

THE DAILY MAIL MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY.

Is a Daughter Ungrateful If She Seeks Independence?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

FATHER'S worried about daughter. Daughter's been home from college for a year now. She had a fine time decorating her room. She hung pennants on the wall and souvenirs on the window curtains and dance programs on the bureau; she organized a college club, and took a school in cookery in what she called the stunts.

She did neighborhood work and brought home nice young mechanics with work-worn hands to dinner; and she was everybody else. Then she took up the Montessori system and dogged all her friends into nervous prostration asking them to send their children to her to be taught to do things "spontaneously."

Now she's interested in the study of ancient sign languages and everybody has to know what she means when she crooks her finger this way or that.

At last! Her father wants a studio. A room won't do, not any kind of a room; it must be a studio, in a left somewhere, preferably; and she wants a gas stove in a corner somewhere behind a curtain, and she thinks that she ought to have some of those pretty dear casts that hang on the wall, and a stand of armor to put by the door.

His "Normal" Children.

What does she want to do in her studio? Oh, she wants to live her life. She's always talking about living her life, as if she could live anything but her life, no matter how hard she tried.

And she says she can't possibly live her life at home. The atmosphere isn't right.

And poor father is worried to death. Sometimes he's so worried that he's almost and other times he's so worried that nobody dares speak to him, for fear of being snapped at quite in the fashion of old Fowler.

He says daughter is ungrateful; here he's spent thousands of dollars on her education, and built a beautiful home to keep her in, and now what's the use of it all. He wishes, he says, that she couldn't read and write, for his part, and who on earth will want to marry a girl with such a lot of facts? Father has another daughter. She's married. She's been married over a year.

Dear, dear, what a wedding there was; flowers and bridesmaids and maids of honor and a caterer and a veil and an orchid bouquet—and mother weeping in the chancel and father looking dignified at the rail—oh, really, the smartest sort of things in weddings.

The groom didn't seem to amount to much—it so often seems to be that way with grooms. There was a wedding trip and afterward father set the young couple up in a pretty little flat, and got the groom a job.

But father seems perfectly delighted with that daughter; he doesn't think she's ungrateful after he's educated her and built the house and all.

Is She Ungrateful?

He says she's normal. And if normal means being absolutely selfish and entirely stupid, then that daughter certainly is normal.

There's a son, too, in father's house, or was.

Son went to college and when he came home he "did" his room in the athletic style with boxing gloves and things. But somebody was going to Nome and son got the gold fever.

So he's gone up to Alaska to live with the polar bears.

He writes once in six months or so, and says he likes it and that he never intends to come home again.

Father doesn't seem to think him ungrateful at all. I suppose he is "normal," too.

Isn't rather sorry for daughter. She really ought to be earning her own living; that's what she honestly wants to do. She's full of energy and ambition, and she just has to keep doing something or die.

I wonder why she is any more ungrateful than the other two, don't you?

WHEN WE SHOP BY AEROPLANE



ISABELLE RICHARDS

This Is the Air Age, Says Aviatrix

By Cecile Manning

FLYING in to town to have lunch, keep an appointment with the modiste and do a bit of shopping with one's aeroplane in its place in an ordinary line of similar craft hovering above the big department stores, is the vision of the future which Isabelle Richards, one of the most prominent and enthusiastic pilots of the Wright aviation school in Dayton, O., sees.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diana 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 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 growing interest.

Women as Workers

MOTHERS! I said one night in the course of one of my "unforgettable" chats with her, "women are economic snobs, aren't they? I've been thinking a lot about it."

Words of Wise Men

A loving heart is the truest wisdom. Nature has placed me here; she shall not send me away. She will not hate her work—Goethe.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Your Cheeks Expose Your Good or Bad Habits

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

A FACE like a benediction is often bestowed by two stout cheeks due to dislipation. Every face, however full, padded round with flesh and fat, is but modelled on a skull. The yellowish, oily substance, which forms the adipose tissue generally, forms two cushions of fat in the cheeks.



DR. HIRSHBERG

There is no art which will always construct the character from the cheeks. Yet the cheeks are often the books wherein men may read strange matters. Contending passions loathe, push and creak amid the tourney 'twixt the jaw and cheek.

Answers to Health Questions

E. M., Philadelphia—How can the pores of the nose be reduced? By rubbing moist crystals of alum over them.

Hints for the Housewife

Pewter is easily cleaned with whitening and sand applied to all spots. Then wash in soap suds, rinse in boiling water and polish with hot sand, using a stiff brush.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

I JUST couldn't go to sleep after that fire last night," said Mrs. Golden-Rod to the Bantam Rooster as the sun came streaming in the henhouse.

Her Preference

He—Would you rather a man would write and declare his love or tell it by word of mouth?

She—I would prefer it by mouth if not by word.

A Matter of Emission

"Did you lose your money in a game of chance?"

"No, I thought there was a chance but I learned the other fellows had eliminated that element."

