

The Song of the Birds.
CAGED chaffinches are celebrated for their eagerness to compete with one another in singing. They deliver their songs alternately until one is exhausted. Little birds such as bullfinches can be trained to whistle the melodies. Even the house-sparrow, which never sings when a bird has been converted when brought up with piping bullfinches.

All School Children
 SHOULD READ THIS ARTICLE BY NELLIE BLY.
Famous Writer Says They Should
Realize Importance of Study
and Self-Development
 By Nellie Bly.

World Famous Traveler and Writer
The Subject of Interest to
the Home Circle
SCHOOL GIRLS! School boys! Greetings! Your happiest days are here—your school-days.

Have you considered just what they mean? It is just as if some God had presented you with a great big trunk of treasures plucked from the skies, the earth and the sea. You lift out tray after tray marveling over each new wonderful jewel which is yours to hold, to use and to enjoy all your life.

That is what education is. It is not work or punishment. Education makes the world ours. We are no longer limited to our own town where we reside. The entire globe is our home. The people, their histories, the hearts and hands of plants; all that lives and has lived and died ages before writing was invented become everyday acquaintances.

The glories of the heavens, the mysteries of the earth, the wonders of the seas, enchant you far beyond the power of the greatest fairy tale.

What It Means.
 Added to the fascination of learning of new and wondrous things is the zest of accomplishing and mastering. The power of being able to do it.

Memorizing! Is it not a marvelous achievement? Have you tested your ability to memorize with your schoolmates? Can you memorize quicker and better? Can you explain how you memorize? Did you ever see other girls and boys say they do it?

Life is precious! Say that constantly to yourself. You are young. Life is before you. But you cannot afford to throw away one minute. Don't be a wastrel! Life never returns. What is lost this hour is forever lost. Regrets and wishes cannot bring back one second. You may regret something undone yesterday, something unlearned yesterday. You may benefit by your failure and learn it, or do it again. But you have not brought back the lost hour. You have consumed more time.

What you wanted can no more be regained than a cup of water spilled on a sandpile. Never cheat yourself of time. Treasure it, save it. Use it. Do not waste it. Life rushes on and on, never pausing an instant, and carries you with it to the end. Don't permit the ignorant and prejudiced to tell you study will injure your health. If you accept it as it is, a boon, a pleasure, fascinating, absorbing, thrilling, entertaining, you will thrive and become healthy upon it. If you accept it as a punishment and make it unloved, despised work, your own mental at-

Fear Is Far More Painful to Cowardice Than Death to Courage

Magazine Page

CONTRASTS



When a Girl Marries

By Anne Lisle.
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CHAPTER I—L.A.X.X.L.
ONCE I had determined that this was the evening to discuss the question of allowance with Jim, I had to use a little plea that my little drama had the proper setting.

We must eat at home, not dine out. The probable interruptions of meetings people we knew, the drifting to a movie. So I stopped at a luxurious market and bought a fine, thick cut of steak, two artichokes, strawberries, rich cream and a salad of French endive. Needless to say that about emptied my pocketbook. Jim couldn't call my dinner "economy."

I got everything in readiness and popped the steak onto the grill the instant I heard his key in the lock. Then I hurried on to the living room.

"Hello, Anne," said Jim in his usual off-hand manner. "Where do we go from here?"

"How'd you like to stay home and dine on steak and artichokes?" I asked.

"Dream on," murmured Jim at the mention of his favorite fare. "No—wake up and wash up! The steak's on the fire already."

"Good girl!" cried Jim in high good nature. "I'm sick of running around after the cats. This is a fine farewell to the little old place. We move tomorrow."

At this my heart thumped a tattoo against my ribs. To move tomorrow! It had come, then—the step toward toward riches and luxury, the step away from our first home together.

A Fine Repast.

I had come and I wasn't ready either spiritually—or as regards my trim—yet. I had a little plea that my accommodator might be efficient and my steak tender. Then, realizing that I couldn't do much about the former and could do a great deal about the latter, I hurried out to the kitchenette.

Ten minutes later we sat down to a delightful repast, as the society journals put it when two hundred eat together instead of two. And when the last strawberry had been blanketed in sugar and

A Romance of Early Wedded Life

"You'll get all I have to give you. Surely you know that by this time, Anne," said Jim gravely, "I don't think I've ever begrudged you anything I could possibly make out to give you, have I?"

"No, Jim, you haven't. You've been generous to me. It isn't that. But I don't want—presently, I want the right and the responsibility of handling a working share of our income."

Again Jim laughed, but a little bitterly this time.

"The feminist again. The woman who kicked up such a row at her husband's thinking he could 'forbid' her anything!"

"Oh, Jim, it isn't that! Listen and I'll explain. Only today I was in a shop and wanted to buy lace collars and cuffs to brighten up an old dress, and after I'd practically taken them I discovered that they were \$9, and I had only \$4 or so in my purse."

"That's a darn shame! I suppose you told the clerk to send 'em up C. O. D.?"

"I was so ashamed I never thought of that," I gasped.

"And yet you want to handle big sums!" laughed Jim, and then at sight of my face he went on seriously. "I'll establish charges for you in two or three of the big stores, Anne. And you just buy what you like and send the bills to me. Same with the house. Think I'm going to pin my wife down to an allowance? Not me! You just get whatever you want. I'm rich now. You're entitled to the best. And here's a little small change. Let me know when it's gone."

Jim tossed me two \$20 bills and a \$10. Not often had I possessed so much money at one time. But it wasn't what I wanted.

"Our entire marriage seemed somehow to have slipped beyond my guidance or control."

(To be continued.)

Meat in the Diet

By Brien Belden, M. D.
PROTEIN food, exemplified by meat, does not occupy the high position in diet which was formerly the case. A study of the nutritional surveys in the United States army camps reveals much of interest in this connection. Protein is needed, but in much smaller quantity than used to be supposed.

It is the general consensus of opinion among the experts in nutrition who conducted these surveys that an excess of protein is undesirable in the dietary of a hard-working man since muscular work does not involve destruction of muscular tissue beyond the amount sustained by that tissue in muscular rest.

The amount of protein which is held to be sufficient to repair all the wastes of the body and to supply an excess of fatness is 12 per cent of the total energy intake. It is a matter of indifference to the muscles whether they receive their energy from starch or sugar, or from fat, since the starch and sugar yield their energy more rapidly than does fat. Hard muscular work, therefore, can be done on a high starch-sugar diet or upon a high fat diet. Muscular work is done with less effort if there is a plentiful supply of starch and sugar, which are cheaper sources of muscular energy than fat.

The small amount of protein needed is more for the slow rebuilding of muscular tissue than for immediate energy requirements. If taken in excess the body is embarrassed, deleterious products are formed, and disease is invited.

All the requirements for the training of soldiers, or for men in the prime of life doing hard muscular work, are met by a dietary supplying 13 per cent of the total energy (and material for replacing waste) in the form of protein, 25 per cent in the form of fat, and 62 per cent in the form of starch and sugar.

This means that half of the amount of meat that we used to think necessary is sufficient for our bodily requirements. Not so very long ago it was an article of faith that those who expended a great deal of muscular energy required large amounts of protein in the form of meat, although it had long been observed that Italian di hard manual labor on a vegetable and fat diet, and that the Japanese performed strenuous work mainly on rice. Now meat and protein food generally have been relegated to their proper place in the sphere of nutrition. Indeed, our dietetic views have been revolutionized within the past few years.

The Rhyming Puss in Boots Jr.

By Aline Michaelis.
THERE is no trouble nor unrest in any land or clime that can't be lightened and redressed by good old Doctor Time. A healer of magic touch whose work is always sure: kind love, fair hope accomplished much, but Doctor Time can cure. For him that bit the eyes with tears and bow the heart with grief grow lighter with the passing years and Doctor Time's relief. So gentle is his tender hand, so light his football swift, we sometimes fail to understand just why our burdens lighten and we better love and winter's time, we better love and better know our friend, old Doctor Time. The joys we missed, the hopes we lost, the love too sweet to last, whatever pain they may have cost was healed by Time at last. And when we see the sunshine bright we missed for many a day fall once again with golden butt! But Mrs. Cat had made a mistake, for there was no rat to be seen. Instead there stood the little mouse who two or three stories ago had told the black kitty where to find their kittens.

"What do you want?" asked Puss Junior, kindly.

"I think the three little kittens

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

To clean steel, rub the article with a piece of wash leather dipped in paraffin.

Soak whalebones few moments in warm water, in order to make them flexible and conform to the figure when put in casings.

A soiled black coat can be effectively cleaned by sponging the surface with a solution of strong coffee to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. When the coat has been gone over carefully with the sponge it should be dried by being rubbed well with a colored woolen cloth.

This Day in Our History.

Twice-Told Tales of Washington
The Mickle Slaying Mystery

WHILE hundreds of people passed by his store, and just a few minutes after customers had left it, William H. Mickle, sixty-four years of age, was slain on the night of November 16, 1911.

Eight years have passed since the body of Mickle, his head crushed by numerous blows with the ironed wire, was found in his seventh street store.

For many weeks the police worked on clues to no avail. Hobbey was assigned as the cause of the slaying but the police were unable to find any money was missing.

On November 29 a coroner's jury met over the body of Mickle. After a brief inquiry, the jury returned a verdict that Mickle came to his death at the hands of a person, or persons, unknown to the jury.

Smith Was Killed.
 A youth, Harry Lannon, testified at the inquest and told this story: "I looked in and Mickle was lying on his face. I saw no blood, and I thought him dead at first. I did not know whether to call for a doctor or an ambulance. I started out to do one or the other, when a tall man, of dark complexion, entered the store. I saw him watch the store and he would get an ambulance. He talked a great deal with his hands and, when he told me to stay, motioned me back. I followed him out and saw him enter the store at the corner of Mt. Vernon Square. This was the last I saw of him. I then telephoned for the ambulance. When I got back Mrs. Mickle and others came in. When Mrs. Mickle asked me, I turned the injured man over and saw the blood for the first time."

Mad Sweater Under Head.
 "I looked at the back of the man's head and thought that he had struck himself by falling through illness. It was when I had turned

The Child's Best Frock

Sizing Up People
 By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,
 Professor in the University of Kansas
 and an Authority on the
 Training of the Child.

THE successful gambler is one of the cleverest and shrewdest of men. He is a master of one fine art which all the world needs and which you boys should learn. It is the art of sizing up people. The trickster is a character study specialist. He studies his opponents' faces, looks, and how to "get" him. Even though a bad character, he is a good psychologist.

But the waldooes has even a better right than the evildoer to study people, to know by the outward signs what one's next move will be and to act accordingly for the individual advantage and the common good. Even the philanthropist is strong or weak in proportion as he knows or fails to know the laws of human behavior.

Teach your boy to study people at every turn. Have him watch the crowd and then single out the various types of temperament and behavior. He will learn to detect the signs of honesty and dishonesty, of frugality and thriftlessness, of solemnity and frivolity, of reverence and brahminism. And he may very commendably profit by such knowledge.

Select a man who is a conspicuous success in business and examine his daily life and have your boy quietly keep tab on his daily conduct—his habits of work, thrift, sleep, rest, exercise, amusement, altruism, and so on. Thus he may discover the secret formula of a good life and apply some of the qualities he has noted to his own career. If your son is bold enough to do so, have him visit some good man at a leisure hour and ask for advice about his own life work.

Now, pick of a man who is known to be a failure and have your boy study him at close range, also, applying about the same tests as were given to the strong character. Another secret formula may be discovered here, the secret of a weak life. A significant matter will now come to light, namely, the successful man nearly always knows how and by what rules he succeeds, but the failure scarcely ever knows how he fails. The latter does not seem capable of self-analysis.

Now, we have come to the central idea of our discussion, the idea that you boys must learn to analyze himself. But in order to do this valuable thing well he must acquire the practice of analyzing others, as outlined above. There are hundreds of little acts and mannerisms which can be profitably observed in others, every one of which is related to the whole character and is therefore significant psychological material.

Not only as a further assurance of his own success and self-development but as a matter of intense satisfaction should your boy acquire the fine art of character study. It becomes interesting pastime and an extreme pleasure, during one's leisure moments to watch the crowd go by and to see signs of character in every garment, every facial expression, every movement.

Again, it is delightful to know how to edge up to an individual and to get quickly from his behavior a full mental outline of who and what he is. Character study is at once the greatest pleasure and the most profitable game. Teach both your boy and your girl how it is done.

BOOKS

OSCAR MONTAGUE—PARANOIA. By George Jackson, D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A strong, dramatic novel is this remarkable story of the family of Montague Gerold, the father, an unscrupulous schemer; Ruth, his wife, a chronic worrier; charming young Helen, and Oscar, whom his adoring mother has never subjected to discipline. Wealthy, intelligent, good to look upon, the entire family would seem to be singled out for the favor of fortune, but in the tragedy of their lives, as depicted by Dr. Walton, we have the story of what is happening in thousands of American families. Dr. Walton is a master of wit and humor, and with the keenest enjoyment, the reader will follow the stirring and human drama of the Montagues, who in one way or another are typical of all of us.