

Are Women Bigger?

STATISTICS of women's colleges, covering sixty years, show the average college girl of today is an inch taller than the college girl of 1860. These statistics prove the modern girl is six or seven pounds heavier.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the killing of General Custer in 1876. Custer's entire command of 208 was wiped out in less than twenty minutes. His impetuosity is regarded as partially accountable for the catastrophe.

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discover His Wife is in Love With Another Man and Battles to Keep Her Love

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

By Gouverneur Morris Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fictions.

"MRS. FENN," she said, "if you have no secrets from Diana I am going to give you a cup of tea and let you go. Otherwise I should like very much to have a frank talk with you." "If you ask me not to say anything," said Finn promptly, "of course I won't." His sense of ease and well-being had deserted him, and he felt a certain alarm.

The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letter of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East. On the train he meets a hunter who tells him the tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home he is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and in her coldness toward him; but finds much joy in the love of his daughter, Tam. He tries to find out what is troubling Diana, and she finally tells him she is in love with Ogden Fenn. Manners then tries to persuade her to give up Fenn. Failing in this, he tells Fenn he must give up Diana. Manners calls on Mary Hastings, a friend to him and to Diana.

"I daresay he is all those things," Mrs. Hastings interrupted. "And why? Because Diana will go her own selfish way, no matter who is hurt. Very naturally he objects, and there are scenes. That isn't cruelty. That is the direct result of a wife behaving as no wife should. There is no use denying this and trying to stick up for Diana. You yourself can at least testify on one flagrant example of her unwifeliness. Yet if he speaks one word against her affair with you she sobs and cries, and runs to you to tell you how her husband maltreats her." "A sword and buckler." "My dear Mr. Fenn, you proved to us the other night that you have a sense of humor; fall back on it. It is a sword and buckler. Most of us think that Frank Manners is about the best husband we know, and that he has had a terrible lot of extravagance, both financial and moral, to put up with. No one who knows them, for instance, will take sides with her, and defend her. If this flirtation with you ever becomes common knowledge. Their intimates, including Diana's mother, will feel nothing but pity and sympathy for him, and nothing but contempt for her."



Manners asks Diana to remain as she starts to leave him and Mary Hastings, as seen in "The Wild Goose," soon to be here.

habitual sweetness. "Diana with all her faults is a good mother. That will be criminal to separate Tam from her." "I imagine," said Fenn, "that the courts would give the custody of the child to the mother. That is very usual."

Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon At the Leading Theaters

"Between Tam and her father," said Mrs. Hastings, "there is a peculiarly beautiful relationship. It wouldn't do to separate them. But we needn't go into that. Diana has an idea that her husband will give her a divorce. He actually made some such proposition. It was conditional on her not seeing you or communicating with you for a year. He wished to test the strength and lasting qualities of her affection for you. Will Not Divorce Diana." "But this proposition—fair and just to all concerned and calling upon Diana merely for a little self-denial—was rejected with stormy sobs and threats of suicide. Mr. Fenn, I speak for the husband when I tell you that all tentative propositions of divorce have been withdrawn. Just before he started back for California, Manners consulted his lawyers and telephoned me the result. There are no legal difficulties. Diana cannot divorce Manners to save her soul if he opposes the suit. He has been faithful to her, he has supported her, he has been far more tolerant and far more kind to her than her deserts have always warranted. "On the advice of Diana's own mother he has decided that he will not give Diana a divorce—that he will not divorce her under any circumstances. In the face of that, Mr. Fenn, I should like to know just what it is that you have to offer her?" "But I understood that he would do anything for her happiness, that he would let her divorce him?" "He will consider Tam's welfare and happiness first. So what can you offer Diana?" "There is such a thing," said Fenn slowly, "as people when they love each other and are driven to desperation."

When a Girl Marries AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success. "WHAT'S the matter, Miss Rathbun?" I asked, wondering at my nurse's strange intonation on the check I'd just given her. "I've indorsed. It's all right, isn't it?" "Miss Rathbun looked up from the slip of lavender paper made out to me by Mabel Storra. She eyed me questioningly. "It's—It's too much—too generous," she stammered, her eyes still fixed on my face. "No, the sum is quite right. But something is bothering you. What?" I began, but at this moment Pat came in, followed by Bertha, who bore a steaming bowl of broth which she insisted on holding while I tried a few spoonfuls. "You'd better get ready," admonished Pat to Miss Rathbun. "The charming young doctor said he'd give you ten minutes—no more. Now about adjusting our financial matters."

SHUTTING OUT THE AIR

By Loretto C. Lynch An Acknowledged Expert In All Matters Relating to Household Management. On a warm day, in a New England university town, I noticed recently that few of the homes boasted window or door screens. In the four hundred homes I looked at I found but two screen windows. In six cases the windows were opened, but no screens impeded the access of flies, mosquitoes and gnats. In every other case the windows were tightly shut. In some cases the windows were beautifully curtained behind the highly polished window glass. In other cases the shutters were half drawn. But the salient fact was that the windows were shut. There were no screens. And the windows in the back of the houses were shut. I know they were, for I walked round to the back of more than several dozen houses, to the vexation of more than one flea-ridden dog. "The woman gave various excuses. One sought to keep the place cool, to keep the heat out; another told me she had several small children and didn't propose to let the dust in. One told me she could not afford to buy screens yet. This woman bought the most luxurious food in the town and encouraged her daughters to dress expensively. All of the women I interviewed, with their children, showed the lack of fresh air. They had actually arrived at a state of mind where they valued a rug and a bit of wall paper more highly than Heaven's free ozone. They preferred impure air to the possible presence of a little dust. "Do you, Mrs. Housewife, belong to this class? Do you have a screen in every window? And if your rooms are particularly warm, how about getting some awnings?" "We can live without food for some time. We cannot live without air for even a short time."

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres "YES... no... no..." Philip swung round with passionate gesture. "I don't know what I'm saying," he said shakily. He waited a moment, trying to control himself. Presently he came back. He stood looking down at her. "I didn't love you when I asked you to marry me," he said then, with difficulty. "I'll be frank with you—I'll tell you the whole truth, so God help me. I didn't care for you when I asked you to marry me—" She interrupted gently: "I'm not asking for any confession, and I'm not going to make any more. You wanted my money—and I wanted to call myself your wife, well—I she moved her white shoulders carelessly—" "We have each got our wish—that is all—but you can't blame me if I want to go my own way. It's a pity really that we had to have a honeymoon—we were quite good friends up till today. You can still go your own way—I shouldn't be exacting—and I can go mine. Lots of people arrange things like that, don't they? Lots of your blue-blooded friends, I mean," she added deliberately. "Twice he tried to find his voice and could not then he broke out hoarsely: "You are proposing, in fact, to make our marriage—a marriage at all." He made a quick step forward; he stooped and covered her clasped hands with one of his, holding them tightly. "My dear," he said, with broken gentleness, "you don't know what you are suggesting. You're such a child. I'm not trying to—to preach—or to influence you. I know I deserve all you can ever say to me, or make me suffer—but at least I'm a man of the world, and I know—I know that these sort of things always spell disaster. You say you don't care for me—that you never loved me. Very well, I am willing to accept that for the moment. You say there is another man you prefer to me. If that is the truth, why didn't you marry him? You're not the sort of girl to—throw a man over if you love him, for—for the rubbishing advantages you can get from me. Eva—answer me." He could feel how her hands shook beneath his grasp. "He didn't care for me—that's why she stammered at last. He thought he did—but—but he—didn't after all."

NOVEL SPORT SKIRTS

By Rita Stuyvesant THE vogue for separate skirts and sweaters is well established, and now sport skirts claim attention with their distinctive touches and serviceable materials. Flannel, plain and striped, is among the accepted materials for sport wear, and there are some smart skirts in checked velour. Linen and washable damask are among the cotton fabrics, and some skirts are made of fancy silk crepe. Of plain white flannel is a good looking sport skirt, easily tubbed. It is a straightline model, not too narrow at the bottom, and belted at the top. Pockets are slashed in black, navy, green or gold, may be chosen to be worn with a tailored skirt of crepe de chine or a jersey sport jacket in a neutral color. Cool silks create lovely skirts, and crepe de chine in an extra heavy quality is among the more reasonable garments. An unusual model is box pleated and hemstitched between the pleats. A giraffe that wraps itself twice about the figure is used instead of a straight belt.

Music and the Child

By W. A. McKeever Professor in the University of Kansas a Well-Known Educator. D RIVE bad music out with good music. Fight jazz with the classic selections. Do not waste your time merely attacking the tin-horn effects. True music has a subtle power to replace the false and will prevail over it, if given an equal chance. Introduce the better music, strain by strain, slowly at first, repeating each new strain till the young learner begins to feel it as well as hear it. Children are normally more fond of the sweet strains of a symphony than they are of the intonations of jazz, but they are powerless to change from the worse to the better of their own volition. It is the time memory and the rhythm feeling that you must work for, or the psychology of music that you must consider most carefully in any program of juvenile betterment here. A child is not really musical one way or the other till he can definitely think and feel the effects of the strains through memory, and that while they are not being played. Thus Prof. Harry Brown, director of instrumental music for the Kansas City public schools, proceeds to swing the mind and heart of the young learner back to the true and the beautiful in music. And in nearly a score of the grade school buildings of that city Mr. Brown now has a charming juvenile orchestra as living witness of the value of his theory. When Professor Brown first enters a jazz-intoxicated school he finds little interest or readiness of response to his purpose of betterment. He must, therefore, resort to subtle measures—make the beginning socially attractive, full of youthful merriment and of advantage in the pursuit of the course of study. Usually the children are willing to play some four instruments which predominates in the jazz effects, but they never ask for the instruments which bring out the fine effects of the overtones. And here it is where Mr. Brown shines as a music teacher-artist. He begins at once with the balanced orchestra, not permitting the children to choose the instruments as directed by their imperfect knowledge of the matter. He chooses for them and starts the affair with a pleasing ensemble of parts and tonal qualities. The result is magical. The children begin to feel the new rhythm and to respond to it. The finer and subtler tones are unconsciously heard and appreciated, and soon the instruments producing them become as popular as those which have predominated in the jazz. Finally, in Mr. Brown's idea, we have a key to the reformation. By means of psychologic methods—the balancing of parts, the quiet forcing of the finer tones into the soul of the child—you restore in him the lost chord of the classic.

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MORE PRIZE CAKE RECIPES

DELICATE CAKE WITH BITTER SWEET ICING. Cream 1/4 cup granulated sugar and 1/2 cup butter 2 eggs and beat well; add 1 cup water, beat, add 2 1/2 cups flour, beat, well for five minutes, add 1 teaspoonful vanilla (or any flour preferred), and last, 3 level teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in a shallow pan. BITTER SWEET ICING. 1 pound confectioner's sugar, add 1 tablespoonful melted butter, 1 teaspoonful vanilla (or any flavor preferred), add 4 tablespoonfuls milk, beat well, add 1/2 cup chopped nuts, spread on cake and let stand for ten minutes. Put 3/4 pound bar of bitter chocolate in a pan and melt over boiling water. Do not add any water to the chocolate. Spread melted chocolate over the white icing.—Mrs. C. Schwabauer, 3400 Eighteenth street northwest.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels O H, Mr. Croesus was wealthy, they say, and Midas was pretty well off, and I also belong in the same class as they, though at this folks who know me may scoff. I was never a wizard at purchasing stocks, high finance is not in my line, and I can't buy my wife any Paris-made frocks nor hose that cost nine-ninety-nine. I've no white marble palace to use when in town, and I haven't a home by the sea; my cottage, perhaps, is a bit tumble-down, and my best trousers shine at the knees. But don't for this cause put me down in the list with the church mouse of indigent fame, for I possess wealth that some millionaires miss and a big share of riches I claim. No, my wealth isn't counted in silver and gold, the stuff one so speedily spends; but I cherish

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Three years ago I became engaged to a girl in my home town out West. She was not yet through college, so our engagement was not to be announced till after her graduation. We agreed that either of us was at liberty to break the engagement at any time if we found that we really did not love each other or that we loved some one else. Since then I have not seen her very often. I came East and have gone back twice a year to see her. For the last two years I have known a girl here whom I have begun to think very much of. I guess I made the mistake of seeing her too much, for I now love her and realize that I could not be happy with the girl back home. What shall I do? I want to do the right thing. I am engaged to marry one girl and love another. Either marry the girl you love or don't marry any. Write the Western girl a letter telling her the truth. Perhaps she may have met some one whom she finds very attractive.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

SAINT-SAENS, the great composer, in his "Musical Memories," has some interesting reminiscences of Victor Hugo, who was an old man when he knew him, but who seemed "rather like an ancient and immortal being" whom Time could never touch. "Time, alas! goes on, and that fine intellect which had ever been unclouded began to give signs of aberration. One day he said to an Italian delegation: 'The French are Italians; the Italians are French. French and Italians ought to go to Africa together and found the United States of Europe.' "Victor Hugo's credulity was astonishing in a man of such colossal genius. Hearing that the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau had been exhumed and desecrated, he wrote a wonderful account of it. When the coffins were opened the two great men were peacefully sleeping their last sleep. "He believed in the most incredible things, as the 'Man in the Iron Mask,' the twin brother of Louis XIV; in the octopus that has no mouth and feeds itself through its arms and in the reality of the Japanese sirens which the Japanese were said to make out of an ape and a fish. He had some excuse for his beliefs, as the Academie des Sciences believed in them for a short time."



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