

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Five Chapters of a True Fairy Tale of Real Beauty

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.



LUCREZIA BORI

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In the long, long ago there was an Arabian princess, the fame of whose beauty had traveled to the four corners of the earth. It had been written that when she walked upon the roof of the palace at night the moon hid her face, jealous of the dazzling loveliness of the princess. Wherever she went, happiness followed in her wake. Borrow could not abide where she smiled, and her goodness was as far as the eye could see.

There was, however, among the attendants of the princess a very wise young maiden who was the favorite companion of her mistress. She accompanied the princess wherever she went, and in time learned the reasons for her marvelous beauty, which seemed to increase as the years rolled on.

The Mystery's Heart. She observed that the princess never allowed anger to rob her face of its lovely loveliness. When she became angry, instead of losing her temper and turning about in a fit of rage she burst forth into song. Before the melody was half-finished she was serene and calm again, and anger had failed to line the smoothness of her brow with fret wrinkles.

Then, again, she never became impatient. No matter how stupid and trying she found people she remained un-

## The Art of Picture Hanging

By ISOBEL BRANDS

Did you ever walk into an apparently lovely room, but where the pictures seemed fairly to stick out of the walls and almost "hit you"? Some women think they have exercised their artistic sense and have done their complete artistic duty by a room when they purchase one or two expensive paintings and put them on the wall, or when they line a room with framed photographs of friends.

But the most beautiful picture can be spoiled by poor framing and hanging, just as a most beautiful girl buried her loveliness under wrong clothes. The framing and hanging of pictures is an art subject to some general rules, which make it possible for any one to do the work in good taste.

In the first place, a picture frame should be so well chosen with relation to the picture that it is unobtrusive. We have all seen the picture frames so ornate and gilded that the picture seemed to be merely an excuse on which to hang a frame. The frame should not be so violent a contrast to the wall colors that it projects itself out into the room unpleasantly. The flat, dull gold frames are frequently used for oil paintings and water colors. Prints, especially Japanese prints, are most effective in black flat wood frames—the simplicity, characteristic of all Japanese decoration. If a photograph is to be framed, a wooden frame the color of which is a little lighter than the darkest color in the picture will be most pleasing.

Whether the frame shall be a broad, strong one, or a light, slender moulding, depends on the nature of the picture itself. Imagine a picture of a raging lion surrounded by a light frame of pencil-like width! A picture representing a powerful man, like a soldier or a statesman, should be framed so as to carry out the suggestion of might and strength. On the other hand, a quiet country scene or a bit of still life are most effective in narrow and less weighty frames.

As to the hanging of pictures, a few rules will help in correctly carrying out even the most original ideas for room decoration. One rule is to hang large pictures so that the eye of a person of moderate height is level with the centre of the picture. Unless there is an unusually wide expanse of wall space, it is rarely possible to hang more than one or two large pictures in the average living room without giving it a crowded "art gallery" appearance, which is not conducive to restful comfort.

Small pictures are harder to hang, because there is such a temptation to hang up too many of them! The Japanese disposition of this problem in sensible fashion. They hang only one or two pictures in a room at a time, enjoy them as long as they can, and then remove them and place other pictures in their stead. However, if we must hang several pictures in one room, we can do so in good taste. First, the pictures should be hung near each other to form a group, rather than being distributed along the walls and giving a spotty effect. The pictures should be hung only a few inches apart, and the tops of the pictures should be on a straight line. If some article of furniture—a bookcase or cabinet or table—is directly under the picture group, it gives a unity to that general attractiveness.

The picture should not project forward on top, as is often done, but should be flat against the wall. When a picture projects out of the wall, instead of seeming to be part of the wall, it cuts into the good lines of the room.

Today's Fashion



Chic Walking Suit of Belgian Blue Gabardine.

The blue tailored suit is always a favorite in the springtime. The charming design shown here is of Belgian blue gabardine.

The below-length jacket has a full, rippling peplum and there is also a soft fullness about the waist at the back, which is confined by a belt.

The high, standing collar is of white ermine and three coin-shaped buttons are used to fasten the coat.

The pleated skirt has a broad, panel front and is attached to a wide belt of the gabardine.

Macaroni in Soup.

A small quantity of macaroni should be boiled for 20 minutes in slightly salted water; strain it and add to it three pints of stock, nicely flavored with vegetables; season with pepper and salt, and serve.

With the soup hand round a little grated cheese.

Spatchcocked Rabbit.

Procure a young rabbit and cut it open lengthwise; place it on a board and keep it flat by means of a weight placed on a plate. Leave it for a few minutes, then dust it with salt, pepper, and a little ground ginger. Put it on a greased baking dish and cook, pouring gravy round it. When done, take it out, drain it, and when cool cover it with beaten eggs and breadcrumbs, and quickly brown the surface in a hot oven.

The bread crumbs should be covered with a little butter.

Cold Meat Pudding.

Two ounces of suet, three pounds of chopped cold meat, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two eggs, one onion, pepper and salt to season, one teaspoonful of sauce, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

Hard-boil the eggs and cut them into slices; chop the meat, onion, and parsley, and soak the breadcrumbs in boiling milk; season to taste, and mix all

the ingredients well together and bake in a basin for one hour; then turn out and serve with good gravy.

Baked Cabbage.

This dish will be found acceptable as a variation from boiled cabbage. Wash the cabbage in salted water, cut it into quarters, put it into plenty of boiling water, and boil rapidly, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Drain free from water, and chop it up finely; mix with it a tablespoonful of butter—or dripping may be substituted—and stir in one beaten egg mixed with a small half-cup of milk. Then add a seasoning of salt and pepper, and bake till brown in a greased dish in a moderate oven.

Coffee Mould.

Take half a pint of milk, half a pint of strong, clear coffee, two ounces of cornflour, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of vanilla, one ounce of butter. Put the coffee and half the milk into a saucepan to heat. Mix the cornflour smoothly with the remainder of the milk, and add it to the hot liquid in the saucepan. Stir over the fire until boiling, and boil slowly until thoroughly cooked. Add the sugar, butter and vanilla, and mix well. Pour all into a wet mould, and set aside to cool. A little cream added to this is an improvement.



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LIFE is like the universe. There are worlds on worlds revolving one around the other, just as our earth whirls around the sun and every star we see twinkling in the firmament of night, revolves about ITS sun. For every world there is some sun—for every life there is a sun of faith and hope and love.

Each in his separate star calls to another, some ONE upon whom his life is set. Into his world he would bring his chosen star or he would move into the orbit of the other world. And when the miracle happens it is as simple as the force of gravitation—the two worlds gravitate toward each other and become ONE world.

## REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

The Voice of the Woman Who Answered the Telephone in Dicky's Studio.

"Margaret!" My mother-in-law's tone was almost tragic. "Richard has gone off with my trunk checks."

"Why, of course, he has," I returned, wondering a little at her anxious tone. "I suppose he expects to give them to an expressman, and have the trunks brought up this morning."

"Richard never remembered anything in his life," I said, "but he has a key to Central's request for 'number.'"

When the answer came I almost dropped the receiver in my hand. It was not Dicky's voice that came to my ears, but that of a stranger, a woman's voice, rich and musical.

"Yes," with the rising inflection, "this is Mr. Graham's studio. He has not yet reached here. What message shall I give him, please, when he comes in?"

"Please ask him to call up his home," I said. "He will be here in half an hour."

Then I hung up the receiver and turned to the telephone, putting down my agitation with a firm hand until I could be alone.

"Dicky has not yet reached the studio," I said to his mother calmly. "I think very probably he has gone first to see an expressman about your trunks."

If you will pardon me, I have a few things to ask you to before we start on our trip. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you," Mrs. Graham's tone was still the cold, courteous one that she used in addressing me. "I suppose I can ring for Katie when I am ready to have my dress fastened."

"Oh! by all means," I returned. I thought bitterly of the little services I used to perform for my own mother. How gladly I would anticipate the wants of Dicky's mother if she would only show me affection instead of the ill-concealed aversion with which she regarded me.

Miss Grace Draper?

My mother-in-law went into her room and I, walking swiftly to mine, closed and locked the door behind me. I threw myself face downward on the bed, my favorite posture when I wish to be alone.

The voice of the woman at the studio sounded in my ears. It was strange, but familiar, and I had heard it.

What was a woman doing in Dicky's studio at this time in the morning? I knew that Dicky employed feminine models, but I also knew that he always made it a point to be at the studio before the models were due to arrive.

"I suppose I am an awful crank," he had laughed once, "but no models rummaging among my things for mine."

I knew that Dicky employed no secretary, or at least he had told me that he did not. I had heard him laughingly promise himself that when his income

reached \$10,000 a year he would hire one. I knew the solution of the mystery dawned upon me. The rich musical voice belonged to Grace Draper, the beautiful girl whom Dicky had seen first on a train on our memorable trip to Marvin.

He had not rested until he had found out her identity. She was just the type that he wished for a model, but he had feared that he could not get her to consent to pose for him.

The Veriest Nonsense.

It had turned out, however, that her whole life was centered in her ambition to become an artist. She had gladly accepted Dicky's proposition to pay her for the hours she spent in posing for him, and to give her the use of his studio and the benefit of his help and instruction at other times.

Why had Dicky told me that she was at the studio? The question rankled in the back of my brain.

That was not my main concern, however. What swept me with a sudden primitive emotion, which I knew must be jealousy, was the picture of that calmly to Dicky, for I knew it must be his beautiful face, that wonderful figure in

daily close companionship with my husband.

I remembered her appearance on the train. I remembered that lovely one of the most stunning creatures I had ever seen in my life. If I read her rightly, too, she had hardened her a trifle, had chilled whatever generous impulses she might have possessed, had left her perfectly poised, ready to meet any emergency—or to take any chance.

That she had the trick of being perfectly able to conceal all knowledge of any admiration directed toward herself, while at the same time being aware of it and relishing it, I knew by my observation of her demeanor on the Marvin train.

Suppose she should fall in love with Dicky? To my mind I did not see how any woman could help it. Would she have any scruples about endeavoring to win Dicky's love from me?

My common sense told me that this was the veriest nonsense. But I could not control the shape of my nose, or the ring of the telephone bell put a temporary end to my speculations. I pulled myself together in order to talk calmly to Dicky, for I knew it must be he who was calling.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

Isn't it true that a girl very often cares more for a boy that doesn't "run after" her than one that does? Isn't the way girls keep boys "guessing" reversible?

What do girls generally like to talk about?

Also, please let me know a few of the traits that girls admire in boys more than any others. HAPPY.

HAPPY: You ask what traits a girl likes best in a boy. Well, of course, every girl has a different notion just as has every boy, but I believe that all girls like best: the boys who are not too sure of themselves, who give promise of being successful, who are modest citizens. To become successful, beloved citizens. To become such men, boys must start out on the honest, loyal, courageous, gentle, law-abiding and respectful-of-their-elders way of life. Men and women walk away, steadily, earnestly forward. They don't "run after" each other or "keep each other guessing." They haven't got their minds on the journey of love and progress. They leave all extra baggage at the place where the path of youth joins the road of maturity. A

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

We are two girls of 13 years of age. We go out with two young men and we love them. We are now engaged to them. Our parents do not object to our wedding. We are not treated with respect at home. The boys are very wealthy and also good-looking. Now we are in doubt whether to marry or not. Will you kindly advise us.

TWIN COUSINS.

TWIN COUSINS: If your parents do not object to your marriage what possible reason is there for not going on with your plans? To be sure, it is rather young to take up the cares of home-making, but it was not considered so in our grandmothers' time, and

they seemed to get on very happily. You say you are not treated with respect at home. I wonder what you mean by that. Don't start your lives with a lot of silly notions about being respected and made much of. Respect is something that always follows the demand for it, and the cause for it. A little teasing at home is not so serious as you fancy, and many a time has been the salvation of self-willed young persons. If you are going to have a home and a family of your own you will have to be thinking a whole lot about such things.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl, 20 years old, and have never gone with a fellow. Please tell me how I can get one, as I am not a flirt. BROWN EYES.

BROWN EYES: You are on the right road to getting the companionship of a man or men. If you are not a flirt you will soon attract men, and they will find a way to meet you. Be kind, sweet and happy. Then everything good will come to you.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## What Insomnia Really Is and How It May Be Cured

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

THERE is no one cause of insomnia, and once you discover the cause that has bothered you the chances are that particular one will never operate again. Insomnia is no more a malady in itself than is a fever, but it is a cross-roads sign or a symbol of many underlying disorders. As a symptom it is a hallmark of various ailments, and may be due to over-activity or inactivity, gluttony or starvation, super-fatigue or need of fatigue, Bright's disease or diabetes, stimulation or want of stimulation—in a word, to any factor which is not a balance of health forces.

It is not always a simple matter, though the real cause of sleeplessness be found, immediately to remove it and effect a cure of this lamentable condition.

Perhaps one of the most unhappy errors of thought and opinion of the victims of insomnia is that absence of sleep calls for a persistent refusal to go to bed "because it's no use."

As an actual fact, as money makes money, and evil grows by what it feeds on, early to bed is more likely to play an important part in wooing Morpheus.

Sources of Insomnia.

To advise exercises and athletics as the sweet restorer of sleep, irrespective of the individual's habits or occupation, is often to invite disaster and confusion.

Sleep demands a modicum of relaxation with a pinch of the salt of human tiredness. If there is an exaggerated state of fatigue, high pressure or absence of relaxation, the sandman flees from the eyelids.

If the stomach bears witness in no-mistakeable midnight terms that an aching void exists, vouchsafe it a crust, an apple or a buttered biscuit. This may safeguard you from a sleepless restlessness, while a late supper may play the part of a Spanish inquisitor.

Among a myriad of sources of insomnia are close rooms, excitement, greasy, rich foods, and tea and coffee late at night. The man who indulges in such things as these need not seek far for the torments of the blood stream, as if he sleeps not one wink. To stir up the torments of the blood stream at the very moments when the canopies of repose are about to be drawn is like rousing a sleeping jungle beast or dropping a spark in a powder train.

For the average person, all too comfortable in his sedentary day-long routine, some sort of muscular activity is necessary, such as swimming, fencing, dancing, skating, tennis or bowling.

Methods of Relief.

One of the pitfalls of the unwary person is to thrash over and rehearse in bed the events, irritations, successes and failures, hopes and disappointments of the day. The man who does this once will try it again and again until the insomnia habit is established. Then there is Old Nick to pay!

To cure sleeplessness one should sleep in a clean, cool, well ventilated room, with frequent change of position of the bed and other furniture. The room should be thoroughly darkened to exclude the morning light.

Electrical treatments by high frequency currents, static electricity, magnetic vibration on the neck, head or abdomen, hot mustard foot baths, hot drinks of milk, lemonade or other harmless beverages, hot packs or cold wet sheets, sitz baths, hot water bags, laxatives, ice packs, massage, hot blankets and other non-drugging methods all have conquests to their credit in the sending of sufferers of insomnia to the soothing arms of Morpheus.



DR. HIRSHBERG

## Answers to Health Questions

G. K.—Q. What do you recommend to stop hair from falling, and to increase its growth? My hair is very dry. I am 25 years of age.

A. Apply with friction to the scalp each night and morning the following: Fluid extract of pilocarpine.....1 dr. Tincture of cantharides.....1/2 dr. Tincture of capsicum.....1 dr. Rose water.....1 oz. Distilled water.....3 oz.

M. A.—Q. What do you advise for a young lady troubled with gas of the stomach? 2. I have indigestion and sleeplessness.

A. 1. Take 1 grain of oxide of magnesium about half an hour before meals, and one-half dozen blue charcoal tablets about half an hour after meals. 2. Take a glassful of warm water, as hot as you can stand it, into which has been dissolved a little soda, as soon as these spells come over you. Obtain more sunlight and fresh air as well as daily exercise in the open air. Retire early; obtain eight hours' sleep. Take a hot bath, a triple effervescent bromide tablet in a glassful of water and glassful of warm milk before going to bed. Sleep in a well ventilated room.

HELEN R.—Q. Will you please tell me what to use to stop hair from growing on my chin? It is very noticeable.

A. Use the following, about twice a week: Calcium sulphate, two parts; zinc oxide, one part; starch, one part. Make a paste with water and apply to the hair. Let this remain about five minutes and then wipe off gently with a soft cloth.

JOHN M. M.—Q. Please tell me what to do to get marks left from pimples.

A.—Take a facic acid bacilli tablet after meals. Never use hot water or soap on the face, but peroxide and glycerine, one teaspoonful of each to a pint of water, as a wash. A salubrious peroxide lotion may be kept on the face at night.

MANY THANKS. Q—I am troubled with excessive kidney fluid. Will you be so kind as to offer some suggestion?

A.—Take eight drops of tincture of belladonna in water every four hours. Take this for one week, stop a week and continue the following week. Also stop in at the urological department of the nearest hospital for an examination.

S. D. Q—I am troubled with constipation. What will you advise me to do for this?

A.—Take a tablespoonful of milk of magnesia about half an hour before meals and a wineglassful of olive oil about half an hour after meals, with one-half dozen blue charcoal tablets. Eat lots of nourishing foods, green vegetables, cereals, fresh fruits and meats, poultry, game and fish. Take active exercise in the open air daily and enjoy all the sunlight and fresh air you possibly can.

Dr. Hirshberg 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 not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address, ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

## Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

Isn't it true that a girl very often cares more for a boy that doesn't "run after" her than one that does? Isn't the way girls keep boys "guessing" reversible?

What do girls generally like to talk about?