DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why the Surgeon's Needle Is Surest Rupture Remedy

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PATHOLOGICALLY speaking, a rupture is a disjunction of break in some continuous part, such as a broken vein, artery, bone, muscle, or other structure of the body. Practically and colloquially, however, other names are applied to these conditions, such as fracture for bones, bruise or contusion for veins and arteries, and sprains for ruptured ligaments and muscles. The word rupture is almost wholly limited and restricted to a split in the tissues and coverings, which act as containers, dams and checks to the intestines.

In fine, when the bands of tissue in the groin or over the abdomen walls split or give way to form a bag or "cul-de-sac," the intestine bulges into the opening and is called a rupture. Ruptures, then, are always displaced intestines. Hernia is another name for rupture less often encountered. Ruptre or hernia occurs irrespective of age, sex or your eternal conditions of earthly servitude. The causes of rupture hark back thru the hidden vistas of past ancestry, present occupation of strain and hard labor, acquired diseases and debilities and injuries.

Babies Seldom Ruptured.

A family I have investigated has it as a congenital weakness. The grandfather, three of his sons that have done heavy physical duty—such as lifting loads—and one grandson all suffer from rupture. One woman of five in these three generations was ruptured after she became a mother. Yet not one infant, despite its yelling, straining and kicking, was ever ruptured in this family.

Ruptures, rare in infants at most, usually have their source in the ignorance of midwives, or the carelessness of doctors, who cut the maternal cord too close to the babe's navel at its birth. This type of rupture is hidden under the little one's flannel band until its removal a month later. Then tradition, timidity and superstitions erroneously ascribe the condition to "having allowed the child to cry itself to sleep" or to "coughing too much."

Grown-ups, who inherit weak abdominal walls as described in the aforementioned family, must at all hazards shun occupations that involve any excessive muscular exertion. No laborious efforts or abrupt strains must be allowed. The risk is too great. Rupture in such an event is only too apt to supervene.

"Good as New."

Chemical, mechanical and other appeals to the tens of thousands who are ruptured to be "cured without a truss or knife" are responsible for much invalidism and pain. Just as there is no quick method to acquire much knowledge, just as there is no royal road to true cures of many maladies, so there is no alternative to the surgeon's needle and thread to do away once for all with rupture.

When all is said and done it may be added that the pad of leather called a "truss" really does act as a temporary makeshift to restrain the intestine's exodus into the rupture sac. This, I take it, is an unsanitary survival of the pre-antiseptic days when operations for ruptures involved more or less jeopardy to health and life. That day, it may now be emphasized, is long since past, and needle and thread in a good surgeon's hand is the only answer to the frequent query, "What shall I do for a rupture?"

After the "rupture" had been stitched together at a good hospital the victim will be stronger than ever. True enough, she or he has never been actually weak. They have never been forbidden to marry. Yet the presence of a rupture entails the potential danger of a strangulation and gangrene of the intestines which has ballooned itself into the ruptured sac. This makes it a wise procedure—but by no means a necessary precaution—for a woman to have the surgeon stitch a rupture together before undertaking life's venture, matrimony, with the duties of housework and motherhood.

PLAN YOUR GARDEN NOW FOR SPRING IS NEAR

Plant Perennials and Shrubs Which Practically Take Care of Themselves.

WITH the snow-drifts piled high, and the weather cold, it may seem premature to talk of the garden, but the sun is getting stronger every day, and the spring awakening will take us by surprise. Before the snow disappears entirely the snowdrops and crocuses will be pushing thru the ground, and the hyacinths, daffodils and tulips will be close after them. Then growth will start with a rush, and the gardener who has been thinking and planning during the cold winter months will have the situation well in hand.

But it is not yet too late to resolve to have a garden this year, large or small, and, having made the decision, the next step is to prepare to carry it out. Anybody who has access to a bit of ground can have a garden. There is no mystery about gardening, and the very simplicity of the thing is what surprises many of those who venture into it for the first time.

Among many reasons advanced by people for not having gardens is that they are "too busy." Being busy is an almost universal condition in these strenuous times, but is not a good reason for failing to do something to beautify the home grounds, because the horticultural lists abound in good things, chiefly perennials and shrubs, that are essentially the busy man's plants. Properly planted, they practically take care of themselves, and go on thriving and radiating beauty and cheer year after year. Where time is limited, or where the conditions are not favorable, transformation can be effected by the planting of half a dozen shrubs and a few hardy perennials upon the edges of the lawn or about the base of the house. The results are out of all proportion to the slight trouble involved, the house and grounds assume a homelike aspect, and the obligation which every citizen owes to the community to contribute something to the attractiveness of the city, is discharged.

Regarding Walls of Ships

The modern vessel, whether it be a merchant ship or a man-of-war, is built of metal, and it is interesting to see the way in which the outer plates are riveted to the frame, so that the water shall not get thru. There are three methods of doing this, say My Magazine. The first method is called the in-and-out system, the plates being arranged alternately over and under. A second system is that known as the clinker system, and in this the plates lap regularly, so that in each plate one edge is under the other and over an adjoining plate. The third method is called the system with the inner strakes, or plates, doubled. It will be seen that this system has the great advantage of presenting a flush outer surface, the joinings of the plates being covered by another plate underneath.

TWO KINDS OF GRANDMAMA

By Winifred Black *Drawings by Will Nies*

Which One of These Grandmothers Do You Think Is the Happier?

SHE'S come to stay with her daughter Julia—the nice, sweet old lady with the pretty manners and the gentle voice. And her daughter Julia is delighted to see her. She's fixed up the best room in the house for "mother." She's put pink curtains at the window and pink and white scarfs on the bureau and the dressing table, and there's a fat pin cushion on the bureau and a long, slender pin cushion on the dressing table—all in pink, for that is "mother's" favorite color.

Even the blotter on the dainty little writing desk is pink, and on the day "mother" came there was a pink rose on "mother's" table. Mother certainly does love pink.

It was always so becoming to her—it is now, for that matter—for her hair is soft and white and she has a nice clear seashell complexion. Mother ought to have a good skin. She takes care enough of it — a Turkish bath every week, a massage once in every three days and Epsom salts baths every night. Oh, mother knows how to look after herself. She's such a mild little thing, too—never says a word against anyone — but somehow she never stays very long with daughter Julia. And when daughter Julia sees her off on the train she always seems so pleased about it, in a perfectly affectionate, cheerful way.

After she's left daughter Julia, she'll go and stay with her daughter Mary, and Mary will trim her room in pink, too—she keeps the curtains put away for that special purpose. There will only be one pin cushion at daughter Mary's. Mary's husband doesn't make so much money as Julia's, and he has a mother of his own to look after, a mother who doesn't know whether pink would be becoming to her or not. She's never had time to find out.

Mary's mother won't stay quite so long at Mary's as she does at Julia's. She never does, somehow. Her room is a little small, and then the meals at Mary's aren't quite what she's been accustomed to.

From Mary's she'll go to her son Robert's. She'll stay a long time at Robert's. Robert hasn't a child in the house, and Robert's wife is a clubwoman and goes to Baha ceremonies and gives teas to Swamees, and mother loves that sort of thing.

Interested Only in Herself.

Robert's wife doesn't bother about the pink. Mother has to take whatever there is in the way of colors for bedroom curtains when she's at Robert's, but she doesn't seem to find in Swamee and the teas and things.

John, the other son, lives down south in a little village. He's the mayor of the town, well liked and well respected, the youngest of the children and the flower of the family; but mother never stays more than two weeks at a time at John's. John's wife does her own work and she has three children, and John is utterly dominated by that wife and those children. Why, he comes home at noon from his office to have lunch with them. He says he's lonesome if he's away a whole day. And John's wife seems to think that mother should be just as much interested in John's children as she and John are. And she isn't. She isn't really interested in them at all. She isn't interested in a soul but herself—her own placid, calm, low-voiced, pretty, attractive self.

But everybody says what a sweet woman she is and how proud her children must be of her, and the children smile politely and say, "Oh, we are," and that's all there is to it.

Now, John's wife's mother is entirely different. John's wife's mother never heard of a Turkish bath. I'm afraid she'd think they were shocking—going around in a sheet like that—why, the very idea! And as for massage, or hair treatment, or complexion baths! She'd think you were crazy if you mentioned such a thing to her.

But all her little grandchildren—and she has, in all, 12 of them, John's three and her own son's five and the rest, her own daughter's—simply idolize her.

She doesn't go visiting very often—she's too busy to leave home—but when she does she has a great time getting ready. Not with her clothes. Dear me! she never thinks of them till the last minute. But the things she has to do before she leaves—the cookies to bake, the cakes to stir up, the old-fashioned crullers to fry in lard, and if it's the right season of the year she always makes a batch of sausage and takes it along for a Christmas present. And, oh, the welcome when grandma comes! Everybody calls her "grandma"—all the children in the village where she lives and everybody else.

She's "Grandma" to Everyone.

When there's sickness or trouble, grandma is the first one to be sent for. When there's a wedding or a christening within 20 miles, grandma is the first to get her invitation. Nobody would think of trying to get along without her.

She's baked every bride's cake in the county for the last 20 years, and not a boy in the village would think he was really married if grandma didn't frost the fruit cake to eat at the wedding. She's the comfort and solace in time of trouble and the comrade in rejoicing.

When grandma dies—may she live a quarter of a century longer, bless her heart!—the whole town will turn out to do her homage, and there'll be a big lonesome place in life when she is gone.

Which of these women do you wish you could be? Which do you believe is the happiest?

Is there enough joy in any one narrow little life to make it worth the living, even if the one who lives it has the sweetest voice in the world and a complexion like roses and cream? Or don't we have to borrow a little from our neighbors to make enough to go round?

I'm going to learn to make gingerbread and cookies. I want to know how to braid a little girl's hair and how to tie a little boy's necktie. I want to understand the best way to cure the colic and what to do when the new tooth is too long in coming thru.

I want to be able to stir up a cake and to tell a story to tired little children at twilight. I don't want to be "mother." I want to be "grandma" some day—when my own life is no longer full enough of deep interest to keep me contented.

I don't want to know whether I look best in pink or in blue—I don't want to care. I do hope when I get old enough to be a grandmother I'll have sense enough to have the fun of being one. For a real grandmother is, after all, the most useful and the happiest woman in all the whirling globe. Or so, at least, it seems to me.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT "Judge Not That Ye Be Not Judged"

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THE Lovely Lady is having trouble with her daughter—lots of trouble—and she tells us all about it, and we sympathize and say "How perplexing," and look puzzled and worried, and when she's gone—before the door is really quite shut behind her—we seize each other in wild delight and go into paroxysms of merriment which we try to make as silent as we can.

Of course, it's utterly unregenerate of us to do this, but, oh, the Lovely Lady has been such a trial to us for so long. She's one of those amiable persons who is always "cheerful" about other people's trouble. You can stand that, perhaps, but when my cook took more to drink than she should and burned the soup and scorched the chicken and spilled the after-dinner coffee down the distinguished guest's collar, the Lovely Lady smiled sweetly and said, "We ought not to judge her, as we didn't know what her struggle might have been"—and that was the last straw. I've been waiting to see what was going to happen to the Lovely Lady and how I was going to feel about it.

It's happened, and I know. The Lovely Lady has a lovely little girl and the lovely little girl and my little girl have some friends at school. Now the other day my little girl came home and said she wasn't going to play with one of her new little friends any more because the new little friend had told a story—a great big, whopping, up and down, malicious, mischievous story—about somebody else and madetrouble, and my little girl said she should never like the new friend again.

THE PROBLEM REVERSED.

The Lovely Lady was grieved—wounded, in fact. "My dear," she said, "you shouldn't feel so. How do you know what struggle the little new friend is making? Judge not that ye be not judged." And she delivered the sweetest little lecture you ever heard all about love and blindness. And my little girl listened politely, as she had been taught to do, but she couldn't keep her eyes from flashing until she looked at me and then her eyes stopped flashing and began to twinkle and she said, "Yes, of course, that was so," and "She would try to remember it." And the Lovely Lady was so happy and superior about it all. And the Lovely Lady's little girl drank it all in, with big, hungry eyes and a delighted smile. That was a few weeks ago.

A few days ago the Lovely Lady's little girl was with the rest of us at a children's party and she told us in company assembled a deliberate, cold-blooded, bare-faced, mischievous, trouble-making lie.

It wasn't even a "story"—it was a lie—the sort of lie prompted by envy and a wish to make someone else take the blame and suffer for what she herself had done. And we all saw it and we all knew it, and there was no way out of it, and the Lovely Lady looked at her daughter in amazement. Just as she was going to open her mouth to say sweetly, "Nobody knows why," the woman whose child was injured by the lie said a few hasty and, I must admit, ill-chosen words.

The Lovely Lady's little girl turned and looked at the hasty woman with a sweet and forgiving smile. "Judge not that ye be not judged," she said, and her voice was so exactly like her mother's that nobody in that room could help gasping. Even the Lovely Lady gasped. And now she's in trouble about it.

She's been to little daughter's teacher and teacher has told her quite plainly, without any palaver whatsoever, that she would be a good deal worried about daughter if she were her child.

And I am not sorry. I'm glad. Isn't it outrageous for me not to be sorry? And isn't it wicked for me to be glad? But I might as well own up while I'm about it. It's the truth, and there you are.

IS IT FAIR?

I keep wondering and wondering whether it's going to do the Lovely Lady any good or not, or whether she'll just "forgive" the teacher for being so clear-sighted and forget all about little daughter's faults and expect that little daughter will forget about them, too.

Do they really believe all these things they say about love and forgiveness—the people who talk so much about them? Is the evil tree really as apt to bear good fruit as the good tree, if you only say the right kind of thing about it? Can you turn a thistle into a rose, just by changing its name? If you plant onions, will they come up lilies, if you just look at them and think they will?

"Judge not that ye be not judged!" It is a fine saying, and one well worthy of attention when it is spoken by people who know what it means. But I should like to ask some of those who are so "charitable" whether they think it's quite fair to speak just as well of a thief as you do of an honest man.

It may be fair to the thief, but how about the honest man? Has he no rights? He may have struggled, too, and it may be just as hard for him to be honest as it would be for the thief, only he tries harder. Is he entitled to no recognition? Why not judge him once in a while, and give him a little credit for his honesty?

How to Correct Slight Beauty Blemishes

By LUCREZIA BORI
Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

LUCREZIA BORI

THERE is an old song containing this thought: "Oh, the little more, and how much it is!" It might have been sung originally by a despairing beauty-seeker. It really not the big defects that are half so annoying as the trifling little blemishes that make us just miss being beautiful. We can be philosophical about a broken nose, a receding chin or a large mouth, and can "grin and bear" these beauty shortcomings with resigned good-nature, but who can bear with patience superfluous hair, the wart or ill-shaped eyebrows that is the one defect in a beautiful face?

There is hardly a beauty ill that is not curable if we will but go at it in the right way and "keep going."

Let us consider for a minute the most common blemish, superfluous hair. Frequently a few scraggy hairs grow in the chin or from the centre of a mole on the cheek. It is a simple matter to take a pair of tweezers and remove these unsightly blemishes. After removing the hairs, apply a solution of peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia to the parts, five drops of ammonia to a tablespoonful of the peroxide. The hairs will reappear, but I have been told that the ammonia and peroxide in time will discourage the roots and the trouble will recur less frequently.

In very stubborn cases of superfluous hair I suggest the following remedy:

Sulphide of soda or calcium sulphide ..... 100 grains
Chalk ..... 100 grains

Mix thoroly and keep dry in a well-corked bottle. Take enough to cover the part to be denuded, and add warm water to it until the proper consistency is secured. Spread this mixture over the hairy surface and allow it to remain for from one to five minutes, according to the nature of the growth and the susceptibility of the skin. Then scrape it all off with a blunt knife. It should be removed—as in every case with a depilatory—when the first burning sensation is felt. Too long contact with the skin should be avoided. After the hair has been removed gently wash the surface with warm water and apply a bland oil or cold cream.

Where there are many hairs, electrolysis is the only cure, but the disfigurement may be made much less noticeable by daily touching the hairs with peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia. Wrap a bit of cotton wool about a match stick, dip it in the peroxide, and apply the bleach to the hairs. You must be patient, however, remembering that "Rome was not built in a day."

Next to superfluous hair, the most annoying minor beauty blemish is the wart. You will find lunar caustic or nitrate of silver efficacious in the removal of this defect. Here again patience is a virtue, for I knew a girl who was obliged to apply caustic every day for eight months before she succeeded in removing the wart.

For the less stubborn variety of wart, the following wart eradicator will give satisfactory results:

Sublimated sulphur.....120 grains
Glycerine .....5 fluid drams
Acetic acid .....1 fluid dram

Apply repeatedly to each wart until they all disappear.

Stubby finger tips can be improved by filing the nails to a shape rather long and pointed. French women shape the ends of their fingers by using finger clips, devices which can be purchased at most beauty parlors. But I would advise you rather to pinch your finger tips away from your nails each time that you bathe your hands, and at night before retiring.

When the eyebrows are too heavy and meet over the nose, shape them by using tweezers. They should taper gracefully toward the temples in an arched line. Keep them smooth and well-groomed by applying olive oil and brushing with a small camel's hair brush, which comes for this purpose.

Thus there is a cure for all the minor blemishes—freckles, pimples, blackheads, tan and wrinkles. You have only to be patient and follow these suggestions.

Making a Cupboard for Your Dolly

If your dolly has no cupboard in which to keep her china, no closet in which to hang her pretty dresses and coats, it's small wonder if the playroom sometimes is cluttered. If there is a small wooden box in the house, you can make the nicest doll closet from it and, if you are careful, it is sure to be twice as attractive as anything you could buy in a shop.

To begin, just take an ordinary small wooden box and tear out all the paper. Scrub off what remains with warm soapy water, using a stiff nail brush. If you want the cupboard to look very nice, you might take the cover completely off and then hinge it back in place with tiny brass hinges.

If you want shelves in the cupboard, take narrow strips of wood, cut from another wooden box, and glue them horizontally at the sides, being sure that they are level with one another. Cut thin strips of wood to make the shelves, and see that the edges are quite smooth. Lay these aside to be painted separately.

Glue four small-sized spools at the bottof of the cupboard to make the legs. Let them dry thoroly.

Next give the whole box, inside and out, strips, shelves and spool legs, a good coat of white paint. Let the box stand until it has dried thoroly, then give it a coat of white enamel.

When this, in turn, is perfectly dry, screw tiny hooks into the top of the toy cupboard to hold cups. Next, slide in the shelves. This completes the inside of the cupboard.

Now for the outside. Put first of all a tiny glas handle on the door. A good-sized glass-headed tack will do nicely for this. If you can get a doll's mirror, or even a small mirror such as fits into a pocketbook, glue it to the outside of the box. Then your dolly has a far nicer cupboard than you could buy, because you have made this all your self.

A closet for dolly's wardrobe is made in the same way, except that the shelves are omitted to allow room for the garments to be hung up.

Of course, such a closet or cupboard will only be useful if your dolly is small. The closet would be of no use to a doll measuring 18 inches tall. Larger boxes with covers can sometimes be had from grocers and, if there is a boy in the family, he will gladly hinge the cover to the box. He'll probably help you to sandpaper the whole box and give it a couple of coats of paint. Stronger hooks will be necessary, and a larger knob, while big spools will look better for legs. A design in black and white looks very well on such a dooly cupboard which has been smoothly painted white. Draw the outlines carefully in pencil and paint black with a small brush.

It is an easy matter, and much fun as well, to take this way of getting dolly's possessions taken care of.

TO PRESERVE HEALTH OF YOUR CHICKENS

Give Them Fresh Water, Grit, Shell and Beef Scraps.

MAKE THE BIRDS EXERCISE

Build Good Houses, Have No Draughts and Keep the Birds Clean.

PLENTY of fresh water at all times is essential to health. So are grit, shell and beef scraps. Fine charcoal in the dry mash is a great health preserver, and the hens like it and will use it in the proper quantity if given the opportunity. It should not be given the little chicks before they are four weeks old, but after that a little will be good for them. If the young chicks are given milk it should be fresh and should be so fed that they cannot get into it or scatter it about, for dampness from milk is as bad as from water, and must be avoided.

A good many people get into the habit of putting off until tomorrow many of the things that ought to have been done today. This will not do at all in the care of poultry. It is work to take care of a successful flock of poultry, even if it is a small flock, and it is work every day in the year. One day or one week of neglect will undo the work of a week or a year. There are no vacations on the one man poultry plant. All the many necessary steps must be taken every day or some sort of disease or parasite, which is just as bad, will appear. The roosts must be frequently washed with a good disinfectant; kerosene is as good as anything. The deep litter must be stirred up every day and removed as often as it shows the slightest signs of filth or dampness, and new litter thrown in its place.

The litter question is of more than ordinary importance, for it is necessary that the hens be kept active, especially in winter, when they are kept in close confinement. The grain should be buried deep in the clean litter so that they will have to dig for it, and dig deep. The hens will get fat and lazy and will not lay unless they have to work for their food. In no other way can they be induced to exercise. Without this incentive sometimes they will stand still and freeze rather than move about.

Build Good Houses.

A good many poultry houses are built on entirely wrong principles, notwithstanding the enlightenment resulting from the extensive investigations of recent years. Every poultry house should face as nearly south as circumstances will permit, and should never face the west or north This is particularly true in cold climates. The importance of sunlight and fresh air cannot be over-estimated, nor can the danger from draughts, which produce colds and eventually croup, and must be avoided at all cost.

It is essential that the houses be so situated that they will get the early morning sun in every nook and corner, which means they must have large windows and many of them, and these should remain open at all times except in extreme weather. With no openings on the north or west, however, houses can be so arranged that windows may be left open even in blustering weather without any draughts reaching the hens.

The best way to ventilate a house has been demonstrated to be by the use of muslin curtains instead of windows, and this may be modified in very cold climates by using part curtains and part windows. The curtains may be closed in extreme weather and there will still be plenty of air. If windows are closed, however, even in zero weather, the result will be unhealthy conditions; the breath of the birds will congeal, forming thick coatings of frost on the walls and ceiling, from which moisture will quickly form, and sickness in the flock will be the very quick result.

Glass Not Needed.

With closed glass windows extremes of temperature are reached in the twenty-four hours of the day, which are bad. Because of the frost and dampness on the walls the greatest degree of cold will be reached during the night, and in the daytime the sun shining thru the glass will produce a far greater degree of warmth than would be the case with either an open window or a curtain. This is often the cause of serious trouble, and sometimes fatal epidemics of contagious diseases result from the continuation of such conditions.

With careful attention to such details there need be no serious sickness in any flock of well bred poultry.

There are many remedies offered for the cure of the various poultry diseases, but if proper conditions are maintained there will be very little need for them. The axe can be applied to the sick bird as soon as a malignant disease is discovered, for unless it is a show specimen which has taken many awards, or has rare winning qualities, the affected bird is not worth the trouble and risk of trying to cure it. Kill it at once before it has a chance to spread its trouble to the entire flock, burn the carcass, then cleanse the entire section of the plant that the sick bird has recently visited, and the trouble will be ended.

In case of a severe epidemic, which need never occur if sanitary conditions are maintained, it will be necessary to disinfect the buildings and all the implements very thoroly and seed down the ground used for the poultry plant, transforming it again into a fresh, clean spot, or the disease may be expected to crop out at some future time. Should lice or mites appear they may be disposed of by the use of a simple disinfectant, without serious injury to the birds; but this will be a job, and it is a job that should not be delayed.