

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

That Bugbear Indigestion

Takes Much of the Joy Out of Life

Says Dr. Copeland

Put Most Likely You're Not as Badly Off as You Think—Right Eating and Living Work Wonders in Correcting Digestive Troubles.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
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INDIGESTION is the bugbear of thousands of persons. They would do almost anything to be restored to good health. There are many varieties of indigestion or dyspepsia. What is called "acidity" is perhaps the commonest of all. It comes at any age and may last only a few days or it may persist for months. Sometimes it ends in ulcer of the stomach or some other thing worse. That is sufficient reason for avoiding this condition.



DR. COPELAND

There are three symptoms always present in ulcer of the stomach. They are pain, vomiting and hemorrhage; pain is the chief sign of this trouble. Heartburn and constipation, blood mingled with the vomited food, severe pains in the middle of the back and stomach, may indicate ulcer.

Rest is the first remedy for this condition. The patient must have special feeding, but the physician in attendance will see to this. He must direct the treatment.

One of the common causes of indigestion is taking food without chewing it properly. Whole pieces of meat and other food are too commonly swallowed without chewing. You are bound to have disturbances in stomach and bowels after such a performance.

Digestion begins in the mouth. For this reason thorough mastication of the food and free mixture with the saliva are necessary to good digestion. If you properly chew your food, and then have pain in the stomach and belching of gas, that might mean the indigestion is caused by an insufficient quantity or a poor quality of gastric juice.

There may be deficient muscular power in the stomach. This will present an important factor in the diagnosis. This leads to a very common form of indigestion. Sometimes the food is only partly digested. Fermentation and decomposition of food in the stomach result.

There are means of preventing these digestive troubles. But every system of cure calls for a drastic change in the diet, as well as in the eating and living habits.

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Here Come the Wedding Presents!

WHETHER the gift will be welcomed with joy or the secret wish that some other choice had been made, depends on how much one can find out in advance about the housekeeping plans of the new couple.

It used to be hard enough to decide on an acceptable gift. This was furnished by the bride-to-be. True, silver and linen are relatively safe. Good taste, but sometimes expensive. However, always there was the fear of duplication. And not without cause. Many a young bride had cause for quiet grumbling when she surveyed the triplicate pie knives and fancy carving sets and assorted sets of candlesticks—most of which she would gladly have traded in for a homely, more useful article.

And her hard lot was matched by the bride who yearned for lovely, useless things and whose matter-of-fact friends showered her with sturdy, purposeful furnishings.

Surely there's a middle ground—and there ought to be a law of etiquette to guide the job for donors, and simultaneously make the bride more cheerful when she surveys the mementoes of the occasion. This is an age of forthright speech, and

rather than buy in doubt, it were wiser to ask the recipient, directly or indirectly.

Housekeeping articles are useful—providing she intends to keep house. Not everybody does in these days of so many women continuing with their jobs after marriage. If she is to live in the lightest of light housekeeping class, she will need a few of the sorts of dainty accessories to make things easy for her. Electrical equipment—but this must be checked up with possible duplications first, if the articles are not exchangeable afterward. China, linen, silver, all the standard wedding gifts, are not what she needs. There is a great difference in the kind of linen required by a light-housekeeping couple who eat out a great deal and entertain out, from the kind of nappy which will be appreciated by heavy home entertainers.

As for decorations—there one must walk softly. For the couple who plan a modernistic home may have decided opinions on exactly what shapes, colors, objects fit. That being Chinese, Japanese, or the fine Oriental rug which Great-aunt Martha selected so conscientiously, may receive anything but a warm welcome. If these moderns regard it as incongruous with the decorative scheme, it's out. Only the young couple, themselves, can tell precisely what will blend with their decorative ideas, and choosing a gift without this confidence is almost hazardous. It may waste time and money for the donor—and place on polite recipients the unhappy duty of looking enthusiastic over something that makes them groan inwardly.

Still, it must be said that the gift question is far from hopeless. The revival of the beautiful antique reproductions—in furniture, pewter, colorful linens and draperies, provide a larger range of choice than ever before. Smoking accessories that will blend with the decorative scheme, and yet are good looking in themselves, are now in the useful-but-beautiful class. For bookish couples, anything from membership in a book club up to some of the new bookcases, cleverly designed to be reading table, bookrack, magazine holder, writing desk. As for bridegrooms, there is no limit to the number of charming and helpful objects which will be acceptable—tables, lamps, accessories.

Incidentally, if gifts are initiated, it's best to find out from the bride which she prefers, her married or single friends. According to old-fashioned etiquette, the bride's maiden name was used—but this is no longer an inflexible rule. She now follows her own whim about initials.

Posture—and the Draped Frocks

The Change from Carefree Short-Dress Days Means You Must Acquire Grace.

By Josephine Huddleston

I WONDER if you get as much enjoyment out of reading the new beauty articles as I do writing them? I was just thinking that only last year at this time we all were interested in learning how to sit down and rise gracefully when wearing short skirts and today we must talk about how to rise and sit gracefully without getting all tangled up in our long hem lines!

With the new clothes we've simply got to get over slouching and lounging and sitting on our feet. I know it's comfortable, but only because we have permitted our bodies to become accustomed to those positions. A little training in the new way in which they should be poised and we will be equally at ease. But it will take some conscious training.

Then, too, I think we should wear our new frocks around within the privacy of our own room and do a little sitting and standing in front of the mirror before we can know just what needs to be changed.

Practise Before a Mirror.

The long bouffant frocks are more easily managed than the long draped ones because we've been wearing the bouffant type for evening for several seasons now. But the long skirts for informal occasions, particularly with sports models, are the ones that are going to cause beauty disaster if we don't watch out. Of course, work sports clothes are very little longer than last season and I don't think they will worry us as much as those chosen for formal sports wear.

First it is necessary to don the frock and note carefully how it falls and what it does as you sit down or rise. Circular skirts have a way of falling into the most awkward lines unless they are properly managed, and this means, of course, watching the position of the body.

By experimenting a bit before wearing the new clothes into view of the general public these ungraceful postures can be avoided, and so another step forward in the art of being completely beautiful will have been taken.

Don't Droop Shoulders.

The position of the feet is extremely important. The days of conical primness are definitely gone from the feminine world. Therefore we have a spontaneity of manner that was unknown to past generations. This is this natural freedom that we must guard against with new frocks but only to such an extent that we remember to place ourselves correctly. Then when we carry on in our usual manner, dress, formed when another type of dress was fashionable, will not arise to trip us up.

The simplest way to avoid looking and feeling awkward is just to become thoroughly familiar with each new garment as it is added to your wardrobe and by doing this you will discover what positions must be avoided and which ones can be retained.

Besides watching the feet, the shoulders and chest should be studied, too, because the smartest of the new frocks call for a strictly feminine outline wherein the contours of the chest must be definitely curved. This forbids drooping shoulders and relaxed abdominal muscles. The rest of the details you'll have to work out for yourself with these suggestions for a guide you won't have any trouble.

A Fashion Model's Diary

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

Shantung Lounging Pajamas Win a New Customer.

WE really have a very exclusive clientele at the shop. Most of our customers have been doing their buying from us since the opening, and those new since the new acquisitions are usually recommended to us by friends, and generally tell us just who sent them in.

This morning, however, a very sweet woman came into the shop, and though she seemed thoroughly at home there, she was unfamiliar to all of us. Every once in a while she looked around as if she were looking for some particular person, but she didn't make any inquiries. I waited on her, and she ordered quite a few of our most expensive and exclusive costumes.

She bought a lovely pair of lounging pajamas, too. They are fashioned of black shantung, and would be just as appropriate for beach wear as for lounging. The yoke full trousers are banded and finished with bows just below the knee, and the same treatment is repeated on the jacket sleeves below the elbow. The underbust is of chaste shantung.

All the time that she was in the shop I was puzzled, trying to decide who she was or who had sent her. I don't generally forget customers' faces, and I was sure I had never seen this woman before.

Just before she was ready to leave I determined to ask her who had suggested she buy her clothes from us. I was just about to do this when she inquired for a Mrs. Cleary—wanted to know whether she was in yet, or when she would be in. That cleared up the entire situation, and let me tell you little Grace was completely embarrassed. Mrs. Cleary is a competitor of ours, who runs very sweet about it—said it was her own fault, and that she was glad she had made the error, said she liked our clothes—and promised to come again real soon.

Fine Straws Feature Season's Hats

Says Marie Harot



Feather Fancies and Ribbon Retain Their Popularity.

STRAWS continue to indicate just which way the winds of fashion are blowing. And so it becomes very evident that fashion, for the present anyway, is veering from the felt hat in favor of millinery made of straw and fabric. Until last year the felt hat was ubiquitous even in the warmest Summer weather, but last year it began to be very clear that we had decided to go in for hats that were composed of various straws and silk materials. This gesture seemed to precede and point the way to the complete revolution of feminine styles that began last Autumn. And so, this season, we find a tremendous variety of hats, all of them different.

Trimmings are very diversified and Paris is using many little feather fancies as well as applied flowers of velvet and silk. Ribbon, despite all other attractions, remains the staple trimming for both simple and elaborate hats. The small hat in to-day's drawing is of black panama and the brim is turned off the face with drapes at the side. An eye well lends a piquant note. Fine lacy straw in pale rose-beige makes the other model, that is trimmed with white ribbon, with two little feather fancies in black and deeper rose. The handbag is of black antelope trimmed in silver and marcasite, and the fur is of luxurious silver fox.

Love's Reawakening

Madge "Sugar-Coats" Bad News for Mary by Promising an Evening Gown, Wrap and a Party at Which to Wear Them.

By Adele Garrison

THERE was something so like a sob in Mary's voice as she put her little query, unconsciously betraying her envy of Marion's youthful happiness and enthusiasm, that my first impulse of amusement, because she is less than two years older than Marion, was turned into deep compassion mingled with a feeling of guilt.

For I knew only too well what had called forth that dolorous outburst. While she is so near Marion's actual age, yet in experience and suffering she is at least a decade further along Life's highway. There was within her a consuming fire, fueled by her creative ability, her overworking ambition, her dislike of systematic control, and her restlessness which would not let her be young and carefree as were Marion and her school friends.

Yet she was young enough to yearn for the girlish good times which had formed no part of her life. I remembered her plaint when we were planning Marion's vacation festivities—that she "never had slung a party in her life." I also remembered my impulsive promise to her that she should "sling" one all her own during the holidays, a promise which ever since I had been turning over doubtfully in my mind, because of the singular paucity of young acquaintances which the child had.

That my little feeling of guilt was morbid and unjustified, I knew. Mary's own ambition, and her restless temperament had been responsible for her isolation.

What to Do With Noel?

True, she had had more romantic excitement, more masculine admiration than would come to an ordinary girl in a lifetime.

But of adolescent young fun, of school dances and festivities, of vacation parties, such as were now Marion's lot, she had experienced nothing, and as I watched her staring at the wall, for she had let her eyes rest on mine for only a moment, I made a swift resolve. I had not the slightest idea how I could manage, but I made up my mind that Mary should "sling a party" all her own before she was forty-eight hours older.

It was rashness to promise it to her when I was so at sea, but I had some disagreeable news to give to her, and I knew no better way to sugar-coat the pill, than to tell her my resolve. I consulted my wristwatch, made a mental calculation and spoke crisply.

"Mary! Get up and get dressed as quickly as you can. We're going shopping. You need an evening dress and an evening wrap, and you are going to have them as part of your Christmas. But I want you to select them yourself. You may not be able to do so on them this afternoon, but we'll have time to take a preliminary look around anyway."

She was on her feet before I had finished, her eyes enormous with surprise, her mouth quivering into a smile.

"Oh! Auntie Madge!" she said breathlessly. "How perfectly heavenly. 'But—' with a patent sobbing second thought, 'you mustn't! It's too much for you. And—then—where do I go to wear things like that? They'd be out of style before I got a chance to wear them even once.'"

There was a bitter twist to her

pretty mouth now, and I crossed swiftly to her, laid my hands on her shoulders and shook her playfully.

"That's going to be my business, where you wear them," I said. "And, if you'll promise to be a good, obedient little girl, I'll tell you an important secret."

"I promise," she said demurely, folding her hands together in a little girl fashion.

"You're going to wear them for the first time either tomorrow night, or the next, when you 'sling a party.' Isn't that the atrocious term you hear—all you own."

Her eyes were starry for a second, the quickly shadowed away to his house just the same, and all he did to get them to come there was to turn a little button—the janitor thinks it's all very wonderful.

There's something new every day, the janitor says, and he wouldn't let anything, any time—if he could help it—listen in. He hates to think what he might miss.

The janitor's daughter cried when she heard that the rich young man had killed himself. Pretty little thing the janitor's daughter, big eyes and hair the color of ripe wheat—silk stuff, like the floss in a milkweed pod. I think she was a little bit in love with the rich young man.

I wonder what would have happened if the rich young man had looked at the janitor's pretty daughter—just once, long and earnestly? Perhaps—but you see he was too busy, studying the Secrets of Life.

Well, well, it's a great pity, isn't it?

WONDERING. No doubt your intimate friends know about your engagement, informally, and so you could postpone the formal announcement until about six to three before the wedding. But then, again, that is a matter that must rest with you for decision.

The Student and the Janitor

One Knew Much of the "Secrets of Life"—But the Other Knew How to Be Happy.

By WINIFRED BLACK

HE died the other day by his own hand—the brilliant young fellow whose friends expected so much of him.

He was rich, handsome, and very intelligent.

He felt that he had an aim in life. He wanted to do something that it all was worth about, this living and this dying, this working, and this resting, this worrying and this fretting and this fury of things, so he went to a great university and studied philosophy.

He studied earnestly, and with deep and serious attention.

He could not waste any time in athletics, he didn't play football or baseball, he didn't even go to see other men play.

He worried about life. He didn't care for the theatre or for opera.

The theatre was too frivolous and opera was too pretentious.

He never played cards. He just liked to swim and to get into his fast roadster and get from one place to another as quickly as he could and all the rest of the time he spent studying and thinking.

The more he thought, the worse he felt about it.

He went to a college settlement and studied the poor.

He was bitterly sorry for the poor and did all he could to help them, but the little any one could do didn't amount to much.

He worried about that.

He saw a girl he might have loved, but he had a brother who was not true to his wife and made her very miserable, and the rich young man thought, "What if I should turn out like that? No, I had better not take the risk."

And when everyone he knew was laughing and having a good time getting ready for vacation, the rich young man went up to his beautifully furnished room and killed himself.

The janitor found him. Now, the janitor is a very poor man, but he has two or three rather snug little rooms in the basement.

The janitor's daughter had all day and in the evening he smokes like a furnace and laughs and laughs over the funny pictures in his favorite daily newspaper.

What Price Knowledge?

He has a radio, too—not such a very good radio; he got it second-hand from a young man who could not keep up in his classes and had to sell his furniture and go back home—but the janitor loves the radio.

It says it broadens the mind.

And it is true that ever since the janitor has had the radio he assumes quite the air of a man of the world.

King. He knows them all—King George of England, and Mr. Hoover of America, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the lady who seems to have so little difficulty in getting one rich.

Of course, he had never visited any of these people in their homes and they wouldn't know him if he did see them. He has to listen to his house just the same, and all he did to get them to come there was to turn a little button—the janitor thinks it's all very wonderful.

There's something new every day, the janitor says, and he wouldn't let anything, any time—if he could help it—listen in. He hates to think what he might miss.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

"There is a city Built over the sea. If you spell it correctly You'll start with a 'V'." Shadow Sayings.

"MY look at all those canals!" exclaimed Hanid, Mij, Flor, Knarf and Yam—the other little shadow-children with the turned-about names—nodded in agreement. "Why, there seems to be one at the end of every street."

And so there was, for the shadow-children were in Venice, the city of canals. They were on a trip round the world with their masters and mistresses, the real-children. Instead of roadways there were canals, full of water, in which boatmen rowed from place to place. There were sidewalks, of course, along which one could walk wherever one pleased, crossing pretty arched bridges over the canals, but if one wished to ride one couldn't get a street car, or an automobile. There were no street cars or automobiles—only boats with curved fronts.

"Do you know what those boats are called?" said Hanid to the other shadows as they stood on the bank of one of the canals, watching the boats gliding up and down.

"Rowboats," replied Knarf promptly. "No."

"Canoes," said Mij. "No."

"Vessels," said Yam, who didn't know much about boats at all. Hanid shook her head. "None of you seem to know," she said, "so I'll tell you. They're called gondolas."

The others were glad to learn this. When you take a trip round the world it is nice to come back knowing things that you have never known before, otherwise you might just as well stay home.

Here the real-children, accompanied by their father and mother, boarded a gondola, which pleased their shadows.

"They're called gondolas," she said, "since they always went with their masters and mistresses, just as your shadow always goes with you. One man stood at the head of the boat and another stood at the stern and they rowed the boat forward with long oars."

"Why don't you sit down?" Yam asked one of the men. He didn't. "I can't," he said, "because I spoke in English and he only understood Italian. Or perhaps he didn't hear her. There are a great many shadows about the boat forward with long oars."

Up and down the canals—big ones and small ones—glided the gondolas. Under bridges it went, past huge palaces, and churches with tall bell-towers, and old stone houses gray with age, and out of a narrow canal into a huge, wide canal. The shadows were just about to ask what it was when the real-children's father said: "This is the famous Grand Canal, the main canal of Venice."

"Just like Main Street on our town," declared Hanid—but no one heard her either.

Then they passed a bridge high up between two huge palaces. It wasn't an ordinary bridge, for it was covered over with a roof and was enclosed by sides.

"That's the Bridge of Sighs," said father again. "It's called so because it connects the court of justice with the prison, and those who had to cross over it into the prison sighed because they might never cross back into freedom again."

And the five children uttered a sigh as they thought of the poor men who crossed the Bridge of Sighs—and their shadows sighed too, for they always tried to do exactly as their masters and mistresses did.

(Tomorrow—More About Venice.)

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Words of the Wise
Music tells no truths.
—Bailey.

When is a man strong until he feels alone.
—Browning.

If you have done an honorable action accompanied by hard labor, the labor is over, the honor remains. If you have done anything disgraceful with pleasure, the pleasure is over, the disgrace remains.
—Anon.

Force is no remedy.
—Bright.

No man must be compelled.
—Lessing.

All men desire to be immortal.
—Parker.

Charity creates a multitude of sins.
—Wilde.

Revolutions never go backward.
—Phillips.

Justice renders to every man his due.
—Cicero.