

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Advice to Students of Music

Small Choirs Graduate Many Opera Singers

By Mme. Margarete Matzenauer

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York



MME. MATZENAUER

There is any one class of singers to whom my whole heart goes out it is to the volunteer choir singers of the children of the small towns. Their path is by no means strewn with roses. One small town is more or less like another. The choir master is often the doctor, who plays the violin, or mayhap the book-keeper at the lumber yard, who really loves music, or the village merchant, who believes church work is deft advertising and so he kills two birds with one shot. And the choir—they work only for thanks and their salary is ever denied them. And yet they go on in their thankless work year in year out giving the lie to the old saying: "If the devil fails to gain entrance to a church by all other routes, he finds admission through the choir."

At any event, the volunteer choir singers, all of them, deserve a Carnegie medal, to say nothing of a glittering halo of stars, supposedly added to the crown of the good. Every Friday or Saturday night in the year in the small town comes choir practice, which means that on this night no social engagement can be contracted. No matter what the weather may be, the faithful little band of singers gather in the choir loft and the rehearsal is on. Over and over the anthems are sung. The pretty soprano, who sometimes sings flat, the alto, who does not read well and whose sense of rhythm is in the kindergarten stage, the timid little tenor, who can sing "The Rosary" "just too perfectly sweet," and the basso who looks as if he would swallow his Adam's apple when he strikes the low notes in "He Shall Feed His Flock"—all work with a will so that the people in the pews on Sunday may have the choir's very best efforts. When Sunday comes the choir renders, executes or performs the program to a sour looking, thankless and critical congregation. The men look as if the volunteer singer is a check returned by the bank marked "N. S. P." while the women folks seem displeased with the millinery display or lack of it. And when it comes to genuine music criticism, commend me to the church women of the small town. Believe me they know. And they are even willing to die for their opinions. For critical analysis of tonal production they have the metropolitan press experts lashed to the mast.

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. Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service

The truth, plain and unvarnished, 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 find in "Peter" a girl with growing interest.

A Housekeeping Muddle

"MARRY," I said, "Hurry dinner up, will you, dear? Paul Retter has invited us to one of the informal dances at the Tennis Club."

"When?" said Mary. "Tonight. Oh, it isn't formal. The girls wear light summer things and the fellows business suits. He wants awfully for us to go."

"Peter," she said, "I'd like to go, of course, but I don't really see how I can. To tell you the truth I haven't a pair of silk stockings to wear with my dancing slippers."

"No stockings!" exclaimed I aghast. "Why, Mary, dear, I fancied you'd had about a million pairs in your trousseau."

"I did have a good many," admitted Mary. "But, Peter, people call on me so much and I—I go out so much that I don't really get time to darn them and—"

"—and the only decent pair is in the closet basket."

Mary smiled and dimpled and we romped through the preparation of the evening meal like a pair of youngsters. I put the dinner on the table while Mary hurriedly washed the silk stockings and hung them over the stove to dry.

"You look pale and tired," said I at dinner. "I'm always tired lately," confessed Mary.

"Why?" I asked solicitously, though I knew, and Mary colored.

Now the whole truth of the matter is that my pretty little bride has so many social engagements that she cannot get her work done and it's beginning to get upon her nerves. But I dare not say so in so many words. There are hard chins and bowling clubs and sewing clubs and so much social fussing

of all sorts through the day that Mary doesn't always get the dishes washed. I'm hoping she will presently outgrow this foolish phase and settle down to the plain verities of existence.

"What have you done today, dear?" I asked humbly.

"So many people came," said Mary defensively, "and I went to a luncheon and a card-party. You don't want me to stir up those things—and bury myself, do you, Peter?"

"Certainly not," I responded heartily. "I don't add that I hoped, however, that Mary would presently awaken to a sense of values and let her home come first."

We left the dining table covered with dishes and food and hurried out to the kitchen to collect the silk stockings on my way upstairs.

One of them had disappeared. I shan't attempt to describe the effort I did not make. Suffice to say that we looked and we looked until Mary's face was burning red and I began to feel a decided inclination to swear. The stocking was irrevocably lost.

Now, Paul Retter is a business friend who has a very good policy for me to meet socially and intimately. Therefore to have a silk stocking, which had probably been captured by the wind, thwart me in my response to his first advances annoyed me more than I can tell.

"Mary," I said a little sharply, "You ought to keep your things darned and ready and incidentally clean! It's terrible. Cut out a few card-parties, my dear, and attend to business. I have to."

I don't need tell a married man that I made Mary cry. A woman in the wrong files frantically to the eternal weapon of tears. I talked wildly of prostration and goodness knows what, and I'm afraid I had a foolish fuss, but in the end I surrendered—the man always does—and made up with my wife. By that time, however, it was too late for Paul Retter's dance and we stayed home. I called him on the 'phone and patched things up as best I could.

We found that ridiculous stocking next morning in the tea-kettle, where it had dropped the night before. Trivial indeed—but it was incidental in causing a friend, and making me disappointed a friend. And back of it all the fault was Mary's.

If I neglected my business hours every day to shoot pool or billiards, what would people say? And Mary most of all?

Women, it seems to me, "get away" with much that a man couldn't for the life of him swing.

No Butcher Bills to Pay

By Tom Jackson

UP in the wild and frozen North there lives the Eskimo, who cannot go out nights to see the moving picture show. His home is made of blocks of ice, but with it he's content—because, you see, he has a cinch—he pays no tax or rent. He does not daily dine upon a fancy bill-of-fare—just simple things like half a seal or hind leg of a bear. When Mrs. Esk says "Get some grub," he gives a seal a thrust, or so laughs at the middleman, and likewise at the trust.

When he and wife go for a walk or to a Polar dance, you could not tell which one was which—as both of them wear pants. The women do not care for style; the men care not for soap. They cut out all eugenic stuff, and other high-brow dope. To rules of fashion stern and strict the women are not tied—they bore holes in a pack of furs, then put themselves inside—and do not worry about the fit or if the style is smart—just put on furs and wear them till the carter's fall apart.

The appetite of Eskimos is healthy, sound and great. One walrus is considered just a portion for a plate. And when they get outside of this, they sleep a hog or two, and then get up and dine upon another Arctic zoo. Their lives are most monotonous—same thing from day to day. But they're happy, for they have no butcher's bills to pay.

For style, the men care not for soap. They cut out all eugenic stuff, and other high-brow dope. To rules of fashion stern and strict the women are not tied—they bore holes in a pack of furs, then put themselves inside—and do not worry about the fit or if the style is smart—just put on furs and wear them till the carter's fall apart.

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THE REIGN OF THE TANGO CAP



Showing Side and Front of the Tango Cap, as Worn by Jeannette Creek Mellwain.

By MADGE MARVEL

TURKEY trotting led to the tango. Tangoing led to tangled tresses. Modern dancing is strenuous exercise. No hairpin that has been invented seems equal to retaining the form and order of the coiffure. Therefore the tango toque. Watch the dancers at any of the dancing luncheons or teas or suppers and you will see it in a bewildering array of styles and colors and fabrics.

One point remains in all its infinite variations. It fits the head snugly and keeps the hair in place and is so universally becoming that one quite loses thought of its having any other purpose than that of mere ornament.

It makes a plain girl attractive and a pretty one irresistibly lovely. It gives an air of quaintness to the debutante and it makes her mother look like her older sister and her grandmother appear like her mother.

And all the time it is making the wearers so comfortable that they can keep all attention on their steps and their posturing and never have to give a thought to loosened braids or flying curls.

The American girl, when she created the tango toque, took the pattern of the sturdy little Holland maid. But nothing so simple as snowy white linen is used in its making. It is of lace, sewn with crystals, dotted with tiny roses. It is of gold and silver mesh, glittering with gems; strings of pearls are interwoven to form the crown and the saucy upturned brim.

It is of gold lace, or it is of rhinestone, set with golden wires and twisted into shape and made gay with chiffon poises.

Always it holds the hair in place. Always, while performing this most useful service, it gives the impression of a mere bit of vanity.

It is the most fascinating little chapeau. Some authorities say that it should be called the "Castle Cap."

because Mrs. Vernon Castle of New York was the one who made it popular, wearing it whenever she danced. Now that its prototype has become so well known, she has discarded it and has adopted the new plan of drawing the hair tightly back and exposing the ears and wearing one plain curl, like the lower part of the figure six, in front of the ear. However, that is a fashion which demands youth and beauty to dare. The cap is much the kinder mode.

Miss Jeannette Creek Mellwain, grand-daughter of Gen. Crook, the famous American Indian fighter, and a teacher of fashionable dances to society girls, wears this version of the tango toque. It is in the flaring, wide, Dutch style, and is of gold lace with a few little pink and blue chiffon roses dotted along the inside of the brim.

Any girl with clever fingers can copy it, and once worn she will know its value.

antiquated ideas that it was thrilling to hold hands in corners with a gentleman of his somewhat matured charms. Now he feels too frisky and flattered for words; he writes the young person the most absurd letters, and she shivers over them and trembles and quivers—and reads them to anyone who will listen, from the office boy to the cashier at the desk at the cheap lunch counter room.

It's tremendously thrilling, but some day the poor little goose is going to wake up and find herself without a reputation—and then what?

What tale would she hear of the desperate struggle she made to live the pure life of a devotee. What thrills she must expect over the poor girl's frantic attempts to be what she loves to call "true" to herself?

And I suppose one of the first persons to be interested in her story of maddening fight for a true life will be the wife of the married man who is giving the young person such a joyous sense of being a heroine.

She's greatly interested in "rescue" questions—is the nice, good-humored, kindly, well meaning wife who's being made such a fool of by this girl.

I wonder if we shall hear the story of the poisoned needle—in the last act of this particular little drama?

There are, of course, many bitterly true instances of dreadful cruelties to young and innocent girls, but, somehow, I seem to notice, especially of late, so many girls who are dreadfully afraid that they may pass by some miserable experiences of life without knowing that they are there I wonder about it. They seem to be so fond of walking on the ragged edge of every handy precipice in the neighborhood.

Sometimes they will even hunt up precipices that are not in their neighborhood at all—and I wonder—and wonder and wonder.

On the Brink of a Precipice

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

AND now it's the poisoned needle. A while ago it was the dark-eyed stranger with his winning words; then it was the drugged glass of ice cream soda. I wonder if we shall hear of chloroformed air and etherized drinking fountains next?

Somehow I am never quite able to keep down a kind of a wry smile when I hear about the terrific struggles all the poor foolish girls are supposed to make to get them into such dreadful trouble.

I know a funny, little, smug-faced, young person who wants to be the heroine of a great romance. She's rather an ignorant little thing, and oh, so very, very pleased with herself—somebody lent her some Suderman and some girl's frantic attempts to be what she loves to call "true" to herself?

And I suppose one of the first persons to be interested in her story of maddening fight for a true life will be the wife of the married man who is giving the young person such a joyous sense of being a heroine.

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Chips with the Bark on

No man is self-conscious when speaking of faults.

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No one misses his umbrella when it is not raining, and what is worse, he always misses it when it does rain.

.....

When mind reading becomes universal the literature of the world will be materially changed.

Sinkers are essential to a fish line, but they are not what catch the fish.

.....

It is all right for a man to have a bad day, but when the bad has him it is time for him to find a new boss.

.....

Many a man learns how to say no, but neglects to gain information as to when to use the money-savable.

In union there is strength until after an unsuccessful strike.

.....

The difference between economy and stinginess is merely the difference between the first and third persons.

.....

One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. And it does not care.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Observe Everything and Increase Your Earnings

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg

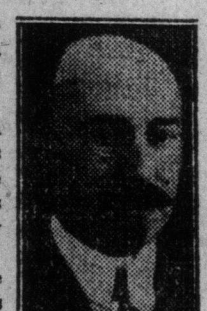
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

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ARE you a good observer? If you answered this convincingly in the negative, you would be a genius telling an untruth just as Descartes did when he said: "I doubt."

Descartes was certain that he doubted. This is a paradox and therefore impossible. If a man believes that he does not believe anything he is crossing the High Dutch bridge of Asses. Briefly, such a fellow thinks when he does not think, surely the super-freemasonry of the absurd.

Therefore, if you examine yourself and honestly note that you do not observe things well, you are a genius for saying so, and, bluntly, a fabricator, because you have been the one rarely good observer among the



DR. L. K. HIRSCHBERG

Hittites who observes correctly that he cannot observe correctly. This seems an unvarnished confession. The complications involved in this riddle are, however, easily untangled, if you take a second sip after catching your wind.

Oblivion is the same sort of boon to the human tribe that a good-forgettery is. Syrus put it, sometimes expedient to forget who you are, where you were, what you were and what you felt. "Far off from these a slow and silent stream, Let the river of oblivion, rolls. Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks Forthwith his former state and being forgets. Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."

"Asleep at the Switch." Oblivion, however, to your immediate surroundings and to your everyday life is another matter. Such a state of self spells relative ruin and possible disaster.

No matter what you in your human pride and vanity think about your acuteness, your good sense and your powers of observation, the proper tests made with psychological methods will flabbergast you.

You will suddenly discover that, even though an artist, a skilled mechanic, a wonderfully experienced traveler, a trained physician, a slashing good surgeon, a sharp-eyed microscopist, or even an ordinary "feller," even as you and I, you are literally "asleep at the switch."

Let observation, with expansive view, survey mankind from China to Peru, and there will not be found one man or woman—children are better and more accurate observers than grown-ups—who observes more than one-tenth of one per cent, or less, of what is taking place under his or her very nose.

The best brains are as dry as a hard-tack biscuit after a trip from Covent Garden to Japan and back. In fine, the proudest of human observers has his much vaunted common sense full of vents and knot-holes.

Now that we are thus chastened in our pride, let us see what is the measure of this self-debasing infidelity.

A Cultivable Quality. Let observation, with expansive view, survey mankind from China to Peru, and there will not be found one man or woman—children are better and more accurate observers than grown-ups—who observes more than one-tenth of one per cent, or less, of what is taking place under his or her very nose.

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Answers to Health Questions

M. J. S.—Does the use of a tooth brush on a coated tongue have any permanent effect? How about scraping it with a piece of whalodene?

No. Nor does scraping it with a whalodene help much. The tongue reflects the disturbance in the lower division of the alimentary canal. If it is coated, look to your vitals, your daily habits, your exercises, your toilet. Once the flanges, wheels and bolts in the digestive mechanism are properly oiled and adjusted, then your tongue will stop flashing the danger semaphores called "coatings."

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.

SAID BY WISE MEN

Mind unemployed is mind unemployed. Bovee.

.....

He enjoys much who is thankful for little; a grateful mind is both a great and a happy mind.—Secker.

.....

Employment, which Galen calls nature's physician, is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.—Burtton.

.....

Names, says an old maxim, are things. They certainly are influences.—Tryon Edwards.

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Opinions, like showers, are generated in high places, but they invariably descend into lower ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as rain unto the sea.—Colton.

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Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

I DO wish I had some way of sending a message," said the Lady Bug to herself one morning.

She held in her hand a little note which she had written on a piece of birch bark with a thorn from the bramble bush.

As she was saying this to herself, Dr. Beetle came along in his carriage, driving two June Bugs.

"Good morning, my dear Doctor," said the Lady Bug. "I am so glad to see you. I wanted some one to go over to Mrs. Cricket's with a note."

"I am sorry I cannot do it myself," answered the good Doctor, "but I have to go right over to Mrs. Grasshopper's."

When he had said this the Doctor drove away in a great hurry. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" began the Lady Bug, talking to herself. "I haven't time to run all over the neighborhood looking for somebody."

"What is the matter, my dear Lady Bug?" said a little voice beside her. Looking down she saw Mrs. Ant.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ant," said the Lady Bug. "I'm looking for some one to go over to Mrs. Cricket's."

"Why don't you go yourself?" asked Mrs. Ant. "It never does to get anybody to do what you can do yourself."

"I know that," said the Lady Bug, "but I have not the time. My dishes aren't washed yet."

"Then the only thing to do," answered Mrs. Ant, "is to wait here until somebody comes along who can take the note. You always get what you want in this world if you wait long enough."

"That sounds very good," said the Lady Bug. "And you should add to it, 'provided you wait hard enough.'"

Just then Mrs. Butterfly flew on the porch and the Lady Bug said to her: "Would you mind taking a note over to Mrs. Cricket for me?"

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Butterfly.

"I told you you would get what you wanted if you waited long enough," said Mrs. Ant.