

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why a Child Should Not Be Treated Like a Toy

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

It is all well and good to want to play with a baby and entertain yourself in its company, but it should be borne in mind that an infant is not a plaything, but a human being, and is entitled to treatment as such. A baby has desires and inclinations. Sometimes he feeds like a plaything and sometimes he does not. At times he will smile and coo at you, and at other times he prefers to sleep and be left alone. No one ever should intrude upon his human rights. As a rule, a baby does not seek company until about after the first four months of his sojourn in the world. Before that he prefers to eat and sleep. Only the child's mother should attend him in these early days, for outside interference may lead to some misunderstanding. Even after the fourth month a baby must not be carelessly handled, for his weak, emotional fabric is apt to encounter undue stimulus. If your way of caring is in the form of a rough shake or a tight hug, it is better for you to keep away from the cradle. Do not be surprised if a baby cries at the end of such rough treatment, and do not misconceive his expressed emotions as a desire for you to continue such carelessness. Follow his inclinations. When a baby cries at the end of a rough play, it is in protest. His tiny, weak, emotional figure and fibres have

been excited, and a substance has been created in his secret fluid which may poison his mechanism. The child is fortunate who lives in quiet surroundings. The "cool-headedness" of later life, calmness of expression, self-control and steady procedure which is the outcome of a well-developed, unexcited, even-tempered emotional fabric is due in large measure to these first days of calmness. It is this kind of "bringing up" by an intelligent mother which later ends in love, devotion and self-sacrifice of child to parent. When a child has reached school age his inclinations should be followed with the same care. By this time, to be sure, his emotional and muscular fabric have been strengthened by the passing years, but not even yet should they be subjected to work or play too strenuous. If a boy or girl has grown thus far with an inherited tendency to excitement, books that are unduly sensational must be kept away from him. However, books dealing with normal child life are excellent food for the mind, and if a child shows a tendency to want such books, leave the choice to him. Also let him choose the time and place for the pursuit of his pleasure, but supervise in general the whole developmental process. If a schoolgirl or boy lapses back to indifference and listlessness, his physical condition is perhaps at fault. Probably he is not getting the proper kind of food or exercise. He most likely needs more outdoor life and sport and a better regulated diet. Also there may be need for examination of the eyes, nose, throat and other physical parts. After you have ascertained that there is nothing abnormal in the development

of the child, try to maintain his unexcited, calm sort of existence. His inclinations under these conditions will most likely be what you desire. He will probably not be a mischievous, troublesome child, but, on the contrary, will instinctively try to study the desires of his parents, as they study his. Thus will develop a harmonious, congenial relationship characteristic of the happy family.

Answers to Health Questions

H. P. C. Q.—Kindly advise what to do for itchy pimples.

A.—Apply a little of the following lotion to the affected parts:
Pink calamine 2½ drams
Zinc oxide 2 drams
Glycerine 2 drams
Phenol 50 drops
Lime water 2 ounces
Rosewater 2 ounces

SPRING. Q.—Kindly advise what to do for falling hair.

A.—Apply a little of the following to your hair:

Quinine 1 dram
Pilocarpine ¼ grain
Salicylic acid 15 grains
Lanolin ¼ ounce
Petrolatum ¼ ounce

A CONSTANT READER. A.—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query repeated, I will be glad to answer your question.

J. T. S. Q.—Kindly advise me what to do for bed-wetting.

A.—Punishment, medicines or operations do no good. Patience, persistence, close attention to the child twice during the night and education of will power help. Reward the child for control, and praise the little one when successful. This will effect a cure in a short time.

MOTHER. Q.—Please advise what to use to make my hair grow.

A.—Apply a little of the following to your hair:

Quinine 1 tablespoonful
Sage 1 ounce
Sulphur 1 tablespoonful
Boric acid 1 tablespoonful
Rain water 1 pint

M. M. Q.—Kindly advise what to do for heart disease.

A.—There is hope of one being cured

with this trouble, but only tests with blood pressure instruments, stethoscope and other implements of search can tell exactly.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of 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.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SATURDAY, NOV. 16.

Of unusual importance are the Lunar transits for this day, as the three most powerful so-called malefic are in splendid aspect with the Moon. Doubtless there will be upheavals and radical changes, with long-standing delays, obstacles and disappointments set aside. There will be strong stimulation along all lines, with the energies bent toward new and large projects, possibly involving removals and journeys, which will prove advantageous. Some discretion, however, is called for in the signing of papers and the making of contracts. Benefits may be expected from elderly persons, and from the employments or industries of Saturn.

Those whose birthday it is may expect a year of change and travel with success in their business, but they must be discreet in their dealings. A child born on this day will be industrious, persevering, reliable, inventive, original and successful.

The virtue of hopefulness, the invincible resolve to gaze at the bright side of things, is a splendid asset in the life of nations or of individuals.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND
ADELE GARRISON'S CONTINUATION OF
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Lillian Had to Say About Dicky's Project.

As Lillian released my shoulders from her strong, kindly grasp I sat down quickly in the nearest chair. I had conceived many solutions of Dicky's erratic financial behavior, but this revelation that his money had vanished into that most perplexing of all quicksands, a play-producing scheme, dumbfounded me.

"I don't wonder you're limp," Lillian said commiseratingly. "It's enough to flabbergast anyone to realize what a consummate bluejay the poor Dicky-bird has made of himself. But there's no use weeping over the apple cart. We'll just get busy trying to pick up some of the apples."

"Won't they all be eaten or spoiled by this time?" I tried to play up to her smiles, to smile at them. But it was a sorry pretence.

"We'll retrieve a few of them, even if they are specked," Lillian promised grimly, with a keen glance at me. "I don't know exactly how much I can accomplish, but I wasn't Harry Underwood's wife all these years without making some valuable friendships among the reputable theatrical men, the real powers that be."

"This E. Stern is a bad performer—very bad—and I think I can engineer a little highly moral and respectable blackmail upon the gentleman which will lead him suddenly to discover that he cannot possibly produce the heaven-born production of Miss Fairfax and the Dicky-bird, and will, therefore, hand back some of the mazzina Dicky has thrown at him."

"But hasn't Dicky set his heart upon this thing?" I protested weakly.

"Isn't there a chance that this man, Stern, will really produce the play, and that it might succeed?"

I saw Lillian's eyes narrow with something akin to contempt for my lack of understanding. Then they widened, soft with the infinite charity that is hers.

"Is it so bad?"

"I never thought you such an incurable optimist, Madge," she said with a

note of gaiety which the next minute vanished from her voice and face, having nothing but grim determination written thereon.

"There's about as much chance of Stern producing that play as there is of the Clow Prince becoming mayor of New York," she said. "He never produced anything except some cheap vaudeville sketches. Dicky's the most rattle-pated lad living, or he'd never have gotten mixed up with him. He was with Harry enough to know a little something about the theatrical game. And this so-called play?"

"Is it so bad, then?" I asked, with the wish that had been able to see some of the manuscript which Lillian had looked over, while we were in Dicky's room.

"Well, I've seen some pretty and specimens of dramatic futility, but for absolute rotten puffie give me this effort of the little Fairfax's. All moonshine and southern magnolias and hidden fastnesses in lonely mountains—sort of a compromise between those old Southwestern novels and a modern triangle problem affair, or what the gifted Edith evidently visualized as such. As a burlesque for the Lambs or the Fanny—poorly in its unconsciousness! But for the real stage—police!"

There was that in this speech which cut deep. For I always had thought Dicky to be rather a keen critic of dramatic writing. Was it possible that his personal interest in Edith Fairfax was so strong as to cloud his judgment and to lead him into the incredible financial folly of which he had been guilty?

Whether or not Lillian suspected my thoughts I don't know. But her next words were comforting, nevertheless.

"All Possible Emphases."

"Dicky always was the most colossal idiot about discovering new playwrights," she said. "I remember a favorite spiel of Harry's to the effect that any manager could make a fortune by employing Dicky to read plays and then con-

sistently rejecting those he recommended. Funny, too, Dicky's a pretty good critic of the drama when once produced, but as a judge of a manuscript he's a flivver of the vintage of 1910.

"But I must get out of here before the Dicky-bird flies home to his nest," she went on, gathering up her things.

"Now don't worry any more than you can help. I'll tackle Dicky and his flivver myself. It's going to be a tough job, but I'm going to see that he stops all work immediately and cuts out all nonsense except getting well. And if he hasn't mortgaged his salary too far ahead to the loan sharks—a little trick which E. Stern wouldn't overlook if he could help it—you'll be able to have a moderate but respectable income soon again. But one thing you must not neglect."

"What is that?" I asked tremulously, for I guessed and feared that she was again going to allude to Dr. Pettit.

"As soon as Pettit gets back you must pump him about your father's affairs. Now remember, that is must, with capital letters—M-U-S-T!"

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Good Night Stories
By Charles Schuch

BOBBY MEETS THE LITTLE CORK BOY.

Bobby picked up an old bottle in the yard, and taking out the cork, tossed it into the ash barrel.

"Oh, dearie me! Oh, dearie me!" sighed a tiny voice that seemed to come right from the ashes. "I suppose I'll have to stay here always now. Pity folks don't appreciate us Cork Boys."

Bobby ran the barrel and peered over the top. There on the ashes sat the funniest little fellow Bobby had ever seen. He was just a great big Cork Boy, with cork eyes and nose and mouth and two big cork ears that were crying great big cork tears.

"Why, who are you, and how did you get in here?" exclaimed Bobby in surprise.

"You threw me in here," retorted the little Cork Boy. "You took me out that bottle you have in your hand."

Bobby had never heard a cork talking before, and he thought it very funny, and laughed.

"I thought corks were only good to stop up bottles," laughed Bobby.

The only good corks are those which enable us to see the laughableness of bad originals.

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