

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

The Truth About Opium Habit

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

The opium habit has always been one of the fascinating horrors of medicine. The deadly charm which it holds for its victims, the dreamy and delirious joys which it is supposed to afford them, the fearful penalties which it exacts and the depths of degradation to which it plunges them, give it a tremendous appeal to popular imagination and curiosity.

And although our imagination is a divine gift, one of the highest powers which we possess, when powerfully excited and appealed to, it can play us some curious tricks. Seldom has it taken greater liberties with the actual facts than in the romantic and almost preposterous conceptions which we have of the so-called opium habit. In the first place it is, strictly speaking, no habit at all in the sense of something that we do more and more easily by dint of practice and repetition, but a diseased craving for relief from acute discomfort, due to a poisoned or toxic condition of the cells of the body. In the second place there is little or nothing of positive pleasure or even delirious delight about the opium habit in nine cases out of ten.

All that the vast majority of opium or morphine habitues obtain from even the hugest doses of their darling drug is a mild and muddled-headed sense of drowsy comfort and peace of mind, such as the average citizen gets every day after a good dinner. What drives them to the hypodermic, or the vial, is not any longings for illicit delights and rosy dreams of paradise, but simply a craving for relief from intolerable discomfort and pain. The opium addict has all the pains and penalties of dissipation, but none of its supposed pleasures. The utmost that he succeeds in doing is to "break even"—and at what a fearful price!

Incredible as it may seem, the so-called fascination of the drug for him is almost purely negative, as a means of relief from intolerable discomfort and distress, which discomfort and distress are due to the poisonous after-effects of the doses he has already taken. This is what is grimly and graphically termed, in medical parlance, the "vicious circle" of the opium habit.

Thirdly, so far from opium being a key which unlocks the gate of a short-lived seventh heaven, opium or morphine in ninety-five persons out of a hundred produces no dreams, or visions, or positively pleasurable sensations at all! Simply a feeling of drowsiness, at first rather pleasing than otherwise, but quickly becoming distressing, like that which accompanies excessive fatigue when the eyelids can hardly be held open, deepening to unconsciousness, and if the dose has been large enough—death.

If the dose has been small, when the taker awakens it will usually be with a dry, sticky mouth, furred tongue, an aching head and a nauseated stomach. All the familiar domestic symptoms, in fact, of "the morning after" magnified three or four-fold, without even the memory of a period of exhilaration and effortless triumph to console him. In a word, a healthy and normal man or woman gets astonishingly little pleasure out of opium—its only charm being its power to release from pain.

Last, but not least, instead of the devotees of opium, slaves of the pipe or of the needle, being hopelessly bound in an eternal slavery, whose fetters nothing but death will strike off, it is the opinion of broad-minded and intelligent physicians who have had wide experience with these unfortunate that at least half and probably nearer two-thirds of them can be cured, and will remain free from the craving afterward as long as they can be kept in a reasonable condition of health.

Household Suggestions

Vinegar added to black lead gives a more lasting polish to the grate. Before cleaning knives on a knifeboard, dampen them slightly. They clean more quickly and gain a better polish.

"What's in a Name!" -o- Copyright, 1916, International News Service. -o- By Nell Brinkley



NAMES mean much, and they carry their picture with them. Smiling, have you wondered why little mothers and fathers didn't wait to have just a ghost of an idea what their little Eve—the name we all own—was going to SEEM like before they gave her her name? They might call her "Baby," or little "Oh My" until then, don't you think? Sometimes you frown when you remember that you took Minerva with your wise owl face and

your clever eyes and your dignified shoulders, and are called—DOT! I will own that there is something weird about the way in which some of us can grow into our names! Dot goes dotting around until it seems to her good friends that all Dots should look like her. Her name cuddles her up somehow and trims her down, and she fills the tiny name and stretches it and gives it more wisdom than went with it ever before. But sometimes. Most times! The slow-eyed,

soft, dark girl with the siren mouth and the gardenia skin, graceful and dreamy, like a half-tamed lioness, not small or quick or childish in anything—out of the book of names her folk chose for her, PATSY! And beside her, a sunbeam of a girl, never woman, always child, with a dimpling, merry little face and glinting blue eyes, unsettled as a little humming bird and as sober, kind and jolly and fluffy, the "bows-and-curly" girl, will be dubbed THAIS! Well. —NELL BRINKLEY.

Is Husband Who "Potters", an Asset?

The young husband who most frequently comes to grief in married life is he who becomes merely an ornament in the house. He is of the kind who thinks that, having done the breadwinning, his duty is over. Most wives will agree that it is, but the husband's duty is one thing and making marriage a success is another. A woman likes her husband to be clever, but she prefers cleverness that he can demonstrate at home. She thinks more of the toy castle for little Willie than a business deal involving much solid cash. It is woman's way, perhaps, but it is necessary for a man, if he wishes to be happy, to take note of it.

Home should be made by two people—the husband and the wife. Neither one should be just an ornament to grace the handiwork of the other. It is the combination of the individuality of the man and the woman that gives to a dwelling the home touch, which sets it apart from other places. You have seen, I dare say, homes

where the hand of the husband is seen all around. Shelves here and there, brackets with amateur carving, a home-made clock, perhaps, or a rude china closet. To all of these the wives point with pride, for nobody is so ready as a wife to appreciate a man's industry in the house, and no one else's praise is worth one-tenth as much.

It is just possible that you have turned up your nose at the man who "potters about" at home and if it becomes a question of success in the world, you may not be altogether wrong. Talking of success in marriage this "pottering about" habit is a grand asset.

But even among the world's most successful men we find this home habit, and there are millionaires who take a greater pride in showing their own handiwork in a home than in the big businesses they have built. One man grows flowers, another collects china, another carves wood and another distributes his energy throughout the house.

Efficient Vision

Among the many circumstances in modern civilization tending to impair human vision is improper illumination, either natural or artificial. Too intense light is as bad, perhaps worse, than poor lighting.

Eyes are not merely optical adjuncts; they are integral parts of the brain. They mutually affect the functioning of most other organs; inefficient eyes cause many chronic headaches, much depression and bodily fatigue, most indignations, many (some believe, practically all) of the aberrations of genius and of the alleged demi-fous, the half-witted.

Any organ exercised well within its limits tends to increase in power and facility; if persistently overworked it becomes progressively unable for any work at all. One habitually using his eyes in strong light decomposes his "visual purple" faster than it can be regenerated. Even normal eyes are ruined by over-use, especially in lowered general health, and as most eyes are abnormal, or at least not perfect as visual machinery, many people have to cope not only with bad environment and lowered health, but also with inherent optical defects.

Dr. Ellice M. Alger, whose knowledge of the eye is peculiarly full and exact, considers that because of the many newly-invented methods of commercial lighting, by gas and by electricity, the composition of light

as well as its intensity have come to require serious consideration.

In the days, and nights, of oil and candle light the question was simply one of quantity, the quality being generally soft and benignant, but modern lighting, whether gas or electric, is often so intense as to be injurious; these latter means of illumination contain many more of the violet and ultra-violet rays of the spectrum than our fathers were accustomed to.

Such rays are useful in the treatment of disease by light and in radiography, but they are certainly amiss for illuminating the printed page or the object on which the artisan must work.

Lights that can tan and sunburn the skin and perhaps induce baldness are no doubt responsible for much of the present-day visual weakness. The effect of such illumination on the deeper optical structures is certainly pernicious.

It is very likely much cataract comes from this cause; certain it is that stokers, glass blowers and other workers in intense light and heat are very prone to this grievous eye disease.

Illumination is the best for visual purposes. The problem of securing a light which shall allow a maximum of efficiency, comfort and convenience is one more within the province of the illuminating engineer than of the physician to solve. The solution is not only a humane procedure, but one

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Return It Promptly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Have been going about with a young man for three years. A year ago Christmas he presented me with a diamond ring, with the strict understanding that it was only a friendship ring. We had a few words between us, and I offered to return his present, but he said what he gave me was mine. Since then he has broken off and is engaged to another young lady and he writes and demands the ring. Kindly give me your opinion whether I should return the ring or not. A. E. R.

By all means return the ring. Under the circumstances it is decidedly beneath your dignity to keep it. Of course he has no right to it, but even so your own self-respect demands that you return it at once. Don't fail to do this.

You Would Win His Contempt. Dear Miss Fairfax: My sister is engaged to a young man whom I secretly love. I know I could win his affection from her, but I do not want to ruin her happiness. RUTH R.

How can you for one second contemplate anything so contemptible as attempting to win your sister's lover? If you were to try you would win nothing but his contempt unless he is the sort of weakling and cad who deflights in feminine conquest. Put all thought of him out of your mind, for what you feel is fascination of a sort that is bound to bring unhappiness in its wake unless you conquer it.

It is possible that at some period in England, even in France, kissing had the strangeness of novelty, but this must have been before the earliest glimmering of history.

Do You Know that There Are Fifty Kinds of Kisses?

The more usual a thing is the more inclined we are to accept it without wondering at all about its previous history or its meaning. One hopes there are very few people in the condition of New York's little East Side girl of 5 years old who was taken to the hospital very ill, and, when in great pain, was asked by the hospital nurse: "Shall I kiss the place to make it well?" The small patient said: "What's a kiss?" It is dreadful to think that there should be children in America who do not know what kissing is; the great majority of the civilized world are better informed, but few people exchanging this affectionate salutation know what an important place it has held in history.

In the middle ages the monks took the matter in hand, and must have studied it with great attention, for they divide the kiss into fifteen kinds. These were the decorous kiss, the diplomatic, the spying—to ascertain if a woman had drunk wine—the slave kiss, the kiss infamous (a church penance), the slipper kiss—practiced towards tyrants—the judicial kiss, the feudal kiss, the religious kiss, the academic kiss—on joining a brotherhood—the hand kiss, the Judas kiss, the medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness—the kiss of etiquette, and the only true kiss—the kiss of love. This does not include the kiss of peace, which was a greeting exchanged between members of the city church, a symbol of which is still extant in the kissing of the pax at high mass.

Before this period the kiss had been considered of virtue in various circumstances. The ancients believed that kissing a dying person might delay the moment of dissolution. Then there is a charming legend of St. Monica, telling that when she was dying, a little, unknown child came and kissed her, whereupon her soul was released from the body. This gave rise to the Italian phrase: "Falling asleep in the Lord's kiss."

There is an epigram on kissing, rather on the plan of Borrow's famous conversation between Jasper and his brother. It runs: "What is sweeter than mead? The dew of heaven. And what is sweeter than dew? Honey from Hybla. What is sweeter than honey? Nectar. What is sweeter than nectar? A kiss." In passing, one may mention another epigram constructed on this plan, taking the form of a Latin inscription on the outside of a beautiful old house in Norfolk, England. As the visitor waits for the mediaeval door to be opened his eye inevitably rests on the tablet which proclaims: "What is worse than a tiger? A demon. What is worse than a demon? A woman. What is worse than a woman? Nothing."

In old ballads kissing is represented as a potent antidote to enchantments, and the legends of the saints are full of instances of miraculous cures effected by a kiss.

A different form of kissing, not so pleasant as most others, is represented in the sayings: "To kiss the rod," "To kiss the dust," and, in old England, "To kiss the gunner's daughter." The last mentioned, taken literally, does not suggest a punishment of exact meaning, however, is to be tied to the breach of a cannon to receive a flogging.

It seems so natural a form of greeting to us that it is strange to think there are many countries where it is absolutely unknown. In Japan it is notoriously not practiced. At the recent Earl's Court exhibition, in London, in the Old Japan section, there was a most delightful brown baby in a blue kimono and a purple obi.

It played with its little toys and with those of the English children who were among the spectators all day long, and its demeanor was one of kindly dignity throughout, recalling Kipling's remark that in Japan the only serious things are the babies, whose duty it is to look after the grown-ups. However, there was one thing that upset this very petted infant, and that was when any demonstrative spectator tried to kiss it, a proceeding which struck terror to its soul and caused it to rend the air with most heartrending shrieks of panic.

In the South Sea Islands the place of the kiss is taken by the sign of affection prevalent among calves and ponies—that is, by rubbing noses—a practice which must be difficult to those in whom this feature is, as Tennyson delicately put it, "tip-tilted like the petal of a rose."

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Boiled Lobster

By CONSTANCE CLARKE

Buy the lobster alive; choose those that are heavy and full of motion, which is an indication of their freshness. When the shell is encrusted, it is a sign they are old; medium-sized lobsters are the best. Have ready a steppan of boiling water, salted in proportion—half a cup of salt to one gallon of water; put in the lobster and keep it boiling quickly from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to its size, and do not forget to skim well. If it boils too long the meat becomes

spread, and if not done enough, the spawn is not red; this must be obviated by attention. When the lobster is boiled rub it over with a little olive oil, which wipe off again; separate the body from the tail, break off the great claws and crack them at the joint without injuring the meat; split the tail in halves and arrange all neatly in a dish, with the body upright in the middle, and garnish with parsley and lemon quarters. (Tomorrow—Peach Shortcake)