

THE DAILY MAIL MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY.

Is a Daughter Ungrateful If She Seeks Independence?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

FATHER'S worried about daughter. Daughter's been home from college for a year now. She had a fine time decorating her room. She hung pennants on the wall and souvenirs on the window curtains and dance programs on the bureau; she organized a college club, and took a school in cookery in what she called the stunts.

She did neighborhood work and brought home nice young mechanics with work-worn hands to dinner; and she was everybody else.

Then she took up the Montessori system and dogged all her friends into nervous prostration asking them to send their children to her to be taught to do things "spontaneously."

Now she's interested in the study of ancient sign languages and everybody knows what she means when she crooks her finger this way or that.

At last! 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 left 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 pretty dear 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, 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 alone 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 Tower.

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 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's 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 take a look at it.

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.

Isn't 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?

Three Minute Journeys

Where Men Live in Boats

By Jonathan MacFarland



YOU know what these sampans look like—ungainly craft about 20 feet long, with an awning arrangement amidships. When I first saw a collection of hundreds of them crowded together in the river it looked as though a giant packing case had been undone and all the litter incidental to the unpacking had been carelessly thrown into the river.

If your sense of smell is not too keenly developed it is interesting to investigate living conditions on these homesteads. They are, for our social service workers would say, congested, for frequently as many as eight people live on one boat. And my Chinese guide told me that some families keep boarders. If there is a baby in the family it is tied to its mother's back, and it stays there even when the woman is rowing the boat, for she is the motive power, and provides the income for the family by ferrying people and other freight back and forth between different points on the river bank.

Travelling barbers go about among the sampans in boats of their own, and attend to the personal needs of the male residents. Doctors make their visits in a similar manner, and, in fact, boats are as much or more of a necessity in this section of Canton as they are in Venice.

Canton is only one of the cities of China that has an aquatic residence district. Practically every city that is on a river has a floating population, but in Canton it reaches its maximum.

No, I didn't see a piece of Canton flannel while I was in the city.

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 Emission.

"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."

WHEN WE SHOP BY AEROPLANE



ISABELLE RICHARDS

This Is the Air Age, Says Aviatrix

By Cecile Manning

FLYING in to town to have lunch, keep 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 prominent and enthusiastic pilots of the Wright aviation school in Dayton, O., sees.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diana 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 growing interest.

Women as Workers

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

Words of Wise Men

A loving heart is the truest wisdom. —Luther.

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

Men will govern should look after no other liberty, for there can be no greater liberty than a good government. —F. W. Halsh.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind. —Livy.

Livy is a certain mark of cowardice. —Boswell.

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once; this foretels. —Chad.

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

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Your Cheeks Expose Your Good or Bad Habits

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

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A FACE like a benediction is often bestowed by two stout cheeks due to dislipation. 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. Contending passions loathe, push and creak amid the tourney 'twixt the jaw and cheek.



DR. HIRSHBERG

"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 bounding in their roundness are often traceable to prodigious living and loose physical habits. The very cheeks which many a sweet girl seems to plump frequently betoken a spongy, jelly-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 fruitly 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 dough over the pans you should at once look to yourself. Either you are losing too much sleep, eating too much, or you are too rich a ration, or you have some hidden illness. Many a merry, stoblar, cherry-ripe cheek has broken commandments behind its saucer-shaped lips. A fine, fair, naturally blooming cheek, if not too flabby, sedentary or marrovy, is a sweet girl's best dowry. On the other hand, a man or woman with two hemispherical pillows near a cheeky grin, which insults all delicacy. Checks dripping with avoirdupois make the alert physiognomist-physiologist suspect of intemperance. Intoxicants made of the wine which is red and the heavier alcohols. These fleshy colors, 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.

Answers to Health Questions

E. M., Philadelphia—How can the pores of the nose be reduced?

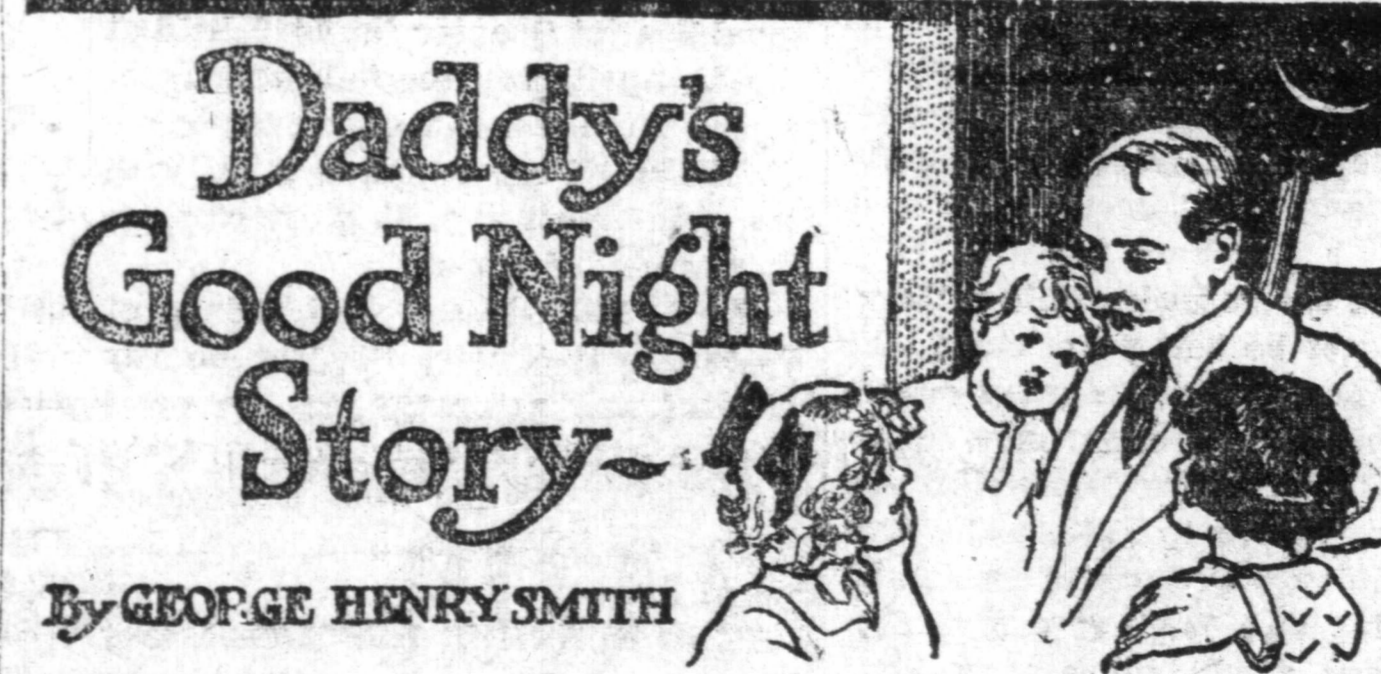
By rubbing moist crystals of alum over them.

E. F., Philadelphia—I have ridges of fat under my eyes. My kidneys are sound. Will a beauty doctor help me?

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Hints for the Housewife

Pewter is easily cleaned with whitening and sand 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 ether applied at once will 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 hot water if they are first soaked in cold water. 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 an apple, lemon or tomato, each used with a liberal amount of salt, are other remedies.



Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

I 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 Hen. "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 Hen. "Never mind that," he said as he scouted 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.