

# 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 while away the inefable 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 screamed 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 from 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



THE cannibal is a most unpleasant person. I'm not a vegetarian myself, and once I ate a tender portion of nicely cooked monkey flesh, but the mere thought of cannibalism makes my blood run cold. I have seen evidences of it in Africa, and I know that the practice still exists in certain of the less frequented South sea islands, but civilization, though it doubtless works some evils among savages, is doing much toward curtailing it.

Take the Fiji islands, for instance. It wasn't so very many years ago that human flesh was considered a delicacy among the natives there; but

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 indulges in 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 melts 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 almost 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 was a 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. Also 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. I 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. This one 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 much of little in the home. It is mirroring. 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."

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Lovers' Sighs and Blushes

Natural Signs of Health

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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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 soldier half of the human tribe, to man the inefficacy, the frustration and the blunders of love may, true enough, create some sore and bitter pangs. 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 Elysian fields of pleasure, and by the force of his will he dissipates the pain.

Not so woman! Here is a circumscribed sphere far from the madding crowd. The secluded companion of her biting thoughts and gruesome feelings are here without consolation. Her heart is her strong-hold. 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.

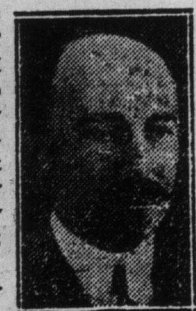
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love are as physiologically inevitable as the palpitation of her lover's heart. The lover sighing like a furnace, whose blood fails to leap and dart like a mad tornado in his veins, is only fit for a health resort or a psychological experiment.

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 amulets of devotion. Love powders are either useless or poisonous. There is an ambrosial tang and nectar which the Olympic gods cannot bestow in fully requited love for love.

Oh happy love, where love like this is found! Oh heart's rapture! bliss beyond compare! I've paced much this weary, mortal round, And sage experience bids me this declare: If Heaven's 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.



### Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. M. B. McK. Rochester—Your treatment of my scalp disease is most encouraging. Is there danger of driving a disease in?

There is no danger of driving any skin disease in. It goes away for good, or it remains where you see it.

Mrs. L. P., Toronto, Canada—How can I color gray hair black without using a dye?

Apply ammoniated mercury ointment one night and sulphur ointment on alternate nights to the scalp. Clean your hair with castor oil once a week.

D. K., New York—In my work I breathe turpentine and wash it on my body. Is this poisonous?

Yes. You can only minimize it by oiling your body and hands with coconut butter, wearing a fireman's sponge over the nose and mouth and goggles over the eyes.

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?"

"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 nodding 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 1 o'clock and let it go at that."

"Cock-a-doodle-do-o-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."

## Words of Wise Men

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

The most amiable people are those who least understand 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.