

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Bad Deeds Seldom Spring from Reasons That Are Good

By WINIFRED BLACK



Winifred Black

THEY arrested a man for embezzlement in New York the other day. A young man, good-looking, well dressed and a plausible talker.

He cried when they took him to the police station.

"I was," I cashed my employer's check," he said, "and used the money for myself. But I have an invalid mother, and I could not support her on my salary."

And every one was very sorry for the well-dressed young man, until it turned out that he really did have an invalid mother, and that he hadn't given her a cent for over a year.

He had spent the money on persons who were neither invalids nor mothers.

Of course.

Once in a while it turns out that the speck in the apple isn't really a speck at all, but just a bruise, and the apple is quite as good and sound as it would have been if it hadn't fallen too hard from the tree.

And then we are all glad, for we all love to think well of human nature when we can.

But, as usual, the apple with the speck in it is not sound.

There's something the matter with that apple besides the little speck you see on the surface.

And if you keep the fruit in the pantry long enough it will spoil every good apple on the shelf.

And not one of the good apples can do a thing to keep the bad apple from spoiling.

Good and Evil

It's too bad that it is true. But being sorry about it doesn't seem to alter the situation.

Some years' experience in and out of criminal courts has forced upon me one conclusion.

Good people don't do bad things with good objects.

And when bad people do bad things there is generally a bad object at the bottom of the business.

I have read a great deal about thieves who rob jewelry stores to save their dying mothers.

I have met and talked with many, many thieves, but the one whose mother drove him to stealing I have yet to see face to face.

I have heard a great deal about the woman who sells herself to save her child's life, or her brother's chance in business or her father's fortune.

I have sat in many prisons and talked for hours with many miserable women who were prisoners there, and all that I have met seemed to me to be there because they wanted to do the things they did.

Perhaps they were not to blame for wanting. Who shall gauge the mysterious depths of heredity? But not one woman thief, not one woman vagrant, not one woman of the miserable world had sold herself for anybody on earth but herself.

This woman who loves her child will scrub floors for a living, but she will not let her character be made money for that child. There are women of light repulse who love their children, but they are of light repulse in their children, and not because of them.

The thing that makes a man a thief is the same thing that makes him squander the money that he gets from thieving upon people who are even less worthy than he is himself.

Thieves and Love

We read in the magazines fine stories about honest men who are driven to dishonesty by selfish and extravagant wives.

I can think now of seven different bank cashiers in different parts of the world whom I have seen go to prison.

And every one of those cashiers threw away his liberty and his good name and his place in the world for the sake of a woman.

Mary said, "I have seen a woman who was the wife of the man who became a thief for her sake."

Man do not steal for good women. The sort of man who loves a good woman cannot be made to steal by any sort of woman who ever breathed.

Lilies, they say, can spring from foulest mud.

I hope that this is true, but usually you find in mud weeds, and nothing else.

Like clings to like the world around.

No man who loves with all his heart any honest woman, or, if he does, he stops his thieving from the hour he learns to care for her.

And when a woman tells me that she sold her good name for the sake of some one whom she really loves I wonder what her excuse would have been if there were no such person in existence?

And now I suppose the invalid mother of the New York embezzler will come and sit at his trial and help the jury to be sorry for him.

And she will stink herself, and she will write letters, and she will send messages, and she will do everything on earth that it is in her power to do to save this son of hers from the punishment he has earned.

And the women upon whom he spent this ill-gotten money will stay very far away from that court room indeed.

For it is one of the strange things in human nature that honest people often love a thief, but no thief ever loves an honest soul and stays a thief.

Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE TWO MEN ARE REQUIRED TO WIELD ONE SPADE

IN the interior of Persia, where there are all sorts of strange things to be found, I once came upon a group of farm laborers who seemed to me the laziest workmen I had ever seen. The men were spending up some earth, and it took two men to wield one spade.



"Plow-Spading" in Persia.

The land they were spading was the most forbidding looking ground you could imagine. As far as the eye could see there was not a tree or a shrub or a bush to be seen. A flat, arid plain, the land stretched away under the burning sun like a lake of molten lead.

Perhaps this Persian two-man spade is one of the forms through which our modern plow has developed to its present efficiency.

JEALOUSY

By Michelson



A DREADFUL beast is jealousy. Sometimes it has a beautiful look, a dazzling look of fascination, like some glittering reptile. This is because it is sometimes associated with quite ANOTHER idea—the idea of LOVE. Of course jealousy and love have nothing to do with each other. Love is a wish to GIVE. Jealousy is the lowest form of SELFISHNESS. So that when she plays with jealousy she is tempting a poisonous bite from the deadly serpent.

She may think just to tease the serpent. But when it is AROUSED the consequences are often sad enough. One nip from the serpent has been known to KILL LOVE.

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.

An Early Morning Surprise

THE clean, sweet air of a bright summer morning was blowing through our room when the alarm clock went off and scared Mary and me into wakefulness.

"Dear me," said Mary sleepily, "Aunt Minerva's clock has an awfully robust sort of ring, don't you think so?"

"Perfection," I agreed. "It's a good deal like Aunt Minerva—sensible, useful and rather pervasive."

"That isn't at all a bad speech for a sleepy man," said Mary, and kissed me suddenly on the cheek.

Did Aunt Minerva Suspect?

She jumped out of bed with a little laugh of sheer happiness and slipped into a kimono lying over the foot of the bed.

I, in the fashion of men who hate to get up, fell asleep again.

"Peter!" said Mary. "I've called you now four times, and except one or two surges you haven't bothered to answer me. I said, do you think Aunt Minerva suspected?"

I didn't know what had preceded Aunt Minerva's interminable suspicion, but Mary looked pretty ruffled at my drowsiness and I pretended wisdom.

"She must have," I said. "I'm sure of it."

At the time I didn't pay much attention to them, but still I liked them, and now they are both far away.

About three years ago I had a boy friend who went away and just came back about a month ago. He came up to see me, said he would "phone" me, and I was waiting for him since I would like to be married. Do you think that I am too independent? I am not good looking, but passable, and I always try to look nice. Tell me, do you think I am going to be a "bachelor lady"? N.A.N.

KEEP on being "Independent," Nan.

You'll know when the right man comes along, and it won't take him long to decide he wants you to marry him. You are nowhere near being an old maid yet; and suppose you should be, there have been old maids who have accomplished great good for the world, and often are as happy as their married sisters.

Dear ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl 24 years old, but do not look my age. I have several boy friends who come and see me quite often, but none of them seem very serious. I have met two boys who have told me they loved me, but, of course, I don't believe all they say.

The Husband Losing Hours

"Peter," she said, "I-I really don't think it was at all nice of you to complain about me to Aunt Minerva. A really nice man doesn't go about criticizing his wife to any one at all—not even the wisest aunt in creation."

I realized now that I was in deep water.

"I didn't criticize you to Aunt Minerva," I said indignantly.

"You just said you did," said Mary, and there certainly was the dress lying right over the chair where I couldn't see it, and I was somebody must have told her—"

"Told her what?" I inquired now, honestly waking up.

"That I didn't dress as neatly in the early morning as I might, because I was sleepy, and—"

"Mary," I admitted guiltily, "a while back when you began this dialogue I wasn't wholly awake, and I'm afraid I cheated. I've been answering you between sleep and wakefulness."

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Ann's Letter

A Bride's Own Story Of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

MARKETING FOR PERMANENT SUPPLIES

THINGS were just a few canned things in the house for our first meal yesterday, so this morning I started out shortly after 9 o'clock to get the permanent supplies for the pantry. There's space for all these things in my kitchen cabinet or the refrigerator and vegetable basket right near it, and just as soon as I use up any of these supplies, I can mark it on the "want" list that hangs up in the kitchen wall, and replenish the stock on the next marketing day. I had to change last night's menu at the last minute just because I didn't have the cheese for the spaghetti. Never again!

Besides, most of these permanent supplies will last me a week—some of them will last a month or more; so that the only things I'll have to buy on my thrice-a-week marketing trips will be fresh vegetables and fruit, or meats or fish. "Why don't you telephone for these things?" Edith's suggestion suggested the grocer when I called. "Well, delivering anything you want any time."

"Thanks, but I don't want to get into the habit," I laughed. "My orders will be for such small quantities, as a rule, that it's just as easy to deliver to you as to call on the grocer here, and while the one nearest me seems quite accommodating, I'm not going to get into the habit of buying at just this place and no other. So I'm not opening a charge account, but paying immediately for everything I buy, and I'll buy at the place that offers me the best quality at the lowest price, regardless of where it is."

I shall keep my list of permanent supplies and mark the prices paid so that I can watch for special prices and save by extra large quantity buying whenever possible.

LIST OF PERMANENT SUPPLIES FOR COOKING

- | Flours and Cereals. | Seasonings and Flavorings. |
|---|---|
| Bread flour, 1 bag (10 lbs.). | Granulated sugar, 5 lbs. |
| Whole wheat flour, 1 bag (10 lbs.). | Salt, 1 lb. |
| Rye meal, 5 lbs. | Mustard, 1/2 lb. |
| Corn meal, 5 lbs. | Vinegar, 1 quart. |
| Irish oatmeal, 5-lb. can. | Vanilla, 6 sticks (from druggist). |
| | Lemons, 6. |
| | Jar of preserved ginger. |
| | Bottle of anchovy paste. |
| | Box of curry powder. |
| | Caraway seeds. |
| | Small can of paprika. |
| | |
| Dried and Canned Foods (for emergencies). | Miscellaneous: Vegetables and Fruits Partly Non-Perishable. |
| Pas beans, 2 lbs. | Tea, 1 lb. |
| Prunes, 1 lb. | Butter, 2 lbs. |
| 2 cans each salmon, sardines, tuna-fish, tomatoes, soups. | Baking soda, 1 package. |
| | Apples, 1 quart. |
| | Oranges, 1/2 dozen. |
| | |

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Kill the Mosquito Early or Suffer from Malaria

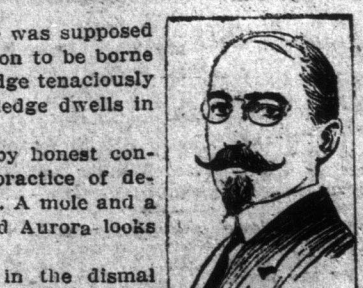
By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

IT is but a handful of years since bad air was supposed to be a necessity, and malaria a visitation to be borne by all human flesh. Errors, however, long tenaciously in the wisest heads, and poverty of knowledge dwells in a gorgeous palace.

There are more tangled webs woven by honest convictions worse confounded than by the practice of deceptions. Darkness is only a relative matter. A mole and a bat think a glow-worm to be Phoebe, and Aurora looks upon the earth light as Stygian.

The marooned medical man, caught in the dismal swamps of his own "authorities," was hard put to it until a decade or two ago to diagnose a herring from a hatchet. In those cheerless days the doctor lightly disposed of all complaints, from cowpox to consumption, with the words "a touch of malaria."



DR. HIRSHBERG

Most men fell ill either with malaria or a "touch of malaria," since no doctor knew what malaria really was, or was not, it was almost as convenient a term as "rheumatism," "diphtheria," or "neurasthenia." It also meant as much or as little.

History of Malaria Discoveries.

After the discovery in 1880 of Fedchenko that the water flea cyclops carried the eggs of the parasite of the guinea worm, which is a human parasite, a few physicians undisturbed by dogmatism might be certain other and more minute parasites of man, whose babyhood stages were developed in insects. True enough, there are doctors today who never heard of Fedchenko, the water flea cyclops, or the malaria or guinea worm of man, or Dr. Patrick Manson and Dr. Ronald Ross are not to be numbered among these.

After the above find, Dr. Manson, in 1897, turned his attention to these thin, hair-like worms, which abide in the blood of man, and sought the host of its infantile moments. The ordinary house mosquito was soon convicted of harboring these fellows—the first convicted of a mosquito, by an international jury of savants.

The life story of this parasite in two hosts—mosquito and man—was not fully appreciated until 1930, when Dr. Laveran discovered the epoch-making fact that the distinct and conspicuous microbe of animal nature is always present in the red corpuscles of the human blood, whenever true malaria is man blood.

When, however, any malarial parasite is present, you can search the blood and the bone marrow in vain for these microscopic creatures. Links in the great chain of discovery, therefore, were forged slowly, for it nevertheless, was 1930 that two American doctors, Theobald Smith and Kilborne, unearthed the fact that cattle, all with malaria, cause a blood cough in Texas cattle—a blood cough which is the malaria parasite abiding in their red corpuscles. More important still was the fact that the tick or insect which lives upon the hide of these animals also acts as host of the embryo days of the animalcule which causes cattle fever.

The Facts About Mosquitoes.

Mark you, all of these wonderful facts were brought to light by Russian, American, English and French scientists. In 1896 another great link was added to this chain. Dr. Bruce, another Englishman, discovered that the Congo sleeping sickness of Africans by means of the bite of the blood-sucking tsetse fly. To mark back a bit, Dr. A. P. A. King wrote a most remarkable article in 1933 which gave twenty odd reasons why mosquitoes cause malaria. This excited derision, as usual, among the medical stagh-patters.

In 1898 Dr. Ronald Ross, another Englishman, at the suggestion of Dr. Manson, began an investigation of the relationship between mosquitoes and malaria, which resulted in his discovery

Mrs. L. Q.—I have a breaking out on my finger. It comes about once a month in little white blisters or pimples. Will you please tell me a cure for this?

2—Will you kindly give me a remedy for falling hair?

3—Also a remedy for dandruff?

4—Use on the hands twice a day salicylic acid, 25 grains; starch, 10 grains; zinc-oxide, 3 grains; vaseline one-half ounce. 5—Massage into the scalp twice a day: Resorcin, 15 grains; balsam peru, 15 grains; sulphur lard, 4 drams; castor oil, 14 drams; oil of theobromine, 3 drams. Use electric hair brushes, vigorous massage, scalp movements and some instant such as capsaicin vaseline.

6—Dandruff will be eliminated with one dram each of acetic acid, salicylic acid and sulphur to two ounces of red vaseline used three times a week. Massage the scalp gently and loosen it with the tips of the fingers.

Mrs. L. Q.—I suffer from indigestion, constipation and nervous trouble. I've been to many doctors and hospitals; none do me any good. I get so bloated up before I finish meals I can hardly breathe. Am so tired all the time, get strange pains in my head and back and have poor circulation of blood and not much appetite. I am stiff when I get up, and have heavy feelings in stomach. Am hoarse at times. Take vocal lessons, and would be good singer but for this. Are vocal lessons bad for the heart? Feel cranky all the time, and don't feel like talking. Have two children.

A—You require more sleep and a different diet. Take a two-hour nap in the afternoon and then go for a long ride. Drink a wine glass of olive oil with your meals, lots of water between meals, and two Bulgarian bacilli tablets after meals.

Dr. Hirschberg 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. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Today's Fashion



Large Black and White Straw Sailor—Trimmed with White Wings.

HATS are gradually growing larger, and the brim of the sailor has almost reached the width of the once popular "Merry Widow."

For early spring wear there is nothing smarter than a sailor in the masquerade combination. This hat is of white straw with an under brim of black.

The crown is trimmed with a band of black grosgrain ribbon, tied in a bow at the back, and small white wings are placed at regular intervals about the crown of the ribbon band.