

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

HARD WORK SECRET OF SUCCESS IN MUSIC

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

The truth 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 follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

The Literary Bee.

"THINK," said Mary, "that I really should be a secretary. What do you think Peter?"

"You mean write poems?" I queried dubiously. "Not exactly," said Mary vaguely. "Papers and things."

"Sounds a little aimless," said I. "Oh, dear, Peter," exclaimed Mary indignantly. "You never get what I mean immediately. I'm going to join a club."

"Join?" said I with increasing doubtfulness of tone, for Mary already belongs to several clubs and I get my worst dinners on club nights. I couldn't conscientiously look overjoyed at the prospect of adding another cold-meat night to the menu and yet I wanted to be perfectly fair and generous.

"What sort of club?" I ventured. "Literary," said Mary decidedly. "They have wonderful meetings once a week and papers and discussions and it is truly very instructive. I really feel that it is my duty to know a little more about the literature of the world, don't you, Peter?"

"Well, I can't say I feel the need strongly," I said, "but do as you please, Mary."

What "Pretty" Means. "They had a cycle of meetings that were very interesting," said Mary timidly, "spring-summer-autumn and winter and read poetical references to the seasons and had appropriate music. It was wonderful, Peter."

It surely is wonderful what women fuss about. I marvel at some of the conceivings of what is literary and what is not. Imagine a pretty, anemic discussion of the seasons passing for a literary reference. I'm smiling.

I hate that sense of pretentiousness that blinds her with its sickly, emotional charm. Mary joined the literary club, another cold-meat night crept into the menu and, in course of time, Mary wrote a paper.

I shan't forget the night that she began it. I took up my newspaper and was conscious of a most tremendous energy on the part of my little wife. She was bustling about opening the drawers of a desk, getting ready pens and ink and paper, humming happily and making altogether a very pretty noise and stir. I knew very well that she wanted me to look at her and make some comment. Therefore I did.

"Well," said I, smiling, "what's up, dearie? You're the busiest person far in the family."

Encyclopedic Essays. "Well, Peter," gloved Mary in one of those delicious bursts of wit that make a man smile, "I just hoped you'd realize how very busy I am and you have. I'm about to write a paper."

"Dear, dear," I mocked. "What one?" "Society," said Mary very proudly. "A critical analysis of his work, I suppose," I ventured.

"Oh," said Mary with vague airiness, "likely it will run in that line. Whereupon she hastened forth various books and encyclopedias and went to work with a vim, scratching busily until past 11.

Mary read her article, was featured in headlines in the daily paper, and advised to take up literature immediately as a profession. This, I understand, is the inevitable procedure in a literary club. A great deal of incurable fiction fever springs up out of an encyclopedic essay read before a literary club.

Mary was so delighted at the way she had improved her mind that she talked of it for days. A month later I asked her in a spirit of good-humored malice just how much of her article she remembered.

"Well, Peter," she confessed, "I don't remember much, and that's a fact. To tell you the truth, I've forgotten most of it. You see, I just copied great chunks out of the encyclopedias, and really it was most convenient, for I don't have to remember it. It's there any time I want to read it."



Bertha Shalek and Helen Stanley

"Talent Backed by Will Power Wins," Say Noted Prima Donnas

Bertha Shalek's Advice to Students.
Keep alert and watchful for opportunity. A glorious voice deserves a strong body. Eat simply; drink nothing stronger than pure water. Eat good food. The body must be well nourished. Rich foods are not for the young singer. Get plenty of sleep when you need sleep. Be happy and cheerful and calm. Fringing and worry act directly on the vocal cords. Be willing to see the "other fellow" get ahead. Don't try to make all see things as you do.

Helen Stanley's Singing Creed.
I believe in temperament—but not in temper. Keep the body in harmony to retain your voice. Try always to strike chords in your daily life. I believe in useful thoughts as well as tuneful song. I believe in looking for good in your neighbor. I believe in opportunity only for our own shortcomings. Keep so busy that there is no time for mischief. Do the best you can all the time. Look ahead, not back. Hope instead of regret. Try again and again when you don't succeed.

By ELEANOR AMES

LAZINESS and singing success have nothing in common, according to Helen Stanley and Bertha Shalek, both of whom have won their laurels in the operatic world through hard work and a never-faltering belief in their right to succeed.

An interview with each of the two artists for it adds the spice of two personalities to the "read" of one interviewer. "No girl has the right to expect fame and fortune unless she is willing to work for it," declared Miss Shalek.

"Hard work and determination are the two best aids any girl can bring into her professional life," announced Miss Stanley. "Music is a jealous art," said Miss Shalek. "It shares energy with nothing else. When a girl is sure she has a voice she wants to determine whether she is willing to give up everything to the making of that voice—whether she would rather be a singer than to be anything else in all the world; whether she would ever hesitate at any sacrifice of time or pleasure or comfort when it came to an issue in which her art was involved."

"Girls who want to succeed in any profession must learn to take themselves seriously," came from Miss Stanley. "By that I don't mean that they should cultivate a lot of selfish eccentricities and become homesick misanthropes because they are 'dedicated to their art,' but I mean that they should realize that they are the makers of their own fate. 'Pull, induce, whatever help you may receive will be thrown away unless one is a living example of appreciation of one's own talent. Genius so great that it will increase by its own momentum is so rare we almost never find it."

"A young girl told me the other day that she simply could not and would not 'sing.' 'Then,' said I, 'you need never expect to be a great singer, for all great singers have the capacity for plodding. And plodding is the capacity for plodding. If they are made of the right stuff I think they nearly always reap their reward. I know a woman who worked for 10 years in a little general store in a small town. She was really the backbone of the business. I wondered why with her ability she also remained in such a place. But she always said she was investing experience, and that her time for greater endeavor had not come. Frankly, I felt or feared that it never would come, but when the proprietors of a leading factory wanted a welfare manager, they chose the plodder instead of the many other brilliant women who had applied for the position. They felt that she had accomplished so much in running a complex business in a peculiar community and had been so faithful and competent in the face of many discouragements they would give her the chance to try her luck in bigger fields. Plodding means keeping everlastingly at it. Which is the secret of accomplishment."

Miss Shalek nodded her plumes in hearty agreement. "I never thought of it that way," she added. "As long as we all have to work, why not work in the happiest spirit? Why not make ourselves love our work and make others love us for the love we have in our hearts? That is the complex. What I mean is that we none of us have genius enough to give us the right to make others uncomfortable or unhappy. Many singers are terribly one-sided individuals. Just because you are a singer is no reason why you cannot also be an intelligent human being. I have small patience with the 'eccentricities of genius.'"

"Nor I either," chimed in Miss Stanley. "Why should the possession of a voice give any one the right to tramp rough shod over the rest of the world? Let the sweetness of your singing tones set the standard of harmony for your entire life. If we all made that determination what a glorious world this would be!"

During the course of the interview Miss Shalek spoke of opportunity. "Did you ever think how small are the hinges upon which the door of chance swings open?" she asked. "My own life illustrates it. I was born in Bohemia and went to New York when a baby. My earliest recollection is a desire to 'make music.' I was a child prodigy as a violinist. I never thought of singing. One day when I was in my teens I went to the Metropolitan Opera House and sat next a woman who commented on the opera. Eager to discuss music, I listened and talked. She asked me if I sang. I replied with some pride that I was a violinist.

"Then be a singer, too," she said. "Your speaking voice tells me you can sing." That woman was Eleonore D'amore, now the Countess de Cisarova. She set me thinking. I began to study singing. My voice was first a contralto, but it grew higher and developed into a dramatic soprano. When I speak about the way to succeed I have experience to back me up. I would not ask a girl to work any harder than I have done myself.

"Nor would I," said Miss Stanley. "The cities have their smells, each one a different odor. Chicago smells of smoke; New Orleans smells of molasses; San Francisco smells of flowers and fruit and of tall eucalyptus and its oil. Los Angeles smells of roses and violets—and of petroleum. Pittsburgh smells of coal; Washington smells of lilies and of melting asphalt—and of moth balls.

In a Great City.
New York? Oh, New York smells—of money. All sorts of money, paper and silver and gold, but always money, always money. Sit—I can fairly hear it—smelling—can't you?

And then there are the ferryboats, and police courts and hospitals. Each with a separate and distinct smell of its own. I sat next to some one from a hospital at a concert the other day and all of the singing of the sweet violins was of a sudden hushed to me, and all I heard was the weird, monotonous chant the blood makes surging in the ears—when the surgeon nods to the assistant and says, "She's going under," and you're afraid they'll think you're farther "under" than you are and will begin to work before you can speak.

How full it is of sensation, this world of ours and the strange, subtle, complicated life in it. I knew a burglar once who was going to kill a woman that screamed when she looked up and saw him in the room. "But she had a bottle of camphor in her hand when she saw me," said the burglar, "and the scent of that camphor kind of came over me, and I couldn't do it."

"My mother had headache a good deal and when I climbed into her lap I used to get a whiff of camphor, and when I smelled it again that night—I couldn't strike, that's all."

In and out, back and forth, up and down, wreathes the shifting shuttle of human destiny. How many strange threads are woven in it—all

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Overhaul Your Habits If Your Eyelids Puff

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

THE schoolboy's copy-book quotation, about the bullfrog who envied the bull and puffed and puffed and puffed himself up until he exploded, has a lesson in it for everybody with puffy eyelids.

Alice in Wonderland, when she puffed herself up as high as the table in the underground cavern, where she met the mouse, did so unconsciously. She was not like the vain bullfrog.

Puffiness under the eyes is usually of the Alice in Wonderland type. No matter how willful you may be, you cannot voluntarily, at your own sweet pleasure, puff your eyelids.

The puffy, bloated appearance beneath your eyelids comes willy-nilly, like a thief in the night. True enough, it is due to definite physiological causes, but these come on silently and insidiously, independent of your own control.

What, then, may be justly blamed for this condition? Why do some, free of all serious ailments, have puffy eyes? Be this as it may, as soon as this puffiness is noted, a complete overhauling of the internal textures, as well as an all-around change of habits, will be necessary.

When watery fluids issue forth from the human vermilion streamers and the straw-colored lymph channels of the body into the adjacent, soft tissue, these textures become soggy, puffy and swollen.

Suppose the analogy, which you often see of a garden hose broken and leaky. Over the leak there is tied a piece of linen, a handkerchief, or a rubber balloon. It is tied above and below the leak.

Waterlogged eyelids are also due to "black eyes" and bruises. The lymph and serum, which drain away from the injured structures, collect in the lower part of the eye socket. Thence they filter into the flabby, lower eyelid.

The Best Cure.
Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes or the sugar sickness, pressure in the eyeballs, internal ear troubles, anemia and other blood disorders, over-exertion, heart infirmities, fat-making ailments and certain brain troubles all contribute at times in causing puffy lids.

It must be plain from all this that to avoid the ill effects of salt, all you need do is to prevent the distempers which produce that condition. Perhaps this is not such a simple matter. Indeed, even the skilled physician himself may discover the presence of a hidden malady by the observation of puffiness under the eyes!

Overeating, overdrinking and under-sleeping are among the iniquities that predispose you to puffy eyes. All you need do is to prevent the distempers which produce that condition.

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Answers to Health Questions

STEADY READER—Recommend a safe lotion to promote the growth of eye lashes.

Two grains of resorcin in red vaseline; massage gently across the eyebrows exactly in the way they fall—not against the grain.

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TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD—I'm a girl in perfect health, except two black wells under my eyes.

Plenty of rest at night and plenty of sun baths by day, and the massage of the hollows with castor oil will help.

.....
H. C. K., Philadelphia—After you have gained 30 pounds at a sanatorium and are said to be O. K. from tuberculosis, what is the best home treatment to stay cured?

Live at home just as you did at the sanatorium. Do not change the excellent outdoor habits, the fresh night air, the meat, milk and eggs, the cold shower or wash in the morning, the sunlight of the high noon.

.....
The secret of cure in tuberculosis is gain in weight from plenty of sunlight, with nutritious, fatty, meaty pabulum, fresh air and proper exercise. Work as much and walk as much out-of-doors as possible.

.....
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.

Real Stories in Everyday Smells

By Winifred Black

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AND now they're all talking about smells. Rudyard Kipling started the talk, when he began to say things about the smell of wood smoke and how it made him feel. And so, after the ancient fashion of the world and the people who live in it, we're all sitting around the fire and telling what smells we like and what smells we hate and what smells make us think of.

There's nothing in the world that sticks so close to the memory as a smell. I wonder if it's because the nerves of smell are the closest of all to the brain. The more highly cultivated we are, the less we seem to know about smells.

Primitive people are very much like dogs. I've seen an Indian trace a man through the thicket by the smell he left behind him, and negroes can almost always tell which is your hat or your own particular pair of gloves, even if they have never seen either of those particular articles before, just so long as they know you and the peculiar perfume you most elect to fancy.

What do I like best in the way of smells? First of all, lilies, the old-fashioned kind, thick and purple and dewy and fragrant. I never smell a bunch of lilies without feeling as if I were 10 years old in a gingham frock with my hair braided down my back.

Odors of Nature.
That's because I always took the first bunch of lilies to the school to teacher, and was very proud of it. And then I love lilies-of-the-valley and the way they smell. It's always a surprise—the perfume of the delicate little things. You think it is going to be faint and delicate like the perfume of a lily, and, lo, it's spiced and piquant.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Miss Annie Laurie: I live in the country and have an unknown correspondent. We have corresponded for about two years, but have never met. He is a traveling salesman, and when convenient he wishes to stop off at my home to meet and meet me there.

How should I entertain him? COUNTRY GIRL.
WELL, little Country Girl, what in the world am I going to tell you? How did you become acquainted with your "unknown correspondent?"

What do you know about him? Are you sure he is a single man? There are a good many men in the world who amuse themselves by writing letters to girls they do not know. Some of these men are fools—some are just plain men with too much time on their hands—some are lonely fellows who are trying to find a sweetheart and really trying honestly—and some are scoundrels who have gone half-crazy on the girl question and who can't keep up flirtations enough with girls they know.

Which one of these is your "unknown correspondent?" There's just one thing for you to do to entertain him if you really insist upon seeing him when he stops off at your town. Ask him out to your house—oh, of course you don't want to do that.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

HERE are two recipes for serving fresh strawberries, both of which have stood the test of time: STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE. It has been said the delights of this dish cannot be described save in the song of a poet.

Remember, nothing but the real biscuit crust makes the genuine shortcake, and that all substitutes are shams and delusions. Into two cups of flour sift three teaspoonsful of baking powder and quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. To this add three tablespoonfuls each of butter and lard and chop it with a silver knife till it is thoroughly blended. Add a cup of milk. Mix it all thoroughly and divide in halves. Put each half in a buttered round cake tin and pat into place with a floured hand. Bake 12 minutes in a hot oven. Separate the upper and lower portions of each cake with a silver fork—the use of a knife is an epicurean crime—butter generously and spread with berries which have previously been hulled, crushed, sugared and left standing for several hours. Alternate with berries and biscuit crust, and pour the remainder of the berries and juice over the completed cake, top with whole berries and serve with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY WHIP. Two cups of strawberries, one cup powdered sugar, tablespoonful lemon juice, whites of two eggs, fourth of teaspoonful salt. Crush the berries and add to them the sugar and lemon. Beat the whites of the eggs and the salt till the eggs are a froth and add the berries, beating constantly. Serve with custard or whipped cream in trappe glasses with a whole berry topping the cream.

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.

Ann Marie Lloyd

Winifred Black

With the Bark on

The real millionaire can afford to wear artificial gems. But he doesn't want to.

There's nothing new under the sun, and yet some joke writers make \$15 a week.

Self-made men are prone to leave out ingredients that their friends would have supplied gratis.

We are living too fast. Young men nowadays suffer with gout before they have passed the age when cholera infantum is dangerous.