

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

THE SUMMER GAME

By Michelson

Secrets of Health

Why Our Eyes Very Often Deceive Us

By Dr. L. K. HIRSHBERG

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

YOU must blink hard to shut your eyes from tears and dust. The eyes are more than homes of silent prayer. They are too easily the abiding places of dirt and microbes.

It may look foolish to wear goggles and shields to protect the eyes from flying grains and to safeguard vision from the glare and shimmer of the sun, but it is the least of many possible evils. It was a wise man, a doctor who first suggested wind-shields for motor cars, dark-lensed spectacles for mountaineers, and upward-turned chandeliers for the home.

Psychologists such as Prof. John F. Watson and illuminating engineers such as Mr. Herbert Ives were the benefactors who, without medical knowledge, visualized the practical, present-day methods of illumination. The essential factor in all progressive schemes of interior lighting is to conceal the source of light from the eyes, yet to obtain maximum luminosity.

Sight and Memory.
A child's eyes are more sensitive to light on the very first day it is born than the Venus fly-trap is to a fly. The eyes of the new born babe must be protected from both sun and artificial light.

This same rule, followed more in the breach than in the observance, should be looked to more deliberately in later years. True enough, some attention is given to this matter as regards the proper position of desks, chairs and school furniture, but it is decidedly more essential to defend the eyesight and the eyeball when in rapid motion.

Light must never strike the eye fairly and squarely on the pupil, neither quiet light nor mobile light should do so. The eyes must be rested, never strained. The flicker and motion of the bright rays received upon the retina, while driving rapidly in an auto, motor boat, aeroplane or upon a race horse jeopardizes the sight.

Goggles and masks are not the Little Old Men of the Sea that many feminine friends would have you believe. In reality they are the health wardens of your most useful sense.

The sensation of sight is, perhaps, the most delicate of all the senses. It is subject to as many vicissitudes as any of the others, yet it needs more protection.

Psychologists are universally convinced that there is no such thing as a pure sensation. That is to say, the eye and the other senses never see strictly singly, and without memories, anything they light upon. After the first day of life, eyes have many memories which become associated and fused with vision. Thus what was a sensation becomes a perception.

Honest Witnesses.
You can prove this to your own satisfaction from the well known fact that you really see things before they happen. If you see a globular dish of yellow thrown into the air, you say: "I see an orange."

You are certain it was an orange. Perhaps it was—in most cases it would be. Once in a while it would not be yet you would swear on the witness stand, that it was an orange. This is why "most honest eye witnesses do not, under oath, tell the truth."

You perceive an orange. That is to say, your past memories immediately shot an "orange" into your thoughts, almost before you saw the flash of yellow. You did not see the orange; you perceived it—an entirely different thing.

Children's things more accurately and distinctly, because their eyesight has not been dulled by repetitions and mixed memories. As each year passes you become farther and farther removed from all sensations. Your perceptions become more and more "perceptions." Therefore, to save to your eyes all the delicate sensitiveness that you can retain, safeguard your eyes with strict care.

Answers to Health Questions

L. M.—You suggested for me to take all kinds of exercise and also cold baths to benefit nerves. Now, when is the best time to take them, as nervous system is in bad shape?

Take a cold bath in the morning and a shower bath in the afternoon. Play tennis in the morning, nap in the early afternoon, and row, canoe, swim and play ball or dance in the late afternoon.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygiene and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not 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 this office.

Advice to Girls

Should You Marry a Man Who Drinks?

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie:
I am desperately in love with the dearest boy in the world, but my father and mother do not want me to marry him. All they have against him is that he drinks.

He doesn't get intoxicated intentionally. He cannot seem to help it. One little drink will start him off. He tells me that if I marry him, I can reform him. I know I can, we can each other so dearly. But mother says I can't. What shall I do?

HEARTBROKEN.

So the only reason your father and mother have against the man you love is that he drinks, is it? Dear me—is that all? Why, you wouldn't let a little thing like that keep you from marrying him, would you?

Not if you are a real heroine in a real romance—not if you love him madly, passionately, blindly, like the girl in the story. The very idea! What's a drink or two compared to the volcanic emotions of your maiden heart?

Why, you think it makes him alluring, don't you? You love to look at him, and think that he is wicked and desperately daring—such a daring, romantic sinner—some one to help some one to "reform."

And he's told you all about it, has he? Ah, yes—how interesting.

He's told you, too, that you are the white light of his life, the one pale star of purity shining into the dark abyss of his existence. You can save him—you, and you alone. He clings to you as a drowning man clings to a straw—and with about as much common sense, too, let me tell you.

An Object Lesson.
You live in a little town, you say. Look around you and see what is happening there. That's real life, you know—it isn't in a book or in a play or in a song—it's real. As real as the cold that bites in winter and the heat that stifles in summer.

What's that little family down there by the tracks? You never go down that way and don't know anything about them. Well, go for this once. You need to know them—just a little.

The woman down there—can you believe that just a few years ago she was the prettiest girl in her own village—yes, and the gayest and the lightest of heart? Look at her now; you can scarcely think she ever smiled in all her life. What wretched clothes she wears, and the two babies she tries to make look respectable—how patched and faded their little clothes are.

That's her husband you met slouching out of the gate—good looking chap, wasn't he, fine manners, too? She was dead in love with him when she married him—just as you are dead in love with your sweet heart now—and he was dead in love with her, too. He told her that if she'd marry him he'd never drink another drop—and if she didn't marry him, he'd go straight to the devil. Reform?—Perhaps.

He did try to "reform," poor chap; he tried hard, and she tried to help him. But it was no use, he might as well have tried to reform from the typhoid fever. It was in his blood—the disease of drink—and now he lets the woman he loved so madly go hungry and, sometimes when he has been drinking, he is unkind to his own little children and the woman is ashamed to go back home and so she stays there with him, a martyr to her own folly and her own stubborn self-will.

Oh, yes, there are men who "reform," thousands of them—yes, thousands upon thousands, thank the great Giver of all Good—but, little girl, wait till your own particular man has "reformed" before you marry him.

If you can't stop your sweetheart from drinking before you're married to him, you'll never in the world be able to stop him afterward.

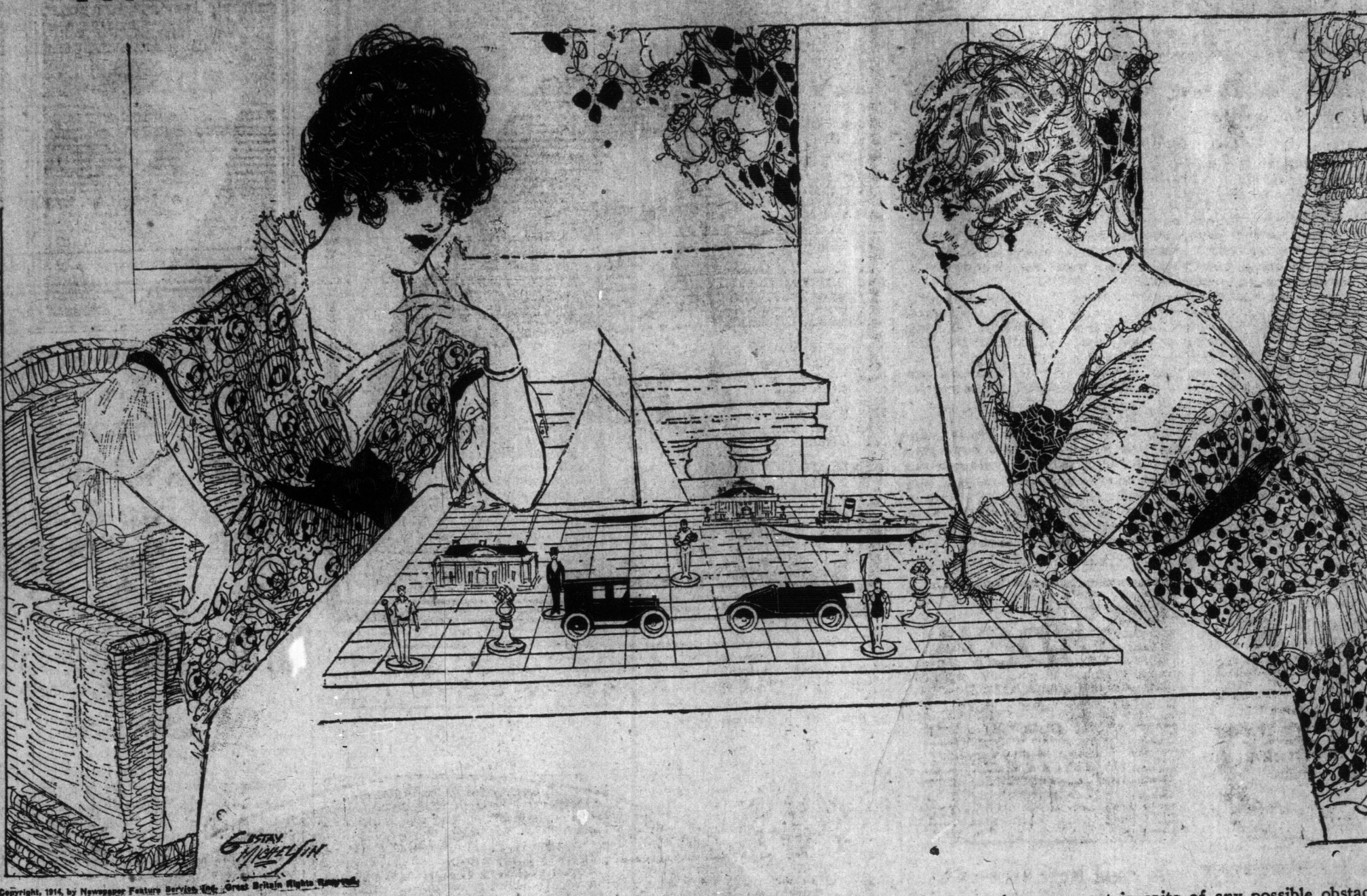
Listen to your mother and father—put the man on probation—and see. That's the best way, little girl—that's the only way. Take it if you want a fighting chance for happiness.

Annie Laurie



Turn About.

The Peach-Circumstances alter cases, you know. The Lawyer—Yes, and a few good cases would materially alter my circumstances!



YES, it is a game that both can play at, and it really is a wonderful game when the two are both feminine. The chess board is the field of summer life. The pawns—well, there is a long list of elements in this game. You would know the pieces by sight very well—and, of course, these are MEN. The game is to have things placed so that you can JUMP to where you want to go—so that you can get what you want in spite of any possible obstacle from an opponent. This sometimes includes the cruelty of taking her man. But it is all part of the game. You can't play it, of course, unless you are prepared to have her take YOUR man if she can do it. Some players show simply WONDERFUL skill—and sometimes (this is really very sad) the players don't like each other very well afterward.

Peter's Adventures In Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Dance of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 126.

Where Mary's Money Went.

WITH the new year I put my new resolution into rigid execution. I paid every household bill by check. I went over bills. I tried to show Mary where she was an extravagant buyer, and we were getting along fairly well.

LEONA DALRYMPLE. And then came the end of the month. I paid the lighting bills and the rent—paid the grocer and butcher and milkman, and Mary expressed herself as very glad to be rid of all the worry.

"And you said we'd divide, what was left, didn't you, Peter?" she finished. "My half will be quite mine to do with as I please, won't it?"

"Yes," I said absently, footing up the total, "quite your own."

Then I smiled grimly. For, after our heavy rent was paid and our heavier bills there was exactly \$7.35 left. Mary turned pale.

"It can't be, Peter," she said. "Go over it again."

I carefully added the list of figures once more—then I made out a check for half of it and laid it on Mary's lap. "Peter," she said, "I've got to have more money. I need a waist."

"You can get a waist for \$3," I said. "Can't you?"

"To remove the smell of fish or cabbage from a saucap, burn a piece of brown paper on the fire and turn the saucap down over the burning paper. This will remove all odor, whatever it is, in a few seconds."

Sprinkle dry flour over any japanned trays that are beginning to look shabby. Leave for an hour or so, then rub off the flour, and polish with a soft duster. It is wonderful how this treatment will improve even a shabby tray.

When buying tea, before using it spread it on a sheet of paper and place it in a warm, but not too hot, oven from 10 to 15 minutes. By doing this the tea will be made to go much farther, and the flavor will be greatly improved.

Culinary Masterpieces

Four Dishes by the Famous M. Sauvigne

Chef of Hotel St. Denis, New York.

If you have a liking for delicate dishes in color, weather, your hot weather meals must be especially delicate. Even at its best, appetite is a vagrant blessing, blown away by the slightest breath.

To tempt, to delight, to nourish—these are the three requirements of the summer menu. The recipes I here offer you are favorite warm weather dishes of mine, which, as delicious viands go, are to be prepared with comparative ease.

Breasts of Chicken Merry Widow.
TAKE breasts of tender chickens, season with salt, white pepper and paprika, then fry them slowly in butter for 15 minutes.

Add as many good-sized heads of fresh mushrooms as there are breasts, and let cook five minutes longer. Have also as many small pieces of butter as there are breasts, and place a slice of ham on each breast. Then put a spoonful of Bearnaise sauce over it, and place the breast of chicken on top. Put a spoonful of Bearnaise sauce over it, and place the breast of chicken on top.

Filet of Beef Funston.
CUT slices of well-trimmed beef tenderloin, weighing two ounces each. Sauté them in butter over a brisk fire. Have some artichoke bottoms of the size of the slices of filet, heat them in a little water, and place a slice of ham on each breast. Then put a spoonful of Bearnaise sauce over it, and place the breast of chicken on top.

Mussels Marinere.
SCRAPE and clean two quarts of mussels, wash them in several waters, then put them in a saucap with half-pint of Rhine wine, two chopped shallots, four medium fresh mushrooms, a little white sauce, stir two more ounces of fresh butter in sauce and pour over the mussels on their half-shells. Serve hot.

Crab Flakes a la Dewey.
FOR half a pound of crab flakes, slice four or six mushrooms and a large green pepper, cook them slowly in butter, then add the crab flakes, a gill of white wine and sherry and enough cream to cover the crab flakes. Let simmer for five minutes without stirring, then add the belly part of a dozen steamed soft clams, bind the sauce with three raw egg yolks diluted in cream, and two ounces of fresh butter; season to taste and serve with fresh hot toast on the side.

Exercise for Beauty
Useless if Not Enjoyed

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

Special arrangements have been made with Senorita Lucrezia Bori, the famous prima donna soprano, who has created a wonderful impression in Europe and New York on account of her remarkable beauty and artistic attainment, to write for this paper a series of articles on beauty. There is no authority her equal in giving the newest and most approved methods of attaining and preserving the divine right of woman.

CLEVER poet wrote long before you and I were on earth: "Health is the vital principle of bliss. And exercise of health." If you haven't health you needn't expect to have beauty. And I can't figure out any way to have health without taking exercise.

There is a concerted defiance to age abroad in the land today. One of the most successful ways to make the years stand still is to keep the body elastic, the mind active, and the spirit cheerful. And how can the body be elastic unless it has exercise? If he is allowed to stand in the stable with no chance to exercise. He may be the finest race horse in the world when he is put in the stall, but if he stands still long enough he'll be a stiffened old nag when he comes out.

Dancing is doing a lot to keep old age away from women who have begun to see its face over their shoulder, and feel the tweak of its approach in their stiffened knees.

Any woman can get some exercise, no matter what her life, unless she is a hopeless invalid or crippled. She can bend and twist her body and take deep breaths, even if she lives in a hall bed-sitting room, even if she has to sit in a close factory room, in a shop or bent over her sewing.

The housekeeper is the one who usually errs most in lack of the right kind of exercise. She gets plenty of one kind, but her life is a good deal like the horse on the treadmill, and she should try to get out and take a walk each evening, if she has no time before. As a rule, the housekeeper is the wife and mother. It is important that she has her health and keeps old age at bay. She is an important factor in the life and well-being of the community. Others are dependent on her.

If you can't walk, run, standing still, just clench your fists and hold your elbows at your sides and run with all your strength, right in one place. It will put you out of breath and set you in a dripping perspiration, but it will give you splendid exercise—more of it in five minutes than you have probably had in a month.

Skipping rope is another small space exercise that will set your blood in circulation and keep the age germs out of your system. And when you are exercising make your mind help your body. Don't walk with your face clouded, your lips compressed and an "I'll-do-it-or-die" expression. Instead, think how beautiful the world is, and how much good there is about you, and how you are enjoying the chance of being able to walk abroad, well and free and happy.

I heard a woman say to a little chap selling papers: "It is a hard life, isn't it, when the weather is cold and stormy?" And the urchin, turning a saucy, smiling face up to her, said: "Say, you can con yourself into liking anything."

Odd and Interesting Facts from Everywhere

In the cloisters of Westminster Abbey is a tombstone which has been polished every morning and decorated afresh with a bunch of flowers for nearly five years. It is over the grave of the late Mrs. Wilberforce, wife of the present Archbishop of Westminster, who died May 15, 1900. Never a morning has passed but a fresh floral tribute has been laid on it, and more than 100 days have passed since May, 1900.

A pit pony named Baldy has just been drawn to the surface of an old English mine to end his days in comfort after 27 years' work underground. The pony, which is 21 years of age, is blind owing to its long confinement, but its general condition is wonderfully good.

It has been discovered, according to the reading of an old will, that to dispense one of the London charities according to the exact terms of the bequest it would be necessary to throw to the poor from Paddington Church steeple \$5000 worth of bread and cheese.

A thrush has built its nest, laid three eggs, and in the natural course of events will, if undisturbed, rear its young on a scaffold-pole at the second-story school for girls which is being erected in Northampton, England. The nest has been built at the junction of two poles. There are between 50 and 60 men working on the building, but the bird takes not the slightest notice of them.

The New South Wales government has decided to supplement its enterprises by the creation of a state bakery in Sydney. The government will acquire a bakery and bake bread for its own institutions. It is expected that the government will be able to deliver bread to the public institutions at 1 penny per pound. It is not intended to supply the general public from the government bakery.

Not Large.

Maude—Fred seems to be wandering in his mind.

Betty—Then he can't stray very far.

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