

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Ulcers and Other Leg Sores
Now Controlled By ScienceBy DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.
A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Young, active, healthy persons seldom complain long of any open sore. But ulcers and wounds and sores generally soon heal. When, however, a sore on the leg or foot is slow in healing, it is a sign of a serious condition. It is an excellent place to find an abiding place in the quiet, comfortable, round middle-aged individual, especially if there is also a twisted network of varicose veins—the case is different. The surface of a leg ulcer is perhaps as well treated by a 20 per cent solution of dichloramine-T as by any other treatment. The solution is to be dissolved in chloroform and the ulcer must not be closed up. It is to be exposed to sunshine and fresh air with mosquito netting, well paraffined, held above it as a screen to keep bedbugs, as well as insects from the open sore. Every day at exactly the same time it is an excellent place to wash the ulcer with a weaker, 5 per cent solution of the dichloramine-T. This, together with the sunlight, stirs the healthy tissues around the base and edges of the ulcer to give birth to fresh, granular, scar tissue.

Skin Grafts and Baking. As this fourishes and makes itself flush and even with the surface of the skin, preparations are to be begun to graft new skin. Skin grafts are shaved from the thigh by a painless method, and transplanted to the newly formed "granulations" of what was the ulcer. Plainly, in the sedentary, overworked, tired-out, middle-aged women and men the leg must be kept on a horizontal level with the hips. If the leg is below the hips or is held too high, too low, the blood flow to the nourishment of the leg fabric is vastly improved. This alone contributes mightily toward the disappearance of a leg, chronic, indolent ulcer.

When an ulcer fails to heal neatly and completely the LaPorte-Pridham double nitrate salt application seems to improve it and diminishes the

chances of keloids and scars. Dr. P. G. Skillern of Philadelphia says that some leg ulcers are improved by means of the electric dry air oven. The leg is asked for a little less than half an hour at a temperature of 250 to 300 degrees. Alternate days suffice for this.

Varicose Vein Aids. Once your doctor has the ulcer under control or healed by one of these new methods the varicose veins, if these are present, are to be looked after. Zinc oxide gelatin paste made into a liquid stocking seems to help many sufferers. After the ulcers are gone, however, a silk elastic stocking is perhaps better than the rubber ones now in use.

An operation for varicose veins is nearly always safest and best. It is not a serious nor a major operation, but a harmless, painless one, and soon over. It can be carried out successfully on anyone, though he or she be 90 years of age. The veins are merely picked up and stitched.

Dr. Walter Estell Lee of Philadelphia, after a careful research upon the use of dichloramine-T, asserts that the irritation which accompanies the use of most other chemicals is negligible with this disinfectant. The germ-killing power of a 10 per cent solution of dichloramine-T is 10 times that of one of its nearest competitors—Dakin's carbolic acid. It also kills the bacteria in oily mixtures, and it is many times quicker and more certain in its destruction of germs than is the dangerous, poisonous and now discarded bichloride mercury—in one-thousandth dilution.

Dichloramine germicidal activity lasts over half a day, while mercury or the Carter-Dakin solution last

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Happened While Katherine and Madge Prepared Breakfast in the Early Morning Hours.

My heart sank as I made my way softly down to the kitchen after I had seen Lillian go into the rose-hued nest of a room where her little daughter lay sleeping, and close the door.

That she would really sleep as I commanded her, I doubted, for I shrewdly guessed that her thoughts were to be full of Robert Savarin for her to be able

to lose herself in sleep. But she would rest, with her mind free from household cares about the comfort of the coming guests, and that was the achievement in itself. And Lillian's words of commendation—or recognition that my mental attitude had radically changed—were like wine to me.

The kitchen was in the spotless order in which Betty always kept it. I was familiar with its appointments, because I had helped Lillian to get up several impromptu suppers in it upon Betty's evenings off.

The door leading to the colored woman's bedroom across a little passageway was ajar. With infinite pains I closed it, and then, tiptoeing softly around the room I filled the tea kettle at the tap and, lighting the gas range, put it over the blaze. Then, after one or two other simple preparations I ran noiselessly up the back stairs to the hall, and thence to the room of death.

Katherine came out of the room, closing and locking the door behind her, just as I reached it. She put the key in her pocket and smiled at me wanly, but bravely.

The Grey Round. "My poor girl!" I said, putting my arm around her, for she looked so weary and spent that I feared she might swoon. "What can I do to help you, and where is the physician?"

She smiled again at the note of impatience in my voice.

"You have very little idea of the dignity and importance which doth hedge a physician," she said. "Dr. Holmes was very kind, very considerate, but, of course, he left shortly after Mrs. Morton died."

"And you've been alone ever since?" I exclaimed with a sudden vision of all the gruesome duties that must have been hers in the last hour or two.

"I am used to it," she said in a matter of fact manner, and I realized as never before the round of grey, sombre tasks which make up the life of a trained nurse.

Lillian insisted upon staying with me, she went on, "but we were both so afraid that Marion might wake and miss her mother that I finally prevailed upon her to go downstairs. How is Marion?"

"Sound asleep," I answered, "and Lillian is with her. I have the kettle on and am going to get breakfast for our guests. But first give me your own order. I'll bring you a tray."

"Let me go downstairs to the kitchen and help you," she pleaded. "I couldn't sleep now—honestly couldn't. I'd see all sorts of horrors. Let me be with you until I've had some coffee. I don't want anything else."

I knew that she needed rest sorely, but I also realized that her brain and heart were so filled with Jack's irresponsible conduct that she probably couldn't sleep so soon after the experience of the night. I could also imagine that she craved living companionship after her enforced communion with death. So I made no demur to her proposal, simply turned with her toward the stairs.

An Indignant Interruption. "I'll bathe my hands and face and be with you in two minutes," she said in an engaging voice. "But whatever are you going to do when Betty discovers you in her kitchen?"

"I'll manage Betty," I said, with far more confidence than I felt, for the old colored woman was a martinet in culinary matters, brooking no interference in her own domain—Lillian's kitchen.

"I wish you joy of your job," Katherine retorted, disappearing into the bedroom.

The words shadowed my enthusiasm a bit as I again went to the kitchen, and made me move with greater caution

than before. The old colored woman had been up unusually late the night before because of Lillian's trip for me. I could see from her manner when she let us in that she blamed me for enforced sitting up. If our movements awakened her now, before her usual rising time, I could imagine her picturesque wrath.

Katherine soon joined me, and I was glad to see that the humorous aspect of our tiptoeing about the kitchen trying to cook breakfast without the slightest hint of a suspicion to betray us struck her with sufficient force to take her mind from the things that had been worrying her. We began to make out an event of our enterprise, and once or twice caught ourselves giggling under our breaths like boarding-school girls engaged in a midnight spread.

I had just laid Katherine place upon the corner of the kitchen table when the door opened and a maid came in with an indignant voice sounded from the door.

"Will you kindly tell me what your ladies are doing in my kitchen this time of night?" it asked.

Answers to Health Questions

MRS. Z. Q.—Will you please tell me what to do for inflamed eyelids?

A.—Bathe your eyes in a little warm boracic acid water three or four times a day. You should have your eyes thoroughly examined by an expert oculist, and have proper glasses fitted for them if he thinks it necessary. Use double nitro salt.

P. J. R. C. O.—Will you please tell me what to do for large, red lumps on my face?

A.—Apply a little of the following to the affected parts:

Pink calamine 24 drams
Sulphur 24 drams
Glycerine 3 drams
Phenol 30 drops
Lime water 2 ounces
Rosewater 2 ounces

MRS. E. K. A.—If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query repeated on it, I will be glad to give you the information which you desire.

B. E. A. London, Ont.: Q.—Please tell me what to do for dreaming?

A.—Restless dreams arise from the skin irritations, nose, throat, intestines, teeth, head, stomach or other troubles. Have the source removed and the active dreams will cease. Empty the intestines, take a hot bath and drink a glassful of hot milk before bedtime.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects. Send a general interest. He cannot always 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 inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, in care of this office.

Good Night Stories
By Gladys Silver

THE KIND OF MUMPS DADDY CHIPMUNK HAD.

One day as Doty walked through the woods, a bright little woodland creature scampered across her path.

"Do believe it's a squirrel!" exclaimed Doty, as the little yellowish-brown fellow came into view again, with his little cheeks so puffed out that his little nose was almost hidden.

"And I do believe he's got the mumps," cried Doty.

There was a rustle in the tall grasses and Squeedee, Doty's little elfin friend, hopped up beside her.

"Oh, Squeedee," she cried, "I'm sure that poor little squirrel must have the mumps. Look how swollen his cheeks are—just the way mine were when I had the mumps."

"Yes, in the first place," laughed Squeedee merrily, "that isn't a squirrel. It's Daddy Chipmunk. And she's telling him by the black and white stripes down his back. And as to having the mumps, I'm sure you must have taken."

"Then Squeedee called to the happy little chipmunk, and he came running. 'Doty thought you were Mr. Squirrel,' he laughed. 'And she's quite sure you have the mumps.'"

Daddy Chipmunk shifted something around in his cheeks, then he opened his mouth and several nuts dropped to the ground.

"There goes your mumps, Doty," laughed Squeedee, and Doty laughed too.

"But how in the world did you carry all those nuts in your mouth?" asked Doty.

"Daddy Chipmunk has a little pouch in my cheeks made up of my own skin and nuts," chattered Daddy Chipmunk. "I was just taking them home to Mamma Chipmunk. Want to come along?" he asked.

When Doty said she did, Daddy Chipmunk once more filled his cheeks and led Squeedee and Doty to the entrance of his home under a stump.

They went down a passageway about ten feet long, then turned up toward several chambers.

Dotty peeked into one of the rooms and discovered Mamma Chipmunk taking care of her four little baby chipmunks. Mamma Chipmunk was glad to see them, and let Doty play with the babies.

"How beautifully this room is lined with soft, dry leaves," said Doty. "Are all the rooms lined this way?"

"No, indeed," laughed Mamma Chipmunk. "Just this chamber. The other rooms are for storing our food away."

She led her guests through their lovely home.

"Some folks call us misers," laughed Mamma Chipmunk, "because we store away more than we can eat. But one never knows how long the cold will last, and there's no telling who might steal part of it."

"It's well to have plenty stored away," agreed Doty. "Suppose you're through gathering now?"

"Just waiting until the young ones are old enough, then they'll help fill another storehouse," replied Daddy Chipmunk. "In a week or so now they'll be old enough."

Then he led Squeedee and Doty up the hallway into the grass.

"Don't give our entrance place away, will you?" he asked, as he bade them good-bye.

Dotty promised, but when she turned around to speak to Squeedee he had disappeared.

She gathered all the nuts she could find and laid them in a pile just outside of Daddy Chipmunk's door, then Doty ran home to her own dinner.

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Incidents in the Lives of
World-Famous Women

By ELOISE FARRINGTON

How Sappho Founded the Only Woman's College of Antiquity.

Many of us think of the Greek Sappho as simply a marvelous poet of ancient times, but perhaps more important even than her great gift of poetry was the new influence which she exerted on the women of her time.

The lot of the Greek girl of Sappho's day wasn't a pleasant one. Rich or poor, she was doomed to drudgery. There was nothing for her to do but to keep to the household, to cook, to spin and to weave and to make home comfortable for the men. Nor was there much pleasant association among the women of the time. They were supposed to keep themselves busy with their households, and few were the friendships formed among women.

Sappho—the rare woman of genius—whose whole life was devoted to the expression of beauty through her poetry, and who gave none of herself to drudgery, saw the plight of the Greek women and mourned for them. She wanted to see women have some of the joys of education and culture, for these were the things that men were gaining and enjoying.

For although the women were kept in the strictest seclusion, the men went about freely, and splendid friendships were formed among them. The men stuck together in those days. They not only went off on their military expeditions, leaving their wives at home for years at a time, but when at home they kept together as much as possible. Men taught the young boys. Men dined to-

gether. Men had public discussions together. Women were not desired, and were kept in the background completely. Sappho saw these things. She saw the many advantages which accrued to men through their intellectual companionship. Why shouldn't women have them also?

Sappho held a unique position in Athens. She was the only woman who was deeply honored for her intellectual achievements, and it was freely admitted even then that her poetry was equal to that of any of the men poets of her day. Indeed, so highly was Sappho esteemed that her figure was stamped upon their coins—"honored her though she was a woman," said Aristotle.

Her powerful position and influence, therefore, enabled her to attempt a new sort of leadership—intellectual influence among women. She accordingly gathered around her numbers of young women with especially fine minds. With them she would study and write poetry, and they spent many of their days in splendid philosophic discussion. Just as Socrates created a school of philosophy by gathering around him the young men of Greece, so did Sappho create in

the same way the first school of women students.

She not only stimulated her pupils to deeper thinking and to more beautiful expression, but she developed a love of learning among women—she made them feel that to be uneducated was worse than to be dead. To an uneducated woman who refused to learn, Sappho once said:

"Dying, thou shalt lie in the tomb, and there shall be no remembrance of thee afterward."

But although Sappho died more than 2,000 years ago, some of her poems still remain, and in modern poetry we still find some of the meters which she used—called after her Sapphic verse.

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