DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Clara Morris Says—

THAT A LETTER HAS A SOUL AS WELL AS AN INK AND PAPER BODY.

CLARA MORRIS.

OUR letters are not unlike those tagged children entrusted to the care of strangers, who yet turn up quite safely at our front doors.

In addition to its outward, visible character there is mystery about some letters—a claim that at this very moment is being pooh-poohed by a male person of weight mentally, socially and physically, who in the same breath acknowledges his faith in telepathy. Talk of the inconsistency of woman! He also holds chirography to be a great help to character reading, but "the mystery of a letter—pish! pshaw!—it can't be proved."

All the same, a sensitive—very quick emotions are generally accompanied by high intelligence, the combination meaning a sensitive—figuratively speaking, a reader of unopened letters whose filtrating influence warns the holder of them of approaching joy or sorrow.

How can a letter be a mere piece of paper with black markings, when its reading quickens the heart and sends the blood redly to the face, or the heart halts, misses a beat and the color drops out of the face?

Human mentality is in that letter—its threat, or prayer, or promise of joy. It is informed with human spirit. Spirit is soul; soul is ever a mystery. Ergo, a letter has mystery.

When in the West I found in my mail one morning a little letter, its address so incredibly black, so impishly niggling that I exclaimed aloud:

"Heavens! Did any one ever see so vindictive a scriggle?"

"Does look as if it might sting," laughed the treasurer.

Opened, the letter of 15 words held my entire professional future, for it was signed "Augustin Daly."

A year later, when Mr. Daly and I had buried our two hatchets, and, to our mutual pleasure and profit, had smoked the pipe of peace together, I told him about the scriggle.

"Huh!" his restless fingers ever pulling at his watch chain, "Huh! If any one smites me, I'm going to smite back again!"

"Yes, but these little, little—" I began, but he waved me down, continuing:

"And if people stick small pins in me I'll stick small pins in them!" His eye fell upon a half-written letter before him. He took it up, looked at it, then gravely concluded: "Vindictive if you like, but say, why scriggle?"

I fell into helpless laughter, and he glowered at me in quite his old way. Nevertheless he often niggled a "V. S."—vindictive scriggle—below his A. Daly notes after that.

A marked trait in the psychology of letters is external truthfulness. However false within, the outside of a letter never belies its writer.

Wingless wanderers through space, but seldom missing your mark, I salute you.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Selecting a Sports Coat for Utility and Beauty.

THE new Country Club was formally opened yesterday with a luncheon and the dansant. We had a delightful time, that partook of the nature of a reunion, for many of the members haven't met since last year, before the old clubhouse was torn down.

I made an engagement with Ted Jarvis to play golf this afternoon, and when I came to dress I couldn't find my sports coat: It wasn't in the cedar closet with the other coats, and mother said she didn't remember hanging it away.

Cicely, Nancy and I hunted high and low, and finally the coat was discovered in a suit box up in the storeroom. Then I remembered that I had put it there last fall with the good intention of sending it to the cleaner's before packing it away for the winter. When I lifted it from its forgotten resting place I found that the moths had simply riddled it.

I had been so proud of that coat—it had such splendid lines—and was so far advanced in style that I could have worn it for another season.

As mother said, "There was no use crying over spilt milk," and as a sports coat is an absolute necessity, I went downtown to buy another.

Cicely went with me to try on the coats so that I could judge how the different models would look on me.

Smart Sports Coat of Bamboo-Colored Serge.

We were inclined to favor a chic, three-quarter length coat of tan-colored blanket cloth with full, flaring lines, patch pockets and a wide turned-down collar. A belt, arranged above the normal waistline, gave it an Empire effect, but it wasn't becoming.

Then the saleswoman brought out a stunning coat of black, white and blue-checked vicuna cloth. It had a circular skirt joined to a low, fitted belt, which had the semblance of a yoke. The waist portion of the coat was gathered to produce a becoming fulness across the back as well as the front. Cicely discouraged the purchase of this, saying that she thought the price asked was too much for such an ordinary coat, as she had seen many inexpensive models made of checked materials.

I saw the wisdom of her remark, and we left that shop and went to another.

Here they showed us sports coats of corduroy, serge, cheviot, tweed and homespun cloths. Those of English make were particularly good-looking, and they had any quantity of silk sweaters, made exactly like coats, in lovely tones of old gold, dull blue, old rose and green, and in combinations of black and white, blue and white, blue and green and green and white. Two models were of a Scotch plaid design in tones of red, blue, black and white.

The minute I saw a coat of bamboo-colored serge I knew that our search had ended, for it was exactly the type of sports coat that I had in mind. It is of heavy serge and flares gradually from the shoulders to the hem. Oddly shaped patch pockets ornament the sides, and the front is buttoned up snugly to the base of the collar.

I have always liked raglan sleeves for sports coats, and the ones in this coat are specially graceful and smart. Turned-back cuffs finish them, and a narrow belt confines the fulness of the coat slightly above the normal waist line.

The price suited my purse, and I wore the coat home so I would surely have it to wear when Ted came to take me out to the club. He has a "sporty" new car, and with me wearing my new coat we'll look like an automobile "ad" in one of the magazines.

FEMININE FOIBLES :: By Annette Bradshaw

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Costume Makes a Lot of Difference in a Breeze.

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.

A Tennis Club's Uses.

LEONA DALRYMPLE.

MARY'S social aspirations grew with alarming rapidity. We were put up for membership in the tennis club, and there was some sort of a jamboree, chiefly because we got in very soon, and the waiting list was long. I don't know yet how Mary contrived it, but she and Mrs. Kayes had evidently put their heads together with the result that we were members of the tennis club almost before I realized it. I soon discovered that Mary liked the dances and I liked the tennis, and we had considerable friction on the subject.

"Peter," she said, "if you will go to the tennis club every night at 5 and stay until the light's gone—it makes dinner dreadfully late."

"It's the only time I have."

"But couldn't you come home earlier?"

"I could."

"Will you?"

Tennis or Dancing?

"Well, if you insist, I will, of course. But what on earth is the use of belonging to a rather expensive tennis club if we don't make some use of it?"

"There's the monthly dances. We can always go to them."

"I don't care a hoot for the monthly dances."

"Well, that's the only thing about the club that I do care about, and I think you might be reasonable about it."

"Ditto. From five on is my only time to play tennis, and you might be reasonable about it."

"Peter!"

"I certainly can't play on Sunday without arousing a dreadful scandal. Look at that poor, meek, little Mr. Avery on the back street. He sneaked away from church a few Sundays to play golf, and the whole town's buzzing about it."

"Of course," said Mary, "you can't play tennis on Sunday."

"I'll tell you!" I said with enthusiasm, "I'll give up my hours from five on at tennis if you won't insist upon my getting into evening harness and dancing during this abominably hot weather."

A Social Step.

"When will you play?"

"I'll get up very early in the morning," I said, "and play while it's cool. By George, that isn't such a bad notion, anyway. I don't in the least mind getting up early in the summer."

"No," said my wife, "I don't want to give up the dances."

But that morning idea continued to appeal to me, and I changed my tennis hour.

"Do you expect your breakfast before you go?" demanded Mary disapprovingly.

"Not necessarily. It would be an idyllic state of things, but I wouldn't insist upon your getting up. I do wish you would learn to play tennis, though, and come play with me."

"I hate tennis."

"Why?"

"I don't know. You get so dreadfully warm and out of sorts."

"Do you get any warmer than you do dancing?"

"Peter, I do believe you're trying to be sarcastic!"

"Not in the least," I assured her, "but I don't see why you joined the tennis club."

"If we were ever going to amount to anything socially," said Mary, "we simply had to. It pleased Mrs. Kayes, and she is really the chief person in the town. I simply do not care to go back with the mediocre people we used to know."

Exercise Will Correct Many Faults of Figure

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

LUCREZIA BORI.

THE wise woman stands before her mirror every now and then and carefully scans her figure to discover any flaws that may be corrected. To do this satisfactorily it is necessary to have a full-length mirror and a hand glass so that you can view yourself from every angle possible.

First notice your carriage. Is it erect and graceful, or does it droop forward from the waist? In these days it is more apt to be the latter, though Fashion has at last consented to allow us to resume the erect carriage of the vertebrates. If you have a disfiguring stoop correct it at once.

It may be necessary to wear shoulder braces, which can be purchased at any drug store, and are inexpensive.

I know of one woman who made braces for herself by taking two strong, machine-stitched bands of muslin, fastened together with cross pieces. These she attached to her corset with safety pins so that they held the shoulders back in their normal position.

Several Reducing Aids.

Some of you will find a roll of superfluous fat between the shoulders which produces the effect of round shoulders. To correct this blemish throw away your pillow and sleep with your head and feet on the same level. Then cultivate the habit of standing erect and exercising whenever you have the opportunity, using this movement: Stand with the body erect and stretch the arms out on a level with the shoulders and twirl them rapidly backward.

There is a preparation which will reduce this accumulation of flesh if it is applied every night, rubbing it thoroughly into the flesh. It is made of:

Alcohol	12 ounces
Iodine	1 ounce

Many of you will find that your limbs are out of proportion, some will be too heavy while others are too thin. To reduce the bulk of fat and make the muscles solid, walk whenever you can, and exercise by using such movements as will bring into play the muscles of the lower limbs.

To add flesh to the limbs massage them with olive or almond oil.

If your hips are out of proportion your figure is unattractive. Fashion may demand straight lines one season and a small waist the next, but the ideal size of the hips does not vary.

Some Valuable Exercises.

If you have ever made a study of the old Greek statues you could not help being impressed by the beauty of the hip lines. The hip bones should be well covered, but there should be no flabby fat. If your hips are too large the only help for you is in exercise and massage. It is useless to diet, for you will only make the balance of your body proportionately thin, and the hips will still be a blemish.

In case you are not familiar with exercising I shall give you a series of movements that will help in the hip-reduction process: Stand erect, with heels together and hands placed firmly upon the hips. Swing the right leg slowly sidewise, raising the foot as high as you can. Allow the weight of the body to rest entirely on the left foot while doing this exercise. Now kick for 20 times or more until the muscles are tired, then shift the weight over to the right foot and kick in the same fashion with the left.

Stand with your weight on one foot and raise the leg slowly until it is on a level with the trunk. Lower the foot and continue the exercise until you are fatigued. Repeat the exercise with the other leg.

Stand erect and take the position that a swimmer assumes when he is ready to dive. Bend the trunk forward without bending the knees, and touch the fingertips to the floor. When you feel tired stop and rest. This same exercise will keep down abdominal fat.

Always remember if you desire to have a supple, graceful, beautifully formed body you must exercise; so make it a part of your daily life to correct the defects which detract from your attractiveness.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl of 18, and I have been made acquainted with a young man of 24. I think I like him better than any young man I have met before, and I would like to keep company with him. Please advise me how I should act toward him to win his affections. UNHAPPY.

YOU should act toward him as you have always acted toward any one whose respect and liking you have desired. Just be yourself, and wait for him to seek your company more often. Still, if you wish to ask him to call there is no reason why you should not do so.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 17 years old, and engaged to a young man two years my senior. He wants me to marry him soon, but I think I am a little too young, and my parents are both dead, and I live with a maiden aunt who is very peculiar and does not like me to have boy friends in to call on me. She very seldom lets me go out even with my girl friends. I still go to school, but I have learned quite a bit about housekeeping and sewing.

My boy friend has a good position, and earns $20 a week. He loves me, and I dearly love him, and would hate to part from him. Would you advise me to wait? I would far rather marry now than live much longer with my aunt, who does not want me to have a good time at all. DOUBTFUL.

THERE is much more in life, my dear Doubtful, than "good times." You owe your aunt more consideration, and you should obey her wishes because she wants you to do only those things that are best for you. Seventeen is much too young to think of marrying. Wait a while, my dear, and be sure that when the right time comes your aunt will be the happiest person in the world to see you settled for life with some good man who loves you with all his heart and can take care of you all your life.

ODD *and* INTERESTING FACTS

The Garhwals, who, in company with the Gurkhas, are fighting with the allied forces in France, are inveterate smokers, and have a peculiar means of their own of enjoying tobacco. One of their methods is to twist an oak leaf into a conical shape, fill it with tobacco, and draw the smoke through their clasped hands. Another trick is to bore a horizontal hole under the surface of a bank, place the tobacco at one extremity, and with their hands clasped over the other inhale the smoke between their thumbs. This is probably the most primitive way of smoking known.

* * *

More money is spent on drink in the United Kingdom of Great Britain in eight days than was contributed to the national relief fund in eight weeks. It is calculated that every week the brewers and distillers of the United Kingdom use up 73,000,000 pounds of grain, 3,000,000 pounds of rice or maize, and 9,500,000 pounds of sugar or sugar equivalents.

As a safeguard against icebergs it is proposed to have an aeroplane on each steamer and to have one of the crew trained to fly. When ice is sighted the aeroplane would go up and the airman could in many instances see that in a certain direction the water was clear, or perhaps even determine the entire extent of the floes. His report would then enable the captain to fix the shortest route around the obstruction.

* * *

The nearest that any one ever came to fixing the date of the birth of Adam was when the English Parliament by an act declared that Oct. 23, 4004 B. C., was the date of the birth of the world. As Adam was created on the fifth day these law-making scientists of the 17th century decided that Adam's birthday fell upon Oct. 28.

* * *

The estimated population of Canada at the close of 1914 was 8,075,000, an increase of nearly 2,000,000 since the census of 1906.

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Your Nails Actually Show Every Change in Your Body

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

DR. HIRSHBERG.

DO you work by the sweat of your brow? Must you stand up all day in office or shop; in a factory or home? If so, you should be happy and strong, with healthful sinews and clean finger nails. Are you gay and buoyant? If you are not, it is your fault. Knowledge and help is always at your fingers' ends, if you would but reach out and seize it.

The essential differences between man and animals is said by many philosophers to rest with the finger nails. If this is so and you would rescue yourself from sinking into the mechanical habits of work animals, that is, working, eating and sleeping, you cannot know too much about the nails.

Plato defined man as "a two-legged animal without feathers." Diogenes, who heard the definition, plucked a cock and brought it into the academy and said: "This is Plato's man." The philosopher, like all philosophers, when caught with the goods, remained undaunted, and made anew the definition to which was added "with broad flat nails." Philosophers, like physicians, when wrong never realize what pathetic figures they make. They go with their accustomed vanity right on down the halls of time.

Many people never know how dirty and ugly their finger nails are until some impolite person bluntly calls attention to the fact. Then, like the Frenchman who was taken ill with German measles, mortification sets in.

Talk to most people long enough and they will tell you when the doctors gave them up. Call attention to soiled finger nails often enough and perhaps some day boils, pimples, dandruff, eczema and other afflictions of the skin will become as extinct as the dodo and the dragon.

Symptoms in Nails.

Finger nails were in primeval days the tools, instruments and weapons with which early man, as he roamed the fields and forests, dug caves, scratched enemies and climbed trees.

The finger nails may not be as necessary to man's usefulness as Plato would have us believe, nevertheless, this fallacy of long nails, aped even by modern manicurists, is a constant menace to health.

Almost each alteration of the human anatomy is quickly manifested as a distinct symbol in the nails. They are the crossroads as well as the password of internal ailments. The mild change of a "cold" or slight fever so affects the matrix or unborn portion of the coming nail that white spots, ridges and furrows often appear on the nails later on—after the illness has gone or is forgotten.

The finger nails become clubbed, "square-toed" and straight across or blunt in various chronic heart disorders and lung troubles. Children born with heart ailments and men afflicted with a long enduring lung disease, often otherwise mistaken for tuberculosis—called by the ferocious looking name of pulmonary-osteoarthropathy—are marked by nails that are neither pointed nor round, but even thick, square and large.

A few acute physicians, famous for their skill in diagnostic acumen, achieved their fame by careful observation of finger nails in health and disease. There are some maladies of the heart mirrored beneath the finger nails by a visible pulse. Look at your own nails. If you see them blanching and blushing alternately as the second hand of a watch ticks, either you have a busy thyroid gland, have overexerted yourself, or have "aortic insufficency"—as one of those irregularities is called. This is known as a "capillary pulse."

What Nails Show.

"Onychorrhexia" is another hippopotamus-like name for brittle nails. Nails that crackle, split, crack or seem dry and easily broken point to internal tissue defects, food deficiencies, partial and chronic accumulation of waste inside the tissues, constipation and the absence of some "enzyme"—such as pepsin or those in the blood which combine oxygen, oils and proteins—which is needed to scavenge out debris or make use of used up victuals. Some of the 57 different maladies lightly and falsely called "rheumatism" and gout are associated with this mica-like brittleness.

Beer, malt liquors, glucose and sweets cause a thin, dry, scaly cracker-like quality of the nails. The fishskin disease of the skin known to doctors and dime museum managers, ballyhoo men and sideshow steerers as "icthyosis," exhibits nails of this nature.

Thickened, ridged, furrowed, blotched and corrugated nails follow eczema, ringworm, "run around," local infections, biting the nails, accidents and diseases of the finger. Shedding the nails is often preceded by such signs. The new nail often returns smooth and unblemished. "Onychophagia," or nail biting, causes loss of nails in this fashion.

All of the maladies that beset the hair, teeth or skin may spread to the nails, which are only the horny continuation of the dermal covering of the skeleton.

Answers to Health Questions

C. N. M.—Q—I have a pain most of the time in the back of my head and neck. What can I do to relieve it?

A—Take five grains of salicylate of soda every three or four hours, and apply a hot water bag to the painful parts.

* * *

TAD—Q—1—Will it hurt a person who is deaf to wash his head in cold water every morning?

2—Will it injure the same person to grasp the nose and blow out the ears?

3—Will it injure my hearing to wash my hair?

A—1—No, the cold water will not injure him.

2—This is not a safe procedure.

3—You should wash your head a little every morning.

* * *

A READER—Q—My nose has become enlarged at the end and has frequent spells of spasmodic twitching. Can you advise a remedy?

A—The nose should be treated with an electric battery and by massage. You may need a slight operation on the inside of the nose.

* * *

J. W. C.—Q—1—In using charcoal tablets for offensive breath should plain charcoal be used, and what size should the tablets be? Should they be swallowed whole?

2—When oxide of magnesia cannot be had what other convenient remedy may be used in place of it?

A—1—Either plain charcoal tablets or the slightly flavored ones may be used, about the size of a penny. It may be preferable to grind them up with the teeth, but it does not matter.

2—Milk of magnesia, carbonate of magnesia or perhydrole of magnesia may be used in place of the oxide.

* * *

T. T.—Q—Have you heard of any newly discovered remedy that will cure malaria beside quinine?

A—Quinine is a sure cure of real malaria, but not of the false, guesswork kind.

* * *

BEATRICE—Q—I have had a bad cold for the last two weeks, which has left me with a cough, which pains me from the lower part of the chest to the chin. I do not expectorate phelgm. In front of my waist line I have a pain which is worse upon any slight pressure and when lying down. What can I do?

A—Take a non-alcoholic emulsion of cod liver oil after meals and five grains of salicylate of soda at night, before retiring. Drink copiously of distilled water.

* * *

J. E. O.—Q—Kindly advise me of a treatment for hemorrhoids. I have heard of burning them out with electricity. What is your opinion regarding this method?

A—They can be thus treated, but it is more painful, and takes longer than an operation, which is what you will inevitably come to.

* * *

Dr. Hirshberg 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. Hirshberg, care this office.

The Good-Night Story

HOW SIMPLE WON :: :: By Vernon Merry

AN old king had three sons. The two elder were selfish boys, always cruel and mean to the youngest, a quiet little fellow, much loved by every one for his kind heart. He was slow of speech, and so slow to learn that he was called "Simple."

One day the king called his boys and said: "I'm old and tired. A year from today I will give my kingdom to whichever of you brings me the gift most to my liking. Until then go your ways. Here are three purses."

Outside the two elder brothers, ignoring the younger, decided to travel and find a suitable gift. One rode toward the east and the other to the west. Simple was much hurt because they had not even said good-by to him, and sat down by the side of the little lake that fronted the castle. From being so much alone and so kindly, the little boy had come to know all the animals and birds, and they trusted him as one of their own kind. The servants believed he held talk with them. So it was that a monstrous frog stuck his head from out the rushes and soon learned the causes of Simple's dejection. "Do not mind, Little Master, I know where there is something that your father will value more than anything that they can bring. You saved my life when those two were trying to kill me, and here is where I can pay both debts."

The brothers sought their own pleasure until it was time to return. Then they chanced to meet at an inn a few miles from the castle. "Father will, of course, never think of leaving the kingdom to Simple, who will not be able to make him any sort of a gift," said the eldest. "Now we will agree to divide the kingdom as soon as he dies, whichever one of us he chooses." They soon closed that agreement. "I shall present father this signet ring which I have had made," said the eldest. "It just fits me, and bears his name, which is also mine, so it was only making it for myself, after all." "I shall give him this fine saddle horse," said the second. "It just suits me, and as father is too old ever to ride again it was just like buying it for myself."

The old king welcomed them, thanked them for their gifts, and asked for Simple, who was found floundering in the lake, from which he was dragged, badly soaked. In his hand he held a small object wrapped in a lily pad. This he shyly presented to his father, who unwrapped it with feeble, trembling hands. It was a gold locket attached to a broken chain, mud encrusted but unhurt. The king gazed at it a moment, then sat up, and pressing a spring the locket opened showing pictures of the king and queen made a long time before.

"My boy," said the king, his eyes filled with tears, "your dear mother lost this in the lake years ago. The kingdom is yours. How did you find it?" "The frogs told me," said Simple, and that was all that any one was ever able to get from him. And he made a good ruler at that.