DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvus

Illustrated by Gruelle

POLLY VISITS A NEW KIND OF MARKET.

Polly gathered up her basket and went out of the house, slamming the door behind her. There was an ugly pout on her lips.

"What's the trouble now?" exclaimed a jolly voice, and Gocomeback, her little friend, the Travel Elfin, flew down beside Polly.

"I hate to go to market," pouted Polly.

"You shouldn't," replied Gocomeback. "Come along with me and let me show you how my little cousins, the Siamese, have to market." In a twinkling of an eye, long before Polly knew what was happening, she was standing on the bank of a canal.

"This is Bangkok, the capital of Siam," said Gocomeback. "Sometimes called 'The Venice of the East,' because of its many waterways.

The canal was covered with huge boats carrying rice and fruit. Along the sides of the water streets long lines of floating houses, in which people lived rose and fell with the ripple.

"But how do they keep them in one spot?" asked Polly, as she watched the houseboats bobbing up and down in the water.

"Each house is floating on a big raft, made of separate bundles of bamboo, moored to big wooden stakes driven deep into the river bed," replied Gocomeback. "So they can rise and fall with the tide."

Away They Flew.

In front of each house was a platform on which the people displayed the goods they wished to sell.

There were floating restaurants, floating theatres and one floating house that Gocomeback told Polly was a jail.

"Isn't it funny!" laughed Polly. "But where's the market?"

"Oh, market never begins until after midnight and it lasts until 8 in the morning," laughed Gocomeback, as he hailed one of the boatmen.

Lights soon began to twinkle over the water streets and Polly laughed. It all looked like a wonderful fairyland.

All the boats sailed close together so that scarcely an inch of water could be seen between them, each with a little lamp burning at the prow, casting its soft, yellow light over the boats filled with fish, eggs, rice and fruit.

Black-haired, dark-skinned women laughed and chatted as they bargained and bought.

"In Bangkok the women do all the buying and all the selling," said Gocomeback. "They are more energetic than the men."

They watched the market until the sun peeked over the horizon; then Gocomeback took Polly home.

"Well!" laughed Polly, gathering up her basket. "I'd rather market on land than on the water that way, for I'd be afraid of falling overboard."

Laughing merrily, Polly thanked Gocomeback and ran on to the market.

From that day Mama never had to coax Polly to do errands, for Polly never forgot her visit to the land where marketing was done at night and on the water, and she was glad her little tasks were so easy to perform.

EYES ACROSS THE SEA :: By Early

In the flash of a psychic instant—that moment when HE goes "over the top"—he catches a glimpse of HER as she looked at him and TO him when he marched away. And—is it imagination or power beyond our ken?—SHE stands beside that self-same window, far from the shore, may be, yet with the eyes of her HEART she gazes across the sea and glimpses her CRUSADER. In this instant, perhaps at EVERY moment, they are TOGETHER—ONE in faith, and in determined purpose, as they are one in LOVE.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Katherine Told Madge About Her Heart and Plans.

Katherine drew her hand away from my clasp with a little jerk, and as she sprang up from the couch, dashed the tears from her eyes.

"What an idiot you must think me, Madge!" she said. "I'm a fine specimen of nurse, going to pieces this way."

There was bitter self-condemnation in her tone. She evidently meant me to believe that sheer nervousness had caused her emotion, but I refused to accept the tentative explanation. I was sure that she would feel all the better for opening her heart to me.

I slipped to her side, put my arms around her.

"Is Jack still worrying the life out of you?" I asked softly.

She started violently, then turned her face to my shoulder, and for a moment or two I could feel her slight shoulders shake with the sobs she had repressed so long.

I smoothed her soft hair, waited for the ebullition to pass. I had deliberately encouraged the outburst, for Katherine, because of her pride in her calling, seldom allows herself an instant's deviation from her poised calmness of demeanor.

"How did you know I just had to cry?" she demanded whimsically a few moments later.

"From experience," I returned. "Now just suppose you tell me all about it, unless you think I ought to go down for Lillian first."

"Time enough for Lillian when the physician calls me," she replied. "And there isn't very much to tell. It's the same old story. Jack insists upon my marrying him and giving up any kind of work when old Mrs. Morton shall have passed away. He has money enough, you know, from that last investment of his, so that he can take care of me comfortably, and I don't believe they are going to let him go back to the front."

"Part! Impossible!"

"Well, why don't you?" I asked, trying to keep a note of sympathy out of my voice. I know from experience that there is a perverse strain in Katherine's mentality. The surest way to get at her real inner thoughts is to sound a note of skepticism.

"Why, Madge Graham!" she exclaimed, wide-eyed. "You know I cannot give up my work."

"Which work?" I asked quietly, "Red Cross or secret service?"

She was silent a moment.

"You've put your finger on my trouble, child," she said at last, and there was a hint of tragedy in her voice. "Of course, I'm glad to be of service to Lillian here, but this service isn't, never will be, my vocation. Why, Madge!"—her voice grew tense—"I'm just as much consecrated to my Red Cross nursing as Jack was to his fighting. Nothing can take its place, nothing must hinder it."

"But suppose Jack should consent to your going back to the Red Cross nursing after you had married him?"

"You ought to know Jack better than that," she said reproachfully. "Besides, you can see what an impossible arrangement that would be for him—he here, unable to do any more for his country, and his wife nursing in France. If he could go back himself it would be different. No, dear, there's only one way out, it seems to me, and that is for Jack and me to part."

"Part! Jack and you! Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Why, he's mad about you!"

"And what do you think I feel for him?" she blazed out, and for a moment I had an insight into the smoldering fires beneath my little friend's demure exterior.

"I've thought it all out, dear girl," she went on a moment later, her voice colorless and even, "and there's no use talking about it. It's hard enough as it is."

"Have you told Jack?" I asked breathlessly.

What Madge Resolved.

"Not yet. No use saying anything until old Mrs. Morton is gone. Then I'm going to ask Lillian for my release and go back to France."

"But, Katharine," I protested, remembering the story she had told me of Dr. Braithwaite's one time romantic interest in her, "don't you realize what Jack will think if you throw him over this way and go back to France? He will imagine——"

"I know perfectly well what he will imagine," she retorted. "He has been imagining it a long, long time. And if he chooses so to misjudge the purpose to which I have devoted myself, I cannot help it."

There was that in her tone which told me that Jack's foolish jealousy of Dr. Braithwaite had at last aroused resentment in Katherine's patient heart. And I knew her well enough to realize that she would be as slow to forgive as she was to be angered.

My heart was heavy for my brother-cousin, but I couldn't help realizing the justice of Katherine's position. But I resolved grimly to meddle, and meddle hard, with their love affair if I saw the slightest opportunity to do so.

Water birds which are ordinarily able to float high on the water can also sink at will by expelling the air which is inclosed within the film of feathers surrounding their bodies, thus making them heavier than water. The shrinkage of the bird in apparent size is very noticeable when, after hovering above the surface, it turns downward to dive.

NUXATED IRON

"To help make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. Nuxated Iron often increases the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, rundown people in two weeks' time. It is now being used by over three million people annually, including such men as Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, and ex-Governor of Iowa; former United States Senator Richard Rolland Kenney of Delaware, at present Major of the U. S. Army; General John L. Clem (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh, who was sergeant in the U. S. Army when only 12 years of age; also United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, and others. Nuxated Iron is dispensed by all good druggists everywhere.

You Can't Camouflage Corns!
Lift Corns Out! Doesn't Hurt!

Don't let corns ache twice! Lift any corn or callus off with fingers—Here's magic!

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic freezone discovered by a Cincinnati chemist.

Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly that old bothersome corn stops hurting, then shortly you can lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. Ladies! Keep freezone handy on your dresser. Wonderful!

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17.

Under very strong and interesting planetary positions this should be an eventful day if not a day of radical and sudden changes. There promises to be a sudden and decisive breaking up of crystallized conditions, with old obstructions and long-standing disappointments swept away. There is the possibility of removal, travel and change, and promotion, honors or increase for those in employment. There are benefits from elderly persons, large enterprises and new friendships, though these must be assumed with a degree of caution. It would be advisable to defer the signing of papers, documents, letters, etc., as all writings are under the affliction of Moon square Mercury.

Those whose birthday it is may have an eventful year of travel and change, with success in employment. They should be very cautious in signing all papers. A child born on this day will be popular, constructive, original, but possibly unconventional and unruly.

The "hidden treasure" in India, consisting of gold hoarded by individuals, is estimated by the London Financial Review at $2,000,000,000. In India the existence of any important amount of hidden wealth is declared to be mythical.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How You May Prevent Some Throat and Lung Troubles

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

It is a curious trick of human nature that many of us employ words without thoughts. You speak glibly about tonsilitis, sore throat, colds, grippe, pneumonia, tuberculosis, as infectious and contagious, or "catching," yet defy the 75 per cent of chances against you and expose yourself and your children to the sneezes, coughs, kisses and other microbe-spreading agencies of such maladies.

The way diseases and exhaustive maladies pass from one person to another—from John Smith ailing to you who boasted yesterday that you "never felt better in your life"—is in the material which contains the bacteria of throat and lung diseases—the nasal mucous, the saliva and other sprays and fluids from the throat, lungs, windpipe, mouth and nose.

If you wish to remain well and hearty, and to keep your dear ones free from disease, shun even your best-beloved friends who sneeze and cough forth substances from the nose, throat and mouth—when they're "under the weather." Your vanity, strength, courage or your disbelief in contagions won't prevent disease. It is by the passage of the materials of disease and the germs in them from those who ail to those who are well which starts such sicknesses.

Ways to Immunity.

The bacteria or infecting material of perhaps most infectious diseases such as pneumonia, measles, mumps, tuberculosis or consumption, scarletina, whooping cough, bronchitis, tonsilitis, typhoid and a large number of others start their particular kind of mischief through the nose or mouth. The stuff lodges on the lips, in the nostrils, in the saliva, between the teeth, upon the tonsils or down the windpipe.

To safeguard yourself and your little ones you must put into use the fine lot of knowledge which preventive medicine has at hand, but about which so many reckless persons are too indifferent, too idle, too lazy or too much inclined to remember, yet not apply.

Smallpox and typhoid enter by way of the nose and mouth. The army and navy are free from both these diseases because they apply the knowledge we have. Each soldier and sailor is vaccinated, not once in a lifetime, but frequently—at least every three years. I, myself, have been vaccinated about 20 times. The immunity to a disease which follows an attack—if you don't die of it—isn't nearly as good as the immunity received by vaccination.

Diphtheria, pneumonia and meningitis vaccines are now available to army men, but you and anyone else may avoid these as well as other sore throats and tuberculosis by the use of gauze masks, the application of the alkaline antiseptic fluid, boric acid or some other nose and throat disinfectant whenever you've been near a sick person.

Some Vital "Don'ts."

Among attendants and nurses face masks shaped to cover the mouth and nose, made of bandage gauze, have abolished sore throats, diphtheria, tonsilitis and scarletina in contagious disease hospitals. A double layer of gauze catches and filters out most bacteria thrown into the air by sneezes and coughs.

If you will apply the knowledge that most sick persons or even those who merely "have a cold" are spreading germs by exhalation, by drops of moisture from their mouths, lips, nostrils and eyes, by perspiration, combs, brushes, towels, napkins, cigars, pipes, cigarettes, handkerchiefs, hats, pins and clothing by all sorts of direct and indirect contact, by tastes of foods, stamps, pencils, envelopes and dust, then you will begin to realize what to do to avoid the trouble.

Now that you know what to do you will no doubt do just what you have always done, namely, "take your chance" as usual. Then you will sit down and write letter after letter "what will cure me?" Of course, I will gladly help you, but you can save your health, your money and your earning power by going to the trouble of preventing disease.

Answers to Health Questions

MISS C. S. Q.—Will you please tell me what to do for catarrh? I have been bothered with it for some time.

A.—The name "catarrh" does not mean anything definite. Never accept it as a diagnosis. You must have an examination made of the tonsils, adenoids and turbinate bones, and if necessary they should be removed at once. In the mean time irrigate the nose and throat twice a day with an alkaline antiseptic fluid. This should be diluted in water three times.

A sepia portrait of PRESIDENT WILSON ready for framing

President Wilson's portrait is reproduced in the rotogravure section of Pictorial Review for September, together with his stirring tribute to the women of America and with his signature—ready for framing. This same issue also contains two reproductions of wonderful war pictures by the famous French artist Lucien Jonas, vigorously symbolic of America's part in the war. All of these are artistically finished in sepia rotogravure, full page size and ready for framing

A tribute from President Wilson to the Women of America

"I THINK the whole country has appreciated the way in which women have risen to this great occasion. They have not only done what they have been asked to do, and done it with ardor and efficiency, but they have shown a power to organize for doing things on their own initiative, which is quite a different thing and a very much more difficult thing. I think the whole country has admired the spirit and the capacity and devotion of the women of the United States. It goes without saying that the country depends upon women for a large part of the inspiration of its life. That is obvious. But it is now depending upon the women also for suggestions of service, which have been rendered in abundance and with the distinction of originality."

Woodrow Wilson

DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

She Learns How a Navy Blue Frock May Be Given Just the Right Treatment for the Very Slim Girl.

For the afternoon frock, navy blue again is the dominating color. But it isn't an easy color, for, contrary to a frequently expressed opinion in the studio, not everyone can wear navy blue.

Navy blue, plain and unadorned, isn't the color for the very slender, the pallid or the shrinking personality. Navy blue, like black, diminishes the lines, tones down the color, and is therefore an excellent shade for the overly plump or the woman with high color.

However, as Madame frequently remarks, any woman can wear any color, provided it is combined well or trimmed skillfully. Madame can even sketch out a frock of pink for a red-haired girl that will nevertheless be becoming because of the color combinations introduced to neutralize the dangerous hue.

The frock here illustrated was designed for a very slender person, who insisted that she wanted a perfectly undraped blue cloth gown. She had seen a blue cloth minus a draper or an extra fold on someone else, thought it looked beautiful, and, without stopping to realize that the other blue frock adorned a rounded figure, assumed that she would present the same appearance in a similar gown.

Diplomatically Madame designed the frock perfectly undraped as requested, and without even the big round or square collar that helps so much to round out the too slender throat. But in order to give breadth to the figure she introduced a most unique lattice work trimming. Also she compromised by making the skirt plain, but giving it a panel on which the lattice work trimming is carried out.

The frock is of navy-blue tricotine, almost tight-fitting in its snugness and the absence of a single loose fold. The skirt under the panel is of black satin, giving a soft background to the heavy embroidered tunic. Across the bodice and the panel is the design of large lattice work embroidered in black worsted and silk tape. This is repeated in the narrow sleeves, giving them an appearance of breadth without any clumsy fullness.

The neck and sleeves have a slight touch of color to contrast with the solid blue and black of the rest of the gown, and to relieve what would otherwise be a too sombre color scheme for a young person. Both neck and sleeves are outlined with brick and gold-colored picot edge ribbon, ending in a smart little bow that gives the frock a girlish air.

Another unique feature of this blue frock is the pocket. It is made of squares of raised worsted and silk tape, and the tassels are also of this combination. A smart belt consisting of patent leather and black satin, studded with dull gold nail-heads, completes the costume.

The frock is rather elaborate, it's true, but in a quiet color like navy blue it is possible to use a large amount of accessory trimmings without giving it the appearance of being too ornate or fussy. The color scheme is black, blue with a touch of brick and gold to contrast vividly with the sombre background of blue-black.

There is a certain fine sweep about this costume that makes its wearer look stunning, regardless of whether she is a slender, perfect 36, or one of the very thin types requiring that their frocks shall not only adorn them, but bolster up their defects of figure.

The Unusual Trimming Treatment "Makes" This Navy Blue Gown.

Incidents in the Lives of World-Famous Women

By ELOISE FARRINGTON

How Elizabeth Blackwell Became America's First Woman Doctor.

The skilled woman physician is today by no means rare, and for certain branches of medicine the woman physician is frequently preferred. It is therefore rather astonishing that women have been given opportunity for the study of medicine only in the last half-century, for not until 1856 was there available a medical college for women. In that year the New England Female Medical College was formed.

Prior to that time, however, a few courageous women had taken upon themselves the determination to become practicing physicians, and foremost among them was Elizabeth Blackwell. Her original intention by no means included a study of medicine as a career. In fact, she had a peculiar aversion to the sickroom and everything surrounding it, but a touching incident changed the course of her life.

Elizabeth Blackwell was born in 1821, in Bristol, England, but was brought to the United States by her parents. When Elizabeth was but 16 years old her father died, and the little family was left penniless, to support themselves as best they could.

She Graduated From a Medical College in Geneva.

Elizabeth began at once doing the only thing which in those days was open to a woman who had to be self-supporting—teaching. She opened a school, which was fairly successful for several years, and later became governess.

Miss Blackwell had a woman friend to whom she was deeply attached, and a chance remark of this friend changed the whole course of her career, and influenced for the good the coming generation of women.

Suddenly her friend developed a distressing disease, and one day she mentioned to Miss Blackwell her hope that there would be some woman physician to whom she could go for treatment.

"Why don't you study medicine?" she demanded of Miss Blackwell. Miss Blackwell shrugged her shoulders and smiled. She had no thought of it. She disliked nursing cordially—a rather unusual trait in a tender-hearted woman of her type. In fact, she disliked everything connected with sick-rooms and personal service. Nevertheless, her friend persistently reminded her of the great work that could be accomplished by a woman physician, and urged her again and again to think of it seriously as a splendid contribution of service she could make.

Gradually, the idea took hold of Miss Blackwell's mind, and once interested, she was not slow in following her course. She wrote for advice to a number of prominent physicians throughout the country, and each and all of them wrote in reply that her object, although commendable, was impractical, for it was utterly impossible for a woman to receive a medical education in this country.

"If it is desirable, I'll do it," was Miss Blackwell's conclusion. She commenced medical reading under the tuition of Dr. John Dixon of Asheville, N. C., in whose family she had been a governess. She later continued her studies with two other prominent physicians in Philadelphia, but when she applied for admission to the medical schools in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, she was refused, and ten other medical schools in this country gave her the same reply. Finally she was accepted as a student at the medical college in Geneva, entering in 1846, and graduating in 1848, the first woman in the United States to receive the medical degree.

A young French Wife—at the mercy of the Huns

The pretty little wife of the pharmacist—always sheltered and protected from every harsh influence, suddenly left at the mercy of the invaders. How a mighty strength comes to her in the hour of her trial—what happens to her, fighting against tremendous odds—here is a story that will thrill every woman's heart. Dorothy Canfield's "La Pharmacienne" is one of the finest stories the war has yet produced.

Through the barrier of Death Did she get his message?

"Going West" is the soldier's expression for passing on into the far country. Basil King's story, "Going West," will give you a new conception of the After Life. It is an answer to the great query that haunts every one of us who has faced the separation of Death. Are the barriers so strong—is the veil so impenetrable as we are wont to think? Read this powerful story of the triumph of a great Love—even over Death!

PICTORIAL REVIEW

AMERICA'S GREATEST WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

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