

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Is a Daughter Ungrateful If She Seeks Independence?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

Now she's interested in the study of ancient sign languages and every body has to know what she means when she crooks her finger this way or doubles up her fist—like that.

But that isn't the worst of it. Daughter wants a studio. A room won't do, not any kind of a room; it must be a studio, in a loft somewhere, preferably; and she wants a gas stove in a corner somewhere behind a curtain, and she thinks that she ought to have some of those perfectly clear casts that hang on the wall, and a stand of armor to put by the door.

### His "Normal" Children.

What does she want to do in her studio? Oh, she wants to live her life. She's always talking about living her life, is daughter; as if she could live anything but her life, no matter how hard she tried.

And she says she can't possibly live her life at home. The atmosphere isn't right.

And poor father is worried to death. Sometimes he's so worried that he's glum and other times he's so worried that nobody dares speak to him, for fear of being snapped at quite in the fashion of old Towser.

He says daughter is ungrateful; here he's spent thousands of dollars on her education, and built a beautiful home to keep her in, and now what's the use of it all. He wishes, he says, that she couldn't read and write, for his part, and who on earth will want to marry a girl with such a lot of facts? Father has another daughter. She's married. She's been married over a year.

Dear, dear, what a wedding there was; flowers and music and bridesmaids and maids of honor and a caterer and a veil and an orchid bouquet—and mother weeping in the chancel and father looking dignified at the rail—oh, really, the smartest sort of things in weddings.

The groom didn't seem to amount to much—it so often seems to be that way with grooms. There was a wedding trip and afterward father set the young couple up in a pretty little flat, and got the groom a job.

But father seems perfectly delighted with that daughter; he doesn't think she's ungrateful after he educated her and built the house and all.

### Is She Ungrateful?

He says she's normal. And if normal means being absolutely selfish and entirely stupid, then that daughter certainly is normal.

There's a son, too, in father's house, or was.

Son went to college and when he came home he "did" his room in the athletic style with boxing gloves and things. But somebody was going to Nome and son got the gold fever.

So he's gone up to Alaska to live with the polar bears.

He writes once in six months or so, and says he likes it and that he never intends to come home again.

Father doesn't seem to think him ungrateful at all. I suppose he is "normal," too.

I'm rather sorry for daughter. She really ought to be earning her own living; that's what she honestly wants to do. She's full of energy and ambition, and she just has to keep doing something or die.

I wonder why she is any more ungrateful than the other two, don't you?

## WHEN WE SHOP BY AEROPLANE



ISABELLE RICHARDS

### This Is the Air Age, Says Aviatrix

By Cecile Manning

FLYING in to town to have lunch, on an appointment with the modiste and do a bit of shopping with one's aeroplane in its place in an ordinary line of similar craft hovering above the big department stores, is the vision of the future which Isabelle Richards, one of the most promising and enthusiastic pupils of the Wright aviation school in Dayton, O., sees.

"And it isn't such a dim vision either," adds Miss Richards. "We all know how quickly the motor became an everyday thing, once it was made practical. The airplane was 20 years ago. And it is making great strides toward practicability."

A fashion lecture in New York sent Miss Richards into cloudland. She dropped into the lecture because she had an hour of spare time on her schedule. A very charming young artist was giving a conference of modes to a select audience. There was an exquisite setting of gray and soft Persian rugs, the lecturer wore the very latest Paris styles and her talk was illustrated by six lovely, statueque young women garbed in costumes which had just come off the steamer and represented the best ideas of the most famous designers.

"It is the air age," said the lecturer.

studied the machines. All this time all the thoughts I had concerned the wonder of it all. Then one day I took a little cloud spin. When I landed my future was planned.

"I would be an aviatrix. My family literally went 'up in the air' when I told them about it. But all their objections, all the stories of terrible falls and deaths had not the slightest effect on my determination. Fly I would. And here I am. And next season I hope to take my place among the real sky pilots. I am simply enraptured with the sport and its possibilities, and I have never ceased to marvel at it all."

"I believe in the future of flying. I look to see the time when it will be no stranger to hop into one's airplane and fly to business, or to one's social engagements, than it is now to use a motor for the same purpose. From the sport side, in my mind, there is nothing which can compare with it. I thought ice-boating was the most exhilarating of all sports, but it can't compare with flying. I have never known fear. They tell me that is one of the reasons why I have a chance of being a successful aviatrix. And to any other woman who feels the 'call' from the clouds as I did, I would say, 'Answer it. But be sure it is a real call.'"

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

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

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 growing interest.

### Women as Workers

MOTHER, I said one night in the course of one of my unforgettable chats with her, "women are economic moths, aren't they? I've been thinking a lot about it."

Mother smiled, her gray hair a shadowy highlight in the dusk of the old-fashioned sitting room.

"Just what do you mean, Peter?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "Henderson was telling me that he and his wife met a most exquisitely gowned woman at Atlantic City and she was most cultured and charming—gave them to understand that she was a New York society woman and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, she was a New York modiste. They've since discovered it. I gather from the fact that Mrs. Henderson was positively scandalized and she was ashamed of her vocation that economic snobbery among

women is fairly well developed."

"You're right, Peter," said mother, nodding. "It's an unfortunate fact, but it's true."

"You know," I said, "you never meet a girl who isn't doing her dabbles in music, or the stage professionally, but what she lets you know it in short order—almost as soon in fact, as she takes the opportunity to quote his college so that you'll know he's a college man. But if a girl is a clever typist, or a dressmaker, or a milliner, she keeps it strictly to herself."

"You have struck a point, Peter," said mother quietly, "that I've always felt very strongly about. I'd like to see college girls deliberately turn their heads and their hands to simpler occupations and really put some effort in it. As it is now, most of that work is left to women who are clever with their fingers than they are with their heads. Imagine the result a girl might obtain who was clever both with her fingers and her head."

"She ought to get excellent results," I admitted cordially.

"Take, for instance, a girl who has made wonderful doll things as a youngster. Send her to college and instantly she forgets the skill of her fingers and buys too much stress on the skill of her head. She wants to write tragedies in blank verse and tries. If she fails, she's broken-hearted and we have on our hands a very poor playwright minus the dynamic life-force of cheerfulness and content where we might have had an excellent modiste. All, Peter, because of this economic snobbery, as you so aptly term it."

"It's an idea with tremendous possibilities," I suggested, "for men as well as women. A good carpenter gets lots

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## How Your Cheeks Expose Your Good or Bad Habits

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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A FACE like a benediction is often bas-reliefed by two stout cheeks due to dissipation. Every face, however full, padded round with flesh and fat, is but modelled on a skull. The yellowish, oily substance, which forms the adipose tissue generally, forms two cushions of fat in the cheeks.

Blushes, spread-eagle veins and sluggish blood in the chamois-like flesh may often be the decorative finish.

There is no art which will always construct the character from the cheeks. Yet the cheeks are often the books wherein men may read strange matters.

Contenting passions jostle, push and creak amid the tummy 'twixt the jaw and cheek.

"Unmatched by art, upon this wondrous scroll, Portrayed are all the secrets of the soul."

It is an unkind blow to the proud possessors of many a buxom cheek to learn that cheeks which are too fat, too cup-like, too bouncing in their roundness are often traceable to prodigal living and loose physical habits.

The very cheeks which many a sweet girl yearns to pinch frequently betoken a spongy, jellyfish-like padding. This in turn is the outcome of lobster palace diets.

The very over-ripe show of rosy cheeks, which are so tempting in their fruit glow, contains a warning of Nero habits. The cheeks are often the first of the fairest fleshy parts to indicate bad living habits, disease or deformities within the body cavities.

Once your cheeks begin to buckle, to droop like pie dough over the pans you should at once look to yourself. Either you are losing too much sleep, eating too much, as well as too rich a ration, or you have some hidden illness.

Many a merry, globular, cherry-ripe cheek betoken broken commandments behind its saucer-shaped lustre.

A fine, fair, naturally blooming cheek, if not too flabby, oedematous or marrowy, is a sweet girl's best dowry. On the other hand, a man or woman with two hemispherical pillows has a cheeky grace which insults all delicacy.

Cheeks dripping with avoirdupois make the alert physiognomist-physiologist suspicious of intemperance. Beverages made of the wine which is red and the heavier alcohols.

These fleshy yokes, these conjugal couples of your face, the Castor and Pollux of the anatomy, are always groomed according to the structural health beneath them.

See to it that their texture is pure, this office.

## Hints for the Housewife

Pewter is easily cleaned with whiting and salad oil applied to all spots. Then wash in soap suds, rinse in boiling water and polish with hot sand, using a stiff brush. Of course, the sand must be the fine kind sold for polishing purposes.

Ice cream is one of the most difficult stains to remove from table linen or clothes. Sometimes either applied at the spot or do it. If it is allowed to set and dry, then the article must be soaked for an hour or two in cold water before it is laundered. Fruit stains are more easily removed by boiling water if they are first soaked in cold water.

If your piano has unsightly scratches, they can be easily covered or removed by a polish made of equal parts of strong black coffee and sweet oil, to which a few drops of turpentine are added. This is an excellent polish for all dark furniture. Be sure it is first rubbed into the wood and that no surplus is left to catch dust.

The removal of mildew stains means patience. Wet the article with boiling water and wring, then dip it in sour milk and cover with salt and lay in the sun. The beaten pulp of a fruit, apple, lemon or tomato, each used with a liberal amount of salt, are other remedies.

## Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

JUST couldn't go to sleep after that fire last night," said Mrs. Golden-Rod to the Bantam Rooster as the sun came streaming in the henhouse.

"I wish you would let me sleep a minute longer," replied the Bantam Rooster, shutting his eyes.

"You woke me up last night," said the Little Hen.

"Yes, but there was a fire," said the Rooster. "You should thank me for waking you up."

"Thank you very much for waking me up," said his companion very politely.

"I wish you would let me go to sleep," whined the little fellow.

"All right," said Mrs. Golden-Rod. "You go to sleep while I go and see where the fire was."

"Not a bad idea! Not a bad idea!" said the Rooster, as he hopped down from the roost.

"I thought you wanted to go to sleep," said the Hen, trying to tease the little fellow.

"Never mind that," he said as he scooted out the door. "Well, well," he continued, "there is plenty of light now that the barn is gone. Our henhouse will be nice and warm now—sunshine all day long."

"But you must remember that Dobbin has no home. When we get more sunshine it means that our friend has no home," said Mrs. Golden-Rod.

"I wonder where he has gone?" said the Bantam Rooster.

"Let's go and find him, after we see the place where the barn was," replied his companion.

The two trudged over to where a black heap covered the ground where the barn had been. Already the other chickens were there, for chickens have a lot of curiosity.

"What are you looking for?" asked the Bantam Rooster of Mrs. Plymouth Rock.

"I am just over here because the rest are," said Mrs. Plymouth Rock. "I don't want to miss anything. Why are you over here?"

"I am hunting for Dobbin. He was a great friend of ours," replied the Bantam Rooster.

"I forgot all about him," said Mrs. Plymouth Rock. "He was a great friend of mine, too. Let me go with you. Where do you suppose he has gone?"

"I will look for the prints of his iron shoes and they will tell us where he is," replied the Bantam Rooster.

"How observing you are," said Mrs. Golden-Rod.

The Bantam Rooster began to look on the ground and, sure enough, he found Dobbin's footprints. He ran along where they were and soon they found Dobbin in the meadow.

"We are glad to see you!" exclaimed the Bantam Rooster.

"I am glad you didn't forget me," said the big fellow as he looked down kindly at the Rooster, Mrs. Golden-Rod and Mrs. Plymouth Rock.

## Three Minute Journeys

Where Men Live in Boats

By Jonathan MacFarland



I DON'T mean sea-faring men, and neither do I have reference to the people who take their summer vacations on houseboats. I mean people who are born on boats, stay all their lives on boats, and die on boats.

I suppose they are buried ashore, or thrown overboard, when they shuffle off the coil.

In the Chinese city of Canton there are more people who live in boats than there are inhabitants in the city of New Orleans. I never counted them carefully, but I am told that fully 400,000 pairs of slant eyes open in the morning and close at night in the countless sampans that crowd the river on which Canton is situated.

### Her Preference.

He—Would you rather a man would write and declare his love or tell it by word of mouth?

She—I would prefer it by mouth if not by word.

### A Matter of Elision.

"Did you lose your money in a game of chance?"

"No. I thought there was a chance but I learned the other fellows had eliminated that element."

A loving heart is the truest wisdom.—Dickens.

Good is no good, but if it be spend; Good giveth good for no other end.—Spenser.

Of all virtues magnanimity is the rarest; there are 100 persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—Hicliatt.

Nature has placed me here; she shall not lead me away. She will not hate her work.—Goethe.

Men well governed should seek after no other liberty, for there can be no greater liberty than a good government.—Sir W. Raleigh.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.—Lavater.

Lying is a certain mark of cowardice.—Scott.

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once; this forever.—Child.

Honor usually tends toward good nature, and everything that tends toward good nature tends toward good grace.—Longfellow.

Words of Wise Men

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