THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Sentiment Is Velvet Of Emotions

Common Sense is the Good, Honest, Linen Fabric of Life, But Sentimentality Has No Place In An Honest World.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

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WHAT a lot of difference there is between sense, sentiment and sentimentality.

Common sense is the most uncommon thing in the world. Probably that's why we're all so fond of it when we find it.

Life wouldn't be worth living at all if it weren't for sentiment. It is just about the one thing that makes us different from brutish beasts.

But sentimentality, ugh! I hate even the very word! It is like everything else that isn't what it is supposed to be.

Common sense is a good, honest, cotton or linen fabric of life.

Sentiment is the silk, the velvet, the lace of the emotions.

Sentimentality is the near-silk, the cotton-backed velvet, the imitation satin. It crackles when it should rustle, it's stiff when it should be soft and slazy when it should be supple. There's no place for it in an honest world.

I'd rather trust myself in the hands of a straightforward villain any day in the world than to be at the mercy of a sentimentalist.

A sentimentalist can make himself believe anything on earth he wants to believe, and whatever sounds well is gospel truth to him.

A crime is never a crime to the sentimentalist, unless he himself is hurt by it. It's a mistake, a misunderstanding, an unfortunate accident, and nobody is to blame, and nobody must be punished, and nobody must "sit in judgment."

Facts are never facts to the sentimentalist. They are just mere incidents to be arranged and rearranged just so they will make a pretty bouquet.

Imagination is one of the finest attributes of the human mind. I'd rather live in the house with a wooden doll than to try to make a friend of a man or a woman without imagination. But, oh! the imagination run to seed, what is there on earth so absolutely and outrageously impossible?

Facts—the real thing, the plain truth, these are the only things of real interest in this practical, real world of ours.

There's nothing on earth so beautiful or so romantic or so picturesque as the truth.

Common sense and sentiment are twins—sentimentality is a poor little stepsister, lugged in out of the rain somewhere, by people who have nothing better to do.

Monster Parade of Suffragists Today Brings Visible Appeal To New York Male Electorate

Empire State Leaders Swing Into Line In Notable Demonstration With Floats and Tableaux.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

THE last massed appeal of the women of New York to the male voters who are to pass upon the suffrage question on November 2 is being made today, when 50,000 suffragists march in a monster parade through the streets.

Undaunted by the defeat in New Jersey, and desirous of concentrating every effort in an attempt to impress the importance of the question upon the male mind in New York, every suffragist has been corralled, and every possible means of putting the arguments before the public employed.

The splendid system under which every one of the manifold details of suffrage is being managed is working without a hitch, and while the members of the Empire State Campaign Committee, the Woman Suffrage Party, the Women's Political League, and every other organization working for the enfranchisement of women, are working day and night to bring parade plans to a successful culmination, there is no confusion.

Wear All White.

Every woman knows what she has to do and is doing it. The great numbers of parade enrolments pouring into the office of Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse are answered at once with postal cards, instructing the marchers as to their individual group, its place of assemblage, and the costume to be worn.

Women are requested to wear all white if possible, or white shirtwaists with dark suits. Official bannerettes and sashes are for sale at parade headquarters 303 Fifth Avenue, and will also be on sale in the streets on the day of the parade.

As to bearing, the parade instructions have this to say: "Head erect, shoulders back, eyes to the front; no talking or laughing; obey your marshal; remember, you are marching for a principle."

The parade will be led by Miss Ethel Stebbins, as grand marshal.

Features of Suffrage Parade Today

Suffragists announce there will be 50,000 women.

Brooklyn expects to turn out, 12,000 strong.

Time of start—2 o'clock, Saturday, October 23.

Route of march—Up Fifth avenue, from Washington square to Fifty-ninth street.

Every election district in New York to be represented.

Review by the mayor from stand at the public library, Fifth avenue and Forty-second street.

Last massed appeal by the women to the voters.

Miss Stebbins is a young woman whose ancestors have been active in New York's civic betterment, and Miss Stebbins doesn't think that anything could be more appropriate than that she should be the parade's grand marshal.

The parade forms at 2 o'clock, and will start from Washington Square at 3 o'clock. It will then proceed up Fifth avenue to Fifty-ninth street.

Members of the Salvation Army sent word to suffrage headquarters that they would take part in the big parade scheduled for next Saturday afternoon, in which more than 6,000 professional and business men have agreed to march.

The Salvation Army marchers will go into line as individuals. Whether they will wear their regimentals has not been determined, nor is it settled yet if they will bring their own bands.

Lillian Russell Marches.

Lillian Russell is to carry a banner in the international division. She said she was proud to join the ranks of women in such a street demonstration. The honor of representing New York State will go to Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, chosen from a big field of beautiful women anxious to represent the Empire State. Miss Mathison is to carry a spear and shield, and her banner will bear an appeal to men to vote for suffrage November 2.

The float in the international division of the parade, on which ten women will ride, promises to be one of the sensations of the afternoon. "Victory" will be portrayed by Mrs. Philip Boileau, wife of the artist. The three other symbolical figures will be Liberty, Equality, and Justice. Six women will represent the continents, on all of which women have some form of suffrage.

On the Floats.

Those on the float besides Mrs. Boileau will be Miss Theodora Bean, Mrs. Crystal Eastman Benedict, Miss Janet Travers, Mrs. Alice Barrows Fernandez, Miss Eleanor Lawson, Mrs. Florence Maude Podkoff, Miss Marian Parkhurst, Mrs. Julius Frank, and Miss Katherine Twomy. Mrs. Philip Lydig has offered her house at the northwest corner of Washington Square for the use of the women who will have to dress for the tableau.

The "antis" have accused the suffrage workers of cruelty in allowing children to march on Saturday, but the suffragists have refuted this accusation by furnishing a nursemaid guard. The children, who will march in lines of eight, will be flanked by the nurses. In the children's van, which will be decorated by Kewpies, the youngsters of different suffragists will ride.

Maps have been prepared showing the exact location of each assembly district's meeting place. A carefully worked out plan has been perfected; and with the bugle call of forward march, the leaders predict the parade will be under way. Every possible chance for a hitch has been foreseen and guarded against.

Among the Washington women who are in New York to participate in the suffrage parade are Miss Lucy Burns, Mrs. Mary Ellagette, Mrs. George Odell, Mrs. Gilson Gardner, Miss Doris Stevens, Mrs. John Jay White, Mrs. Percy Mackaye, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. S. B. M. Young, Mrs. Helena Hill Weed, and Mrs. Paul Dessez.

Carefully Worked Out Plans Promise That 50,000 Women Will Appear. Many Features to Impress the Men.

Be Not Too Eager With Praise Nor Punishment In Training Children

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

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THE mother and father who do best for the future vocations and triumphs of their sons and daughters are neither those who are forever finding fault with them, nor those who refuse to note the legion of their natural shortcomings.

The old platitudes, "with all their faults, I love them still" and "blood is thicker than water," have stood in the way of many a child's future health, wealth, and happiness. To say that a child is "good-natured" or has an "amiable weakness" usually means that he is shot full of Old Adam and various loose iniquities.

A child should not be exhibited as a freak, be made to "show off" or perform in private or in public, nor be praised or petted unduly for doing something for which he has special aptitude. Precocity with vanity and self-consciousness has wrecked more children in the slough of early mediocrity than either ignorance or poverty.

The experience and health of a child during the first dozen years of its life mar or make him, if the mother nags, quarrels, threatens, yells, and is in a continuous state of hypersensitive irritability when near her child, the latter, instead of remaining the reasoning being that the Creator intended, becomes an emotional animal full of bizarre cravings like its mother.

Such experiences are so stamped and forced into the composition of the child's flesh that it becomes bag and baggage of its fabric. That the future vocation and health of the little one is thereby involved, despite the overwhelming proofs at hand, few parents will admit.

"Just like his father," "the apple falls close to its tree," "he comes by it honestly," are expressions used not as they should be, namely as accusations, but as exemptions, privileges, pleas, or immunities that release the parents from blame.

As an actual fact, however, these conditions are not inherited. Heredity has nothing much—if anything at all—to do with a child's abominable hyper-sensitiveness, egotism, and precocity obnoxious to others than the immediate family and inimical to its own future. It is the constant and forced association of the child with parents who cannot see beyond their door mats, parents all too ready to punish in unreasoning anger or to administer a lavish and flattering unction to their child's soul, already too vain, that defaces and truncates the future health and well-being of the unlicked cub.

Answers To Health Questions

Haddonfield—Will you kindly tell me what to do for excessive perspiration of the armpits?

Here are several remedies: A teaspoonful of formalin and 5 drops of essence of rose to a quart of water. Or peroxide of hydrogen. Orris root left on a minute or two, then 15 grains of tannic acid to a tumbler of bay rum, applied as a wash, is also helpful.

M. K. E.—Will you kindly tell me how and what I should feed my eleven-month-old, breast-fed baby? I nurse her twice during the night, and lately have been suffering with severe headaches.

When the weather grows colder stop all nursing and give her gruels, cereals, milk, orange juice, lady finger cakes, zweiback, potatoes, and carrots.

M. C. B.—My hair is very dry and brittle. Will you please suggest something?

Wash the hair in distilled water and cocoanut oil about twice a month, and apply vaseline to the scalp with friction each night.

L. K. H.—I am troubled with perspiration of the hands. What will you advise?

Apply nutgall ointment or vinegar to the hands; also bathe them in formalin and water—a half-teaspoonful to a pint of water.

Dashing Habit of Kid and Velvet

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A natty riding habit of black velvet reflects some of the most distinctive features of autumn styles, including a tightly buttoned coat with a decided flare, snug sleeves and deep cuffs. The trimming of white kid at collar, cuffs, and pockets accentuates the lines of the costume. The breeches are fitted closely as far as the knee to permit the rider unhampered freedom of movement.

The Fine Art of Broiling

Return to Primitive Method Gives Better Flavor, Retains Meat Juices and Food Elements.

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

(Copyright, 1915, by Mrs. Christine Frederick.)

WAS it in the pleocene that the cave man discovered the fine art of broiling? Certain it is that the original rotisserie conducted by Ad-Eve, Inc., was conducted without pan or fork. Even centuries later the "spit" was the chief form of cooking equipment, and obese barons lounged at the board while waiting for their serving of broiled ox.

In modern times the broiling seems to have fallen into disrepute. The housewife of today hates to wash a broiler, or her gas stove must be fitted with special "broiler," and to cook by this method over either oil or open coal has disadvantages. And yet, perhaps no one method serves to cook fine meat in such a perfect manner. The constant turning of the meat before the flame, so that each side is evenly browned and seared, so that the juice is retained, a crisp crust results—ah, what is to equal a piece of meat roll?

Use the Broiler Plate.

But when no special apparatus is at hand, and broiling must be done in the double wire rack which a worker holds over a glowing flame, while the fat drops into the coal, only to sputter up and crackle and fill the kitchen with smoke—then broiling does not seem to be worth the trouble. Yet it is too good a method of preparing meat to be discouraged because of its unpleasant features. The thing is to do away with the unpleasant features as much as possible.

This can be done if the gas stove is fitted with a regular small, convenient broiler, with drip-pan. But an even better plan for a gas stove, a coal range, or even oil, is to use one of the newest articles on the market—a broiler-plate. This small device is made of heavy corrugated iron, with a small hole at one end for the escape of juice. It is fitted with a bale handle, and is quite light to use. This plate can be put over any flame, heated, and the meat laid on it. In other words, the broiling goes on over the flame instead of under it, as in the usual broilers, with the result that the food is less browned and better tasting, because it does not come in contact with the odor of the flame. No drip-pan is needed under it, only a small tin cover can be put under the hole to collect the fat.

Secret of Broiling.

This broiler will, in part, encourage the housekeeper to follow the broiling method, as the broiler is easy to clean, and there is no pan to wash. A small steak and several chops were each broiled in about five minutes over one burner, which makes for a considerable saving of gas.

Since the meat juices are retained by the broiling method, meat so treated is particularly excellent for children or invalids. There is less chance for the food elements to escape, less chance for richness, since so much of the fat is broiled away and only the best of the lean meat and its juices are retained.

The secret of broiling is in the quickness with which it is done, just that delicious, rare, which no other method produces.

Avaunt with the frying pan! and in its place carry the shield of the broiler plate!

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

By THE SHOPPER.

FOR the young girl who desires something new, one of the G street department stores is showing veils of a circular cut. They are in a solid piece except for an opening in the center, which easily slips on over the small crowns of the new hats.

For the modest price of $1 one may have one of the new and stylish belts being shown at one of the F street shops. Of either black velvet or taffeta they are effectively touched with steel beads, and are just the things for the new fall suits.

Dainty little cretonne covered cake boxes may be had for the small sum of a dollar. They are just the thing to hold the delicious fruit cake mother sends for Christmas. They are found in all colors at an F street department store.

An extremely new velvet bag is being shown at one of the novelty shops. Instead of the conventional cord and tassel the catch and chain are made of tortoise shell and finished with a bracelet of the same which exactly fits the arm.

A great idea came to a woman who wished to use one of the new fall dressings for trimming, but thought the colors too glaring. The satiny side has a great deal of red, but the obverse, which looked rather like an old-fashioned silk, showed the same colors remarkably subdued in tone. With plaids in high favor as the connecting link between last year's gown and this year's renovation of it, the same idea might prove practical in more than one case where the plaid seems too garish.

Rock crystal is being used as the clasp for most of the new handbags. The leather of the bags themselves is usually attached to the frame in rather deep pleats, and the material is usually pin seal in all the new colorings. In one such bag the color was dark brown, the lining brown moire, and the price, $1.50.

Telephone Main 5260 and ask "The Shopper" or information giving the names of shops which carry the articles referred to in these columns. Mail inquiries should enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope or postal card for reply.

A Mere Novice.

Testy Old Woman: There now! I guess you won't go around poking your nose into other people's business after the raking I just gave you.

Reporter: Well, don't get proud about it, madame; you didn't hurt my feelings much. I've been insulted by experts.—Life.

Silhouettes, Romance, and War

SHADOW pictures are coming into vogue in Europe, and especially the artists in the trenches are favoring the oldest way of drawing as a welcome pastime. The silhouette, supposed to be the oldest and first attempt of man to draw a picture of man, played always an important part among the romantic features of war time. It was Dibutade, a Grecian maid, thousands of years before Christ, who drew the first silhouette of her lover, Kleophantes. He had come to say good-by. It was evening, and at the dawn of the next day he was to march with the other soldiers, who were going to fight on the boundaries of their country. Her father was a potter. A potter in those days was an artist, and his pottery the expression of his art. The oil torch was flickering away in its receptacle on the wall. The girl, closely nestled to her lover in the last embrace of her farewell, saw the shadow of the outline of his features on the opposite wall. "Don't move," she said, furtively she went for a piece of charcoal and traced his shadow with black lines. And while her sweetheart left her behind, following the call of his country, she retained his likeness on the wall. Pliny claims the first shadow picture was drawn by the Egyptian, Gyges, as a self-portrait in the reflection of his campfire. But Dibutade's story is more romantic and therefore more appealing to us, and therefore also more probable.—Giuly Bruno, in Bruno's Weekly.

Luck

There was only a thin partition between the bar parlor and the taproom of the suburban hostelry, so that I could not help hearing what was perhaps a confidence about a certain Bill's terrible condition the previous afternoon.

"Well, to cut a long story short," said the voice, which was husky, probably with emotion, "I had to set 'im on a doorstep and leave 'im there. 'E must 'a' fell asleep and 'e 'a' dropped on to 't' toothath, an' would yer believe it? when 'e woke up there was 'll fence in it!"—Manchester Guardian.

Three-Minute Journey

By TEMPLE MANNING.

IF there is one country that is more interesting to American and European eyes than another it is the wonderful little country of Japan. The most curious and novel thing that I saw in Japan in all the eighteen months which I spent in the Land of Cherry Blossoms was a plain barnyard "cock-of-the-walk," only different.

This rooster and his uncles and male cousins have the longest tails to be found on any bird or animal known. He is about as large as one of our ordinary barnyard fowls—Black Spanish, Minorca, Rhode Island Red or other medium-sized egg-producer—possibly a trifle larger and maybe just a shade more bushy about the feathers. Also he looks like any other male fowl of the breed, from the comb and wattles clear back to the tail. There the resemblance ceases, for the Japanese cock's tail is longer than any other rooster's tail in the world. It is composed of some twenty-five to thirty ribbon-like feathers, some of which are eleven or twelve feet long. I saw one in which several tail feathers measured eighteen feet.

Of course, the poor bird is not very lively on his feet, because if he tries to get around very much he gets all tangled up, so you find Mr. Rooster, when he walks around, making wide circles and not trying to turn any sharp corners. And vain! He is as proud of that tail as any peacock ever was of his "field of a thousand eyes." His greatest delight seems to be to mount some height which will give him a comfortable perching place, and where his beautiful appendage can hang unmolested. There he will sit for hours, seemingly lost in contemplation of that wonderful tail.

And the ladies of the family seem to be as proud of their lord and his wonderful tail as he is himself. They walk around him and look at him with such evident admiration as to be ludicrous. But not more ludicrous than his as evident satisfaction in their appreciation.

I know what you are going to ask now, it is whether they will fight, like the males of your own buff cochins or dominics, and I must admit that they will, and do—real, bloody, ugly, vicious, and ridiculous fights, too. They jump at an opponent, peck at his eyes, comb and wattles, spur him just the same as if they were not carrying three or four yards of plumage behind them. As long as the cocks are pretty evenly matched and face each other their tails are not so much of a handicap, but when one is the weaker, and drops his head and attempts to dodge the issue and run behind the other, their troubles begin. Of course, the winning cock attempts to follow his losing rival, and they both get hopelessly tangled in each other's tail feathers, and if not separated would certainly spoil their tails, if nothing worse.

WHAT SALT WILL DO.

Salt will revive a dying fire.

Salt will remove stains on marble.

Salt—coarse—is a good cleanser of irons.

Salt in water or other fluid retards the boiling.

Salt mixed with soda is a remedy for bee stings.

Salt and water makes an excellent throat gargle.

Salt and lukewarm water is an excellent lotion for styes.

Salt and warm water is an emetic in cases of poisoning.

Salt mixed in cold water will remove bloodstains from linen.

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