



The Call's Magazine and Fiction Pages



A Bachelor's Diary

The Pretty Nurse Gives Him a Hug and Calls Him an Angel, Which He Denies

By MAX

September 20—I tried to simulate a chill and shake out some new allment when the man from the hotel called a third time to take my pretty nurse for a ride, but all the shaking was in vain. She laughed at me and called me a baby, and when I got cross wanted to know, with made up tears in her eyes, if I wanted to stand between a poor girl and her chance at happiness.

"Chance at happiness?" I hooted at that. If "chance at happiness" means a ride with a man with a walrus mustache and an expression like an eel in a Noah's ark of a rig, then chances for happiness are growing mighty slim for the women.

"I'll take you back to town with me," I protested, "and introduce you to some really big fish if you insist on a marine love affair. Why do you want to waste your time on a sardine like that?"

"Perhaps," softly, "it isn't wasting my time."

"Well, then, you are wasting mine. Oh, go," seeing that she looked a little hurt, "but go out the back way. I don't want to be shocked into a relapse by seeing you in any more of your street clothes."

But she started the front way, and this time she wore dark red with enough purple about her to remind me of an amateur artist's sunset. I have been planning with Richards that when we get back to town Richards, whose taste in dress is excellent, will take her around to the stores and fit her out in soft grays and golden browns, with all sorts of furs to match. I can't take her around in my machine in her white uniform and announce in that way to the city and the stock market that I am in need of the attendance of a nurse, and I would be ashamed to exhibit her in her rainbow garments.

HARD LIFE
"We will keep her," I said to Richards, "until she has had a nice long rest. A nurse's life is a hard one, and she has been mighty patient with me all these weeks."

"She is a good little girl," commented the faithful Richards. "Most girls in her position would have set their caps for you."

I started to say that that was just what she tried to do, and remembered to stop just in time. Perhaps I have just imagined it. A man is always a self-centered animal and is apt to imagine that thoughts of HIM control all around him.

This is particularly true of a bachelor. I find myself suspecting matrimonial designs in every woman I meet and am growing just as cautious in my dealings with them as a tomcat is in crossing a strange back yard.

Sept. 21—I walked as far as the gate this morning without any assistance, not even that of a cane, and tomorrow intend to walk to the turn of the little leafy path, where it seems to hesitate as if fearful of what is ahead, and then plunges bravely into the heart of the woods.

I will take Manette with me. Before my accident we explored all the woods a mile or two from the house, but never became acquainted with the pretty little walks nearer home. That is not strange, however. A man knows all about the outside of his house, all the business to it, when he

"Health is the thing that most

"Health is the are sighing for, but they call it beauty.

How can anybody possibly hope to base any kind of good looks upon a poor physical foundation?

Girls of today need a foundation for beauty that will stand any test.

By MAUDE MILLER

"SEEK for health, not beauty," says Miss Marie Fenton. "Beauty comes of itself along the path where health has paved the way."

"Health is the thing that most girls of today are sighing for, but they call it beauty. Such foolish girls who will not take the trouble to find out the real secret of beauty! How could one possibly hope to base any kind of good looks upon a poor physical foundation? Could the beauty be real and lasting, or would poor health stretch forth its damaging hand after the slightest exertion?"

"We girls of today want the kind of foundation for our beauty that will stand any test. The physical stamina that will stand any strain, the

is well and strong. It takes sickness to discover for him that there are five roses in one bunch and three in the next, with two leaves in between, in the border of the wall paper of his bedroom.

Sept. 23—I walked as far as the turn of the path in the woods today. Manette and the pup going with me. It seemed nice to be alone with these two again—the first time in many, many weeks.

PRAYERS FOR HIM
"My prayers for your recovery," said Richards, who met us at the garden gate on our return, "have been answered." She had prayed, she said, every night and morning since the accident that I would get well and strong and not be the cripple the doctors had feared.

It made me feel good to think someone is praying for me. No one ever prays for a rich man. They pray in church for the widows and the orphans, for those who are suffering or destitute, for those who go out to sea in ships, and for the redemption of the drunkard, but no one prays for the rich man.

He has a disease worse than a



"Get all the sleep possible."

pluck and bravery that come from a splendid constitution, so that we can go out in any kind of weather and feel that we are tingling all over with the joy of living, when our hair is perhaps straying round in untidy wisps and our skirts are heavy and bedraggled.

"And how to get this health? Exercise. Now, don't pout, girls, and say that every one says the same thing and it sounds like an old story. Exercise in one way, in the way that pleases you best, that gives you the most genuine enjoyment.

A MISTAKEN IDEA
"People say to me, 'I never need to exercise; I get enough of it in my work.' Why, that isn't the proper spirit for the exercise that is to bring roses to the cheeks and stars to the

fondness for liquor. He began, too, with no special craving for that which became his curse. He thought he would make a little money, and as wealth grew his appetite grew with it. The dollar ceased to be his slave, and became his master, but no one prayed for him.

"Why," every churchgoer will ask, "should any one pray for him? He has lots of money."
That is true, he has. And he also has grave responsibilities, obligations to whom he knows not, nor how to discharge them. He also has loneliness, heartache, suffers the fate of the misjudged and misunderstood, and learns too often to keep his faith in humanity sweet that none approach him except with mercenary motives.

Sept. 24.—Tompkins had the town house in readiness for us, but our departure will be delayed a few weeks longer to gratify a wish expressed by Manette. She said she would like to come up here every summer, and the wish resulted in my purchase this morning of several hundred acres adjoining Allen's home. I have sent for an architect, and we will spend some time longer up here planning for a bungalow to be built a few rods from this place, near the pretty turn in the woods. I want it near enough for Allen to be caretaker while we are away, and that we may enjoy the old-fashioned joy of having neighbors when we are here.

THE PLAN

It will be built of logs, with huge log beams in the ceiling. There will be a bedroom on the second floor for me, connecting rooms for Richards and Manette, and two or three guest rooms, with rooms above for the maids.

The pretty nurse is to spend a month every summer with us.

"It will do me good," I urge, "to have you here. The constant danger of succumbing to your charms will make my blood circulate and keep me young."

"You might," contemptively, "fall in love with me."
"Of course," I replied, "there would always be that danger; but I shall enjoy it. Sometimes the fishing and hunting up here are not good, and the constant association with you will furnish the sport I might otherwise lack."

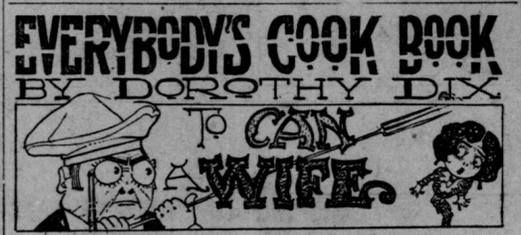
She laughed and, turning quickly toward me, gave me a little hug, calling me an angel.

"I'm not an angel," I growled; "I'm a man, and for that reason you mustn't do such things. That's the cause of a lot of trouble—you women forgetting that we men are very live and very wicked, and treating us as if we were angels, made up of nothing but draperies and feathers."

He—What has made the professor so wild?
She—Oh, he was gassing about botany, and so I asked him if he had ever seen a pink palm. He said, "No," and I showed him my hands.

"Exercise brings roses to the cheeks."

eyes. Exercise that is not pleasant will never bring any good results. It is impossible for any one to rush around madly all day doing things that have to be done and thinking about something entirely different. There must be harmony of mind and body. The mind and body must work together for proper exercise or the



EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK BY DOROTHY DIX

THIS dish is a great favorite with married men, and the master of the house often likes to prepare it at the table when he has company, so as to exhibit his skill before his guests.

To properly can a wife begin by selecting your wife. Go yourself into the marriage market and pick out a young and tender girl and one who is of a timid and sensitive nature. If you can find one that weeps easily and is so gentle that a cross word can pierce her to the heart, so much the better. No canned wives have such a piquant flavor as the soft ones that a cruel look can bruise.

In getting a wife to be very careful not to get a suffragist. Nobody can be a suffragist, and especially a man can not can one. Having chosen your wife, take it home and put it up on the shelf by its lonely, and go off about your own affairs. Spend your days at your business and your evenings amusing yourself, and don't worry about what is happening to the wife at home. This process, if faithfully persisted in, will soften down any little hard spots of character that may have naturally been in the wife's disposition. There's nothing that reduces anything, human or vegetable, to such a state of acquiescent mush as neglect.

Whether it is better to skin a wife before canning, or to can her with the skin on, is entirely a matter of taste. Also of the liberality of the canner. Some men, who like all of their household appointments to be showy, always deck their wives out in Paris gowns and diamonds before canning them. Other men, of a tightwad type, hold that it is a mere waste of money to spend it on a wife, and they remove all good clothes ideas from their wives before they can them.

This is a painful process for the wife, and leaves it shrunken and unattractive in appearance, but it is efficacious, for no wives are so thoroughly canned as those that have been properly pared down by a parsimonious husband.

However, in either case it is always well to begin by carefully rubbing off the bloom of romance from the wife, and the more thoroughly this is done with a hard hand the better.

Then plunge the wife first into the icy water of indifference by never noticing how she looks, or taking any interest in what she is doing, or seeing that she has any diversions or amusements.

Vary this by popping her into the boiling water of temper.

Continue this process until you see a frightened look begin to come into the wife's eyes, and it begins to cringe before you like a dog that thinks it's going to be struck. This indicates that the wife is now ready for canning.

Now make a sauce, as follows: To one barrel of ridicule add one gallon of wit, the more undiluted the cruditly of it the better; a pint of the tobacco of caricature, a pint of brutality, throw in a bunch of all the mistakes that your wife has ever made and the foolish things she has done; stir all together, and let it come to a boil. Simmer the wife in this until it hasn't a thought nor an idea left in its system.

N. B.—It is not necessary to put any salt in this dish, as by the time a wife is ready for canning she is so soaked with the brine of her own tears that the plate is almost too highly seasoned for most tastes.

This is an infallible recipe for canning wives, and if faithfully followed never fails. No woman thus treated ever takes herself out of the kitchen or the pantry unless removed by her husband's orders.

Marie Fenton Declares That Perfect Health and Knowledge of Style Solve the Problem

How to get this health? Exercise.

People say, "I get enough exercise in my work." This is a fallacy.

Exercise, that is not pleasant never brings good results.

There must be harmony of mind and body. Exercise for the pure joy of exercising. That is the secret.

"Seek for health, not beauty."

ently you will get into the spirit of it is going to bring you. Presently you will get into the spirit of it is going to bring you. Presently you will get into the spirit of it is going to bring you.

"And then, when you have stimulated all your body muscles and all the nerves in your brain so that with all their work they need rest, give them proper rest. Get all the sleep possible—the old beauty adage that one hour of sleep before 12 is worth two afterward is the truest thing in the world. Resting is not sleeping, always remember that. It is possible to lie still and rest with the belief that you are doing the next best thing to sleeping. But this is not so, for every nerve is on the alert for an impression, and no healthy person should have nerves that make themselves at all obvious. However, health brings the ability to sleep in

its train, and it is quite an easy matter to keep one's nerves in perfect control after a good, fair start on the road to health.

"After perfect health is acquired, any kind of beauty can be the next attainment," continued Miss Fenton. "My nose is inclined to be reticent, so I plan my features in accordance. I arrange my hair with a slight tilt at the back. I practice looking upward, so that my lashes will have a roussure appearance, and I smile frequently to tip-tilt the corners of my mouth. It is all very simple; every woman has it in her makeup to do things like that—it makes up for arouse, that's all."

"Health is the big canvas in life which we use for a foundation; beauty can be applied in many and varied colors, according to the personality of the individual."

Do You Know That—
The same species of flower never shows more than two of the three colors, red, yellow and blue. Roses, for instance, are found red and yellow, but never blue, whereas are red and blue, but not yellow.

Since women's suffrage was granted in Illinois there have been three elections, and on each occasion less than 10 per cent of the women voted.

Derbyshire, Devonshire and Westmorland provide the finest marble found in England.

TAUGHT A LESSON
A certain class of shop keepers try to force their wares upon passersby. A traveler determined to teach one of these a lesson. The offender was a clothing dealer, and had a way of almost dragging the traveler into his place.

One day the traveler stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of the establishment, when out darted the clothier, who asked: "Won't you try on one of those coats?"

"I don't know but I will, replied the traveler, consulting his watch. "I have some time to spare. Yes."

He went in; but no matter how often he found his fit, he called for more coats. Finally, when he had tried on 30 or more, he looked at his watch, resumed his own garment, and walked out, saying as he went:

"Good day, old chap, I won't charge anything for what I've done, but I believe in a man who'll oblige another when he can. If I'll ever this way again and you have any more coats to try on I'll do all I can to help you."

Girlish Complexion Now Easily Acquired

"A skin of blended snow, cream and roses" is the way an Ohio correspondent describes her newly acquired complexion. She is one who has adopted mercolized wax in place of cosmetics, massage, attending and other methods. Many who have tried this marvelous wax report that its effects are quite different from those of any other treatment. It produces a complexion of exquisite girlish naturalness, rather than one bearing evidence of having been artificially "made over." One that is indeed "Nature's own," the result of gradually absorbing dead particles of surface skin, permitting the younger, healthier skin beneath to show itself and giving its pores a chance to breathe. Mercolized wax, procurable at any drug store in original one-ounce packages, is put on at night like cold cream and washed off in the morning.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

THE teacher asked us to rite a T essay on What Const-toots Grateness, & last nite I asked Pa & Ma to help me rite it.

They are crowding the children ahead too fast these days, sed Ma, the idee of asking a child to rite a essay with a subject like that.

It may seem like a very deep subject to you, sed Pa, but it is mere child's play for me. I will help Bobbie rite his essay. You go rite ahead looking at yure fashion magazine, sed Pa. Bobbie, cum into the library where we will be close to the books & I will rite yure essay with you.

In the first place, sed Pa, wen we got into the library, true grateness is what the teacher ment wen she gave you the subject. What Const-toots Grateness. Of course there are different kinds of grateness. Mathewson, for instans, is the greatest pitcher that ever lived, & yet he will not live in history as a grate man. Bryan is a grate talker, & yet he will never be remembered as Lincoln was remembered, Jack Johnson is a great prize fiter, but that lets him out. None of these men lets be sed to be truly grate, Pa told me. Grateness of the reel sort is the grateness of a Shakespeare or a Caesar, or, to be moar modern, like me, sed Pa.

The surest way to tell reel grateness or to spot a grate man, sed Pa, is to notice his clothes. He will never look like a tramp on the bench in the park, Pa sed, but he will never look like a picture of a man like you see on cards in the tailor shops. All of them men on the tailor cards, sed Pa, has high, stiff collars & they were leather gloves, rite in the middle of the summer even.

I always thought that was the rite way to dress, I told Pa.

It maybe the rite way to dress for a young man that likes to dress, sed Pa, but if ain't the rite way to dress if you are a grate man. Imagine Abraham Linkin with one of them Alpine hats with a bow on the back of it, Pa sed. Or think of Caesar leeding his Romans agenset the Gauls with a high, stiff collar on. Why, sed Pa, if one of them Gauls shud hit Caesar on the top of the hed it wud cut his throte. No, Bobbie, sed Pa, the truly grate men of all time have been men which beleeved in having their clothes comfortable but not stylish. They beleeved in being clean & took a bath whenever they had one. I beleeved in having a grate man has been known to live in a place where there wasent any rooms for a bath. I herd a young man saying the other day that he wud die if he didnt have his shower every morning, Pa sed, & I wondered what he wud do if he had to spend a few months out in Arizony where I used to ride the range.

A other way that you can always tell a reel grate man, sed Pa, is by his modesty. You never herd a grate man bragging about himself. Look at me, for instans, sed Pa. Did you ever herd me boasting my own game. Did you ever herd me claiming to be greater than the men with which I associate daily?

No, Pa, I sed. I never herd you say you was grate. That is why I never knew you was a grate man till now. Always be like yure father, Bobbie, sed Pa, & sum day you, too, may be truly grate. Then he went into the other room & I told Ma that Pa had helped me rite my essay. He sed that Caesar & Lincoln & Jack Johnson was the reelly grate men, I told Ma.

Indeed, sed Ma, how thoughtful of yure father to think of his friends, Abe & Julius.

"I am an old man—and many of my troubles never happened." —ELBERT HUBBARD

THE white hair and wrinkled faces of our busy men and women tell of doubt, fear and anxiety—more than disease or age. Worry plays havoc with the nervous system—so that digestion is ruined and sleep banished. What oil is the friction of the delicate parts of an engine—

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