Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Gossip, Though "Innocent," a Danger to Mind and Body

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

Thy friend has a friend and thy friend's friend has a friend, so be discreet." Gossip, report, scandal, "they say" and "I heard" or "is it true?" are all tale-makers and tale-bearers, commonly part and parcel of the same evil. The mischief they brew and spread can seldom be caught up with.

When nearly everybody says a thing, it is probably not true. Psychologically, what most people quickly agree upon is accepted as a self-evident truth. But psychology, logic, mathematics and reason all prove that there are but very few self-evident facts. Almost all assertions must not be agreed upon until they are searched, analyzed, tested and examined according to actual circumstances and not accepted by word or mouth, repetition and head-shaking rumors. Gossip often makes much unhappiness and ill-health in neighborhoods and communities.

Curiously enough, this "malicious small talk" is generally not spread by enemies or envious persons. Sometimes it owes its origin to greed, jealousy, rivalry or quarrels, but, as a rule, it is taken up and scattered far and wide by neutral or indifferent individuals with that normal human nature which twirls an unpleasant or far from usual circumstance upon the lips as a delectable morsel.

Since the make-up of a perfectly sane man's intellect arises from the realities of the physical world, which are interwoven in him through his muscles, feelings, sights, sounds and other perceptive structures, the immeasurable amount of ill-health, injury and destruction done to many persons by slander, scandal and gossip can better be judged than calculated, as the following case shows:

A Case In Point.

Mr. ——, a gentleman attended recently by several distinguished physicians, was in good health and happy until he applied not long ago to the government for a position to help win the war. He had only a motive of self-sacrifice and heroic endeavor, and would have received neither financial compensation nor any honor glory as a reward.

His name when presented happened to be heard by a person who did not know him personally, but who had heard once from some other person in Gath or on the streets of Askelon that he did not live with his wife. This gossip at once blurted out the mischievous lie, with the result that the applicant's name was held up without his knowledge. He had already begun to do some of the work of the expected appointment, for no thought of rejection ever entered his head.

The scandalmonger was not acquainted with him, but someone less neutral, if not envious, did see him at his patriotic, unselfish work, and asked him, half curiously, if he had been appointed.

"Not yet," said Mr. ——, "but I expect the appointment any day now."

The evil which lurks in many a less successful person's heart made the interlocutor write a vigorous protest at once to a friend of his in authority, saying that "Mr. —— was unfit for such sacrificial duties, and that he should be expelled because of his imposture."

Meanwhile the innocent victim of these abominable untruths, with his wife, was hard at work, devoting all his time and much of his money to patriotic service, with never an inkling of the gossip that was going on about him.

The Wreck Complete.

Finally, after he investigated the delay of his eternally postponed appointment, he was told, to his chagrin and surprise, that he would not be acceptable because he was separated from his wife, was a drunkard, liar and an imposter.

Mr. —— protested that he seldom, if ever in his life, knowingly told an untruth; he never drank or even smoked; he was not only a member in good standing in the club, but one of the board of governors; he and his wife were, and always had been happy, and that he never imposed upon any person in his life, but it was all of no avail. The calumnies and slander had gone too far ahead of him. Neither he nor anyone else could head them off.

Mr. —— fell ill with high blood pressure—not a rare result of such emotional torment—his flesh has wasted, his mind and thoughts have become unduly focused on the attacks made on him, and he has changed physically until he may be called a wreck. There is even likelihood of his death, for no treatment has been of any avail.

Answers to Health Questions

A Reader, Muirkirk, Ont.: Q.—What can be done for bad breath?

2. How can eczema and dandruff of the head be cured?

3. What can be done for constipation?

A.—Your nose, teeth, tonsils or throat may be the cause of this foul breath. Peroxide of hydrogen swirled and sucked back and forth between the teeth, or milk of magnesia used for its mechanical effects, may act as a makeshift. In the end, however, you will do best for yourself and your position in this workaday world if you will make your quarterly visit to the dentist and to the throat doctor. You may find relief from this annoying feature by taking half a dozen five-grain tablets of the former three times a day. Also spray the nostils with diluted Dobell's solution. The insertion of a little vaseline impregnated with balsam of peru into the nose may help, as well as a few drops of benzoin, of creosote or of menthol upon the margins of the gums or the surface of the tonsils. Be sure to keep the bowels active and regular. Salaratus as a mouth wash may help.

2. Sulphur is an avowed remedy for dandruff. A little of 1 dram of it, with 10 grains each of resorcin, salicylic acid and sulphate of quinine to an ounce of petrolatum, used three times a week, does much good.

3. One of the best ways to do away with constipation is to so arrange the diet that plenty of fruits and vegetables are in it, particularly salads and tomatoes. To some oatmeal is a laxative, but not to all. Bran bread is better than that made from white flour. A fixed hour each day should be set for attention to the demands of the intestines, whether there is a desire or not. Massage of the abdomen in a circular motion five to fifteen minutes three times a day is one of the best aids.

Fat Q., London, Ont.: A.—If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your query repeated, I shall be glad to help you.

SWEET SIXTEEN: Q.—How can tartar be removed from the teeth?

A.—A good dentist should scrape the teeth off. Then milk of magnesia, alternating with peroxide, should be used

A FATHER: A.—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query repeated I will be very glad to give you the desired information.

A CONSTANT READER: Q.—My eyelashes are very thin. Please suggest something to make them grow.

A.—Apply a little of the following to the eyelashes every night before retiring:

Pilocarpine	2½ grains
Quinine sulphate	1 dram
Lanolin	½ ounce
Petrolatum	½ ounce

MADGE, London, Ont. Q.—1. What can I do for blackheads?

2. What can I do for wrinkles?

A.—1. Gentle massage with a sterilized piece of absorbent cotton or chamois followed by the application of a little paste made with the following about three times a week help:

Fullers earth	4 drams
Vinegar	2 drams
Glycerine	3 drams

2. Massage with a little cocoa-butter, corn oil, and a happy, cheerful, non-envious disposition may help to smoothe away your wrinkles.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic 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 answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

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HER PROBLEMS — By Annette Bradshaw

SPOTLESSNESS AND PATRIOTISM

Sister Mary turns a spot on the tablecloth to patriotic use by making the offender cover the careless act with a coin which is added to the Family War-Savings

INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

BY ELOISE FARRINGTON.

How a Queen of England Found Safety Through An Outlaw.

The town of Hexham on the bank of the Tyne is associated with a romantic episode in the life of Margaret, the heroic wife of Henry, King of England, with whom Edward IV. disputed the throne.

Henry was weak and feeble, so his queen took up the cause of her young son and bravely fought Edward. She sought aid from the kings of Scotland and France, and gathered her forces together at Hexham. The Yorkist army, under the leadership of Lord Montague, marched toward Hexham to battle with the Lancastrians. King Edward joined his dauntless queen, and after consulting with the Duke of Somerset, the commander-in-chief of their forces, it was decided that they should march out of Hexham to attack their enemy.

The battle began near the village of Linnels. Both sides fought desperately, knowing that no quarter would be given. The Lancastrians were forced back to Hexham, a distance of two miles, and for hours the battle raged in its narrow streets.

The brave Duke of Somerset was finally taken prisoner, and the news of his capture caused the last remnant of hope within the heart of Queen Margaret to die. When defeat was an accomplished fact she took her little son by the hand and fled to the Dipton woods. She was determined to die of hunger rather than become Edward's prisoner. Swiftly she ran, deeper and deeper into the wood, not caring what direction she followed. The silk of her gown was torn by the thorn bushes, and her feet, unused to rough contact with stones and roots, were bruised and sore.

The queen reached a state of almost total exhaustion, when she suddenly came to a small clearing in the wood where a band of rough-looking men sat about a fire. Upon the approach of Margaret they rose and rudely stared at her, while one good-humored ruffian pinched the ruddy cheeks of the little prince.

Then the leader of the band caught sight of the gleaming jewels hanging about the queen's throat. He roughly ordered her to take them off, and weighing the heavy chains in his hands said:

"Comrades, if these be real, we can live on the fat of the land for the rest of our days. The woman belongs to the nobility, that's evident, so we'd best keep her with us awhile, until her kin stop searching for her and these baubles have been safely disposed of."

Margaret listened terrified as the robber spoke of detaining her. She had fled into the wood to escape being made a prisoner by Edward, and now a worse fate seemed to await her.

The men began to divide the jewels, and were soon quarreling over an odd necklace of emeralds and rubies. The Queen grasped this opportunity to escape, and lifting the little prince in her arms, so that he might not stumble over a root and thus attract attention to their flight, she slipped quietly away from the robbers and into the depths of Dipton woods.

She had scarcely gone a half-mile when suddenly an outlaw stood in her path with drawn sword and eyes flashing like steel.

"Who are you, and what's the reason for your great hurry?" he demanded.

Queen Margaret was weary and footsore, but here courage didn't fail her.

He Guided Her Safely.

"I am Margaret, Queen of England, and this child is my son and the heir to the throne. Many there are who will pay you well for our capture should you see fit to yield us to our enemies, but if you possess a spark of that natural nobility that hails glady any chance to do a good deed, now is your time to prove yourself a true man. Save an unhappy woman and her little son from the dangers that lurk in these woods. We are totally at your mercy."

The outlaw bowed low before the Queen in the most courtly manner:

"Lady," he said, his voice vibrant with deep emotion, "I would die a hundred deaths rather than betray my rightful sovereign and my prince."

The Queen thanked him warmly and presented her hand for him to kiss.

Then the outlaw led the tired fugitives to his hut, where they found food and shelter for the night.

The bandit of Hexham kept his word and safely guided Margaret and the prince to Scotland, where they joined King Henry. And though the Queen had many faithful friends she never forgot the sincere devotion of the outlaw who guided her through Dipton woods.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

FRIDAY, MARCH 22.

While the figures for this day do not presage anything ominous, yet it may be a day of restlessness and perturbation, in which a malefic Mars will stir up or provoke enmity, jealousy, intrigue and deception, stimulating the evil potencies of both Saturn and Neptune, also adversely disposed. Most emphatically offsetting these, however, is the beautiful trine of the Luminaries, one of the first testimonies in the heavens, acclaimings success, gain, advantage, honors and various phases of good fortune, particularly to those in employment. This benefic aspect is strengthened by the Lunar sextile to Jupiter, which promises financial rewards and increases generally in whatever channel the activities may be focused.

Those whose birthday it is should have a year of increase and advancement, but must guard against treachery and false friendship. A child born on this day will be popular and generous, but perhaps succeeding best in the employment of others.

DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

She Learns How a "Too-Perfectly Balanced" Gown May Be Improved.

"Would you mind standing, just as you are, Claire, a minute longer? The over-drapery falls exactly right, and I want Miss Westley to tack it in position while the gown is on you," said madame. She was directing the fitting of Miss Alexander's stage costume, a house gown to be worn in the second act.

"There, that effect is perfect! Sew the trimming on exactly as you have it now, Miss Westley. I wanted something elegant looking, yet nothing heavy or overdone. This model has a certain lightness and grace that will make it charming for stage wear.

"Now, lower your arm and look at yourself, Claire. Isn't that gown worth all the torture you have just gone through?"

Just at this moment Marcella came in with the head-dress designed to harmonize with the gown, and, adjusting it far down over my forehead, asked madame what she thought of it.

"There couldn't be anything better looking for Miss Alexander. The complete costume is rich enough to have belonged to the Empress Theodora, yet it has the simplicity characteristic of this season's modes."

I finally had a peek at all the gorgeousness everyone else was talking about. The gown was so lovely it nearly took my breath away.

It was a combination of flesh-pink satin and chiffon. The foundation was a sheath gown of satin cut in one piece. The skirt was very narrow about the feet and there were no sleeves or even shoulder straps. The waistline was defined by a girdle of antique gold clasped in front, with long tasseled ends hanging nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

The overdrapery of chiffon was cut circular so that it hung in deep ripples about the lower edge. The latter was shaped so that it was shorter on the sides, forming sleeves which extended well over the hands and quite long in front and at the back. A narrow fringe of antique gold, to correspond with the girdle, edged the drapery.

Marcelle had made the headdress to match the girdle. Square links of antique gold were arranged on strands of wire and shaped to form a snugly-fitting cap with a coronet-like ornament across the front. A strand of the gold was looped under the chin and caught at each side of the headdress. It was decidedly artistic and becoming.

I was about to take off the gown when Madame said:

"Please turn with your left side toward me—that's far enough."

Then she picked up a large gold tassel from the mass of trimming on the table and held it against the drapery, low in front, and then pinned it in position.

This House Gown of Byzantine Origin is in Pink and Antique Gold.

"There that is an improvement, Miss Westley! Take your needle and sew this tassel just where I have pinned it. The gown needed something to relieve its too-perfect balance. A tassel on one side and not on the other adds character to it."

"Verily," quoted Miss Westley, "there are indeed tricks to every trade."

"DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War.

BY ALBERT BARRETT SAYRES.

Beginning That Poultry Yard.

Government experts agree that it matters little at what season of the year the keeping of poultry is begun, but that it does matter with what knowledge the yard is started. They declare that one who has had no previous experience should not begin with eggs and start a flock of little chicks. The best way to lay the foundation for success is to begin with a few fowl and to add to them as knowledge grows.

In this way little money need be sunk in a venture of which the owner knows nothing, and by keeping a few fowl at the beginning the amateur's knowledge grows with his responsibilities. Knowing how to care for poultry, he will then be able to set his hens or use an incubator and successfully raise chicks.

Selecting Right Breeds.

For the keeper of only a few fowl, it is said that what are called "general purpose breeds" are advisable, for the home table supply of chicken may be taken from the surplus cockerels or hens and these breeds give a good quantity of brown-shelled eggs, are of fair size for eating purposes, and are good layers and good mothers. Among these breeds are the Plymouth Rocks, the Wyandottes, the Orpingtons and the Rhode Island Reds.

Housing the Hens.

There are two methods of housing fowl, and your choice of system will depend upon your facilities. If you have plenty of land about your house you may prefer the colony plan, for it is simple and cheaper than the single house system.

The colony system is that of placing small houses for small flocks far enough apart to do away with the necessity of fencing, giving plenty of range for feeding without the flocks mingling.

The single house plan necessitates the erection of a building divided to separate the flocks, with runways for each, both under cover and in the open.

The colony plan permits the keeping of about one hundred birds to the acre. The single house plan allows from 400 to 500 birds to an acre. The difference in cost is, of course, to be taken into consideration in planning a flock, as well as the amount of land you have and the many other advantages and disadvantages each system has. This problem is only the very first that even the amateur must consider and solve to make "keeping hens" a real success.

Keeping "Just a Few Hens."

For the person who wishes to keep "just a few hens" the problem, of course, is much smaller than for the one who aspires to a "regular flock." But even before such a person begins to keep even a few hens he should give thought and attention to his problem before he buys the first of those few birds. Can you keep even a dozen hens and make them pay? This is the question you must answer before starting in. You'll find the answer in investigating your problem.

Send for Free Books.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa will send free for the asking bulletins that will help to solve your poultry problems.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Happened When Madge Reached the Meeting Place.

I conquered a wild impulse to shriek, to clutch at the sleeve of the taxicab driver as the man in the taxi opposite mine, which had also been stopped by the accident, stared at me with the light of startled recognition in his eyes. My nerves, already upset by the accident, needed only this touch to put them almost beyond my control.

The man's appearance was totally strange to me. He was, as far as I could judge from his seated posture in the taxicab, tall and thin. His face was bronzed, as if by exposure to sun and wind, and he wore a rather foppish, foreign-looking, carefully-trained mustache and goatee. They had a curiously incongruous look upon his face. His was a countenance never meant for hirsute adornment.

I could have taken an oath I never had seen the man before save for one thing. The eyes that had flashed sudden recognition into mine were hauntingly familiar—of steely grey. The conviction seized me unaccountably that more than once before had those eyes gazed at me, and that I had seen them with many varying expressions in their usually inscrutable depths.

Who could he be—this staring stranger whose eyes I knew? Before I had time to rack my brain for an answer a strange thing happened.

The look of recognition faded from his eyes, and in its place flashed a distinct look of alarm. At the same time there was a movement from the person at his side, a figure so swathed and muffled, despite the spring weather, that I couldn't tell whether it was old or young, man or woman.

The man with the goatee turned to the other and said something which, of course, I couldn't catch. The shrouded figure made an impulsive movement as if to rise from the seat, and I distinctly saw the man whose eyes were haunting me push it back with an outstretched, sinewy arm. Then he spoke again, rapidly, impulsively, almost angrily. I could only catch the tones, but there was the same haunting familiarity about the man's voice that I had seen in his eyes.

He didn't turn his face again toward me. Indeed, he carefully kept his back turned, and I saw him turn up the collar of the rather foreign-looking topcoat he wore in an evident attempt to conceal as much of his head and face as possible.

But the memory of his eyes and his evident fear of my recognizing him accompanied me all the rest of my most uneventful journey to the Pennsylvania station. In one way it was a good thing for me. In my puzzled wonder as to the identity of the stranger I forgot my nervous fears as to my possible failure to interpret Mr. Drake's directions, recalling them only as the taxicab drew up to the Long Island entrance of the Pennsylvania station. The driver held the door open for me.

Into the Station.

"It's only 7:32, miss," he said, "better luck than I thought." And then, in a lower tone, he added: "You know where I'll be the rest of the evening if you should happen to need me, miss—don't forget, just across the street. My number is 4876, and you see my American flag is fixed up here in front different from the others, so you can't help but spot it if you're in a hurry."

He had spoken rapidly, monotonously, his head inside the taxi door as if he were making change for me. I gave a fleeting tribute to the skill with which he had managed to convey the things he wished to say without attracting the attention of the hangers-on of the station. As I stepped from the machine I cast one glance toward the flag on his taxi, fixed its position and the number he had given me in my mind, and without a second look walked down the corridor until I came to the stairway which would lead me down to the lower corridor through which Lillian had instructed me to come.

An Unexpected Encounter.

I reached the lower level entrance of the women's waiting-room in much quicker time than I had expected. I still had five minutes to spare, and as I didn't wish to enter the station a moment sooner than the time Lillian had set, I went into one of the rooms, received to see that my hair was not blown about and that I was presentable.

My own face shocked me as I looked at it. My eyes were strained with excitement, and had great circles under them, two hectic spots like badly put on rouge blazed upon my cheeks, and I had unconsciously bitten my lips until there was a tiny fleck of blood on one of them.

A tip to the maid, an urgent word, brought me towels and rice powder. I hurriedly bathed my face, dried it, dusted it with rice powder, and, encouraged by the improvement in my appearance, made a tremendous effort to pull myself together as I walked upstairs, carrying my traveling bag and Katherine's knitting bag in my hand.

I had need of all my poise. Allan Drake was in the appointed place, but, laughing up in his face and talking to him as though she meant to remain there for the rest of the evening, was Grace Draper.

The Origin of Famous Sayings

George Coleman, the Younger. 1762—1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.—Epilogue to the Heir-at-Law.

Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Probably the largest and best appointed animal cemetery in the world is that which still remains attached to the ruined summer palace in Peking. Here repose in coffins of polished orris wood, elaborately carved, more than a thousand dogs, the pets of former emperors and empresses of China.

The Cafe Florian, in St. Mark's Square, Venice, is well known to all visitors to Venice as the cafe which has not closed its doors day or night for 300 years. The news that this famous resort is now shut up will bring home to many the fact that Venice is now in the war zone.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Gruelle.

HOW HAPPY GIGGLES HELPED GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BROWN.

Grandma and Grandpa Brown lived in a little cottage happy as larks with their son and his wife and their little granddaughter, Marjorie, and their little grandson, Richard.

Every evening Marjorie, who was a good little girl, would set the table and run errands for grandma, while Baby Richard would stand guard at the window waiting for the first glimpse of his "grandpa," for Richard was too tiny to help grandma with the work. They loved their grandma and grandpa very, very much, and grandpa and grandma adored them. Love lived in their home.

One day Marjorie's daddy went away on the train to another city to find work and after a few weeks he sent for Marjorie, Richard and their mamma.

The thought of losing their cheery voices and sunny smiles made Grandma and Grandpa Brown very sad, and when the day rolled around for the children to board the train, Grandma and Grandpa Brown felt as if their hearts would break.

After the train pulled out from the station taking their loved ones on it, Grandma and Grandpa Brown went back home, lonely and sad.

They missed the happy laughter that had always graced their arrival home, and just as soon as grandma entered the house she sat down and sobbed.

"Tut! Tut! Tut!" laughed a merry voice.

Grandma and grandpa looked up, astonished, for they thought they were alone.

There on the arm of grandpa's chair stood Happy Giggles smiling his hardest.

"What in the world is the trouble?" he asked.

"We're crying because our little grandchildren have been taken from us," sobbed grandma.

"They've moved away to another city," grandpa explained. "And it'll be four long months before we'll get to see them again."

"Let me tell you something, my friends," said Happy Giggles, for he felt sorry for these old people. "There's only one way to make time fly faster and that's to keep busy. Find something to keep your hands from being idle. One must keep busy to be happy—busy hands make time fly."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed grandma, wiping away her tears and kissing grandpa.

"How silly we have been!" and grandma and grandpa began to laugh, and then—when they turned around again—Happy Giggles was gone.

All the next day grandma hummed as she worked, and the day soon slipped away, and before she knew it grandpa was home.

"I never spent such a busy day," laughed Grandpa Brown. "The time just flew."

And so it was that days slipped into weeks, weeks into months, and with the first cheery song of the robin Grandpa and Grandma Brown pulled into the station, where little Marjorie and Richard, with their daddy and mamma, waited for them.

"Happy Giggles was right, dears," laughed Grandma Brown. "Busy hands do make time fly!"

Then she told the children this little tale I've just told you.

It takes twenty sheep to produce the wool needed for one soldier's uniform, blanket, socks and other wool equipment. There are many untilled sections of the country where sheep could be profitably raised.

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