she said, 'Look at me.'"

Katie raised her eyes to mine reluctantly. "I knew that if I went on, what you'd do would be to tell me that your greatest fault is curiosity, and that you think you mean any harm by eavesdropping on me. I have known that you have listened to conversations before, but I put up with my hand unobtrusively. "Oh, no, you have, Katie," I said, "and it was curiosity that led you to go into my trunk that time." I paused, and hoped impressively, and said slowly: "Suppose I had told my mother-in-law about that Katie? What do you think she would have said?"

"Katie looked at me in startled surprise. "You told her?" she asked. "I thought you told her and dot reason she called me thief."

A Masterly Stroke. "You see, Katie," I said slyly, "that is the punishment of people who listen to conversations not intended for them. They get things all mixed up. Now I am going to tell you just what was said, and then you'll see how foolish you were."

I could not tell from Katie's manner whether she were in a receptive mood or not. Her eyes were steadfastly fixed on the floor, and her face was still flushed.



WHEN sleep arrives what dreams may come? Ah, THAT'S the question that Hannah said. For when we trust our senses to forgetfulness, along with it we give our power of choice. Little, vagrant imps we wouldn't recognize when Reason sits upon her throne, with fairy fingers weave our dreams in grotesque and fantastic patterns of near-reality. How we laugh at the puzzles in the morning! And yet we never dream of things we know not of—and usually

of those we like the BEST. So it is with HER dreams. Men of all sorts, "rich men, poor men, beggar men, chiefs"—dancers, golfers, oarsmen, skatemen. Men of EVERY kind—and each man, in his time, her HERO of an hour. But is she, dreaming only back in the Past, or dream-wishing into the Future, too? Ah, THAT'S the question!

ly, "there is nothing for you to get angry over. Instead, you ought to be very grateful to me." I paused significantly. "Suppose I HAD told her of the time you opened my trunk, her eyes swimming in tears. "Oh, I know, Mrs. Graham, I such a bad girl, I sorry I so mean to you."

"Very well, Katie," I said, and I paused, for I was frankly puzzled how best to say to Katie what I wanted to tell her. "Can you keep a promise, Katie, if you make one?" I finally asked. "Sure," Katie answered. She was fast recovering her cheerfulness. "There will, of course, be more work in the apartment now, Katie," I went on, "and sometimes you may find the elder Mrs. Graham a little—"

"Oh, no, no, I nevah," began Katie protestingly, but I put up my hand authoritatively. "Oh, yes, you have, Katie," I said, "and it was curiosity that led you to go into my trunk that time." I paused, and hoped impressively, and said slowly: "Suppose I had told my mother-in-law about that Katie? What do you think she would have said?"

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"Mrs. Graham, of course, does not know you, Katie," I began, "and naturally she is nervous about leaving her things in the care of a stranger. She asked me if you were honest, and I told her that I was so honest, and that you had known you and that Mr. Graham had known you before."

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Hanging On to Youth

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Little girl people thought men were much cleverer than women. I have always had a strange superstition that that were, too. I have known a good many women who were fools—cold-hearted fools, selfish fools, calculating fools, well-meaning fools—but I never in all my life known an intelligent woman of fifty who could really make herself believe that a man of twenty-five could love her to madness, and be better off when she was in love with her than he would be to love one of his own age and his own kind. How can men deceive themselves, so utterly and incomprehensively?

A Pathetic Struggle.

Young women have fallen in love with old men once in a while, and nine times out of ten they wish they hadn't. But the average girl wants young love, new love, true love—or what she can make herself believe is true love—and she is not to be fooled into taking any second-hand, warmed-over, imitation affection for the real thing—not unless she is cast away on a desert island and there isn't another man in sight. How pathetic it is—the old, old trick of borrowing a few years from somebody else! It's like all the rest of the borrowing schemes, easy enough to begin, but, dear me, how soon, how pitifully soon, the interest always seems to come due!

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Solving the Problem of How to "Do" the Hair.

YOU simply cannot please every one. Even in the small matter of arranging your hair, relatives and friends disagree as to whether you should wear it high or low, parted or pompadour. Dad always believes the fact that I do not part my tresses through the middle and draw them back smoothly over the ears as his mother did when she was my age. Mother objects because I fail to pile my hair high on the top of my head in order to have a more regal and stately air. While Cousin Bob says: "You have the most glorious hair I've ever seen, Robin, but you don't comb it in a way to show that you have such a quantity."

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Truth Will Out.



BLUE EYES: It seems that you two do not understand each other very well, perhaps because you have not been quite honest. Pride is a very good thing, but if one isn't very careful it may cause a great deal of trouble. Perhaps if you told him you'd like to see him often, assuming that your parents would be very glad to come. Because he enjoys the company of other boys is nothing against him. Personally, I would trust a boy like that in a moderate way. The cakes will take color very quickly, so care must be exercised in baking them.

These are delicious, with the flavor of pure honey, and once made will always be in demand.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am in love with a young man who says he loves no other girl but me. I am 20 years old, but it seems I am not able to judge for myself what to do, so I am asking you to advise me. If he really loves me, does it seem possible to you that he would wait a whole week before seeing me? When he comes over he is always talking about his good times he has had during the week. He is always asking me not to go out with other. Of course I do. Now, when he is leaving I always want to ask him why he doesn't come over during the week to see me, but it seems that pride conquers me, but it seems that you think I am asking him why he waits so long? If I ask him why he waits so long, that just him alone. BLUE EYES.

These cakes are very old-fashioned and seldom seen now. They can be made as in many districts, and even from the grocers the finest honey can be bought very cheaply. Four ounces of honey, six ounces of margarine, 12 ounces of flour, six ounces of finely-chopped figs, two eggs, a quart of cream, an ounce of vanilla, a quarter of a pint of milk. Cream up the honey and eggs, mix the whole to a nice volatile in half a gill of the milk, keeping the other portion back. Stir the creamed-up egg, etc., then into the flour, and mix the whole to a nice cake batter, using more milk if necessary. Put small pieces on greased tins, let them stand a little while, then take color very quickly, so care must be exercised in baking them.

These are delicious, with the flavor of pure honey, and once made will always be in demand.

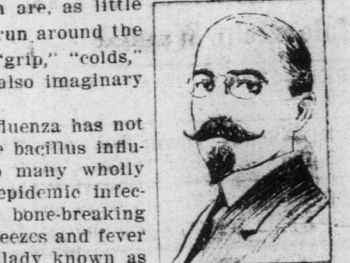
Two Delicious Honey Cakes

By ANN MARIE LLOYD

Honey Rocks. These cakes are very old-fashioned and seldom seen now. They can be made as in many districts, and even from the grocers the finest honey can be bought very cheaply.

Mixed Fruit Honey Cakes. These can be made either in deep patty pans or larger tins, but the larger ones must be well papered, as they take the color very quickly. Twelve ounces of flour, four drams of cream of tartar, two drams of bicarbonate of soda, five ounces of margarine, four ounces of honey, two ounces of currants, two ounces of raisins, one ounce of finely-cut peel, two ounces of finely-cut dates, two ounces of finely-cut figs, two eggs, a gill and a half of milk. Sift the chemicals into the flour, cream up the honey, margarine and eggs, add a little of the milk, and stir gently, then add the flour and give it two or three swift turns, then add the rest of the milk and fruit, and mix the whole up to a nice cake batter, mix in the time, and bake carefully in a moderate oven.

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DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSCHBERG

THE tropics of Cancer and Capricorn are, as little Johnny says, "menagery lions" that run around the earth. The demarcations between "grip," "colds," sore throat, bronchitis and the like are also imaginary lines. The present pandemic of "grip" or influenza has not yet been laid definitely at the door of the bacillus influenzae of Pfeiffer. Indeed, there are so many wholly different kinds of microbes that cause epidemic infections of the breathing apparatus, with bone-breaking aches and pains, paroxysms of sneezes and fever depressions and prostrations that the malady known as "grip" may be caused by one kind of germ or another. Half a dozen years ago an epidemic scourge about this time of the year was called in health reports and death certificates "grip" or influenza, until bacteriologists proved the offending germs to be filaments of beaded bacteria. However, a case by any other name smells just as sweet. Hence what you are displeased to suffer as "grip" is as well as to cold, hot chocolate, hot coffee, hot tea—not hot toddy or hot liquors—hot water, hot blankets, hot milk—in brief, heat inside and outside, may abort or at least prevent the complication and long duration of this century plague when drug treatment woefully fail.

Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. K. W. Q.—I would like to know what you would advise for a muddy complexion. I practice dancing several hours a day and eat good plain food twice a day, and drink a great deal of water. What will you advise me to do? A.—Obtain more sunlight and fresh air, sleep 10 hours in the 24, and just after a wash or bath, and while still wet, dry the skin with the following: Face almond meal, 4 ounces; Flax seed powder, 4 ounces; Oil of bitter almonds, 2 drops; Oil of the ylang ylang, 2 drops; Fine powdered orris root, 2 ounces; Fine red damask rose, 2 drams.

F. C. Q.—Will you kindly tell me what to do for excessive kidney fluid? A.—I can see spots in the air when I move my eyes. What do you think of that? A.—Take eight drops of tincture of belladonna in water every four hours. Take this a week, stop a week and continue the following week. Also stop in at the urological department of the City Hospital for a thorough physical examination.

E. J. F. Q.—Will you please tell me through the columns whether taking olive oil is beneficial to the system? I am neither sick nor ailing, but think it may make me stronger. Kindly advise me. A.—Olive oil is a splendid tonic. Yes, I would suggest your taking a tablespoonful after each meal.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and scientific subjects that are of general interest. He cannot assume responsibility for answers of other authors for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if it is stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.



Latest Coiffures and Hair Ornaments.

I never saw you look better; daughter, your hair is perfect. But when Dad saw me he stormed: "When I see your hair piled up like the tower of Babel I put me in a bad humor. Never comb that way again! If there was time I'd ask you to go and arrange it over again. You look as old as Mrs. Noah."

I looked reproachfully at mother, and she said: "Never mind, child, your hair does look well, but if father doesn't like it, high, comb it low."

The next morning I came down to breakfast with my hair combed exactly like grandmother's. I put her miniature