

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

Talking Big Isn't Expensive

By C. A. Voight



—and the Worst Is Yet to Come



Little Talks On Babyology

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

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FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE FOR THE BABY.

The very best tonic for a baby is pure air. It should be supplied twenty-four hours in each day. Fresh air, properly inhaled, is the sure preventive of catarrh and tuberculosis. Pure air is the baby's just due. No mother has the right to deprive her child of this precious, health-giving boon.

In the darker ages of motherhood, babies were literally deprived of air. To this fact may be traced part of the White Plague curse of today. I can recall seeing babies wrapped up, head and all, in dusty little shawls, so that not a breath of fresh air could penetrate the supposedly delicate lungs. I have seen babies thus wrapped up, tucked into a cradle or huge armchair behind a kitchen stove, where the choking odors of cooking and coal gas were added to the generally impure air of the room. The average mother in fact was convinced that not a breath of what she called "cold air" must reach her baby's lungs.

Is it not wonderful that so many of us have lived to raise babies more sanely?

This is a fresh-air age. But this does not mean that a mother should go to extremes in supplying the air her baby needs nor in "hardening" its body as some faddists maintain. The baby should not be chilled nor exposed to a direct draught, but the air in the room should be cool and pure, not hot and fetid. In this one respect, strangely enough, the city baby has the best of the country baby. The average city baby is uniformly heated by steam or furnace, and easily ventilated. The country or farm house is still heated largely by stoves. One room is very hot, others very cold. The warm rooms are places of refuge for the entire family and they are kept too hot, often every window is closed tightly and the air is sadly vitiated.

It is a significant fact that at all the Better Babies contests this year where the Better Babies Bureau offered two championship prizes, one for city babies and one for country babies, the city babies scored higher than the country babies and showed a better chest development. The country baby should have the best of air to breathe, but it does not, because its home is

seldom well ventilated, and because its busy farm mother has so little time to take it out in the fresh air. The city mother is always being reminded of dangers from impure air, by newspaper writers, by talks at clubs and social centers and at clinics. Even her older children come home from school, preaching the gospel of fresh air for the family baby. She is shamed into ventilating her house properly and taking her baby out for a daily airing.

The country mother keeps her house closed in winter to shut out the cold and in summer to ward off heat, dust and flies. Her baby has small chance to breathe fresh air.

From the beginning, the baby, city or country, should sleep in a ventilated room, window open top and bottom at a temperature of from 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit. A thermometer is a better investment than cough syrup. A baby raised in a uniform temperature will not need cough syrup. The crib should not stand in a draught but be protected by a screen. If the room is very small, opening on a larger room, let the ventilation come from the larger room. Happy, also, that mother whose house can boast an open fireplace. This room should be chosen for Baby's nursery. Open fireplace ventilation is ideal.

Whenever possible the baby should be tucked warmly into a carriage and allowed to sleep outdoors in the daytime. Only extreme cold and inclement weather should prevent this sensible plan. Nor should the baby's face be covered while sleeping outdoors. A sunny corner of the porch is an ideal day sleeping room, with the carriage screened from the sun. In summer, a mosquito net should protect the baby from flies, gnats, etc.

(To be continued.)

QUARREL RESULTS

IN WOMAN'S DEATH

Erie, Pa., April 16.—Mrs. Nora Baine was shot and killed here early today at Maccabee hall. Her husband and Samuel Stanton were arrested. According to the pair they were guests of a party at the hall, and the shooting was the outcome of a quarrel over another woman.

Evening Story

OTHER THINGS.

By HARMONY WELLER.

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A gloomy silence had fallen between them. The girl's head, tilted at an angle of defiance, added fuel to the flame. He dressed the head from a tiny violet that had peeped over the threshold of the summer house.

"There is no reason why you should destroy my violet," said the girl, "simply because I have chosen to take a course in dramatic art in New York." She made a movement as if to rise and leave him to his stony silence, but he jerked her back.

"Iris!" he pleaded impatiently, "give up this crazy notion. If I am to marry and live in a half-sleeping village all my life, I certainly want something to break the monotony!"

"Oh—it is monotony—to think of marrying me, is it? It was the man's head which now tilted angrily.

"It certainly would be to both of us," Iris continued, defiantly. "I merely want to take a course in dramatic art, so that I will be more capable of entertaining our friends with recitations and give amateur theatricals. It isn't for professional—"

"It all leads to the same thing!" put in Blair; "you will probably come back from New York and parade the streets with powder on your nose an inch thick and look for all the world like a blooming actress." Blair was not looking at the rising anger in the girl's face, and continued, unconscious of the storm. "My mother had to sing, or play or recite to keep her household going. We seemed to get along all right without any crazy self-improvement notions!"

"My dear Mr. Blair," Iris put in sweetly, "if your mother found her happiness, her contentment and the great big things in life among pots and pans, brooms and dust pans and tending of a stray vegetable or two she is to be commended. If that were to be my life I could probably stand it until you sent me to what we call in slang 'a dippy house.' I notice," she continued, and with rising anger, "that you are always delighted to go over with me to the Lanes and listen to their records of voices and operas. It is true it is only a suggestion of the things that are going on in the world, but you apparently are not loath to enjoy them."

"That is certainly different to having your own wife making a spectacle of herself and drawing the entire village after her in trailing admiration!"

"That's the whole thing in a nutshell," cried Iris, with two red spots in her cheeks; "you are jealous! You want me all to yourself. You want me to stay in a house and keep it clean and comfortable and pleasant for your own special enjoyment. I had in mind only your own happiness and a desire to make things more entertaining for you and your friends when I thought of studying, but now you can look for some one else to make you happy!" Iris pulled off her half hoop of diamonds with trembling fingers.

"Give this to some girl who loves to wash dishes and oil up the hardwood floors!" She went swiftly into the summer house and Blair was alone.

He stared for a long moment at the ring that had rolled into a crack in the rustic table, then his head went forward onto his arms.

"Infernal jealous idiot that I am," he frankly informed himself. His face was white and set when he again raised it. After all, there were other things in life save the keeping in order of a house, even if that house were already built and rammed among a grove of fir trees.

Blair arose. His shoulders were drooping, and he made his way from the summer house and over toward the house among the trees. Once within the old gardens his anger against Iris returned. Why should any girl want more than this beautiful home that he had bought for her? They had gone over every stick and stone of it in fond anticipation of it. Blair kicked an unoffending stone and turned away from the house; he could not go in now that Iris had thrown it and him over for a course in dramatic art.

A sense of outraged love kept him



Grandpa Liked Ben's New Raincoat.

Daddy's Bedtime Story — The Raincoat

For the April Showers.

DADDY had come in looking very wet and bedraggled, for he had been caught in an April shower.

"You know," said daddy, "we never know when these showers will come. Once there was a little boy named Ben who didn't believe in such things."

"He said: 'I think it is perfectly ridiculous. It rains just as much in all the other seasons—spring, summer and autumn months—as it does in April. Only poor April gets the blame for it all. I've always felt sorry for April. Yes, I have. It's a much abused month.'"

"Now, the reason Ben was talking like this and so much about the weather was that his granddaddy had given him \$5. When he gave it to him he said: 'I think this will buy you a nice raincoat. You will need one this month.'"

"Ben had an umbrella and rubbers and a heavy coat he usually wore when it rained, although it would not keep out all the rain. He really did need a raincoat. There was no doubt about it. But there was something else he wanted far more than a raincoat. He could get that with the \$5."

"What was that?" asked Jack.

"Guess," replied daddy.

"A knife with lots of blades in it?" suggested Jack.

"No," said daddy. "Try again."

"A nice boat to sail on a pond perhaps?"

"No," said daddy. "Merry me, I've never known you to use up your three guesses! Try once more. You must surely guess this time. Now, if it had been Evelyn I am sure she would have guessed it the first time."

"Jack will guess it this time, I'm certain," said Evelyn.

Jack thought for a moment. Then suddenly he said: "I know. I have it. An express cart."

"You're right," said daddy. "Well, Ben wanted that much more than a raincoat."

"The very next day he went to school, and the sun was shining brightly. But on his way home a real April shower came up. Ben realized then that there were such things as April showers. He hurried to the nearest shop where he could get a raincoat."

"He knew he had done the right thing. But, oh, how he longed for an express cart!"

"His granddaddy was delighted when he saw Ben's new raincoat and said: 'If I am glad that my little grandson did as I asked and got a raincoat. And now you may have an express cart, for a little bird whispered in my ear that you wanted one.'"

"Oh, how wonderful of you, granddaddy!" said Ben.

from doing the thing he knew to be right, and Iris departed for New York.

In an attempt to forget his shattered romance Blair went about with all the girls in the village. And most of all he found his way into the cozy home of the Lanes, where he and Iris had spent many happy evenings.

"I'm sorry, old man," Lane had said to him when he learned of the broken engagement. "Iris is a mighty fine little girl," and Blair turned away unaccountably irritated.

"You should have humored her," Mrs. Lane put in. "Iris, being above the average type, needs delicate handling. I hope she will not marry some New Yorker and leave us," she had added by way of helping the cause of Iris. The little matron knew that Iris would never marry any one save Evan Blair, but that he should be taught to appreciate the girl was also a part of Mrs. Lane's scheme.

So it was, from time to time, Blair heard of the splendid times Iris was having in the city. Knowing it to have been the cause of the trouble, Mrs. Lane wisely refrained from speaking of the progress Iris was making in her dramatic work.

After six months of study Iris had been given an afternoon at one of the larger hotels and the newspapers had given her great praise.

Blair would have given much for a glimpse of those letters which his hostess read excerpts from but he only sat back with gloomy eyes.

"I got a peech of a record today," Blair, Lane suggested in an effort to lift the shadows from his friend's eyes.

"Let's have it," said Blair, and they repaired to the room where the talking machine gave forth its fund of entertainment. Blair sank into the chair that had become his.

Mrs. Lane encircled herself and turned to Blair. "You are to listen to both of these records before you judge them. They are both by the same person and Harry and I think them splendid."

The machine burst forth into a monologue. The voice was the high falsetto of a Broadway dandy whose experiences along the great White Way were told in an imitable, drawing manner that brought the first hearty laugh to Blair that he had had in months.

"That fellow's all right," he laughed. "Let's have the other!"

"Remember," reminded Mrs. Lane,

"this is the same 'fellow.'"

Blair sat back and prepared himself for another funny record. When Lane drew away from the machine Blair leaned forward in his chair gripping the arms. The voice that came from the cabinet was that of Iris.

"Dear," it said, "I have found that there are other things in life besides the study of dramatic art. I have taken all the prizes here and have received offers for stage work, but—"

there was an effective pause—"you are not here and nothing else counts. When I said that life with you would be monotonous—I had not tried to live without you—so if you still care, the voice from the cabinet trembled, "I will be in the summer house tonight, and—"

Blair jumped up to adjust the record, thinking something had happened, but that was all of it. He looked about and realized that his host and hostess had left him to hear the message from Iris. He took off the precious record and went into the hall for his hat and walking stick in a daze of happiness.

When he left the house, still in that semi-conscious state of mind, Mrs. Lane ran to the telephone.

"He has left the house, dear," she called out to the person at the other end of the line, "and I think perhaps you had better fly or he will be in the summer house first. Run in tomorrow and tell me all about it, dear. Good-by."

Lane turned to his wife, a puzzled look on his face. "Everything worked beautifully, but has Blair lost his mind? He was talking away about some platform in a drawing room, or—"

A merry laugh tinkled from Mrs. Lane's lips. "It only means that he is planning a stage in the house he has bought for Iris so that she can have all the amateur theatricals she wants."

LIBERTYVILLE.

Mrs. Sam Burger and children of Canada arrived here Wednesday for several weeks visit with relatives and friends.

C. Vaught was a business caller in Fairfield Wednesday.

James Peebler of Hillsboro was in

Women Worth While



MRS. JOHN JACOB ROGERS

By Selene Armstrong Harmon.

It is generally admitted, and by none more emphatically than congressmen's wives, that a woman's first season in official life in Washington is a lonely one. However conscientiously she may make her calls, and observe her days at home, she often feels an uncomfortable sense of detachment from the life and people about her. And however adaptable she may be to her new environment, she rarely "finds herself" before the end of a second winter at the capital.

A happy exception to this rule is Mrs. John Jacob Rogers, wife of Representative Rogers, of Lowell, Massachusetts. Her husband succeeded Butler Ames, and is one of the republican members of the foreign affairs and elections No. 2 committee.

Widely traveled, a good linguist, fond of out-of-door sports and of social life, she entered upon life at the capital a few months ago with a zest and enjoyment that have made her already one of the best liked women in the congressional set. She is a member of the Congressional club, and has

also joined the Riding and Hunt club, whose membership includes many of the members of smart society.

Mrs. Rogers drives her own car, and loves every phase of outdoor life. She rode a great deal as a child, and is devoted to fine horses. She is an ardent advocate of athletic sports for women and girls, for she attributes her own splendid health to her love and practice of them since childhood.

The young wife of Representative Rogers also has a great zest for politics. She has never appeared with her husband on a public platform, but she has been through his district with him on several trips. She knows personally a great number of his constituents, and takes a vital interest in anything that concerns them. Like most women in public life in Washington, Mrs. Rogers is informed on al legislation closely. Music is another of her many interests but if she may be said to have a hobby it is foreign travel. She has spent much time abroad, and she and her husband went half way round the world on their wedding trip.

Libertyville Monday on his way to Washington.

Little John Sellers who has been ill for the last eight weeks is improving slowly.

School election was held Monday evening and the following teachers were elected for the ensuing year.

Miss Ethel Evans, primary room. Miss Lulu Mason, intermediate. Miss Lelah Linder and Miss Lelah McCleary third and fourth rooms.

Moses Kiger returned Saturday from Los Angeles, Cal., where he spent the winter.

Frank Hurst and Mrs. J. Hurst left last Saturday for Traverse City, Mich., called there by the death of Frank Hurst's only sister.

The W. F. M. S. met with Mrs. C. W. Leppo Tuesday afternoon. "Our work for the world" was the topic.

Last Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Ira Peobles entertained the birth-day club at their home west of town. Games and music were the entertainment of the evening. A fine supper was served by the young ladies and all reported a good time.

Mrs. Kenneth Russell and baby returned to their home in Mystic Friday after a two weeks' visit here and in Burlington with relatives. She was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. U. P. Fenell.

ALBIA.

J. M. Castor of Lovilla died Tuesday morning at 1 o'clock. His son, B. P. Castner, arrived Tuesday morning at six o'clock from the west. He was unable to reach Albia until after his father's death. The Masons will have charge of the funeral as Mr. Castner was a prominent member of that order.

E. F. Brown of Buxton, republican candidate for the legislature, was in Albia on business Tuesday.

J. F. Porter, secretary of the Monroe County Fair association, is in Burlington looking after the circuit for the fair. LaHarp, Ill., Mt. Pleasant and Albia are on the circuit.

Mel Stump, who lives near Eddyville, was an Albia visitor Tuesday.

Sol Edwards' automobile was burned Monday night while returning from Buxton. A lighted lantern was the cause.

Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Tom Bailey which occurred in the hospital in Ottumwa.

HEARING IS CONCLUDED.

New York, April 16.—The examination in this city of witnesses in the government's prosecution of the so-called cereal trust was concluded today. The next hearing will be held in Chicago on Monday April 27.