

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Be Your Own Real Self, Not Just Your Father's Son By WINIFRED BLACK



Winifred Black

Where do they come from, these curious people who want to tell those son they are, or what their father did for a living before they themselves were born?

If the father amounted to anything there's no danger that people won't know who his children are, and if the children amount to anything nobody cares whether their father was a clergyman or a bricklayer.

I believe it would be a good thing for every minister's son to go away somewhere and begin life under another name, so that nobody could possibly find out who he really was till he had proved it himself.

Some Fathers and Sons.

Who your father is has really nothing in the world to do with who you are, my ridiculous friend.

If you've done wrong, you've done wrong, and all the fathers in the world can't make people who know the circumstances think you've done right.

What Are You Doing?

If I had ten boys to bring up the first thing I'd teach every one of them would be: "You are yourself, just yourself, nobody else."

I can help you for a while. I can make things easier for you while you are little. I can give you a fair start in the world, but after that nothing that I am, or was, or ever will be, will have the slightest thing to do with you and what you are.

"This world, as far as you are concerned, belongs to you.

"Take your share in the work of it honestly, sensibly and courageously, and never speak of yourself, anywhere, never think of yourself under any circumstances, as Somebody's Son.

Nobody cares whose son you are, or who you are either, for that matter. "What they care is, what are you doing, how are you doing it, and what makes you do it?"

I'm sorry now I didn't read the rest of the letter about Somebody's Daughter and Somebody's Son. I wish I knew what their troubles were.

When you deal with a man you deal with a man, and you know what you are doing.

When you deal with Somebody's Son you deal with his father and his mother and his sister and his brother and his Aunt Sarah and his Great Uncle Hiram, and you never get anywhere.

HER FORTUNE * * * By Michelson



HER face may be her fortune, but she is wonderfully skilled, as you know, in concealing that story. In her hand, the hand that HE wants, the story is told in a language every one cannot understand—at least the fortune-teller lets that be understood, and whether you believe or not it is immensely interesting to have the mystic revelations made in a soft, insinuating voice. Naturally

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE
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.

Myra's Drab Fate.

SAID nothing at all. What man knows what to say when a woman cries? But I did glance at Myra's hair, painfully aware of the real color of your hair is half as bad as you say it is. And you've good eyes and a sweet, strong mouth."

Myra laughed through her tears. "Honest, Mr. Hunt," she said, "it's fierce. Once before I began to bleach my hair, and I said to myself, 'What color is my hair, anyway?'"

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Your Tongue the Index of Your Body's Equilibrium

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

FULL many a medical man must bite his tongue in chagrin because he misinterprets the semaphore and heliographs flashed into his face by a patient's tongue. That the patient keeps his tongue between his teeth and later on wags it to the doctor's discomfort is no fault of the dumb show of asterisks, stars and other clues to disease displayed by that member.

It is well often to bridge the tongue, not in the presence of a discerning physician. To have a tongue in your head, to let it cleave to the roof of your mouth, or to hold the tongue at such a moment, is to deny yourself an exponent of inward disorder.

In fine, the tongue is a herald of health and ill health, and a signpost of stability or instability. Small griefs thus find tongues in various ways.

The human tongue is as well the badge of the body as it is the ambassador of the heart. The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel and that of a strong man is the symbol of his anatomy. The tongue is the artless index of your physical equilibrium, and the ancient family physician minus his red and his science, developed well fitting floors and understanding. The wise shake of the head after the command "Stick out your tongue" was not the answer to a question, but a warning that laboratory savants would have you believe.

Some Tongue Ills.

To be born without a tongue does not, as you might expect, make speech, swallowing and tasting impossible. Dr. Riordan describes the loss of a tongue in an unvaccinated victim of smallpox, who was nevertheless able to speak, eat, drink, and taste. Dr. Jusieu cites a patient who was born without a tongue who spoke distinctly. Margaret Cutting lost her tongue, yet sang readily and spoke clearly.

Answers to Health Questions

N. H. D.—Q—What will whiten my very dark skin?

A—Do not use hot water or soap on the face, but cleanse it with a good white cream and ice-cold water. The following cream may be used:

White vaseline..... 1 ounce
White wax..... 1 ounce
Oil of sweet almond..... 1 ounce
Rosewater..... 14 ounces
Sorbic acid..... 29 grains
Oil of lily of valley..... 8 drops

C. R.—Q—I am troubled with palpitation of the heart, and also from gas forming in my stomach after eating and sometimes when the stomach is empty. Kindly advise me.

A—Avoid excitement and overexertion, obtain lots of sleep and rest, and keep the bowels active. Eat in smaller quantities at more frequent intervals. Eat more green vegetables, fresh fruits, cereals, salads, fish and poultry, and drink three quarts of distilled water daily. Two glasses one-half hour before each meal. Take 7 grains of oxide of magnesium before meals and 6 charcoal tablets after. Sleep 10 hours in the 24. Be outdoors most of the day and take several hours mild exercise in the open. Drink lots of fresh milk, and take a Bilex tablet with your meals.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

We are five boys who are very much worried. Some time ago we "acted smart" and made our girl friends mad at us. At the time we felt we were justified, but since then we have realized that we were wrong. We are sorry we acted so foolishly, and we want to do with us, we are sorry and want to make amends, but are afraid they won't accept any advances.

JUST FIVE BOYS.

JUST FIVE BOYS: Why don't you send an invitation to the boat ride some thing like this: "There will be a boat ride (at such and such a time) to which you are cordially invited if you want to be friends again with us. We are sorry we acted so foolishly, and we'll know we are forgiven if you'll come to the boat ride."

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a widow, 23 years old, and have a little son nearly 3 years old. My marriage was very unpleasant, consequently I am divorced. And to add to my troubles, my home is very unpleasant for me, at times almost unbearable. I have an offer of marriage from a gentleman who is 28 years old, and I feel sure he loves me and has a good home for me to go to. I believe I can make him a good wife and a pleasant home. Please tell me what you would advise about a matter of this nature.

BROWN EYES.

BROWN EYES, did you ever know any one who did not make a mistake? I never have, and just because I have made some mistakes I am not looking anxiously forward to a life full of mistakes. Cut away the old mistake from your life as you would dead wood from a tree, and go on growing fine and strong and free from

Very Latest Louis XIV. Coat of Sapphire Blue Faile.

THE separate coat of sapphire blue faile is in high favor for afternoon wear. This model is almost an exact replica of the Louis XIV. coat, and will harmonize with the afternoon frock of silk of sheer wash materials. The skirt of the coat is side-pleated across the sides and back, and flat, silk-covered buttons ornament the front, pockets and cuffs. The collar lies flat and is edged with a narrow piping of the silk.



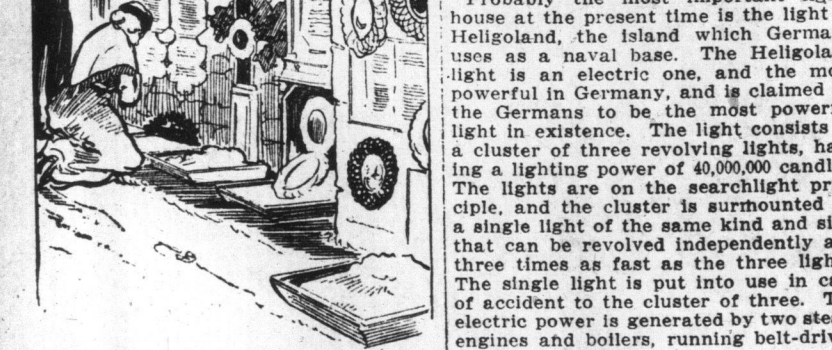
Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE A WALL SERVES AS A MIMIC GRAVEYARD.

IN picturesque Brittany, in the department of Cotes du Nord at the town of Ploubaznevel, there is a remarkable wall where funeral services are held in memory of the fishermen dead. Called "Le Mur des Islandais" the Iceland Fishermen's Wall—it serves as the mimic resting place of those who go to sea and never return.

During the fishing season it is a touching sight to see the departure of the fishermen for Iceland and the North Sea. There in the harbor lie the little ships ready to depart, and the fisher-



The Iceland Fishermen's Wall.

men and their wives and children are standing on the jetties and the village priests are waiting to give the men and ships their final blessing. Save the partings of wives and sweethearts of those about to go to war there is no sadder farewell than the leaving of these men to face the dangers of the sea. In their drawn and anxious faces

ODD and INTERESTING FACTS

Probably the most important light-house at the present time is the light of Heligoland, the island which Germany uses as a naval base. The Heligoland light is an electric one, and the most powerful in Germany, and is claimed by Germans to be the most powerful light in existence. The light consists of a cluster of three revolving lights, having a lighting power of 40,000,000 candles. The lights are on the searchlight principle, and the cluster is surrounded by a single light of the same kind and size, that can be revolved independently and three times as fast as the three lights. The single light is put into use in case of accident to the cluster of three. The electric power is generated by two steam engines and boilers, running belt-driven electric generators.

The "Golden Number," held of so high importance by scientists and soothsayers of olden times, dates back to Meton, an Athenian astrologer, about 430 years B. C. To find the golden number, add one to the date and divide by 19, the number of years in the moon's cycle. The quotient is the number of years since the Christian era and the remainder is the golden number. The golden number for 1915 is 15.

After they have wound the silk from the cocoon the Chinese eat the chrysalis of the silkworm.