

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Your Stomach a Muscular Bag --Exercise Makes It Strong

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



DR. HIRSHBERG

Every body has a stomach. There is scarcely any stomach that is as strong as it should be. Some stomachs are sick some of the time; some are sick most of the time; but not one of them escapes sickness all of the time. Curiously enough, disorders of the gastric machinery are more frequently the result of trouble elsewhere than only directly in that structure itself.

One of the essential features which lurk behind most impaired digestions is a deficiency in muscle power. This is to say, the muscle walls of the stomach are flabby and insufficient to urge the digestion in work or the food to move along and be properly churned up and down and around.

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THE FASCINATIONS OF TULLE



As Scarf or Veil
Tulle Makes the
Severe Truly Dainty

The Question Is--Will Tulle Displace Summer Furs?

Is tulle taking the place of the popular summer furs? Fashionable women will have something around their neck to soften the effect of a chin, or to neutralize the effect of a gown and hat whose colors might otherwise not altogether harmonize. In the first illustration tulle is cleverly used as a combined trimming for the hat and scarf for the throat. The more purposes.

A few yards of tulle can serve as scarf or veil, and the simplest, most severe kind of frock is made into something more soft and dainty when graced by a throw of tulle. In the first illustration tulle is cleverly used as a combined trimming for the hat and scarf for the throat. The more purposes.

A girlish effect is obtained by tying the hat with tulle and fastening under the chin with a large bow, as is shown in the third illustration. A small brown velvet sport hat is shown with the tulle in a slightly lighter shade of brown.

The strongest possible planetary testimony for success and prosperity are in evidence for this day. Jupiter, the greatest of the benefactors, is in aspect with both of the luminaries, making for advantages and benefits in all avenues of life, with emphasis on the financial prospects, in which there may operate some unusual or unexpected returns.

This probability is heightened by the trine of Luna with Venus, bringing sudden good fortune, probably involving removal, changes or traveling. In all removals, changes or traveling, however, ventures and relationships.

Those whose birthday it is are promised a splendid year with success and prosperity. They may travel. A child born on this day will be clever, of original and advanced views, popular, generous and successful in business.

Why Madge Accompanied the Strange Chauffeur. Then Hesitated. Lillian's note was painstakingly, even formally, written. Headed, carefully, "124 Madison Street, New York City," and the date written out in full, the note ran thus:

"Dear Madge--My little daughter has been taken suddenly ill, and I cannot come for you. This man is trustworthy, so do as he asks you, and, above all, do not delay. I will explain when I see you. Madge, your friend."

LILLIAN UNDERWOOD. I scrutinized the note carefully before I folded it and put it in the envelope. It was certainly a very gray and note paper, so without further questioning I turned to the waiting chauffeur.

"I am ready now," I said, looking steadily, squarely at him, a habit of mine when engaged in any business dealing with a stranger. Something inscrutable leaped into his eyes as he again before I had time to interpret it. Remembering his injunction of the moment before I deemed that most probably the expression was one of relief that I was making haste to leave the room. According to her note--Lillian had advised against delay, and knowing her, I could imagine the string of instructions she had given him, instructions which it would go hard with him to disobey.

He arose and walked a respectful step or two behind me until we had reached the stairway leading to the taxi course of the big railway station. There he halted me as I put my foot upon the first step.

"Pardon, madame, but the taxi isn't up there, if you will, please, come across to the Thirty-first street entrance."

"Not there?" I echoed in astonishment. "Why not?" The expression of his eyes subtly conveyed to me that he thought me a very stupid and obstinate woman indeed. But his manner was most respectful.

"Go Ahead, Then!" "Mrs. Underwood was most insistent, madame, that I should not take the usual entrance. She herself suggested the Thirty-first street entrance, and I did not protest, but I recognized a note running underneath them, a note which if completed would have sounded this message: "And how dare you question her, either."

And yet I realized that I had no right to resent the implied reproach. This man was also a servant operative, also under Lillian's direction. Lillian had sent him for me. It was not mine to question. It was mine only to obey. But I could not keep the rigidity from my manner as I turned away from the stairway.

"Go ahead, then," I said coldly. "I am not familiar with the entrance."

That he understood the rebuff I was certain by the manner in which he straightened his already erect figure and marched down the long corridor.

"Wait a Moment!" I followed him through many doors and turnings, which seemed interminable even for the maze of the Pennsylvania station, in which I invariably lose my way. Unless I am traveling the straight path from the Long Island station to the main one. Once

Good Night Stories

Illustrated by Gruelle

PLAYING THE CLOWN IN BIRD-VILLE.

Mr. Cuckoo brushed out his blue-grey white vest with an impatient air. "All right!" he chuckled. "If you won't, you won't--to there!"

"Indeed!" screamed his mate. "What pleasure can we have if we have to stay home and take care of little ones! Let some of the other birdfolk do it. I haven't time!" and her evil yellow eyes fairly snapped at her husband.

"I'm sorry," he sighed. "I suppose there's no other way. I must play clown once more."

"If you settled down with a house and family how long would you be content?" cried Mrs. Cuckoo. "Not much longer than it takes to build the nest. Then I could watch and care for the babies while you went and had a good time!"

"I guess you're right," sighed Mr. Cuckoo. "I can't bear to remain long in the same place. Now be ready and do up quickly."

Then spreading his blue-grey wings he flew farther into the forest and settled on a hedge, where he sat puffed out and staring.

He hadn't long to wait before Jimmy Chaffinch discovered him, and taking Mr. Cuckoo for a hawk, Jimmy Chaffinch flew back with a startled cry.

Quick as a wink, Mr. Cuckoo was surrounded by a crowd of little scolding birds, all abusive and threatening, led by Jimmy Chaffinch, who had worried himself into a terrible state of frenzy.

Mr. Cuckoo, rolling his yellow eyes, took wing and flew screaming like a great eagle, the mob of frantic birds following pell-mell after him.

Mrs. Cuckoo chuckled to herself as she saw all the birds fly from their nests and join in the chase. Then she swooped to the ground, picked up her egg and flew to Mrs. Hedge Sparrow's nest.

Three pretty sky-blue eggs nestled in the tiny little nest.

Mrs. Cuckoo quickly slid her egg down beside the others and rolled one of Mrs. Hedge Sparrow's out on to the ground.

"It's a wee bit larger than the others," cooed but it's almost the same color," cooed Mrs. Cuckoo.

"Then away she flew to join her mate, who was still playing clown for the little birds. Mrs. Cuckoo called him, and together they flew quickly away."

"Took me for a hawk!" chuckled Mr. Cuckoo. "Took me for a hawk!" chuckled Mr. Cuckoo. "Took me for a hawk!" chuckled Mr. Cuckoo.

"I hope Mrs. Hedge Sparrow doesn't discover the difference," laughed Mrs. Cuckoo.

"Maybe if she did you'd quit doing it and settle down in a place of your own and raise your own children," snapped Mr. Cuckoo.

"Maybe some day we will build a home," cooed Mrs. Cuckoo, and Mr. Cuckoo, believing her, followed her across the forest, mothered by good-hearted Mrs. Hedge Sparrow.

The Origin of Famous Sayings

Francis Rabalais. 1495-1553. Corn is the sinews of war--Works.

How shall I be able to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself?--Works.

Subject to a kind of disease, which at that time they called lack of money.--Works.

He did not care a button for it.--Works.

Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that one-half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth.--Works.

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My footsteps lagged as I tried to analyze the feeling that was fast taking possession of me, and at my slackening pace the chauffeur ahead turned his head swiftly and cast a glance at me in which I read suspicion.

He had been counting my footsteps, keeping pace with them! What it all meant I did not know, but I resolved not to go any into the consciousness of Thirty-first street without other escort than this man.

I backed my brain for some excuse to get back to the shelter of the lighted waiting-room. But only the flimsiest falsehood came to my mind.

"Wait a moment!" I called peremptorily to the chauffeur who was walking in front of me.

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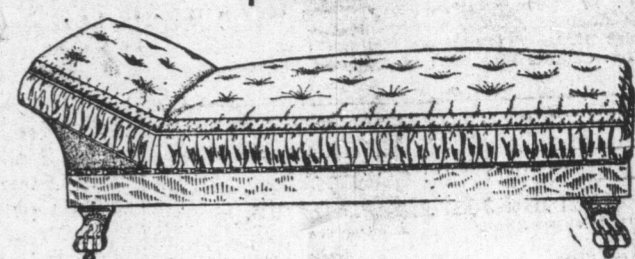
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Women surgeons operate on men

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A woman surgeon for the French Army! No wonder the *medecin-en-chef* threw up his hands in dismay when little Dr. Nicole Gerard-Mangin reported at the losses from her surgeon's kit and her Government's command.

And yet, there at his feet were a thousand wounded soldiers--and only five doctors. So the brave little doctor was allowed to take her hat off and put her swift, skillful hands to the grim task of saving men's lives.

It is happening on every battle front. Just listen to the record of what women surgeons are doing on every battle front!



In France, for the first time in history, a woman's voice has been heard to plead before a military court. Suzanne Grinberg, French woman lawyer, addressing seven judges of military rank before the Conseil de la Guerre, is symbolical of the wide opening to women of the legal profession in every country.

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