

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Errors in Your Diet Cause So-called "Heartburn"

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

HEARTBURN is so called because it neither burns nor has anything to do with the heart. Actually this phrase, like Topsy, just "grew."

Heartburn has to do with the stomach and not any vital organs. It is not a serious condition by any manner of means, but is often more distressing than actual organic troubles.

Strange to relate, it is not only an excess of hydrochloric acid that may cause these volcanic and eruptive eruptions from the stomach. Nor is it gas plus acid that does so.

Almost any sort of disturbance, such as muscular spasms, irritating seasonings, liquors, fermenting foods, a redundancy of organic acid, herculean quantities of even the plainest, most wholesome food, and anything not wholly in accord with the peculiar weakness and strength of your particular digestive bag, may cause this condition.

The current idiom, "It goes against my stomach," has much philosophy in it, as well as medical knowledge. For as Bobby Burns put it:

Some has most and some eat. And some would eat that what it. But he has next, and we can eat. See let the Lord be thankit.

Really, Athenaeus, some thousands of years ago, was filled with wisdom when he expressed the truth that every investigation which is guided by principles of nature, fixes its ultimate aim upon the stomach.

Whenever the mistaken "heartburn" makes itself felt or otherwise apparent, look to it that something is done in the way of correcting errors in diet, muscular activity, habits of rest, bathing and outdoor life.

Never make the mistake to seek comfort from the flowing bowl. Avoid the ways of Gammer Gurton, who could eat but little meat, his stomach was no good, "but sure," he thought, "that he could drink with a man who wears a bonnet."

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DAIRYMPLER

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.

The truth about "the girl in the ash" distinguishes this new series of Miss Dairympler. Her character studies do not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

NO. 82 A Real Vacation. On the 14th of August I departed for the lake with considerable misgivings. To spend my vacation there was not particularly desirable.

Experience should be particularly dear to the other fellow. The good that comes from evil is as questionable as the evil that comes from good.

The fellow who sells them is the only commendable sort of a practical joker. Samson was the original strong-headed man.

Statues of bronze and granite are hard characters never bothered by the police department. If it is true that vinegar never catches flies, the insects are wiser than some people.

Childhood is delightful except when it is of the variety described as "second." When wealth comes in at the door, love has many windows through which to depart.

The umbrella is as impartial as the rain and protects the just and the unjust alike. The insulation is as important as the wire, and yet it never is used in a figure of speech.

"Nobody pays any attention to him. He thumps his chest dreadfully at the children and sticks out his chin if you happen to go near him."

"Well, what is the trouble then?" I repeated, "Peter's something on your mind."

"Oh, no," said Mary, arching her pretty brows listlessly. "Nothing at all."

There was a beautiful pensiveness in Mary's voice, hearing which I was more persuaded than ever that there was something wrong, and I was the guilty cause of it.

"Oh, come, Mary!" I exclaimed impatiently. "Don't let's begin my vacation this way. We've two weeks ahead."

"It's your own fault," said Mary flushing. "In heaven's name," I exclaimed "what have I done?"

"Well," said Mary indignantly. "It was that last letter you wrote, if you must know."

"There wasn't enough of that," said I, "to fuss anybody."

"That's just it," said Mary tragically. "And everybody waiting to find out what you say."

"My goodness!" I exclaimed in dismay. "Was I writing to the whole brig ade?"

"Another girl and I were talking of how careless men are in their attention, and an old lady said that you couldn't always blame the boys, that sometimes the wives grew indifferent and careless first. Then she said: 'Each one of you write your husbands a good old-fashioned love letter, such as you would have written to him in sweeter days, and see if you don't get an answer that will bring the color to your cheeks!'"

And I wrote, Peter, I wrote you the most wonderful letter."

"And look at the answer you sent. It's pretty hot here. I'm well. How are you? That's every word there was of it."

"Hum!" said I with a horrible sense of guilt. "It was clear, but I know it. I'd been tired and headachy from the heat that night, but there was still another explanation which I promptly offered."

"You might remember the postscript of the letter of mine, if I suggested, 'I shadowed all the rest of it!'"

"What was it?" asked Mary defiantly. "I said: 'Dear Peter, I send me some more money. I'm broke!'"

There was utter silence, then Mary held out her hand. "She said with a hint of tears in her voice, 'It's a horrid place any way, and the women are catfish. I'll be on a trip. Dad gave me \$200 for a birthday present, and we'll use that.'"

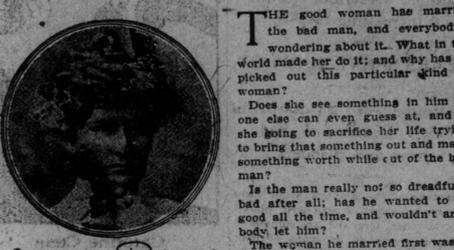
From the moment baby can smell a rose, grasp a fragrant blossom in his chubby hand or cuddle "kitty, kitty," he is old enough to begin nature study.

He can be taught to stroke pussy and make her purr, to pat the big dog and hail him as a friend and to put the flower in water for a drink. A flower joyed for a moment and then thrown carelessly aside to wither is a positive injury to a child. Remember, he is storing up impressions long before he can express himself. What you do carelessly or impulsively will make the same impression upon him as your most carefully planned act. Anything that arouses his attention leaves its imprint on the growing brain, and you cannot make the most perfectly planned acts as if there was no child in the world.

Is Real Happiness Possible When Social Extremes Wed?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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THE good woman has married the bad man, and everybody's wondering about it. What in the world made her do it, and why has he picked out this particular kind of woman?

Does she see something in him no one else can even guess at, and is she going to sacrifice her life trying to bring that something out and make something worth while out of the bad man?

In the man really not so dreadfully bad after all, has he wanted to be good all the time, and wouldn't anybody let him?

The woman he married first wasn't such a very high type of woman. She was just suited to the bad man—so every one thought—and the bad man every one thought seemed to be just suited to her.

grew worse and worse, until even the woman who couldn't stand him any longer. She divorced him—and now he's found this good woman to take his hand and walk out into the world with him. How will it turn out?

What do you guess? How close they come together, the good motives and the bad ones! Who was it who first said that extremes meet? How true it was when he said it—and how true it has been ever since.

How the Second Wife Acts. The worst man I ever knew married a warm-hearted, generous, high-minded, faithful little soul—and broke her heart within a year. He did worse than that. He broke her character, too, and she ran away from him with a fool who fell in love with her.

And the man married again—a little, scheming, mercenary, selfish, cold-blooded creature without a drop of warmth in her whole character. She was blooded creature without a drop of warmth in her whole character. She was blooded creature without a drop of warmth in her whole character.

What became of the first wife? She died, poor foolish little thing, in an attic somewhere in some foreign city where she had gone to hide her misery—and they buried her, they say, in an unmarked grave in the potter's field.

The fool who fell in love with her died, too—by his own hand, as such fools so often do.

And everybody said, "I told you so," except those who said, "There, what could you expect?"

And the man whose cruelty and whose selfishness and whose bitter meanness were the real cause of all this misery didn't say a word.

I suppose he hadn't a word to say. Perhaps he doesn't know the truth at all. We so seldom do know the truth when we are a vital part of it.

How interesting life is and what a world of strange affairs we live in! It would be rather dull if we were all angels, wouldn't it?

The good woman who has married the bad man—I wonder if she really knows why she really did it—and if she could have helped it if she had really tried. The bad man—I wonder what he thinks about his real motive for marrying the good woman.

It will be interesting to see how all it turns out, won't it?

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie: There is a friend of mine who is a good girl in almost every way, but there is one thing about her which I do not like. She is what I call a "dirt."

She has been going with one boy now for some time, and while there is no engagement, she acts as if there was. She even kisses him in public. Because I do not like her to act like this when she is with me she thinks I am old-fashioned. Do you think I am?

OLD-FASHIONED. In all these relations teach love, not fear. Most fears are bred, not born. A child does not shrink from a spider, a caterpillar or a snake until an aversion has been bred in him. Fear is a highly contagious disease and one to which a child is especially susceptible.

Guard well your own mind, then, do not show aversion to things harmless simply because you do not happen to like them. There are, of course, some types of fear traceable to inherited instinct. They manifest themselves in children under favorable conditions as early as do the instincts of affection or self-preservation, but only under favorable conditions. They are a heritage from the dark ages, like the and often remain so through life, or if awakened, may frequently be inhibited at their birth by getting the child into normal relations and arousing in him right instincts.

All this is the broad foundation of nature study—the love of the wide, wide world with its wind and its clouds, its sun and its rain, its stars and silvery moon. In childhood much of the appeal comes thru the imagination, a linking of this world with the land of story and fancy. Let the story hour come sometimes at sunset, watch with the child as the glory floods the sky, but don't talk too much about it; be content to let the impression come gradually. Watch the white clouds—"the white sheep on the blue hill"; listen for the different songs of the birds and the murmur of the leaves as they dance; be glad for the red of the opening maple buds and the softness of the pussy willow.

Be content with God's sequence. Let love come first, knowledge afterward. A child loves his human mother long before he analyzes her motives and acts of sacrifice. Why should he not begin by just loving his Mother Earth? If you implant interest, courage, affection and capacity to enjoy, it will not be long before they lead to observation, questioning and experimental investigation. Then give your assistance in the field of knowledge and follow the inclination of the child.

house and summoned Paul. But the horribly contorted position of Brent's head told Paul the truth even before he felt of the man's feet. Brent was dead.

THE GARDEN CONDUCTED BY RACHEL R. TODD, M.D.

MOTION PICTURE STORIES Nina of the Theatre

TEACH LOVE, NOT FEAR

Proper Care of Parakeets

THE Budgetigar or warbling parakeet, which is brought to America in large numbers from Australia, can be bred either in a cage or aviary, the latter for choice, as, being naturally gregarious, it breeds more freely when several pairs are kept together.

The Australian imported wild birds can be known by their legs being deep blue in color, while the aviary bred ones have the legs more flesh-colored. The hen lays from four to six small white eggs on alternate days. They should not be interfered with in any way.

Winter hatched young ones are seldom of any value. Aviary reared Budgetigars will almost invariably keep to the summer for breeding.

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Probably at no time of the gardening year than just now is the need of constant daily cultivation so pressing. To explain this statement may be necessary, and in order to render understanding more easy let us look back on the work already accomplished by the amateur gardener.

First, look at the little "transplantlings." At this time of the year these tender young plants are by far the most important of the growing things in the garden.

The Value of Constant Cultivation

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Therefore until such time as the roots have penetrated to a safe feeding distance below the surface, the need for extra food is absolute. And this extra food must come from a certain amount of artificial watering, or an artificial conserving of the food already within the soil.

Now, by the term cultivation, in this instance, we simply mean a maintaining of the soil-surface, in such a condition that the night dews, or other moistures will be directed, inwards toward the roots, rather than being allowed to dissipate in the hot, moisture-absorbing air.

By a daily loosening up of the surface, either with a fork or a small rake, or some similar tool. In these days of sudden heat, the earth will cake into an amazing surface of cement, if not watched carefully.

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The Good Night Story

King Bright Copper's Bride. ONCE upon a time King Bright Copper, ruler of the Pennynites, was hunting the land of the Coins, was hunting holly-pops in the great forests of his kingdom when there came along the coach of the Princess of the Mighty Dollars on the way to her father's castle.

When the King saw her he felt his heart give a flutter and he cried: "How beautiful she is! She must be my queen."

Later, when he told his wise men of this vision, he was advised that the great Dollar Princess would never marry a mere Pennynite. But the King was determined, and commanded that their state prisoner, Counterfeit Dollar, who was very, very bad, be brought before him.

By and by Counterfeit returned and told his princess would drive along the same road the next day and would have a Dollar soldier with her as a guard. Bright Copper was very much worried until he had a grand idea. Again speaking up Counterfeit said that he knew like a good dollar, he had his pen take him to a sandbank and change him into four perfectly good Quarters.

Along she came finally, and out King Bright Copper and his soldiers sprang, stopped the horses and overpowered the Dollar soldier (four Quarters and 10 Pennynites are too strong for one Dollar any time, you know). Then the King, who was beautiful, so large and kind and bright, King Bright Copper and his men went right out so fast that he couldn't say a word, only kept on bowing.

NICAGARA AROUND.

The steamer Niagara of the Hall-Combs Company, Ogdenburg, N.Y., ran aground on Point Vivian, between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, loaded with coal. The cargo will be cleared, and it is expected that the vessel will be released by Saturday.



Done intentionally. "He seems to lie as a matter of habit. No, I think it is a matter of system."

"Because, dear," replied his wife, sweetly, "it was such a distressing sound."

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Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

SALSAZES can be prevented from bursting by rolling them in flour before frying.

When rinsing children's clothes, add a little alum to the water, as this renders them less liable to catch fire.

It is difficult, sometimes, when using essences for cakes or sweets, etc., to measure correctly the number of drops required. If a finger is dipped in water and the rim of the bottle wetted in one place, the essence will be found to drop quite easily.

To clean decanters, mix half a gill of vinegar with a handful of salt. Put a little in each decanter and shake well. Rinse in clear water.

An egg that has been too tightly boiled may be put into the saucepan again even after the top has been taken off. If an ordinary pin be dropped into it in a conspicuous place, when it will be found that none of the egg has been lost.

To improve the flavor of cutlets and cutlets which are to be used for cakes, place them in a bowl, pour boiling water over them, and leave to soak all night. The fruit should be removed, also, but should be drained from the water and dried in the oven before being added to the other ingredients.

When threading a needle take a white envelope, stick the needle through, and draw it down until the eye is visible, and you will thread the needle like magic. The white surface of the paper sets the eye into relief, as if it were magnified.

When screws are driven into soft wood, and subjected to considerable strain, they are very likely to work loose, and it is often very difficult to make them hold. In such cases, the use of glue is profitable. Make the glue thick, immerse a stick about half the size of the screw, and put it into the hole, then put in the screw and drive it home as quickly as possible.

Rich Heir—Is your proposal meant seriously, baron? Man of the World (full of debt)—Bitterly so, miss!

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