

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$1,000 by the National Book Association and the McClure and Co. prize.

The First Morning Home.

SHALL never forget Mary's pretty fever of energy that first morning in our new house.

Whether or not it was the house or the trim little blue and white gown I don't know, but I

think she was a full of joyous sparkle as the sun

light danced upon the silver on the sideboard.

I think women have a better sense of pictures than men—a better imaginative

sense. I suspected my little wife that morning of doing her breakfast tasks in the most picturesque way so that she

might to my masculine gaze fit better in the domestic picture.

Leve, Not Vanity.

"Why," I said to her with considerable amusement once, "do you stand

over there by the window to measure the coffee? Isn't the sun warm?"

"Yes," said Mary absently, "very."

"Is it," I insisted, "so that the sun will fall on your hair and make it absolutely radiant? It does, you know."

Mary gave me an odd little glance.

"Peter," she confessed, "you have a way of guessing that well—really, it's a way of uncanny."

"You mean—"

"That I did want to look awfully nice that first morning getting your breakfast, and I knew you always said you liked to see the sunlight on a woman's hair."

"Oh, Peter, dear," she said with a little shrug, "I must have gone insane, quite insane."

Amor Minerva's Entrance.

"Let's not talk about it," I suggested. But Mary had the woman's willingness

to linger over subjects that hurt, turning them over and over, and talking, with exasperated cruelty, in a circle, saying the same thing over and over, so

intent upon the deliberate self-pain of the most mortifying that she ignored my whining. A woman finds a certain morbid uplift in sentimental melancholy.

The coffee boiled over and I was very glad. Mary departed with a rush for the stove.

"Oh, dear, dear," she lamented, "all over the clean gas stove. I know very well Aunt Minerva would consider that

very careless. Peter," she said, "I can remember how many minutes to boil an egg. This one—"

"Aha," she suggested mildly, "it's likely adamant."

Mary looked very much disturbed.

"And do you know," she said, "I'd made up my mind to do everything exactly right this morning. Get up just the minute the alarm went off and then to be brisk and sensible and not forget anything at all, and here the stove's full of coffee, and I've boiled a water egg—"

"And," I suggested mildly, "you've set the coffee pot on that gas stove and made so many dreadful rings."

Mary looked ready to cry. That she laughed instead. Aunt Minerva stood in the doorway.



SCIENCE AND FASHION

When the Girl with the Stylish Fillet Meets the Girl with the Phone Head Dress.

Clara Morris Says—

THAT THE TRUE AND FAITHFUL DOG IS MAN'S BEST ANIMAL FRIEND



It is a cause of wonder to many that nowhere between the covers of the Bible can there be found one single word, or even decent, word spoken of a dog. Always a "dog" is a term of contempt or contumely. "Beware of dogs" is a warning against false teachers or sinners.

"A dead dog" is the vilest term applicable to an enemy.

This one "is cast to the dogs." That one's blood shall be "licked by dogs."

By law declared, the dogs of Palestine, at the period of writing these sixty—er—something books comprising our Bible, must have been mere pariah dogs, starving, skulking and wolfish things, for the Jews to have been so ignorant of canine love, fidelity and gratitude.

"Every dog has his day." So? Then that must have been the black Friday of the whole dog race.

Then the dog—still in trouble—got mixed up with superstitions, and frightened sick if he were accompanied by pupes.

A dog's howling meant death. A dog baying at the moon presaged disaster, etc.

However, in early medieval art the dog is having his innings. We see him with St. Roch, St. Bernard and others—companion and friend.

But the growing nearness of the dog to men and women is plainly shown by his prominence in monumental art, for many and many a Crusader lies in stately effigy, feet resting on his crouching dog, eternally on guard.

Just as the lion symbolizes "courage and magnanimity," so the dog symbolizes "fidelity and affection."

Is it a survival of the old-time contempt that we use "dog" as a prefix to so many inferior plants, such as dog fennel, dog cabbage, the scentless dog violet, etc? Well, he has a star all to himself—Sirius—so that is "going some."

But it is in proverb and fable that the dog really strikes his gait.

"Let sleeping dogs lie."

"Barking dogs seldom bite."

"Love me, love my dog." "Old dogs don't learn new tricks."

These proverbs are many, and are familiar in every civilized language extant, I believe.

Today the dog has come into his own, the loved and trusted companion, often friend of man. His very bark gives pathetic proof of what that companionship has done for him, since no

wild dog can bark. Such howl, but barking dog's speech that only came after years and years of the give and take, of loving service between man and dog as servant, playmate, friend, ever loyal. Honest to goodness, don't you at least feel "Love me, love my dog?"

NOVELS IN A NUT-SHELL

Daniel Defoe's "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

Condensed by AUGUSTA SHELBY

ROBINSON CRUSOE, a courageous young Englishman having a desire to visit other lands, decided that he would go to sea. Accordingly, he embarked on a ship which became the prey of a band of Corsairs.

He was not destined, however, to remain long in the hands of the bandits, for during a heavy storm the boat was shipwrecked, and after clinging to drift-

wood and being buffeted about in the waves for hours, Robinson was finally washed ashore.

When he had regained his strength, Robinson started on a tour of exploration, and discovered the land to be an uninhabited island, located he knew not where.

Accepting his fate in a sensible manner, and possessing an ingenious mind, he immediately began to do what he could to make life as comfortable as possible on the island.

He first built himself a home and furnished it with articles fashioned by

his own handiwork. Then he raised food enough to supply his needs, and managed to live his lonely life in comparative happiness.

Using the driftwood from the wreck he managed to construct a raft, and visited the wrecked vessel, procuring many things that were of use to him.

One day while wandering about the island 18 years after he was washed ashore, Robinson Crusoe discovered the imprint of a human foot in the sand.

This caused him to fear that the island might be inhabited by cannibals.

He made a thorough search, but never encountered the cannibals until six years later.

Upon this occasion the inhuman men were about to kill their victims when one of them escaped and Robinson Crusoe saved his life.

The grateful man became the servant and devoted companion of his benefactor, who called him Friday, after the day on which he was rescued.

The coming of Friday added interest to the life of Robinson, and he took great pleasure in teaching the man English and craftsmanship.

Thus Robinson Crusoe and his "good man Friday" lived happily together on the island for several years. Finally a ship chanced to sail near the island, and Robinson managed to signal to it.

The ship proved to be bound for England, and after 28 years of existence on a lonely island, Robinson Crusoe sailed for merry England.

He finally reached home in safety, where he married and lived to enjoy happiness and the wealth accumulated during his strange adventures.

The story of Robinson Crusoe, one of the oldest works of fiction in the English language and easily the most popular, is supposed to have been built around the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor, marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the western coast of South America, where he remained for several years. It is calculated that more than 500 deserted island stories have been written in various languages, based upon Defoe's fanciful tale.

Crusoe visited the wrecked vessel bringing back many useful things.

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

How to Give First Aid in Cases of Suffocation

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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



THE soul is said to sit closely and silently within the web of the human textile. From the very fibers of the flesh it spins, and, spider-like, you feel the tender touch and every breath of motion round about. You are positive that you are you, and nobody else, and on this certainty, the most necessary and fundamental of all certainty, you try your utmost to keep body and soul together.

There is an extraordinary stability in the attachment between the living form and the vital spirit within. The tendency to adhere is so inborn that mankind may be maltreated with quick medicines, woful mixtures, talismans, laying on of hands, superstitions and traditions, and yet survive to praise fallaciously and spread the gospel of efficacy. That is to say, he still lives and has his being ninety times in the hundred, and wrongly ascribes it to the herbs, the potions or the unguents used.

Yet all the while it was the tenacity of the soul to stick to the trenches of the living form, the vital spirit, the wrong drug, the gonial doctor, and the dire disease. Luckily, the life and growth of the whole human race do not always depend upon the doctor's "doing something." Emergencies are often met in the absence of the medical police.

Do Not Delay. All of these facts and a few others are emphasized by Dr. Charles A. Lauffer, the medical director of the Westinghouse Electric Company, in his researches upon shock, drowning and asphyxiation from any cause.

Suffocation may have many other origins than gas poisoning and drowning. If the blood and tissues are in any manner wanting in the air and oxygen necessary to keep life in the human fabric, whether it be from gas-line fumes in a garage, fire-damp in a mine, ammonia in an ice plant, vapors from a blast furnace, water in a river, an electric shock, dead air in a bank vault, or coal gas, something must be done immediately.

There is no reason to delay until a medical man, a policeman or a hospital orderly reaches the victim. That brief interval once elapsed may bridge the gulf between life and death. Charon will lose no time in ferrying across the Styx if you wait too long to resuscitate the shocked, poisoned or drowned one.

Any one, alone, may revive a victim of asphyxiation. Water and the excretions of the windpipe and lungs can be gently and steadily expelled by squeezing the floating rib-cage once every five seconds with three seconds of pressure. The nearer you exert pressure upon the chest, the lower and lower the ribs the better success you will have.

Method of Resuscitation. The victim must rest flat upon the ground face down. The face, forehead, and arms must be held straight out. The victim must be directed to the right or left with arms in a bow above the head. Never wait to move the person nearest the spot.

Straddle the patient on bended knees. With the flat of the hands on each side of the neck, the fingers hooked under the spine—the rescuer must exert a rhythmic pressure from the shoulders through the "heel" of both hands. Of course, the arms are held straight.

The person who applies this first aid resuscitation should exert pressure for three seconds by the watch and a release pressure of two seconds for over an hour, or until the victim has been revived. Infinitely longer if there is even the most discouraging signs of returning life. The heart often resumes its beating an hour before any signs of life appear. Victims reported dead of electric shock and accidents have been fully restored three hours later, thanks to friends acquainted with the superior knowledge of the exalted physicians who pronounced them absolutely dead.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

MAKING OVER A CAPE INTO A STUNNING TOP-COAT.

WE held a rummage sale yesterday for the benefit of the unemployed, and it was successful beyond our wildest hopes.

We departed from the usual order of rummage sales by remodeling the out-of-date clothes to meet the latest demands of fashion.

Each one of us agreed to make a dress out of the material of the out-of-date or trim several hats, and if you happened to "drop in" unawares to see any of your friends a few days before the sale you would have been sure to have found them stitching on a smart garment fashioned of "cast-offs."

It was really a worthy collection of hats and frocks that we finally displayed at the rummage shop. Our customers were glad to buy them at such nominal prices, and I was right in my element selling millinery.

I trimmed six hats—all of them were pretty as they could be—and made a top coat from my gray broadcloth evening cape. The latter was really one of the best looking things at the sale.

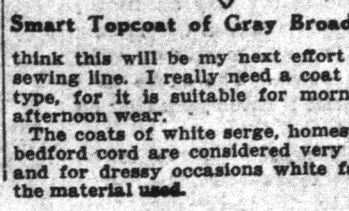
The cape was one of the wide, circular models, so I had plenty of material to work with. Nancy washed it for me, and when it was pressed the broadcloth was as good as new.

The upper edges of the revers are so smart when made of broadcloth that I decided to make it after this fashion. I cut the material over a pattern with a full back and belted-in front. The coat gradually lengthens toward the back and grows wider from the shoulders. The high collar is rolled down at the top, and wide revers extend from the shoulders to the belt.

The upper edges of the revers are trimmed with cloth-covered buttons and simulated buttonholes formed of a cord covered with the material.

The narrow belt is clasped in front with a buckle, and below it is a vest effect produced by crossing two buttons of the broadcloth one over the other.

The skirt of the coat hangs in full ripples about the lower edge, and both the front and back are trimmed with rows of buttons and buttonholes.



Smart Top-coat of Gray Broadcloth.

Think this will be my next effort in the sewing line. I really need a coat of this type, for it is suitable for morning or afternoon wear.

The coats of white serge, homespun or bedford cord are considered very smart, and for dressy occasions white fails is the material used.

The Good-Night Story

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER :: By Vernon Merry

YOU have all heard that the finding of a four-leaved clover brings good luck, and this is what happened to Margerie.

She was on her way to her grandmother's when she happened to spy a four-leaved clover growing in a clump of its three-leaved sisters.

She picked it and placed it in her shoe, as she had seen her pretty aunt do. Then she went singing and skipping over the fields.

Suddenly she stumbled over a stone which was rolling down the hill, and where it had lain Margerie saw something glitter. Stooping down she picked up three gold pieces.

"How lucky! Three gold pieces to spend!" she cried, dancing about. "One will buy mother the silver teapot she has wanted for so long. Another will get grandmother a new silk dress. And the last I'll spend for a bracelet for Aunt Kitty."

She ran to the village, purchased her gifts, and made her mother, grandmother and aunt very happy.

The next day she wished that she had another gold piece left to buy shoes for the poor boy who sold needles and pins, and at that very moment she stumbled over another stone and found the wished-for gold piece.

This happened several times, and soon Margerie learned that whenever she thought of others and wished to give them happiness she was sure to stumble over a stone and find exactly what she wanted beneath it.

For this reason she grew to be the most unselfish and lovable little girl in the whole village, even after she had lost the four-leaved clover and no longer found gold pieces under stones.

Usually the Case.

MAX—Did you have any trouble with your French when you were in Paris?

WTAX—I didn't, but the Parisians did.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl, 19 years of age, and have been keeping company with a young fellow for a year. I have been engaged to him six months, and now I find out that he has been keeping company with another girl.

He is always talking to me about this girl, but he says he loves me best, and wants me. Still, I am doubtful about him. What shall I do?

Break with him, little girl; break with him now, today. He isn't worth a serious thought. And when you break with him, go up to your room and lock the door and have a good long cry—cry hard—and get done with it. Then get up and dry your eyes and comb your hair and put on a pretty frock and go downstairs and have a good time being thankful that you didn't marry him before you found him out.

Don't let him talk you over. A liar is a liar, born and bred, and nothing you can say or do will ever change him into an honest man. Cheer up, little girl, you've had a narrow escape.

I dropped into the shop of one of the leading hairdressers the other day, and was intensely interested in watching several women having their hair arranged.



How to Do Your Hair the Newest Way

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

FEMININE ears have been combed for so long that even fashionable members of the sex are loath to disclose them again. Fashion, however, has decreed that they appear whether they will or not.

Why there should be this hesitancy about showing the ears I cannot understand, for the present generation has very pretty ears, due to the fact that the barbarous custom of piercing the ears and wearing heavy earrings has long since gone out of fashion. The earrings of our grandmothers sometimes reached to the shoulders, and no doubt they lengthened and