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

'His Flowers"

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By Nell Brinkley



That person who in sibilant childish whispers is said to be able to "see things" would be just the side-partner for Danny Inc. In his fingers he could gather all the tangled myriad-colored threads of maried romances and straighten them out as Graciosa of facry-land did with the help of Percinet. All in a night, my goodness! On the trail of gifts and flowers he would sneak velvetfooted. An' what he saw when a girl snapped the white cord with a smiling face would help Dan C. a heap.

There are some tender-hearted girls who sense life in everything that moves even if it be a breath of wind as the flower sways, who are kind to everything, and who would caress and love a flower for its own soft sweet sake even if it came from a man whose name makes her lip cur'. A' course here-what could an eavesdropper do but go back with "nothing to report" from the front? But the "see-er of things" would know. For there would be no ghost of a lover hovering over the dewy mass of the blossoms that brought his heart along.

would chick'e deep and write in his little black note-book with a sharp pencil. "I've found her out-find description of t'e man over page." For over the red and white roses she held in cupping, caressing hands and brushed tenderly against her lips, cob-web like, spun from velvet rose to satin one glistening with dew, would bend the shade of a face, just a man's hardy, perhaps homely face -but very aplendid to the girl who eyes him above his flowers .-NELL BRUNKLEY.

When a Woman is Thirty-Five

Thirty-five and pretty?" queried Sweet you see," groaned the man, reaching for his hat, "that it is good grooming that Seventeen, with dubious uplifting of eyebrows. "I think thirty-five horrid. How can one be pretty after thirty? To be more than twenty-something-or-other means the end of things for a woman; the very word thirty has a menacing sound. Why, one must almost be getting gray."

The man regarded her with a smiling indulgence. "You are forgetting cultivation," said he. "and cultivation puts age out of the question. In these times 'thirty' spells nothing to a woman. The modern cultured woman has a otarm beyond compare, and what matters thirty, thirty-five, even forty, Sweet Severer, you small bud of innocence? For women are as the flowers some of you sweet, gentle, fragrant as the violet; elegant and stately as the lily; and even, I grieve to say, handsome and flaunting as the poppy with poison in its heart. You,

Sweet Seventeen, are yet but the smallest of the white violet buds." I don't see what that has to do with woman being thirty-five and old," pouted Sweet Seventeen; "and I don't want to be lectured. When I'm thirtyfive I shall quite have left off caring about being pretty, or thinking about

clothes, or-or, even anything that I like to think about now."
"It is impossible," said the man, very slowly, tenderly placing his hat, and smoothing out the fingers of his gloves. it is possible for a woman to be at the zenith of her beauty even after thirtyfive. Many of the lovely women of history have been notoriously beautiful much later in life than that. Think you, Sweet Seventeen, that beauty is only to be found in youth? Youth is the beginning of beauty; the lovely bud may become a far, far lovelier flower. are at the beginning of life, and life is

beautiful; absorb its wonders and reflect its giories. Admire all that is given unto you to desire. Colors, flowers, sweet odors, mosphere, pictures, music, books, surves, grace, the loveliness of nature. and children and all young things. Regard them with an appreciating mind, and realize the appeal they make to your heart against all that tends to lower

your standard of what is right. You may dwindle from the smartness of a young race horse to the unkempt depression of the average peddler's don-

keeps a woman going and holds the years in check? Will you let a meaningless, discontented life write its ugly lines about your face and develop small allments and a constant grumble, or will you see to it that your blood dances freely through your veins and colors

lights your eyes of heaven's own blue?" "Come again soon and tell me more of the things of beauty," murmured Eweet Seventeen; "tell me again that thirtyfive is not a nightmare to be dreaded, or something to fear and to fight and that makes one old, worn and gray in the fearing and fighting."

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Try Work at Home.

Dear Mse Fairfax: I am 25 years of age and am very plain looking. I am not very popular and I find much leisure time through the days which I dm at a loss to utilize to good advantage. As I do the housekesping here I feel that I could do some sort of home work during my spare time. I can sew well and like to write. If you would be so kind as to inform me through the paper as to how I might secure home work you will greatly oblige.

greatly oblige, A LONESOME STRANGER. If you sew well enough, why not attempt to do home dressmaking. If you have neither the time nor the inclination for this, you might attempt to secure a little fancy work from the shops, or you might make cake, cookies, etc., and try there should be an increase in the coughs. to place them through the nearest woman's exchange.

Don't Interfere.

Don't Interfere.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A friend of mine once had a very intimate girl friend. They were both very fond of one another, but through a third party these two friends separated two years ago. Since that time they have spoken but little and are not the same friends as they were before the other girl came between.

Now, would you be so kind as to tell me what I can do to have their friendship renewed, as I know it would be the test thing for both.

Don't try to play Providence. You

Don't try to play Providence. You really have no way of knowing what will different diseases, though that cause is be the best for your friends. If they are not the changeable spring weather, managing to get along nicely without key if you neglect your grooming. Don't | each other, let well enough alone,

Fevers that Bloom in Spring

It seems painfully ironic that the approach of the fairest and most charming season of the year, spring, should be chief part in throwing our human harps heralded by the flercest outbreak and out of tune. your cheeks with waves of pink, and widest spread of diseases of any month in the calendar year.

Not only does every country doctor well know that his heaviest professional work, his longest rides and his shortest snatches of sleep invariably come just at the period when the spring thaw has dropped the bottom out of the country roads, but the very Roman name in our calendar of the month which, at Mediterranean lati-February, the month of fevers-the follows January and February.

"febrile" month. And, of course, it has been a classic canon of pathetico-romantic literature that the wan and wasted victims of the great white plague struggle through the open-air cure and enjoy it. winter to fail and fade with the coming

of the spring flowers. For once the findings of modern science and vital statistics firmly and unmistakably support an ancient popular impression. Not only does the general death its lowest point in July up to its climax house conditions. in March or early April, but the same steady and fatal rise is found in their curve when we map out the ravages of most of our serious infectious diseases. This is rather surprising, for while it

seems natural and proper enough that colds and consumption group of diseases which are supposed to have to do with chills, exposures and wet feet at this most trying and changeable season of the year, there does not appear, on the surface, any good reason why diseases like soarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and whooping cough, which are pure infections and are not supposed to have anyshould also reach their high water mark

in the spring. But the same cause really underlies this increase in deadliness of all these widely thaw out the early mosquito and encour-Trying, undoubtedly, as the erratic

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D. with its delicious spells of relaxing The World's Best Known Writer on warmth and their accompanying "spring Medical Subjects," followed by sudden and abbusing fever," followed by sudden and shivering relapses into winter with six inches of snow on the ground, it is not the mere good-for-nothing sensations that come violence of its vibrations that plays the with it.

> Variety is the very breath of life to us. we thrive on sudden changes of temperature, and almost anything in the way of weather, short of the vilest, is better

than monotony or stagnation. It is not the March weather we suffer from in March, but the December and January and Pebruary weather, which has then piled up its effects upon us to the breaking point. In other words, we the month which, at Mediterranean lan-tudes, correspond to this dread period is March, but because it is the month that

> If we could suddenly put July in its place, weather and all, we would suffer just the same, though probably not quite so severely, because we could take the

The deaths and diseases and breakdowns of early spring are plied up there by the accumulated strains of four months of winter's cold keeping us prisoners in our houses, sealing up doors and windows, stewing in our own breaths, rate in almost every city and country of with unlimited swapping of disease the temperate zone mount steadily from germs packward and forward under hot-

In most climates four months of winter gloom and smoke, cloud and foge, cutting the hours of sunshine of the short winter day down to 40 per cent of the summer and fall average. Everything fades in the dark, except disease germs and other moulds and slimes

So don't be afraid of the blustering spring weather. It is the best antidote and cure there is for the piled up poisons in your system and billousness and dark brown taste in the mouth of your long winter's imprisonment

By a curiously similar mistaken logic the Romans used to pame the fickle weather of the early spring unjustly and accuse it of causing malaria-"The sun thing particular to do with the weather, of March that breedeth argues," as Virgii phrased it. Its genial warmth did not "breed"

malaria in the human body, but it did

age it to fly abroad and bite. Indeed, it is probable that quite a share of the bad reputation of February as the weather of the approach of spring is fever month, in classic times, was due to

malaria spread by the early birds of the mosquito family, who were extremely hardy and would eagerly take a chance almost any time that the mercury rose ten degrees above freezing.

And it is possible that our famous "spring fever" tradition had its origin in malaria, and the stretchy, yawning,

Not at All

Jones-Does my daughter's piano prucice annoy you? Neighbor-Oh, not at all. But tell me; Neighbor-Oh, not at all box boxing The what does she wear-mittens or boxing Greece.

Do You Know That

A candle which has burned too low to remain in the cadlestick can be used to the very end if removed from the stick and placed on a penny. A whale carries nearly two tons of

whalebone in his head. Parliamentary publications in England are called Blue Books, from their blue covers. The corresponding colors of govrnment publications in foreign countries are: France, yellow; Germany and Portugal, white; Italy, green, and Spain,

The violet is the national flower of

HEALTH, COMFORT BEAUTY

WOMEN ...

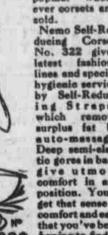
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