

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Clara Morris Says

THAT THE EVIL WROUGHT BY WANT OF THOUGHT IS CURED BY PRACTICE.

CLARA MORRIS

Can it be possible that we, the quick, alert, "shoot as it flies," hustling Americans are acquiring a mental "cul bono" habit?

"Life is what our thoughts make it," we are told. Yes there are great numbers of people who know nothing of the delight of a "session of sweet, silent thought," of the riches of thought nor of "the evil wrought by want of thought."

Not to have the habit of thinking is bad, but worse seems to be following in this unwillingness to think things out—to follow a thought to its logical end. We find the "cul bono"—what good will it do—spirit really becomes harmful when it accepts, without protest or argument, the opinions, the judgments of another.

How often within a month have you not heard something of this kind: Mrs. Smith meets Mrs. Jones in street car, glances at the paper she holds, and exclaims:

"Oh, is that not a revolting tale? That Mr. X is, I do believe, the wickedest man alive! I hope the hand of justice will be heavy on him for the suffering he has caused!"

"Oh, but, my dear," says Mrs. Jones, "consider. Mr. X is a remarkable man—cultured and brilliant! Of course he has got into a dreadful plight now, yet the poor gentleman was tempted through his highest ideals, his tenderest feelings. His temperament was er—" And so on and so forth through a specious argument that Mrs. Smith accepts with gasps of great enlightenment, and ends by exclaiming:

"This is my corner, dear, good-by. I do hope that poor, misunderstood Mr. X, may come off all right."

That night she reels it all off to her amazed family as her own view.

This habit of allowing others to form our judgments and our opinions is not confined to women. There are many men who, from the most fallacious reasoning, will accept the political views of others, instead of thinking for themselves and deciding by a comparison of facts and a consideration of cause and effect.

A great man has said:

"The sober second thought of the people shall be law." Then as there can't be a second without a first, our young men should at once do their own thinking. Good old Marcus Aurelius says:

"A wrongdoer is often a man that has left something undone—not always he that has done something wrong."

Let us not leave our thinking undone. The thinking habit is one of the joys of life. Like all other habits, it comes by practice, and will save us from that lazy "cul bono" habit that threatens us.

Let us think!

## 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 "Quiet" Restaurant.

BUT now that my little wife found that she might have her own way she was not quite so sure she wanted it.

"No, Peter," she said brightly, "this is a party luncheon, and I want it to be just as pleasant as we can possibly make it. I don't want to have you bored to death listening to business men chatter all week at the first place, and I don't want to think of it, I don't quite care for the atmosphere of a business men's restaurant myself, do you?"

"It's apt to be rather crowded and hurried," I admitted, "although Henry's is a busy restaurant, and the food's fine."

"No," said Mary firmly, "we shan't go there. We simply shan't. I've made up my mind positively now, and we needn't stand here on this warm corner talking. We'll go to the Home Inn, of course. You wanted to go there in the first place, and I don't mind in the least, Peter. I really don't."

A Few Men.

I was glad to have it settled, and glad to have Mary so graciously disposed to please me. Still, I must confess that I was rather appalled when I faced the battery of feminine eyes in the Home Inn.

"There are a few women here!" I said hastily.

"Surely," nodded Mary sweetly. "It's quite a local institution, dear, to stop and lunch at the Home Inn. There are some men here, too."

That the flutter and chatter in the Home Inn was essentially feminine, and that a feeling of many small parcels tucked beneath tables and upon chairs, scraps of conversation dealt with ribbons and linings, dainties and needles, work, the extravagance of seamstresses, in short, a distinctively shopping line of conversation, I don't think I ever realized before what a business some women make of shopping.

"Not a business," said Mary keenly in answer to my comment, "with lots of these women, Peter. It's dissipation. They do it day after day with frenzied interest. Peter, do you see that stout woman over there with the sort of gold-looking hair—not real—it can't be, Peter. Hair never grows that shade, you know. It looks like the radiator I glided last winter. She's touched up her hair I'm sure—what was I saying, Peter?"

The "Shopping Fiend."

"About the stout woman with the radiator hair," I reminded.

"Well," said Mary, "she shops every day. I know positively, because her maid told Mrs. Hatch's, and Mrs. Hatch's maid told mother's, and mother's maid told me. And I'm told she rarely goes shopping, and she's forever losing her purchases. Look at her now. Taking every earthly thing out of her handbag in a wild search for something that probably is never in it. She's the shopping type, Peter. It is a type, you know. A very definite one. A woman with very little mental resource and a tremendous amount of endurance and vanity."

"Why vanity?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary. "She shops every afternoon of her life, waddling about as I said. And I told her rarely buys anything but a spool of silk, that is, of course, unless she's doing some real shopping, and she's forever losing her purchases. Look at her now. Taking every earthly thing out of her handbag in a wild search for something that probably is never in it. She's the shopping type, Peter. It is a type, you know. A very definite one. A woman with very little mental resource and a tremendous amount of endurance and vanity."

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## FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



GOSSIP—"That's what she says—but this is what really happened."

## Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Selecting Modish Footwear for the New Outfit.

THIS morning I tried to help Mrs. Mathon sew on my little frock, but I heard a bluebird singing, and got a whiff of the tulips and crocuses which are growing in the garden outside my window, and just had to drop my needle and run outdoors.

There had been a shower in the early morning, and the grass and flowers were still wet. The sky was a lovely clear blue, with not a cloud in sight, and the air was warm enough to sit on the porch steps without a coat.

I hummed all the spring songs I knew, and was full of thankfulness that I was able to enjoy such a morning. I wouldn't have moved for hours if Mrs. Mathon's voice hadn't broken into my dreams, calling me to come and be fitted.

My frock was all ready for the finishing touches, and she wanted to make sure there were no alterations before she added the lace trimming.

I always need fresh white slippers, so I could not resist buying a pair of white kid with straps which started from beneath the arch and fastened on top of the instep with a cabochon jewel.

I like the comfortable sports shoe of white buckskin, so chose a stunning pair banded with Russian calf.

They had a few pairs of short-vamped evening slippers, but I found that they made my foot look very stubby, and decided not to forsake the long vamp even for the sake of making my foot appear smaller.

I had to run away from the shop for one can spend a small fortune in shoes and not realize it. They fascinate me! I always look at people's feet, and am favorably impressed when they are well shod. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," so I try to wear the smartest, best fitting footwear I can find.

The young man is evidently too bashful to show any outward affection, but he would not be going with you if he did not care for you. The best thing to do is to wait until the young man becomes less bashful, as you say that you care for him. It is always better to love a person near your own age, if your love can choose between two, and evidently you do not like the older man as well as the younger. "Still water runs deep," is an old saying and a very true one.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 20 years of age, and have had several chances of marriage, a few of the gentlemen being in very good circumstances, but have kept them off.

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## ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 20 years of age, and have been going with a young man three years, and am very much in love with him, but I have been told by other girls that I do not show it enough, so will you tell me what to do? ROSE.

A GIRL should not show her feelings too plainly to a man unless they are engaged. Of course she should not be cold and stand-offish. Just be natural with the young man. That is the best way.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 20 years of age, and am deeply attached to a young man who is about my own age.

He is always very kind and attentive to me, but is too reserved. I would like to love a person near my own age, if your love can choose between two, and evidently you do not like the older man as well as the younger. "Still water runs deep," is an old saying and a very true one.

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## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Fear Is An Actual Poison Generated by Lax Muscles

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG,

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

FEAR stares the eyes and chills the face. It is a cloak which some men huddle about their hearts to keep themselves warm. Fear is a liquid poison, generated at an internal fountain. The fountain is inherited, but its cascades and showers are turned on or off by the environment.

The accidental temperaments of guardians, nurses, teachers, parents and associates, the drive and aims of your station in life, the stimulation, influences and effects played upon these "fountains," makes for the quantity and kind of fear that will be poured forth from them to be asserted in your cosmos.

The physiological structures within the hidden recesses of your anatomy which generate fear are not the nerves, spinal cord or brain, as medical books and quackish physicians have told you, but certain glands such as the supra-renal or near kidneys, the thyroid particularly, and others.

The ideas which are only representations of real things in the environment, fear and courage thus depend finally upon your surroundings, more than upon inheritance.

Inactivity Breeds Fear.

Muscular tissue as well as strength and endurance shrinks or remains undeveloped, where there occurs an excess outpouring of "fear" stuff. That is to say, timorous, easily frightened, and worried individuals have flabby, inactive muscles.

On the other hand, muscle juice seems to be an antidote or neutralizer to the glandular fluids of fear. One counteracts the other. If there is more muscle juice produced; if the biceps and hamstrings yield an augmented output of material, they overcome the liquids of fear.

These new physiological discoveries, as yet unprinted in books and not at home in the heads of most doctors and students, actually account for the facts of experience as well as for the bravado and dare-devil courage of soldiers in action. Inactivity in the trenches or the ward of aggressiveness to be found in defenders of forts and redoubts, breeds timidity, lack of initiative, and pronounced fear.

Contrariwise, to be up and doing with a heart for any fray, means muscles that are pumping, pounding, and producing the chemicals necessary to make them overcome worries, fears and anxieties. In fine, courage and heroism are thus developed.

Environment Kills Fear.

Fear, then, like bravery is distinctly a physical thing. The absurdity, therefore, of saying that "to overcome fear and scared feelings" is the effect of mind over matter is plain. Since both fear and courage are material, it is a chemical and physical performance. A quiet, restful, ministerial, indoor life breeds the fluid principles of fear; the lively, active, muscular outdoor behavior manufactures the muscle juices of anti-fear and courage.

Obviously, it is clear that the surroundings, atmosphere, acquaintances, associates and circles in which a child, youth, and adult moves and has his being, play a huge role in generating a harassed, worrisome, anxious or mistakenly called "nervousness" of demeanor. If a child hears quarrels, yells, and all sorts of terrifying hubbub in his early life, he becomes cowed and his muscles shrink and remain undeveloped.

If good cheer, laughter, and animal spirits are given proper vent, the muscles of the child thrive and team with life. Cowardice, fear, and their concomitants receive no encouragement. His environment dampens out the fear stuff.

When intelligence guides judgment and urges action, fright is driven to cover by a flood of muscular materials. Since judgments are the upshot of simple apprehensions, and these come from

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 20 years of age, and have been going with a young man three years, and am very much in love with him, but I have been told by other girls that I do not show it enough, so will you tell me what to do? ROSE.

A GIRL should not show her feelings too plainly to a man unless they are engaged. Of course she should not be cold and stand-offish. Just be natural with the young man. That is the best way.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 20 years of age, and am deeply attached to a young man who is about my own age.

He is always very kind and attentive to me, but is too reserved. I would like to love a person near my own age, if your love can choose between two, and evidently you do not like the older man as well as the younger. "Still water runs deep," is an old saying and a very true one.