

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Kidtown, Where Sunday Is "Wide-Awake" Day

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

taking the "nap" that helps to whittle away the ineffable boredom of a long Sunday afternoon.

The little boy next door pressed his face against the window and looked wistfully after us as we passed.

The little girl next door but one sat primly on the steps with some sort of Sunday school book in her hand. Even the cats crouched on the garden wall, steeped deep in Sabbath propriety.

"Oh," said the Little Boy, "everybody in the whole world is asleep. I hate to be asleep, don't you?"

Where People Were Awake.

Down at Fisherman's wharf it was different, oh, very, very different. The little boats with their three-cornered sails rocked gaily on the swell of the tide.

The launches puffed busily up and down the still water between the wharf and the shore, and the sea gulls scolded and flew.

The sky was blue, the water was blue, the gulls were gray and white, and the fishermen wore shirts of faded orange and tawny yellow and dull blue, and the handkerchiefs they knotted around their brown throats were scarlet and yellow and magenta.

"Oh!" cried the Little Boy, "oh, what a nice world, everybody's awake, wide awake!"

A river steamer drew up to the wharf and people ran back and forth and shouted and acted as people always do act, as if there never had been another steamer landing in the world and never would be one again. Dogs barked and men appeared from nowhere with great baskets of popcorn and peanuts, and everybody ate and laughed and said "I thought we'd missed you," and "did you have a pleasant voyage?" It was, oh, very exciting.

On our way home we went through "Kidtown," as they call it in the neighborhood, and as we passed through it I knew why it was so named. Children bubbled out of open doorways like froth boiling to the top of a busy kettle.

Red headed, white headed, black headed, boys, girls, babies—so many children that you couldn't possibly even begin to count them.

Some crying, some fighting, some laughing, some playing, but every one of them alive and every one of them wide awake.

The Little Boy was enchanted.

It was all I could do to get him away. His feet seemed fairly to cling to the pavement, and when we were close to the top of our perfectly respectable and rather dull hill he walked backward shamelessly and wished and wished.

Why "Kidtown" Attracted.

And in the evening, when the fire was lit and we sat before it, the Little Boy tried to find out, very delicately and without hurting my feelings, why we were so miserably respectable, and if there wasn't any possible way to get out of it.

The next time I go to an uplift meeting and hear all about the little children of the slums and how sorry we ought to be for them, I'm afraid I'm going to remember how wistfully the Little Boy spoke of Kidtown and the fortunate and to be envied children who bubbled and boiled in and out of the dingy houses there. And I'm afraid I shall think, too, of the women who leaned from their windows in such an absolute abandon of interest in every passing incident, and of the big brown men they waited for with such content. And I'm afraid still more, that I will wish sometimes that I could live in Kidtown, where nobody knows that there is such a thing as a problem and where they never heard of an Uplift Club in all their simple lives.

And that's what it did to me to take the Little Boy down through Kidtown to Fisherman's wharf on a Sunday afternoon when the sky was blue and the gulls were white and gray and the brown sails of the fishermen's boats were patched with orange and sienna.

Three Minute Journeys

Where Men Eat Their Brothers

By Jonathan MacFarland



now there isn't a man-eater in the group. They have a Carnegie library in the largest town, and the name Fiji is likely to become a synonym for culture.

Most people have an erroneous idea of cannibalism. They believe that the cannibal lives on a diet of missionaries, explorers and other unwary travellers who chance to come his way, and that it is a mere matter of preference for this sort of food. I suppose that the comic papers have fostered this idea with their pictures of a bewhiskered parson trussed for cooking in a boiling caldron while a crowd of hungry blacks stand waiting.

Among cannibal tribes, however, the belief is that eating the flesh of a captured warrior induces strength and courage in those who partake. And so these horrible feasts generally take place after battles in the camp of the conquering tribe. It is more in the nature of a ceremony or rite than an orgy, for the savages really believe that he who eats a part of a brave warrior will acquire the bravery of the fallen foe.

In some tribes they believe that participants in a cannibal feast are contaminated thereby, and among these people there are certain ceremonies of purification. So, you see, these affairs are not without a certain ethical significance.

Cannibalism is so scarce nowadays that it hasn't even the proportions of a problem. And here's a peculiar thing, where it still exists they have no intoxicating drinks.

USE OF MIRRORS IN THE HOME



ANNE MEREDITH

New Ideas in Interior Decoration

By Cecile Manning

EVERY business woman may have a home if she will plan it right. Says Anne Meredith, whose directions for home-making have been such artistic and economical successes that she has been asked to plan innumerable homes for women who want to escape the dreariness of the lodging house or inexpensive hotel. Miss Meredith says: "The mirror is the magic wand of the modern interior decorator. It will make the tiniest bandbox of an apartment seem like a really spacious place. It catches and reflects all the good points of a room, accentuates the harmony of colors, and at the same time softens that which may be undeniably ugly. It multiplies the stern realities of four walls and multiplies them into a restful series of pleasant illusions. It gives a certain feeling of companionship to the lonely, and offers a sense of seclusion in a crowd. All of which delightful possibilities are, of course, dependent upon an intelligent understanding of the use of the mirror as an artistic element of the home.

"Nearly every woman who makes her home starts with some one treasure as a pivot. I know one girl who had a wonderful Japanese print given her for a birthday gift. It was so charming in its soft tones that it seemed sacrilege to hang it on the awful red and green walls of her room in a boarding house. She simply had to make a home for the print.

"Another woman built the dearest nest of a home around an old-fashioned mahogany dressing table her grandaunt gave her. As for myself, it was an exquisite brass samovar I found in an old shop which made me start home-making.

"That samovar seemed to rebuke me from each place I found for it. So I started flat hunting. I came across an old style house in a side street. The rooms were large and light and full of sunshine. They were in the rear of the building, but the houses each side of the apartment building had pleasant back yards filled with flower beds and an occasional tree. There was a wee bit of a hall with four rooms. There was a sitting room, kitchen, two bedrooms and a bath.

"The landlord was willing to allow fresh paper and varnish for the floors. And he would let me select the paper, I determined to try a gray and blue scheme for the sitting room. This was made possible by the sunshine. It would never advise it for any room which is the least dull. The paper was the softest tint of grayish blue. The woodwork was dark, and I had it rubbed with oils till I got a mellow finish.

"The border of the floor was painted gray with a paint which is generally used for the floors of piazzas. The rug was plain, a dark blue centre and a lighter blue border. I had three gray wicker chairs done in figured denim and cretonne, in which blue and yellow were predominant. I found a dear old mahogany centre table which I did over and placed a bit of Chinese embroidery in the centre and the samovar on that. It was perfect.

"The bedrooms were smaller than the living room. One of them opened out of it. This I made into a library with a couch which was an emergency bed. The papering was like the sitting room. And here is where the mirrors made my little home seem like a palace. I placed a long gilt framed one in the sitting room. It caught the gleam of the samovar on the opposite wall of the other room. There was another mirror, a lovely old one which I bought most reasonably. The two emphasized every good point of both rooms. I put another in the little hall. My flat grew amazingly.

"I had found the secret of making up in little in the home. It is mirroring, since then I have found place for one more. It is in an angle, and makes the outlines of the two rooms dimmer, adding again the effect of space.

"To the woman who is making a home I would say study the worth of mirrors."

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 growing interest.

The "Clean-Up" Society.

MARY is very busy. For days now I have seen her bustling prettily about, scribbling occasional notes on a pad. Automobiles call for her frequently, and, altogether, she seems very busy indeed.

"What's up, anyway? You're by far the busiest person in the family," Mary glowed.

"Peter," she exclaimed naively, "I've just been wondering if you'd notice how dreadfully busy I really am. I honestly have waited. You know lots of people tell how men never notice what their wives are about, and I made up my mind I'd wait until you asked me."

"Well," I hinted mildly, "I certainly have noticed considerable activity of an er-hum-undomestic nature. I attribute a certain hole in my left sock and the fact that the laundry is late to some of it."

Mary frowned.

"The whole truth of the matter, Peter," she exclaimed proudly, "is that I belong to a clean-up society."

"What?" I ventured to inquire, "is a clean-up society? Is it a pledge for all women to keep their homes in order before they undertake to do anything else?"

Mary flushed.

"Peter," she said with dignity, "that's one of those horrid male things men say when they think they're sarcastic. That wasn't at all what I meant. And, besides, most of the women in the society are not situated as I am. THEY have maids."

"What mere man can reply to that economic reproach. THEY have maids. I inquired again what a clean-up society was."

"It's for the purpose of cleaning up the town in general," explained Mary, not intending, I'm sure, to be slangy. "To see that there are no stray papers lying about the streets and all that sort of thing. The high school boys and girls are helping us and we're having a most wonderful time. I do enjoy it. It makes one feel so important and necessary. Yesterday we had a most disagreeable time with a saloonkeeper who left his horrid old smelly beer kegs lined along the sidewalk. Really, Peter, I do dislike to boast, but I'm by far the most important person in the thing. The men we expose most all from at me."

I smiled at this somewhat doubtful distinction, and Mary went on cleaning up perhaps, but one likewise fraught with disastrous consequences to my busy little wife.

"One morning the telephone at my office rang, and when I answered it something suspiciously like a sob came over the wire.

"Oh, Peter," wailed my wife.

"For heaven's sake, Mary," I gasped in alarm, "what's happened?"

"I've been arrested."

"Arrested?"

"Yes—and I'm home now—and—and—"

"Tell me what has happened, Mary," I exclaimed sharply, "and don't be so hysterical. Why were you arrested?"

"It's about the clean-up society," wailed Mary. "I've been hurrying around making people clean-up in Mrs. Brown's auto, and—and while I was gone a horrid man came sneaking and spying about the house and found I'd forgotten to put my ash can lid on. I carried something out and forgot—and, oh, Peter! he made the most horrible fuss, just because there were a few flies and things buzzing about."

"He spoke of typhoid and ash-can regulations, and when I told him politely enough that I'd been so busy I had forgotten just this once, he grew most offensive and suggested that if one were running a clean-up society the best thing was to enforce its principles at home first. He's the saloon man who had the beer kegs about, and, oh, Peter! will you come home now?—I—I may have to go to jail. I think he said so—"

I laughed at the absurdity of Mary going to jail over an ash can cover, but I went home distinctly thoughtful.

Words of Wise Men

When the practice speaks, glory itself is an illusion.—Napoleon.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—Bryce.

I can easily conceive Socrates in the place of Alexander, but Alexander in that of Socrates I cannot.—Montaigne.

There is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid.—Hood.

The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure.—Addison.

The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads.—Rabelais.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Lovers' Sighs and Blushes

Natural Signs of Health

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

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NAT, 'tis true," says Rosalind, "there was never anything so sudden as love, unless it be the fight of two rams, and Caesar's insolent brag of—I came, I saw, I conquered." For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed. There's the reason; no sooner did they know the reason than they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb. . . . They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them."

To the bolder half of the human tribe, to man the inefficacy, the frustration and the blunders of love may, true enough, create some sore and bitter pang. It may stab the tender nerves and poison the cup of felicity. The come and go and toll of his varied career, however, soon wafts him again into Elysium fields of pleasure, and by the force of his will he dissipates the pain.

Not so woman! Hers is a circumscribed sphere far from the madding crowd. The secluded companion of her biting thoughts and gruesome feelings are hers without consolation. Her heart is her stronghold. Once captured and pillaged, it becomes like the Bastille and the crumbling castles of the Rhine.

Man dreams of fame, while woman wrestles with love. Even the woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrows rings with hoped-for fame. The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love are as physiologically inevitable as the palpitation of her lover's heart. The lover sighing like a furnace, whose blood falls to leap and dart like a mad tornado in his veins, is only fit for a health resort or a psychological experiment.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. Hence, whenever it comes to pass that a maid or a swain needs must visit a physician to assuage the pangs of love it is like heaping Pelion on Ossa.

There are no such things as love potions or draughts of devotion. Love powders are either useless or poisonous. There is an ambrosial tang and nectar which the Olympic gods cannot bestow in fully required love for love.

Oh happy love! Where love like this is found! Oh heart's rapture! bliss beyond compare! And sage experience bids me this declare: If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare.

One cordial in this melancholy vale, 'Tis when a youthful, modest loving pair In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

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 this office.

Sayings of Children

A 6-year-old was seated in a barber's chair.

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

"I don't see what's the use of my being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor.

"The human body changes every seven years," Tommy, replied his mother.

"You are 11 years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first, and it has run out."

"Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"

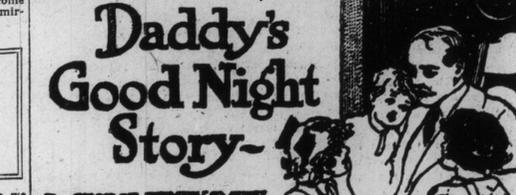
Mr. Wilkins had learned that his 5-year-old Harry had been begging pretzels from the next door neighbor, Mr. Yeaser. "Now, Harry," said Mr. Wilkins, "if you ask Mr. Yeaser for pretzels any more I shall have to punish you."

The next day Harry was playing in the back yard, and looking through the fence, caught sight of his friendly neighbor.

"Hello, Mr. Yeaser, what's new?" shouted the small boy.

"Nothing, Harry boy," was the reply. "Nothing new that I know of."

"Well, Mr. Yeaser," said the young diplomat, "suppose we talk about pretzels."



Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

THE Bantam Rooster was fidgeting as he tried to settle down on the roost.

"Why don't you keep still?" asked Mrs. Golden-Rod, who was roosting next to him.

"It looks to me as if it were time to get up," he said, turning and looking at her.

The henhouse was flooded with light and the hens were all wide awake by this time.

"It looks very light to me, and yet I know it is only 12 o'clock," said the Bantam Rooster, looking again at Mrs. Golden-Rod.

"How do you know it is only 12 o'clock?" asked Mrs. Golden-Rod in surprise.

"I crow every hour and when I crow I move one of my toes over this way. See?" The Bantam Rooster looked proudly at his feet.

"You have only 10 toes. Do you mean to tell me you can count 12 on them?" answered Mrs. Golden-Rod in disgust.

"My, it's getting lighter!" exclaimed the Bantam Rooster. "It must be daylight." With that he jumped off the roost and started out the door. Just then some one began to shout "Fire! Fire!"

"It's the barn on fire and I thought it was daylight!" shouted the Bantam Rooster.

The whole neighborhood was in a stir. Men were rushing here and there. Firemen were shouting orders.

The Bantam Rooster and the Bantam Hens were standing beside the henhouse watching the excitement.

"I do hope dear old Dobbin doesn't burn up," said Mrs. Golden-Rod.

"There he is over there," said the Bantam Rooster.

Sure enough, old Dobbin was tied to the fence on the other side of the farmhouse.

"Horses are awfully afraid of fire," said the Bantam Rooster.

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Golden-Rod.

"Dobbin told me so," said the Bantam Rooster, shifting from one foot to the other.

Just then the water from the hose which the firemen were using on the burning barn struck the henhouse and drenched the Bantam Rooster and Mrs. Golden-Rod and the other Hens.

"My! My!" exclaimed the little fellow as he ran for the henhouse. He flew on the roost and as Mrs. Golden-Rod settled down beside him he said:

"Oh, pshaw! I've lost my place. I wonder what time it is?"

"What do you care?" said Mrs. Golden-Rod, trying to console him. "Crow once for a o'clock and let it go at that."

"Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!" the Bantam Rooster crowed, and Mrs. Golden-Rod said:

"Now go to sleep. The fire is out and it is dark once more."