

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Revelations of a Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

### How Madge Met Jack

MARGARET! "Jack!"

It was, after all, a simple thing, this meeting with my cousin-brother that I had so dreaded. Save for the fact that he took both my hands in his, any observer of our meeting would have thought that it was but a casual one, instead of being a reunion after a separation of a year.

I had seen him as soon as I turned the corner of thirty-eighth street and sixth avenue. He stood in front of the "ladie's entrance" of the Trocadero, looking eagerly up and down. He was smoking one of the inevitable long black cigars which I always associate with Jack. As soon as he saw me he threw it into the street. I felt an indescribable little thrill clutch my heart as he did it. In the brotherly and sisterly relation with which Jack and I had grown up his cigar was a matter of course. In the brotherly and sisterly relation with which Jack and I had grown up his cigar was a matter of course. In the brotherly and sisterly relation with which Jack and I had grown up his cigar was a matter of course.

"I should like that," I said. My voice seemed strangely. I seemed to have stepped back years in my life. My marriage to Dicky, my life with him, my very love for him, seemed in some curious way to belong to some other woman. I was again Margaret Spencer, going with my best friend to the restaurant where we had so often dined together.

And yet in some way I felt that things were not the same as they used to be. Jack was the same kindly brother I had always known, and yet there seemed in his manner a tinge of something different. I did not know what. I only knew that I felt very nervous and unstrung.

"Are you sure you feel perfectly well, Margaret?" Jack asked solicitously as we turned the corner from which we could plainly see the entrance to Broquin's, with its window boxes of evergreens bidding defiance to the cold outside.

"Yes, indeed; why?" I lifted my eyes to his for the first time since I had first greeted him.

"Mighty Good of You."

The look in his made me drop mine again quickly. Why, I could not explain even to myself.

"You look pale somehow, and your eyes are strained as if you were worrying over something. Are the pupils more dilated than usual this year?"

"The pupils?" I said inquiringly. Then, as I remembered that Jack supposed me still to be unmarried and teaching, "No, they are no worse than usual. I am perfectly all right, really. Jack, tell me about yourself and your trip. I am dying to hear your adventures."

The words were idle, foolish, but I could not stop to weigh them. All my faculties were centered on the problem how best to tell Jack that I was married.

"Plenty of time for my adventures," Jack returned. "I'm going to hear all about you first. Here we are. Place look natural."

"Yes, doesn't it? I haven't seen it since I dined here last with you."

"Really?" He caught my hand in his as we went through the doors. "That was mighty good of you."

I had told him the truth. Broquin's had always appealed to Jack and to me because it was quiet, offered excellent cuisine and had never been subjected to the cabaret dance craze which had taken possession of most of the New York restaurants. Its only music was that furnished by a really good orchestra of six pieces. The musicians evidently held the unusual view that their function was to provide a pleasant undertone to the table conversation, not to drown it.

But Dicky liked the livelier places. He had never taken me to Broquin's; indeed, I never had heard him mention the place.

The head waiter came toward us. Jack indicated a corner table which we had always taken when we could get into Broquin's. I liked the padded wall seats which Broquin's provided for the big room. This particular table had the best position in the room. From it one could see everything that went on, while being at the same time out of the main rush.

There could have been no more ideal place for a quiet chat. It was so early that only a few belated breakfasters

## AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE

By Will Nies



THE maid erred—or was the door wide open? Anyway he's here. And they—six "theys"—half-a-dozen American Beauties—are grouped, all unconscious of their visitor, around a chafing dish of delicious fudge, listening to the delectable romance of a heart. They haven't discovered their visitor's presence—yet. When they do, what will they say?

He has come to see just ONE—and there are SIX. 'Tis indeed an unexpected pleasure—a moment of perplexity and embarrassment. Shall he cough or just sneak away? Shall he bravely draw their attention, beg pardon and say good-by? Or shall he bravely stay through the blushing moment of surprise and carry HIS ONE away with him? What would YOU do?

## Is There a Double Standard?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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STONE the woman, let the man go free."

"What is folly in a man is crime in woman."

"More sinned against than sinning."

They're all coming to the front again, the good old stock quotations, and they're all writing to the papers again "Only a Woman," "Fair Play" and "Man Hater," all about the new book of Kathleen Norris, "The Story of Julia Page."

It's a clever story, well written and well thought out, and it raises again the old, old question which has been argued since the days of Jezebel, and will doubtless be argued as long as the arguing is good.

They're always more or less interesting, the discussions of this particular question, and they are never anything less than tragic, even in a discussion.

But somehow I find myself wishing that if we women are going to discuss such matters we would take the trouble to pay some slight attention to the facts in the case before we get overmuch excited in trying to prove our side of it.

It is true, 'tis true, that there is a double standard of morals. What is folly in a man really does seem to be something very like crime in a woman, but why blame men for that?

It is Nature's Standard.

The double standard was established on the day that Eve bore her children in pain and agony, and Adam went out for a walk to admire the scenery, so that he wouldn't be bothered with too much pity.

There are no two ways about it, nature set the fashion of the double standard. How can we mere mortals think to thrust that standard aside, just because some of us would like to do so?

When Cain killed Abel, which suffered the most over that murder, Adam or Eve?

Can there be the least particle of doubt about it in the mind of any one who has ever seen a prodigal son bid his mother goodbye at the foot of the gallows, while his father refused to send him even one parting message of farewell?

How much did Adam really care about either Cain or Abel, anyhow, really?

Wasn't he just a little jealous of them from the very instant he caught his wife looking at Abel, when she ought to have been listening to Adam and hanging upon his every syllable?

If the two children had run away from home, which would it have been—Adam or Eve—who would have left the Garden of Eden to itself to follow the two wanderers to the very gates of the lower region?

A double standard? How can there be anything but a double standard when motherhood is planted within the very core of a woman's heart and fatherhood is, at best, an acquired virtue, learned only after centuries of civilization?

How many mothers do you know who would desert their own children? Have you ever looked up the public charity reports of the number of fathers who do desert their children, year in and year out, from one end of the continent to the other?

Mr. De Cosmos, a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, once made a speech which lasted for 26 hours on end.

No sitting accommodation for the congregation was provided in churches before the 14th century. People sat on straw or rushes laid on the floor.



Winifred Black

I have seen a young girl take her poor, little disgrace of a child in her arms and face the world with it, as no man alive ever faced anything or anybody for the sake of a helpless child.

How many men do you know who would do such a thing as that? A double standard? Of course there's a double standard. I don't see how any one can live one year of real life without seeing and feeling and knowing that, and without seeing and feeling and knowing the reason for it. Woman is the high priestess who must keep the sacred fire burning on the altars of the race.

When the women of a nation are no longer pure it takes no ghost come from the grave to prophesy the early decay of that unfortunate people.

Level up, Not Down.

I have known fine and noble women who were fine and noble in spite of the fact that they had to live down a tragic mistake made years and years ago.

Such women are sometimes greater and of higher type than those who have never made such a terrible mistake, but they are always women who would have been great under any circumstances.

An eagle can live down what would kill a dove. Shall we all then try to teach the dove to build her nest upon the crags and scream through the thunder clouds and storm?

Level up, sisters and brothers, level up, not down!

Just so long as the standard which men make for themselves is low, let us see to it that the standard which we women make for ourselves is higher than theirs, even though in thus doing we help to make what every law of nature seems to have made from the very beginning, a double standard.

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## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## What a Bunion Really Is and How It May Be Cured

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

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

PREVALENT as is the belief, a bunion is no more like a corn than is a sugar-loaf hat like a mountain, or a whale the same as a minnow. Whereas a corn is a series of crescentic layers of hardened epidermis and flesh, a bunion is a tumescence of the gristle and a pyramid of the big toe bone.

When a bunion is present, the big toe is not only longer than it should be, but is directed in, toward the second toe, at a convex, V-shaped angle.

Bunions are much more common in women than in men, because many women persist in wearing shoes much too tight and too short. The result is to displace and irritate the gristle—called by anatomical pundits "tendons" and "bursae"—around the lowest point of the big toe, and soon or late to cause the growth or swelling to bulge and beetle out sideways.

Hence, the bunion. There's the rub. That is where the shoe pinches. The squeeze and irritation begins to whip up the gristle-like blanket of the affected joint. The ends of the two bones, which meet at this joint, overgrow and the structures by adaptation seek to cushion and protect themselves with the pillow of gristle.

A Pedal Deformity. Soreness presents itself to your perceptions when this promontory of bone, gristle and skin becomes red and inflamed. Rubbing, chafing, bumping and all the tortures which misguided feet encounter may not only induce excessive tenderness in a bunion, but may give you a veritable Himalaya of troubles by the introduction of another torment, to wit, a corn on top of the bunion. This, sad to relate, is by no means an oddity. A true bunion is, true enough, deformity. Be this as it is, you need never know you have one unless distressful symptoms and inflammation become established in it. While it is possible to allay much tenderness therewith with alcohol and iodine applications, the fact that the gristle and bone are overgrown call aloud for an operation. This, to be sure, means that bunions are not to be sneezed at, and the reluctant surgeon must be hailed to his certain task.

Method of Removal. Bunions at times accompany corns, hammer toes, callous flesh on the soles, and other aches and ailments of the feet. The operation has nothing to do with these; the surgeon can only eliminate the bunion. The one affected with the bunion takes gas or ether vapor. He does not feel the snip of the skin. The bone and bursa are ensnared properly,

and the prominence is nipped away with sterilized instruments. Two mattress stitches of the silk-worm suffice to ensure perfect healing.

A gauze bandage is then applied, and opened enough twice a day to pour alcohol upon the stitches, much to the comfort of the patient. The two little silk-worm stitches are removed on the eighth day, and on the 10th day, perhaps for the first time in years, the person once afflicted with a bunion may walk about without pain.

For some weeks thereafter it behooves the liberated slave to wear a pad of gauze between the first and second toes, and straight inner side should be worn. If the evil of leather shoes can have no other sermon preached against them than this one it would be indictment enough.

### Answers to Health Questions

J. P. W. Q.—Will you please tell me what to do for soreness in the knee?

A.—Rubbing the sore places with alcohol will be very beneficial.

R. B. K. Q.—My hands are full of warts. What will remove them?

A.—The pores of my face are very large and noticeable. Would you please advise me what to do?

A.—Ordinary warts are successfully healed by means of salicylic acid, cream to an ounce of colloid; then use chromic acid at the base of the wart after it has been heated by means of a strong caustic. Another plan is to rub the wart with vinegar, and, when damp, apply caustic. Warts that hang down can be removed by a silk thread, knife or the electric needle.

A.—A paste made of kaolin and glycerine and massaged into the enlarged pores each night will be of benefit to you. Cleanse the face with ice cold water and peroxide cream.

H. C. R. Q.—Please publish a remedy for head breath.

A.—Most of your trouble is more than likely due to the fact that your bowels are not regular. I would advise that you be outdoors as much of the day as possible; take several times active exercise in a gymnasium or outdoors, at least 10 hours in the 24, preferably on a porch, eat more green vegetables, such as spinach, carrots, watercress, young peas, rice, vegetables with salad oil, brown bread, corn bread, bran crackers, clear soups, oysters and clam soups, hard sour apples, dried fruits, fresh fruits, grapes, oranges, plain puddings, stewed prunes, lowed figs, prunes, gingerbread with honey, oatmeal, cereals, and drink three quarts of distilled water daily, two glassfuls one-half hour before meals. Take one tablespoonful of milk of magnesia before meals, and six charcoal tablets after meals.

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 of general interest letters will be answered personally. If a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

## ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young girl, just 17 years old. My mother died when I was 10, leaving my sister and me orphans, so I have no one to ask these questions but you.

First of all, how ought I to act when I entertain a caller? Then, is it proper for me to give a boy my photo? Lastly, should I accept presents from a young man?

PRISCILLA: If you will just think of the boys who call upon you as good girl friends to whom you would act just a little more politely than to your girl chums you will have little difficulty in knowing how to entertain a caller.

As a rule, it is not wise to give any young man a formal photograph. Snapshots, of course, are very different, and they serve the purpose just as well, don't they? Save the giving of your photograph—I mean a formal portrait—until you meet the man whom you are sure you will always be happy to know has your picture.

Do you think you should accept anything from any young man except flowers or candy or a good book, or an invitation once in a while to the theatre or some other place of amusement?

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: Knowing that my sister is writing to you for advice I thought I would write, too. I am almost 19, and very much in love with a boy two years my senior. He does not live in my home town, but whenever I visit his mother he is very loving. In fact, he seems to care a great deal for me, and kisses me very often. He asked if I would mind if he did not write more than once a week, as he is very busy and hates to write letters.

Do you think he really loves me? If he does, why does he detest writing to me? I am very distressed.

CURLY LOCKS: Don't be distressed, my dear, and don't worry about anything at all, except the kisses, and don't worry too much about them either. Yet, my dear, don't you think it would be very much better if you saved your lips for the man whom some day will ask you to become his wife?

As for the writing, some people really do hate to write letters, and, probably, he also feels that he would rather wait until he had definitely made up his mind about the girl to whom he wished to write before he wrote to any one else, even you. But don't worry about anything at all; just let everything take its course, and some day happiness—real happiness—will come to you I am sure.

## ODD and INTERESTING FACTS

"Charley's Aunt" has been translated into Greek.

In some parts of China it is considered a high honor for a wife to commit suicide after the death of her husband.

Mr. De Cosmos, a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, once made a speech which lasted for 26 hours on end.

No sitting accommodation for the congregation was provided in churches before the 14th century. People sat on straw or rushes laid on the floor.

Ploughing is illegal on certain days in India.

The sycamore tree bears fruit after 20 years' growth.

King Victor Emmanuel has the most comprehensive official title of any European monarch. His dignities, most of which come to him from the old kingdom of Sardinia, include a claim to the sovereignty of Sardinia, France, Spain, England, Italy, Jerusalem, Greece, Alexandria and Hamburg, in addition to such grandiloquent generalities as "Ruler of the Midway Sea," "Master of the Deep," and "King of the Earth."

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## DIARY OF A WELL-DRESSED GIRL

By SYLVIA GERARD

### Solving Some of the Christmas Gift Problems

I've been "enjoying" mustard plasters and subsisting upon broths for five days. Beside this, mother has been poking medicine at me every half-hour, all because Dr. Martin said that there was danger of my getting cold developing into pneumonia.

The combined forces of the household only managed to keep me in bed two days, and since then I've been a tyrannical convalescent. Wrapped in a pink flannel kimono and enthroned in a fire-side chair, I am sniffling through the last stages of that malady which some one has graphically defined as "the disease that makes you wish that you were dead six months after you've gotten rid of it and are perfectly well."

Mother has been a veritable Cerberus, allowing none of the girls to get beyond the first floor. I've even resorted to bribery, but she'll let me see no one. I've spent the weary hours making neckwear for Christmas gifts, but I have to keep them out of sight when mother is in the room, for even this frame was for her.

I've used the odds and ends of lace, net, linen and—especially that I could collect, and no matter how small the scrap was I've managed to find a way to utilize it.

I had clearly in mind when I embroidered a collar and cuff set of sheer linen. The broad turned-over collar has pointed corners that extend over the front to simulate revers. The design of eyelet embroidery entirely covers the collar, and while the work appears to be endless it really took a very short time to do it.

The cuffs are odd in design, and are almost like the gauntlets worn in "the days of old when knights were bold."

The snugly fitted cuffs are embroidered to correspond with the collar, and to the tops are attached circular rims of embroidered linen.

Another collar, which is decidedly medieval in character, is of linen ornamented with eyelet and solid embroidery. It swallows the throat, and the points extend well over the chin.

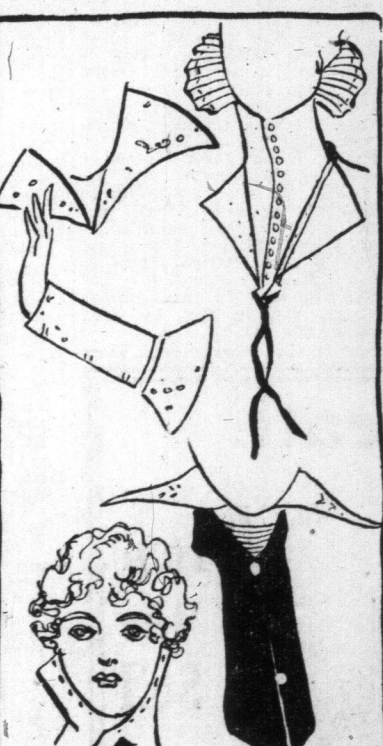
To make sure that this collar would fit perfectly, I first cut a pattern from white muslin, and when I had shaped it into the right design I made the linen collar an exact duplicate.

This bit of neckwear is destined for Margaretta Caulder, who always reminds me of the lovely Queen Eleanor. Mother likes neckwear of a rather severe, prim type, so I made her a chemise of lace with revers of embroidered eyelets. The chemise fits smoothly and buttons straight up the front with tiny eyelets and buttons.

I softened the high collar with an Elizabethan frill of lace, which I hope she will not consider too frivolous to wear. I buttonhole-stitched the edges of the revers and embroidered a dainty trailing vine over the net. Mother always insists upon having a touch of black somewhere about the neckwear, so I added a tie of black velvet ribbon to satisfy her taste.

Now I am working on a high stock with long, pointed ends. It is fastenable to wear a collar of this sort with the tailored suit, and I know of nothing smarter. I am embroidering the ends with a combination of eyelet and solid, and have buttonhole-stitched the edges. I shall make the cravat of black, lustrous chiffon taffeta, long enough to be wrapped twice about the throat and hang in long ends. I think I'll give this collar to Maria Wagner.

I hear some one coming up the stairs, which means that I must hop back into my chair and pretend that I've been serenely resting.



Distinctive Neckwear to Wear with Winter Frocks.