THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

What They Talk About At Luncheon

When a Mixed Crowd of Women Come Together for a Luncheon or Any Other Purpose, Do They Always Talk About the Same Old Things? The Remarkable Experience of a Furtive Listener.

ONLY the young husband had qualms about the success of the luncheon.

"Now if it was a crowd of men," he suggested, "they could smoke and talk sports, and almost anything, but that crowd of strange women put together—what will they talk about?"

Wife Wise.

His wife merely smiled, and looked into the mirror and noted that her eyes were more than extraordinarily limpid. "I'll take care of that," she said. Her husband regarded her wistfully, and shook his head. Bless her heart, she didn't know a thing! She still thought that a stock was something that went around your neck y'know when you go riding, and that bonds were things that kept married people from getting divorced! The darling!

At half past eleven he could stand it no longer. The idea of that poor little thing, having to sit up and talk to a lot of college women, and married women with horrid babies, and jealous middle aged stay-at-homes!

Husband Worried.

And the more he thought of it the more it worried him. So at half-past twelve he sneaked home, and hid upstairs until they were all seated and then sneaked down and listened outside the door. He intended to make a dramatic entrance just as the affair was languishing, and rescue his darling.

Stage Set.

There they all sat. The girls just out of college, who was so full of economics and sociology that she was untidy about her clothing. The eager, searching, hopeful look on the face of the woman with two babies who never got to go any place annoyed him. Evidently waiting for the merest chance to begin on her hobby. The narrow-minded thing! Cynical and tolerant, evidently amused at the whole proceeding, sat the woman who was in office. Hard, old catamaran!

His gaze sought two faces that puzzled him for a moment. Their eyes played busily about the silver, the table decorations, and he was afraid that they would find him behind the curtains. They appraised the young bride boldly, and ticked off her age to the minute. Whatever was said—they would criticise.

Crisis.

Things poked along for a few moments. Not embarrassingly slow, but just evenly. The real test would come after the soup. At last—the first pause. Poor little wife! She could no more launch that conversation and steer it safely away from that—why the real fight would be tween the catamaran and the woman with two babies!

Cold Sweat.

The cold sweat gathered on his brow, he tightened his tie and smoothed his hair, and got all primed to enter, when he heard his wife's voice. Not too loud, not too low, but in just the proper tone.

Climax.

"Did you see my engagement ring?" she said to her neighbor. And swift as a swallow on the wing the conversation began to simmer and boil spiritedly about the one thing in all of the world with which they were all familiar and at which she was supreme! CLOTHES!

THE CONDUCTOR.

STEP LIVELY!

The back of winter, which has been slightly sprained, is better this morning.

Where Was She Taken?

Query: Where was "Madame Butterfly" Taken?

Answer. In the state of New Jersey.

IRELAND.

O! Land of the beautiful shamrocks,
Land of beautiful maids,
Land of the peat, and many clouds,
Here's hoping your glory ne'er fades.

Land of the many peasants,
Who till the soil, with many cares,
May your very few rich men
Lift the burden the peasant bares.

Land where the beautiful summer
Is broken with many rains,
May God make your folk prosperous
As they ride on glory's trains.

—R. L.

We don't quite grasp, R. L., just what you mean by "glory's trains," but we appreciate the spirit in which your poem was sent.

PLEASE MOVE UP FRONT!

Life.

What am I, Life? A thing of watery salt
Held in cohesion by unresting cells
Which work they know not why, or why, which never halt;
Myself unwitting where their Master dwells.
I do not bid them, yet they toil, they spin
A world which uses me as I use them,
Nor do I know which end or which begin,
Nor which to praise, which pamper, which condemn.

So, like a marvel in a marvel set,
I answer to the vast, as wave by wave
The sea of air goes over, dry or wet,
Or the full moon comes swimming from her cave
Or the great sun comes north; this myraid I
Tingles, not knowing how, yet wondering why.

—John Masefield, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

My dear Annie Laurie—I am a girl sixteen years old, and my friends say I am good-looking. I was walking home from the "movies" the other night and my friend kissed me just as we got to the door. I criticised him severely. He then left without saying good-night. I met him the following Sunday and he merely spoke to me. He called me by phone on Monday and asked me to go to the theater with him, but, as I had to study my lessons, was unable to go; then he was under the impression that I did not want to go with him.

Please advise me what to do, as I really do think a good bit of him, even if he was becoming too familiar.

Is it proper for a girl to take a boy's arm when she is walking along the street with him?

BROWN EYES.

NO DOUBT the young man has a wholesome respect for you, now that he sees you have the courage of your convictions. Unless he shows further signs of repeating the performance that so aroused your anger I see no reason why he should not be brought back into your good graces.

Perhaps you could write him a little, informal note, telling him how sorry you were that you could not go to the theater on the evening he wanted. If you wish to be particularly cordial you may add that you hope it may be arranged for some other time.

I personally dislike to see a girl mincing along in broad daylight on a perfectly level street clinging to a man's arm. It is supposed to give support and a certain amount of protection. Unless the road is rough and dark, or slippery, that support is really not needed.

Dear Annie Laurie—I am a girl seventeen years of age and have been corresponding with a boy for over a year, just in a friendly way. The last time I wrote to him was more than a month ago, and I have not heard from him since. He has always answered me very punctually. I am anxious to hear from him, so please advise me. M. F. B.

A month isn't so very long, when the correspondence is merely a friendly one. If the man is very busy, or hasn't much news to write, or has been sick, perhaps, he may have thought that your letter could wait. It may be a compliment, in a way, for him to be thinking, "Well, she's a good friend of mine, anyway; she'll understand."

Dear Miss Laurie—Will you kindly publish in your section of The Times the stamp language? Is it proper for a young man to ask a girl to write, after leaving the place she is visiting, or should the girl ask first?"

CURIOSITY.

The stamp language has been published a number of times lately and need not be repeated.

Neither of your last questions is right. A young man should ask a girl's permission to write to her, and should open the correspondence, except in unusual circumstances. It is a favor granted by the girl, not by the man.

Dear Annie Laurie—Kindly publish the stamp flirtation.

A CONSTANT READER.

The stamp flirtation cannot be repeated. If you wish it, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

(Copy't, 1916, Newspaper Feature Syndicate.)

Book Reviews

TIDES OF COMMERCE. By William Cary Sanger, jr. New York: Country Life Press.

A volume of school and college verse, refreshingly youthful in theme and versification.

LIVING THE RADIANT LIFE. By George Wharton James. Pasadena: Radiant Life Press. Price, $1.00.

The lives of "good" men and women, says the author, may be divided into two classes, those whose conduct is based upon the "thou shalt nots" and those whose every thought is to do some active good. Every man or woman, however, he says, is radiating good or evil. Become a human radiator of good, he urges. The book is devoted to advice as to how this end may be attained.

Lopokova, Danseuse, Explains How to Open a Door Gracefully

Series of Six Articles on Dancing and Its Helpfulness to Woman in Private and Business Life Written by Artiste of Ballet Russe.

Discipline Over Self, She Says, Will Add Charm to Wonderful World and Make Everything In It the More Beautiful.

LYDIA LOPOKOVA.

Mlle. Lydia Lopokova, premiere danseuse of the Ballet Russe, has written for The Washington Times a series of six articles on dancing and its helpfulness to the woman in private or in business life.

She herself has been dancing since she was nine years old, constantly practicing, diligently exercising and going through all the rigorous training, discipline, and severe curriculum of the imperial schools of Russia. Illness is unknown to her, and, working a little bit harder than she has ever worked before, she observes in these days of success and fame the same rules and practices learned in her girlhood in the classes of instruction.

The first of the series follows. The illustrations were especially posed by Lopokova for The Times.

By MLLE. LYDIA LOPOKOVA, Premiere Danseuse, Ballet Russe.

Now that I have learned, as all of us must do, I am almost ashamed to admit that I really laughed when Signor Cecchetti told me that the hardest thing to do was the walking across a stage. After I had tried it I found out so well how true were his words.

The truth was all the more strongly impressed on me when I first danced across the full width of a stage. Then there had to be perfect poise, graceful carriage and movement, a rhythm in every muscle that was at work, a face that smiled, and a clear head controlling every little detail, and all for a little journey across the so-called fairyland just back of the footlights.

But that was a very, very long time ago, and I was a very, very little bit of a girl.

Control the Secret.

Experience has brought to me the treasure of knowledge in that one word—control.

We of the ballet must appreciate its meaning and its dictates more than any other word that comes to us. In our dancing, especially where every move of the limbs, the arms and the body is the interpretation of the line or the expression of the plot of a story, control is uppermost and the mind must be in supreme command. And just so must every bit of our physical being be in perfect trim to meet and carry out effectively and gracefully the messages that the mind sends with such rapidity.

It is dancing, I am sure, that makes us so perfect in this.

That is why I have taken the seemingly simple operation of passing through a door.

Suppose you had to enter a room to the music of an orchestra as part of a story and make the spectator feel that the opening of that door had something to do with a dramatic episode—something that was part of the plot. How differently you would do it from the way in which you passed through the last door you entered.

It can be done so gracefully, and with so much unconscious ease.

First of all, if every part of your being and all of its muscular functions are all right—and, of course, that means that you take regular exercise—they will respond to this simple duty just as your mind pictures it should be done, and you will go through the door without the slouch and the slam that we so often see.

I mean by this that the exercise, regular and well selected, has you in perfect condition, and then that dancing has brought to you the charm of doing everything with real grace and an ease that is really beautiful to look upon.

Effects of Dancing.

I remember meeting in the Circus Rentz a beautiful young rider. Her skill and daring was a sensation, but above it all charm and grace that marked every move she made. She blended them in every motion of the horse on whose back she pirouetted like a fairy.

She told me that, after years of practice at bareback riding, in which the hardest thing to accomplish was to stand on a horse or "getting the balance," she was sent off to dancing school for a year to get the knowledge of managing her well trained and balanced self.

And that is what dancing does for us. It is what dancing will do for any woman. A finely built and carefully cared for piece of machinery never does an ordinary thing. Its every move is perfection.

So, I believe, if we train our physical being and keep our physical self as it was God made, that the dance will, through the mind, give us a new control and a wonderful discipline over every move of our self. In that way the opening of a door, the mere standing and waiting, the alighting from a car—all the little things we do so thoughtlessly and so frightfully to those who look on, will be done so easily and with such a symphony of grace in every move that we will add a great deal to making this wonderful world and all in it all the more beautiful.

And that is so much worth the while.

RECIPES

Celery Root Salad.

Cook one medium-sized potato and three celery roots in boiling salted water until soft. Peel the potatoes and slice them while still warm.

Slice the celery roots, mix the two vegetables together and place in a bowl lined with crisp lettuce leaves.

Mix a dressing in the following manner: Melt a tablespoonful of butter, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, and add a cup of milk. This will give an ordinary white sauce.

Now beat three eggs with a teaspoonful of sugar and add a cupful of vinegar in which has been dissolved half a teaspoonful each of mustard and salt and a dash of cayenne.

Add to the cream sauce, thinning with vinegar if necessary. Let thicken. This salad should be garnished with fresh celery tops.

Digestible Meat Hash.

Mix together one and one-half cups of hot mashed potatoes, with one cup of chopped cooked meat, three tablespoons of rich meat stock, one small chopped onion, one-half level teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Melt one heaping tablespoon of butter in a pan add the hash and cover. Fry slowly until brown, turn and brown on the other side. Serve at once.

Science Yet To Unravel Secret of Vitamines, One Of Body's Necessities

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

NOT all human diseases are caused by germs. Such human maladies or scurvy, pelagra, beri-beri, rickets, marasmus, and several like ailments, are definite distempers unconcerned with bacteria or animal microbes.

Time was when human provender was divided into fats, carbohydrates and proteins, and until very recently little attention was given to water, minerals, and other constituents of food. Now, however, it is known that there are many other elements present in rations, even more essential at times to health and life than are sugars, fats, starches and albumens.

Vitamins are such food substances. In a manner they are mysterious and only in part understood, but they are so definite and so tangible that they are distinct when present, and "conspicuous" when absent. So essential are the various vitamines to health that a want of them causes a decrease in the formation of such vital necessities as gland juices, ferments, tissue principles, and other required agencies of vitality.

When vitamines are deprived from flour, rice, and other cereals by over-refining, polishing, and milling, beri-beri, neutritis, neuralgia, and partial paralysis assert their unwelcome presence.

Beri-beri and Scurvy.

Beri-beri occurs, at times, in places where polished rice is extensively eaten. The husk is removed in milling rice, and want of the bran—in which the vitamines of this cereal are found—causes beri-beri. If an extract of rice bran, or the husks themselves are fed to animals or men who have fallen victims to the malady, normal health usually is promptly regained. These vitamines are also present in barley, corn, beans, oats, wheat, milk, white bread, cabbage and other vegetables.

Scurvy occurs in babies fed exclusively upon canned, evaporated, dried, condensed or boiled milk. Anti-scurvy vitamines, the substances which prevent scurvy in infants, as well as in sailors and other adults, are present in mother's milk, orange juice, lemon juice, carrots, cereals, meat juice and fresh greens.

Control the Secret.

Pellagra is another of those non-germ ailments or "deficiency diseases." There are thousands upon thousands afflicted with this unhappy visitation. Fresh green vegetables, fresh meats, and fresh milk contain the vitamines which prevent and cure pellagra.

Rickets, the derangement of the bones responsible for bow-legs, knock-knees, crackling joints, double joints, large knuckles, stiff wrists and other osseous disorders of childhood, have been traced to the lack of vitamines in foods.

Finally, it may be maintained that however, skilful chemists may become in making human foods or substitutes; however ingeniously retorts, crucibles and test tubes may aid in brewing sugars, fats, amino-acids, water, salts, and even albumens, all will be a vain effort to support health and life until nature's secret of vitamines is unravelled.

(Copy't, 1916, Newspaper Feature Syndicate.)

Child's Personal Privileges

Respect For Individual Privacy Adds to Home Dignity. Let Them Open Own Letters—Knock Before Opening Doors.

By LAURA CLAWSON.

CHILDREN have their personal privileges just as their elders in the matter of opening mail and presents addressed to them. Do we ever forget this?

"I don't like Mrs. Gray," observed my small niece Anne. "She isn't an honest person. She opens other people's letters; I saw her."

Anne is uncompromising; there is no getting away from that. But I couldn't question her about her mother's friend. So I sat silent waiting for more.

"Aunt Laura," she began, "a daughter is the same as a person, now isn't she?"

"Why, yes—sometimes," I hedged weakly, for Anne's questions are at times embarrassing, "but why do you ask?"

"Because Mrs. Gray opens Sara's letters! I was there when she got one from her grandmother, and her mother opened it! Any mail I get at home mother always puts on my plate at breakfast, because it belongs to me!"

I did not feel capable of arguing the matter out with Anne, but I did talk to her mother about it, because parents feel so differently about such things. I knew it would be interesting to get my sister's point of view.

On Personal Rights.

I told her of Anne's remarks, and she laughed of course, then grew serious as she talked to me about a point she is very clear upon, the personal rights of her children, both as to their privacy and their property.

"I have known families, and so have you," she said, "where there was not the slightest regard for the rights of any individual in them. The member of the family who got down first opened the mail, read any letters he pleased, sat anywhere at table, and entered without knocking, any room in the house at any hour it suited his particular purpose.

"How can such a home have any dignity or grace?

"I am trying to teach my children a sense of respect for their own personality which will utterly prevent such a condition. Their mail is handed to them unopened just as it comes to me. I never allow them to open a bureau drawer which contains the property of any other member of the household. In every way I know how, I try to make them feel a respect for the individual members of the household, which in turn makes for the general dignity of the whole.

Effect on Child.

Nothing is more discouraging to a child than to have a letter taken from him, examined, then opened. I am of course not speaking of any correspondence which would not be approved by a careful parent, but that of course is the last thing which is delivered with the general mail.

"At the same time, I encourage them to show the rest of the family their letters just as I hand them some of mine to read, after I have first read them myself.

"Anne's remark about poor Mrs. Gray was rather strong, but I know how shocked she would be to have anything of the kind happen to her, so I suppose I must forgive her this time."

Certainly my sister's views are rather extreme, even for the modern parent, but after all, she perhaps is right in the effect such an attitude may have on a child's mind.

The sense of "mine and thine" is often blunted past belief in a large family, and as the children approach manhood and womanhood the constant friction between them is often magnified by just this bad habit of considering anything or everything in a household to be the common property of the whole, regardless of individual right of possession.

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Times Pattern Service

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