

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Marriage is Boundless Love, Love More Steadfast Than Life

By WINIFRED BLACK

THE Rev. Percy Stickney Grant of the Church of the Ascension, New York, believes that no man and woman in the world should go on living together for one hour after they have stopped loving each other. Dr. Grant preached a sermon about it at his church a Sunday or so ago. "Since the only basis for marriage is love," said Dr. Grant, "why, in the event of love changing, should the marriage continue?" "Woman has attained an economic independence, and she is no longer forced to remain married to a man merely with the idea of being supported. Divorce is not so selfishly individualistic as it seems to the ultra-conservative. There could be no greater obstacle to the proper development of children than distrust and discord on this matter of divorce," said Dr. Grant, "and do not let yourself be put down by sneers and shrugs. The present law of the Episcopal church is not Protestant, not English and not modern."

No doubt Dr. Grant meant every word, and believed it when he said it. I wonder how many of the men and women who heard him went home thinking what a shame it was that they had to live together when they were so utterly unloved to each other. "Since the only basis for marriage is love," why shouldn't a woman leave her husband the minute she stops loving him? Why, indeed, Dr. Grant, why, indeed?

### Marriage is an Obligation.

One thing is, how is she going to know when she has stopped loving him? When she has fallen in love with the other man? Women are a good deal more like men than you seem to think, Dr. Grant. Whenever I hear a man hinting that his wife does not understand him, I view the landscape over to see where the woman is who is making him believe that she does understand him. Whenever a woman begins to talk about how revolting it is to live with a man when you find that you do not love him, I cast my weather eye about to get some idea of the man who is making her husband "revolting" to her. No, a woman is no longer forced to remain married to a man, even if she hates him, just to be supported by him. The modern woman knows very well that she can make her husband support her as long as she lives, and if he is too worthless to do that she can go to work and support herself. But there are thousands of women who are staying married, not because they want to be supported and not because they are dead in love with their husbands, but because they love their children and want to do what is best for them, and because they believe that there is such a thing as keeping a promise and keeping it sacredly, even to the very end of time.

When a woman marries she gives up everything in the world for the man she marries—her home, her friends, her family, even her own name. Is this such a light thing that it is to be reconsidered the first time she finds out that the man she married is not a saint, but a human being? Marriage is something besides a whim. It is an obligation, a promise, a responsibility.

Is any woman the better, or even the happier, for breaking such a promise so lightly? Is any man?

You talk, Dr. Grant, as if love were a coat to be taken off and put on at will. She loves today, she loathes tomorrow. What sort of women are these you tell about?

### Love Not a Whim.

Love is something besides passion, something besides fancy, something besides a whim. Do you give up an old friend, one who has stood by you in sickness and in health, just because he doesn't agree with you on the tariff question? Do you break with a business partner because he eats frankfurters for luncheon and you prefer chicken salad? Do you cast your child out of your house because the child looks like its grandmother on the mother's side, and not like you? Is there no such thing as obligation, as faith to keep, as a promise to hold sacred? The children—oh, the children! What will they amount to? Mrs. Go-Lightly is bored with Mr. Go-Lightly. She was madly in love with him once, but now he's a nuisance, and young Step-and-Fetch-It, the poet, is so fascinating. Why bother about the children? Somebody will take care of them, somehow.

What do they matter, anyway? It's love that counts. Love is the only thing—common and rose, moonlight and poetry—till somebody else comes along and turns that paradise into a purgatory again. These divorced people who marry again, are they always so happy, the second time? I have met them all, poor male-believers that they are! I wish a few of them could be persuaded to tell us the plain, honest truth if they didn't wish they had kept at least one promise and one illusion.

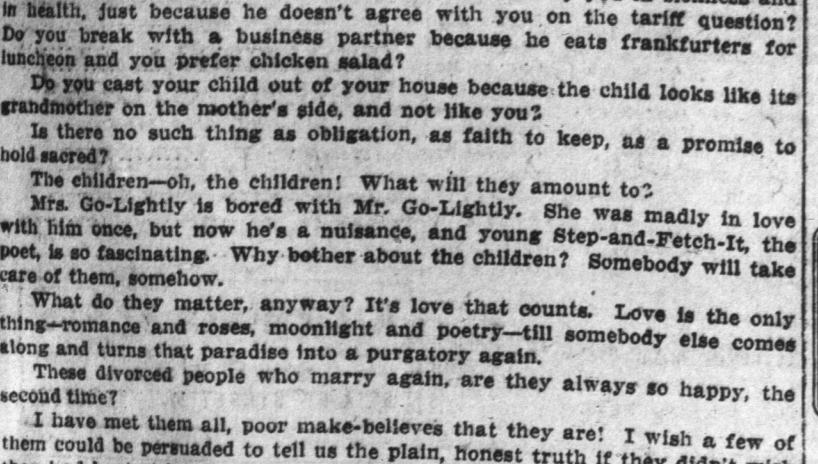
Love! What is it, this thing that Dr. Grant speaks of so lightly? A breath, a flame, dancing in the wind, a dream, an illusion, a bit of chivalry, to be puffed away by every wind that blows? What a foundation for a life of self-respect and honest service. Is love a rose to wear till it fades, or is it something deeper and holier and more steadfast than life itself? What is it all worth, this whim, this fancy?

Your mother didn't think your father a god come to earth, after she'd married to him a year or so. Perhaps she even wondered at him now and then, and wished he were different in some ways, but she loved him faithfully, and when he died her tears were from her heart.

Was your father such an amazing man of strength and endurance, or just a common, ordinary mortal? And yet he managed to be so faithful to your mother that his heart broke when she died.

Love is as much a result of fidelity as a cause for faithfulness. Love, Dr. Grant, love! What do you, who speak so lightly of it, know of the deepest, the strongest, the most enduring and the most glorious thing that ever illumined a human life?

## Today's Fashion



Smart Coat for Sunshine or Shower.

YOU will be becomingly clad for either sunshine or shower if you wear a smart coat of sand-colored cloth. This model is particularly becoming as the flaring lines are confined in front with an odd-shaped belt ornamented with cloth-covered buttons. The collar buttons close about the neck, and the long sleeves are finished with turned back cuffs to correspond. The coat hangs loose and full from the shoulders at the back, and is the fashionable seven-eighths length.

States that the issue of Argentine Railway notes, approved by the Board, has been over-subscribed. The issue price was \$100,000,000. The illustration of the coat is available in the British nature of general demand for money purposes, in part.

## APRIL SHOWERS By Michelson



WHEN dear old April weeps that doesn't mean that any one else should check her laughter or take the matter solemnly. April's smiles and tears are very near together, often blended, in fact. Sometimes one of those quick showers is a huge adventure for SOMEBODY, perhaps even romantic. Oh, it makes a lot of difference how you TAKE it all! It makes a lot of difference WHO is with you, what yesterday said, and what tomorrow promises. When everything else is right the jeweled water is so much splendor, the murmur of a million million drops a fantastic symphony, and two tiny birds in the SAME plight a delightfully whimsical happening.

## 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.

**Playing the Good Samaritan.**  
I walked over and inspected Ginger with interest. He seemed well but very tired. "He fell down and wouldn't get up!" said the old lady, "and of all days on a picnic day and me with a pie for the minister's lunch. I ate it myself," she added. "I had to do something and there was nothing to do but eat." "Are you sure he didn't merely lie down?" I inquired. "I don't know," said Aunt Mary. "He slipped a little and collapsed and I didn't know what on earth to do with him. He's never been trisby before, that I recall. I'm used to wandering all about with him. I deliver my butter with him and eggs and home-made bread. Likely it's just a notion. He's a rascal and mule as cantankerous." "Summy Faces Reptree!" I asked. "What would you rather do?" I asked her. "We can take you home or to the picnic." Aunt Mary considered. She had at first been flushed and irritable and matter-of-fact. Now she began to feel grateful. "That's nice of you," she said, "very nice. Suppose you take me home first. So I can get my son to come look at Ginger—and then if you'll take me on to the picnic, I can ride home tonight with the minister." We drove her on to the end of the road, where an old farmhouse leaned crazily over a silver brook. She hailed her son with the parrot. "Ben," she said, "Ginger's down a piece up the road and you'd better get Doc Peats and look him over. I've got to get the minister's jam to him, for I've eaten his pie and he's depending on me for part of the supper." Ben seemed frozen into dumbness by the news. He had nothing like the snap of his old mother. "I've been sitting under a tree for a good sight longer than I like to think, and if you'd hauled hay as you promised, Ben, you'd have passed me. You never do do what you say you'll do. You can just get now and attend to Ginger." Ben seemed appalled by the singular circumstances that had led to his being there. I secretly smiled at Aunt Mary's air of rebuke. Ben was surely 45, but an unmarried son is a child to his mother always. Aunt Mary's air was the responsible one of the mother hen with a refractory chick. Ben was usually very respectful and obedient.

## A BRIDE'S OWN STORY of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS  
Solving the Problem of Cleaning the Rugs.

MRS. BROOKS, my neighbor, came over this morning for a recipe, ostensibly, for vacuum cleaners. I wanted some one to talk to, because she seemed just bubbling over with gossip and news. How I envy you your cute little apartment with your few nice, sensible things. I've just been planning for our spring cleaning, and I'm nearly distracted. It seems to me I've 14 kinds of cleaning to think about, simply because our house is overstocked with a great many things myself. I've always been a hard worker, but I've always found it didn't know how ever we'll get everything done. "But surely," I inquired, "with that splendid mind of yours I should think you must find a way to get it done." Mrs. Brooks smiled patiently. "Carrie is a hard worker, but I've always found I had to be right there seeing that everything was done correctly, and doing a great many things myself. I've always done the rug cleaning myself because I hesitate to run the risk of my rugs being spoiled by careless methods."

"Do you clean the rugs yourself?" I asked astonished. "Why can't Carrie run over them with your vacuum cleaner?" Then Mrs. Brooks explained that what she called thorough cleaning was the "bath" given to her rugs semi-annually. The daily cleaning ordinary wet salt was sprinkled on the rugs before sweeping. But to freshen the rugs as well as thoroughly clean them, she made a paste of a pure white soap, applied a little at a time to a small portion of the rug, and then went over it with a brush. "It's a real scrubbing that you can give your best Turkish rugs with perfect safety," she assured me, "and they look wonderfully new afterward." When she had left, the thought occurred to me, why couldn't I begin my spring cleaning at once? All our things are light, and there's no need for me to call in outside help if only I do the job gradually and not try to crowd in two weeks' thorough cleaning in three days. So I'm going to begin at once on our few rugs, and give them the thorough cleaning that Mrs. Brooks spoke about. Then I'll roll them up and keep them

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Your Liver Discloses Ills Suffered by Distant Glands

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG  
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

A DOZEN years and more ago Dr. Sarjous of Philadelphia said there was a definite and clearly ascertainable linkage between the pancreas, suprarenal, thyroid, parathyroid, pituitary, pineal and other bunches of tissue—called glands for convenience—in the living body. Some professors who did not wholly scoff at him ignored him. The medical profession was, as usual, unanimous upon the point that he was amusingly wrong, and divided as to whether he was more knave or more fool.

These dogmatists, after many years, have at last been compelled to adopt Dr. Sarjous's correct but ostracized views. Indeed, his most bitter, violent, grudging and malicious opponents, were, perforce, required to make public experiments which confuted themselves and confirm Dr. Sarjous.

There is a harmless drug with a most formidable, terror-striking name—phenol-tetrachlorophthalin—which is administered to man and animals as a test of liver activity. In other words, when a treatment of phenol-tetrachlorophthalin is given hypodermically or otherwise, the liver tissue takes hold of it and passes it out in toto and unchanged in the bile.

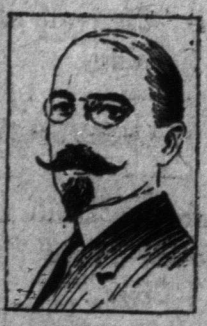
**Method of Diagnosis.**  
Very lately, Prof. G. H. Whipple and Dr. P. W. Christman, pathologists of the Johns Hopkins medical school, have conducted a series of experiments which finally and definitely show that the liver is a gland, which is indubitably influenced by various other glands, such as the suprarenal, the pancreas and parathyroid glands.

If the drug with the long name and 25 letters—phenol-tetrachlorophthalin—is in-culcated into a vein, the liver tissue will ordinarily excrete all of it. However, there is anything wrong with this huge human sponge of sugar and blood, the phenol-tetrachlorophthalin will soon indicate the kind and degree of trouble. It will come away again only in part.

When dropsy from heart or kidney maladies causes the liver to be congested there are intervals or periodic rhythms in the power and strength of the liver, shown by a decreased or irregular outflow of the "big medicine." The intensity of the congestion in the liver and the corresponding irregularity in the heart action is thus, with difficulty to be sure, ascertained.

Chloroform or phosphorus poisoning, injuries and accidents to the liver, alcoholic livers, gin drinkers' livers, drinking livers and fatty degeneration of the liver, all exhibit a proportionate extent of liver inactivity. This is emphasized with the test mentioned.

Messrs. Whipple and Christman, it is plain, seized upon this new method to clarify the views about the interaction and mutual or co-ordinate influences of other glands upon the liver. One experiment was the removal of the pancreas.



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### Answers to Health Questions

**Q—1**—I am troubled with rheumatic pains in arms, shoulders and back. What will relieve it?  
**A**—It is nonsense to say you have acid in the blood. Every one has acid. It will not hurt to eat the foods you mention.

**Q—2**—I also have acid in my blood. Will it be harmful for me to eat oranges, tomatoes and lemons?  
**A**—Hot baths, manipulation, Swedish movements, massage, electricity are excellent aids. Take 15 drops of a saturated solution of iodine of potassium in water after meals, increasing one drop at a time until you are taking 30 drops. Then go down again to 15 and up several times. Drink three quarts of distilled water daily, also lots of fresh milk, not solid foods, but fruits, vegetables, cereals, milk, eggs and everything fresh.

**Q—3**—It is nonsense to say you have acid in the blood. Every one has acid. It will not hurt to eat the foods you mention.

**Q—4**—I retire about 9:30 each night, but do not sleep more than three hours, then lie awake the rest of the night. I am not sick, and do not have any pains. What will make me sleep?  
**A**—Avoid excitement during the day, and do not overexert yourself. Take more rest in the afternoon, but do not sleep. Do not eat any solid food on your evening meal, but just before going to bed drink a glassful of hot milk and eat a few crackers. Take a hot bath and have your room well ventilated. If you are not asleep in an hour take a triple effervescent bromide tablet in a glassful of water. Be in the fresh air and sunlight as much as possible and take active exercise in the open.

**Q—5**—What shall I do for a stiff and painful knee? I have been taking medicine with a good deal of salicylic acid in it to dissolve the "uric acid" in my blood, but it has done me no good. In fact, I had to stop it for a day as it seemed to be hurting my stomach to pieces. Can you give me any suggestions?  
**A**—Since "uric acid" nonsense has been exploded in this column over and over again, and every one must have uric acid or die, since salicylic acid is more of an antiseptic and would have no effect, both your diagnosis and treatment are absurd. If you will describe your symptoms in more detail I shall try to help you. Baking the knee will relieve the pain. When the pain has left begin to exercise and move the knee.

**Q—6**—I have been sitting under a tree for a good sight longer than I like to think, and if you'd hauled hay as you promised, Ben, you'd have passed me. You never do do what you say you'll do. You can just get now and attend to Ginger.

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