

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Do Men Like Compliments From "Gushing" Women?

By Winifred Black



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TWO women have just come back from a trip around the world. They are fair widows who are out for a good time, and having it. They gave interviews to all the western papers the other day when they landed in San Francisco, and the interviews were all about men.

Are Such Women Liked?

Tell us, brethren, you of the mystic order of the masculine who walk beside us down the road of life hooded and cloaked from our close observation, tell us, do you really like the sort of women who say that sort of thing about you?

The Right Sort of Man.

I have usually observed that the sort of person who's always asking blessings on the ladies is usually spending a great deal of his time in doing his very best to keep them from being blessed at all.

Three Minute Journeys The Last Absolute Monarchies

By Jonathan MacFarland



WHEN I was a kid, I used to have an idea that the United States of America was the only free country in the world, and that the star-spangled banner was the only flag that waved over perfectly happy and unfettered people.

POWER OF SONG IN DAILY LIFE



Arline Fredericks of the New York Hippodrome

Prima Donna Explains Her Formula for Happiness

By ELEANOR AMES

Sing a song of gladness. Youth is always here. Sing along all sadness. Song keeps beauty near.

THAT little bit of doggerel is my philosophy of life," says Arline Fredericks. "I felt the need of something to hold me up when I was in danger of slumping. Whistling to keep one's courage up is a proverb, but I would rather sing than whistle. I've always sung myself through any particular discouragement, and I've worked out most of my problems through song."

happiness if you persist in it and sing with your heart as well as your voice. Perhaps it is better to make your heart always stronger than your voice. Most of us like to hear our voices so well there is never any fear but the volume of noise will be sufficient, but in this song noise doesn't count half as much as the heart-beat of it. You've got to find those words or the song won't work. Once catch the spirit, however, and the tune will take care of itself—and the magic of the formula will be apparent.

"A woman told me she used to quarrel with her husband and say things which made them both unhappy for days. She commenced to sing whenever she felt like quarrelling. At first he was angry, then amused, and finally he laughed and the quarrel was over. After a few such experiences they both saw how foolish such childish disagreements were and never disputed any more."

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the new novel, "Diane 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 growing interest.

Reviewing the First Year.



IT is June again and I have been married a year. I can scarcely credit it. The roses are all in bloom around mother's old-fashioned garden. How long ago it seems that I wandered about among them, fatuously planning my married life with Mary. Why I am blue tonight, or what impels me to scribble down my introspection in a diary, I do not know. I only know that I have been thinking over the year that is gone and wondering why my married life has been so different from what I planned.

ate frivolity to bother much about the sterner stuff of life. I thought my wife and my mother would be firm, strong friends. They are not. I have tried to think it all out patiently tonight. One fact stands forth in pitiless severity. I am disillusioned. Mary did not go into marriage with a full sense of its very real responsibilities. She hates housework and is indifferent to children. She is not interested in anything that I am. Nor is she willing to be. Mary loves me in her way, I think, but she is femininely selfish. Joy that I mean a graceful, pretty selfishness that only women know how to swing successfully. Mary married, I take it, because the natural instinct of every normal girl urges her to marry. She married me because Fate threw me in her way and I pursued with the deadly persistence of the primal music. And I? I must at last face the fact that I married Mary because she had a beautiful face. I deliberately ignored the little tell-tale shallow things that peeped and stared from Mary's velvet eyes and sought to warn me. I did not realize how relentlessly they would glare in the white light of marriage. The "glamour" of civilization are futile. After all, I was still the primal male, won irresistibly by the felicitous beauty of another sex.

realize how relentlessly they would glare in the white light of marriage. The "glamour" of civilization are futile. After all, I was still the primal male, won irresistibly by the felicitous beauty of another sex. Mary saw a certain sentimentality in marriage; she hates its burdens. I saw a great, beautiful romance that has faded to maturity. Yet for all I am disillusioned, I am honestly fond of my wife. I take the greatest pride in her beauty. I am ready to sacrifice much to her whims, and they are many. It bothers me when she is tired or unhappy, but I do not take any great delight in her conversation, nor do I find that seat in her companionship that I had hoped to find. Now that the piquant charm of her beauty has grown familiar there is nothing left. I like to think that Mary is some waiting for me, but I would rather play billiards at the club than stay home with her. Mary still wants me with her. I confess, but there is a different psychology underlying that. It isn't because she enjoys my conversation or my companionship—she frequently goes to sleep. It is chiefly the gratification of that sense of proprietorship that women seem to love. Mary hates me to have an interest that she cannot share. It hurts her vanity. She likes to think that I am always at her beck and call. Moreover, she detests solitude. Mary, I fear, has very little mental resource. She is jealous of my occasional diversions—of my business—of my newspapers of my books—but she is not willing to make a great, sturdy effort and learn to like these things with me. The whole truth is I have married a woman who was never taught to think, a pampered, pretty, spoiled doll, and at the end of one year of marriage with her I am facing the cold, hard facts.

Hard Luck.

"That's just my luck," growled Elsie. "What's the trouble?" asked Mabel. "I took out life insurance a month ago and I never felt better in my life than I do now."

Looking Ahead.

Old Milligans—But if you marry my daughter how will you support your family? Cubson—Oh, Mabel says that she has been able to save money from her allowance.

Not a Sacrifice Hit.

"Here is a tough problem." "Yes, indeed. When a man is swatting flies, hits one but does not kill it until he hits again, how should he figure his batting average?"

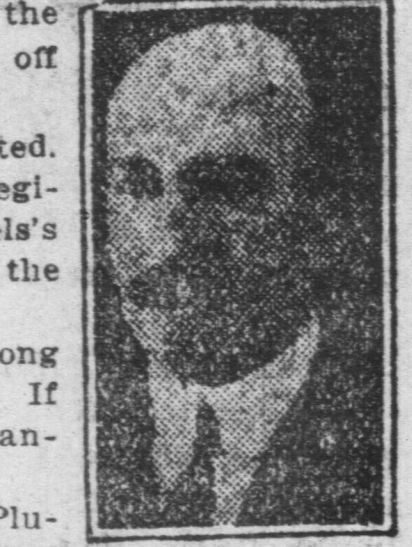
Secrets of Health and Happiness

If You Are Undersized, Try "Stretching" Exercises

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

THE Emperor Frederick the Great selected all the tall grenadiers he could find and married them off willy-nilly to all the tall milkmaids he could find. The result was not as successful as he expected. True enough, he succeeded in making a Prussian regiment of giants. He also anticipated Secretary Daniels's dictum that "bachelors are an encumbrance of the earth."



DR. HIRSHBERG

But there are just as many short offspring as long ones from the mating of Brobdignagians, or Titans. If this were not so, eugenics would, like thoroughbred animal breeding, have been solved 50,000 years ago. While few mortals would care to be as tall as Pylarch's Antaeus, who measured 85 cubits, or 20 yards, tall in his stockingless feet, still to be grand and handsome is a worthy ambition possessed by all.

Rabelais tells us that Gargantua, himself father of the giant Pantagruel, was so large that it required 900 ells of linen for the bosom of his shirt, and 200 ells more for the tail. For his shoes 48 ells velvet were necessary and 1100 cow hides for the soles of his shoes. His toothpick was an elephant's tusk and 17,933 cows gave him his glass of milk.

Plainly, Rabelais knew how to conceive a real giant! The giants of those days are not for us. They were buried into Tartarus by Jupiter. There they belong.

The Gland of Growth. Possibly at that distant day the little egg of living texture which lies hidden beneath the human brain—it is called the "pituitary" gland—assumed an aggressive activity which nowadays it has not.

The huge mountains of flesh seen in China, Tartary, side shows, museums and the circus, some of whom reach nearly eight or nine feet, are attributed to the over activity of this little nest of textile units, situated above the inside nose bones.

Massive heads, monstrous bones and gigantic structures in man usually accompany some pathological state of affairs in the pituitary gland. Despair, however, is not necessary. If you are dwarfed, you need not hope for some malady to make you taller. If you are tall, it is not necessary to suspect that some sickness in the internal bodily textures is responsible.

It is an Avon's actor puts it, an excellent thing to have the height and strength of a giant; but it is inhuman to use it like a giant.

His angle-roof made of a girny oak. His line a cable, which in some way broke. His hook he better with a dog's tail. And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale.

There are many persons who self-consciously by virtue of their shortness, that they think themselves as small and thin as Philotas, who wore leaden shoes to prevent being blown away.

Exercise Work Wonders. Advice and hope may be given to these. Physical exercises, gymnastics, such as swinging on the trapeze, swimming and stretching themselves before the elasticity of their spinal column and the growth of their bones.

Many a malpert, by a diet of fresh thyroid, pituitary and other animal glands, has taken on a new growth.

Answers to Health Questions. Genevieve, Chicago—When I catch a "cold" my nose gets very sore. What will prevent it?

Use absorbent cotton instead of a handkerchief and apply glycerinated camphor ice as often as it is feasible.

Admiring Student—My sweetheart writes an enamel that is harmless to whites her complexion. Will you tell us of one?

This is a sweet and harmless one: One pint of carnegian water, two ounces of glycerine, two ounces of white oxide of magnesium.

Miriam E., Baltimore—My chin is very sharp. What can I do to mould it?

Prominent chins must not be allowed to drop or sag. It should not be thrust forward. If you are inclined to sneer, or read ugly motives into the actions of others, you must change your thoughts. Hypocrisy and inauthenticity soon reflect themselves in the muscles of the face.

Sincerity, generosity of mind, freedom of suspicion, puppydog, bigotry and jealousy will soon remove the sharp lines of the chin. Honest, frank thoughts tend to make dimples and round chins.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic 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 of this office.

Observations of a Cynic

Friends in need often need too much. Good men are scarce, which is another reason for not bullying the market. A good sense of humor can be turned into dollars. The modern practical joker writes them and sells them. "Well," remarked Gobang at the breakfast table, "in eating is oatmeal and milk I shall go through thick and thin."

Daddy's Good Night Story. By GEORGE HENRY SMITH. Illustration of a man and a child.

WHAT in the world is the matter with Billy Bantom?" asked Mrs. Golden Rod of the Little White Hen one day. "He has a secret," laughed Mrs. Golden Rod, "and it is bursting his head. A young fellow like him can't keep a secret."