

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Unavoidable Exercise For Busy People

Showing How Business Men and Women get Plenty of Exercise Merely in the Course of a Day's Work, Whether They Like It or Not.

Busy man, busy woman, and those who are making a bluff at it, did you ever realize that you get lots and lots of exercise every day that you live? Since you cannot answer this question instantly, there is a chance for more extended discussion of the subject.

You do not need to play golf, or tennis, or ride horseback, or indulge in any out-of-door pleasure pastime. Don't grieve if you cannot. Be assured that the busy man or woman gets plenty of exercise in merely the actual discharge of daily duties.

For generations it has been claimed that the housewife has had the bulge on the person who works out in the world.

The muscles of the neck achieve a high state of development in straining to look at the Postoffice clock, the clock at Fifteenth and New York Avenue, and the clock at U and Fourteenth.

Men, women, and young girls, each morning, crane their necks in the most unbecoming and unbecoming manner in trying to see these timepieces. This is most beneficial.

Hunting for rubbers under one's desk is excellent for the muscles of the back, especially if one cannot find the rubber immediately.

Searching for ten or fifteen minutes at a time in the waste basket for letters thrown away too hastily earlier in the day is wonderful for both arms and back.

Running for cars and trying to keep one's balance while the car is in motion are great leg developers.

Hanging on straps in the street cars makes ape-like strength in the arms.

Things We Could Do. Swinging one's full weight and skinning the cat on car straps would be wonderful. Running races to office, and having other running races would be a boon.

The Gentleman on Our Left says he is the only married man he knows who works the reverse English on that wife-going-through-your-pockets proposition.

TO PEGGY. She was a fowl of the better kind. Her pedigree was long, her comb serene.

THE WHITE RABBIT. I just got a pearl gray bonnet. With a sporty bow upon it.

MALE MILLINERY MUSINGS. Now I need a sport cap bad—prefer the ones in plaid; that kind holds out the rain, so say the ads.

When I stowed it in the attic it had suffered strains climatic. And I thought this day was over by that same reason.

Mothers whose daughters escaped matrimony last year are beginning to think about setting the porch swing—Bride.

Incidentally ditto mothers are patting themselves on the back and cheering for the threatened famine in matches. All they need now to complete the plot is to have the electric power plants sicken and die.

THE CONDUCTOR.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

By Will Nies

Tired Feeling of Spring Due Mainly to Same Cause as Hay Fever

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

When the flowers begin to paint the springtime with delight, certain flowery particles called "pollen" are scattered far and near in the balmy air, to irritate the only real "spring fever."

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. BARRETT.

INITIATIVE is one of the most valuable assets in business and likewise one of the rarest.

"I will remember my experience in landing my first job in this city. I went through the hell wanted male ads in the Sunday papers and spent most all day in writing letters to newspaper box numbers.

"Probably there'll be a hundred applicants," I reflected. "I've got to make a standstall play and get in ahead of them."

"Sunday afternoon I consulted a city directory, obtained the home address of the head of the firm and Sunday evening found me ringing his front door bell.

"I was shown into a sumptuously furnished library, and within a few minutes an elderly man entered. 'I must apologize, Mr. Blank,' I opened, for encroaching upon your privacy on Sunday evening, but I'm after that job as salesman in your real estate business. And I went on to explain that I had just come to the great metropolis from the West, was backed by considerable experience—in short I told him the story of my life.

"You advertise that you want a man of initiative," I concluded. "Has any one else displayed sufficient initiative to get a job in this town today?"

"No, I'll confess that no one has," he admitted. "Now, to tell the truth, I'd like to hire you, but I'm afraid Mr. Gleason. But it strikes me that you have the right stuff in you. The job is yours."

"I suppose if he had been blind you'd have flimmed your way into the newspaper office to learn the name of the advertiser? I'm glad to see you show the same spirit of enterprise in trailing reality prospects you'll make good, all right. Report at the office at 10 in the morning and we'll put you right to work."

"I'm still in that office," said the speaker. "But now, ten years later, I'm a partner."



RECIPES

Cranberry Dessert. Cook two cups of cranberries in a very little water until tender and strain through a fine sieve. Add a cup of sugar. Soak half a box of gelatin in half a cup of water and add to the berries while the latter are hot.

Orange Sponge Cake. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth. Beat the yolks separately and add these to the whites. Add a cup of sugar and the grated rind and the juice of half an orange.

Brown Bread. Put a cupful and a half of stale bread, broken into small pieces, in a mixing bowl. Add one pint of cold water and soak over night.

Times Pattern Service. A REMOVABLE shield may protect the low V shaped neck which takes graceful form with the surplice style of this blouse.



THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE. April 11. Name Street and Number. SIZE DESIRED City and State.

The Woman of It

By HELEN ROWLAND.

SHE WINS AND LOSES A FIBBING CONTEST.

"Why won't you go to the tea-dance with me?" demanded the Bachelor in an aggrieved tone, as he guided the Widow through the glittering afternoon throng along the avenue.

"Because it's too late," began the Widow, laying her small white gloved hand precipitately on his coat cuff.

"Humph!" grunted the Bachelor non-committally. "And I've half promised to go to the matinee."

"The Bachelor raised his eyebrows and scored to reply. 'And I'm expecting the Gregorys to dinner,' the Widow hurried on breathlessly.

"What ARE you talking about?" broke in the Widow in a tone of injured astonishment.

"I'm being 'helpful,'" answered the Bachelor sarcastically. "I'm merely thinking up a few more reasons for you. How many excuses MUST a woman give before she tells the REAL truth?"

"Lies—Blond and Brunette. I DO NOT, Mr. Weatherby!" protested the Widow, flushing with confusion.

"You say never can remember what it is!" laughed the Bachelor, mockingly.

"A big black lie would stick in a woman's throat, Mr. Weatherby," declared the Widow, saddy. "But a little white fib slips out easily—especially when it's half true—as all mine are."

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"What 'worked,' Mr. Weatherby?" inquired the Widow, lolly.

"I'm perfectly obvious attempt to make you jealous to attract right attention from young Bobby Vincent to myself," chuckled the Bachelor.

"How nicely you tell it!" she added, looking up at him admiringly.

Where Truth Can't Enter. "TELL what?" demanded the Bachelor.

"Your one Big Black One," explained the Widow. "After all, I believe that's the better way. A woman can learn a lot from a man if she will only stop talking and keep an open mind."

"But I'm not telling a 'black one'!" pleaded the Bachelor, flushing guiltily. "I did do it on purpose. I was furious!"

"That's right," cooed the widow soothingly. "Stick to it! You are almost convincing me."

"Oh, well—if you won't believe me!" exclaimed the Bachelor despairingly.

"Of course I will!" declared the widow sweetly. "Why shouldn't I—when it's so much pleasanter to believe you than to believe what I saw with my own eyes in the conservatory?"

"Fouf!" he laughed in an off-hand way. "I knew you were there all the time! That's why I—kissed her."

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Disposing of Broken Toys

Strength of Character Developed, Disordered Rooms Avoided and Charm Preserved.

By LAURA CLAWSON.

MY sister was getting ready for her summer. Lucky person. She moved every year at the first sign of spring to a farm in the Virginia hills, where the children played out of doors and forgot the city streets and the problems connected with them.

"You see," she said, "in the first place I have taught the children to be careful of their toys. If they were gifts, it was not courteous to the giver to treat them carelessly, if they had purchased them themselves from their allowance, it was thriftless to destroy."

"They see themselves how foolish it is to keep toys which they will never use again."

"I think it shows great strength of character, nevertheless," I said, for, like all fond aunts, I consider my sister's children just what I'm missing.

"I know it does," she responded, "and that is one of the most valuable things about the method. Aside from the disorder a room full of broken toys means to the person who has to clean and put it in order, it means that the children are beginning early to realize that life is like that. That they will not be able to hold on so tenaciously to things later on; that there is not room in life for everything. The ability to select this or that, to give up broken toys means, like others which make living successful, it can be made applicable to the play room of the children."

"I know a great many mothers allow the children to give away toys which are useless, but it seems to me an unkind thing to do. Every year about Christmas, we go through our stock of toys and the discarded, perfectly wholesome you-not rejected because my children consider them useless, are sent to a school in the mountainous district in which one of my friends is interested."

"So, you see," she concluded, as she skillfully packed a small family gift, and into a toy automobile, "we manage very nicely!"

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PUL-VO-DRIP Barrington Hall Coffee. THIS is the famous Barrington Hall brand ground for preparation by the Pul-Vo-Drip method.

Here is One Test: 1 lb. Barrington Hall at 40c made 80 cups. 1 lb. good grade coffee at 35c made 50 cups. 1 lb. low grade coffee at 20c made 40 cups.

THE PUL-VO-DRIP POT. makes coffee as clear as wine, never contaminated with the odor or taste of metal, as porcelain has no effect on coffee.

Combination Offer. In order to introduce Barrington Hall Coffee correctly ground for the Pul-Vo-Drip method, we offer a pound of this splendid coffee and a Pul-Vo-Drip Percolator at \$1.10 for both Coffee and Pot.

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