

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

What One Shepherd Did for a Scattered Flock

By Winifred Black

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.



FATHER DORNEY is dead. Did any of you happen to know Father Dorney? Not well, it's missing one of the treats of your life were, and it's I that's telling you. Father Dorney wasn't a rich man—I don't suppose he had a thousand dollars in cash to his name.

He wasn't a particularly brilliant man; nobody is going to get his sermons bound in limp leather and have them illustrated for a gift book.

He never was celebrated for preaching sermons that made the money clink into the collection box like a fall of golden rain.

He had a good, plain, serviceable education of his own—but he was no great sage and no deep philosopher.

He was good—that's all—just plain good—and true and honest and generous and full of common sense.

He lived and had his parish in the poorest part of Chicago—right near the main entrance to the stock yards.

The people in his church were all poor people—plain, hard-working poor people—with boys learning the packing business and girls working down town and good, others staying at home looking after the house while father did his day shift or his night shift, as the case might be, at the big plant.

And there wasn't a Nelson within a wide area of the territory surrounding Father Dorney's church.

Father Dorney wouldn't have one there. And what Father Dorney wouldn't have—he didn't have—the nor the people he loved and cared for.

And yet he had hundreds of friends among the decent saloon men of Chicago.

Had No Vague Theories.

He'd go into a saloon any time of the day or night and take any boy from his parish out with him; and after he'd had a word with the man who kept the saloon, that boy never was allowed inside that door again—at least till he came of age and Father Dorney led the saloon keeper off from his premises.

He didn't try to "reform" this one and to "uplift" that one generically. He never expounded vague theories on the betterment of the race—or of the rise of the fallen—he just took care of his own people and took care of their right.

When little Mary Sullivan ran away from home with the gambler man from St. Louis—it was Father Dorney who traced her down—and brought her home and dared any member of his congregation to say a word against the girl either to him or behind his back.

When Danny Doherty's boy got into trouble somewhere over on the North side, it was Father Dorney who went to the man who was going to prosecute him and told him a few plain truths about the man's own son—and got him to give Dan's lad another chance.

And Dan's lad took the chance—and made good at it, too. Did you lay a sprig of hellebore on the Father's grave today, lad, you that are a man now with a decent family of your own—albeit because the old priest who lies so quiet there in his low grave got up at midnight and went out and found you when you had made up your mind to end it all in the lake?

Always Ready to Help.

And when there was a strike and times were hard and the rent was due, who came among you with a laugh and a story and a God bless you, but Father Dorney with his Irish tongue and his quick wit—and his great heart?

What road was ever too long or too dark or too cold or too rough—for Father Dorney to travel when one of his people was in trouble and needed him?

Some one asked him once why he kept the night bell in his room.

"Why don't you let some of the young priests answer the night calls?" said the one who inquired. "You're getting old for such work as that."

Father Dorney smiled indulgently.

"Dear, dear," he said, "sure, the day calls are all right for the young priests to answer, but when a man comes here after midnight—it's in real trouble he is—and it's an old head he needs to help him out of it!"

"I'll never believe you are dead, Father Dorney, I'll never believe it. It's asleep you are, with your hands folded over your kind heart—asleep—be careful—don't waiken him, he's tired—and he needs the rest."

New Gowns Reveal Hip Lines

By Madge Marvel

HIPS are in style. They are actually encouraged. Not to have them is to be frightfully out-of-fashion. The plump woman's hour of triumph is at hand.

It is no longer a crime to have comfortable curves and give the impression of being full members of society instead of famine sufferers. By the latest dictates of Fashion, revised edition, one may, may, one must, forsake the skeleton class and wear the "female form" of which poets once sang.

Every one of the new gowns show such a perceptible widening at the hips that the fat women have ceased to worry and the thin women are telling their dressmakers to "sure to get my hips full enough."

Of course, there is the same feeling against real obesity as there has ever been, and the same distinction is made between the relative beauty of curves and billows. There is an unbridgeable gap between plumpness and proper plumpness and mountainous flesh. The former is demanded by the styles of the moment. There is no possible affinity between the latter and the styles of any time.

All this change in feminine figures has brought about a change in the spring styles. They are no longer the straight affairs into which we have fitted our sometimes rebellious frames.

There is a slight outward curve of the front steels.

The straight front is gone.

With it has disappeared all long and uncomfortable boning. The boning of the corset are shorter, but the boning is both less and shorter. Below the boning there is carefully woven and well fitted material held by lacings and inset with elastic gussets, which hold the figure just as firmly as the less comfortable bones, and give a sense of freedom that was never before possible.

And all the new corsets end at the waistline, or begin there, whichever you look at them.

They are delightfully light and pliable and attractive. There is a lot of talk about the "Greek line" or that in the corset shops, for we are acknowledging Greece as the prime inspiration of the strange medley which makes up the present styles.

The brassiere is quite as important as a corset and its rightful complement.

THE INSPIRATION OF CURIOSITY



Florence La Badie

How "Wanting to Know" Aids Natural Growth

By ELEANOR AMES

IF it is true that love makes the world go round, then it is surely curiosity that keeps it spinning," says Florence La Badie, whom many persons call "Mary," because of the wonderful interpretation of the character she gave in the film play, "The Star of Bethlehem."

Florence La Badie could succeed in a dozen different walks of life.

She could be a successful executive, a genuine business woman, for she has keen financial judgment and understands human nature.

She writes poems that are considered by literary critics to have the elements of real poetry, and she draws well enough to have had her pictures not only accepted for publication but liberally paid for.

But her chief genius is curiosity—the desire to find out, to get at the reason why, to know the genesis of things.

"I have always had the most profound admiration for the boy who 'wants to see the wheels go round' in his grand father's watch," says she. "I wish I knew what ever became of him. It should have turned out to be a very interesting character unless some well-meaning but pitifully misguided person discouraged his curiosity. That always strikes me as one of the real tragedies of life, the discouragement of perfectly righteous curiosity."

"It makes me unhappy to think of the stunted geniuses from such discouragement. Wanting to know is the most natural and normal desire. It is the fundamental attribute of life. The moment our curiosity dies, that moment we cease to grow, either mentally or spiritually."

"What has been the inspiration of all the discoveries and inventions of this world but the underlying curiosity, the desire to know?"

"The child should be encouraged to ask questions. When I hear petulant mothers—I know they are often overworked and tired—scold their little ones for asking why is this and that, I feel like trying to make them understand how necessary it is for the future of the child that he is given the chance to ask and be answered."

"And speaking of children, aren't they the most fascinating studies? I believe that I have learned more of the real art of acting from them than from any other source. They are so completely natural. Some of the best sketches I have ever made have been pictures of kiddies I have met on the streets, little mothers

of the tenements, little grand ladies of the average.

"Pope says: The proper study of mankind is man. He surely knows what he is talking about. I feel willing to wager he was a questioning child. He had the genius for finding out. He had a beautiful curiosity."

"Humanity is the only study I know of which is never ending in its possibility. The more one studies the less one really knows about human nature. We really say it is the same world over, but who knows, after all, what the same means?"

"Did you ever know any two persons who saw the same object exactly in the same way? I never did. Perhaps human nature is the same, but the human viewpoint differs with each individual."

"A very lovely looking young woman with the features of a marble statue and a form which might make Venus envious, came to me not long ago and said that everything she tried in the way of business went wrong. Sometimes I hate myself, the world and every one in it," she said. Then I knew what was the trouble. It wasn't the business that went wrong. It was the girl herself. Here is my own secret for getting along with comfort and happiness. It is simple and easily remembered. It is this: LOVE HUMANITY."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why "Rouge" Is Allowable If It Is Rightly Made.

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

BEFORE all the roses of the world come My Lady's Scarlet Cheeks. These are nature's finest flowers. Rarely, indeed, are they between thorns.

The damask cheek may not always be interwoven with the tissue. The vermilion glow may be the hand grenade of rouge. Still it lacks the sting of real thorns.

A certain fashionable youth, more famed for his red nose than his wit, once approached a lady who was highly rouged.

"Madame," said he, "you blush, no doubt, from modesty."

"Pardon me, sir," replied the lady, "I blush from reflection."

This is a true story. It illustrates the wit as well as frankness of a brilliant woman. She had a palor that sat but ill upon her. She reflected sensibly about it and dusted a little brick dust upon the buccal hills.

From every blush which kindles in a fair cheek, there sprout ten thousand little loves and graces. A very revel of roses plays in such a face.

"The rising blushes, which her cheek o'er-spread, Are opening roses in the lily's bed."

As aspects show the light and shade, the healthy cheek dances beneath its rainbow colors.

Youth is full of blushes and scarlet fires. The very tingling in a sweet maid's heart makes crimson mantles surge across her beautiful features.

Like "Clean Dirt."

Neck and brow becomes ruddy and shy red in innocence, but with progressing months and years, ripe and bold from experience, blushes wane, red cheeks fade, pallor takes the place of cherry bloom.

Then comes the melancholy, pale days of discontent, the yellow nights of white, uncolored flesh—unless the cheeks are shielded with artifice and skill.

Is a girl ever justified to belack her lips and cheeks with rouge, if so, when?

What sort of rouge shall she use?

There are as many quibbles against rouge as there are objections to clean dirt. While it is true, as a general principle, that a myriad of popular poisons sold to girls as rouge work much injury, there is a lot of exaggeration and hysterical truths mixed in with the anti-rouge crusade.

Disapproval of rouge rests upon the first principle. Once begun, even the employment of a harmless rouge chases the color permanently from the cheeks. The glow of health, the stirring carnation made by wind, weather and fresh air, are soon eclipsed by the chemist's cunning concoctions.

The Harmless Kind.

Let it, however, be said for the nonce that rouge itself, if made of saffron flowers, harmless vegetable substances, or even dried animal tissues, does the cheeks and lips no more harm than so much sterilized, germ-free dirt and dust.

Mark you, rouge is always inadvisable if ruddy health, good crimson blood, restful sleep and an outdoor life can be secured.

These lacking, a little dash of the artist's vegetable colors is much the same as brick dust, coal particles, or the dirt of busy toil.

"What's female beauty, but an air-diving, through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine."

There, like the sun, irradiate all between. The body charms, because the soul is seen.

Answers to Health Questions

YOUNG MAIDEN, New York—What is a good whitening liquid?

Pure oxide of zinc..... 1 ounce.
Glycerine..... 1 dram.
Rosewater..... 4 ounces.
Essence of rose..... 15 drops.

Sift the zinc in just enough of the rose-water to cover it; add the glycerine; next, the rosewater. The essence of rose last.

The face must be well wiped off before the liquid dries or it will be streaked.

D. O. C., Wynapse, Pa.—I am very nervous and had a breakdown two years ago. My eyes make me dizzy and I don't sleep. Is there any relief for this?

Yes, there is. Change your Laits, your work and your house if possible. Row, walk, dance, play ball, golf or tennis, or work in a garden or on a farm for a time. If you can find employment at the seashore so such the better.

Usually the secret of improvement in mental states such as yours is a gain of 10 pounds in flesh.

Fatty meats, creamy pabulum of all sorts, six to 10 eggs a day, oils, fats, pastries and two-hour feedings will make you add avoidpools to your girl! Then you will be robust again.

S. C.—What is a remedy for gasoline poisoning?

Immediately after it has been taken give lots of whites of eggs, milk, and mustard water while you are waiting for the doctor. Keep the victim away from the fire.

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 in 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.

Seasonable Tonics for the Hair

By Maggie Teyte

An excellent tonic for those who have had need for oil in their hair is a mixture of two ounces of coconut oil and three drachms of tincture of mix yomaha mixed with an ounce and a half of bay rum.

Two favored ingredients in most of the hair tonics are cantharides and quinine.

I have had many offered me. One of the best that I know of is made as follows:

Take a half ounce of cantharides. The same amount of bay rum. (Most hair specialists specify bay rum.) Half an ounce of glycerine. Two drachms of ammonia and 25 drops of rosemary. Add to it 10 ounces of distilled water.

For those who prefer quinine tonics here is one which I can recommend.

Two drachms of quinine. One ounce of glycerine. Twenty grains of sulphate. Two drachms of cantharides. The same quantity each of alcohol and laborandi. Dissolve the quinine in the alcohol, mix all the ingredients well and add enough elderflower water to make a pint.

And remember all the tonics and poultices in the world won't make your hair grow unless you take care of it. Shampoo thoroughly. Brush gently. Massage the scalp with the tips of the fingers, using the rotary motion from the forehead back to the nape of the neck. Stop shampooing it with hot water and avoid.

Since the curls in front of the ears are worn plastered to the cheek, there will be need for hairdressing to keep them in place. Gum arabic dissolved in rose water and quince seeds are the old standbys. The latter are mixed in warm water.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

It has been stated with authority that there are 600 ways of cooking eggs. Fancy the changes to be rung on the maternal menu if one cook was in possession of the complete secret of the possibilities of the egg! Eggs every morning for over a year and a half and never a repetition! And yet, boiled, poached, fried, scrambled or in omelet—and the average cook has run short of ideas.

Of all the ordinary egg concoctions, or rather of those which are familiar to the ordinary palate—for properly prepared it can never be an ordinary dish—Spanish omelet is most delicious. It has also the merit of being suitable for almost any meal, the breakfast, luncheon, light dinner or chafing dish supper.

It is a dish which requires the culinary knack of the born cook rather than long experience or much knowledge. Here is the recipe of a famous chef, whose omelets quite surpass classical dishes as mere food, so wonderful are they as works of culinary art.

Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in an omelet pan, pour in the eggs and shake gently to and fro so as to allow the uncooked egg to run on to the bottom of the pan.

When creamy throughout, sprinkle slightly with salt and pepper, put part of the tomato mixture on to the half of the omelet that is farthest away from the handle of the pan, fold the other half over the tomato and turn out on a hot platter. The remainder of the tomato may be poured over the completed omelet. This, like every other omelet, should be served the instant it is cooked. Waiting for delinquent eaters is fatal to omelets.

Poached Egg in Tomato.

Cut out a piece from the stem end of a tomato and remove the pulp and set in a trapezoid dish.

Drop the egg in the excavation, dash with salt and pepper, being most careful to keep the egg intact, and set the dish in a pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven till the egg is firm.

Eggs a la Caracas.

One-half a pound of shaved dried beef mixed with a cup of solid canned tomato. The beef should be slightly freshed before using.

Two tablespoonfuls grated cheese, a teaspoonful of onion juice, salt and pepper.

Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a pan, blend and let the cheese, tomato and beef cook until it is thick.

Add four well beaten eggs and cook all just long enough to set the eggs.

Spanish Omelet.

One-half a pound of chopped onion cooked in two tablespoonfuls of butter until it is straw-colored. Add half a tablespoonful of chopped green pepper, two cups sliced or one cup canned tomatoes, three or four sliced mushrooms, a dash of pepper and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Cook for 15 minutes till the tomato is smooth.

Beat four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of hot or cold water until you can take up a spoonful of the mixture.

What is Marriage?

He—My love for you is my life. Will you accept it?

She—Do you want me to commit murder?

Would Try Again.

"I suppose that if I were to die," said Mrs. Gobang, "you would marry again."

"Yes, I guess so," said Gobang. "A man often goes on the principle that there will be better luck next time."

Tolerably Safe.

"How did it happen that you never married?"

"Well, I never had any very nice boys to pose to a girl except when I was drunk and none of them would accept me then."

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Miss Laurie: Having seen that you would answer questions for young girls, we have decided to write. Kindly answer the following:

1—What is good to remove moles?

2—Do you consider girls of 14 and 15 too young to have boy friends?

3—Are they too young to write to their boy friends?

4—Now we are going to ask you a question that I suppose has troubled

many girls since the beginning. Is it safe to marry a man whom you respect and like, but know for a fact you could never love? JACK AND JILL.

WHAT is good to remove moles?

Dear me, I haven't the faintest idea. There's a beauty specialist; write to her and she'll tell you about it. Or maybe your family doctor would know.

Are girls of 14 and 15 too young to have boy friends? A girl of any age is not too young to have boy friends—if they are friends and not silly imitations of sweethearts.

A nice, attractive girl ought to have a dozen brothers in the neighborhood. And if there's one sweetheart among them when she is no more than 14 her mother ought to take serious account of the fact and contrive to safeguard her until she is old enough to have some sense of her own.

Of course, they are too young to write to them, as a regular thing. If you have anything to say to a boy you know and like, you can't see him to say it, write him a letter, if you must, and be done with it; but, of course, it would be nonsense to begin a "correspondence" with any one at such an age.

What in the world do you little sisters think you know about whether you love a man or only "respect" him?

Nobody in the world can tell you whether you like a man well enough to marry him but you and the man.

Some women could marry a saint from heaven and make a fend out of him in six months, and some women would love the very arch-fool himself as long as they lived, if they once imagined themselves in love with him at all.

Don't be so serious, Jack and Jill. There are lots of funny things in this world, and sometimes the very funniest thing of all—is yourself!

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

WILLIE LEGHORN was chasing grasshoppers one afternoon, when he came to the edge of the duck pond.

The ducks were swimming around, enjoying themselves, and at last Dickie Duck came to the bank and said to Willie:

"I am tired of swimming. I wish I had something to do."

"Did you ever try to fly?" asked Willie.

"No, I don't think I ever did," replied Dickie, thoughtfully.

"Come on, then, and I will teach you to fly," said Willie Leghorn.

"I don't think I should like to fly," said Dickie Duck. "I belong on the ground or in the water."

"Oh! come on!" Willie urged.

Dickie and Willie went up the bank until they came to a tree that was bent so that Willie could walk up it.

"Come on," he said to Dickie encouragingly.

Dickie waddled up the tree, looking down at the ground every little while. When they reached a limb of the tree Willie flew to the ground and shouted to Dickie:

"Go ahead, now, fly down!" And with that Dickie Duck jumped off the limb and hit the ground with a big "Bang!"

He lay there for a long time, for he was stunned. Finally he woke up, but Willie had gone.

"I don't think that was a very nice thing for Willie Leghorn to do," he said to himself. "I guess I'll have to get him in swimming."

Dickie went back to the pond, but didn't tell what Willie had done to him, but the next day he hunted for Willie.

Annie Laurie