

Magazine Page

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the appearance of Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish singer, in New York. Seven thousand persons paid \$30,000 to hear her. Known as the Swedish nightingale, she won the hearts of Americans by her kindness and simplicity.

The First Cup and Saucer.

THE beverages of the sixteenth century were water, mead, sack and ale. In the middle of the next century tea was introduced, and with it came the Chinese or "china" teacup. The handle of the cup came from Mediterranean lands. Originally it was made of thick and strong earthenware and applied to heavy jars and lumps.

Twice-Told Tales of Washington

By Francis de Sales Ryan.

The Dead Line That Worked

"BELOW the Dead Line!" Every criminal in New York was once familiar with that phrase. It made Inspector Byrnes world-famous.

The dead line was an imaginary line drawn by Inspector Byrnes so as to separate the underworld from the business district of New York, and every member of the underworld had waiting that to advance one step beyond the line of separation meant immediate arrest.

Washington had a temporary dead line established one month ago, but in the excitement of the times it escaped general observation. The newly appointed inspector of police, Daniel Sullivan, was captain in command of No. 3 precinct at the time of the recent riots, drew a dead line through his precinct when the rioting was just in the process of starting.

When the first rioting began down-town Sunday Night, Captain Sullivan realized what was coming and he immediately set to work on preventive measures. He mapped out a dead line of restriction for the fighting district of No. 3, and on Monday morning the word was

given to the fighting element that they must not venture beyond the dead line until order was restored in Washington.

Moreover, wherever there was an assembly of more than two persons within the dead line, they were ordered to separate. No congregating was permitted for a minute within the dead line of No. 3, nor were those within the line permitted to go out of it during the three "red" days of that week. The orders were inflexible except where the persons living within the restricted district were themselves of good reputation and known to be orderly.

Some of the characters living in No. 3 were ordered to give up guns and other weapons known to be in their possession, until conditions were perfectly quiet again.

The result of the precautions taken by Sullivan was that practically no trouble occurred in his precinct. While the rest of the city was in a state of war, the district within No. 3 was peaceful and quiet.

There are some stormy stories of adventure in the police career of Inspector Daniel Sullivan, but the simple statement of his work while Washington was in the throes of anarchy will always be the "best" story in his record.

Puss in Boots Jr.

"MATTHEW, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the bed that I lie on.

Four corners to my bed, Five angels there lie spread; Two at my head, Two at my feet, One at my heart, My soul to keep.

Puss Junior looked in at the window. On the little white bed lay a pretty child. His hands were folded and his eyes tightly closed.

"One at my heart, My soul to keep." The child's mother leaned over and kissed him. "Now go to sleep, my little one," she said softly.

"Watch mother blow out the candle. Then you tuck down and find a little dream. Little dream about woolly lambs and white daisies."

And then the little light went out and not a sound was heard, except mother's footsteps on the stairs. She reached the front door just as Puss slid down one of the posts that held up the roof of the porch.

"Don't worry, madam," he said politely. "I climbed up to see if any one were at home. Nobody answered the doorbell. When I saw you inside I kept very, very still so as not to disturb your child."

"You are a good cat," she answered with a sign of relief. "I'm glad you were so quiet. I am very tired, madam, continued Puss, and I have journeyed far

today. May I sleep on your front porch?"

"You may sleep on a big red cushion in the hall, if you wish," she replied, "and I will give you a bowl of milk."

"May I put my good gray horse in your barn?" asked Puss, "or am I imposing too much on your kind hospitality?"

"Not at all. You will find plenty of hay and oats for his dinner."

The good gray horse followed his small master to the stable and was soon fixed comfortably for the night. Then Puss unlocked the stable door and brought the key into the house.

"Hang it up on the nail behind door," said the mother of the child. "And take off your boots, for they make so much noise on the kitchen floor I fear they will keep my little one awake."

"I will take them off gladly," said Puss, and he placed them behind the door just underneath the big barn key.

"My husband will be home very soon," she said. "But if you are so very tired I will give you your supper now."

"Thank you," said Puss with a weary sigh, and when he had finished he jumped up on the big red cushion and was soon fast asleep.

"Not at all. You will find plenty of hay and oats for his dinner."

Looking Ahead.

Nora, aged eight, to Edith, aged ten: "What! A big girl like you playing with a Teddy bear?" Edith:

CONTRASTS

Drawn by C. D. BATCHELOR



Early Fall Blouses

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THE early fall is offering some smart blouses to wear under the tailored suit. Georgette, French voile, net satin, linen, batiste, organdie, crepe de chine are again represented for the new season. Fine lace and double-faced ribbon is being used extensively and the blouses are ruffled, tucked or embroidered, according to the occasion.

Health and The Rhyming Optimist

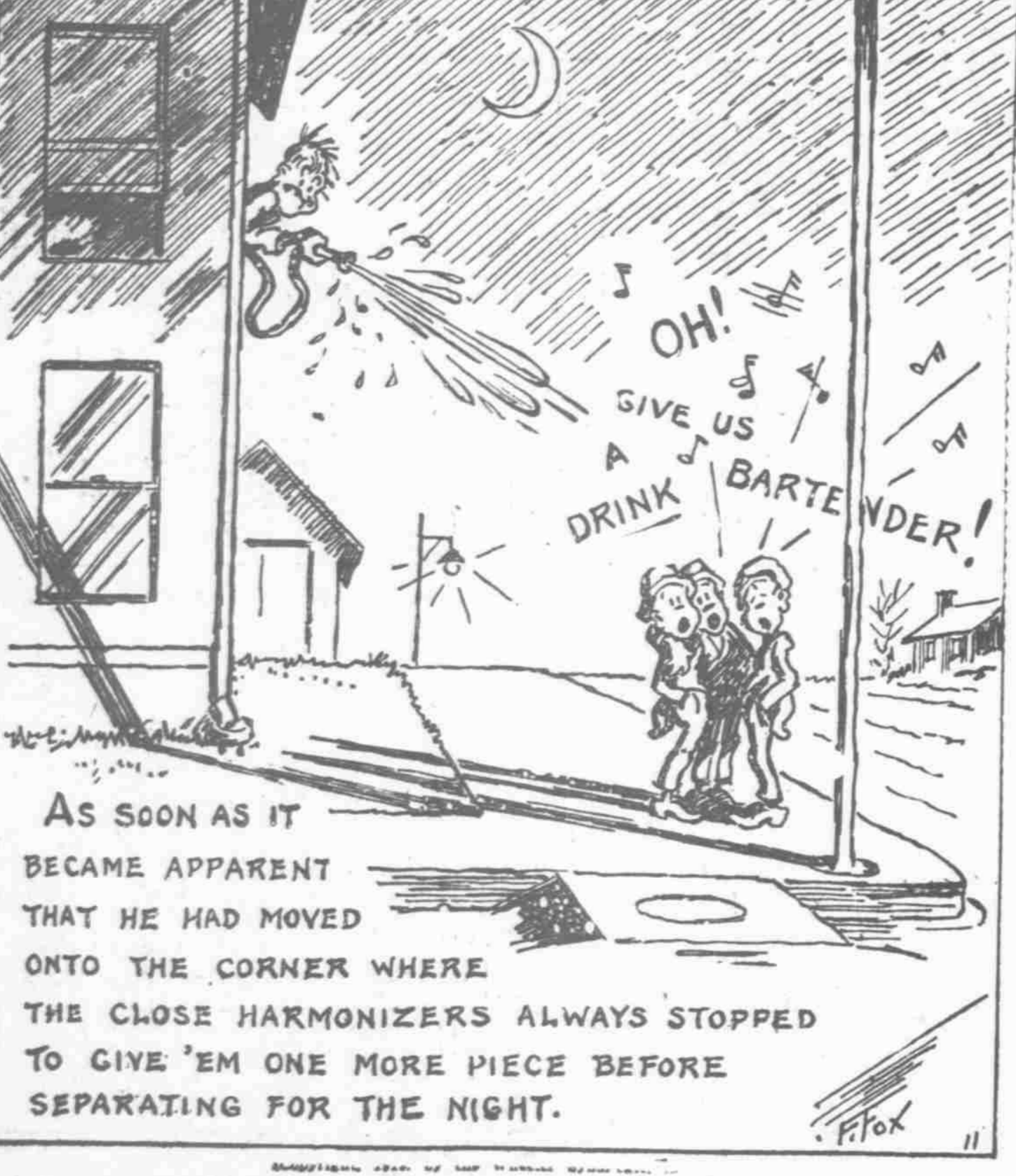
By Brice Belden, M. D. By Aline Michaelis.

THE poorly conditioned child is the below normal weight, with poor resistance to disease and but little capacity for the expenditure of energy, whether in play or at work. He is thin and pale and easily fatigued. Such children complain of being tired. The two chief causes are improper feeding and waste of energy. Poorly conditioned children are found among all classes—the rich as well as the poor.

Among the rich cases are encountered in children who have been overfed, with consequent impairment of digestion and failure of assimilation, or who have been accustomed to use sweets excessively. The children of the rich are also given unwholesome food very frequently, or improperly cooked food, and their nutrition suffers thereby.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Took the Garden Hose Up to His Bathroom

By FONTAINE FOX



AS SOON AS IT BECAME APPARENT THAT HE HAD MOVED ONTO THE CORNER WHERE THE CLOSE HARMONIZERS ALWAYS STOPPED TO GIVE 'EM ONE MORE PIECE BEFORE SEPARATING FOR THE NIGHT.

When a Girl Marries

A ROMANCE OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Neal Makes Up to Evelyn Mason and Incurs the Wrath of Anne's Husband

By Anne Lisle.

(These newspaper serials are unique in popular appeal and cleverness of construction.) CHAPTER CLXXIV. Copyright, 1919, King-Features Syndicate, Inc.

AFTER Phoebe left us, Neal and I began to wend our way through a long strained visit—a reunion that would, under normal conditions, have been very happy. But now I actually went out to lunch in order to avoid the intimacy of getting it together in the kitchenette haunted by whispering memories of the festive times when Neal and Phoebe had peeled potatoes and performed other trifling tasks there.

When lunch was over, I offered Neal his freedom, saying that I had a little shopping to do. He didn't veto the offer by volunteering to come along, but laughed out some bitter-sweet jesting. So we parted after agreeing to meet again for dinner at the Rochambeau.

Our second meeting was tense and self-conscious. Neal had found not a hint of a position and my dinner was cut after the drag, ugly patterns of the rest of our disappointing day together. A malicious glint of angry red came into the pattern later.

"We'll call for Evvy," said Neal, as he handed me into my taxi. "And then I'll drop you at the theater where you meet your party."

So we stopped for Evvy and I tried to find as much consolation in her purr as I could. Neal seemed to discover, but our spirits moved up and down in opposite directions like a see-saw.

"Where'll we take you Babbs?" demanded Neal. "And when I gave my directions, culled from Dick West that after-

The Old Folks at Home

By Loretta C. Lynch.

AN acknowledged expert on cooking and on all matters pertaining to the household.

EVERY household at some time or other has had to deal with an aged relative or some aged person who makes his or her home with the family. And so often the aged feel unhappy because of their apparent uselessness. Yet the mistress of the home can make the declining years of these folks quite livable if she will give a thought now and then to some way of occupying them.

Occupations, however, should be created without making the aged feel that they have been created. One really thoughtful woman has brought a lot of happiness into the life of her husband's mother by just a few simple efforts.

She had made a heroic sacrifice to bring her boy to manhood and give him the finest education possible. And the wife knew and appreciated this. And so instead of complaining of the childishness of this once effluent old soul, she created little tasks for her.

"My, my, mother," she would say at times. "Here it is almost supper time and the beans for John's supper have not been struck. And unless mother gets right in and helps me, we won't have anything to eat all tonight."

And with a gentle push she would wheel the old lady's chair right into the kitchen and let her help. Sometimes the poor fingers would not string half a dozen, but even then she would be sure to tell John the moment he entered that she had helped or he'd have had no supper tonight.

Then again "mother" would knit for a whole week trying to put a bit of crochet around the edge of a lovely woven wash cloth. But can you imagine her pride when some little grandchild received that enthusiastically?

Cake-making time "mother" would often beat the eggs during the whole process of mixing and feel she had well spent her time while the loving daughter-in-law showed her the finished product covered with rich and dripping chocolate.

Old gentlemen may also be made to feel useful in a household and certainly should be. A hard-to-get-along-with old man took quite a different turn when the housewife said to him kindly: "Grandad, long ago when you were fighting, show us how you did when you were on K. P. and peep potatoes!"

Of course, there was a hearty laugh, but "grandad" turned right in and cheerily occupied himself for a pleasant half hour.

Ever have you had the misfortune to have to stay several weeks in a hospital, you know how the hours drag even in a particularly well managed place. Have you ever thought how long it must seem to the service men who are convalescing in the various hospitals? Here is a way in which both aged and the women while away time and also afford moments of joy for grown-up convalescents as well as children.

Save the sporting page of your newspapers. Let "grandad" or "grandma" sew a dozen of the latest of these together so that they open like a book. Or have the photographs of the favorite scenes in the world of sport cut out and mounted on brown paper with a flour and water paste. Newspaper copies or short stories for children may be clipped and mounted and will prove a real joy giver to many a patient little sufferer.

Anyone is far better off occupied, even at unimportant moments, than idle and brooding. And this is especially true of the folk who have grown old, but are still a part of our households.

The Mystery Solved.

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with the eight wives of a mandarin. The Chinese ladies expressed great wonder at the lady's clothing, but her feet especially astonished them. "Why," said one, "you are white and run as well as a man!" Of course, replied the missionary, "Can you ride a horse and swim, too?" "Certainly!" Then you are as strong as a man!" "I am." "And you wouldn't let a man beat you, even if he was your husband, would you?" "Indeed I should not!" responded the missionary emphatically. "No Englishwoman ever allows such things." The mandarin's wives exchanged knowing looks with each other, and then the eldest said: "That explains why an Englishman has never more than one wife—how is afraid!"

Bargains.

At breakfast time Mrs. Brown talked enthusiastically of a widely advertised fire sale. That evening when her husband came home he looked at a number of bundles which were lying on the table, and asked: "Well, Isabel, what did you find at that wonderful fire sale?" "Oh, Will, I got some of the loveliest silk stockings. There isn't a thing the matter with them, except that their feet are burned off!"