

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY.

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

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

### A New Toy

ARE women hopeless extremists? Do they rebound in a panic of hysteria from one phase to another? I'm beginning to think so. Mary was not born with a bump of order, nor was she trained to any comprehension of system. Yet she has developed a passion for orderliness and detail. Sometimes, however, acquired tastes are as vile as inherent ones.

"I'm through sliding carelessly along, Peter," she explained with glowing cheeks. "I'm beginning to see at last that if you do a thing at all you ought to do it well, and with me, now, my house shall come first and my clubs and things after. That's right, isn't it?"

### A Wife's Duty

A woman marries with the express understanding that she will care for a man's home and bear his children, yet almost from the beginning she professes to hate her job. She hates housework, and speaks feelingly of the terrible care children are. When a man selects the law as his profession he doesn't begin to grudge about its dry and dusty detail—he goes to work. When a woman selects the law as her profession she doesn't begin to grudge about its dry and dusty detail—she goes to work.

### Beginning a Reform

After all, I may be a little hide-bound in my notions. Surely the world has gone through the mill and learned to solve the problems of a home can write a genuinely helpful book for other women. I'm beginning to discover after years of prejudice that housekeeping may be learned and learned well from books.

### Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: I have received lots of comfort from reading your advice. Now I am a widow for a number of years. I love me better than any woman here ever met, and wants to marry. I have a girl of 12. I don't care for him particularly. What would you do about it?

WELL, Troubled, what are you troubled about? You've been a widow for a number of years, and you seem to have lived through it rather comfortably. Why do you want to alter your condition? What's the matter?

Has the landlord raised the rent, or is it the grocery bill that is bothering you?

You seem to think you have to marry a man "at once"—just because he wants you, is he a hypnotist or what?

Why must you alter your whole condition in just to please a man for whom you don't care?

What would I do about it?

I'd just tell my friend the widow, "No, thank you," and send him his family property about their business. I'd go on quite calmly, attending to mine. That's what I should do.

Annie Laurie

## CHIC HAT MODELS FOR THE HOME MILLINER



Tailored Hat of Straw and Velvet.

The New Paris Turban.

Plaque for Summer Dresses.

By MADGE MARVEL

HERE is a hint for the girl who wonders what she can do with the bunches of faded flowers she has carefully ripped off her discarded hats, because they "seemed just too good to throw away," and yet look woefully shabby when she takes them out with the idea of making use of them on a new hat.

She can glaze or silver or bronze them, and painting the rose gilding the lily and painting the rose gilding the lily and painting the rose gilding the lily.

However, there are many conservative women who will never wear bronze hats. These women will be glad to know that unglazed flowers are becoming more and more fashionable each day, and that midsummer will see them used in such profusion that we shall look like animated posy beds.

This is the prophecy of one who is said to know more about hats than any other in the world.

plume looks like solid gold, the effect of stickiness or heaviness is entirely lacking. Silver leaves used as a wreath about the crown of the hat is a much favored accompaniment to the lacquered ribbon. Gold flowers are frequently seen. The plan of gliding old flowers in perfectly feasible. Try it with a bottle of gilt paint. Another smart hat is the bronze straw, which accords so well with the which will become more popular as the season advances. Last year's shape has been reborn into a "this year's" shape and treated to a coat of bronze paint, very same polish with which our shoes are kept in condition. Then it is trimmed with lacquered ribbon and a bunch of silver flowers. It will be the very latest millinery fancy.

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"I cannot remember a season," said Ora Cox, in a recent talk, "when flowers were made such splendid use of by the milliners. The hat on algaettes is partly responsible for this, for we are used to seeing flowers in the hat. One thing is taken from us we are always able to find something else to take its place. Another reason for the use of flowers is the picturesqueness of the summer styles. With the plume and the flat hat, especially the Watteau, there is nothing which is so suitable for trimming as flowers. Then the bandeau is best when it is covered with flowers, and what else so perfectly fills in the space at the back of the tilted hat?"

Flowers will grow larger as the summer progresses. One or two large roses will often be used. I do not look for a continuance of the very high trimming all summer. Already there is a tendency to replace the towering feather with a single big bloom.

There is a fine psychology in choosing flowers for hat trimming that not only studies her personality when she chooses for her bonnet. If she is a sweet, simple little girl, she should be content

to wear smaller and more delicate flowers, like button roses and lilies of the valley and violets. "I omitted daisies and forget-me-nots, for I feel that they belong to the very little tots, the children. On the average grown woman they are absurd. Big, stunning looking women of the June type have first call on the showy blooms. They can wear spilling blossoms like the hibiscus, the poinsettia, the calla lily, giant roses, orchids. There is as much genius displayed in choosing a hat as there is in designing it. A wrong hat can spoil the most perfect costume."

Veils are becoming thinner and less conspicuous each day. They are the sheers of net. Hats will not be excessively large during the summer. They will not be very large for several months to come. The small hat has some months of life before it.

It is a splendid thing for women to try to make their own hats. They will be sure to copy some popular model, and as no two women—or men either—see the same object exactly the same there is always the chance that some strikingly new style will be evolved from what started out to be a faithful copy."

## The "Mystery" in Wanting to Be Useful

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

MISS HELEN CUDAHY, the youngest daughter of the famous Cudahy, the millionaire meat packer, is going to register in the Massachusetts General Hospital as a student in the school for trained nurses.

"Her family," says the press dispatch, which gives the news, "declines to give Miss Cudahy's reason for this action."

Dear me, how mysterious!

There must be a man in an iron mask or a woman in a velvet domino somewhere in the story. It wouldn't be possible for an energetic, ambitious, big-brained, big-hearted, generous-souled girl to want to go somewhere and be of some use in the world—would it?

Not when her father pays an income tax of thousands of dollars a year. Why should she want to amount to anything?

Why should she care whether people die in pain or are born in agony or not? What is it to her that friendless women need comforting and that little, helpless babies need care? What earthly reason can she have for wanting to make things a little easier for a dying man or to help some poor wreck of a woman say good-bye to a life of misery with some show of decent fortitude?

A trained nurse, a good trained nurse, is the noblest and the most useful creature that walks the earth.

If ever there is any use for a halo in this world of ours—I've seen one hovering around the forehead of a nice, cosy, comfy, little trained nurse who would go without sleep for nights at a time, and without rest for days, just to see that some cantankerous patient "pulled through" in spite of the family.

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Patience, courage, resourcefulness, self-reliance, tact, a quick wit, a sense of humor, a gentle hand, a light heart, a generous soul—all these are the things that go to make up the character of the trained nurse.

What should the daughter of a rich man want with such a list of the beatitudes?

Nurse a little mother back to health, back to the care of her little children; save the flower of the family to be a useful man and take his place in the world with a sound constitution and good, clean blood; put the head of the house on his feet and make him able to go on with the work he ought to be doing—what's such trifling as that to the things that Miss Helen Cudahy could do, if she only had sense enough to want to.

She could be the best tango dancer in her set without a doubt.

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## Careful Isolation Limits Spread of Children's Ills

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

CHARLIE has the whooping cough," says your family doctor. "Keep him away from Jane and William, give him his medicine, and I will drop around again in a few days."

"Thank you, doctor," says the harassed mother as he hurries away. The physician has been brief and methodical, has no doubt written the correct prescription; but, unluckily, he has left the poor mother a warning without explicit directions for its heeding.

The distressed parent is aware of the mistaken notion that "all children will catch measles, mumps and whooping cough"; she is familiar with the exploded nonsense that has by tradition incorporated itself in the minds of women. Indeed, the superstition that her baby must, willy-nilly and in spite of careful precautions, suffer all the ills that the infant flesh encounters, is undeniably absurd.

"Yes, doctor," said a good woman not long ago, "mothers are convinced (two ounces to the quart) or water in which dilute carbolio acid makes a 1 per cent. solution. Special attention should be given to the hair and scalp, and all parts of the skin that have been peeled."

This lady told the truth boldly and baldly. Country doctor and city specialist alike speak in such general terms, and with such ponderous authority that the overworked mother fears to seem ultra-benighted, and nods her thanks in a bewildered doubt. In a word, she and the doctor think it is such a simple matter to guard the well children from the ill one that the one fails to ask, and the other omits to give, the exact minutiae of the necessary duties.

Again, many households are located so remotely that their occupants must depend, in the interim of the doctor's absence, more or less upon their own equipment and information. If these are lacking, faulty precautions are taken, and children exposed to contagion will thereby become infected. It becomes necessary to remember precisely what may be done to limit the spread of these serious ailments.

As plain as the eyes in your head is the fact that the attendants upon the isolated child, whether he be walking around or confined to his room, must, like the ill individual, have a complete

outfit of plain, clean and easily washed, and ironed garments. This is as true for the mother, relative or doctor, as it is for a nurse. The face and hands should be frequently washed with absolute thoroughness, and the hair and head as to be kept covered and frequently washed with a soap and shampoo.

These procedures are not as troublesome as they at first thought would appear. Soon after they are begun—that is to say, when one of the children falls ill—they become as habitual as washing. Perhaps the greatest source of contagion, next to the mother or relative who fails to wear a washable cover, as she approaches the child, is the child that has so mild an infection with the mildest of measles, chickenpox, or whooping cough, that she is allowed to mingle with her brothers, sisters and other children, and eat at the same table, play with the same toys, or even wanders about the streets.

A physician once entered a street car, sniffed his nose once or twice and shouted aloud: "There is some one in this car with smallpox." Immediately the car was emptied of everybody but a veiled woman and himself. The fable that he "smelled the smallpox," but the fact is notorious that doctors may shout as much as they will in a public place that "there is a case of whooping cough, measles or chickenpox, but not a soul would stir. Yet each of these maladies is much more serious, and often fatal, than smallpox.

Even the lightest cases of childhood ailments should be kept away from other children for four weeks. When peeling of the skin, running of the eyes, ears, nose or boils are present the quarantine should be maintained until these manifestations have absolutely ceased. After four weeks might well be allowed to pass before well children may safely play with the child who has been ill. It is a simple matter to make the sick child contented to play with the attendant, or with his toys. After the first few days the child becomes accustomed to it, and considers it by no means a punishment.

If it is not practical to send other children in the house to a distant relative, the barn, or outside kitchen or a tent should be converted into a temporary regulation of redressing. Frequent washing, soap and hair, and disinfected throat, nose and hands. With such detailed and specified care only can these malicious microbes of babyhood and adolescence be wiped from the escutcheon of Hygiene.

To sum up: Keep the well children happy, care-free, clean, and as far away as possible from the neighborhood of the sick child. Let not the devoted mother or other attendant upon the child who is ill, must let her observe the most stringent regulations of redressing. Frequent washing, soap and hair, and disinfected throat, nose and hands. With such detailed and specified care only can these malicious microbes of babyhood and adolescence be wiped from the escutcheon of Hygiene.

When the tiny patient has recovered, the room, its contents and the articles that have been in contact with the ill child are more dangerous than the little convalescent. Playthings that are not burned or disinfected have been known to cause the same disease years afterward.

A poison solution—which must not touch any person, or, if it does, should be washed off quickly with water—known to doctors and druggists under various names, is a good antiseptic for washing toys, woodwork, walls and the like. This drug should not be handled in a solution of more than one part to two thousand parts of water. When taken internally it is a fatal poison, so it must be kept safely out of the reach of all but the one who uses it upon furniture or floors.

The sick room must be made airtight and disinfected. It will not be safe until it has been plugged and sealed as tight as Pandora's box, and some strong, poisonous gas, such as formaldehyde or sulphur candles, burned in it. Pharmacies all sell these candles with explicit directions and cautions printed upon them. Suffice it here to say that every nook and cranny in the room must be plugged up; then, no living germ can survive in the burning gases. At times these gases are pumped into the room through a keyhole. Usually this is not feasible in isolated dwellings beyond the reach of a health officer.