

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Hints on Home Management

### Piquant Sauces That Redeem Doubtful Dishes

By MADGE MARVEL

THE wise cook masters the art of sauce making. For a good sauce redeems many a doubtful dish. Also skill in concocting sauces plays an important part in reducing the expenses of house-keeping. Many a warmed-over dish which so disgraces the original source of supply that the dish becomes something as novel as delicious.

The first requisite of a sauce is that it should be smooth. The second is that it should have a reason for accompanying the dish. It should so blend with the food with which it is served that it becomes a part of it and gives the impression it is absolutely necessary.

Many cooks use potato flour for sauces, claiming it gives smoothness and richness.

White sauce is the most familiar of fundamental sauces, but the experienced cook knows there are white sauces of different kinds which cannot be used interchangeably with uniform results. The same sauce one would use for cream soups, or for toast, is not the same sauce one would use for meat. It is all in the proportion. But the difference is very apparent to the discerning palate.

The white sauce, which is the foundation for cream soups, is made as follows:

One tablespoonful of butter, the same quantity of flour, one cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful salt and half as much white pepper.

The sauce to be used for creamed meats, or vegetables, or fish, is made with twice the quantity of butter and flour and the same quantity of other ingredients.

In making a white sauce for soufflé

## FEW ULTRA FADS ARE FAVORED



Lucile McVey,  
Who Says Nature Is  
the Best Artist

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### Advice to Seekers After Beauty

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.



MAGGIE TEYTE

ONE hears dreadful stories of women who have written me pleading for "a harmless remedy for obesity." I was too fat, I would see my family physician and be treated for it as if it were any other disease. That is, if I had tried a rational diet and careful and well planned exercise, and they had all failed.

It is not the work of a minute, this matter of getting thinner. It requires persistent and well directed effort.

And the attitude of mind. I firmly believe, has a lot to do with it. When one starts to diet and exercise with the idea of reducing, the thought to hold is not, "Dear me! How terribly fat I am," but, "Well, I will grow thin and all I have to do is to keep at it."

Almost as many letters have come to me about the Paris fad for red hair, which is clipped short in quite boyish fashion about the forehead. It is bright red hair, too, not the Titian hue. "Do you think it will be worn here?" writes one young woman. "And what can I use to turn mine that color? I have gray eyes."

So, just because the newspapers tell tales of red wigs in Paris, there are women who feel, perhaps, they are called on to have red wigs in America. That seems to be the idea. It is a regular craze in Paris, they tell me. Well, what of it? We are not in Paris, and even if we were why should we feel called on to dye our hair some outrageous color?

They have worn purple and green and blue wigs in Paris. The latest and most favored combination, they tell me, is red hair and bright green combs. If I had red hair, I should wear it. But I should never make it red, or blue, or purple, or any other color but the one nature gave it.

I have said this often, I mean it. If we all kept the hair we have in the best possible condition and accentuated all the lovely lights which lurk in the strands of all well cared for tresses, regardless of color, I think we would never think of changing the color. As Lucile McVey, who is well known to theatregoers, says, "Any charm we may exercise will be palpably artificial if our hair is not what nature intended it to be."

Neglect is what makes us dissatisfied with the color of our hair. We are too busy keeping up with the merry-go-round of fashion to make our scalp glow and our hair bright with systematic and generous brushing. If women would only brush their own locks with half the energy they groom the coats of Pido and Fifi and all the other pet Poms, they would have beautifully glossy and burnished hair.

If your hair has red shades in it, it is quite permissible to bring them out with an occasional application of henna.

If there are threads of gold in your locks, hot camellia tea will make them more evident without doing any harm.

What was at the foot of the steps that led down into the brown earth under that stone? I wondered and wondered about it.

Some beautiful princess and her suite, stricken dumb by the spell of some cruel magician! Some handsome prince turned to marble by a wicked wizard! I should never, never know.

But sometimes in the cool of the late summer afternoon I took the puppy and went as close to the neighborhood of the magic stone as I dared, and once I stamped upon the ground and bent and whispered words of comfort and cheer to whomsoever it was held so secretly in durance vile.

"For a year and a day," repeated the little girl who listened to the fairy tale, "a year and a day." All at once it came back to me, and I was little again and light of heart and trusting, and all the world and the days thereof with sweet faith in all that was and all that would be; and I smelled again the dry, brown earth that was always so cool in my hot little hand; and I heard again the confused whispering of the leaves of the tall corn.

"She shall never be without a book of fairy tales," I said, and I looked at the little girl and loved her exceedingly well.

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## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### Life's Span Will Grow as Diet Habits Improve

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

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ALL that in this world is great or gay will vanish as a vapor and decay. Yet the hours have grown and grown in recent years. With each new laboratory and workshop discovery they become more elastic.

The Caesars themselves, with their great philosophers and healers, worried over the average span of life of the Romans. With all their wealth, cleanliness and aristocracy of learning, 30 years was the life of most of them.

Roman infants could never look forward to a rosy morn, any more than can babies of today who live in the large cities. Like the leaves on a tree, some fall and some grow. For the most part, infants reared on their mothers' breasts from human milk grow. Many of those who are given other food die.

The Egyptians passed round a skull at their feasts for the purpose of warning mothers against infant mortality and men against over eating and drinking.

Behind the Roman general in his triumphal chariot there always stood a slave whispering in his ear: "Respice post te hominem memento te," which in presentable language means: "Don't be stuck on yourself, for pride cometh before sickness," or "Put pride behind you, remember you are but a vulnerable man."

Yet the commonplace span of life in civilized lands, where anti-typhoid vaccines, smallpox vaccination, sanitary plumbing, running water, filtered reservoirs, asphalt streets, anti-toxins, clean city campaigns, fly screens and mosquito nets are the fashion, has risen to nearly 50 years, as compared with the pre-Christian 30 of Antony and Cleopatra's day.

Here's life is like unto a winter's day—Some break their fast and so depart away; Others stay to dinner, then depart full fed; The longest age but mine and goes to bed. O, Reader, then behold and see! As we are now, so must you be!

Up then, friends, and stave Old Mortality off from his most defenceless innocents, the babes and sucklings, both the baby's drinking water, and give mother's milk, eliminate the germ-breeding pacifiers.

The murder of Malignant Mortality can only be encompassed with the discovery of perpetual life, but this eternal rest may, like a lobster boiled from black to red be made to turn, and all the babes destined to die next summer from diarrhoea may be grasped now from his slowly reaching grasp.

#### Answers to Health Questions

L. K. C. Switchback, W. Va.—Kindly state your charge or fee to answer medical questions. I live in a mining town and cannot come to consult you.

There is absolutely no charge at all. If you will state fully and explicitly all the symptoms and outward signs of your trouble, I shall gladly answer as far as possible and tell you the actual probabilities.

M. D.—Please give me a remedy for a weak tongue, split by my false teeth. Doctors and dentists have failed to help me.

Use glycerine as a mouth wash and apply this often and thoroughly over the open spots. You will thus gradually toughen the membrane of the tongue.

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.

### Pity the Poor Artist

By Tom Jackson

ONE artist used to wear long hair and in an attic dwell; they'd turn out pictures by the yard, but very few they'd sell. They frequently had hunger pains; of bread had not a piece; they wore no creases in their pants, for there was naught to crease. The landlord used to chase them up—he had a "kitty heart." He wanted cash, and didn't care a tinker's rap for art. With landlord and the grocer man a-hunting artists' scalps, they had a hard time painting their bread; they tried, still never earned enough for food until they up and died. Their pictures then would quickly sell for prices most immense—for which the artist, when alive, could not get thirty cents.

The artists of today own cars, and live in houses fine. They've check books,



too, steam heated dens and on good beefsteaks dine. They just draw pictures of fair maidens in every sort of pose, and decorate them early in the latest style of clothes. They take them to the magazines, and say, "Five hundred, please," and then the man who is in charge says: "I'll take all of these; bring in another bunch of blondes and a brunette or so, and have 'em thin as barber poles; those are the kind that go."

Yes, art has changed from olden time, "Sunsets" and "Monks" are done. The tango girls with fluffy hair that bringeth in the mon.

## When Days Were Jewelled with Dreams

By WINIFRED BLACK

AND so," said the one who read, "the prince mounted his jet black charger and rode away—for a year and a day."

"A year and a day," repeated the little girl who listened—"a year and a day." Her blue eyes grew very soft, and when she went out to play I heard her say to her doll, "Now, Isabel, you must be patient—for a year and a day."

They don't seem to read fairy tales much these days, the children I know. They read stories about Billy Whiskers, the humorous goat, or about boy scouts, or girl campers on the Yukon, or something else equally everyday and unromantic.

I said something to a little boy the other day about a genie, and do you know he hadn't the faintest idea what I meant.

Witches, gnomes, goblins, brownies, kelpies, pixies, fairies—where have you all gone in this our day of commonplaceness?

I remember when I never passed a nice, fuzzy, low-growing bush without looking into it to see if the elder-tree mother, by any chance, was sitting under it telling stories to the elder-tree children. And every bit of red I stumbled on any winding road always made my heart leap with the wild hope that at last I was going to meet a pixie face to face, and see whether his red cap was becoming to him or not.

Do you remember the big flat stone you found the day you and your cousin from the city went to the woods after hazel nuts? Your cousin from the city didn't seem to notice it at all—except to put her foot upon it and her shoe—but you, why, you fairly choked with excitement the minute you spied it.

It looked like a regular stone all right enough, but you knew perfectly well that if you could only say the right words and grab hold of the stone in the right instant you could lift it—and there would be a flight of mysterious steps leading right into the depths of the earth.

What was at the foot of those steps—ah, that was always in the next chapter.

I remember a flat stone that I found once. It was in a cornfield, not so very far from every-day houses and commonplace barns.

A field full of tall and rustling corn—we used to run in there and play. My little curly black dog and I, when it was too hot in the sun outside; and, oh, how green and cool and still it was in there—except for the whispering of the leaves of the tall corn. Sometimes if I sat very still and boxed the puppy's ears hard enough so that he sat still, too, I could almost hear what it was the leaves were whispering about.

We used to build very brown and dry and cool to my little hot hand. We used to build wonderful castles out of it, the puppy and I; at least, I built, and the puppy looked on with great approval.

Sometimes he would help dig, but somehow he always dug in the wrong place.

We found the flat stone one day when nobody loved us and we couldn't have any more cookies, and they said we had tracked up the pantry floor going in after raisins. So we ran away, the puppy and I, into the wide, wide world—to make our fortunes and come home some-time years and years afterward, riding on a snow-white palfrey and crowned with sparkling gems.

We started to the wide world through the corn field, and we went deeper into its green depths than we had ever ventured before.

I think I was crying a little, anyhow my eyes were blinded and I tripped and fell over a great flat stone right in the middle of one of the corn rows.

#### The Hour of Destiny

I knew that the hour of destiny had arrived. I told the puppy so and he listened with absorbed interest.

I shall never work harder in my life than I worked trying to lift that stone. I muttered every kind of incantation I had ever heard of, from "abracadabra" to "eeny-meeny-miny-mo," but not an inch could I budge that stone.

Finally I was cross and I kicked the stone as hard as I could. B-r-r-r, there was a sudden rattle of thunder—flash, the forked lightning drew across the sky like a giant pencil—we forgot all about the things we were going to do in the wide, wide world, the puppy and I, and started for home as fast as we could run.

I was so excited and frightened that I ran the wrong way. The puppy tried to tell me about it, but I couldn't understand, and before we got home the rain was pelting and the sky was black with terrifying clouds.

How fine and friendly the old rooster looked standing on one leg under the wagon in our old barn yard as we rushed joyously past.

How broad and pleasant was the back porch stretching out before us from our old well known home. Mfn, again, somebody was baking something anxiously from the doorway—not at all the same face as had belonged to the one who told us that we tracked the floor.

Safe, sheltered, loved, protected, at home, where there was no magic but the magic of a mother's loving heart.

But it was years before I could think of the stone and the sudden roar of thunder which came when I kicked it without a shudder of dread.

#### The Things We Think Afterward

What genie had I called from the clouds by my rash act? Every one was talking at home about how sudden the thunder came and with what amazing quickness the black clouds rolled up from the place where the sun always went down, right over beyond the Congregational church.

"Out of a clear sky," they said, "the thunder came and then the lightning." The puppy and I looked at each other. We knew what brought that thunder; we knew perfectly well; but we never told a word, either of us.

But always after that when it thundered suddenly the puppy always turned and gave me a look of startled reproach as if to say, "Will you never learn to be more careful?"

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### Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: Yesterday my sweetheart and I went out for a walk. We wanted to find a certain place and we got lost and my friend "you" won't ask the way. He kept me walking and walking and we had to go home disappointed. He would let me know the way. We quarrelled about it. I told him I thought he was stubborn and he said I was bossy and he went home mad. Do you think he was right, or was I?

W-H-Y, you funny, little foolish girl, you. If you are going to quarrel with your sweetheart because he won't let anybody tell him the way when he's out with you, you might as well quarrel with the whole race of men and be done with it.

I never saw a man in my life who wouldn't trudge miles and make any one who was with him trudge miles into the bargain rather than to admit that he didn't know everything on earth, everywhere, all the time. It's a masculine trait, just as masculine as a beard, and no man who is a man at all can help being that way.

Annie Laurie

### Willie Rites on "Papur"

I AM now rittin on papur because I cant find nuthin else to rite on as I busted my slate tryin to ride downn bill on it. If we didnt have no papur we wudnt hav no papur muny to pay over bills with an then agen if we didnt hav no papur the grocer an the butcher wudnt hav nuthin to kepe trak on. Sew yew see we wud be just about as well off wun way or the other or maybe theyd kepe trak of yewer bill on a cake of lye but if we didnt hav no papur my slater cund hav natchural born curls as that how she gits em dun up in papur. Papur is mayed out of woud pulp an is made in this way. yew see the lumber-



man he never herd of that techin littul ballad entitled woodman spars that tree an he cuts down sad tree and it an all smashed up tew bits an the pulp is made into papur. Wote left over is mayed into chawun gum an the chawun gum is foiled agane as the gey sees when he puts a fresh piece of tuffoll on a stale piece of gum. Over newspaper is then printed on papur an paw sees the evn papur in over town is sew breezy that he is afrayed he will ketch cold if he sits near an open winder wile he is readin it in the draft, but then agen maybe the newspaper man coud cash the draft an pay pawes subscrishun an sum papur is made out of ole clothes an rags an paw sez he wares his clothes so thin that thay cant even make tissue papur out of them.

WILLIE JONES.