

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Clara Morris Says—

### THAT AN ENVELOPE OFTEN EXPRESSES THE SPIRIT OF THE LETTER INSIDE.



CLARA MORRIS

ANY one who comes before the public—no matter in what character—is bound to be the recipient of a large and varied mail, which will be wholly unlike the most voluminous correspondence of a strictly social nature.

And when one has for years handled this promiscuous mail matter one almost unconsciously acquires some knowledge of the psychology of letters, comprehending their phenomena of character and spirit as readily as their physical make-up.

As human features often express the spirit within, so the addressed envelope often expresses the spirit of the letter within. While it is equally true that just as a few men train their faces into sheer expressionless masks, so now and then one will come upon a superscription that seems trained to an expressionless immobility—that from its very blankness suggests concealment.

To "size up" a letter, one need not follow the example of the old country-woman to whom any mislaid other than the biennial screw from an absent son must be a thing of awesome wonderment, to be felt of, "hefted," held up and squinted through and guessed over for half an hour before opening. There's the glance arrested—the steady, all-inclusive look, with instinct well to the fore, and there you are—figuratively speaking—reading your letter from the outside.

Running over a packet of letters in my dressing room one night, I came upon one that gave me a shock of repulsion—a creepy unwillingness to open it. I often had common looking missives, illiterate, poor, but this, with each word of the address standing out big and bold, then wavering down to a shapless scrawl, suggested cowardice. The flap sealed down from end to end with extra gum untidily applied, hinted at furtive secrecy, while a dirty thumb mark implied neglect of the decencies of life.

"When that is opened something bad will come forth," I thought. Well, I opened it, and then sent for a detective.

The demand for money was backed by a rather unusual kind of threat. If his demand was refused he would send to reporters that he was my own brother, deserted and abandoned and still denied. Then he foolishly added: "I have nothing to lose, but, remember, it will take you a long while to disprove or even controvert my claim, and meantime your beloved reputation will be getting a black eye. Better send that money."

It is very sure one does not have to read a millionaire's mail to learn to be able to spot a professional beggar letter at 30 paces, while the very babe at the breast will turn its head away from a "bill."

## Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

### How New Sleeves Will Make Old Dresses New.

AFTER three days of rain, it is about time Old Sol decided to smile between showers. I have probably spent the time gardening, making desserts and changing the sleeves in mother's last year's frocks.

She is one of those very wise women who always buys an extra yard or two of every material, when she selects her summer frocks so that they can be made over to wear mornings.

There was only a yard of pongee, so I had to cut the puzzle to find small sleeves that would not take much material. Finally we saw a way to make them in one of the newspapers. I used the pongee for the top sleeves and mother braided them with sateen to match the pongee. The sub-sleeves I made of cream net and, instead of stitching the seam on the inside of the arm, I reversed the usual order of things and finished the edges with button-hole stitching.

The two linen dresses demanded sleeves of a plainer type and for the violet one I made long sleeves with turned-back cuffs. They are not quite so plain as a strictly tailored sleeve, but are simple in line and just the sort of sleeves one needs for one-piece dresses.

We are both partial to the flaring sleeves, so we chose them for mother's china blue linen. To make the top sleeves flare I corded the edges and the sleeves stand out like little crinolines and skirts, beyond the cuffs which are formed of trills of narrow white Val lace.

While I had my hand in on sleeves I decided to freshen up my white chiffon dance frock. The original sleeves were of tulle and they soon lost their freshness. I think the tulle puff sleeves of the dearest fashion we've had for many a fashion or not. She says that frocks of this material should have skirts wide enough to allow one to walk with ease. For a frock that I often wonder why more girls don't add this touch of smartness to their old dresses.

I am planning a birthday surprise for Cleo, who will soon be coming home. Thank goodness!

## The Good-Night Story

THE FLOWER QUEEN By Vernon Merry

ONE day little Dick heard his mother say that the rose was the queen of the flowers, so he went out to the garden and said to the catalpa tree: "Mr. Catalpa Tree, is the rose the queen of the flowers?" But the tree swayed in the wind without deigning to answer him.

Then he passed on to the Spring bush and repeated his question: "Miss Spring Bush, is it true that the rose is the queen of the flowers?" But the bush remained silent.

"My, how rude they all are," thought Dick. "I guess I'll ask a flower." So he approached a lovely, tall lily, who answered his question in this manner: "Yes, the rose is our beloved queen. She is so beautiful and fragrant that she has no rival. If you wish to learn more come and see what happens in your garden tonight at 12 o'clock."

Dick went to bed at the usual hour, but at midnight he awoke and slipped quietly out into the garden.

## FEMININE FOIBLES \* By Annette Bradshaw



TROUSSEAU PLANS. An Occasion When the Bridegroom-to-Be Is VERY Unimportant.

IF you should ask me what I consider the rarest thing in the world I would answer, "a perfect foot." Most of us are like the peacock who struts about so proudly in the sunlight with widespread feathers until he catches a glimpse of his feet, and then he falls down as if the world were closing in on him.

When the soft corners have developed follow these suggestions, and you will find that they lose all semblance of beauty. To offset the harm done when wearing the women of ancient Greece and Rome had beautiful feet. They were soft and white and perfectly formed as their hands. This was due to the fact that they never cramped them in shoes such as modern fashion demands.

The formation of a corn is a very peculiar, for while you will have little difficulty in loosening the corn, it is rooted in the centre by a growth that goes deep into the foot, and to remove this, without causing pain and making soreness, is almost impossible. Before cutting corns the feet must be soaked in a saturated solution of caustic soda, which means that all the caustic soda that a given amount of water will dissolve should be used. Drop this mixture on the corn, taking care that none gets on the surrounding flesh.

Another result of ill-fitting shoes are the painful excrescences known as calluses. To remove them the feet must be soaked until the skin is soft, and then after the flesh is dried rub the calluses until they peel. A piece of pumice stone will often remove calloused feet more quickly than any other agent.

The growth known as hard corns demand a more drastic treatment. Make a saturated solution of caustic soda, which means that all the caustic soda that a given amount of water will dissolve should be used. Drop this mixture on the corn, taking care that none gets on the surrounding flesh.

When you are wearing the right kind of shoes then follow a course of treatment which will improve the condition of your feet. Very few women have feet absolutely free from the disfiguring corns. Although these are considered a very ailment there is nothing more annoying.

If you notice that soft corners are starting between your toes, begin immediately to prevent their formation. The very best thing is the accumulation of old skin between the toes, and this can be obviated by careful drying after the daily bath. Use a soft, thin towel, and the ordinary bath towel being too thick to reach the corn and the skin between the feet with talcum powder to make assurance doubly sure that the skin is thoroughly dry.

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## TWO DELICIOUS DINNER-COURSE RECIPES

### Milk Soup.

THE ingredients are: One pound of potatoes, two ounces of drippings, half a pint of milk, two onions, one pint and a half of water, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of thickening.

Wash and peel the potatoes, cut them in slices, peel and slice the onions. Melt the dripping in a saucepan, add the vegetables, and cook them in the fat for five minutes, taking care that they do not brown. Then pour on one pint and a half of water, and add the pepper and salt. When this comes to the boil, well skim it, and let it boil until the vegetables are tender. Pass the soup through a wire sieve, return it to the saucepan, add the milk, and when it boils sprinkle in the thickening.

### Stewed Steak and Tomatoes.

TAKE one pound of steak, two ounces of fat butter, one dessertspoonful of flour, half a pint of stock, four large tomatoes, four sticks of celery (shredded), and one onion. Cut the steak into small thick strips, and season with salt and pepper. Melt the butter in a saucepan, and fry the beef with the onion (minced) until nicely browned. Sprinkle the flour in the pan and stir until it is brown. Next add the stock, and let it boil for a few minutes to cook the flour. Place the tomatoes in boiling water so that the skins may be easily removed, then slice them, and add the tomatoes and shredded celery to the other ingredients, place the lid on the pan, and simmer very slowly for one hour and a half.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### Every "Imaginary" Pain Has an Undiscovered Cause

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

TO solidify mercury at earthly temperatures, to square the circle, to have a perpetual artificial light without the consumption of fuel, to invent frictionless motion, that horsehair turn to snakes, that gold can be made from lead, that man can lift himself by his boot-strap, is as absurd as to put all in the ear-for tarache, to take sin, a powerful alcoholic poison for the kidneys, or to call undetectable causes of diseases "imaginary."

When a doctor, professor or medical book tells you that people complain of "imaginary diseases," have "imaginitis," or tap the head of the sufferer as one well known professor often does when he says: "Your appendixitis is up there," then, I say, go to a new physician.

Of all the medical fallacies propagated by professors today, the one comprehensively included under "imaginary" is the worst. If physicians were grounded in experimental psychology and scholastic philosophy instead of that dismal science called political economy before they venture into the domain of scientific medicine they would exhibit less vanity as well as a greater tolerance for the erroneous application of the term "imaginary."

"Imaginary" and "Phantasm." When you are told either with pity or impatience that your disorder is "imaginary" or "in the head" professors, psychiatrists, neurologists and plain physicians actually mean just the reverse of what they say. Imagination, the reverse of reality, is the faculty by which the mind creates images of things that do not exist. It is the faculty by which the mind creates images of things that do not exist. It is the faculty by which the mind creates images of things that do not exist.

There is no such thing as a pain felt and not felt. If it is felt it is there. It is then a reality, and hence an actuality in your imagination. The word "phantasm" is used wrongly by these clinical professors and self-congratulating "doctors" to mean a thought picture of something real of which your common senses have taken hold. When a wise and smiling medico shakes his head sympathetically and patronizingly to say: "Oh, dismis your fears and anxiety. There is nothing the matter with you. It is all a phantasm of your imagination," he means less than what he says, and speaks his thoughts truthfully.

All Pain Real. If you are sleepless, blue, out of sorts, fearful of disaster and otherwise anxious lest you have appendicitis, cancer or tuberculosis, the learned and expensive specialist who finds no serious ailment present, yet dismisses you with "It is all imagination" is a failure. He may not be a conscious fraud, but he is assuredly like the doctor who says: "Your appendixitis is up there." Whenever you are told you have an "imaginary" ailment, ache or pain, it means merely that there is no fatal, serious or dangerous disorder present.

Answers to Health Questions. J. F. Q.—Will you prescribe a remedy for a cold in the head? A.—Take five grains each of benzamide, thymamine and citrate of soda in a glass of water every four hours. Apply each imbibes his fellow-craftsmen's lack of originality of thought.

M. J. D. Q.—On the back part of my head the skin is very red and hard, and becomes coated with thick scales of dandruff. Occasionally it itches. What do you advise? A.—Apply the following twice a day to the scalp: Resorcinol..... 1/2 gram Sulphur lotion..... 1/2 ounce Castor oil..... 1/2 ounce Oil of theobromine..... 3 grams Balsam Peru..... 5 grains

W. Q.—Will you kindly tell me how I can get rid of a sore in my nostril? A.—Apply night and morning six grains of ammoniated mercury and one-half ounce of vaseline.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical hygiene and other subjects of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is 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 this office.

## ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a girl of 19, engaged to a boy of 22, and love him dearly. Some time ago I met a boy who was very handsome and who was very kind to me, but with my friend with him; then I generally have a girl friend much worse than your husband. I mean merely that there is no fatal, serious or dangerous disorder present.

What the Calls Meant. "I'm sorry." I hoped he understood. And he did. For he suddenly held out his hand. "Do you know," he said, "you're an awfully good sort, and I appreciate what you've done. I suspect you spoke to Kayes and Kayes spoke to his wife, didn't you?"

The "Human Touch." "Well, not just that way, I—you see—" "Don't flounder so," he advised, smiling. "I appreciate it all just the same. After all, a man can't discipline his wife's subtleties."

"No," I said with heartfelt conviction. "Mrs. Kayes," said Morris one morning, "called on my wife last week." "I'm glad." "I was at first." "Was your wife pleased?" "She cried when she told me." "In heaven's name, who?"

Morris Really Understands. "Oh, Lord," he said hopelessly. "I don't know. Those things are so infernally subtle. But I've a suspicion that Mrs. Kayes came dolled up in wonderful clothes, and that she simply rubbed it in in that delicate, insidious way women have until my wife was all stirred up. Not exactly with envy—you understand—but with a sort of heart-sick, 'out-of-it-all' feeling."

"Mrs. Kayes wasn't rude?" "No, sweetly gracious and lovely, but she did contrive to suggest that her husband had asked her to call."

"I remembered my 'Mary's' fuss and feathers, and wondered if she had done the same. A bitter pride kept me from asking. I knew positively, however, that Kayes and I had not won. Our wives had called, and little Mrs. Morris was no happier for the calling."

"I don't think we'll stay here," said Morris, after a while.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young man of 21 years, and up to now have had no love troubles, but recently I met a girl on the street who suddenly seemed to come into my life. I have seen her several times since, and always look forward to seeing her, but she is always alone and we are perfect strangers. I don't see any hope of ever being introduced to her. I know that I can't smile or speak to her without an introduction, but could in that way, I never let her see me. I am looking at her. So please tell me what I ought to do. Should I break this engagement? I love him so much.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young girl, 21 years old, and have been keeping company with a young man for over three years, to whom I am engaged to be married. I love this young man dearly, and have gone with no one else, because I thought too much of him, and meant to be true to him. He says he loves me dearly, and that I am the only one he does love. But sometimes he gets angry with me, which hurts me very much, for I always try to be kind to him even when he is angry at me. Now, do you really think he loves me as dearly as he says when he acts like that? He has gone "home" with another girl two or three times, but has always told me. I am working away from home and feel very lonely.

Now, what would you advise me to do—do no right thing and being kind to him that if you and he are engaged to be married, he has no right to go out with any other girl? Perhaps it is very kind and very gentle with him always you can show him his faults and help him to overcome them.

WHAT YOU SAVE IS WORTH WHILE

THE MAIN 4800.

Hilton's Best Hotel

TEL ROYAL

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Contract Was Carried by the Firm of Holby, others, Limited.

Contract for the school has been carried out in satisfactory manner by town local firm of Holby, and is of fireproof construction.

Work was commenced early last year, and the building is now nearly completed. The contract was carried by the firm of Holby, and is of fireproof construction.

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Commercial reasons, the Brick Company had in the erection of the finest brick and their output is to the highest degree.

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