DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

A Letter From One of the Lonely

By WINIFRED BLACK.

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HERE'S a letter that made me wonder. It is written by a lad of twenty, without doubt a man of unusual ability. How long will he have to wait before somebody finds him out and gives him a chance?

Is it true, what he says, that we are all blind and deaf and dumb? Do we pass such people as he, day after day, and never give them even a thought?

Are they all around us on every hand, the lonely people, drifting to misery and despair just because we are all "too busy" to pay any attention to them?

If what is written in this letter is true, what are we going to do about it, you and I?

Dear Miss Black:

Quite often I taken pleasure in reading your "heart to heart" talks in the paper, and the one today, "Foreign Misisons and a Lonely Little Girl," struck me as especially adequate, as I was in a mood to appreciate it or any talk on this subject. I always am, for I am in a position to understand the meaning of the word "loneliness."

It is the thing which has caused the downfall and ruin of many a good-looking and honest young man and girl, and it is the thing above all else which turns us into pagans and atheists. For after we have stood it as long as we can, or perhaps until it has driven us into partial insanity, instead of praying to our God for assistance, we curse Him and all creation and blame Him for our troubles. But, God knows, you can hardly blame us.

I am just twenty years of age, but far older in knowledge than my years warrant. I am a Yankee born of Canadian parents, honest, hard-working people, who can trace their lineage back to an earl in Scotland, a family that produced one of the best generals in the United States army. I had always had all I wanted up to my ninth birthday, when my father was accidentally killed. Since then I have been shifting for myself.

Wanted, a Friend.

I came here to win my way to fame and fortune; but, mon Dieu! what a time. I am working in the office of an engineer at a salary under $10 a week, which was previously the lowest I ever worked for. It is hardly enough to keep me going, and no one cares whether I win or lose.

My employer takes more interest in me than the average business man takes in his employes, but he cannot take the place of a good friend. I would not care so much if I even had one good friend that I could rely upon, some one to whom I could tell my woes and other little daily occurrences which go to make up a sincere friendship. In the year and a half that Ihave been in this city I have not made a really true friend of my own age.

It is the loneliness of the big cities which kills many an honest young man and girl. Personally, I know from my own experience that if I were ever to fall in with a bad set of fellows, I would beapt to go wrong.

What are the church-going people coming to, anyway? You can go in and out of church, year in and year out, and never a soul will stop to say a kind word to you.

What good are the missions? Why don't they start at home, and try to prevent us young people from going astray, instead of trying to bring us back after the trouble is done?

The Doll Girl.

Why, not many months ago, while eating lunch in one of the restaurants I frequent, a very nice young girl came in and sat down at my table, and I could tell by the expression in her eyes that she was eating her heart away with loneliness, so it was not long before we got into a conversation. After that I was out with her quite often for a time. She was an orphan about eighteen years of age, and working in a store at about $8 a week. She was one of the doll-face type of girls, least able to take care of themselves, and it seemed a pity that she should be alone. I tried to interest her and get her to go to church, but it was useless—she had gone too far. If some one had only taken some interest in her two years ago, it might have been different.

But now I don't know where she is, or how she is getting on. If she gets in with a bad set of fellows it will be farewell to her forever, for a doll-face girlie can never take care of herself.

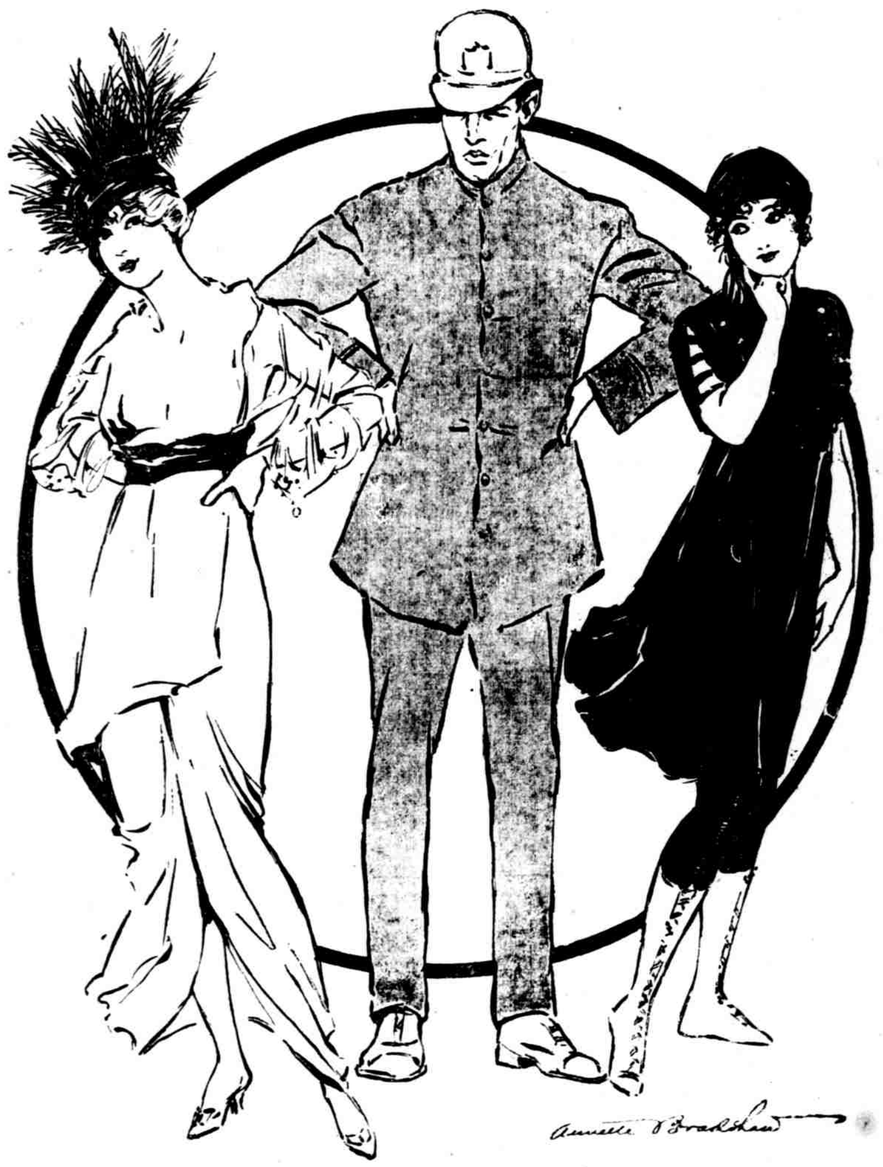
It seems a shame that there is no place for decent young girls to go to, some place where they will be welcome and can make friends. Yes, the Y. W. C. A. would do in some cases, but if it is anything like the Y. M. C. A. in a good many cases, they could not afford it. Why don't some of our mission societies take this up and organize girls' clubs in the different churches, and not let it go at getting just the church members to join? They are not the ones that need it; it is the friendless and lonely girl who will not go to church because she is lonely and will not know anyone if she does go, who needs some such place to go to. It is the girls of this city who need something or some one to look after them. The young men are better able to look out for themselves.

X.

You have heard the question—men and women—what's the answer?

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



THE BEACH PROBLEM—Which one shall he rebuke?

Are Your Meals Immoral?

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

Author of "The New Housekeeping."

"BRING me some ham and eggs, a glass of milk, piece of custard pie with cheese." This order goes forth not only once but hundreds of times daily in our restaurants by the business man. In the tea rooms, another order goes forth frequently. "I'll have some waffles and honey, a cup of chocolate and a French pastry." These meals are absolutely immoral, and a further glance at them will show why. Here we have the business man ordering eggs, meat, milk, custard and cheese—the five most important foods of the same class—protein. In other words he is taking the same kind of food in five different forms and his meal, therefore, is really only one kind of food taken ab libitum. His wife in the uptown tearooms eats waffles, syrup, chocolate and pastry. Again four different forms of the same kind of food, so that her meal is all starch-sugar and fat.

Now, no meals so one-sided can be healthful. A hasty glance would perhaps lead us to believe that the man's lunch was more wholesome than the woman's, but both are dietetically bad. We have said so often that the ideal meal is composed of four different elements—the proteid or muscle forming; the sugar-starch or fat-forming, and the fat or heat-forming, and the mineral elements which add flavor, refreshment and tonic qualities. The "balanced" meal must have some of each of the four qualities represented in the foods which compose it. In this way all the needs of the body are supplied by every meal, and no one need is oversupplied.

If we had taken the eggs from the first lunch and added them to the waffles of the second, and put in a vegetable or a fruit salad, we would have had a nearly perfect meal. From the eggs there are protein, the waffles give starch and fat, and the vegetable or fruit would give the necessary watery and flavorful qualities to make the meal satisfying, energy-producing and refreshing.

It is exceedingly simple to plan home meals, or to choose meals from a bill of fare after the balanced plan. Select one food from each of the four groups or such combinations that will give the four different food qualities. Here are some wrong combinations:

Eggs, meat, cheese, milk (too much protein.)

Rice, spaghetti, bread (too much starch).

Fried potatoes, doughnuts, croquettes (too much starch and fat).

Waffles, chocolate, cake, pastry (too much sugar and fat).

Vegetable salad, baked apple, vegetable soup (too much water and mineral).

Here are the same foods in correct combination:

Vegetable soup, eggs, pastry.

Meat, vegetable salad, doughnuts.

Cheese, rice, baked apple.

Milk, spaghetti, cake.

The housewife who is planning meals for a family should go back of actual cooking to the first principles of diet. What kind of food should a man doing muscular work eat? What should a man doing mental work eat? What should the growing child have? What the person past fifty? We eat to live, but not all of us need the same kind of foods at different ages, and none of us will live healthfully on an immoral diet.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Cream Sauce for Blanc-mange.

Pour half a small tin of cream into a basin. Add a tablespoonful of castor sugar and a quarter of a pint of milk, and beat with an egg whisk for five minutes. Turn out the blanc-mange and pour the sauce slowly over it. Decorate with a few glace cherries.

Stewed Cucumber.

Peel a cucumber and cut it into slices an inch thick. Sprinkle with salt and leave to drain. Dip each slice in flour and fry for a few minutes in butter. Have ready half a pint of stock well flavored with gravy or meat extract, seasoned with salt, pepper, and a little mace, and slightly thickened with flour. Add the fried cucumber and simmer gently for half an hour.

Fish Mould.

Bone and skin carefully three-quarters of a pound of any cold boiled white fish, put the bones and skin into a quarter of a pint of milk, season with salt and pepper, and simmer for ten minutes. Strain over a breakfast cupful of breadcrumbs, and leave for five minutes. Pound the fish very smoothly. Add the breadcrumbs, squeezed dry, and mix well. Place a piece of butter the size of a walnut in a saucepan. Dissolve it, add the fish and bread, stir over a gentle heat for a few minutes. Add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a well-beaten egg, and salt and pepper to season. Press into a buttered basin, cover with greased paper, and steam for an hour and a half. Serve with white sauce, flavored with lemon juice, and seasoned to taste. The well-chopped yolk of a hard-boiled egg stirred into the white sauce is a nice addition.

Many Ills Vanish When Soft Tonsils Are Removed

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

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

DR. HIRSHBERG.

LIKE the genii who was summoned by Aladdin's lamp, the tonsil is sometimes a life-saving magician and again a veritable demon of destruction. The tonsil, too, helps some voices and does direful damage to others. Like the Irishman's flea, the tonsil can always be expected "to be where it isn't, to do what it doesn't."

The tongue, the throat and the palate are intimately associated with the little sugar-loaf sponges which project upon each side of the throat. All of these cavernous structures have much to do with the voice.

If you consider the palate an upper tongue and the throat the posterior link of the two, you will have a mental picture of the vocal apparatus affected by your tonsils.

A few medical men still remain active who hold that the tonsils serve a distinct and physiological purpose in the human economy. Most physicians, however, are convinced from a long series of running ears, deafness, heart infections, joint diseases, coughs, "colds" and sore throats, that most tonsils are pests and abominations.

Soft Tonsils Harmful.

They are the abiding place of pus germs, malignant microbes, polluted particles of potatoes, decayed food, and fetid victuals which give rise to foul breath and malodorous emanations.

The tonsil is a small, yielding body much shrunken in grown people, soft, mushy, and a nuisance in children. The voice is rarely, if ever, changed when these spongy plagues are dissected away, and it is the better part of wisdom always, and as early as possible, to be rid of them.

Enlarged tonsils are wickedly prejudicial to the acuteness and health of the ears as well as to the power, soundness and stamina of the heart. Bacteria of boils, often harmless on the skin and elschere, once they lodge in the loose moss-like tissue of the tonsils, have an unpleasant way of jumping thence into the middle ear, upon the heart valves, or into the knee, elbow, ankle and other joints.

The mouth breathing which often shows itself as the tonsils enlarge and become inflamed, causes all sorts of unhappy and dangerous deformities. The voice becomes hoarse and coarse, the teeth become large and gross; they protrude and overlap the lower jaw and the lipe, and they bulge so that almost an imbecilic look develops.

Nor is this all. Even the thyroid gland becomes stirred up, the eyes pop out in a true frog-face appearance, the glands of the front and back of the neck become tender, and the back of the throat begins to show the effects of an existence of the affliction with a chronic "pharyngitis."

Cause Many Ills.

While it is true that hard, small, invisible adult tonsils are in no way harmful to health, large or even small tonsils which are soft and full of spaces or channels to trap food are a menace to a good physique no less than to vocal power.

These last interfere with the muscles and elasticity of the throat; they block a clear exit of foul breath and the entry of clean air, and they break up the clear passage of sound waves.

The irritation of microbes in most tonsils spreads the swelling to the ear tube, the nasal cavity, the palate, the throat; and may even set up a long-standing and mysterious non-tuberculous cough.

Since there is no such thing as a "stomach cough" or a "smokers' cough" it behooves those who have excluded tuberculosis to have their tonsils removed by a competent person. Never permit the tonsils to be guillotined, chopped off or burned out.

Such makeshift operations must in the nature of things be botch jobs, inevitably worse than nothing.

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Answers to Health Questions

B. H. S.—What's to be done for knock-knes?

A slight operation by a skillful surgeon will correct this deformity.

L. R.—Will you kindly give some information about hives?

Hives are usually cured by a two-day fast and a milk and barley diet afterward. They are caused by a hypersusceptibility to fruits, fish, or vegetables.

F. S.—Am nineteen, and am troubled with hair that has grown on the face. What will remove it?

A shaving powder which is made in the South will remove it. It is rubbed on the skin for one minute, only, once a week.

Mrs. J. B.—I have a baby two months old. I feed him seventeen and a half ounces of milk in the day. Would the yolk of one egg be enough for this amount of milk boiled?

You may, in addition to your milk feedings, add the yolk of an egg. But you should nurse him from the breast. There is no substitute for mother's milk, and I have seen it brought back three months after it has gone.

Miss M. C. P.—Am unnaturally pale and sallow. Wind and sun do no good. Also have spells of dizziness after getting up. Is this due to billousness?

Eat plenty of eggs, milk, vegetables, and fruits. To your present diet add a wineglassful of olive oil before every meal also.

Dr. Hirshberg 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 inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

Where Men Ride Waves

By TEMPLE MANNING.

I HAVE watched the natives play almost every known outdoor game, golf in Scotland, polo in India, lacrosse in Canada, and baseball on the Polo Grounds in New York, but I never saw anything in the way of athletic sport that quite equaled the surf riding in Hawaii—I mean in the absolute abandon and boyish spirit with which the players entered into the game.

Riding the Waves.

Of course, the Hawaiians are almost amphibious, spending a large part of the time in the water almost from infancy, and every little boy and girl has a surf-riding plank, and they never seem to tire of the sport. I took the photograph, from which this picture was made, on the beach near Honolulu, where some 100 or more young men and maidens were sporting in a surf that would have nearly beaten the life out of one of our own water men.

Diary of a Well Dressed Girl

By Sylvia Gerard

THE BETWEEN SEASONS PROBLEM.

WHEN Cousin Juliette told me that she supposed I was what would be called a well-dressed girl, I wondered what she meant. She being the critical relative, I knew that it meant a good deal from some points of view. I remembered that the philosopher Emerson said: "The consciousness of being well dressed imparts a peace and confidence which even religion scarcely may bestow."

I don't know about "peace and confidence," but I do know that trying to be well dressed means thinking and planning a lot.

For instance, here is autumn coming—worse than that, here's a between-seasons period that is hard to manage. I suppose it would be easy—at least easier—if one could just give an order and have the magic performed. But an allowance, like a rubber band, can be stretched just so far without breaking. The rest of the space must be covered by ingenuity.

Mother is a good counsellor, but she knows, and says so, that dress really is a personal matter and that my own decisions, with my own allowance in view, must determine everything. When I was a slip of a girl it was different. But when one gets to be—well, of age and all that, it is "up to" one's self. (That reminds me that Cousin Juliette once said that there were "slang clothes" and that she hated that flesh sort of thing. We all should, of course.)

The plan I have followed is this: Like every observant woman, I study very carefully the materials and new models in the shops. The ready-made, or altered to suit, is often the very shortest way to the right thing. The fashion journals and fashion pages give one ideas, too, points that can be, as you might say, translated. It's fun to translate a $200 gown into a $40 one. Then when I can successfully mobilize Mrs. Mathon, that good old family dressmaker helps me to combinations of old material with new designs which may not be prettier than the best ready-made, but which have the sentiment and personality of Me—and that counts, too.

I had just reached home from my last glimpse of the shops when I received an invitation to a luncheon not a week off that must be taken seriously because some important travelling people were expected. My hats were a sight—faded and bent from summer motoring—and my gowns scarcely met a new situation with a new season looming. Alice Enswell invited me to ride over in her machine so I planned to wear my gray gabardine coat over some new dress.

For this new dress, a taffeta with a black background covered at regular distances by magenta and French blue flowers, seemed like a good notion.

I suddenly remembered a black satin skirt which I had only worn once or twice in the spring. It had been too tight then about the hips. However, the hem was in excellent condition, and I planned to use it for a drop skirt, draping the new silk over it in Russian tunic fashion.

Mrs. Mathon laid the top of the tunic in large tucks and fastened them into a wide girdle of French blue satin. The bodice was covered in black tulle with a small Eton effect of the new silk. Black tulle sleeves extended to the wrist and were tied with narrow black velvet ribbon. About the neck she wired a fine piece of ecru shadow lace until it stood out from my face like the popular Robespierre collars.

Black Taffeta, With Blue Flowers.

My little hat was a small black velvet shape with magenta and blue velvet fruit about the crown, and I wore a pair of the new ecru suede gloves which are going to be worn with evening gowns and afternoon costumes instead of white kid gloves.

Really, I must now get squarely down to the question of street clothes, and, by the way, a new shopping bag.

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Hits From Sharp Wits.

It's a homely girl that a photographer cannot pose to look pretty.—Deseret News.

It is often better to say nothing than to say the wrong thing.—Pittsburgh Sun.

To some persons, the enthusiasm of others is only an incentive to get a wet blanket.

Many a man gets the reputation of being a good talker without saying much of anything.—Albany Journal.

Many a man walks around and runs a risk at the same time.

If it were not for your memory you would be unable to forget.—Omaha World-Herald.

Advice to Girls

By ANNE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a girl of nineteen years. I once had a very nice gentleman friend whom I went with for four years, and I loved him very much. But in spite of all I could do he left me and went with another girl. I have another friend now. He is a nice, good-natured fellow and does all he can for me. Yet I would sooner have the first fellow. Should I still try and gain his affection or try and love the one I am keeping company with? BLOSSOM.

HOW in the world can there be some one with whom you have been desperately in love for four years—you're only nineteen now? When did this desperate love affair begin—when you were fifteen?

Were you playing with dolls or rolling a hoop when you first saw him—and was he flying a kite or spinning a top?

Tut, tut, little girl, you are nothing but a child, even yet. What should you know of being desperately in love with any one?

Try to get back the man who didn't care for you? What an idea!

He had sense enough to get tired of your over-devotion. He's rid of you now and you're rid of him. In the name of common sense let the matter rest where it is.

Why should you try and love the other chap?

Why don't you just like him and have a good time with him. The right man will come along and then there won't be any "try" about it; you'll love him all right, and he'll love you, and you'll laugh together over all this nonsense.

Stop thinking about yourself and your love affairs every minute and all the time.

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TIMES BEDTIME STORY

MR. RAGS STAYS AT HOME.

(Copyright, 1914, F. E. Yoder.)

MR RAGS stayed at home for almost a week after his cold had got well. He was kind and obliging and he brought in the wood without being asked and was just as nice a husband as any one would want.

Mrs. Rags did her part too, and actually became so amiable that it was hard to believe that she was the same lady dog who had whined and growled all of the time.

She had her eye on Mr. Rags however and meant to try a different manner with him if he attempted to leave her alone. Whenever he wanted to go out at night he came home and slept most of the afternoon and by that Mrs. Rags knew that he was planning to get away.

At last he thought that he had stayed home in the evenings long enough and planned to go out one Saturday night for a good time in his shop with some of his old friends. He came home at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and when he said that he thought that he would take a nap Mrs. Rags made no objection.

Instead of crying and weeping she only smiled and said that she was going out, but would be back in a moment.

Mr. Rags turned in and went to bed, but Mrs. Rags hurried down to the shop. There she took out a new clothesline, all wrapped up in even lengths and carried it home. On the way she met Miss Flax, the dolly girl, and asked her to come home with her and help her with something.

Miss Flax was only too glad to make the call, and went home to the Rags house.

Mr. Raggs was fast asleep by the time they arrived, so Mrs. Rags had Miss Flax sit down on the ground and talk to her. What she said one can't tell, but whatever it was was very funny, for Miss Flax laughed all of the time. Mrs. Rags put the loops on the dolle's arms, and then wound the clothesline up into a big ball that was easy to handle, talking all of the time.

Then they both went softly into the house and upstairs, where Mr. Rags lay asleep, snoring as if he had not a care in the world. Perhaps it was 4 and perhaps it was 5 o'clock when Miss Flax and Mrs. Rags came down, but when they did, they were laughing as if they could never stop.

"I should love to stay and see the fun," said Miss Flax, "but I must go home. Let me hear all about how things turn out." Mrs. Rags promised that she would and the dolly left.

In the meantime, up in his bedroom, Mr. Rags slept on. The day was cool, the blinds were down and he was tired. He snored and snoozed, and it was almost 7 o'clock when he opened his eyes. Darkness had fallen and he was ready to start out on his night's pleasure. He started to stretch. But his arms would not move. Then he tried to rise, but his legs were fast.

Very cautiously he raised his head and looked. Horrors! He was tied, paw, tail, and body to the bed with the new clothesline! He thought that there must be some mistake, so he pulled and jerked and then began to yell with terror. He thought that he had been tied by burglars.

With the first whoop Mrs. Rags came running upstairs, and to the bedside. When Mr. Rags saw her he stopped. "Oh I am so glad that you are here!" he barked excitedly. "Some one has tied me and I can't get up. Just loose this clothesline and I will tell you all about it." He looked at Mrs. Rags, but she just grinned and shook her head. He waited a moment and then he knew what had happened. In vain he begged. Mrs. Rags was firm, gave him a cold dinner, and he spent the evening at home!

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