THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Just a Newspaper Story, But Winifred Black Sees All That's Behind It

She Discovers the Energy and Determination Needed to Find It and the Bewildering Array of Factors Touching Its Every Angle Until It's Printed.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"OH, that's just a newspaper story," said the man at the dinner the other night.

"I wondered if it wasn't," said the woman across the table, and they both laughed, and dismissed the subject.

"Just a newspaper story." I wonder if either of them had the faintest idea of what "just a newspaper story" means to the newspaper that gets the story, and prints it.

I wonder if any one who has never been in the newspaper business in any capacity ever really even half guesses.

I didn't. I didn't even suspect, till I had a chance to learn. I thought newspaper editors sat in a nice comfy office and listened to stories, all kinds of stories, good and bad and interesting and uninteresting, and when the time came that they wanted to go home and have dinner they just picked out a few stories and marked them some way so the printers would understand, and that was all there was to it.

Hard work, anxiety, enterprise, good judgment, policy, public spirit, real honest effort to get the real honest truth out of the happenings of the whole world in one day into one single paper? I'd never even heard of such a thing, and when I did hear of it I began to wonder how on earth they ever did it at all, half as well as they do. And I'm wondering yet!

Did you ever see a newspaper get out after a story? I have, and it's an interesting thing to witness.

Getting a Story.

The hint that there is a story—a big story, something really important—comes into the office, say, at 7 o'clock at night. The city editor gets hold of it, and picks out his three best men, one to get the local end of the story, one to get interviews on it and the other to go on the quickest train to the scene of the story and get at the real facts himself.

Those facts must be in the office by midnight. The people concerned live eighty miles away. The local correspondent in the small town where the story "breaks" is a good fellow, but you never know what his personal relations may be in an affair like this.

What if the absconding cashier has married his sister's sister-in-law? What if he belongs to the same lodge? What if they both went to school together and married sisters. A city man that the city editor knows must do the work.

The woman in the case lives in town, or did a week ago. She must be found and made to tell what the man did with the money, and why she's willing to tell about it. The man's mother lives in another direction, an hour and a half out of town the shortest way. He may be hiding at home. Somebody must go and find out. The telephone won't do. Nothing will do but a good, sharp-eyed, quick-eared, resolute, quick-witted reporter.

How long would it take you to get at the truth of that story, the real truth, with everybody concerned in it doing their very best to deceive you and the whole public?

Eight o'clock you're at a livery stable trying to find out where the man in the cage went every Sunday when he hired a horse and buggy and disappeared for two or three hours. At 9 o'clock you're at the garage cross-questioning a grumpy chauffeur and doing your best to get him to feel that he ought to tell what he knows about the trip the man took when he escaped. Ten o'clock, you've wakened the president of the bank out of his first sleep and made him come down stairs in his bathrobe and admit what he's been denying since 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Eleven o'clock, you've seen the man's greatest chum, his greatest enemy, his rival in the bank, the man who got him the job in the bank, and you've got your end of the story.

Now, to write it. What shall you put in? What shall you leave out?

Was the fellow a good-natured dupe and tool or was he a crafty schemer? Half the people you saw told you one thing and half told you another.

No, they weren't all lying. Some of them believed what they said. But it won't do for you to believe it, entirely.

Errorful Or Criticproof.

Half-past eleven, your story is on the wire. Every name and every initial and every address in it is as near right as you can possibly get it.

At the office the man has come in with the woman's story. It controdicts itself in three important details. Which is the right version?

The man's mother wouldn't talk, poor soul.

Now comes the question of policy.

Who are the stockholders in the bank? How many depositors were there? What effect will that story and the publishing of it have on business?

Ought it to be played up on the first page, or played down on the third? Who's writing the headlines? Hurry, not a minute to spare. How many letters in that top-head? No, they can't get one too many or one too few. Even the spaces must be counted—one, two, three, four—they're waiting, there at the copy desk. Don't waste another minute. Somebody'll find fault with the head in the morning. I'd like to see one of the faultfinders write anywhere near as good a one in twice the time.

It's gone—the story's downstairs, past the copy desk, past the city editor, past the news editor, past the night editor, past the managing editor. You can't let an important story like this slip into the paper just by accident. Every one of these people have to see it and pass on it. It's gone, the paper's out, and you can't do a thing about it. If you've made a mistake in the rush and the hurry and the excitement, if your judgment has wavered for an instant, you'll hear of it when the city editor gets to his desk at noon.

And he'll hear of it from the managing editor, and the managing editor will hear of it from the owner of the paper, and the owner of the paper will hear of it from a dozen busy friends before he's been up a half hour.

Just a newspaper story—a day's sensation—a three days' wonder. Did you ever stop and think of the energy and determination and desperate concentration it took to get that story into that newspaper? If you did, you might be qualified to criticise the way it's done.

(Copy't, 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie: I am a girl of fifteen years and am going to have a few girls and boys at my house, and I want to know how to entertain them and what refreshments to serve.

E. C. G.

YOU might have some sort of a progressive party, playing various games in tables of four if your parlor is small and there isn't room for dancing. You don't need to play cards, but you might instead try some of the foolish games you played when you were children, like authors, old maid, jack straws, and tiddledy-winks. Just serve simple refreshments. I think you will find that sherbet goes farther than ice cream and is a little different. Small cakes to be eaten with it are about 70 cents a hundred. You can fix some salted peanuts yourself instead of buying the inferior quality sold by most shops. Salted almonds are even better. If you want candy you can make that yourself, too. I should think that all your refreshment could be bought for $3, and if you want prizes for the games they need not cost more than $2.

Dear Annie Laurie—I am a young man twenty-one years old, and am earning $50 a month. I am in love with a girl of twenty. The more I see this girl the more I love her. I think I am right in believing that her love for me is as great as mine for her. Do you think it right that we should marry under these circumstances?

B. T. F.

SUCH an amount of love ought to be able to tide you over a couple of years. By that time I am sure your earnings will be more, providing a large income. It would surely have to be "love in a cottage" if you married now on $600 a year. Why don't you make it your aim to be earning at least $200 more before you marry?

The girl will give you something to fight for, and I know you can win out if you try.

(Copy't 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

Leap Year.

Beware, ye merry bachelors,
And widowers forlorn,
This year your doom is sounding,
Your safetty's laughed to scorn.
It is the season fateful,
And small use 'tis to rail,
When the female of the species
Pons the question to the male.

For three years men are choosers,
And pick the maids to wed,
And maids must be contented
If they are left or led
Unto the marriage altar;
But with the fourth the frail,
Weak female of the species
Leads the meek and trembling male.

"Woman's game, and man's the hunter,"
Say conventions of the race.
But in leap year this reversed is,
And the man pursuit must face
Or run for life and freedom,
While she camps upon his trail;
For the female of the species
Is much smarter than the male.

—John Wink, in Baltimore American.

Woman, the World's Worst Failure--Her Only Aim Is Man's Capture!

Writer in New Republic Draws Scathing Indictment of Her Own Sex. Sees Only Pettiness of Nature in Chief Occupation.

Chief Occupation Is Living On Her Emotions—Thus Is the Sex Described In Article Ignoring Mental Achievements of Womankind.

Has Modern Woman Failed in Her Life?

Do you believe with Rebecca West that woman is the "world's worst failure?"
Do you think her life is obscured by the trivialities, while the big things go by the board?
Do you think that woman is so concerned with the decoration of her person that she has little time left for the development of her personality?
Do you think that she strives too much to please men?
If you have ideas on the subject, the Editor of the Magazine Page will be glad to know them.
Manuscripts limited to 300 words.

WOMAN—the world's worst failure! Such is the indictment of her sex recently pronounced by Rebecca West in a late issue of the New Republic. Ignoring all the mental achievements of womankind, ignoring woman's efforts to improve the world in which she lives—Miss West sees only the pettiness of her nature.

According to her woman's only end in life is man. Keeping herself well groomed to win masculine favor is her chief occupation—living on the emotions her principal joy.

Miss West cites three typical women—a Parisienne, a Chicago girl, and herself.

Under all pose, culture, and education in three cases she finds but the fundamental and much-to-be-deplored love of dress with a desire to employ it in capturing the mere man. First she treats of the Parisienne, seen under varying circumstances, opening with her appearance in a cafe.

"The French woman," she writes, "with a touch of Jewish blood that had crinkled her light brown hair and given intensity to her discreetly tinted face, was an achievement as delicate, as deliberately selective of the soft and gracious things as a Conder fan. Her body was not the loosely articulated thing of arrested and involuntary movement that serves as the fleshly vehicle of most of us, but was very straight and still with the grace of flowers arranged by an artist, within a dress so beautiful that one imagined it hard and permanent like a jewel, yet so supple of texture that one could have crushed it into a handful. It was the aim of her fragility to arouse such thoughts of violence.

Trained For Elegance.

"As she sat there at a cafe tea table she made a harmony out of prudent gestures of whose restraint she was without doubt inwardly conscious and proud; one could divine her thinking 'I hardly moved my hand an inch that time yet I flatter myself the movement could not easily have been bettered.' Her little shoes of soft leather which had a bloom on them like a peach stayed quite still under the table because they were already in the prettiest position imaginable. She did not move in her chair because the straight stem of her back grew from the foliage of her skirts with a grace that could not have been surpassed by any alteration.

"She had trained like an athlete for this elegance and her feats deserved more than a moment's attention. It was strange that in spite of her tremendous and successful concentration upon her person she aroused no interest in her personality. One found in her that association of vividness of presence and absence of individuality which one finds in non-Europeans. When one meets the lithest and most beautiful of Hindus one speculates not about his personality but about the system of which he is manifestly a part and a product.

"And even so one forgets the soul that doubtless inhabited the Frenchwoman that doubeless knew ardors and loneliness in her fitness and conspicuousness as part of the system of the chic.

Coiled In Arm Chair.

"The next night I found her coiled in a red plush armchair in the hotel drawing room so preoccupied by her misery that her elegance sat absurdly on her like a smart hat worn on one side attending only deafishly to a sallow girl from Chicago. And suddenly she began to talk about love. It was not that she was ill-bred and without reticence, but she was wandering in the windy corridors that lead to madness and the cloak of reserve had been blown from her. 'When I love,' she was telling us soon, 'c'est une catastrophe.' * * * She gave us various illustrations of her conduct when the worst for passion, culminating in an anecdote about a trunk impetuously abandoned at Lyons. 'I think of nothing but the beloved. Yes, it is a complete interruption of my life.' It was obvious that for long she had lived entirely that her life might be interrupted. 'Women are like that,' she said with a certain pride.'"

The Chicago girl dissents and, according to the writer, in launching her views on the subject shows herself to be in the same class with the French woman.

The Feminine Note.

"It was her opinion," Miss West continues, "that a woman ought to preserve general interests and take part in the world's work, though she admitted that we should retain the fragility that makes us worshipful.

"'We must still strike,' said she, thoughtfully, 'the feminine note.'

"She and her kind tok up work not because they loved the world, but in order that they might offer an appearance of strength which some man would find a satisfaction in breaking down into weakness, an appearance of independence which some man would be proud to see changed to dependence upon him. Their half-hearted work made women workers cheap and ill esteemed.

"Both of these women," Miss West points out, "were keeping themselves apart from the high purposes of life for an emotion that, schemed and planned for, was no better than the made excitement of drunkenness. One ought to pass into love reluctantly for life's sake, as one goes up into the mountains because he is very sick and to live longer on the plain means death. And once there, braced by the new air, he turns to work. If it should befall that he has to leave the country of love he goes forth brave with eternal health, a soundness that no later sickness can corrupt. It is impossible that he should appear as a frustrated schemer or a broken bankrupt.

"It was midnight, and they had been talking about love for hours. Fatigue had given me a delirium, so that when I looked across the room our images seemed fantastic pictures of our souls. The Frenchwoman, her pinched little face grievous above her cloth-of-silver gown, her pink-painted nails unnatural on her limp hands, appeared as a starved child bedizened for some bad purpose; and perhaps that was all she pitifully was."

The Chicago Girl.

"The Chicago girl held her head like a queen, but pursed her mouth peevishly and anxiously, like a characterless school mistress trying to enforce discipline; and indeed there was nothing more dignified in this woman who lived and worked that she might be worshipful, and yet, because she did nothing disinterestedly, made nothing within herself that a man could worship.

"And I—I was a black-browed thing, scowling down on the inkstain that I saw reflected across the bodice of my evening dress. I was immeasurably distressed by this by-product of the literary life. It was a new evening dress, it was becoming, it was expensive. Already I was upsetting the balance of my nerves by silent rage: I knew I would wake up in the night and magnify it with an excited mind till it stained the world; that in the end I would probably write some article I did not in the least want to write in order to pay for a new one. In fact, I would commit the same sin that I loathed in these two women. I would waste on personal ends vitality that I should have conserved for my work.

"And I was sinning for the same reason, for what could make me drape myself in costly folds of petunia satin, and what could make me forfeit my mental serenity at their defacement, if it were not for some deep and overlaid but sturdy instinct for elegance? I perceived suddenly that in every woman there is such an instinct that urges her, just so far as it is not resisted by her intelligence and education, toward an existence such as that of the Frenchwoman, comically desolate as a mateless monkey. That is why woman is the world's worst failure."

Choice of One's Vocation Not a Crystallized, Fixed, Unchangeable Process

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

INSTINCT is little more or less than muscular precision handed down by past generations. Habit is the adaptation of hereditary machinery to present needs and differs from instinct only with regard to the originality of the pattern and the sequence of certain skillful or oft-repeated acts.

A man may be a fiddler by habit built upon instinct for music, or he may be a musician, irrespective of any natural musical ability, because his father so determined.

Instinct means that the pattern and the opportune moment of any movement of precision has been handed down loaded and ready to hit the bull's-eye. Habit means that the pattern and the opportunity for execution has been acquired by practice and learning. A bird pecks its way out of the shell and later on builds a nest by instinct. A child can break an egg or build a nest only by the habit that comes from repeated failures and final success.

A duck takes to water and a boy to his fists by instinct but a man takes to drink and a swan to fighting only by training in these vicious habits.

Habit, like instinct, is a combination of muscular or mental movements that work in serial order. If an instinct is present in certain races and is not aroused somehow in some individuals, that instinct may be lost. Habits also are possible in many living things that are woefully absent because the events or objects necessary to call them into being do not present themselves as incentives or imitatives.

Instinct Or Reasoning.

Temptation is one of the impulses that start habits. Since habits are acquired only by repeated stimuli or impulses of the same kind, one temptation is rarely enough to make a man fail.

Yielding to a temptation is the beginning of a habit. The street phrase, "to fall for something," means traveling the road of a new habit. It may be good, bad or indifferent, but a temptation was necessary to start it. Isolated persons and others cloistered from the world's myriads of stimuli have few and simple habits.

All organized movements of man, animals and plants are comprised under the names of instinct and habits. Separate or disjointed, individual and accidental responses are the only exceptions. These are intellectual.

Most men and women are wholly instinctive and habitual in thoughts and activities throughout life. Persons, of course, differ much in the number and kinds of haphazard, random behavior. You may display all sorts of grotesque and clumsy actions on a slack-wire before you acquire the habit of balancing yourself and walking gracefully along the wire. You may be one of those persons who cannot learn to do such an act. If appropriate muscular motion does not appear after repeated awkward attempts, you may think that the work, performance or play calls for too much expenditure of practice and time for you to bother about learning it.

Notwithstanding all this, I am tenaciously of the conviction that a healthy person can learn anything. It may take one man three years and another only three months to accomplish a certain thing, due to differences or inherited misdemeanors of attention and sensations, yet the slower man will have the habit and the knowledge at the termination of fleeting years as well as the quicker man.

Man Can Learn Anything.

The choice of a vocation, a career or an occupation is thus shown not to be a crystallized, unchangeable, fixed thing. A child may show a propensity, a preference—which, in terms of experimental science, means a richer display of random activity—for paints and brushes, music, drawing, carpentering or butchering, but the habits formed more quickly under such conditions are not proof that he is less fitted for engineering, mathematics, industrial chemistry, marine architecture, commerce or trapping and trading.

Much the same experience is to be noted in the sphere of animal training. In order to have an animal form particular habits, problems must be set before it within the scope of its broad, haphazard activities. Gradually, in this way, if the animal's life is long, the scope of its movements can be extended. Peter and Consul, the two apes that do so many things, were steadily and laboriously taught to repeat the word "mamma," to write, to ride wheels, skate, and acquire many habits far outside the fields of apeland.

(Copy't 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service.)

The Dining Steward Speaks

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

AS a guide to the woman purchaser in the home, let me commend the prevailing system in a modern dining car. Has it ever occurred to you, reader, just how the dining car which unobtrusively connects with your sleeper, is managed so efficiently? Some cars serve as many as 129 people per meal, or the old-type diners serve but seventy-five or eighty. Where do they buy the supplies? Where do they carry them? And how are they managed?

The bland and smiling steward was glad to reply to my questioning.

"Well, you see, madam," he explained, "we stock the car every three days for a three-day run. There's what we call the commissary in each certain city, and there are kept all the supplies of every kind, both fresh and staple. Before we start on a new run, the car is sent to the commissary, all old supplies removed, and then she is stocked with enough to last for three days. At the end of the three days she is shunted back to commissary.

"But, I tell you, they've got a right fine checking system, too. When my car gets into the commissary, they check up every pound of supplies I've got on board and compare it with the amount I took out at the beginning of the run, and the amount of orders which my slip shows. So many steaks ordered, so many steaks sold, so many steaks left. They all must balance."

"But in advance," he continued, "I make out my requisition sheet so that they know at the commissary what I want before the car comes in so that it doesn't take any time for the men to load her up. You see this requisition sheet is printed with the names of the articles desired, with another column for the number of each kind desired and still another column for the weight.

"For instance, I order so many steaks, so many loins, so many cans and bottles of this and that. This must be enough to last three days, both for passengers and the crew of waiters and cooks. Before I make out the requisition sheet I talk with the cook and he tells me his menus and what he wants to cook, and I make out the sheet accordingly. There's no being 'out' of anything in this game, you know, and we must be prepared for all emergencies, such as an extra crowd, or delay of the train.

"What do you do about soiled linen?" I asked. "We count it at the end of every day," he replied, "and at the end of a run it is turned over to the commissary which many times runs a company's own laundry, or to a commercial laundry. If there's a single piece short, I'm responsible. Or especially with the wine cellar, I've got to keep most strict account. Oh yes, I type the menus the night before for the following dayand make out the specials which you find attached to the regular bill of fare. Yes, I like it. It's a great business this; takes a lot of managing and knowing how to handle. I've been a regular hotel man, worked over the counter, been in the kitchen, then I had cafe experience, and now I'm on a diner. You have to work yourself up, you know, and no one will make a success of it unless they've had experience in all lines. It's a fine job for a man. Good pay and expenses. Not at all, not at all, madam, you're perfectly welcome!"

(Copyright, 1916, by Mrs. Christine Frederick.)

Seen In The Shops

By THE SHOPPER.

IF you could but see the miniature laundry sets that have been devised for bachelor girls or persons of itinerant proclivities, you would want to set up housekeeping in a hall room just to have a chance to use the wee clothespins, the doll-size washline, and two perfectly substantial glass tacks. All this comes in a convenient case—the whole priced at $2 or $1.50, or even $1.

The new flowers for spring hats are budding in most of the millinery shops and in millinery departments of department stores. The sad fact is that the prettiest are the most expensive, and if one thinks that she can save prodigious amounts by constructing a flower-crowned bonnet at home she may repent of her bargain. Violets that would delight the soul of Luther Burbank are arranged in a loose spray, fairly pleading to be taken apart and attached to a hat at a cost of seventy-five cents per attachment. Stiff bouquets of June roses, likewise lift up their voices at slightly reduced cost.

For refurnishing a season-old frock nothing is quite as useful as tulle or malines. The joyous feature of all this is that the maline does not need to be particularly wide for the decollete bodice, make-believe sleeves or filmy scarf that is to restore daintiness to the gown. One of the department stores is having a "sale" of malines in all sorts of colors. The width is eighteen inches, the price fifteen cents a yard.

(Telephone Main 7200 for information regarding the names of the establishments in which the articles mentioned above may be purchased. Inquiries concerning news of the shops should be addressed to The Shopper, this office.)

RESTORE YOUR HAIR TO YOUTHFUL COLOUR

Let Me Send You my Free Proof That Grey Hair Can be Restored to Natural Colour and Beauty

No Dyes or Other Harmful Method. Results in Four Days.

At 27 I was prematurely grey—and a failure because I looked old. Today at 55 I have no trace of grey hair and I look younger than I did eight years ago. I restored my own grey hair to its natural colour and beauty of youth and am a living example that grey hairs need no longer exist. No dangerous dyes, stains or other forms of hair paint are necessary to keep your hair young.

Old and Grey at 27. *Young and happy at 55.*

Let me send you full information that will enable you to restore your own hair to youthful colour so that you need never have a grey hair again, no matter what your age or the cause of your greyness, or how long you have been grey or how many things have failed. My free offer is open to men and women alike for a few days longer.

Send no money. Just write me today giving your name and address plainly, stating whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss and enclose ten cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full particulars that will enable you to restore the natural colour of youth to your hair, making it soft, natural and easily managed. Write today. Address Mrs. Mary R. Chapman, Apartment 211 D Exchange Bl., Providence, R. I.—Advt.

Exquisite Negligee of Chiffon and Cloth of Silver

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Boudoir robe of cloth of silver, with overdress of rose chiffon embroidered in silver and trimmed with fur and glass grapes in natural colors