

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Why a Scientist Should Be Humane

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

I FOUND him, the doctor who is a human being as well as a physician. He came bustling into my sick room the other day, and all at once the air was full of sunshine and hope and health and courage.

He pulled up the shades to look at the view; he drew a violet out of the bouquet on the bedroom table and sniffed at it as if he really loved the smell of violets; he picked up the valentine a little boy I know had sent me, and smiled at the beautiful lady entirely surrounded in garlands of hearts—and then he began to talk to me about my case.

He didn't call it my case—he called it me; and before I knew what I was doing I had told him not only how very ill I was and in how much pain, but I had told him how my heart ached and how my courage failed, and how it seemed almost too steep for human feet to climb.

And the doctor listened to what I said. He listened with his brain and with his heart as well as with his ears; and when that half-hour of talk with him was through I was half-cured already.

If there were more doctors like him left, there would be less need of new cults that do away with doctors entirely.

Some Old Fashioned Ideas.

It's such a matter of "science" now—is medicine. All science and theory and germs.

The modern doctor will tell you that there are no such things as you and your mother and your grandmother have seen a thousand times with your own perfectly good eyes.

He will tell you that anise-seed tea will not cure the baby's colic—it's an old woman's remedy, he says.

And you know it will cure it, because you've tried it a dozen times. He tells you that it won't help your sore throat to put a nice, comfortable strip of flannel around it when you go to bed.

Now you know it will help it, you don't know why—and you don't care why. All you know is that it does, and so you listen to what he says and look confused and guilty and very stupid.

And he goes away and makes a special at his medical dinner about old wives' superstitions, and is very witty and clever indeed—at your expense; and the minute he's gone you get a perfectly good piece of flannel and pin it comfortably around your throat and stop the tickling cough.

A man can't play the Mumbo Jumbo game very long with any one who smiles at the thought of his name. My little girl was ill not long ago; they sent me a specialist to take a specimen of her blood. The child is a clever, emotional, imaginative little thing, who lives in fairyland most of the time, with princesses and knights and snow-white palafreys, and all the rest of it.

A Typical Experience.

When the specialist arrived in the sick room he turned out to be a tall, cadaverous creature, with a face like the skull and cross-bones man—sallow, dark, saturnine.

He gave three stealthy, cat-like paces and was at the bedside.

"I have come for the blood," he said; and my little daughter's face went as white as snow.

Now that man shall never do one other particle of work in his special line for me or for any of mine. I don't believe that any one who is as big a fool as that can possibly know enough to make a correct analysis—do you?

I'm glad I've been ill and alone in a strange city, for I've found him again—the man I thought was lost forever, the doctor who's a human being as well as a man.

Here's looking at you, doctor! Every time I see the violet smile in the spring sunshine I shall think of you with love and gratitude.

Sayings of Wise Men

Words are an amazing barrier to the reception of truth.—Sydney Smith.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is itself a lesson of profound humility.—Gladstone.

We are ashamed at the sight of a monkey—somehow as we are shy of poor relations.—Charles Lamb.

The encouragement of habits of thrift and foresight, and of a spirit of independence and self-help—qualities which conduce in the highest degree to the welfare of the nation—is an object which must always have the deepest sympathy of the Queen and myself.—King Edward VII.

Take not too short a time to make a world-wide bargain in.—Shakespeare.

The silence often of pure innocence personates when speaking false.—Shakespeare.

Who lives to nature rarely can be poor; who lives to fancy never can be rich.—Edward Young.

Piety, frugality, and good management are excellent artists for mending bad times; they offer and little room in any dwelling; but would furiously appear unfamiliar to the majority of life than any reform bill that ever passed the houses of Parliament.—Samuel L. Drew.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

CHILDREN'S socks and stockings need continual darning and renewal. Their treatment is mainly "wear and tear," not always of the "fair" kind.

Worsted stockings should not be darned with new worsted. The latter should be darned first, or it will pull into holes, and destroy the shape of the stockings or socks. To shrink, tie the skins loosely with cotton, soak in very hot water for 10 minutes, then rinse in cold water and dry.

Black stockings will not stain the skin if boiled for a few minutes in milk before being first used. Black yarn should be treated in the same way before being knitted.

Knitted stockings, when the feet are worn out, should be cut off above the heel, the stitches picked up, and a new foot knitted.

Cashmere stockings, too, can be re-dyed. If you have two pairs that have "gone," cut the stockings to be re-dyed half through, above the heel, from the back, leaving only an instep tongue to the toes. This cuts the old bottom off. From the leg of the second pair, cut a piece exactly the size and shape of the old foot piece (laid flat), and machine, or backstitch, neatly on. Allow an extra inch for the heel and reverse.

Black stockings will keep their color perfectly, and not go "rusty," if a little vinegar is used in the rinsing water.

Silk stockings should be washed in warm, not boiling, water. Make a bath, but do not wash soap into them; let them soak in this for an hour, rinse in cold water quickly, wring them out, roll in a cloth, and then, after pulling 1/2 to shape, pass a cool iron over them.

Darning is made easier, and the work more lasting, if a piece of white mosquito net is first tacked over the hole or thin place. Darn through the net, taking every other hole, basket pattern.

Use a finer darning needle than usual.

For children, especially—but men's socks could be treated in the same way—use a quantity of salad-oil, paraffin makes the best machine-oil. It is an excellent disinfectant for drains and sinks. It has virtues as a hair-grower; if you don't mind the odor.

Delicate-colored handkerchiefs should be washed, without soaking, in warm water, to which paraffin oil has been added. It will soften hard boots, and make them quite pliable. Two or three drops added to the blacking will enable you to polish damp boots without trouble. It is the best cleaner for a smoked lamp chimney and, used with pads of soft newspaper, it is easily first as a window-cleanser.

Kitchen cloths and towels, which soon get a bad color, need not do so if a tablespoonful of paraffin oil is added to the water in the copper.

"NATURALNESS" A NEEDED ASSET



NORMA PHILLIPS

"Movie Girl" Tells Secret of Her Success.

By ELEANOR AMES

NORMA PHILLIPS says meeting multi-millionaires and world famous men is neither difficult nor awe inspiring. And she ought to know, for in her career as a "Movie Girl" she has met many real celebrities and public personages.

"They are just folks," says Miss Phillips, "and want to be treated like folks. If there is any secret in my success in getting interviews with such men as Mr. Carnegie and the late Mayor Gaynor in New York and scores of others equally important, it is my realization of this fact.

"I have never permitted myself to think they were other than human beings, whose ability or fortunate environment have made them important, but has not robbed them of their human attributes.

"Also I always have splendid belief in myself. I neither presume nor shrink. When I was assigned to meet and get to know with me before the real camera, I set my wits to work to puzzle out the best way to approach him.

"I decided that first of all I must believe it was the best thing in the world for him to do, that there were no good reasons why he should not grant my request, and there were dozens of perfectly sane reasons why he should. Next I worked out those arguments and made them fast in my mind.

"Then I decided that this man, with his exalted position in the business and social world, and with his millions of money and his multiple interests, was constantly annoyed by two kinds of interviewers, the ones who were blustering and offensive, and the ones who were fawning sycophants. Therefore the man or woman who went to him and asked him to do a favor just as if he were just John Jones or Bill Smith, should be by the law of averages be refreshing enough to command attention.

"I put my theory into practice. It won the day. I have never had it fail. I act as if the great and mighty were plain and honorable citizens like myself. I approach them in a purely business-like way. I talk on impersonal subjects if there is time for conversation and it becomes necessary for me to keep the man's attention occupied.

"Perhaps this rule might not be applicable to all cases, but I think it is worth trying. I have always maintained that lots of girls lose good business chances through fear.

"Spare may work two ways. It may make a sweet and modest girl act haughty and bold, and it may make a thoroughly competent one simpler and act like a lackwit.

"What would I say was the most important attribute for business success? Why, common sense, I think. By that I mean more that the phrase is generally supposed to mean. I mean business sense and self-composure.

"No woman can expect to have any real success who depends upon the subtle arts of her sex to make a good impression on a business man. If you are looking for a job in an office don't lay in a supply of coquetry. If a man wants to flirt he can have plenty of chances without hiring a flirtatious typewriter. That is, if he is the right kind of a man for you to work for.

"As I said before, the really big folks are the most like-other folks, and like to be treated as such, with no nonsense, no cringing, no attitude of fear at being in the presence of the mighty. Be earnest and sincere and courteous and friendly and business-like.

"I have delightful memories of the 'big' men I have met. Most of them are so simple and plain and sort of every-day in their attitude toward me that they have been perfectly natural, and have shown a side of their natures which I don't believe many persons have the opportunity of knowing. And I have yet to meet a famous man who hasn't a well developed sense of humor, and who doesn't know how to laugh at the right time, in spite of fame and millions."

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the New Novel, "Diane of the Green Van," Awarded a Prize of \$5,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McCure, Judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

The First Gray Hair.

MOTHER," said I, "I said you mind—on a first gray hair!"

"Yes," said mother, "of course I did, Peter. You wouldn't? You see, son, it's like climbing a hill, this game of life. Climbing, you look ahead and think what a marvellously beautiful view you will have when you reach the top; how the sunset over the valley will glow and fade in utter peace, and how the purple night will veil the valley in misty loveliness. You reach the top, but you can't linger. Something warns you that you must turn and go down again, for though the night is coming and the purple mist will beautifully veil the valley, you may lose your way."

"The gray hair, son, seems like the first warning of night—the first hint that the rest of the journey must be down a hill. And going down the hill there is not quite so much ahead as when you were climbing. The sunset you were gazing at as you ascended, becomes as you turn wearily back, the valley of the shadow."

"Do they" be sad, mother," said I, energetically, for I could not bear to think of mother travelling toward the valley of the shadow, "tell me why women mind that first gray hair so much more than men?"

"Do they" asked mother quietly.

"Don't they" I countered.

"I don't think so," said mother. "They merely let a certain mental hysteria get the better of them and rush for the dye pot. Touch a woman's vanity and her scruples vanish. The dye pot gives them away."

"Isn't the simple act of coloring one's hair that I protest against," said I thoughtfully, "but—well it is a form of hypocrisy, isn't it?"

"It's sailing under false pretences, of course," admitted mother. "And no one is deluded but the pitiful deluder herself. And really, Peter, there is something deeper at stake than the mere act. Doesn't it argue a certain moral delinquency that a woman will stoop to such petty deception for such a slight return?"

"But the return isn't always slight. Look at the wonderful semblance of youth some women attain."

"Even that is slight return for the hypocrisy it engenders," insisted mother. "And they irrevocably sacrifice the beauty and dignity and compensations of age by fostering the wrong mental attitude. They're neither young nor old. They have the semblance of the one without its vitality, the life marks of the other without the peace and resignation which ought to make old age happy and beautiful."

"These young-old women with dyed hair are really not happy, Peter. They laugh and smirk and revel in flattery, but in the seclusion of their own rooms they grow old and very tired, and wonder what is the use of it all. Innocent as the application of a little hair coloring may seem, persistent hypocrisy of that sort prints indelible marks upon a woman's character. It must, for she's learning, slowly but surely, to be a hypocrite. Did you ever know a man who dyed his hair?"

"Once," said I reluctantly. "It was when I was away one summer. He had his hair dyed black and used it up every morning, and at 50 he looked 50."

"What was he like" asked mother curiously.

"He was an old crook," I said with some warmth, "and that most odious of beings—a male flirt with a shrill and a pter for every pretty woman he saw."

"He had a feminine factor in his mind," said mother, "colossal vanity. Women never count the cost of enhanced beauty. They'll pay the heaviest prices in the world with a smile and deem themselves the gainer. But they pay in black hours, Peter, blacker hours than the one in which you say your first gray hair and let it stay."

"It's all a sense of values," I ventured, "and Mother Nature will teach those right if you'll only let her."

"A sense of values," nodded mother, "and a sense of responsibility."

Ready for Emergency. "I believe the Count intends to propose to Miss Speck."

Profitable. "I think I will start a theatre and run it on the matrimonial plan."

Too Many for Demand. "See eggs are 50 cents a dozen," said Willy.

"Who wants a dozen" demanded Fido.

"Three are enough for any man's breakfast."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

"Manners" Betray Even The "Rough Diamond"

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

LORD CHESTERFIELD advises you that the manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.

You may not be of those fortunate ones to the manner born, but good breeding is both hereditary and inherited, both from within and from without.

Just as well-mannered youths confide too freely and boast too vainly, so ill-mannered maturity and middle age may appear with a polish which it has not.

Superficial things often deceive, and as rashness is only one of the many errors of those under 35, and timidity one of the many of past 45, so good breeding is the cantlever span between the two.

Uctuous and melodiously modulated words, silk top hats, white carnations in buttonholes, professors, wealth, a New England ancestry and a Chesterfieldian manner are often far removed from craft and ambition, which no true man can submit to.

The most successful hypocrites and sinners, those who reach the highest positions in their chosen spheres, are most often of this description.

They assume, though they have it not, the lofty innocence of the dove. They are the crafty, cunning, designing serpents who pretend to be the personification of purity, the leaders of their walks with the outward perfections of Lord Chesterfield.



DR. HIRSHBERG

Real Breeding Shows.

Personal, daily contact will disclose the real breeding in a man. Fine airs and social position are no criteria. Formalities of compliment and the soft, suave, bland smile are often false cloaks.

Unbecoming forwardness proceeds more often from ignorance and unhappily placed parents and homes than from intrinsic ill-breeding. Uplifters and Puritans usually do not distinguish between the man taught at home, who "puts in" in a coarse way, from the gentleman who is master of ceremonies and toastmaster at social functions.

Dryden knew whereof he spoke when he said inherent good breeding will show quickly in the most outwardly unpollished, in their candor and honesty of tone among the best company of both sexes.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, they are the indications of congenial events. The inward thought, the purity of the soul, stamps its impress upon the outward habits.

An ill-bred man or woman is super-sensitive, unconsciously envious and capricious. Trivial, worthless experiences impel him, despite his white carnation and smooth manners, to impetuous crusading after some one's scalp.

Hypocrites Are Many.

He is forever suspicious that he has been insulted or slighted. He thinks all attacks, all conversation is meant for him.

If two people enjoy themselves, or happen to laugh, he has a pathological delusion that he is sneered at.

Tentness, a curling lip, a turned up nose, a "scrappy" disposition, which he justifies as a "true fighting spirit," to resist wrongs and general self-assertion fit this unhappy, disappointed fellow's nature.

The polished, well dressed man, who smiles and smiles and affects great softness of manner, an untrifled evenness of temper, a studied modulation and enunciation of his words, who is slow and deliberate in his sentences, is to be suspected.

He is a refined snake in the grass. No honest, natural man can maintain this pose. Such a Beau Brummel manner, Dr. Hirschberg, bespeaks a measure of mental discipline.

Answers to Health Questions

C. Y. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—I am the remaining one of twins. I drink lots of coffee. I get very hysterical at times and super-sensitive also. Is there any anti-nervous serum?

Stop coffee and drink two glasses of hot milk at the times you were accustomed to drink coffee. Do not go without food over two hours at a time. Avoid all fried pabulum, but eat raw eggs, whipped cream, ham, sweets, fruits, candies and fresh vegetables in abundance. Eat twice as much and sleep twice as much as formerly.

R. H., Philadelphia.—What is good for loss of sleep? Depression? Oppression?

Evidently you need a complete physical change. You should have first of all a revolutionary change of your habits. At night your bedroom, your night habits of retiring, eating, drinking and the like should be absolutely the reverse of what you are doing at present.

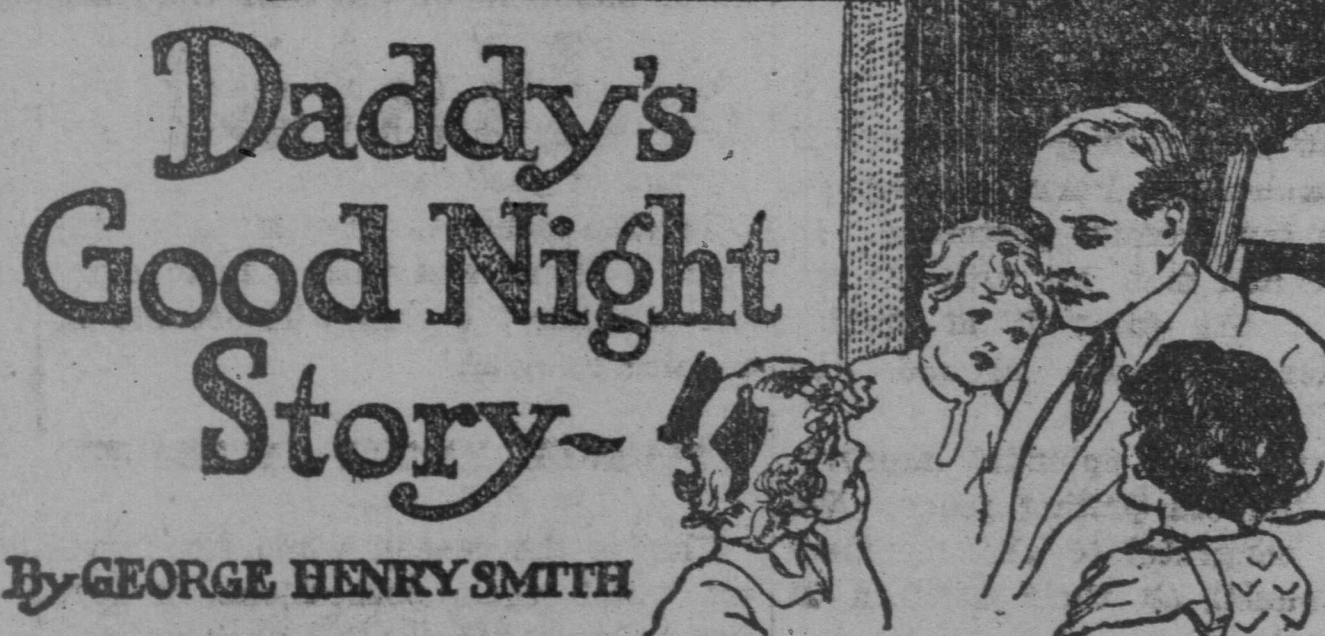
Take a cold wet pack at night, eat some fruit such as an orange, some figs and an apple, before you retire. Drink lots of buttermilk, learn to dance, to exercise, to take cold washes, to eat oatmeal, fruits, oils, lots of water, and have your muscles massaged.

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: Dr. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Points on Gardening

Birds are beginning to prove very troublesome in the garden. They are very partial to nipping off the flower-buds of crocuses just as they are peering through the soil, also to picking off the growth buds of the gooseberry and the leaves of carnations. To safeguard the crocuses and carnations from injury, insert a few pieces of stick about six inches long among and around the plants, as a wind some black cotton freely around these about four inches from the ground. The birds cannot see the cotton, and when they alight and it touches their wings they usually become alarmed and beat a speedy retreat.

The same remedy may, indeed, be applied to gooseberry bushes with good results. If, however, the bushes are moss-grown, it is a good plan to mix up a composition of lime, flour of sulphur and water to the consistency of milk, and then spray it freely over the bushes. The birds will then not touch the buds, and the liquor will thoroughly cleanse the bark from moss or eggs of insects.



By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

DICKIE DUCK was swimming around the pond one morning looking for something to do, when he almost bumped into Mister Turtle.

"Ouch!" went Mister Turtle.

"I didn't touch you," said Dickie.

"I know you didn't," replied Mister Turtle. "But I thought you were going to. I said 'Ouch!' to keep you from bumping into me. I did that because it is easier to yell before you're hurt than to cry after you're hurt."

"That's a good idea," replied Dickie Duck, as he started off.

"Don't hurry," began Mister Turtle. "I want some one to talk to."

"What do you want to talk about?" asked Dickie.

"About an hour," replied Mister Turtle.

"I didn't ask you how long you wanted to talk. I wanted to ask you what you wish me to talk about," said the Duck.

"Why have you such a broad mouth?" asked Mister Turtle.

"That is to help me pull up the tender blades of grass at the bottom of the pond," said Dickie.

"I have always wanted to know why you have such a broad mouth, while a chicken has such a sharp one. My mouth is sharp like a chicken's," Mister Turtle said.

Dickie moved up closer so that he might have a letter look at Mister Turtle's mouth. Then he remarked:

"I think it is very interesting to study mouths. I never thought of it until now. I shall have to look at the mouths of birds, cows, fishes, frogs and—"

"Don't forget that fishes breathe under water and can't live in air, and that frogs can breathe on land and in water, too."

"How observing you are," said Dickie.

"We found something to talk about," replied Mister Turtle as he rolled off the log.