

Clara Morris Says
THAT EVEN INVALIDS CAN ENJOY LIFE THROUGH GOOD, CLEAR WINDOWS

HE was an aged jurist, now a room-bound invalid, and in answering a remark he waded a disdainful hand toward the big windows.
 "What can a man know of life when he sees it only through windows?" Bah! Nothing!"

Poor gentleman! That was just an ebullition of bitter impatience, for he must know well that nature, when under microscopic study, is most likely to reveal the heart of her mystery to the loving student.
 Life is life, whether considered whole or in fraction. Have we not wondered at the infinitesimal exactitude of blue sky, white cloud and shivering poplar tree as reflected in one great rain drop.

Given but a small sample of the pudding, one can find all the richness, the spiciness, the fragrance and flavor of fruits, the sweetness, the brandy warmth of the royal whole, all holly crowned and rotund.
 If windows command open spaces of road or field or water and changing sky, all the wonder and charm of the marching months may be had for the mere looking.

The invalid jurist's windows command a view of a residential street, in which the roar of traffic becomes but the humming of a great top.
 Observation will give him shreds from here, from yonder, as well as over there. Some broken threads of gray, of scarlet, even white. With experience for his loom, induction and deduction for warp, and imagination for the shuttle, he can weave a web of life as true, as interesting as any he ever saw unfolded before the bar in open court.

When early every afternoon the young wife opposite—too gay of dress, too bright of cheek, too red of lips—leaves her home without one backward glance at the two unidy, uncombed babies pressing tearful little faces against their window, he knows she will surely return accompanied to the steps by a loudly dressed man, about 20 minutes ahead of her tired-looking husband's arrival.

When he notes that before the house next door to them the doctor's horses stand longer and longer, then appear twice a day, then a light begins to burn all night long above, and he catches sight of a white, tired-faced woman resting her brow against the window pane, after raising the shade in the early morning, he cannot escape the conviction that shadows are approaching, that to one home is coming loss and sorrow, to the other loss and shining.

Life never changes in its setting and detail, only we find infinite variety. The Book rather sternly asks: "Who has despised the day of small things?"
 Let us be warned not to despise a good, clear window.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl
 By SYLVIA GERARD

Making a Rainy Day Costume of Odds and Ends.
 HE was not an umbrella. Well, it is no matter while it's dry. But when the rain comes down, he's no good. Why, then, has he waded to the spine.

THIS is the old English verse that kept saying itself over and over this morning, all the while my feet were trying to cover as much ground as possible before I was in the condition of the man in the verse.
 I'm not at all, absolutely, the treachery of April showers I started on a ramble, right after breakfast, to gather wildflowers with which to decorate the tables for mother's luncheon tomorrow.

A shower and I had a race, which it won. Little rivers streamed from the brim of my hat, my silk blouse was saturated and my skirt as wet as covered cloth can get, but I smiled, knowing someone which the spiteful shower did not know. I was frocked in "made-over," the result of my own ingenuity, which had cost me not even a farthing, and I was not even wet when I came home. I was right, for when they tried me no one would have been the wiser for my wetting.

I AM glad to note that about half the letters addressed to me are written by women of 40 and past. Most of them are desirous of preserving their good looks, which means in this sensible age, that it is no longer considered necessary for years to rob even the woman past her prime of beauty.
 It is all right to "grow old gracefully," but why not keep youth in appearance as well as "singing eternally in the breast?"

The grandmothers of today have accepted the general slogan of "world progress" and no longer allow themselves to grow corpulent through inactivity—and sit by the fireside and knit.
 The modern woman of middle age strives to preserve her graceful lines and the rose-bloom of her complexion, quite as much as does her debutante granddaughter.

The natural tendency is for the body to gain in weight when a woman advances in years, and if you aim to retain the youthful figure of your younger days you must exercise—and exercise more than you ever have before.
Some Excellent Exercises.
 Superfluous flesh is apt to collect about the waist, hips and abdomen when you reach 40 or thereabouts, and this always means "good-bye" to grace, youth and beauty of line.

The minute you notice that you are gaining weight, exercise both night and morning, no matter how tired you may be.
 A series of exercises which will keep flesh from accumulating about the waist and abdomen consists of the following movements:
 Stand erect with the hands on the hips. Bend the knees and bring the body to a sitting posture, as low as possible. Rise again and repeat the entire movement at least 15 or 20 times.

Stand in an erect position with hands flat against your sides and bend far over to the right, allowing the right hand to drop below the knee. Now, reverse the movement and bend over to the left. Bend to each side alternately at least a half dozen times.
 A third exercise, which is excellent for the muscles of the back as well as to reduce flesh, begins with the queen held erect with arms outstretched in front and hands together. Then, swing

FEMININE FOIBLES By Annette Bradshaw



THAT FUNNY MOMENT
 When Big Sister Rehearses the Love Scene for the Belgian Funt Play.

How the Matron May Retain the Grace and Charm of Youth
 By LUCREZIA BORI
 Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

THE torso down to the left side, keeping the knees stiff and bending the body from the waist. Resume the erect position and bend the body down to the right. Repeat the movement bending to each side alternately until you feel fatigued.

To Reduce the Hips.
 If your hips are too pronounced use this exercise:
 Stand erect with both hands on the hips. Raise the right leg, bringing the knee up as high as possible. Repeat this movement 10 times and then exercise the left leg an equal number of times.
 Follow this exercise with this movement:
 From an erect position, swing the right leg as far back as possible, without bending the knee. Then swing it forward in the same manner. Repeat this movement 20 times with each leg.

If you exercise faithfully every day, there will be no need to fear the advance of time will steal away your youthful physical charms. Keep young by exercising rather than grow old gracefully.

The Good-Night Story
 BETTY AND THE FAIRY By Vernon Merry

IT was spring and the garden was filled with all the lovely, bright flowers which bloom earliest and Betty thought Fairyland couldn't be prettier than this spot.
 She knew that the elves, the pixies and the fairies must be somewhere about, for flowers could not grow so quickly without their help. Why, it only covered the flower-beds. Surely, it took fairy magic to transform it into the world of color and sweetness which now smiled at her.
 "If I could only see a fairy—just once—I'd be the happiest little girl alive," she said putting her face close to a lily and looking down deep into its cup.

Then she heard a low moan, "O, please help me, I can't get out and all the rest have gone long ago."
 "Where are you?" asked Betty in a surprised voice.
 "Here in the red tulip. Please hurry for I'm very uncomfortable," pleaded the voice.
 There were so many red tulips that it took Betty several minutes to find the owner of the voice.
 He was a tiny fairy in a green jacket and he was stuck fast in the drop of sticky honey which was at the bottom of the flower.

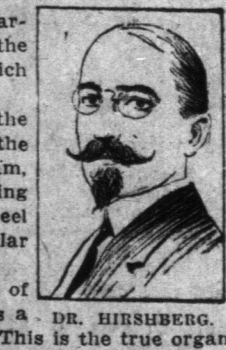
Betty held her little finger right over his head and said, "Now, you catch hold with both hands and I'll pull you out."
 The fairy did as he was told and was soon standing safe and sound on the grass, but his feet were so sticky that he couldn't walk.
 Then Betty picked him up and carefully carried him over to the bird's bath and washed the honey from his shoes.
 The fairy took off his cap and made a low bow. "Thank you, for your kindness, little girl; I'll tell the Queen what you have done and maybe she'll allow you to visit us in Fairyland. Come to the big white lily, over there beside the hedge, early tomorrow morning and I'll bring you her answer."

Then he fluttered his wings and flew away.
 Betty watched him disappear thinking that maybe she had seen many fairies before and thought they were bees. "Well, I've seen a fairy even if the Queen doesn't invite me to Fairyland, and I said that would make me the happiest little girl in the world, and I am," she said.

Secrets of Health and Happiness
How Complex Treatments May Complicate a Disease

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

THE ear may be likened to a cornet—the wide, flaring mouth of the trumpet is the external ear, the winding column is the outer canal of the ear which reaches the three keys or by-paths.
 One of these keys may be called the ear-drum, the second the eustachian tube or vent pipe, which enters the mouth, and probably gave rise to Emerson's epigram, "The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue," and the third is analogous to a balance wheel or a centre of gravity, and is called the "semi-circular canals."



The neck or mouthpiece of the cornet, for the sake of the simile, may be called the internal ear. It contains a miniature piano of many octaves made of little hairs. This is the true organ of hearing. It is a continuation of the auditory nerve—the eighth nerve below the brain.
The 28 Specialists.
 Recently Mr. B., the president of a great railroad, consulted me about a slight feeling of fullness or tightness in his right ear, and to a lesser extent in his left. Physical examinations and chemical tests convinced me that his blood pressure, his heart and his tissues, other than his brain and ears, were guileless. The I examined his nose, throat and ears and found no evidence of trouble visible. He was then given the name of a world famous ear specialist and professor of otology in a great university, and requested to consult him.

The professor of the ear, throat and nose, insisted that the difficulty of the railroad man was "imaginary," because he had failed to find any ascertainable signs of the fullness. I sent the patient to 23 different specialists, each of whom is a leader in his particular domain. Each one of these gave him different explanations of the cause of the disorder. The first specialist who had attributed the trouble to imagination was finally permitted to expand the air in the middle ear.
A Simple Cure.
 After his last experience with one of these specialists he had a high pitched whistling "tinnitus," or constant buzzing like a mosquito in the right ear. He was sent to throat, nose and ear specialists in turn, and one of them before he realized it, had inflated his ear once more. The mosquito buzzing at once changed to the deep, booming tone of the lawian. And when we find the organ, it also became intermittent or rhythmical; that is to say, it beat like the pendulum of a clock.

This was too much for him. He fore-sware all specialists and again returned to me. I soon found out that he awoke every morning with dry crust and scales in his nostrils. He was advised to insert white vaseline into which ammonia mercury had been added into his nostrils several times a day, and never to blow his nose violently.
 Whether it was the cessation of nose blowing or the saline intervals between the presence and absence of the ear noises began to grow longer and longer, and finally after eight weeks from the origin of the noises in his ears, they disappeared, despite the ignorant mistakes of the ear specialists and their "explanations." Thereby hangs a tale.

Answers to Health Questions

Miss M. R.—Q—Please recommend something other than acetic acid for nits on the hair.
 A—Wash the head and hair thoroughly with tincture of green soap. Wrap the head in gasoline, and then after two or three such treatments at night wash the hair repeatedly in vinegar until the mullage-like eggs have been removed from the hair.

NOVELS in a NUT-SHELL

George DuMauret's "TRILBY" Condensed by AUGUSTA SHELBY

TRILBY was a handsome, young artist's model and laundress, who lived in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Her father had been an Irish gentleman with a liking for Bohemian life, and her mother a Scotch maid. Trilby inherited all the fascinating qualities of her father's sympathetic, generous, romantic nature and her mother's common sense, courage and high sense of honor.
 With no family to interest itself in her welfare, Trilby lived in an unconventional, Bohemian manner among the men and women of the Quartier Latin.

Her dearest friends, however, were three artists who were inseparable friends, Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billie.
 Taffy was a Yorkshire Englishman of a Herculean physique. The Laird, a sincere, frank, forceful Scotchman, and Little Billie, a lovable, zealous Englishman, who gave promise of being an artistic genius.

One of Trilby's many attractions was a perfectly modulated voice, and Trilby's chief delight was to draw it from every possible angle.
 In time a strong love for Trilby took possession of the young artist, and she returned his affection, but the extremely conventional and respectable family of Little Billie strongly opposed his infatuation.

Trilby's sense of duty was unusually strong, and her bearing of self-disapproval, she refused to marry Little Billie after having accepted him.
 The loss of her threw the frail boy into the depths of despair, which finally resulted in an attack of brain fever, from which he was a long time recovering.

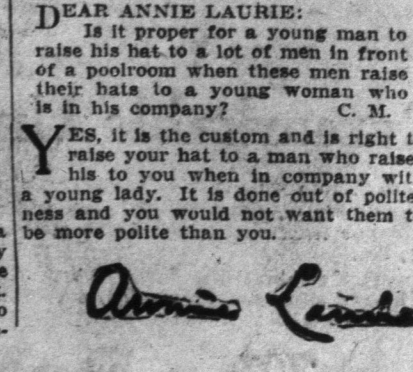
Among the other Bohemians who visited the studio of the three artists was Svengali, an Austrian Jew. This man was most repulsive in character, as well as in appearance, but was a gifted musician.
 He became attracted by Trilby, and discovered in her the latent qualities which would make a great singer.
 Svengali half-repelled, half-fascinated Trilby, but he subdued her dislike by a strange hypnotic influence, which forced her to leave her friends and go away with him.

In a short time she won fame as a concert singer, always singing in a hypnotic trance under the direction of Svengali, who became enormously rich through her talent.
 In the mean time, Taffy, the Laird and Little Billie had left Paris, and

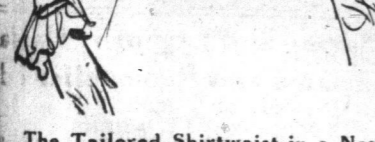
ADVICE TO GIRLS
 By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
 I am 13 years old and considered fairly pretty by my friends. However, try as I will, I cannot get a young man.
 Dear Annie Laurie, do you think I should be an old maid? I went with a young man once for three weeks, but as he didn't propose I gave him up. I am very thin. Do you think this is the reason? I should dearly like some nice young man for my own to love and care for. I am rather particular what kind I have; perhaps that is the reason. Could you tell me how to get one?
 DIMPLES.

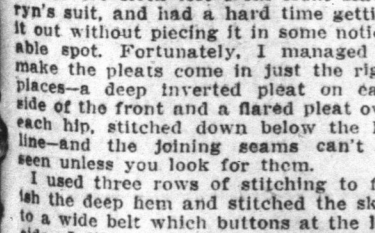
YOU seem to be in too much of a hurry to "get" a young man. Many girls do not marry until they are 25 or more and you can afford to wait. You must not expect the young man to propose to you too soon, and it is some-



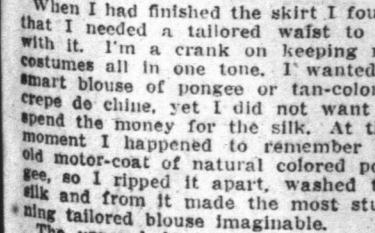
Trilby Visits Her Friends.



The Tailored Shirtwaist in a New Form.

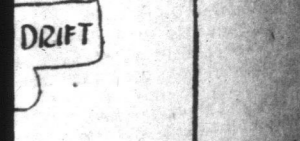


Simmer's Seeds



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Drift



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