

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

How "Shocking" Works; The Cost of Impudence By Winifred Black

MRS. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman says we've got to be shocking. Absolutely shocking—we women—or we'll never get anywhere in the world. I don't know exactly where it is that Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman thinks we want to go—but, anyhow, we needn't think we'll ever get there—unless we shock people. "Practise on your families," says Mrs. Gilman. "Do something you have refrained from doing because it would shock their conventions. Go home from this meeting—and shock your sister. Get up in the morning—and shock your brother. In the afternoon—shock your mother and your grandmother. It will give you courage, it will make for character; it will help you to attain peace. Shock the conventions—if you want to arrive anywhere."

Whom Shall I Shock? It's near the opening of the fishing season—that's the idea. I'll break up cousin-in-law's special fishing rod that he bought with the money his wife gave him—I'll break it into pieces no bigger than a minute. How shocked dear cousin-in-law will be. Here he comes near—what big hands he has! They tell me that down in his part of the country when a woman is unreasonable—somebody slaps her. What if cousin-in-law should think me not only shocking—but unreasonable? No, I won't shock cousin-in-law. Grandma—she's the one—she's so mild and good. It won't do the least bit of harm to shock her. Let's see—I know—I'll ravel out her knitting—just like that. And I'll laugh while I'm doing it. Grandma does love her knitting; she keeps count of just how many stitches she must take in a week. Won't it be fun to show her that I don't care a yarn raveling about those stitches, or the one who did them? Grandma is the ideal. What is it grandma is doing this week? Making strawberry preserves. She cooks them by the sun, doesn't she. Anyhow, they're perfectly delicious. What if she should shock me—by not giving me any of the preserves. I think I won't risk it—not at this season. Grandma shall go unshocked, for all of me. It's an awful nuisance—finding the right person to "shock." I wonder how Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman manages? Everybody seems to be so tied up some way—everybody that I know. Either I owe them something in some way, or they owe me something in some way, and if I shock them such strange things might happen. My life seems to be so complicated. Doubtless Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman leads the simple life; that must be it.

It's an Old Idea. It isn't quite a new idea, this fad for shocking people, is it? I had it when I was about 15, didn't you? It seems to me that most young persons do have it. They love to be thought wild and free, and reckless and daring—poor things! But, somehow, the people they tried to shock always laughed—and that is so discouraging. Still, there must be something in Mrs. Stetson-Gilman's idea—or she wouldn't have it. The great thing about all these ideas is to be perfectly serious. A sense of humor is fatal. I have a serious aunt. She thinks the world is a vale of tears, and, Oh, how they do cheat you at the grocers! She'd be a lovely cue to shock. She'd never think of smiling—she never does. I'll tell her I don't believe in the book of Job. I hope it won't be pathetic to see how shocked she is. I met a woman who used to have a lovely time shocking people, when she was a girl. It's a long time since that woman was a girl. She doesn't try to shock people now—she does it without trying. Poor soul, I suppose it got to be a habit. She looks as if she wishes she were dead—I wonder if the people who loved her when they tried to keep her from shocking them years ago do not wish so, too?

The Good Night Story

The Height of Wisdom :: By VERNON MERRY THERE was once a good-hearted farmer who loved to laugh; his one fault was that he delighted in playing practical jokes. He made other people very uncomfortable, but Farmer John seemed never to mind that at all. He wasn't the one that was made uncomfortable. He enjoyed his own jokes and laughed hard at them. He thought himself very clever. One day his friend William decided to get even with Farmer John for all the uncomfortable jokes he had played on him. So William set out for a pretty road near where the knee Farmer John would pass on his way to market. In his hand William carried a large sack and a piece of rope. When William arrived at the road he instructed the hired man he had brought with him just what he wanted him to do. In a short time William was found hand and foot inside the bag, and the bag was drawn up to the top of a tree. Then the hired man ran away and hid himself, for he saw Farmer John approaching. As soon as Farmer John came under the tree he looked up and saw the bag hanging there. William, who could see him through a tiny hole, called out: "Long may your days be in the land!" "Who are you and what are you doing?" gasped Farmer John. "I have found the way to wisdom," William answered. "How would you like to learn?" "Fine," replied Farmer John. "I'm clever, but I want to be wise." "All right," said William, "but I can let you take my place only for one hour. Take the rope tied to the tree and let me down." Farmer John did as William asked and when he was untrapped from the ropes and out of the bag, William made him very anxious to take his place by telling him of the wonderful things that he had learned. So Farmer John permitted William to tie him up in the bag and hoist him up to the top of the tree. When William had him safely up there he cried out: "Now stay there for awhile. Don't you already feel something of wisdom that comes from experience? You think you are clever with your practical jokes, but you aren't. Stay there until you really are clever—and that'll be a long while." Then William went away and left Farmer John to think upon the seriousness of practical jokes that hurt other people.

DAY DREAMS By Michelson



YOU have them whether you sit before a typewriter, an engine, a cash window or a kitchen table. You never know how they drift to you. You perhaps don't realize they have happened until they melt away—that is to say, until you WAKE UP. Generally they move with a miraculous smoothness. Just now they are likely to be green dreams, sweet with the perfume of wonderful sylvan life.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Dance of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 102 The Dust Hunter.

AL of which brings me to some very definite thoughts on housekeeping. A woman who thinks and dreams dust is the greatest bore as a nagging wife. She has a nagging wife, for she hunts a man to death with her views on order. LEONA DALRYMPLE. A dust expert can never be a philosopher! There's something about the microscopic inspection of corners and the backs of pictures that kills every germ of mental growth. A housewife is a mild lunatic compared with a genuine dust hunter. Both, however, have that wild, determined look in their eyes. The dust hunter furtively runs her fingers over inaccessible mantelpieces in a neighbor's house; she finds the dark patch inadvertently forgotten; she longs to dust the trees and fences. With some excellent women this sort of thing is an obsession. And I am not one to deny the beauty of orderly, systematic housekeeping. I like to see a house run with perfect regularity. I don't want to see a mess. Neither do I want to hear about it constantly. The wheels of a perfect house-machine should run without creaking, and the family who are not immediately concerned in the oiling should not be troubled by the sound of wheels. Many a man has been driven forth to his club by a frantic housekeeper. The husband of a real dust hunter will never unexpectedly bring his friends home to dinner. Not but what the house will be spotless—it assuredly will—but the husband of a real dust hunter will be so disarranged and upset by his unorthodox conduct that he'll never repeat the experiment. For the genuine dust hunter who thinks of nothing else never has a sense of humor. She couldn't have and stay a dust hunter. If her husband brings a man home to dinner she'd rather know about it days before, and make endless preparations, for if by chance he does succumb to temptation and bring home the unexpected guest, she's sure to remember that the southwest corner behind the bathtub hasn't been dusted for two hours, and she will be distraught for the rest of the meal. A man once told me how his wife had been very ill for weeks and how finally there was much preparation when it was time for her to come downstairs for her first dinner with the family. One of the daughters, knowing her mother's inordinate passion for dustlessness, had conscientiously gone over and over the house until she was utterly tired out and when at last it was time to assemble at the foot of the stairs tread-but smiling. And the mother? Well, she was a real dust hunter. She didn't see the spotless order of the rest of the house. She looked at her oldest daughter, and pointed suggestively up the stairs. "Amelia," she said, "there's a patch of maling up there on the stairs that hasn't been dusted for days I'm sure." And Amelia nearly fainted. She'd tucked a memorandum of that portion of railing away in her mind for reference and forgotten it completely. But she trotted dutifully upstairs and dusted it before her mother could go on with her dinner. Now that mother was a real dust hunter. She didn't have any regard for feelings—merely for dust. A real philosophical housekeeper would have smiled and praised the beautiful order of the house, she would have thought first of the loving, patient fingers that had tried so hard to make it faultless, and she'd have wisely forgotten and forgiven that single forgotten patch of dust. And the difference, I take it, is this. Some women are housekeepers and some are housekeepers. They're very, very different jobs. The dust hunter is a housekeeper. The mother, with philosophy and humor, a wholesome desire for neatness and an equally wholesome desire for the comfort of her family is a housekeeper. In the truest sense of the word, Mary is getting to be a wonderful housekeeper. Mother, thank heaven, is a housekeeper.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

Pleasure is a law to the fool.—Plato. One of the poets—which is it?—speaks of an everlasting life.—Southey. Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy gains.—T. Adams. When lently and crewly play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the sooner winner.—Shakespeare. A laugh is for joyous mirth, not for a joyous heart, for without kindness there can be no true joy.—Carlyle. No virtue fades out of mankind. Not over hopeful by inborn temperament, cautious by long experience, I yet never despair of human virtue.—Theodore Parker. From the earliest dawnings of policy to this day, the invention of man has been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder, from the first rude essay of clubs and stones to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoning, bombardings, mining.—Burke. Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.—Auerbach. Malvolence is misery to the mind of Satan, the great enemy, an outcast from all joy, and the opponent of all goodness and happiness.—J. Hamilton. The reason why all men honor love is because it looks up, and not down; aspires, and not despairs.—Emerson. Money is powerful for good if divinely used—Gives it plenty of air and it is sweet as the hawthorn; shut it up and it cankers and breeds worms.—G. MacDonald. Let your letter be written as accurately as you are able, with regard to language, grammar and stops; for as to the matter of it, the less trouble you give yourself the better it will be. Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them just what we should say to the persons if we were with them.—Chastellain. What destiny sends, bear! Whoever perseveres will be crowned.—Herder. All great nations delight in stability; all great men find eternally affirmed in the various sources of their facilities.—Emerson. Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.—Cicero. It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men ever aiming to appear great, for they who are really great never seem to know it.—Cecil. A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from, or whether it goes, few men can tell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself; nor does the parallel stop here. For the ocean is not more fierce and uncertain, more terrible when aroused, more unreasonable or more cruel.—Dickens.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Your Skin Sunburns; What Tanned Faces Show

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

THE light that through yonder window breaks from the east, will tan many a fair Juliet's cheek this summer. The pretty cheeks, which hold pretty dimples and Cupid's bows—hollows made by health and love—are buried in a sea of tan. The spots of certain summer animals and creatures of the tropics are due both remotely to ancestry and directly to the effects of the sun. Pigmentation is the name given to this condition in mankind. It is a pearly black deposit in the skin due to the invisible rays of Old Sol. These rays burn the blood, sturt, out of the tissue units and deposit them in the upper layers of the skin. Ethiopians, Moors, Indians, Cubans and inhabitants of the tropics have this pigmentation to an extensive degree. Yet a man or girl who spends July, August, and September in glorious outdoors returns in the autumn with this great, dark badge of health. He or she is indistinguishable from a Japanese or other big brown man. The fetish of the sun bath is wood, nourished and worshipped justly in some instances—justly in others. That is to say, the sun is essentially a boon and yet at times a hindrance to health. Notably to infants, the aged and the debilitated when it causes "insulation" of moisture. Have you observed the silhouette of a tan upon a swimmer or a bather? If you are one of those who have noted last summer the tattoo of tan in beautiful outlines of legs upon your bosom. If you did not burn and then tan, you were ill, or, physically speaking, below par. If you tan after a few weeks in the burning summer sun, it is the high sign of health. If you remain pale and unaffected by the season's rays, you must, perforce, look to your health. The Arab tanned by tropic sun, the galley slave browned beside his oar, the nomad with sandals torn by tollstone gravel and faces tawny from the scorching rays show by this pigmentation the vitality that is theirs. The fetish of the sun bath is wood, nourished and worshipped justly in some instances—justly in others. That is to say, the sun is essentially a boon and yet at times a hindrance to health. Notably to infants, the aged and the debilitated when it causes "insulation" of moisture. Have you observed the silhouette of a tan upon a swimmer or a bather? If you are one of those who have noted last summer the tattoo of tan in beautiful outlines of legs upon your bosom. If you did not burn and then tan, you were ill, or, physically speaking, below par. If you tan after a few weeks in the burning summer sun, it is the high sign of health. If you remain pale and unaffected by the season's rays, you must, perforce, look to your health. The Arab tanned by tropic sun, the galley slave browned beside his oar, the nomad with sandals torn by tollstone gravel and faces tawny from the scorching rays show by this pigmentation the vitality that is theirs.

Useful Mints for the Housewife By Ann Marie Lloyd

WHY is it, when the old-fashioned biscuit crust is so delicious for shortcakes, and every one seems to prefer it, that the average restaurant serves a dry, tasteless cake abomination with a mess of berries thereon and calls it "shortcake"? The genuine biscuit shortcake is simply made, and the veriest amateur need have no fear in attempting it. Here is a rule given me by a southern cook whose biscuits have delighted the palates of many great men and famous women: "It's as easy made, honey," said she, "as rollin' off a log—only, you got to be light-handed. Heavy-handed folks ain't got no business messin' round cookin' nohow." Take two cups of flour, into which have been sifted four teaspoons of baking powder and half a teaspoon of salt. Work into it with the fingers four tablespoons of lard or butter. Add gradually a scant cup of milk and mix with a knife. Toss on a floured board and roll to thickness. Bake in individual cakes as biscuit or in jelly cake tins and split. Shortcake is so called to bread that it may not be amiss to give recipe for corn bread, as this same good old cook gives it: One cup cornmeal, one cup flour, one-quarter cup sugar, three and one-half teaspoons of baking powder, half a teaspoon of salt. Mix them thoroughly, then add a well-beaten egg, a cup of milk and two tablespoons of melted butter. "And beat like the very old mackerel," admonishes the old cook. Bake in a shallow pan for 20 minutes, or if you wish to have it in the form of muffins, fill muffin pans with the same mixture and add five minutes to the baking time. A woman who has a family of growing boys and girls with over whetted appetites, says there is nothing to equal nut bread for wholesome deliciousness, and that served with a glass of milk, it forms the midsummer luncheon for herself and her children at least six days in the week. To make this nutritious and palatable bread, mix well together four cups of flour, seven teaspoons of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt and three-quarters of a cup of sugar. She says "the brown sugar seems to give a better flavor than the white." Then add a cup and a half of milk, into which an egg has been beaten. When thoroughly mixed, stir in a cup of chopped nut meats and bake in an ordinary round bread tin for three-quarters of an hour. These warm summer mornings when fruit forms so large a part of the diet and even toast has an unpleasantly substantial, sour, popovers, which are the nearest to "nothing to eat," and yet very appealing to nearly all palates, have a distinct place. Add enough of a scant cup of milk to a cup of flour, into which a salt spoon of salt has been sifted until it is a paste. Then add the rest of the milk and a well-beaten egg, and beat the whole mixture for five minutes. To be made really good popovers must be beaten. Have the gem pans hot and buttered, and fill them with the paste. Bake for 30 minutes, reducing the temperature to a very hot oven after the first 10 minutes. If they are a success they will literally pop over the edge of the pan and be crispy, and, as the old cook said, "toss to melt in your mouth."

Advice to Girls By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie: I am corresponding with a young man, and have been for a few months, and he wishes to come to see me this summer. I am undecided about telling him to come, for I have never met him. What shall I do about it? Let him come or not? UNDECIDED. WHY don't you want him to come to see you? Are you afraid he won't like you, or do you fear that you won't like him? What is it you want for a friend, a dress or a reality? Ask him to come, and then have him come straight to your home. Put on your prettiest frock, do your hair your prettiest way, smile your sweetest, and get in and get acquainted with the real man who will want to know the real you as you really are. Letters tell so little, so very little. A man may write the most charming letter in the world and be at heart a selfish brute. He may write a tiresome, conventional letter and turn out to be, when you know him—a man of real character and great charm of personality. Don't worry if you're not pretty. If he likes you he'll think you're pretty.