

Health Hints :- Fashions :- Woman's Work :- Household Topics

Secret of the Volcano

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

Nature is the great maker and user of explosives. But its dynamite is steam. With it she can wreck a world. In the face of the moon we see the aspect of a little planet which has been wrecked in that manner. Nature's exploding boilers are volcanoes.

The same frames of dead volcanoes of gigantic size cover the face of the moon, but their motive force is gone because the moon no longer has either free water or sufficient internal heat to turn the water into steam. She looks like a monstrous Verduin that, ages ago, was subjected to a storm of shells a billion times mightier than any that Krupp's biggest guns can hurl.

The earth has both, and consequently it has active volcanoes. This is the earliest, and, upon the whole, the most consistent and probable explanation of volcanic action. All the active volcanoes are sufficiently near the sea to be within the probable range of percolating subterranean water. But some of the water no doubt comes from the rocks themselves. Still, there are no active volcanoes at great distances from the ocean.

Those found in the far interior of continents are mere dead shells, telling of a time when they were animated by the gigantic force of steam, supplied from water sources now lacking.

Whenever Vesuvius or Etna explodes with a furious eruption there are preliminary shakings, spurtings and subterranean groanings, which indicate the gathering of the forces in the choked vents of the volcano. If a steam engineer neglects his boiler and allows its safety valve to become clogged it will blow up.

If the fragments could fall back into place after every blow-up and form a new obstruction to the gathering steam, there would be an endless series of explosions as long as the water lasted and the fires burned. So with a volcano; an eruption relieves the internal pressure and clears the volcanic pipes, but as soon as the outgush ceases the vents are re-clogged, obstructive material presses in from all sides and the imprisoned forces set to work to collect energy for another outburst.

Of course, there are other causes and vapors besides steam in the emanations of a volcano, but they are subsidiary to the steam, which furnishes the principal motive power. In addition to the flying fragments, the bombs, and the vast clouds of dust and vapor shot out of a volcano, are the floods of molten rock and hot mud that flow down the vent sides of the crater or force their way through the flanks of the mountain, but the uplifting force behind these is mainly that of imprisoned steam.

When the earth is practically dried up and has no more oceans it will have no more volcanic eruptions. The planet Mars has nearly, if not quite, reached that condition, and no astronomer has ever seen a volcanic eruption on Mars, although with modern telescopes the effects of one as great as ours have had within the last thirty or forty years on the earth would be easily visible.

The black clouds filling thousands of square miles of the atmosphere would be seen forming and spreading, for the permanent surface of Mars is plainly visible. It repeats the story of the moon. As to Venus, we cannot tell with certainty because its solid surface, for some reason, is not clearly visible. Jupiter seems to be in a constant state of ebullition, like a boiling globe where nothing retains a permanent shape, except, perhaps, the strange region called "the great red spot."

There is on the earth a beautiful example of a kind of model volcano, from whose study the most interesting information is obtained. It is the island of Stromboli in the Mediterranean Sea, a sort of free school of volcanology. There, from time immemorial, frequent, and more or less regular, explosions have been going on. These eruptions are not severe enough to prevent observers from placing themselves on a slope of the mountain above the crater, which lies half down one side, and watching the workings of the forces beneath.

Between eruptions the bottom of the crater, with its fiery sprays, can be clearly inspected. Sometimes only steam is blown off; sometimes fragments of rocks are shot up with the stifling gases and vapors. Occasionally the molten matter in the crater is forced up to the lip.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

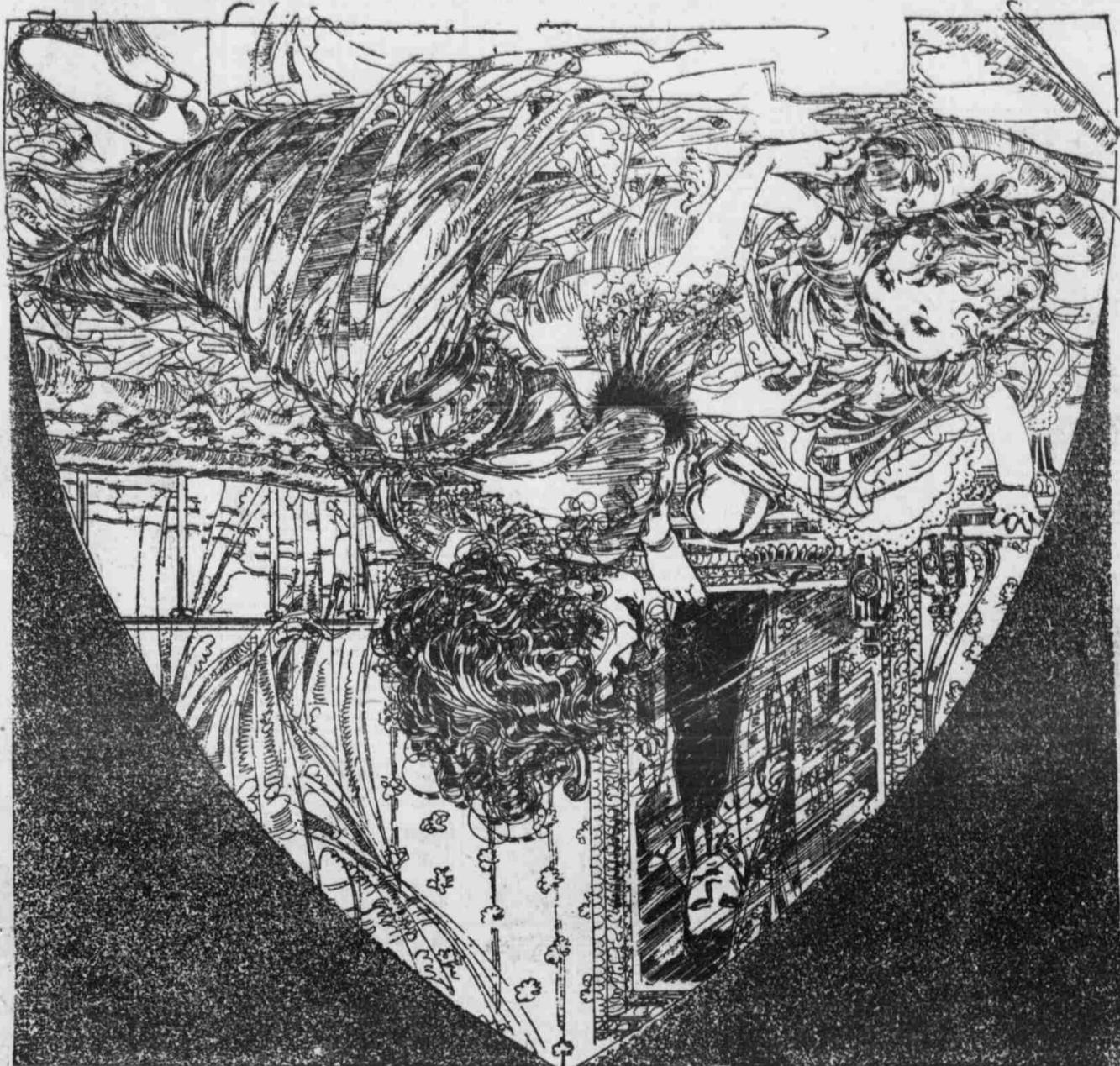
Mourning.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it customary for one to visit places of amusement such as theaters, while in mourning? A dear friend of mine lost her father about a month ago, and since then has done nothing but sit at home and brood over his troubles. She can't go out and enjoy herself, at the same time, and enjoy himself. Dancing is out of the question, but do you think it is in the line of going to see a good play?
I do not believe in ever hugging grief to one's bosom or being deliberately unhappy. There certainly is a natural respect which any loving heart wants to pay to its dead. But the father who loved your friend would never have wished his son to suffer unnecessarily. And if this man is getting morbid over his sufferings, he owes it to himself to seek some diversion which will enable him to find strength to meet his bereavement. However, it is only natural that he should be somewhat loath to go to places of amusement. As soon as he can adjust himself to seeking a little harmless diversion, such as going to concerts, lectures or even to the theater, it would be wise for him to do so.

An Unreasonable Stand.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have a dear girl friend who has been going about with a mourning veil. Now, we, my girl friend and I, had decided to have a surprise party in honor of this young man's sister, it being inconvenient for his mother to come to my home to notify me, and while there offered to take me to the moving picture.

Why Dinner Wasn't Ready

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By Nell Brinkley



THE little bride remembered dinner when she slipped on her frilled apron and tied it behind her straight little back! But from that time, when, with a dainty forefinger against her lower lip, she said, "creamed cauliflower, he loves that," and leaned to look into the bedroom just once at the jolly pink baby lying there on the broad, white bed—until a smothered

laugh, and a rustle at the door behind her back, and a big man pounding on her with cold cheeks and bundles, and his hair ruffled from a wrenched-off hat, with "Where's my dinner?" growled in the voice of the "Big Bear," brought her up sharp—she remembers nothing. She did not know how many minutes the big man had lurked in the doorway with glittering eyes on the two who were fiercely his own. But when he had

smoothed her tumbled hair and held her face hard against his and then "made dough" out of the chuckling, kicking little person with the hair of down, and had heard her confused, shamed confession, "I—I forgot dinner. I was playing with the baby!" he laughed aloud and jeered, "The baby! Two babies were playing, is the right of it, Candy-Hair!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Sort of Girl to Marry

By GRACE DARLING.

Whose Talent and Beauty Have Won for Her an Envious Place in the Moving Picture World.

A young man I know told me the other day that he was going to be married.

"I hope you will be very happy," I said as I congratulated him.

"Oh, I'm sure I'm taking no chances on that," he replied confidently. "For I am marrying my little office partner. We've worked together for four years, and we know all of each other's little faults and peculiarities, and how to get around them."

"When she comes down of a morning cross, and jumpy with nerves I send her out on some errand that will take her into the fresh air, and tell her not to come back for two or three hours."

"And when I'm grumpy, she just says to me, 'Bear' and makes a face at me, and goes off and leaves me until I have worked off my grouch, instead of bursting into tears and having hysterics because I'm cross."

"You see she knows how to deal with an overworked man, which is something that few domestic women comprehend. Furthermore, I know about 11,000,000 things more about getting along with women, from having worked with them, than the man does who has never seen any woman at close range except his mother and sisters, and he isn't much acquainted with them."

"You never hear of any man getting a divorce who has married his stenographer, or office assistant, or even business woman," added my friend, triumphantly.

"And I don't believe I ever did."

"Of course, there are a great many reasons why the business girl should make the best sort of a matrimonial risk. One thing is that the training in an office corrects many of the essentially feminine faults. It teaches a girl to be prompt, orderly and decisive. She must do things on time; she must do them properly, and she must make up mind on the spur of the moment without any shilly shallying and flitting back and forth between 'I will' and 'I won't.'"

Then, having earned money herself, makes a woman careful of how she spends it. She knows every dollar comes through weariness and anxiety, and is bought with just that much of life and blood; and she doesn't throw it away with the sublime carelessness of the woman who seems to think that checks grow on trees.

The business life teaches a girl an iron self-control. No matter what she does, she has to learn to keep temper, and her

tongue, and to take criticism of her work and her opinions impersonally, instead of considering them deadly insults. She has to learn to keep her precious little feelings to herself, instead of spreading them all over the place, and howling whenever anybody steps on them.

But the chief reason that the business girl makes an ideal wife, is because having worked herself, she has a sympathy for her husband, and a comprehension of what he does that no home-keeping woman can possibly have.

The average woman regards a man's going downtown of a morning in the nature of a lark. She thinks it would just be fun to spend the day with a lot of other people in a nice office or store, seeing fresh faces, and hearing new stories all day long, and she thinks it all pretense when her husband says he is too tired to go out of an evening, or even to talk.

The girl who has been in business knows the frightful strain of getting up every morning and going to work at a certain time, whether you are weary or rested, or sick or well. She knows that no battlefield was ever the scene of a greater conflict than goes on every hour of the day in store of counting-room, and that the higher up the man, the more his expenditure of brain and brawn.

She knows what it is to come home so nerve worn and exhausted that it seems that just to have to make one more effort would be the straw that breaks the camel's back.

And so from her own experience, she refrains from adding to the burdens of a man who has already got all he can bear, and she cuddles and comforts him as no other wife does her husband, because the other woman doesn't understand, and never can understand how he needs it.

That's why, if I were a man, I'd pick out a business woman for a wife.

Spring Painting Tips

Paint brushes are expensive articles, yet they are frequently permitted to become almost worthless through neglect.

In order to keep them in good condition procure a dish or tin can deep enough to stand them in and pour into it water to a height that will cover the bristles of the brushes, and then pour in a little machine or lubricating oil. The oil prevents not only the rusting of the iron of the brush parts and of the tin, but also the evaporation of the water.

Wrap the bristles of each brush in paper and tie the paper in place with a string. This keeps the oil from coming in contact with the bristles and also preserves their shape. With such care you will find your brushes in splendid condition for the next job.

The Treatment of Cancer

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

When it comes to forms of treatment other than the surgical operation, we must confess our embarrassment, almost our helplessness.

Numerous as they are, we are compelled in the present state of our knowledge to say of all of them, that they should be considered only after an operation has failed, or is out of the question, or as accessories to operation, to diminish the likelihood of recurrence of the growth.

This sounds like a sweeping and discouraging statement, and will probably be bitterly resented by many eager enthusiasts with the X-ray, radium and with various serums and cultures. But it seems to represent the sober judgment of the profession and of those who have had the widest experience with the disease at present. The future we hope may make a better showing.

A great variety of methods other than surgical have been eagerly tried, the latest and most frequent being the injection into the growth of irritating or coagulating substances, in the hope of destroying it or causing it to break down.

Then come the applications of heat in various forms, from searing with a hot iron to electro-cautery, the X-ray, the burning-glass, concentrating the sun's rays; the so-called Finzen light-through huge blue lenses; using the cold or ultra-violet rays of light; radial emanations, fulgurations with electric discharges, etc., etc.

Next come the injection into the growth of a variety of serums and cultures, in the hope that they will break down the cancer mass and destroy the cancer cells. Cultures from cases of erysipelas, cultures of two or three germs mixed together, as in the well-known Coley's fluid for the special form of cancer called "Sarcoma," serums made from patients who have recovered from cancer, or from the blood of those who are still suffering from it; and so on ad infinitum.

There are almost as many kinds of cures as there are cancers, and the subject is hugely beyond the possibility of consideration in detail. But one general principle and hope underlies all of these methods, and that is the discovery of some influence—drug, heat, light, germs—will have a selective effect; i. e., will destroy the cells of the cancer and leave those of the surrounding tissues untouched.

As will be readily understood when we remember the mushroom growth and fungus softness of the cancer cells, there is no great difficulty in producing a certain amount of effect of this sort. In fact, many of these injections and rays will produce a noticeable shrinking and

breaking down of the growth, sufficient to arouse the most glowing hopes of a complete cure.

Indeed, the cancer cells are so tender and unstable that almost any injurious influence applied to them will kill more of them than it will of the body cells about. It is strongly suspected, in fact, that the remarkable temporary results sometimes produced by the X-rays, radium, by violet light, etc., are merely due to the amount of heat which is made to penetrate the tumor and shrivel up the more sensitive and delicate cancer cells.

But, unfortunately, when it comes to a permanent cure, the ease with which a cancer may be made to shrink is in almost exactly inverse ratio to the certainty with which it can be kept shrunken. The reason is painfully clear again from the nature of the cancer cells.

Although almost any injurious influence can be so applied as to kill them and spare the healthy and surrounding tissues, it is practically impossible to so apply it as to reach those which have progressed two, four or six inches into the body, i. e., without burning a hole in the patient's body of the size of a derby hat.

No matter how completely the original or surface growth has shrunk down and disappeared under the influence of radium, the X-ray, or violet rays, in eight cases out of ten so far as the seed cells escape and the growth comes back either in the neighborhood of its origin or in some of the internal organs.

Almost the only exception to the regretful statement is the case of certain superficial cancers of the skin, the eyelids, the nose, face and hands, which can be completely cleared up by exposure to either radium or the X-ray.

But these, unfortunately, have been known for forty years, for some strange reason, never to throw off seed cells which penetrate the deeper cells of the body and produce secondary cancers. We still have hopes that with increasing experience and improved technique better results may be obtained. But up to date the number of cases of proved cancer which have been cured and stayed cured for five years or more after treatment with the X-rays, or radium, or serums, is painfully small. And, of course, we don't begin to use the term "cure" in connection with cancer until at least three and usually five to seven years have elapsed without any fresh signs.

An Unselfish Soul

Weary Waggle, having eaten a hearty lunch, turned to say good-by to his hostess.

"What!" she cried. "Going already?"

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.

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"No, ma'am," said Weary, "but you see, lady, I kind of thought some other poor feller wantin' a job might be comin' along soon, and if I done it all there wouldn't be nothin' left for him."—Sunday Visitor.

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