MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Cousin Agatha Unconsciously Aided Madge.

I WENT straight to my mother-in-law's room as soon as I entered the house, for I wished to make certain that I would not be disturbed while reading the note which the Japanese servant of the mysterious men next door had slipped into my hand in such stealthy fashion. I knew that to enlist her aid was the surest means of attaining my end.

She was sitting by the window looking out into the side lawn where my perennial plants, transplanted a few weeks before from the old Brennan place, were just beginning to show their first blossoms. Cousin Agatha, a book of poems in her hand, was sitting near her and evidently had been reading aloud. Cousin Agatha's reading voice is an anomaly. It is entirely different from her speaking voice, which, with its martyr-like whine, usually makes the cold chills run up and down my back. But put a book into Cousin Agatha's hand and her cadences become musical, a delight to the ear.

Neither woman looked up as I entered. It is a discourteous little custom common to both of them when a member of the immediate family or a servant comes into the room. Even Dicky is not always exempt, although both women generally show him more courtesy than they do me.

Mother Graham "Remembers."

I have found so many sterling qualities in my mother-in-law that I have ceased to remark the little custom or lack of it in her. But I always resent it at the hands of her cousin, for I always fancy there is something specially marked in her studious ignoring of my presence until I have spoken to her.

"Do you know, Margaret, I believe your columbines and sweet williams are going to do very nearly as well as they did over at the other place," my mother-in-law remarked as I crossed the room toward her. I was feline enough to ignore the presence of Cousin Agatha to the same degree that she ignored mine.

"That's due to Jim," I returned, with a grateful remembrance of the way in which Katie's husband had worked over the transplanting of my favorites. "Don't you remember the big balls of earth he took with each plant?"

"I remember that I directed him exactly how to do it," retorted my mother-in-law tartly, and I had hard work to repress a smile, for Jim had transplanted the perennials before we moved our furniture, and the day he did the work was one antedating by nearly a week the day of my mother-in-law's return home.

But I knew better than to contradict her. She wasn't deliberately dishonest in claiming credit for directing Jim's work. But her habit of thought was distinctly arrogant, and she had been for many years the absolute dictator of her daughter's household. I knew she really believed that no delicate task either was or could be done without her assistance.

"Then I ought to thank you," I replied diplomatically, "and I shall certainly remember the process if ever I have any transplanting done again. For they are surely blooming in royal fashion."

"Out with It."

A little gratified smile twitched the corners of my mother-in-law's mouth, and I thanked my stars that a dangerous corner had been rounded safely.

But I reckoned without the quiet malice of Cousin Agatha. She gave a dry little laugh, then quickly affected to smother it. Her cousin looked up sharply.

"What are you cackling about?" she demanded.

"Nothing," Cousin Agatha returned demurely.

"Fiddlesticks!" returned my mother-in-law. "You always mean mischief when you snicker like that. I can remember your doing it when we played dolls together. Out with it!"

"I was simply amused," Cousin Agatha drawled with seeming reluctance, although I knew that she was simply bubbling with eager, malicious mischief inside, "to hear dear Margaret chime in so readily with your statement that you directed Jim how to set those plants, when I distinctly remember your looking at the bed when we first came over here and inquiring who did them and how they had been done."

She dropped her eyes to her book again, and I could cheerfully have slapped the smugness from her visage when I saw the gray pallor of humiliation steal across my mother-in-law's face. The elder Mrs. Graham is one of the proudest women I know. It is her besetting sin. To be proved wrong is a tragedy to her. To realize, as she did in that moment of enlightenment, that I had been humoring her in a delusion as I would a child, must have been gall and wormwood to her.

I fairly trembled in my shoes as I stood waiting, wondering what she would do or say. I fully expected that she would include me in her resentment.

But to my surprise she turned to me with a look that touched me deeply, it held so much of loving gratitude.

"Margaret, will you let me come to your room awhile?" she asked. "I am very tired of this one."

Her tone was so significant that I saw her cousin wince. But she went on with her reading as if she'd noticed nothing.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Stammering Not a Physical Only an Emotional Defect

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

TANTALUS starving and thirsting in the water with the finest fruits hanging overhead, only to recede when he strove to drink or eat of them, suffered little more than does the stammerer.

Mr. Ernest Tompkins, M. E., an engineer who has perhaps contributed more than any physician or surgeon to an understanding and a remedy for this speech disorder, says: "Probably the most tantalizing human disorder is stammering—absent in singing, in solitude, in concert reading or reciting, in ecstasy, in terror, yet present when the victim desires to say his name, to telephone, to apply for a position, to introduce a friend."

Most doctors, as well as the general public, misunderstand stammering, and medical men, alienists, psychologists and others accustomed to parade ostensible erudition are apparently hopelessly deadlocked in contradictions, yet the phenomena of stammering are in plain sight. They ignore or fail to record these simple facts:

Points to Remember.

The stammerer shows signs of embarrassment, and he also exhibits evidence of misdirected effort. He presses his lips tightly together, the tongue against the upper teeth.

The stammerer also exhausts his breath, holds his breath and holds his mouth widely open. You or any one who tries to talk with the lips pressed tightly together, or in any of the above mentioned ways, will discover that speech is impeded.

You may not stammer, because you are cold-blooded in your attempt, and you experience no embarrassment. If, however, you are telling a strange story, as Prof. Tompkins suggests, and your lips suddenly stick together and your cheeks puff, your auditors will laugh and you might be embarrassed.

This is what the stammerer feels. His speech is suddenly blocked, and he is guiltily conscious of the effect on the others around. It embarrasses him, he remembers the embarrassment, and he stammers because he fears that he will.

Children begin stammering either by haste in speech—thoughts rushing to the tongue's tip faster than the muscular mechanism can move—by imitation or as a joke.

Almost any interference with speech accompanied by emotional excitement, glandular overflow, fright and consciousness that leads to embarrassment may start stammering. The fright or emotion is involuntary. Distraction such as recitation or singing ecstacy will release the check and allow normal speech to flow.

Due to Panic.

Evidently then, stammering is panicky interference with normal speech. The least common denominator or the most frequent cause of practically all stammering is a temporary interruption of speech.

The stammerer's false idea is, therefore, that he has a physical speech defect, because he has difficulty with words. His conclusive efforts must be stopped. He must be taught calmness. He must be taught to substitute easy words, to use signs, to write, but not to stammer. He should have congenial companionship, an absence of all arguments and heated discussions, a change of scene to provide distraction and easy subjects of conversation.

Finally, the mere absence of the "hitch in his speech," the convulsive effect, is often sufficient to show him that there is no inherent physical defect but only an emotional one.

Answers to Health Questions

A. B. C. Q—Would you please advise what can be done to make a thin face fuller?

A—Massage the face either with a little cocoa butter or olive oil.

* * *

M. F. S. Q—What should be done for hair that is falling out excessively?

A—Massage the head with a little of the following:

Quinine	1 dram
Pilocarpine	2½ grains
Salicylic acid	15 grains
Lanolin	½ ounce
Petrolatum	½ ounce

* * *

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 enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

WORDS of WISE MEN

Nothing is humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.—*Anon.*

* * *

A bold surprise at a belief is sometimes the best argument against it.
—*London Quarterly.*

* * *

Amid all the changes that are going on around us, I believe that nothing true or good will ever perish.—*Anon.*

* * *

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he isn't apt to be talkative.—*George D. Prentice.*

* * *

Never does a man know the force that is in him till some mighty affection or grief has humanized the soul.
—*Robertson.*

* * *

Our duties to others ought to be continually looked at from their standpoint.
—*Essays on Social Subjects.*

Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Learns How Cotton Cloth May Make a Stunning Dress.

IT is astonishing how much we have learned to do with some of the cotton fabrics that we used to consider "not quite good enough" to be made up into fancy frocks. Ginghams and cottons that we frequently used only for the simplest frocks, are now draped and made up to select some dove-gray garment.

Afternoon Dress of Gray and Gold.

She is tall and a positive brunette. She has a natural high coloring, and, consequently, a soft gray frock of any kind gives her figure a touch of reserve and dignity which is very attractive. In view of her black hair and good coloring she can wear the various tones of yellow and gold, and they're exceedingly becoming to her.

This afternoon dress is a charming gray and yellow color scheme. The color is gray cotton marquisette, and the skirt is three-tiered. The two upper panels depend from the waistline in soft gathered folds, and are finished at the bottom with gray silk fringe.

The blouse is perfectly plain, ending at the waist with a soft satin belt. The roll collar is of yellow organdie, and is clasped at the right shoulder with a tiny mother-of-pearl buckle. The sleeves are long and loose with bell-shaped cuffs of yellow organdie.

Miss L. looked positively queenly in the frock, simple though it was, but it was perfectly obvious that the gown showed off to such splendid advantage because of her build and color. Gray and yellow are two colors that the pale, pallid woman cannot wear unless, of course, they're counteracted by some other striking color. The brunette with colorless cheeks may be able to wear yellow in combination with burnt orange or electric blue or some equally striking shade.

This particular frock, although made up in two difficult colors of gray and gold, nevertheless is designed with a view to neutralizing the sombre effect of the dominant color of the dress—gray. As the illustration shows, the gray itself doesn't lie near the face, for there are few complexions that can stand close proximity to gray without its absorbing all their freshness and color. But soft yellow organdie around the neck reflects rather than absorbs the color of the complexion as the gray would.

So, too, there is yellow organdie at the cuffs. It is a mistake to have a dark color like gray or black at the cuffs unless the hand is especially plump and white. These dark colors worn up to the wrist give the hand a yellow cast. The organdies in yellow and pink can be introduced into the cuffs of almost any dark frock to set off the hands and cause them to appear to better advantage.

trimmed so as to be appropriate for afternoon or even formal wear.

Today we fitted a simple cotton marquisette to a popular movie star, and in spite of the inexpensiveness of the fabric she looked queenly in it.

Like many other young women, she is confining herself to sombre colors in the main, and she came in with her mind

THE ECHO

By Frank Crerie

WHEN the ships sail away on the great adventure and one of them bears the ONE man of her heart, she calls to him where'er she may be her farewell—"God speed." Whether she stands on a headland overlooking the sea, and with her own eyes watches the boats of battle dim into the horizon, or only sees them sail with the eyes of her love, she calls to him with her HEART. Is it a phenomena of the great outdoors or the magic of love—back to her comes the echo, magically changed—HIS voice it is—whispering his last cheery hail to HER till back he sails home in VICTORY.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT A Human Ghoul

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Winifred Black

DID you ever read an old-fashioned story about a ghoul?

I remember the first one I ever read. It was in a red-covered fairy book that I kept hidden in the crotch of the apple tree right in the edge of the orchard where the hammock was. And when I came home from school I used to get a lot of apples and a plate of cookies and run out to the hammock and settle down in the shade and read. And always, no matter what other book I took with me, before it was time for me to go into the house for dinner, I reached up into the crotch of the old apple tree and read about princes and genii, and fairies and hobgoblins, and godmothers and mermaids, but always and always I went back and read about the ghoul.

She was a pale, delicate creature of marvelous beauty who lived in some wonderful palace in the gorgeous east. She wore a robe of cloth of silver, embroidered in diamonds, and her black curls were interwoven with diamonds so that they sparkled as dew sparkles in the grass and her husband, the Young Prince, loved her to madness. But there was one strange thing about her—she would never eat with him or drink with him, and there was something queer in the light of her eyes and one night he followed her, and there she was in the graveyard—and when he spoke to her she screeched and turned into a panther, and then he knew that she was a ghoul who lived on the flesh of human beings.

A Ghoul in Real Life

That story held me with a hideous fascination. There was something about the picture of the Princess that made me think of one of my teachers—poor thing, she was as good as gold, but she was pale and she had red lips, and her hair was quite black, and she would have looked lovely in a gown of silver embroidered in diamonds. I noticed that she never ate very much lunch, not even when we brought her pieces of mince pie and chocolate cake, and I used to sit in school and look at her and imagine and imagine. I wonder what she thought I was thinking about?

But yesterday I met a ghoul and talked with her and heard her terrible voice and saw her living upon human beings, though she didn't look like the Princess at all. She was a big woman, very fat, and her hair wasn't black, but bright yellow, and her face was not pale at all, but had scarlet blotches on each cheek and her eyebrows were very black and her skin was as white as snow. She wore enormous earrings and a lot of cheap rings on her hands, which were stubby and not very clean, and the room where I saw her wasn't hung with ancient draperies or relieved with satin or rustling with cloth of gold or silver. It was a dirty little dingy room in a dirty, dingy little flat, and there were cheap curtains at the windows and there was a plush cover on the table.

This woman told me that she saw standing beside me the figure of one I loved most dearly, and that she had a message for me from him, and when I did not answer, she repeated the message and my heart stood still—no, not with joy, not with tremulous affection, but with bitter anger, for the woman who told me these things was a ghoul and she was trying to feed upon my aching heart.

Another woman was with me in that room, one who lost her little daughter, the very core of her very heart. She doesn't say much about it, but I know that life has never been much to her since that little girl closed her eyes and lay down to sleep the deep sleep of those who never awaken again. My friend, whose little girl is gone, does the best she can to fill the aching desolation in her life by calling children around her and reading to them. She tells them stories and makes candy for them and tries to make them as happy as she can, but sometimes when one of them has come close to her, I have seen her face contract as if she were in some terrible agony, and I know what it is she feels.

The Coarse Deception

She would give every drop of blood in her veins for just one touch of the little chubby hand she knew—and that ghoul sat there and tried to make that woman believe that her little girl had come back and was sending her a message. There wasn't a thing about these messages she gave that sounded in the least like either of those for whom she pretended to speak. They sounded exactly like her—coarse and vulgar, and without understanding and without feeling, and she faded away from my sight and all at once I was back in the orchard reading about the ghoul who lived upon the blood of human beings.

I am going to hunt through all the book stores and find the old red story book with that story in it about the ghoul, and I'm going to mark it and send it to this woman whose hair isn't black, and who doesn't wear cloth of silver, and who isn't a Princess, but who is for all that, a ghoul.

I wonder if she will know what I mean when I mark that story and send it to her?

Advice to Girls By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am 17 years of age, and have been going with a certain soldier for six months. Do you think I am old enough to know the difference between real and "puppy" love?

He is 22 years of age, and I know he loves me, not only because he has told me so, but because all his actions show it.

The other afternoon—to be frank, it was just yesterday—he asked me to go automobiling with his sisters and other relatives.

After the ride I was down at his place, and met his parents. All his people were very nice to me, and they seem to like me.

I like them all, especially one of his sisters, and I have a question to ask concerning her. On our short acquaintance do you think it would be improper for me to send her a birthday gift, as her birthday is in August?

If it would be correct, would you please let me know what I could send her? Something that would not be so very expensive.

I know that you will help me out, so I will expect an answer shortly.
Please write me personally.
FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but it's impossible for me to write personal letters. You see, I'm so busy answering letters through the paper that I really haven't the time to devote to personal correspondence. But I'm sure you'll understand, and I know you'll see your answer.

Of course, at 17 you may know the difference between real and "puppy" love, but if you really and truly do, you're one 17-year-old girl in many hundreds. But this shouldn't make any difference in your liking this "certain soldier," nor should it interfere with your liking or friendship for his family. If I were you I shouldn't think of love at all. I'd just be my own good, sensible, kindly self, and leave the rest to time.

There's no reason why you shouldn't remember his sister's birthday. But there's every reason why you shouldn't send her a gift of value. Just a few simple flowers—her favorite flowers, if you can learn what they are—accompanied by a simple little note of congratulation upon her birthday would be just about the right remembrance.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

"Let's Ask Mother"

By FLORENCE HOWARD

THE light in the kitchen is in the centre of the room at our house," said the caller, "and I am going to have another put in over the sink. It's so trying to work in one's shadow and I have to get supper late when the boys work until ten, as they do every other week."

"Of course, that will have to be done," said her husband, "but I hate to put any money into that old house."

"Mother had the same experience when we moved here," said Bess, "and the maid we had then was always blaming the centre light for poor work, until Mother arranged a mirror so that it reflected the light right into the sink. Just a cheap mirror, but it saved nerves, time and money.

"Try that and see if it doesn't solve the problem for you."

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"DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War

By ALBERT BARRETT SAYRES

Serving Enticing Dishes.

The difference between a really good cook and one who merely can cook, is often largely a matter of serving the right food in an unusual way. That is, of two cooks whose food is equally good as nourishment, the one who is accounted "a good cook" is the one who serves her food in most enticing style.

Particularly and especially is this true in these days when so many are learning more about the right way to prepare food and what foods are best in point of nourishment. Economy and patriotism dictate the saving of every crumb of bread and every ounce of meat and vegetables. Therefore, there must be no leftovers that go to waste. The ability of the good cook now is best shown in so preparing and serving leftovers and unfamiliar dishes that they entice the appetite of every member of the family.

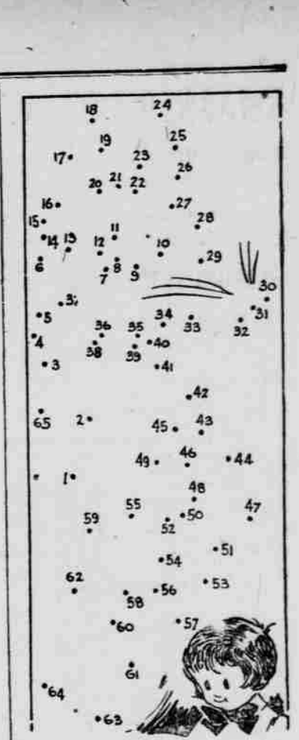
Using up Fish.

Fish is a problem to some housewives to use up without a particle of waste. Cold fish isn't relished by many, and some refuse to eat of fish at a second meal. If you are confronted by this problem in finicky appetites, try the following:

Make little individual fish pies in ramekins and within each ramekin cook some mashed potato.

Saving Every Bottle.

When once a bottle is emptied see that it is returned to the milk dealer. If it's a milk bottle, or that those bottles which you buy outright are preserved for your own use. Even the smallest are valuable for the preserving of fruit juices, or for extracts which may be made at home.



Can you finish this picture?
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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