Who Is the Happiest WOMAN In N. Y. City ?

"She's the Girl from 'Back Home'"
Says Mrs. Edith Ellis Furness
"With the Bird's-Eye View of Life"

New York Is Her Fairyland—The City of Dreams and Wonders She Has Always Longed For

By Fay Stevenson.

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WHY do so many New York women wear the smile of satisfaction?

Why do we see so many of them hurrying and scurrying about alone but always with that quiet contentment, that expression of "I have everything I desire in life."

EDITH ELLIS FURNESS

Go into the shops and you will see hundreds of well groomed women shopping by themselves; go to a matinee, a lecture, a concert and again you will see this solitary woman, usually clad in a tailored suit, wearing a dressy little blouse, a bit of fur about her neck and a smart hat placed at exactly the right angle upon her well coiffured head.

Yes, she is usually alone and quite content to be. Probably if the truth were known she is a girl from Main Street back home who has married, lives in an uptown apartment and made herself a sophisticated New Yorker.

But what is she getting out of life? Why does she always seem so contented, so well poised and so self-satisfied?

"Because the average New York woman—that is, the little wife who is brought to New York from up-State or some Gopher Prairie of the West—has learned the art of viewing life from the outside," said Mrs. Edith Ellis Furness, the dramatist and writer, at her apartment, No. 250 West 94th Street, when I asked her about this woman we see so much everywhere.

"I see this solitary, well groomed, happy looking, all-contented woman every time I go anywhere," admitted Mrs. Furness, or Edith Ellis, as she prefers to be called. "And I am convinced she is one of the happiest women in this city.

"She is the woman who can take a bird's-eye view of things and skim all the cream of everything from life without actually getting involved in anything."

"And you say she is the happiest woman in the city?" I asked.

"She is simply floating on air," laughed Edith Ellis. "New York is her fairyland, the city of dreams and wonders she has always longed for.

"She doesn't want to take an active part in things; she doesn't want to become a woman politician or a member of a woman's club. She wants to be on the outside rather than the inside. To begin with, she couldn't probably afford to belong to a club or to "go in for anything" seriously, but she has money to travel about the city and to take her bird's-eye view of all life. And she revels in her privileges!

"No wonder she wears a calm, sophisticated, all-contented manner," continued Edith Ellis. "Since she is viewing life from the outside and does not belong to any clubs or associations, she has no cares, no serious worries. She reads her morning paper thoroughly, including news, scandals, editorials and the society columns. She knows her New York from the Battery to the Bronx. She attends lectures, concerts and the matinee. She takes a little from each and is content."

"Do you think this skimming of the cream of things, this ability to view life from the outside, accounts for that contented, sophisticated expression this well-groomed woman wears?" I asked.

"What is happiness?" countered the playwright. "Isn't it just a tasting of life? People who get into things too seriously or too deeply take the cares and worries of life upon their shoulders. The club woman worries over the woman's bills she is trying to introduce; she wonders if she will be re-elected President or Chairman or whatever she wishes to be. The social worker carries the burden of the whole city in her brain. But this solitary woman who peers at life from the outside, who is neither a scientist, a biologist, a social worker, a club woman or a politician, views everything, sees everything and hears everything. She is as happy and as care-free as the bird who circles the sky.

"Of course she is happy to remain upon the outside," pointed out Miss Ellis. "Children are happy because they view life from the outside rather than becoming involved. Not that I wish to state that this woman has a child's mind, for, on the contrary, she is decidedly broad and understands all sides of a question. But she is unconscious of her own ego, just as the child is unconscious of the part he is playing, and that is why she is care-free and happy.

"New York City is full of these women who are getting a bird's-eye view of life," concluded Edith Ellis. "And probably nowhere on earth will you meet such cultured, well read, broad minded women. These women are not forcing themselves to play a role. They are what they are. They think their own thoughts and form their own opinions of life. They are not 'lead' or 'forced.' They have learned the art of listening and receiving. They have learned to live within themselves and to see life from a very interesting point of vantage-ground."

So when you see her—this solitary, well groomed woman, listening to a lecture, enjoying a concert or perhaps browsing about the New York shops—put her down as the woman who looks at life from a bird's-eye point of view and who gets all there is out of New York life.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"CLARA MUDRIDGE-SMITH has been here," remarked Mrs. Jarr to her husband upon his return from Sol's smoke shop in a state of depression at having lost consistently at pinochle all the evening.

"I'm glad I missed her," growled Mr. Jarr, ungraciously. "She always talks a lot of 'gush.'"

"Well, this time she spoke very sensibly indeed," said Mrs. Jarr. "I need a whole lot of things. I haven't an evening dress fit to wear and I need a new hat and shoes and everything, and Clara says I should open a charge account at the stores she deals at, and she says she'll be glad to introduce me."

"Nix on the charge accounts!" replied Mr. Jarr. "It's all I can do to pay cash or meet our weekly bills."

"I don't see why you say that," ventured Mrs. Jarr, "times don't seem to be any harder."

"They don't seem to be any harder because we've gotten used to them," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "But it's bad business to run into debt these days."

"Well, Clara Mudridge-Smith's husband, old man Smith, who is a most successful business man, has different ideas," said Mrs. Jarr. "When Clara Mudridge-Smith bought her new full length mink coat and then told her husband she ought to have a new automobile to go with it, he said it was a splendid idea, and that he would get her a pearl necklace, too."

"Yes," Mrs. Jarr went on. "Clara Mudridge-Smith says that her husband says that the people who try to live within their means will always be poor. They never ask for credit, and so they never have any. Anybody can buy when they have the money, but only the people who live extravagantly can get things on credit when they ask for it."

"But I'd rather have the cash and let the credit go, as Omar says," replied Mr. Jarr. "It's all well enough for old man Smith to talk that way, because he has already got credit everywhere. I envy him."

"He says he envies you," said Mrs. Jarr. "You can go bowling or play pinochle with poor but interesting men, he says, while he has to frequent stupid clubs, where dull, prosperous men bore him and themselves to death."

"There's nothing to prevent him experiencing the simple pleasures of the poor," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll take him to Sol's smoke shop to play pinochle, or he can join our bowling club or experience the literary friendship of the interesting Michael Angelo Dinkston."

"Oh, he knows that," replied Mrs. Jarr, "but he says if he did that people would think he was economizing, and his creditors would get after him under the impression that he hadn't the money to pay them."

First Typesetting Machine

THE first typesetting machine was invented by Timothy Alden, who was born in Barnstable, Mass., ninety-nine years ago. In his boyhood Timothy was apprenticed to a printer. He was a born inventor, and almost from his first day in the printing office began to think of plans for improving the various processes connected with the typographical art. He invented several machines connected with printing before he turned his attention to the mechanical setting of type.

After several years of study he produced his first model of a typesetting machine in 1846. This machine consisted of a horizontal rotating wheel with type cells on its circumference, making receivers rotate with it to pick out the type at the proper places. The appliance was ingenious, but it effected no improvement over hand composition.

Timothy Alden died in Boston in 1858, and his brother Henry later made several improvements in the machine. Timothy Alden's machine had the merit of setting others to thinking about the same problem, with the result that hand composition is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

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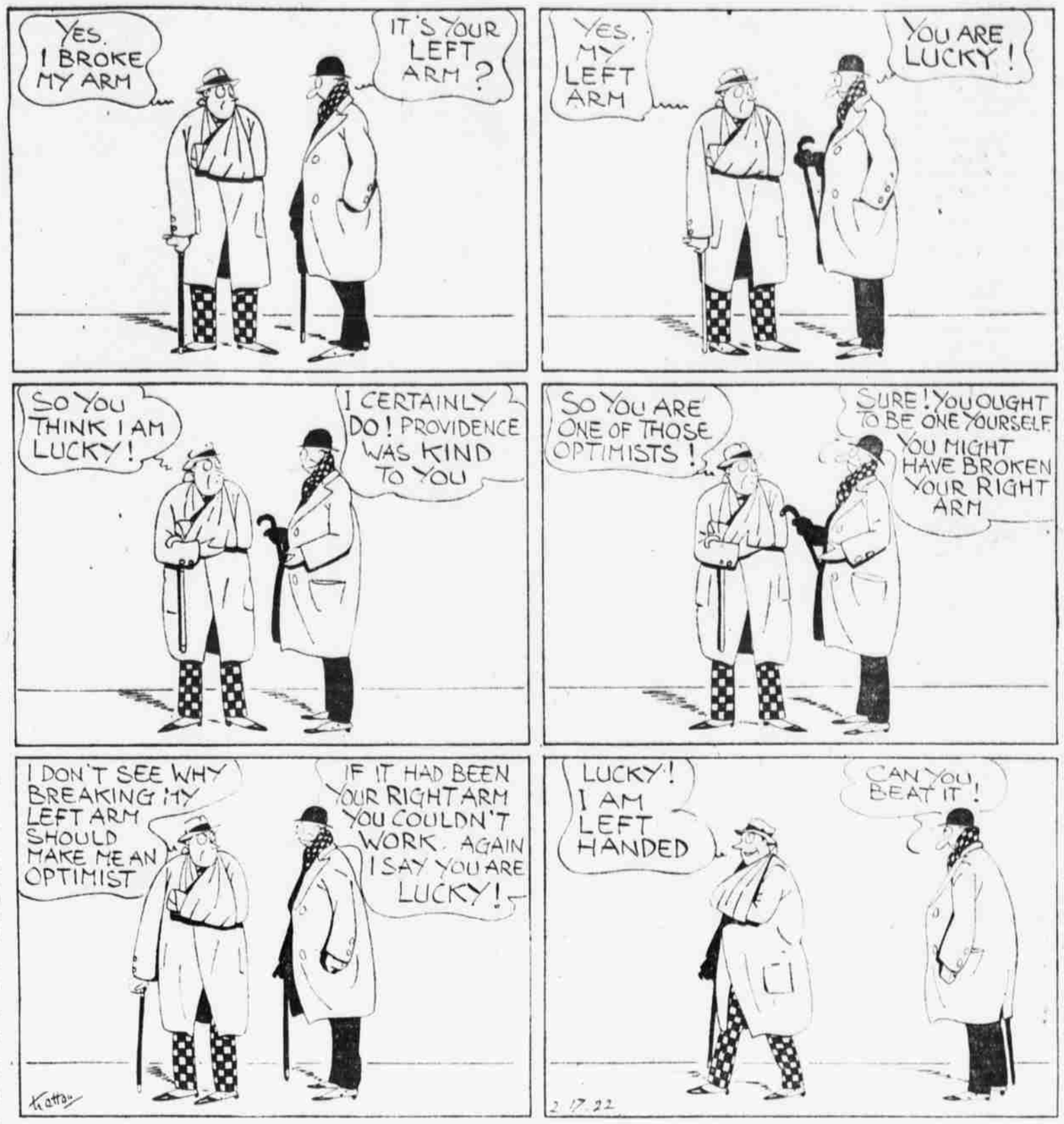
By Maurice Ketten



Fighting Families

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A YOUNG man signing "Worried to Death" writes a long letter, in which he tells the troubles of a lifetime and in which he calls himself "the family goat."

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

According to his statements, he has been the mainstay of the family, but now claims he has been given the "cold shoulder" and in his time of need finds his family very unsympathetic.

From all I can gather, it has been very much of a fighting family, and doubtless this young man says to himself, in the words of a wise philosopher:

"Your relations are thrust upon you, but thank God you can choose your friends."

And there is the big sum and substance of it all. Families do not treat each other as friends when they are keeping up a continual quarrel, and the chief fault lies in the fact that members of families get too close to each other.

While blood is thicker than water, yet it often gets so thick that it clogs the smooth running of the red corpuscles that make life move along safe and secure.

The important thing is to cultivate the charity that begins at home. Most of the time it is the very last place it goes. I have known people that were considered perfect angels by their friends, but were veritable devils at home.

Their kind side was only shown on the outside. They would lend money and do all sorts of good acts for acquaintances, and would invariably deny the same kind of treatment to their own flesh and blood.

Their demeanor and their actions toward even strangers was much more gracious than they showed to the members of the family. And all of this was due to the common theory that your family will forgive anything.

They may forgive, but certainly they don't forget. People are only human and a relationship that has no respect for each other is bound to breed the same contempt that is engendered by too much familiarity.

A man who will fight with his family will fight with his best friend, when he gets a little closer to that friend.

I wonder how many people have stopped to see themselves as they really are in their own home, for there is where the real stuff of which you are made is truthfully demonstrated.

If you are intolerant and mean and ugly with your own people, and show only your smiles and "sweet side" to those that do not belong to you, you can surely make up your mind there is something lacking in you. For your relations can't be wrong all the time.

And when you give them the benefit of the doubt you are doing something for yourself—making yourself a little bigger. And every time you bend a little, even when you think you are right, you are building a finer character. You are mastering yourself better. You are showing strength instead of weakness.

It is easy enough to quarrel and fight and show bad temper. It takes real backbone to do and say something, to sacrifice, and to be silent when it is necessary.

There is no need of fighting families. It takes two to make a quarrel, and if only one gets mad at the time very little damage can be done.

Truly life is short, and you may help should come to you some day when your family will need it, even though you don't like them. You will show something of the spirit which you are made of by standing by your own.

The person who constantly pleads for peace needs first of all to have his own house in order because he is constantly declaring that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband?

TOWNLEY ARRIVES.

SUNDAY afternoon, at a little after 3, Peggy curled up in a corner of the divan in the living room with a brand new novel. She had barely turned the first page when a quick, almost piercing ring at the bell told her that Townley had arrived. Although he was not expected until evening there was no one else on earth who could ring a bell just that way.

Casting a hasty glance at herself in the mirror over the card-table, Peggy hurried into the hall and opened the door. There stood Harrison Townley, tall, sedate, a trifle portlier than when he left town, beaming with happiness and joy.

"Oh!" gasped Peggy.

"Oh!" echoed Townley and caught her in his arms and kissed her.

Peggy winced a little at this but she led him into the living room and placed his coat, hat and stick upon a chair.

"Well, well, well!" said Townley, "here I am back from Europe and now with you. Peggy, you look—tell me all about yourself."

"Tell me all about yourself," retorted Peggy as she curled up on the divan again and looked full at him. Strange at this man to seem her lover who had come to learn whether she would whisper "yes" or tell him she could never marry him.

"All right. I'll dash off just after dinner. To begin with, my steamer docked at noon. I rushed up to the hotel, groomed up a bit and here I am.

"I expected you this evening."

"Good gains, Peggy, you don't think I was going to sit around all afternoon in a hotel and wait until I could come, did you? Well, if you did you don't know how much I have thought of you all the way over. We had a rough, beastly trip of it, but I did not care for winds or gales. I knew that I was getting back to you."

"You make me out such a heroine," laughed Peggy nervously. "Harrison, it seems ridiculous to put me on a pedestal. I am certain you do not know what a silly creature I am."

"Why aren't you wearing my bracelet here and my brooch?" asked Townley, ignoring her last remark.

"I have them carefully tucked away in my pocket," said Peggy, slipping her hand into one of the broad pockets which adorned her simple little blue satin frock.

"My trunk is full of things I brought you from London and Paris," joyfully continued Townley, "and I also have something for your mother which I think is most appropriate."

Peggy bit her lips—she tried to smile. "Tell me, tell me about your trip," she stammered.

"The very thing I am thinking about that trip when I am here to see you, Peggy, dear, you don't seem happy to see me. Don't you—why, I'm sure there are tears in your eyes."

Townley arose from his chair and sat down beside Peggy on the divan.

"I understand little girl," he whispered, "you don't care for me. My dear, my loved one, I come to claim you wedded. The man in the world to love me."

"I tried," sobbed Peggy as she hid her face in her handkerchief. "Oh, Harrison, I am afraid that our years is too much between us."

"It's all right," whispered Townley, comforting Peggy. "This voice, when young and Peggy, I have to tell this more than she did. I have always loved you, Peggy, and I did not want you to become [illegible] unless you were sure of your [illegible]."

They were silent a few moments. Then Peggy slipped her hand in his and rose her face [illegible] and [illegible] pushed in her pocket [illegible] box.

"Perhaps soon [illegible] better" —

"Keep them [illegible]" interrupted Townley as he [illegible] the check and [illegible] and her hurried [illegible] permanent.

To-Morrow—An Unexpected Caller.

Ex-Congressmen

What Are We Gonna Do With 'Em After We Get 'Em?

District of Columbia Alumni Are Fitted for Any Task That Requires Brains, but Not Too Many.

By Neal R. O'Hara

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THE more ex-Congressmen we have after next election the better off this country will be. Problem is what to do with our ex-spreadeaglists after we get 'em. A Congressman buys a Prince Albert suit to aid his country. And when cyclone of Australian ballots blows him home, country should do something for its ex-Congressman. After living two years on the fatheads of the land, is it fair that Congresser should starve? Echo answers indistinct reply. But justice hollers "No!"

Something should be done for ex-Congressers to keep 'em off Chautauqua circuits. After two years of franking mail, the gum on a postage stamp is like poison to ex-Rep. After two years of sending out seeds, is it fair for Congressman to harvest but razzberries? From red herring zone off coast of Maine to pink nightie colony in California there comes a ringing answer, "No!" Government crutches for lame ducks! Downy mattresses for retired statesmen!

After twin years' seasoning in District of Columbia, any set of brains should itch for hefty work. Not rowdy toil for proletariat paws, but work that needs vision, discernment, depth. Something like designing new animal crackers for juvenile trade. Something like extracting the rattle from skeleton keys. Something that only master minds, after wrestling with statecraft, have the nerve and power to attack and solve.

Thousands of fat problems are limping around for want of solution. Does chop suey smell as sweet under its maiden name? Is puffed rice shot at a target or at random? What do the Chinamen really write on those laundry checks? Only ex-Congressers could grapple with fleshy conundrums like these.

The world needs light. All that the Congressmen give it is gas. And therein lies ex-Congressman's opportunity. The world wants light, wines and beers. Congress can give us the wine and beer. Let the D. C. alumni give us the light!

How can a guy that's opening oysters tell which is the upper half of the shell to take off? Why do jewellers' clocks run down at 8.18, and is the 8.18 A. M. or P. M.? Why do basketball players insist on calling a bum fisherman's net a basket? Why is Hollywood so unlucky, if it isn't one of the thirteen original colonies? Why do they put Lincoln on pennies, Washington on one-dollar bills and Democratic Presidents on large-sized notes where regular Democrats never see 'em? Ex-Congressional brains alone can answer these.

If the scarcity of eggs sends price 'way up, why are there always plenty of eggs at $1.20 a dozen? Why do bronze pants always have baggy knees, no matter what sculptor moulds 'em? How does a street car conductor always know there's plenty of room up forward? What difference does it make whether the Gazumpus or the Whoozis typewriter is "used exclusively in this theatre"? If a guy is color-blind, how is he going to know which brand of taxicab to pick out?

If next November's crop of ex's can take care of these riddles, we've got plenty more for the overflow. And some snappy stiff ones for outbound Senators.

Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher.

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DEAR Miss Doscher:

I am very much interested in your daily column. I am thirty years old, have a baby three years old and take care of a large grown up family and would like you to help me. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one pounds and feel so unhappy when I try to dress. Most of my fat is in my chest, arms and shoulders. I don't eat much sweets or sugar and I don't get much walking exercise. I would be greatly obliged to you if you would help me. Is there anything in reducing baths, and how are they done?

DORIS DOSCHER

MRS. STEVENS.

Your letter interests me very much because I know it expresses the problem that confronts so many women who are trying to faithfully perform the home duties and at the same time keep themselves active and graceful enough to feel at home in society among those who have more leisure to spend on looking their best.

Your 171 pounds is a little handicap. It makes you feel conspicuous, it takes away your freedom of movement, making you a little awkward, and it also makes the problem of your clothes a serious consideration. But since you say that you are not inordinately fond of sweets I am sure it will not be very difficult for you to bring yourself to normal weight. Remember that the diet has an important part to play. There are many vegetables and foods that are not sweets or sugars but that contain so much starch that they cause you to gain weight rapidly. Try to avoid too much white bread. Gluten bread and bran muffins are less fattening. Try to satisfy your hunger with laxative vegetables and fruits.

Remember that housework when properly done offers the same means as does a gymnasium for exercising every muscle of the body, and as you perform these tasks try to swing the body, try to bend and twist so that each muscle shall have equal play.

Intelligent adjustment of your work will allow you ample time for outdoor exercise, especially as the baby is three years old. This is absolutely necessary if you would keep your health and figure. While walking take deep breathing exercise and try to walk with as rapid a pace as possible. The reducing baths are usually given by placing the patient in an over-heated room until the steam or heat causes the perspiration to flow freely. But all constitutions will not stand this treatment, and I am sure that if you learn to exercise you will not need them.

The after-bath rule will prove very beneficial to you. In your diligent performance of your duties as the head of a large family do not lose sight of the fact that you also owe a duty to yourself to look your best. Remember that this will also give more pleasure to your dear ones, so do not make a drudge of yourself but learn to adjust your work so as to have time to do the things necessary to getting your body in perfect trim.

Maxims of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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There is a type of man who asks for compliments as naively as a dog "speaks" for a bone, and it's crudity to animals to refuse either.

AFTER a man has put a continent, an ocean and at least three girls between himself and the woman who loves him, she begins to wonder whether, after all, she had better not give him up.

Sometimes a cat says "miau! miau!" and sometimes she condoles with you because short skirts are going out—"they make you look so girlish, my dear!"

Arguing with a meekly stubborn woman is like trying to make a rag-doll an egg-straight; you may work till you are worn out, and in the end you have the same limp, lax, cushiony creature with which you began.

Home is a vastly overestimated spot; some one is always shaking the furniture, banging the player piano, or quarrelling in loud tones about who has first rights to the evening paper "funnies."

The modern woman may be over-aggressive, but at least she no longer takes a connoisseur's pride in matching her physical disabilities against those of other exponents of the gentle feminine art of being "delicate."

A mettful man is one who tells his wife that he never saw her looking better just about thirty seconds before she was going to ask him if he really thinks her new hat makes her look old.

After listening to the simple girlish cynicism of the flapper, even a divorcee realizes that she has a few illusions to lose.

Never, never marry the man who can tell you stories of his thrilling adventures. He WILL!