

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

What Does Spring Mean to School Children Today?

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

THEY'RE building a brand new kind of schoolhouse out on the Pacific coast. They have play yards like the old-fashioned play ground, and besides that they have great covered play rooms to be used in rainy weather; and there's another kind of play ground on the roof, a regular garden with pergolas and vines and trees in tubs, and everything but waiters to make it look like the real thing.

The children are going to eat their lunches up there—and have dances and singing games. What fun it will be to walk along the street and look up in the air high, high above your head and see Mary Jones doing the tango and Tommy Tucker practicing the hesitation waltz.

They have sanitary lunches at the new schools, too—no, it's hygienic, you must say nowadays—sanitary has gone out. The teachers open the lunch boxes and see whether little Susie is bringing too much calorie to school with her in her luncheon and if it's true that Johnny Smith's mother still believes in cooking.

What fun it must be to go to school these days.

I hear all about it from some little tykes I know pretty well. They do tell me such interesting things, all about hygienic and onward and upward look-out-and-not-in-classes and mottoes and reading without learning to spell. Not one of them can say the alphabet. Did you ever ask a perfectly good high school boy to find somebody in the telephone directory and have him puzzle over whether S came before Z or not?

Oh, there are so many things they know, these children in these schools today. They quite overtake me sometimes—until I begin to think how many things there are that they don't even suspect.

What We "Don't" Do Now.

They don't "pass the water" any more, even in hot weather. They have hygienic filters, and everybody brings a separate cup, and there's a set and determined time for drinking, and no other time at all.

Why, the teachers would die of horror to have thirsty little boys and restless little girls drinking every other minute or so.

They don't sharpen pencils either, not out of hours. Pencils are sharpened in a certain way at a certain time, and that's all there is to it.

You couldn't hunt up an excuse for whistling around in your seat, or stooping down, or bending over, or going to the board, or moving one inch out of the routine—to save every life in every class in the whole school building.

All fine, all splendid, all progressive, all something to be proud of, no doubt—and yet—

You remember the first day along in April when the hens in the yard next to the schoolhouse came out of the barn and walked around in the wet ground, and talked about the weather?

There was one old white rooster that I used to know who knew more about the weather than all the government burocrats put together.

He told us about it, too, and we always understood what he said.

When he hopped up on to the edge of the sawbuck and made a few remarks, we knew that the Spring Beauties were coming up down in Churchill's Woods just as sure as anything. And when he flew to the top of the straw stack and called aloud to his flock and dared them to follow him there, we knew that Johnny Sheahan would come to school in the morning with a bunch of Fussy Willows for the teacher and that the Barnard boys would have their pockets full of Slippery Allum to chew before the week was up.

April Fun in Other Days.

No, I didn't mean Slippery Elm. That's the thing we learned about in the botany class. I meant Slippery Allum that you stripped off the tree and chewed, just because you could. Of course, you pretended you liked it, but there was nothing to it but slipperiness after all.

What a lot of things we used to pretend we liked in those days when we went to the old-fashioned schoolhouse.

Sorrel—how hard did you have to work to keep from making a face when you chewed Sorrel and made believe to like it?

Cheeses—they grew on little weeds down close to the path, rather musty little things they were; and how wise you felt when you broke off the stem of a Milkweed and went back the next day and showed your city cousin what good gum it made, if you let it dry long enough.

Sometimes that particular piece of Milkweed gum never was just exactly right. But the next time you tried it it was going to be.

That first day in April I was talking about—shall you ever forget it? Martha Claflin always was the first one to ask the teacher if she couldn't open the window. And when Martha Claflin did that all the girls came back in the afternoon with gingham dresses on or new ribbons in their hair or something to make them feel "different." And all the boys appeared with a baseball or a bat or a glove, and somebody began to play "Andy Anderson" at noon.

I wonder how they tell about spring in these new, hygienic, up-to-the-minute schoolhouses. I suppose they look at the almanac.

Somewhat I suppose I'm frightfully un-generated. But somehow I'm just stupid enough to be glad that I had another way of finding out about it.

I wonder if the Churchills still have a white rooster to tell the school children next door the news? I'd go a good many weary miles to sit again in my little seat at the end of the row in the little old-fashioned schoolhouse and hear him tell it.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

STRAWBERRIES and the styles of 1890 are contemporaneous events in American history. It was in the same year that women were wearing the quaint modes which have been revived this season with such charming success that strawberry market culture was first undertaken in the United States.

Was it Emerson or another of the New England immortals who said there might have been a better berry created than the strawberry, but if so, he had never eaten it?

Any way the first true American berries came from Cambridge, Mass., being raised in the gardens of Charles M. Hovey in the year 1836 or 1837. At that time Mr. Emerson was living in Concord, and creating a distinct style in the literary life of this country and Europe.

With the early shipments from the sunny southland and the late invoices from Nova Scotia and northern latitudes the strawberry Emerson has been delightfully lengthened during the past decade, and extends from the New Year to mid-summer with a short extra season in the fall.

Berries are growing more delicious every day—for the summer berries are invariably the best flavored—and different ways to serve the fruit are welcome to the housewife, though all the culinary skill of the world's cooks has failed to improve the original flavor.

It is to be questioned whether strawberries are ever more appealing than when piled, unadorned, on a natural, on a bed of their own leaves, accompanied by a snowy mound of powdered sugar into which each berry is tenderly dipped before being eaten. Nor is there any surer way to judge the epicure than by his manner of eating strawberries.

Preserved strawberries are the response to the natural wish of all friends of the fruit to prolong indefinitely the joys of the berries. There is a knack in successful preservation. Here is the rule of a famous New England cook:

Four pounds of berries and two pounds of sugar. Arrange berries and sugar in alternate layers in glass jars. Set jars on a trivet in a boiler two-thirds full of water. Cover and cook till the water in the boiler boils vigorously. Remove the jars, and if the berries have settled, fill from another jar and seal.

PREPARING FOR MIDDLE AGE



Jane Cowl

"Learn How to Retire Gracefully," Says Jane Cowl

By ELEANOR AMES

THE pathos of growing old is largely a matter of temperament. Growing old gracefully is an acquired art. Enjoy your triumphs while you may, and when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for you to step down from the throne which youth occupies so majestically, do it with a cheerful heart and a smiling face and have a store of happy memories to brighten your life in another phase of existence.

That is the gist of some very wise and excellent advice which Jane Cowl, called "the most beautiful woman on the American stage," gave me in a recent interview.

It was advice aimed particularly at actresses, but it applies with equal wisdom to all women, for age is no respecter of professions.

Miss Cowl, now at the zenith of her success, says she will never remain on the stage.

"I am determined to have the good sense to retire when the time comes that it is best for me to do so," she said. "I have worked hard to succeed and I mean to go on working as hard as my mind and strength permit. I am grateful and happy for what has come to me. But I think it will be beautiful if I can retire before the public has the chance to say, or even to think, 'Jane Cowl is growing old.'"

"It is far better to retire in the heyday of success than to face the inevitable disillusionment and heartache which come to those who hang on too long. There are few Bernharts in any walk of life. Faded youth is the rarest thing in the world. It belongs only to the supreme genius."

"I know some women, on the stage and off, can never afford to retire from active business, but that is one of the tragedies of life. There are innumerable women in all professions and in business who must go on and on earning money whether they want to or not. They are the real heroines. If they can keep up the illusion of youth when youth is gone, they should receive all praise."

"No one can judge of another's position. So many women have responsibilities of which nothing is known. They are never in a position to save anything to make their old age lighter or brighter. But for them I would wish the philosophical state of mind which enables them to accept the inevitable and console themselves on the sidelines when another has the spotlight wherein they once basked. I would have them reach that state of content where they can enjoy without a pang the fortune of their supplanters in the center of the stage."

"To those I would say: Take the advice I am giving to myself. Save your money and lay up for the future. When the right time comes, step down and have a graceful and happy middle and old age."

"Mary Anderson de Navarro is such a delightful example of the actress who

knew when to retire. She, of course, had the chance to make a brilliant marriage and took advantage of it. Hundreds of actresses—hundreds of business women—have good marital opportunities, only to throw them aside and go on chasing the great will-o'-the-wisp of popularity, or fame.

"I wish they might see the lovely English home of the actress who had so beautiful a place in the hearts of America. It has trees and gardens and flowers, surrounding a wonderful old house, and there Mary Anderson lives with her children, the happiest and most charming of matrons."

"I am not a pessimist. But I do believe in looking any situation in the face. And there is no concealing the fact that youth, with its fresh enthusiasm and its belief in the future, will take the strongest place in the hearts of the public."

"Nothing is more pathetic than to see a woman of more than mature years making a final desperate stand against the onslaught of time. How much finer is the one who can meet the years with a smiling face, and a tranquil manner, knowing that she has other work to do, and that the work she once did can be better done by the younger woman."

"By retirement I don't mean going into obscurity. I mean stepping out of the picture into some more secure and just as useful position, always being in the picture with the hour of domination has rightfully passed. And I DO believe in marriage. If the right man comes along, I say to any girl, don't refuse to share his name and his home."

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 cage" 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.

A Seasonable Excuse.

"The weather," said Mary with the air of a martyr, "is certainly getting on my nerves. I'm a wreck."

"You don't look it," I suggested with husbandly frankness. "Your color's good and you're not under weight."

"Did you ever see a man," demanded Mary superciliously, "who would admit that his wife was tired out?"

"Are you tired out?" I inquired incredulously.

"Well, exclaimed Mary indignantly, "I should think I am! You ought to know better than to ask. Haven't I done all my own work, Peter, for over a year, when I never had to do a jot of housework before I was married? I've even ironed the handkerchiefs now and then when Sarah couldn't get through."

"Well, I suggested modestly, 'I've been working some myself.' Mary flushed and turned the subject.

I didn't see just whether all this discussion of summer exhaustion was tending, but Mary showed her hand after a while, as she usually does if I leave her to her own resources. That's a singular thing about Mary. If I show a sincere appetite for information she yields it reluctantly in unsatisfactory segments that don't in the least explain. If I abandon the pursuit in disgust and take up my paper, she tells me the whole thing of her own accord. Another symptom of feminine perverseness, I take it.

"Mrs. Anthony has gone away for two months," said Mary in colorless tones. "She's very fortunate."

"Does it bother you?" I said. "You earn extra money," I said. "I'm sorry."

"Mrs. Anthony goes next week and Mrs. Ray the week after. Odd, all the club members will be away, the card club, I mean."

"You'll be at home," I suggested absently.

"Oh—I—of course," said Mary, shrugging. "I mean those who can afford to be fashionable. One judges so much by what people do. You can always tell."

The voice and manner were enough. I put aside my paper.

"Does it bother you because you have to be unfashionable and stay home with me?" I inquired, a little hurt by the complaint in her voice.

"Oh, no," said Mary. "I'll get used to it."

"You don't have to," I told her warmly.

Both Militant.

"I understand they have fought ever since their marriage."

"Why not? He is a soldier and she is a suffragette."

Better Than No Reason.

"Those European monarchs always have to marry for reasons of state."

"Well, they have more reasons than the average American."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

The Tone of Your Voice Seldom Shows Your Vigor

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

EVERYBODY'S voice has a meaning all its own. The high-pitched, raucous voice of the harbingers of spring, calling "Strawberries! Strawberries!" cannot be mistaken for the old London street cry.

Ever since Mrs. Isaac put one over on the patriarch back in the days of Genesis, when the well-nigh sightless chieftain said: "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau," the tones from the throat have had a significance more than that of mere recognition.

When a dry, hoarse, metallic voice calls the alert physician on the 'phone, he begins to think of partially paralyzed vocal cords, a laryngitis, an aneurism, or bulging of the aorta—the largest artery in your melancholy anatomy—or, bad 'cees to it, the last stages of tuberculosis.

A commoner fallacy does not prevail among the Great American People than the one which considers the otherwise well individual with a hoarse voice to have "tuberculosis" or "consumption of the throat."

When this ultra-Grand Marshal of the Military Chronic Maladies, to wit, tuberculosis, infects the voicebox, the poor chap is always between a hawk and a buzzard, but nowadays he rarely has such a degree of the intellectual ailment as to cause throat and voice disturbances.

Hoarseness No Symptom.

In fine, there are hundreds of busy doctors who never have seen any one so far gone as to have "tuberculous laryngitis," as it is called.

Anthrax, perhaps, it is, yet throat consumption occurs only in the most advanced examples of this miserable disorder. A physician has yet to appear who ever saw an early instance of tuberculosis arise with a permanent change of the voice.

Happily, in the present great preventive era, a crisp, soft, faint voice need not remain under the pall of your suspicions.

You may, to be sure, weep, as the lady with the thermometer under her tongue does, for the voiceless who have known the crown without the cross of glory, but luckily such tears need not be seriously shed for the still, small voice.

"A few can touch the magic string. And that they are proud to win them. Alas, for those that never sing. And die with all their music in them."

Each Voice Different.

The voices of turtle doves, the billing and cooing of the mother to her as yet unborn babe, has a richer meaning far than the language of the human voice. Even though a lion aggravated his voice like Bottom, so that he will roar you as gently as a sucking dove, you could scarcely mistake the jungle beast for a bird.

Your voice through the telephone over a thousand miles away cannot be mistaken for another's. Man is, after all, the nightingale, whose feathers were plucked off by a Lacedaemonian, namely, "all voice and nothing else."

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:

I have been going out with a man for the last year and his name is not living in the same place. He has told me all about her, and he writes to her and goes to see her two or three times a year.

He is not in love with her. He wants to kiss me, and yet by doing so he is deceiving her.

What should I do about it? Should I allow him to kiss me, or should I give him up altogether? I don't want to do that, but I want to do what is right.

ANXIOUS.

takes you out and fibs to you about the other girl.

The only thing for him to do is to make up his mind which girl he likes the best—tell the other one the truth—and then write to her and go to see her two or three times a year.

He'll go on fibbing to you and telling stories to the other girl, and by and by there'll be a third girl, and then a fourth, and the first thing all four of you know he'll be married to somebody you never heard of—and she's the one to sort of thing up for that as he lives. Give him up, Annie, and give him up now.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

As a Clown Sees Us

By Harry LaPearl

Premier Clown of the New York Hippodrome.

Slapsticks.

NO home today is complete without a slapstick. In a great many ways it is handier than a hairpin, because the man of the house knows but few of the several hundred possibilities of the instrument.

With a slapstick in the first and most important place, a man is certain to feel more comfortable; he has a handy something, and he can swing hard and make a loud noise with it, even though he does no damage.

The hard swing will relieve his muscular tension, something the doctors are writing long screeds about now, and to which they are attributing most of the ills of the world—and he will make him a happy man. For the moment he will make an impression. Success at last.

Of course, this is the prime feature of the adaptable slapstick. We clowns have long carried ours home with us, and, as a class, we probably think ourselves masters of our own destiny, and in more reason than most men. There are other uses for the ancient funmaker—such as a burglar alarm, a cat exterminator, a pudding mixer, a nursery problem solver, a parlor entertainer, a prop for most anything, etc. But these are incidental; the purpose of a first-class slapstick will quickly discover its many uses.

What I must emphasize, in defense of my sex, is the beauty of the "success" noted in my second paragraph. With the rest of the household down to the cook gadding to morning, hesitations, afternoon tangles and evening maxims, it is high time the tired business man asserts himself. How else than with the handy slapstick can he do it with less danger to himself and less damage to his family and household furniture?

Take a lesson from the Phalarope. Half the battle is won. With such an implement in your hand you will find yourself possessed of a nerve that would win medals from any Mexican general. Now say it and let the stick mark all your commas, periods and exclamations.

If this procedure doesn't work, we phoos must have something you lack.