DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What You Should Do About Your Shoes and Your Posture

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

It can scarcely be said nowadays, with shoes at present prices, "Let him that makes shoes go barefoot," or "Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife?" Most folks know little of shoes that are physiological and care less, and are influenced by styles and hardly at all by the physiological necessities. As a result some persons wear shoes that are as incorrect as a butcher's knife would be for appendicitis. A true shoe of physiological design should be snug in the waist, with a flexible shank, and should fit like a glove and not impede the muscles in any free, adaptable motion.

Never wear a toe-pinching shoe. The heel should be placed forward and not so far behind as in some styles. The shank should not be too long. If the heel is flat and too far back with a flexible shank, the shoe breaks, the heel tips up behind, and "run-overs" appear.

Note Heel and Shank.

Policemen, letter carriers, collectors and others who walk much on level pavements and hard floors require a higher heel than soldiers or others who walk upon the turf. The toes must never be constricted at any time. Indeed, no motion of the foot should be restricted.

The heel and sole of a shoe are only too often responsible for a bad posture, running over, turning over ankles and lack of balance. According to the observations of Dr. D. D. Ashley of New York, these displacements are the upshot of the heel being built too high on the outer side, or the welt extended further on the outer side and cut away in the region of the ball. If you will heed such elemental facts as these you'll always buy the correct shoe.

Too long a heel or shank, with the "breast" or forward part of the heel not set far enough under the arch, causes the ankle to turn over and shoes to run over on one side. This "squashes" the tissues and cushion cartilages of the heel. The almost square edge at the union of the heel and the counter or back of the shoe, sometimes causes painful, dead, tired feelings and various foot-sores and aches for clerks and others who must stand a long part of the day.

Consider Your Weight.

Since multiple troubles originate in the heels, it behooves all sensible persons to keep the weight as much as possible from the heel and forward on the ball of the foot.

Direct the weight as far from the weak part as possible. Strengthen, discipline and train the muscles of the feet and legs at every opportunity. Few individuals remove their shoes more than once from morn till night. Yet the cramped, stiff, imprisoned muscles ought to be given free play for five or ten minutes four times a day.

Bunions, flat feet, inflamed big toe joints, callouses and similar maladies require shoes that are snug just behind the ball of the foot. With a straight inner vamp line to the end of the great toe this can be accomplished. The great toe should be encouraged to swing into a line straight with the centre of the heel. Walk with the toes straight to the front.

Answers to Health Questions

F. H.: Q.—What can be done for protruding piles?

A.—An operation will rid you of them. For temporary relief insert a hemorrhoidal cone or cresote suppository, and try either a little gallic acid or gall ointment, adrenalin ointment or both.

LANK: Q.—How can I gain in weight?

A.—Your weight may be increased by 10 to 12 hours sleep in the 24, in a well ventilated room. Water or liquids of any kind drunk with meals help to make fat. Sugars, starches, butter, puddings, fatty meats, rich soups and gravies are fattening. Take but slight exercise. Be outdoors as much as possible, and keep the bowels active.

J. C. F.: Q.—Please let me know if there is anything I can do for dandruff.

A.—Sulphur is an avowed remedy for dandruff. A little of 1 dram of it with 10 grains each of resorcin, salicylic acid and sulphate of quinine to an ounce of petrolatum, used three times a week, does much good.

J. H. M.: Q.—Would like to ask your advice on a remedy for a little growth on my scalp. It looks like a small bunch of seeds.

A.—"Dandruff warts" is a popular name for these soft cauliflower warts. Such warts should be scraped off with sterilized instruments, and the spot touched with an alum stick.

L. F.: Q.—Please tell me if the growth of a gastic ulcer of the stomach can be cured without an operation? What is the treatment?

A.—It is dangerous to neglect these. Any hospital can give the proper treatment. As to operation, each individual differs. However, a few weeks' hospital care and a proper diet often heals the ulcer without an operation.

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 inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

ODD FACTS

The cherry gets its name from Cerasos, an old Greek town on the Black Sea, whence came the first garden cherries known to Europe.

* * *

The hardiest palm at all common is California's Trachycarpus excelsus, known as the windmill palm. Not alone is it hardy in withstanding low temperatures, but it is tough and will endure rough treatment, but boxed it is not a success, say those who know.

* * *

A recently-patented foot rest for automobile drivers is intended to direct the feet to the right pedals when necessary.

* * *

A ton of sapphires will be used this year in an American factory where the jewelled bearings of electric meters are made.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Madge Evaded the Waiter's Keen Eyes.

I couldn't control the consternation I felt when upon reaching the veranda of the inn I found Pete gone. I turned upon the waiter following me in indignation that came near being panic.

"What have you done with my dog?" I demanded.

There was no change of expression in his face. But I fancied that into his small eyes shot a flash of malicious enjoyment. He spread his hands in innocent disclaimer.

"But nothing, madame," he said suavely. "I have not seen the dog since madame took him out of the dining-room. He is perhaps around at the kitchen door. The cook has a bulldog, too, and there are always good bones and scraps there. Shall I look for him, or will he bite if I try to bring him back, madame?"

Beneath the humility of his manner there was triumphant mockery. I was sure that he knew the whereabouts of the dog, and was only playing with my fears.

All at once I felt terribly alone and helpless. Had they killed poor Pete or had he been flung, a prisoner, in some dark corner? And what did the conspirators in the dining-room—for such I was now sure they were—mean to do with me?

"He Will Come Back."

The suspicion that the wine Mme. Hofer had sent me was drugged didn't appear so improbable as it did in the dining-room. The conviction that I was in personal danger of some kind seized me with resistless force.

My first impulse was to take to my heels and run as fast as I could. But a second thought told me the futility of such a course. If the people at the inn really meant to molest me it wasn't likely that their Teutonic efficiency would leave any outlet unguarded. And if, on the other hand, my suspicions should prove to be groundless, I would cut a ludicrous figure, leaving my luncheon and unpaid bill and running off like an insane woman.

There was but one thing to be done, to keep my poise. I resolved to act as if I suspected nothing, and, turning to the waiter, who was still standing at attention, I explained my long hesitation in answering him.

"I was just wondering whether I ought to go and hunt him up myself," I said, "for he wouldn't let you touch him. But it isn't worth while. He will come back after a while. And now will you please bring me a chilled bowl, some anchovies, paprika and oil? This wine is just the kind I wish for a favorite salad dressing of mine."

"Certainly, madame. I will get them at once."

He turned away quickly, but not before I had again caught a momentary gleam of triumph in his eyes, a gleam which confirmed my determination not to let a drop of the wine pass my lips. With the excuse of the salad dressing I could pretend to drink the wine, something which I couldn't have managed if the observant eyes in the dining-room had been on me.

For a moment or two I had a respite from observing eyes. My back was to the wall of the inn, my table between two windows in such a position that only by leaning far out of either could the people inside see what I was doing.

I knew that I must really eat part of the salad if I meant to carry out the scheme which had flashed into my mind, a scheme at which my flesh recoiled even as my spirit urged it. With hurried, nervous fingers I grasped my salad fork and separated the salad, bringing part of it above the rest in such a position that I could avoid touching it with the wine dressing I meant to make.

When the waiter returned he set the things for which I had asked upon the table, and then asked deferentially:

"Did madame wish me to dress the salad?"

"No, thank you," I returned, "I prefer to dress it myself."

I put the anchovies in the chilled bowl and mashed them, then added the oil and paprika, and finally a generous allowance of the wine. Then I poured a glass of the wine, set it by my plate, and turned to the waiter.

"Please take all this clutter away," I said with a hint of pettishness in my voice. "I haven't elbow room."

I took the glass of wine in my hand and held it up to the light, as if admiring it, and just as the waiter turned away with the tray of salad dressing ingredients I raised it slowly to my lips. He saw me do that, but he didn't see me hurriedly pour most of the contents of the glass into the bowl of salad dressing which I had just made. I knew that he would turn at the door and look at me, and when he did he saw me wiping my lips with my serviette as I put down the nearly empty glass.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

A Smart Combination For Business or Home Wear.

Waist, 2229; Skirt, 2228. Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 2229 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2228. Check or plaid woolen could be combined with serge, satin or taffeta, or silk with crepe. It could also be developed in one material, silk or cloth, and trimmed in any desired way. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.

A medium size will require 6⅞ yards of one material, 36 inches wide. The skirt measures 2½ yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

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Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below:

Name .....

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Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 33, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 25, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from date of application.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

TUESDAY, MAY 14.

The planetary figure for this day gives promise of an eventful, interesting and profitable day, dominated by rare occurrence of unique experience; this latter, under the potent mutual aspect of Sol quintile Neptune, the mystical planet, unique and eccentric. The faculties may be attuned to the potencies of mind and spirit, and the singular vitalation may be born of inspiration, illumination, premonition, prophecy or mediumship. More practically, old obstacles will be removed, elderly persons will assist, and investment and speculation will flourish under a friendly Jupiter. The energies will be highly stimulated under a beneficent Mars, conducing to enterprise, boldness, generosity and power. In the realm of the heart and the home, however, Venus withholds her usual benediction, so cherish and protect these with every possible safeguard.

Those whose birthday it is may have a year of singular experiences, but must be discreet and poised. A child born on this day should be unusually gifted in peculiar powers and insight, but may be unsettled, erratic and romantic.

Words of Wise Men

Religion is the dream of the human soul.—Feuerbach.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty. It is a blessing to be earned before it can be enjoyed.—Tilton.

In the end thought rules the world. There are times when impulses and passions are more powerful, but they soon expend themselves; while mind, acting constantly, is ever ready to drive them back and work when their energy is exhausted.—McCosh.

Every man who rises in any profession must tread a path more or less bedewed by the tears of those he passes on his way.—Bayne.

The most terrific thing in the world is sin. A man is never hurt until his soul is hurt, and the only thing that can hurt his soul is sin.—Plumer.

A room without pictures is like a room without windows. Pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—Downing.

DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

She Learns Just How the Three-Tiered Skirt Should Be Designed.

"What is it, Claire?" Madame asked as I came from the fitting-room. "What was disappointing about Miss Gardiner's frock?"

"You're a wizard," I gasped. "Something is wrong with the skirt—it hasn't much character."

"Has Miss Westley taken it upstairs yet?" asked Madame. When I answered that it was still there she continued: "Please slip the frock on again and let me have a look at it."

So I went back to the fitting-room and put on the dress which was so disappointing that I was glad it wasn't mine.

The instant Madame looked at it she knew what was lacking to make the frock smart and attractive.

"No wonder you said something was the matter with the skirt! The proportions are all wrong. Unless a three-tiered skirt is perfectly balanced it's absolutely devoid of smartness. The upper tier must be at least four inches shorter, and two inches should be cut from the second tier. I'll pin the hems deeper and let you see what a difference such a small change will make in the frock."

There was a decided improvement in the skirt when Madame had shortened the first tier. And when the second tier was turned up it seemed as if I was wearing an entirely different frock. The tier were of graduated widths, the upper tier being the widest and the fullest. They were side pleated, but there wasn't even the suggestion of a flare to the skirt—about the ankles it was quite narrow.

Madame liked the bodice with the exception of the collar, which she considered entirely too broad. She told Miss Westley to use a narrow, rather straight collar of white French organdie to correspond with the chemisette, which is crossed in surplice fashion.

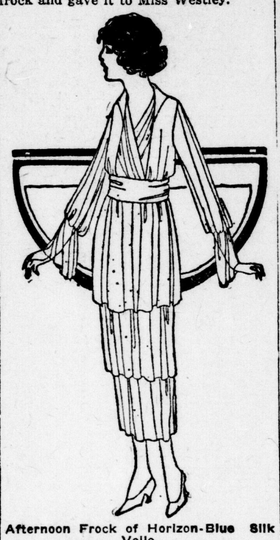
The sides and back of the bodice are softly bloused. The full bishop sleeves are puffed below the elbows, and are finished with deep frills with picot edges. I never had seen sleeves of exactly this type before. I asked Madame if they were likely to become popular.

"They ought to be well liked, since there's nothing more graceful than a deep wrist frill. Then, too, this sleeve is particularly good on this frock on account of its triple skirt; they seem to harmonize perfectly."

Of course, I realized the charm of the frock after Madame pointed out its many excellent features—not the least of which was the broad sash of horizon-blue faille ribbon. This was drawn twice about the waist in soft folds and then the ends were tied in a small, pert bow at the centre back. Two long streamers extended nearly to the hem and were edged with a deep, knotted fringe of blue silk.

"Now, what is your frank opinion of the frock? Do you still think that it lacks style?" asked Madame.

"It's lovely, so lovely that I wish it were going to be one of my summer frocks. I never imagined that I would like a three-tiered skirt, but I've changed my mind—they are very attractive," I replied. Then, for the second time, I took off Miss Gardiner's frock and gave it to Miss Westley.



Afternoon Frock of Horizon-Blue Silk Voile.

How Dress May Be Made to Hide Your Beauty Failings

BY LUCREZIA BORI
The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

LUCREZIA BORI

The majority of women know exactly what is lacking to make them beautiful, yet comparatively few exert themselves to correct these deficiencies. They declare that the power of beauty is great, insist that it opens many doors, which remain closed to the woman who permits herself to appear unattractive, yet the never raise a finger to make their dreams of beauty come true. Nevertheless there is one means of improving the appearance which even the most impatient of women may call to her aid—dress.

In the careful selection of clothes any woman can successfully conceal almost any defect. Therefore, it's to be deplored that more women don't take advantage of this never-failing means to increase their good looks. A few suggestions may be helpful.

Physical defects are most discouraging when the evening gown is donned. A thin neck, bony arms, thick ankles and large feet are all very much in evidence, unless good judgment is displayed in the selection of the dress.

The woman who lacks plump arms should avoid the sleeveless evening gown, and wear only one with long sleeve draperies. The present fashions offer a wide selection in gowns of this type. The graceful, scarflike draperies veil the too-thin arms, giving them the appearance of being beautifully molded, proving once more that the evening gown with sleeve draperies is a "saving-grace" to the woman whose arms are unattractive.

Arms, Shoulders, and Ankles.

Fashion has also been kind, this season, to the woman who lacks a perfect pair of shoulders, a well-covered neck and a beautiful throat. Many of the smartest evening gowns have the upper portion of the bodices fashioned of a single layer of flesh-colored tulle which is extended almost to the base of the throat. The material is so smoothly fitted that it gives the impression that the wearer is blessed with a faultless pair of shoulders and a beautiful neck. Surely almost any woman may well choose a gown of this type, rather than one whose low-cut decolletage brings her defects into greater prominence.

It is a more difficult problem to conceal thick, clumsy ankles at the present time, but rumors are afloat that the skirts of evening gowns are likely to extend to the instep. However, many women will continue to prefer the short skirt which exposes the ankle.

It should be remembered that all-black foot gear make the feet appear smaller and the ankles less heavy. Though your taste may run toward fancy-colored slippers and hosiery, you should pass them by.

Now that slipper ornaments have returned to fashion, large buckles of cut steel or brilliants will not only add to the beauty of your slippers, but will also detract from the size of your feet. The woman whose ankles are too thick, should refrain from wearing skirts as short as her sister whose ankles are slender and graceful.

Aids to Other Defects.

Hats with brims faced with a becoming color, should be the selection of the woman whose skin is parchmentlike in hue and texture.

Defects of the figure may be concealed by choosing frocks with good lines. The too-stout should be partial to long unbroken lines and simplicity of style and trimming. The too-thin may safely lean towards draperies, full tunics and frills and ruffles.

The woman who doesn't take advantage of fashion's efforts to aid her to conceal her defects is foolish indeed.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

BY ELOISE FARRINGTON.

How Elizabeth Ogilvie Saved the Jewels of Scotland.

In the stirring days of the Commonwealth after Oliver Cromwell had gained his victory over Charles II., both Scotland and England were torn by civil war. Many towns and strongholds which at first had held out gallantly for the King were finally forced to surrender.

Dunnottar castle was one of the last to yield to the "Roundheads," since its governor, George Ogilvie of Barras, was a loyal royalist and resolved to hold the stronghold against all odds. The stout walls of the castle also guarded Scotland's most priceless treasure, the royal crown, sceptre and sword of state. Knowing this, Cromwell's general in the camp pitched without the castle gate pressed the garrison hard that he might gain possession of the precious relics.

The siege had lasted for many weeks, and starvation threatened the brave defenders of Dunnottar.

Governor Ogilvie, with his wife Elizabeth, stood at one of the windows of the eastern tower.

"It will be impossible to resist much longer," he said sadly. "I care not for ourselves, for we can face starvation and death like true Scots, my Elizabeth; nor yet for the castle, but the King's crown—it must never fall into Cromwell's hands."

At this moment a very pretty, golden-haired woman stepped lightly into the room. She also was pale and thin from lack of food, but a brave smile played about her lips. It was Mrs. Granger, wife of the parish minister at Kinneff, and a dear friend of Elizabeth Ogilvie, to whom the governor said:

"If the regalia were carried to safety elsewhere I could yield Dunnottar with an easy mind."

"Could you?" exclaimed Elizabeth eagerly. "Then listen, I have thought of a way." She proceeded to unfold the details of her plan, the other two listening attentively.

The following day a report was spread through the commonwealth camp that the crown treasure had been cleverly smuggled out of Scotland by Sir John Keith.

Soon afterward Elizabeth Ogilvie and Mrs. Granger went to the secret chamber of the castle, where in a great iron-bound chest was kept the crown treasure. Each carried a quantity of white linen, which was thrown in a pile on the floor. The governor's wife unlocked the chest and lifted from it the jewelled crown, sceptre and sword. Mrs. Granger took the treasures from her friend and deftly wrapped them in the strips of snowy linen.

"Oh, Betty," she laughed, "I'd have given my best bonnet had you seen the Roundhead general when I told him that I was a minister's wife and asked leave to depart from the castle and go home to my husband. Then I smiled at him, and said, sweet as honey, that like a good wife I must take my bundles of house linen with me. He was very nice, for a Roundhead, as he answered: 'You may go, madam, and I shall give you a safe conduct through camp.' So, you see, everything is settled, and our plan will be successful. Look at my bundles! No one would guess that they contain anything but linen."

Mrs. Ogilvie Unlocked the Chest

A few hours later Elizabeth Ogilvie watched her friend pass out of the castle gates with her bundles. Mrs. Granger was met by an officer of the Commonwealth, who escorted her through the camp.

Upon reaching home, Minister Granger buried the treasure beneath the pulpit of his church at Kinneff.

The famine-stricken garrison of Dunnottar was forced to surrender, but the brave hearts of George and Elizabeth Ogilvie rejoiced, knowing that the jewels of Scotland were safe from the hands of the enemy.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvus

Illustrated by Gruelle.

DADDY RABBIT'S MISTAKE.

Every morning the same thing happens!" complained Mamma Rabbit. "This morning the dirt flew right into our place."

"And into my eyes," cried Bunny Rabbit, rubbing them.

"It's a shame!" exclaimed Daddy Rabbit. "I have a pretty good idea who does it."

Then Daddy Rabbit went out to look at the dirt piled against his doorway, and as soon as he saw it he shook his head as if he'd made up his mind, saying:

"Yes, Willy Chipmunk! I saw him hunting a suitable place to build his new home."

Not long afterward Willy Chipmunk passed Mamma Rabbit's house, and Mamma Rabbit ran out and stopped him.

"Are you building next to us, Willy Chipmunk?" she asked after bidding him good morning.

"Yes, indeed," replied Willy Chipmunk, "and I hope we'll be good neighbors."

"Good neighbors!" exclaimed a gruff voice behind Mamma Rabbit, and Daddy Rabbit hopped out and grabbed Willy Chipmunk by the collar.

"I'll teach you not to throw dirt into my children's eyes!" he cried angrily.

"Wait! Wait!" gasped Willy Chipmunk, trying to get away. "What have I done?"

But Daddy Rabbit wouldn't wait. He pulled Willy Chipmunk over to the dirt piled against their doorway.

"That's what you've done!" he cried "Every morning I have to dig the dirt away from my doorway before we can get out!"

"But I never did that," cried Willy Chipmunk wiggling out of Daddy Rabbit's paws. "This isn't my house. I'm on the other side of you folks."

Horrified, Daddy and Mamma Rabbit looked at one another. Then Daddy loosened his hold on Willy Chipmunk's coat.

"Not your house? Then whose house can it be!" they cried together.

Just then a cloud of dirt flew out of the hole in question and out popped a little grey head.

"Good-morning, friends! What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Well! Mr. Woodchuck!" laughed Willy Chipmunk. "Daddy Rabbit's been blaming me for throwing dirt in his doorway."

"Why, so I have thrown my dirt clear into your place!" chuckled Mr. Woodchuck. "I'm dreadfully sorry if I've caused you any trouble."

Then Daddy Rabbit felt so ashamed to think that he'd been so quick to accuse Willy Chipmunk that he begged Willy's pardon, and they shook paws good-naturedly. And, besides, Daddy Rabbit kept his temper about Mr. Woodchuck.

"It never pays to be too quick to judge others," laughed Mr. Woodchuck. "For sometimes we make mistakes. I did, I know. But now I'll be more careful where I throw my dirt."

So Mamma Rabbit invited them all in to have breakfast, and when they'd eaten, Willy Chipmunk, Daddy Rabbit and Mr. Woodchuck cleared away the pile of dirt from before Mamma Rabbit's doorway.

After that Willy Chipmunk, Mr. Woodchuck and Daddy Rabbit's family were the best of friends.

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—Cromwell.

He is wise who knows the sources of knowledge—who knows who has written, and where it is to be found.—Hodge.

I believe in heart-earnestness. Deep feeling is contagious. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. A teardrop is a very little thing, and yet it is a thing of power. Hearts that can stand everything else, are often melted by a tear. Let the heart palpitate in every line and burn in every word.—Enoch Pond.

Philosophy is the science of realities.—Emerson.

COMFORT SOAP

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BUT
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