

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Live Your Life Over Again by Beginning at This Moment

### PROFIT BY ERRORS ALREADY ON RECORD

Look Not Mournfully Into the Past But Gaze Searchingly at the Spots Where You've Fallen Down.

By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH,  
Eminent Psychologist.

WE have all made mistakes in life. And all of us have regretted them. The person who never made a mistake in life simply does not exist.

Some people are luckier than others. At least, they appear so. Some also appear more unfortunate than others. They seem always to run up against hard luck.

But by far and large, life is dotted with ups and downs in varying proportions and intensity. And because nobody's course through life is smooth, even and continuously successful, we often hear people say: "If only I had my life to live over again."

The truth of the matter is, however, that if you actually did have your life to live over again you would do just about the same as you have done with the life you are leading right now!

Granted that you started all over again with the same hereditary background and developed your childhood in the same environment, there is no question but what the course of your adult years—except possibly for a few negligible differences—would be identical with what it is today.

The reason you wish you could begin anew is, of course, because you feel you would know better how to navigate next time. You believe you have learned from experience, in other words. You think the lessons have been profitable.

That is true! If you could apply the lessons you have already learned in this life to another, the story might be different.

But that can't be. It is impossible!

What, then, is the next best thing? What can be done with the experience that you have already rolled up to your credit?

Why, start afresh right now! Don't wish for something on this earth that you know is impossible.

Why not assume you are actually having another chance right here and now?

It is never too late to begin again, to turn over a new leaf, to start once more with energy and hope revitalized and buttressed by the experience of your ups and downs.

Now is the time to live your life over again! Make a fresh start at once.

Try to crowd two lives into one! Pretend that you have been born again with the wisdom of your present years already developed.

Test yourself out and see what will happen. Many men and women have done just this and they have turned devastating failure into jubilant success.

Have a go at yourself! It's easier to work than you imagine.

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### THE HOME KITCHEN

By JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON

Don't Miss Fleeting Cherry Time.

CHERRY season always seems so short in New England, too short for the good things we want to do with the cherries. First we get those from the far West, then locally, but they do not stay long on the fruit stands and unless we are on the watch, we miss the best of them altogether. If we are lucky enough to have a tree or two, things are different. The cherries preserved in various ways are a winter delight—flavorful, rich and usable in many ways.

**Cherry Soup.**  
Wash and stone enough ripe cherries to make a quart. Add to them a half cupful of sugar and a small cupful of clear water. Cook until the cherries are soft then strain through a colander. Return the juice to the saucepan and thicken with a little cornstarch or arrowroot dissolved in a little water. Add a few grains of salt and strain into the plates, adding a dessertspoonful of whipped cream on top of each cupful. Or jelly the juice with a teaspoonful of gelatin powder dissolved in a little cold water, then let the soup come to boiling point then strain into the wet cups. Set to chill. The cherries left may have a small cupful of sugar added with a little spice. Cook for ten minutes gently then serve as a luncheon sauce.

**Cherry Cobbler.**  
Line a rather shallow buttered pan with good, short pie crust, finishing the edges with a crimped crust. Fill the cobbler with stoned cherries, using a cupful and a half of sugar and a small cupful of clear water. Peel, quarter and core a large sour apple, then chop it as fine as possible and add. Melt all together slowly then cook until a little jelly when tried on a cold plate. Turn into hot jam pots and when cold cover down in the usual way. If the cherries are sour a half cupful more sugar may be added.

**Found for Pound Preserves.**  
To every pound of stoned cherries used add a pound of sugar. Put in the preserve kettle on the back of the stove and melt together, then cook slowly stirring very often and

**Cherry Jam.**  
To four pounds of stoned cherries allow four large cupfuls of sugar and a small cupful of clear water. Peel, quarter and core a large sour apple, then chop it as fine as possible and add. Melt all together slowly then cook until a little jelly when tried on a cold plate. Turn into hot jam pots and when cold cover down in the usual way. If the cherries are sour a half cupful more sugar may be added.

**Some Odd Facts**  
A new bullet will make easier the task of capturing big game alive. The bullet inflicts only a flesh wound, but carries a chemical preparation which brings about temporary unconsciousness.

Advertisers spend something like \$700,000,000 a year in bringing their products to the notice of the public.

**Today's Fashion**  
By Vera Winston

Navy Blue Crepe Combined With Flesh Chiffon.

PRACTICAL and delightful is the dress pictured above. Its important material is navy crepe, used simply in blouse and skirt. An elongated bolero extends to a crushed belt over a molded hip line to which skirt godets are attached at irregular points. A flat silver buckle trims the belt.

An interesting arrangement of flesh chiffon serves as a vestee over which a rolled collar ties in two long, full tabs.

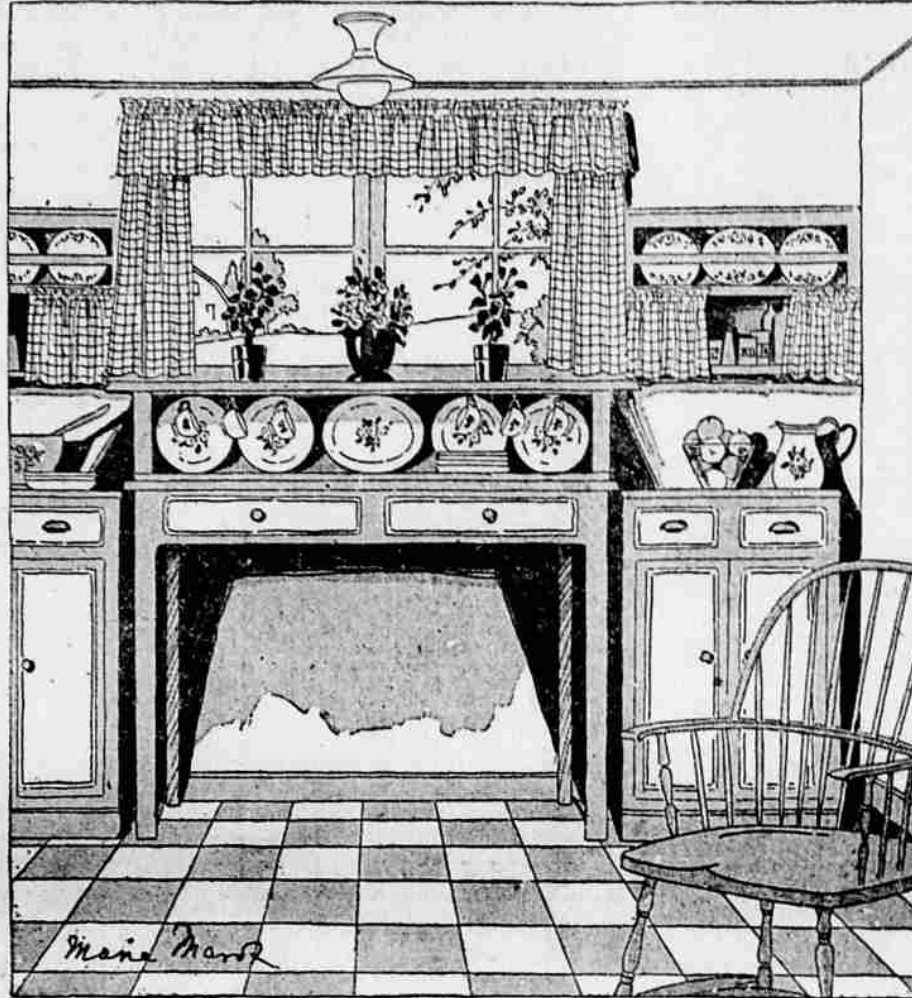
Worn with it is a silver gray felt turban and gray fox scarf.

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### A Modern Kitchen

By Marie Marot



NO more does "any old thing" do for the kitchen. Nowadays as much thought and care is put into the furnishing of a kitchen as into any other room in the house. Perhaps more so, because here the woman of the house spends most of her time, unless she be one of the truly blessed who can afford servants galore. The kitchen shown is truly a joy. The walls are tinted in a rich cream, the woodwork is lettuce green and the curtains are of green and orange checked gingham. The table and closets carry out the cream and green colors, as does the linoleum. The Windsor chair is green, and the dishes are colorful Italian pottery. Truly a pleasing place, and one that gives the impression of coolness even on the hottest day.

### Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

THE following letter has made me curious. It gives the ideas of one group of girls as to what constitutes popularity and it will be interesting to hear from other girls and boys as to what their opinions are on this question: Do you agree or disagree with Sue?

**DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:**  
I am a high school girl, fairly popular with everyone and quite popular with those in my own class and other near associates. I'm not conceited, but I do recognize the fact that I'm one of the leaders. I'd like you to publish for me this short list of how girls of the leading groups judge the boys, and won't you ask the boys to prepare a similar list?  
1. How well they wear their clothes.  
This includes whether or not their suits are pressed, their hair combed, their shoes shined, etc. Clothes don't have to be new, but should be well cared for and in good taste.  
2. How well they dance.  
This may sound foolish, but no girl who dances, likes to go with a boy who stumbles all over her feet.  
3. How well they take part in school activities.  
If a boy is not athletic he may take part in dramatics, debate, oratory or something of that kind. He may play in a school orchestra. He may do anything but he must be a leader in some line.  
4. Whether or not they have a car.  
This isn't really important. Some girls prefer the back seat, but by far the majority would rather go places in a car that "belongs."

**DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:**  
I have been married about sixteen years and my husband has started going with another woman. He takes this other woman out in his car and doesn't seem to care who sees him. I am the mother of three children. Please advise me what to do.  
ANXIOUS MOLLY.

**ANXIOUS MOLLY:**  
You that you are too young to think of marriage while you are still in school, my dear. Wait awhile before you take such a momentous step for there will be plenty of time to make up your mind after you graduate.

**ROSIE:**  
Rosie, I don't know of a thing you can do but "grin and bear it." Are you sure that the fault lies en-

tirely with your husband? So many of us are prone to put our troubles on someone else's shoulders instead of where they belong, and that is on our own. Have you done everything you can to hold his interest? Kept his home lovely? Never nagged? Been always the sweetheart whom he wooed and married? Never neglected him for the children? Kept him always first in your thoughts and heart? Search your heart and see how truthfully you can answer these questions, and then go about setting things to rights. Make yourself and your home and children so attractive and comfortable that he won't want to go out. He's a pal and a sweetheart instead of a nagging, slovenly wife. Mind, I'm not saying that you are, but it so often happens that we ourselves are to blame when he loses the very thing we want the most. All success to you and don't ever lose heart. Above all, DON'T NAG!

**DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:**  
I am a girl eighteen years of age and very much in love with a boy two years my senior. He wants to become engaged and get married soon, but I think I am too young to be married before graduating from High School. Please advise me what to do.  
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### PANTING FOR BREATH MAY MEAN EDEMA

When Fluid Escapes Into Lungs and Parts of the Body Become Puffy Look for This Disease.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.  
United States Senator from New York,  
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

SWELLING or puffiness of a part of the body is a familiar symptom. It is given the name oedema or edema. Usually the condition of edema is accompanied by an increased amount of fluid in the tissues. In a sense it is a kind of dropy.

There are diseases of the lungs in which there is an escape of fluid from the blood vessels into the air-cells themselves. It is about this I would speak today.

You will recall that the vital portions of the lungs are the minute air-cells to which goes the air we breathe. The walls of these cells contain tiny blood vessels. Both the walls of the cells and the blood vessel walls are very, very thin. They are so thin, indeed that the oxygen of the air in the cells passes through the walls into the blood itself.

Sometimes, however, the process is reversed and the fluid of the blood escapes into the air cells. Then we have edema.

The first step in this process is congestion. There are some diseases of the lungs which are accompanied by marked increase in its blood supply. It is in such a disease that there is the possibility of leakage of fluid into the air cells.

Bright's disease, pneumonia, certain forms of heart disease, pregnancy, hardening of the arteries and convulsions produce congestion of the lungs. In any one of these we may have edema of the lungs as a symptom.

Were all the air-cells of the lungs to be filled suddenly with fluid as a result of edema, death would be an immediate as in drowning. You can see that the practical effect would be the same. In one case the fluid would find its way through the mouth into the lungs and so to the air cells. In complete edema the air cells would be filled from fluid supplied by the blood.

Fortunately, such serious cases are not common. Even if the attack is mild, however, the symptoms are severe.

First, there is a tightening in the chest and panting for breath. The difficulty in breathing increases. Coughing and frothy expectoration follows. The cough is constant and some blood may be expelled.

Naturally the difficult breathing is alarming to the victim. His becoming excited and to some help die. This increases the congestion and adds to the trouble.

Paleness, cold perspiration and weak pulse may be observed. In breathing the air passes through the fluid in the air cells and the bubbling may be heard. Noisy breathing is one of the symptoms.

The attack may pass off in a few hours and the patient may never recur. One authority tells of a patient who had an attack every week or two for two or three years.

The underlying condition should be kept in mind and every such case requires good medical care. It is important to consult the doctor.

**Answers to Health Queries**  
W. F. B. Q.—What should a boy of sixteen, 5 ft. 7 in. tall weigh?  
2.—What diet will help to increase the weight?  
A.—He should weigh about 134 pounds.

2.—A well-balanced diet, plenty of outdoor life, etc., should help to keep the system fit and increase the weight. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

M. B. Q.—What can be done for dry and falling hair?  
2.—What causes canker sores? What is the remedy?  
A.—This requires a special tonic. For particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

2.—Canker sores usually indicate an acid in the system. For further details as to treatment send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

**Love's Awakening**  
The Heart Story of a Steadfast Woman.  
By Adele Garrison

Madge Unexpectedly Relieved of Junior's Care By Mother-in-Law's Decision.

THERE is no tonic to one's courage like the making of an irrevocable decision after being beset by directly opposing arguments concerning the question. As I walked from my own room to Junior's I felt not only my quailings fall away from me, but also my anger against Edith Fairfax for the unwarranted telephone interview, and the amused resentment which Dicky's outburst had engendered in me.

As I opened the door of his room where I had left Junior, a joyous and demure sitting up in bed and demanding alternate stories from his adoring grandparents, I was met with a dramatic whispered "Shh!" from Dicky's mother and I saw that coax into his afternoon nap was already asleep, while my father and my mother-in-law were watching him, sitting uncomfortably upon the edges of their chairs in patent fear that any slightest movement upon their part might wake the child.

My father's absence from home has prevented his close acquaintance with Junior's habits, but my mother-in-law knows as well as I do that when the boy once falls asleep it would take a Lindbergh reception to rouse him before his own time of waking. I knew, however, that she was enjoying her martyr complex, and I therefore minced across the room with careful obedience to her admonition and whispered close to her ear:

"Come out on the balcony. We can hear him if he awakes or calls. I'm sure he won't waken. I saw that she debated for a minute with the air of deciding Junior's future career, then nodded an assent. Giving from her chair, my father with the perfect old-school courtesy had risen when I entered, and now crossed noiselessly to us, and giving my mother-in-law's arm escorted her to the veranda, where I followed them after throwing Junior's win-dows wide open to admit the air against which my mother-in-law has a secret old-fashioned prejudice which she is ashamed to voice, but which she always humors when she is in charge of her grandson.

"For goodness' sake, Margaret," my mother-in-law adjured me as I came through the door to the bal-

cony, "do stop fiddling with those windows and sit down. Your father is so polite that he won't sit down as long as you're up, and he's too good a man to be kept standing like that."

I did not dare look at my father, for I knew the mirth in his eyes would bring my laughter dangerously near to explosion. It is an old fiction of Mother Graham's that my father who is fifteen years her junior, is of her own generation and she insists upon treating him as if he were an old and infirm as she is. But with perfect courtesy he always humors her in her fancy and as I obediently dropped into the nearest chair, he sat down also with a little bit of relief that almost at once my riddles again.

But I distinctly wished my captious mother-in-law to be humored upon this afternoon. I know that though Philip Vertizen has conquered her dislike of him by his punctilious courtesy and attentions to her, yet for a long time she cherished an almost venomous prejudice against him, and looked with much disfavor upon my work with him. But she is a woman of such innate justice despite her crochets, that she never has opposed my outside work, and I knew that if I succeeded in getting her approval of my going to the city for the working days of such week I would have a most formidable ally when again was compelled to meet Dicky's objections.

There is but one sure way to enlist Mother Graham's aid in a project. That is to appeal to her for advice. She so loves to be considered the goddess of the machine that a person of adroitness can manage to make her an enthusiastic supporter of his side of a controversy.

"I am so glad to have this chance of talking to you," I told her when we were settled comfortably in our chairs. "And I shall need Father about things. You see I am terribly upset and I want to ask your advice."

"You may save your breath," my mother-in-law said drily. "My father and I already have planned every detail about taking care of Richard second this winter while you are at work in the city." again (To Be Continued).

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### GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Blanche Silver

How Trilby Tree Told—Tains Her Friends.

"P"URKLEUP, PURKLEUP! Trilby Tree called loudly as she one morning. "Purker-up—up. It's going to rain!"

Mama Ant came out and she her eyes with her front foot, up at the sky. She couldn't cloud in sight.

"What's Trilby Tree 'told'?" Ant laughed merrily. "What in world are you calling rain? There isn't a cloud in the sky. It doesn't look as if there might be a 'rain' day."

"I don't know, I feel it in my bones," croaked Trilby Tree. "Purker-up, how I always feel there's a storm coming. Better an umbrella if you're going places."

"What I would like to be chirped Johnny Grasshopper upon a bush under Trilby Tree? Can you tell if it's going to rain?"

"One word, I really can't tell. I've lived in a wet climate instead of this old dusty meadows," said Johnny Cricket. "For one, he does not rain."

"I'm sorry," croaked Trilby Tree. "But I'm afraid you won't your wish, for before very long will come down in torrents."

"How do you know?" asked Mama Ant, setting down broom and running up the grass as to be nearer her friends, most always down rain when you it. "Well, one word, I really can't tell. I've lived in a wet climate instead of this old dusty meadows," said Johnny Cricket. "For one, he does not rain."

"Trilby Tree Told," said Johnny Grasshopper. "Can you tell if it's going to rain?"

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