

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY!

Let Us Report Courtesy as Well as Bad Service

By Winifred Black



Winifred Black

THE Little Boy is disappointed in the world. Things aren't, on the whole, what he thought they were. Everybody isn't perfect—even grown-ups—and there is, he is forced to conclude, a great deal of real injustice about this business we call living. For instance:

"Mother," said the Little Boy yesterday to the One Who Loves Him Best of All. "Mother, things ain't fair—about spelling."

"Now, when I spell all my words right nobody says anything to me about it. But when I spell one little teeny word wrong Teacher writes it on the board, and everybody looks at me. I think it's mean. Why doesn't she write some of my words that I spelled right on the board?"

And we all looked at the Little Boy and laughed—and then we looked at your heart ache to hear him.

The other day a woman I know came to take me for a spin.

It was going to be a long spin—all down the peninsula. We were going to visit the cherry trees and see whether the cherries were ripe as they should be, and the plum trees, and observe as to the probabilities of the prune market, and vineyards, and see what we thought about the raisin crop for this year—and it was going to take us all day.

The Veil Girl.

"I need a veil," said the woman I know, "this one is all frayed out."

"So do I," said I, "this one is such a sloppy thing."

And so we went into a large shop to look for veils. We found the veils, and we found a girl behind the counter selling them.

"We are in a great hurry," said the woman I know, "and I want a blue veil, as near the color of this coat as you can make it. And my friend wants a blue veil, too—the color of her coat. We want them big, and pretty, and not too sloppy, and not too dear—and we want them quick."

"Yes, madam," said the girl behind the counter.

And she found the veils—the blue one of exactly the right shade for my friend, the woman I know, and the blue one of quite a different shade for me—and neither of the veils was either too sloppy or too skimpy—or too dear.

They were just exactly what we wanted—just exactly when we wanted them—and the girl came out from behind the counter and pinned them on our hats, and tied them in the most enchanting bows under our right ears. She smiled all the time and was so quick and so deft, and so intelligent, and so courteous—that every time I looked at her I wanted to gasp.

When we left the counter, I started for the door. The woman I know took my arm.

"Wait a minute," she said, "Where's the floor-walker?"

We found the floor-walker and my heart fairly stopped when the woman I know stopped the floor-walker and began:

"The girl at the veil counter," she said.

Could it be, I thought, that the girl had forgotten to say, "Madam"? Some people are so fussy about such things that it is possible that my friend—? It was not possible. The woman I know is not that sort of woman—she's this sort:

Embarrassed by Kindness.

"The girl at the veil counter," said the woman I know, "I never saw her before—but I've stopped to tell you that she is the most efficient clerk I ever saw anywhere in my life. She is quick, clever, good-humored, and extremely courteous."

The floor-walker stared—he was greatly embarrassed.

"I'm glad to hear it, madam," he said, "but—what can I do for you? Er—"

"Why, nothing," said the woman I know. "I just wanted to tell you about that girl. If she had been cross or indifferent or stupid I should have told you. Why not tell you the other thing?"

A great light broke upon the floor-walker. He smiled, and his eyes shone.

"Madam," said the floor-walker, "I thank you. I—"

But we were off—for we were in a hurry.

I'm glad we went in after the veils, the woman I know and I. She taught me a lesson. I'm going to remember it as long as I live, and the next time any one shows me particular courtesy or particular good humor, or particular intelligence, I'm going to make it my business to speak of it—and to speak of it where it will do the most good.

I'm sorry for the Little Boy, and the trouble he has when he "misses" one of those outrageous words in his little blue-backed spelling book.

I wish Teacher had been with me that day in the shop. Perhaps she might have learned something, too—something that is not clever enough to get into the lesson books.

BEAUTY NOT BEST STAGE ASSET



What You May Achieve with Originality

By ELEANOR AMES

It is a mistake to think beauty counts for such a lot on the stage. It is likewise a mistake to think nearly all actresses are beautiful.

An ounce of originality is worth a pound of beauty. Hard work and a sunny disposition will take you further than a cameo face and a Venus form. It is far easier for a manager to find beauty than for him to unearth ability.

It is better to be able to succeed in spite of your face than because of it. The pay envelope will visit you longer and with more regularity.

When beauty fades your day is done. Ability keeps on growing. There is always the hope of learning something, but fading beauty can seldom be brought back.

These are some of the gems of wisdom, spiced with humor, which Virginia Evans let fall, in a delightfully melodious voice, in the course of an hour's chat the other day.

Virginia Evans is more clever than beautiful. She is a natural, unaffected and sensible young woman with a shrewd head and a happy heart. She has been original from the day she took her first step, which, instead of being the tottering little uncertain toddle of the average infant, was a steady and forward, followed by another, and developed into a graceful and sedate walk—much to the discomfort of her adoring relatives, who said, "It is not natural for a child to walk right off like that."

She was talking about two young girls who had just been to ask her advice about "going on the stage."

"If there is one thing I will not do," said she, "it is to give advice to young girls regarding the stage. I will give them facts, and they must act as they feel about it. There are too many girls who decide to go on the stage because they think it must be perfectly lovely to wear fine gowns, and have nothing to do but sing and dance for a few hours each day. More than half the time they can't wear the gowns when they have the chance, let alone sing and dance acceptably. And, as for the creative sense, which is one of the most important qualifications for the woman who would succeed in any work, they don't know what it means."

"When I say 'originality' I don't mean something which has never been heard of before, but something presented with a new twist. No two persons see any object exactly the same. But what is there to prevent one from hunting out the best viewpoint, and accepting it? And then what is to prevent her giving it out to the world with some little twist which adds so much that it makes it seem new?"

"Even imitation may be made over into originality. I am perfectly frank in saying that I have made myself up from what seemed to me the most admirable traits of the most admirable persons I know. In that way I have been able to correct some of my faults. One of the loveliest women I know always has some good word to say of every one—or else she keeps silent. I have practised that until it is almost natural, and it has helped me so much. Another woman always twists the clouds about until she finds the silver lining. I've tried that, too."

"Let the girl who wants to be a success in any work begin by being sincere with herself, her work, her friends. Let her be original and ambitious. And then let her forget whether her nose is pure or impure Grecian, or whether her complexion is peaches and cream, so it is clean and wholesome, or whether her figure is 'stylish' so it has strength and symmetry."

"A thought in the head is better than paint on the cheek any time."

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 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. 117.

Holiday Plans.

DECEMBER was a month of worry for me. The extra night work I had undertaken at Peter's factory to make both ends meet took a great deal more of my time than I dreamed. Mary and I had some painful discussions. "I think it's perfectly horrid," said Mary. "The town's full of parties and dances and things, and I do so want to go, and whenever I make any particular plans, just that night you're later than usual, and we can't go or else we get there so late that every one stares and wonders why. And I certainly don't want people to know that you're straightening out Peter's book-keeping just to—to make Christmas a little more festive."

"I said 'who went into a book store at Christmas and sold books to make extra money for her kiddies.'"

Mary flushed.

"Are you hinting," she said, "that I should help earn some Christmas money?"

"Lord, no, Mary!" I exclaimed bitterly. "I surely never would dream such a thing of you. You're long on spending, but like most billy feminine spenders, you'd be short on earning."

Mary drew herself up to her full height and smiled majestically from the room. Barely three months ago such a conversation would have reduced my wife to tears. It is proof of my mother-in-law's hardening influence that Mary, in similar stress, now grows haughty and defiant, and sometimes even insolent.

Now months back, when I frankly aired certain bitter truths and Mary cried I used to feel like a brute, apologetic and emulate the lowly worm in general. Mary's attitude now goes me to unbelievable indignation.

As Christmas approached Mary's spirits soared. Nights she was bubbling over with a sort of festive energy. She made presents for nearly every one she knew, very little gim-cracks such as women purchase at fairs and men desire. I recall a hideous pin cushion fashioned of a wire tea strainer, some flowered ribbon and heaven knows what else. I only know that it cost more than any such atrocious insult to the spirit of Christmas I ever saw.

When I came home late and tired, wondering in just a condition the day after Christmas would find my purse, Mary fairly radiated the spirit of Christmas cheer.

"Now, instead of cheering me, as doubtless such domestic atmosphere should, I must confess I merely served to make me irritable and resentful. What right had Mary to laugh and dimple and sing cheerily through her extravagance and her mother's influence? How easy to fit about and buy Christmas gifts with money you didn't earn yourself? How easy to absorb the world's Christmas cheer when life laid its responsibilities so lightly upon your shoulders?"

And there I'm pretty sure is the chief difference between Mary's attitude toward life and mine. She feels no responsibility strongly—do. Worry with her is transient—like a sharp pain that burns and departs. Worry with me is permanent and an ache.

"Why," said I, the week before Christmas, "do you give so many gifts, Mary? Your list is a good page long."

"Christmas is the time of giving," said Mary earnestly. "I can't forget my friends, can I?"

Why battle against a woman's singular conception of Christmas? Any individual who cements a friendship with a tea-strainer pin cushion would never understand the real spirit of giving.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Very Hot Dishes Are Bad for Your Liver

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

THERE is a popular fallacy fostered by the superstitious of the medical profession that "no drug in the pharmacopoeia will increase the flow of bile."

That is to say, the alkali has gone forth from the Agamemnon of medicine that nothing in the pharmacy will cause the bile to percolate either more rapidly, or in larger quantity through the liver.

One doughty knight of the plume has even gone so far as to say that, independent of "opinions," this is a settled "scientific fact."

Yet Prof. Smedberg of Germany and Prof. Cushman of England, both experimental pharmacologists of distinction, have definitely proved that bile salts, ex bile and gall from sheep will measurably augment the flow of your liver juices.

Moreover, spinach, asparagus, olives, peas, copious draughts of water, whey, buttermilk, cream, oils, grapes, turn loose the liver spigots and the artesian wells of bile.

Exercise by laughing.

However, let your liver become active by the clink of laughter and the flow of bile rather than that the blue devil of purple bile be dammed up in a cold heart. Better a deep breath which squeezes the liver like a sponge than some haled potion or loaded medicine which might do little good or much harm.

Almost any type of gymnastics which brings the chest and abdominal muscles into play, nearly all such pleasant sports as rowing, swimming, tennis playing, bicycle riding, golf, running, may, even a modicum of shortness of breath and rolling down hill bestir a sluggish liver to pour out its golden bile anointment.

Cholera and melancholia were justly so termed by ancient physicians, because if there is anything more truly associated with depressed spirits than the dammed up gall sewers of the obstructed liver, physiological psychologists have yet to name them.

The European "kura" wrongly understood as "cures," but actually meant only as "treatments" are efficient activators of the liver, less on account of any inherent virtues of the bad salts or mineral waters, than because the sojourner at the resort drinks more water, eats less solid food, and exercises more than usual.

Price of indulgence.

Like the rainpouts and gutters in the eaves of your house, the bile channels of the liver are easily clogged up with dietetic twigs, leaves and other clinker-like rationals.

The price paid for such victualary errors is a heavy one. If in addition to an excess to procure or after advice for a few stray microbes left in the gall sack or bile ravines from some old spell of typhoid, erysipelas, scarlet fever, other forgotten ailments, not only thick bile and a slow liver is the upshot, but gall stones and bile pebbles may result.

DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

A. B. C.—Have bad feet and they have an offensive odor.

Perhaps you have flat feet. You should exercise them more frequently and bathe them three times a day in boracic acid. Massage them well with a good cold cream, and then apply vinegar with a tablespoonful of peroxide to the plant. Wear soft canvas shoes and do not stand in one position very long.

D. E. N.—My skin burns and itches at all times and I have red spots. After shaving my face has an irritated look. No face creams or lotions help.

Calamine lotion is good to use for a few days. Then massage your face before shaving for five minutes with glycerine-sugar soap. After the shave use rosewater, benzoin and glycerine equal parts.

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 inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie:

I have been keeping company with a young man for the last four years. He is steady, kind-hearted, and tries his best to get along, but as yet has not enough money to get married. I have been waiting for him this last two years, and he does not seem to make good.

He is a kind and thoughtful man, and treats me better than any one I have ever met, but it is strange of late I do not seem to feel as happy in his company as when I am with some of my other friends, and when he is away for a few days I do not seem to miss him very much.

Please advise me whether you think I would be wise to wait for him any longer. I have never met any one who is so considerate and kind to me as he is, but I have met other boys whom I could like just as well. I am 22 years old.

WELL, May, do you know what I think—and I do not pretend to be any great mind reader, either? I think you have met some one whom you do like not just as well—but a good deal better.

I wouldn't break that good, young man's heart by playing fast and loose with him any longer. Tell him you are too young to know your own mind; break your engagement—set yourself free—and him, too.

It may be that he is not really in love with you, either, and is just hanging out of habit, and because he does not know his own mind. Help him out by telling the first step. Talk it all over quietly and kindly; tell him you're both too young to know what you really like. Ask him to be your good friend, and put an end to what seems to be a sort of dreary farce.

You'll know well enough when you are really in love—you won't have to ask a bit of advice as to how to tell that.

Bless your heart, I hope you'll meet the right man, and that he'll find you the right girl.

ANNE LAURIE

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care of this office.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

Did you ever try to trace the genealogy of foods? It will result in illuminating data, and make the preparation of the daily meals far more interesting. I am strongly in favor of everything which lightens the burden of housekeeping, and makes it more interesting.

Gradually I am becoming convinced it is the fault of ourselves, if we allow such very important work as caring for the comfort and well being of the family to become monotonous or stupid. Searching out the ancestry of foods is one way to keep up interest. There is a romantic side to some of the simplest food stuffs which is all unknown to the vast majority of those who prepare them and the others who eat them.

For example, I suppose whenever you pare potatoes, if you think about them at all, the Emerald Isle comes into your mind. As a matter of fact, potatoes are natives of South America. They came from there to North America. The Spaniards took them to Europe. Sir John Hawkins, in 1565, took them to Ireland. Sir Walter Raleigh is credited with having introduced them to England.

In 1663 the Royal Society of London recommended extensive cultivation of the potato in Ireland to safeguard against famine. It did not become popular in England until the middle of the 18th century, but was regarded as a fit food for swine and cattle. A most amusing fact is that it was brought to New England from its native Peru by the way of Ireland, and did not reach that part of the country until some time in the 18th century. It is first cousin to tobacco and belladonna, and is closely related to the egg plant, tomato and capsicum.

Onions came from Egypt and Asia. There is no doubt but Cleopatra ate onions. They were cultivated and esteemed as a table delicacy when that fascinating lady was in her prime. Perhaps she owed some of her health and beauty to the habitual use of onions in her diet, for they have always been valued for their medicinal qualities. The cabbage came from France. It was early esteemed a delicacy in Brussels, and Brussels sprouts evolved from it.

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