

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Rubber Band Treatment Is Best for Frost Bites

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

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CAPTAIN SCOTT'S lamentable diary of his trip to the South Pole describes the sudden appearance of frost-bites in his party. They had been through bitter weather; much colder than that experienced when the tips of noses, ears and fingers began to show frost bites. Captain Scott, Peary, Amundsen, Stephansen and the other explorers of icy wilds, ascribe these sudden spells of frost-bite to the blizzards. This is incorrect. What has happened usually is that fatigue, or a reduction of the ration has brought about some disorder in the nourishment and blood brooks which are supposed to feed the skin.

The wind, of course, plays a part in making the Arctic weather more annoying. Old Boreas, however, is not so wicked a fellow in those instances as seems to be the case at first sight.

"The wind has a language I wish I could learn! Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern."

Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song. And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along. And the forest is lulled by the dreamy strain. And slumber sinks down on the wandering main.

In temperate climates, such as these, frost-bites, extreme degrees of frost-bite, which are really advanced stages of chilblains, are very rare.

Infants who are sent forth by many of us to be "hardened" and made immune to near-zero weather, old persons, and the weak generally, may be truly frost-bitten even in these sub-Arctic neighborhoods.

The fingers, toes, lips, ears and nose of these unfortunate blanch as white as a Christmas snow. The nippings of Jack Frost at first squeeze all of the blood from the flesh and give it a ghastly waxiness. Soon the violet blood seeps back into the part. It now assumes a swollen, purplish hue, itching, burning, prickly, tingling torments now harass the sufferer.

Chilblains is a pernicious, if moderate affliction, which has not reached the true frost-bite stage. Small patches of dusky scarlet and lavender hue, raised a bit, are to be seen on the toes and fingers affected.

Upon the margins, outer edges and frontiers of the heel, the backs of the toes and fingers, cheeks and any portion of the flesh some distance from the heart—almost unendurable is the itching, particularly when the frost-

Answers to Health Questions

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygiene and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not 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 enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

Young Mother.—My baby is a year old and cannot walk or talk yet. What shall I do?

Nothing. Very few infants do either at this early age. Many healthy children do not speak or walk upright until they are nearly two years old.

With the Bark on

Four o'clock in the morning is early or late, according to whether you are going to bed or getting up.

Give and take is seldom a popular plan when applied to advice.

The rich man who thinks he is poor is poorer than the poor man who thinks he is rich.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

MISTER JAY BIRD was sitting on the limb of a tree waiting for Brer Rabbit to come along because he had a conundrum he wanted to ask him.

He did not have to wait very long, for here came Brer Rabbit skipping through the underbrush with his ears flat on his head and his little bushy tail sticking up in the air.

"Whoa, there! whoa, there!" shouted Mr. Jay Bird. "If you go so fast you are liable to set the grass on fire with your feet."

"I suppose there is more trouble coming now," said Brer Rabbit to himself, and then he yelled up to Mister Jay Bird, "Go ahead, you sassy rascal. I have my paws crossed, now go ahead."

"Better cross your ears too," said Mister Jay Bird, "because I have a question to ask you that is a whopper!"

Then Mister Jay Bird asked Brer Rabbit this question: "If I have a basket with ten ears of corn in it and you pull out one at a time, how many ears would you pull out?"

"I am very busy," replied Brer Rabbit, "and I haven't time to stop and answer foolish questions like that. However, I will tell you just to show you that I know as much as you do. I would pull out ten ears."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," replied Mister Jay Bird. "You would pull out thirty ears!"

"I don't see it," said Brer Rabbit, and he skipped off down the road. All day long he kept trying to figure out the conundrum which Mister Jay Bird had given him. When he got home that night he said to his wife: "If I had a basket with ten ears in it and you pulled out one ear at a time, how many ears would you pull out?"

"Twenty," answered Brer Rabbit, "you would pull out thirty." "No you wouldn't," replied Brer Rabbit, "you would pull out thirty." "Where did you get that idea?" asked Brer Rabbit. "Mister Jay Bird asked me this morning if I had a basket with ten ears of corn in it and I pulled out one ear at a time how many ears would I pull out, and he said thirty."

"That is correct," said Mrs. Rabbit, "but Mister Jay Bird said ears of corn and you said acorns. When you pull one ear of corn out of the basket you pull your own two ears out, too."

"I see, I see," exclaimed Brer Rabbit, putting his arms around Mrs. Rabbit's neck.

In parts of Switzerland shepherd girls wear men's clothes.

Traveling third-class in England is increasing in popularity.

Are We Really Independent?

BY WINIFRED BLACK

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I KNOW a man who is in trouble. Desperate trouble. He's rich, he has good health, he has a devoted wife, three fine daughters, two manly sons, a beautiful home and a great circle of friends, but he's so worried he can't sleep—all on account of his daughters.

Three of them—and not one of them willing to live their lives the way he thinks they should live them.

"Here I am," he said to me just the other day, "here I am, hale, hearty, as rich as mud, fifty years old, just ready to enjoy life, and these three girls are fretting me into my grave."

"What's wrong with them? Not a thing on earth except that they're crazy, absolutely crazy. That's all there is to it. Good girls, as good as gold, pretty, too, and clever, but every one of them bitten with this independence microbe."

"One of them wants to go East and live in a studio, and teach artistic dancing."

"One of them wants to go to California and live in a studio and paint redwood forests."

"And one of them says she'll die if she can't go to New York and lead the broader life—whatever that may be. Oh, yes, there's a studio in that, too. You can't seem to do a thing with any of them without a studio."

"I can't see anything different about a studio, can you? Just a room with some rugs on the wall instead of on the floor and somebody always messing with a chafing dish. Oh, I've been around to some of them. Daughters have been trying to educate me. Here I am, with a great big, magnificent house, built on purpose for them—a special sleeping porch for Madge, a special gymnasium for Catherine, and the finest kennels in the West for Blanche, and her Airedale fad. Just setting down to a life full of gay young people and some fun in living and every one of them is bound and determined to go somewhere else—anywhere, so long as it's far enough away from home, and if there's a studio in it."

"I don't see what's getting into them all. Every girl that comes to our house has taken up art, or music, or settlement work, or something. I sit behind my paper and listen to them talk. It makes me dizzy. As for mother and me—we don't count at all. They try to be tactful, but I can see that they think we're kind of."

"What's the matter with all you women; are you all going crazy, or what?"

"Perhaps a few of us are trying desperately to come to our senses," I began, but the man who is in trouble wouldn't stay for another word. He couldn't. It made him too emotional.

I have been thinking about him and his daughters and his big fine, empty house, and his lonely, empty heart ever since, and wondering.

The world is full of just such girls as those daughters to-day. Are they going to make the world over, or will the world make them over into something we do not love to think of?

I keep wondering, and wondering.

"Why Mary's married."

"Get away from home," I said. "That's what they seem to want."

The man gazed at me in perturbed horror. "You," he gasped, "you—"

"Where's Mary?" the eldest daughter.

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