

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 Ino. In his fingers he could gather all the tangled myriad-colored threads of married romances and straighten them out as Graciosa of faery-land did with the help of Percinet. All in a night, my goodness! On the trail of gifts and flowers he would sneak velvet-footed. Ah! 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.

But his flowers! The spyer with the eyes of the medium here would chuckle deep and write in his little black note-book with a sharp pencil, "I've found her out—find description of t' man over page." For over the red and white roses she held in cuppings, 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 splendid to the girl who eyes him above his flowers.—NELL BRINKLEY.

When a Woman is Thirty-Five

"Thirty-five and pretty?" queried Sweet 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 those times 'thirty' spells nothing to a woman. The modern cultured woman has a charm beyond compare, and what matters thirty, thirty-five, even forty, Sweet Seventeen, 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."

you see," groaned the man, reaching for his hat, "that it is good grooming that keeps a woman going and holds the years in check? Will you let a mean-looking, discontented life write its ugly lines about your face and develop small ailments and a constant grumble, or will you see to it that your blood dances freely through your veins and colors your cheeks with waves of pink, and lights your eyes of heaven's own blue?"

Advice to Lovelorn

Dear Miss 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 am at a loss to utilize to good advantage. As I do the housekeeping 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.

Fevers that Bloom in Spring

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D. The World's Best Known Writer on Medical Subjects.

It seems painfully ironic that the approach of the fairest and most charming season of the year, spring, should be heralded by the fiercest outbreak 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 latitudes, correspond to this dread period is February, the month of fevers—the "febrilis" month.

And, of course, it has been a classic canon of pathetic-romantic literature that the wan and wasted victims of the great white plague struggle through the winter to fall and fade with the coming of the spring flowers. For one of the findings of modern science and vital statistics firmly and unmistakably support an ancient popular impression. Not only does the general death rate in almost every city and country of the temperate zone mount steadily from its lowest point in July up to its climax in March or early April, but the same steady and fatal rise is found in their course 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 there should be an increase in the coughs, 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 scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and whooping cough, which are pure infections and are not supposed to have anything particular to do with the weather, should also reach their high water mark in the spring.

with its delicious spells of relaxing warmth and their accompanying "spring fever," followed by sudden and shivering relapses into winter with six inches of snow on the ground, it is not the mere violence of its vibrations that plays the chief part in throwing our human harps out of tune.

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 February weather, which has then piled up its effects upon us to the breaking point. In other words, we are sick in March, not because it is March, but because it is the month that follows January and February.

The deaths and diseases and breakdowns of early spring are piled 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, with unlimited swapping of disease germs backward and forward under hot-house conditions. In most climates four months of winter gloom and smoke, cloud and fog, 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 biliousness and dark brown taste in the mouth of your long winter's imprisonment. By a curiously similar mistaken logic the Romans used to name the fickle weather of the early spring unjustly and accuse it of causing malaria—"The sun of March that breedeth argues," as Virgil phrased it. Its genial warmth did not "breed" malaria in the human body, but it did thaw out the early mosquito and encourage it to fly abroad and bite. Indeed, it is probable that quite a share of the bad reputation of February as the 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, good-for-nothing sensations that come with it.

Not at All Jones—Does my daughter's piano practice annoy you? Neighbor—Oh, not at all. But tell me; what does she wear—mittens or boxing gloves?—Life.

The violet is the national flower of Greece.

Do You Know That

A candle which has burned too low to remain in the candlestick 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 government publications in foreign countries are: France, yellow; Germany and Portugal, white; Italy, green, and Spain, red.

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