

Revelations

of a Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

Why Madge "Bribed"

*HEARD a vehement clattering of

the day before starting on my sight-

Katie was standing by the sink, slam-

her feelings upon the kitchen uten-

is a large trunk and a steamer

coldly and firmly, in much the tone that

and, indeed, she was no more. "Mrs.

Graham did not call you a sneak thief

at all. You heard her say sneak thief,

and the only way you could have heard

the word was by listening at the key-

Purposely I made my voice as contemptuous as possible. Katie dropped

I said, "and you know it." Then, per-emptorily: "Katle, look at me!"

Katle looked at me in startled surprise.

thought you tell her and dot reason she

am going to tell you just what was said,

I could not tell from Katie's manner

on the floor, and her face was still

know you, Katie," I began, "and natural-

ly she is nervous about leaving her things in the care of a stranger. She

asked me if you were honest, and I told her that I was sure you were. Then she asked me how long I had known

you, and I told her only two weeks, but

that you had come well recommended

and that Mr. Graham had known you

be done but to trust her. She can't get into the trunks without keys unless

she is a sneak thief, and I do not think

"So you see, Katie," I went on smooth

Truth Will Out.

"Then she said: 'There is nothing to

"You no tell her?" she queried.

raised her eyes to mine reluct-I knew the next minute or two

What do you think

hole. Were you doing that?"

me," she said sullenly.

she would have said?"

A Masterly Stroke.

call me tief."

I would have used to a sullen child-

ing trip with my mother-in-law.

anger she might recover herself.

ry to

have the ld carriers Apartment mit World e Morning city and regular deed7

N CRUELTY ed Nurse, Says

Would Be

lough. ned nurse, said, yesterday, that ut the German me back from h limbs ampuno necessity. the brutality creased by the was used to the operation. y for some of cross the water at this is a war humanity, said who had been he Germans. vent over with which was only e ill-fated Lu to Shorncliffe opened, and

quired of them, BULGARIA.

luty until sent

front shortly.

s taken up re-

nadian womer

reh 15.—Food in Varna and and foodstuffs

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY



HEN sleep arrives what dreams may come? "Ah, THAT'S the rub!" as Hamlet said. For when we trust our senses to forgetfulness, along with it we give our power of choice. Little, vagrant imps we wouldn't recognize when Reason sits upon her throne, with fairy fingers weave our dreams in grotesque and fantastic patterns of near-reality. How we laugh at the puzzles in the morning! And yet we never dream of things we know not of-and usually

of those we like the BEST. So it is with the Lady of the Picture. See the little men who dance around her in HER dreams. Men of all sorts, "rich men, poor men, beggar men, chiefs"-dancers, golfers, oarsmen, skatingmen! Men of EVERY kind-and each man, in his time, her HERO of an hour. But is she dreaming only backward in the Past, or dream-wishing into the Future, too? Ah, THAT'S

By Will Nies Secrets of Health and Happiness

What "Grip" Really Is: Why Heat Is Its Antidote

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University) HE tropics of Cancer and Capricorn are, as little Johnny says, "menagery lions" that run around the earth. The demarcations between "grip," "colds," sore throat, bronchitis and the like are also imaginary

The present pandemic of "grip" or influenza has not yet been laid definitely at the door of the bacillus influenzae of Pfieffer. Indeed, there are so many wholly different kinds of microbes that cause epidemic infections of the breathing apparatus, with bone-breaking aches and pains, paroxysms of sniffles, sneezes and fever

depressions and prostrations that the malady known as "grip" may be caused by one kind of germ or another. Half a dozen years ago an epidemic scourge about this time of the year was called in health reports and death certificates "grip" or influenza,

ing germs to be filaments of beaded bacteria. However, a rose by any other name smells just as sweet. Hence what you are displeased to suffer as "grip" is as injustious, when due to the influenzal bacillus, as when caused by any well as to cold. Het also the cold by the sum of the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same well as to cold be small that the same was to cold be small that the same was the enza bacillus, as when caused by any well as to cold. Hot chocolate, hot cofliquors—hot water, hot blankets, hot milk—in brief, heat inside and outside,

No Respecter of Persons.

It is already evident in the present epidemic of grip that more than one type of microbe is getting in deadly work. Wide as is the distribution of work. Wide as is the distribution of watery eyes, running the pandemic of watery eyes, running diluted alkaline antiseptic liquids, should be used with discretion. Mustard plassonses; sore throats, coughs, chills, be used with discretion. Mustard plasters and other counter irritants should term and other counter irritants should the chest. Internal antiready at hand from many quarters that be applied to the chest. Internal antilo with the "case."

Among the conspicuous observations of this prevalent contagion is the fact that persons in all stations of life are affected. Irrespective of wealth, poverty, comforts, deprivations, quarantines or rowds, the "grip" germs may get you, even if you do watch out.

Sneeze and sniffle as you will, the microbes will cling to your anatomy still.

Among the symptoms disagreeably manifested, a slight irritation, tickle or soreness in the nostrils may be the first.

The Methods of Cure.

The throat may become red and the windpipe and bronchi sooner or later involved in the process. Then sneezes give way to coughing and bronchitis. At this stage your vitality and reserve strength is called into battle to preserve you

There is but a baby footstep from a

milk or water may rescue your sorely pressed anatomy from this pestilential Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. K. W. Q-I would like to know what you would advise for a muddy complexion. I practice dancing several hours a day, eat good, plain food twice a day, and drink a great deal of water. What will you advise me to do?

may abort or at least prevent the com-

plication and long duration of this 20th century plague when drug treatments

woefully fail.

Nasal and throat washes, such as

with citrate of lithia, five grains o

A-Obtain more sunlight and fresh air sleep 10 hours in the 24, and just after a wash or bath, and while still wet, dry the skin with the following:

R. C. Q-Will you kindly tell me what cough to pneumonia, or from bronchial to do for excessive kidney fluid? irritation to a clotted lung. Even a 2-I can see spots in the air 2-I can see spots in the air when 1 move my eyes. What do you think of

> A-Take eight drops of tineture of Take this a week, stop a week and continue the following week. Also stop in at the urelogical department of the City

> 2-Have the eyes examined by an acbathe them in warm boracic acid water three or four times a day.

E. J. F. Q-Will you please tell me through the columns whether taking olive oil is beneficial to the system? I am neither sick nor ailing, but think it may make me stronger. Kindly advise

A-Olive oil is a splendid tonic. Yes. I would suggest your taking a tablesportul after each meal.

is not of general interest letters will be

BLACK WRITES Hanging On to Youth

"I want to hear what she say about ly, "there is nothing for you to go ne," she said sullenly.

"That wasn't the only reason, Katie," cantly "Suppose I I have a significant wasn't the only reason, Katie," cantly "Suppose I I have a significant wasn't wasn cantly. "Suppose I HAD told her of the time you opened my trunk."

Katie looked up at me, her eyes swimning in towns

Katie raised her eyes to mine reluctantly. I knew the next minute or two would decide whether Katie was to stay submissively or go rebelliously.

"You know, Katie," I went on, "that your greatest fault is curiosity. I do not think you mean any harm by it, but

your greatest fault is curiosity. I do not think you mean any harm by it, but tell her.
"Can you keep a promise, Katie, it leads you into all kinds of trouble and you make one?" I finally asked.
"Sure." Katie answered. She was fast recovering her cheerfulness.
"There will, of course, be more work in the apartment now, Katie." I went mistakes. I have known that you have listened to conversations before." "Oh, no, no, I nevaire," began Katie

protestingly, but I put up my hand au-"Oh, yes, you have, Katie," I said, "and—it was curiosity that led you to "and sometimes you may find the on, "and sometimes you melder Mrs. Graham a littlego into my trunk that time." I paused, I hoped impressively, and said slowly: "Cranky," supplemented Katie with se I had told my mother-in-law

cheerful grin.
"Difficult." I substituted, frowning slightly, "and so I have decided to give you \$28 a month at present, and \$30 when we move into a larger apartment, which we expect to do in a few months. "But," I lifted my finger at her admonishingly, "I shall expect you to control yourself, Katie. If you get that

money you must keep your temper and "You see, Katle," I said slowly, "that not talk back, no matter what Mrs. is the punishment of people who listen Graham may say to you." Katie snatched up my hand and kissed to conversations not intended for them. "I put up with the devil for that They get things all mixed up. Now

money," she said giggling.
"See that you keep your promise," I returned. "There will be no one home and then you'll see how foolish you to lunch, Katie. Get your dinner early, about 5 o'clock." whether she were in a receptive mood

"All right, I feex." The homely familiar phrase sounded or not. Her eyes were steadfastly fixed in my ears as I went back to join my mother-in-law on our trip. I knew that Katle would stay with me, but I felt like the bribe-giver I was. "Mrs. Graham, of course, does not

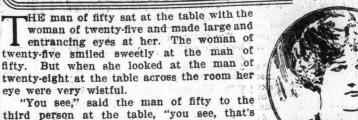
Advice to Girls By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am in love with a young man who says he loves no other girl but me. I am 20 years old, but it seems I am not able to judge for myself what am not able to judge for hisself what to do, so I am asking you to advise me. If he really loves me, does it seem possible to you that he would wait a whole week before seeing me? When he comes over he is always

talking about the good times he has

(with fellows) during the week. He

is always asking me not to go out with others. Of course I do. Now, when he is leaving I always want to ask him why he doesn't come over during the week to see me, but it seems that pride conquers
me at every attempt I make. Should
I ask him why he waits so long? If not, why? I could be happy with just him alone. BLUE EYES. P. S.-Please answer this before Friday, because I am an out-of-town girl and would like to know your



"You see," said the man of fifty to the third person at the table, "you see, that's just the proper difference in marriage reallytwenty years—a man should always be at least

wenty years older than his wife." The woman of twenty-five didn't answerdon't think she heard. The man of twentyeight was looking very soulfully at her at that

special moment and she was busily engaged in blushing. "Shouldn't she?" said the man of fifty. The woman of twenty-five a desert island and there isn't another man in sight. started so violently that she nearly knocked the glass of water at her wrist

over. "Why, yes, yes, of course," she stammered. And then the man of fifty went on to tell us all about it. A man wanted And then the man of fifty went on to tell us an about it. A man wanted youth, he said, especially as he grew older; the older he grew the more but, dear me, how soon, how pitifully soon, the interest always seems to ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirsh. youth he wanted. In fact, he really needed it. Youth was an inspiration come due! to him, a rest, a buoyant help. And then just think what a man of fifty can do for a woman of thirty or younger!

He can teach her and be patient with her and lead her in the way she should go, without letting her know she's being led.

"True, Quite True."

"A man doesn't know how to live himself until he's fifty," said the man of fifty. "How on earth can he teach a woman?"

"True, quite true," said I. "Why, of course," said the woman of twenty-five, and she signalled to the man of twenty-eight across the room to wait for her outside. She told disagree as to whether you should wear him that she was bored to death and that she would hurry and get rid of it high or low, parted or pompadoured. the man of fifty as soon as she could, and she begged him not to be angry Dad always bemoans the fact that I and she told him that she loved him-all with one look of her tired, do not part my tresses through the mid-

And the man of fifty babbled on, much to his own delight and the cynical amusement, alas, of the girl for whose benefit he was talking. "A was my age. Mother objects because I girl may think she is in love with some young fool," said the man of fifty, fail to pile my hair high on the top-of my head in order to have a more regal "but it takes a man of experience to teach her what love really is."

"Quite so," said I, without a smile.
"You have the most glorious hair I've ever seen, Robin, but you don't comb it rank our coffee and went and listened to the music, and the man of twenty- in a way to show that you have such eight came and talked to us and looked at the woman of twenty-five. And a quantity."

Personally I abominate an elaborate and the two who were the man of fifty was very much pleased with himself, and the two who were coffure. nor do I like the "plain Jane" making such a fool of him were pleased, too, for the man of fifty is very arrangement unless the face has that rich, and some day, perhaps-

But I was not pleased. I was puzzled and confused. When I was a hair to enhance its beauty.

Two Delicious Honey Cakes

Honey Rocks. These cakes are very old-fashiened be in demand. and seldom seen now. They can be cheaply made, as in many districts honey can be bought very cheaply, and

pure honey, and once made will always Mixed Fruit Honey Cakes.

he makes his weekly visit every Monday evening.

But EYES: It seems that you two more of connex, six ounces of the per quite honest. Pride is a very good and thing, but if one isn't very careful it may cause a great deal of trouble. Fer haps if you told him you'd like to see him oftener, assuming that your parents are willing you should, I'm sure haps if you told him you'd like to see him oftener, assuming that your parents are willing you should, I'm sure haps if you told him good better, using more milk if necessare when the more and gas, and mix the whole to a nice gas when the form the form the form the form the form the form the grocers the finest honey and be bought very cheaply, and the transport of the color very salekly.

These can be made cither in deep party as they take the color very salekly.

These can be made cither in deep party as they take to combine the larger of the color very saled with a circular top of silver studed with a circular top of silver studed with a grant to the color very saled with a circular top of silver studed with the color vergations of style. The certain stude wit

little girl people thought men were much cleverer than women. I have amination.

always had a strange superstition that they were, too. I have known a good many women who were fools-cold-hearted fools, selfish fools, calculating fools, well-meaning fools-but I never in all my life knew an intelligent woman of fifty who could really make herself believe that a man of twenty-five could love her to madness, and be better off when he was in love with her than he would be to love one of his own age and his own kind. How can men deceive themselves, so utterly and incomprehensively?

A Pathetic Struggle.

Young women have fallen in love with old men once in a while, and nine times out of ten they wish they hadn't. But the average girl wants young love, new love, true love—or what she can make herself believe is true love—and she is not to be fooled into taking any second-hand, warmed-over, imitation affection for the real thing—not unless she is cast away on a desert island and there isn't another man in sight.

How pathetic it is—the old, old struggle to hang on to a vanishing for readers of this paper on medical, hygiente 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 a solution. young love, new love, true love-or what she can make herself believe is

youth by the old, old trick of borrowing a few years from somebody else! It's like all the rest of the borrowing schemes, easy enough to begin, answered personally, if a stamped and and like all the rest of the borrowing schemes, easy enough to begin, addressed envelope is enclosed. Address

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl Solving the Problem of How to "Do" the Hair. right in front of me so that every hair would fall just where her's did.

OU simply cannot please every one. Even in the small matter of arranging your hair relatives and friends die and draw them back smoothly over the ears as his mother did when she and stately air. While Cousin Bob says:

Madonna-like regularity of features that does not require a softening frame of Not having a face of faultless loveli-ness I like the "betwixt-and-between"

coiffure that is neither too fussy nor too plain, but to please the others I decided to try the different ways of dressing my I bought an assortment of smart coif-

fure ornaments, two Spanish combs of silver encrusted with brilliants, an-other with a blue enamelled top, in a figure eight design, two pins with tops studded with amethysts, and a



Dad fairly beamed at me with parental pride, and said that I was exactly like his mother, and she had been considered a great beauty. Mother remained silent. But when Bob came over later in the day he burst into a laughing fit and said: "Whyfore this Priscilla-like coiffure? I hope you're not going to hie
yourself to a nunnery? Don't do it,
Robin, you're hair is too lovely to be shorn, and you're too popular to be shut away from the world. I came over to

ask you to go with me to the "Frat" dance on Washington's birthday, but do-like a dear girl-just to please me. comb your hair low with a great, big wad at the back, like you used to wear So I returned to the old way of arranging my hair for Bob's dance, puffed it in a soft pompadour, low over the forehead, and covered the ears with fuzzy ringlets-these always make me look like sweet sixteen-then I took the long ends and rolled them to form a soft knot whose size could not help but meet

with Bob's approval. I used the pin with the circular top of brilliants in one side and was thoroughly satisfied with my reflection in the mirror. Aunt Katheryn dropped in just as we were ready to start for the dance, and after looking me over from top to toe, said: "You are yery pretty tonight, Rob-in. Your hair is most becomingly ar-ranged. It is youthful, so stick to comb-ing it that way regardless of style."

"There, I told you so! Guess I know

(Copyright, 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)