

# Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

## "At the Mercy of Tiberius" Today

—Are Young Folks Emulating This Old Tyrant

Winifred Black Tells of Two Know-It-All, Selfish Youngsters Who Are "Tiberiusing" All Over the Place in Making Parents Unhappy

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"At the Mercy of Tiberius"—

Didn't somebody pick up the old title and write a brand-new story under it a year or so ago?

And wasn't the Tiberius in this particular story a middle-aged man with a family and a fortune and a will and a temper? And didn't he make life a burden to his meek wife and his little old-maid sister and his young daughter, and didn't his growing son and weren't they all delighted—just that—when Tiberius died and left them to live and breathe and laugh, without him?

I wish somebody would write a new novel and call it by the old title.

"At the Mercy of Tiberius."

And this time the Tiberius must be young—either male or female—but young.

I know a Tiberius who has her mother at her mercy.

Tiberius—let's call her—just to be different.

This Tiberius has the faintest idea that she is cruel and dominating and a little ridiculous—oh yes, she's really amusing if she's tyrannical over somebody else, and you can stand by and smile about it.

But if you are a friend of the somebody else—well, that does change the situation a trifle.

The mother of this Tiberius is rather a clever, rather an interesting and a little more than rather, popular woman.

She has friends all over the world—rich friends and poor friends and elderly friends, and friends who are failures—respectable friends, and friends who seem to live for the most time in Queer Street.

But daughter and mother approve of mother and her friends.

She doesn't like the way mother dresses nor what mother likes to eat

and if mother likes a book, daughter lifts a disdainful eyebrow at the very name of it.

Smiling at mother's ideas, you see she has grown used to loving daughter and she just goes right on, no matter how stupid and silly and ungrateful, and unkind daughter is.

I saw mother off on a visit to daughter two or three weeks ago—mother was gay and full of the idea of the good time she is going to have.

She was taking down some new books and a new frock or so and a new hat and the love in the world—to daughter.

I saw mother when she got home from the visit, she looked twenty years older, and somehow her laugh wasn't the same—no even her smile.

And I knew daughter had been Tiberiusing all over the place.

Smiling at mother's ideas, laughing at mother's way of doing her hair, criticizing mother's friends, and making mother feel out-of-date, in the world, and useless.

And mother gave up a perfectly good second marriage ten years ago for daughter's sake—and now she is alone and rather tired of the business of living, you'd think the Tiberius would have a heart, wouldn't you?

I saw another Tiberius the other day—a young fellow with his head in the lower and how his father did bore him—he simply couldn't stand it to see too much of father—and yet other young men cross the continent to spend a day or an evening with father and get the contagion of his wit, and his joy in living, and the wisdom the world has taught him.

I saw a humorous gleam in the eye of the father of Tiberius the other day when the young fellow dismissed one of father's opinions with a youthful attempt at satire.

If I were that young fellow I would be pretty sure that that gleam stayed—humorous.

He may wish it had—some day.

For sometimes people do not stay "at the mercy of Tiberius" forever.

What a lot of them there are these days—Tiberiuses—all of them as young as a bird's morning and as cruel and selfish as old Tiberius ever dared to be.

I hate to see them—don't you?

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WINIFRED BLACK

## Rich Fabrics Promise a Luxurious Winter

Says

Marie Marot

Elaborate Stylings, Lavish Furs and Scintillating Trimmings Rule the New Mode

DESPITE all rumors to the contrary, a Winter of unexcelled luxury is imminent. Rich fabrics, lavish furs, scintillating and jeweled trimmings, elaborate stylings everywhere proclaim fashionable femininity's confidence in prosperity.

That this element is woven into the very fabrics of this season's wardrobe is seen in the profuse amount of brocades, lames, velvets, heavy satins and handsomely developed wools that are being offered. Although brocades and lames are characteristic of evening wraps, they do not confine their attentions to habiliments of the night, but appear as long tunics worn with dark velvet skirts for late afternoon occasions. Velvets are ubiquitous for both day and evening, especially transparent velvets which lend themselves to the soft, fluid lines of the current silhouette.

For those that would express their enthusiasm for this era of handsome effects and at once provide themselves with a costume of practical charm, there is nothing that could be more highly recommended than one of the new fur-trimmed jacket suits.

Upon glancing at the two models sketched here today, both of which are characteristic of those in foremost favor, the veracity of this comment will be obvious.

Of slightly more dressy conception, but generally practical withal, is the black wool suit with the large blue fox collar and cuffs. The collar accents the surplice closing of the coat which is cut with a slightly flaring peplum.



## Foolhardy to Postpone Appendicitis Treatment

—Fear of Surgery Causes Many to Hesitate

Thousands of Cases Have Been Cleared Up Without Operative Procedure, Says Authority, Urging That a Physician Be Consulted.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

CONSTIPATION may be blamed for many of the disorders from which we suffer. Among such troubles is appendicitis.

Formerly little was known of the condition. Many cases of "inflammation of the bowels" or "acute gastritis," no doubt, were really attacks of what is known as "appendicitis."

There may be either an acute or a chronic condition. In chronic appendicitis the patient is troubled by repeated mild attacks of pain.

It may take the form of a sensation of burning or aching in the right side of the abdomen. As a rule, the pain, in such cases, is not enough to keep the victim from his work.

The type of ailment is probably due to chronically inflamed appendix. It has not yet become severely affected. Or it may be a flare-up of some past acute attack.

An attack of acute appendicitis is likely to come on suddenly. There is severe pain in the right abdominal region, with great tenderness. The patient wants to lie on his back with the right leg drawn up.



DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND

There is considerable rise in temperature. Loss of appetite, nausea, and often vomiting are other symptoms. Constipation is usually present before the attack.

In ordinary cases the symptoms last for a few days, or a week or two, then gradually disappear. But in dangerous appendicitis, the symptoms are all in the control of the fever is very high and death may come suddenly if the affected organ is not removed.

The treatment of a mild case is simple. Keep the patient on a light diet, preferably liquid, and apply a hot water bag to the site of the pain. Be sure to cleanse the constipation, but do not give strong cathartics. Your doctor will advise the treatment best suited to the particular case.

Some surgeons advise that the appendix be removed as soon as the trouble has been diagnosed, but usually it is thought best to clear up the acute symptoms before operating. However, if there is any reason to suspect an abscess formation, immediate removal of the organ is necessary.

Thousands of cases of appendicitis have disappeared without operative procedure. The profession is making progress in the control of this ailment and perhaps in the majority of cases will not advise surgery.

I say this because many persons hesitate to call a doctor "for fear he will say an operation is needed." This is foolishness. You must get your fears aside and have the wise physician tell you what is essential to your welfare.

### Answers to Health Queries

- MRS. B. Q.—What do you advise for a baby who is pigeon-toed?  
A.—The baby may outgrow this tendency, but it might be wise to see your doctor for examination and advice.
- T. J. Q.—What is considered a normal reaction to haemoglobin test?  
A.—Anything over 80 per cent.
- MISS R. Q.—I drink a glass of milk at each meal. I intend taking the pure cod liver oil to build up my system. Would it be all right to take a spoonful in a little after each meal and still continue the whole glass with the meal?  
A.—Yes, if you find that the oil taken in milk agrees with you. Copyright, 1938, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By MAX TRELL.

Tick-tock,  
Wind the clock.  
Tick-tock,  
Snap the lock.  
Tick-tock,  
Shut your eyes.  
Tick-tock,  
How time flies!

—Shadow Sayings.

"WHO'S there?" cried a voice.

"It's we," replied Knarf. By "we" he meant himself and Mil, Flor, Hanid and Yam, the shadow-children with the curious, turned-about names.

"Ah, come right in," the voice said again, and they walked into a low room in the centre of which was a mouse. "I'm delighted to see you," it continued.

"What have you got?" Mij asked. "I've got some lovely cheese."

"Don't like it," said the shadow-boy, shaking his head. "What a pity. Would you care for some cake crumbs? They're quite fresh. I've only had them a week. But Mij didn't care for them either. The mouse was disappointed. "I'm sorry," it apologized, "but I haven't had a chance to get around much here lately. The cat has been dreadfully wide-awake. I wish she would sleep out in the garden."

"There's where she is now?" Yam exclaimed. At this the mouse became gleeful. It twirled around on its tail and danced a sort of jig. "It's the best news I've heard in days," it said.

"Have you seen the new clock yet?" Hanid asked. "It's a grand father-clock and was just brought into the house yesterday. If you listen hard you can hear it ticking." It listened hard and sure enough it heard it ticking plain as day. "I'd love to see it," it declared. "Let us go out at once."

So Knarf peered out of the mouse's room (it was just under the paneling of the wall of the corridor) and making certain that the cat hadn't returned from the garden, motioned it to come out. The next moment they were all standing in front of the huge clock.

It was late at night. The clock pointed to a little before 11 o'clock.

### Words from the Lips of Wise Men

- Let the student often stop and examine himself upon what he has read. Let him cultivate intercourse with others pursuing the same studies, and converse frequently upon the subject of their reading.  
—Sharwood.
- Our lives are usually shortened by our ignorance.  
—Spencer.
- General notions are generally wrong.  
—Lady Montagu.
- He who has once despised the laws of nature and has soared above them has no right to live.  
—Auerbach.
- In working evils for another a man works evils for himself.  
—Hesiod.
- A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.  
—Emerson.
- Gambling is the mother of lies and perjuries.  
—John of Salisbury.
- What youth deemed crystal, age finds out was dew.  
—Browning.
- A competence is all we can enjoy.  
—Young.
- Generalities always admit of exceptions.  
—Hugo.



The Mouse Danced with Glee.

way around to the back, where there was a little door leading to the workroom. The mouse was a little timid about entering. "Are you quite sure it will be all right?" it asked. "I don't want to do anything that isn't just so. Maybe the clock doesn't like to have its works looked at—?"

"The clock—humph!—it won't say a word, not a word—" Knarf started to answer when suddenly, with a terrific boom, it struck one. A way sped the mouse, faster than if it were being chased by a whole family of cats, and disappeared into its hole.

## Love's Reawakening

By Adele Garrison

A Phone Call Interrupts the Barbed Repartee of Madge, Edith and Dicky, Which Had Reached a Dangerous Pitch

I DO NOT usually find gratification in the disfigurement of other people, even of those who, I know, are unfriendly to me. But the look of baffled malice in Edith Fairfax's face as she came back into the living room with Mary was balm to my soul.

I found no such comfort, however, in the look which sprang to Dicky's eyes as he looked from my bouquet of white orchids to Mary's, no less exquisite, but smaller and of gold and bronze flecked blossoms. That he was mentally comparing the two, I knew, and I had the present little feeling that Edith would not miss this opportunity for another caustic comment.

"I thought this was Mary's party," she said with a metallic little laugh. "But judging from the size of the bouquets, you're the honored lady, Madge. And white orchids! My word!"

"Are you perhaps suggesting that my frau is too old to wear white orchids?" Dicky's voice was withering but there was a distinct edge to it. "Because if you are I warn you I shall defend her against such an insinuation with me life. And of course her booky is the biggest, probably, of the whole lot. Old Phil, you know has the foreign old-school idea that the hostess is really the most important lady at any function."

"His tone held just the right note of talking down," it implied that Edith's knowledge of social nuances was somewhat defective. A furtive glance showed me that she had caught her lower lip between her teeth, and I knew that she was having a terrific struggle for composure. Mary, innocently, or otherwise, piled fresh frogs on the flame.

Edith's Corsage

"You haven't opened your box, Miss Fairfax. Won't you please? I'm just crazy to see everybody's flowers."

It won't probably add anything to your mania to see these," Edith snapped, opening the box with a jerk. And when she drew forth a cluster of mauve and white orchids I was afraid for a tense instant that her patently trembling fingers would tear the flowers apart and throw them away. But with an effort that

made her suddenly look ten years older and infinitely tired, she controlled herself, and held the flowers off with a critical gaze.

"That's how I rate," she said, with a wry smile, "but not to be sure. I suppose no lady should be captious at any sort of orchids."

There was that in her tone which almost drove me to contemptuous retort for something which had no relation to the real personal issue before us. There is no snobbery to Madge or Edith's orchids were infinitely more beautiful than the cold whiteness of my own flowers. And Dicky's rosebuds in my girle were far above all other flowers.

Dicky voiced my thought an instant later.

A Barb for Edith

"You mean you have a hot polio brand of mind," he said, "which grades everything according to its cost. I'll bet Madge would gladly trade yours with you."

He accompanied the words with a disarming smile, but I guessed that the barb had sunk deep. What it cost Edith to grin back again nobody but herself would know, and despite my resentment toward her, I found myself pitying her, and even a bit resentful toward Dicky for his baiting of me to go after it.

The Stars Say—

For Saturday, September 20

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE

THE sidereal operations for this day must be interpreted as of conflicting import. Although there is to be a definite breaking away from old obstacles and frustrations, making way for a constructive effort toward stability and advancement, yet there will also be a menace of small frictions and anxieties as well as of some deep laid scheme against the cherished success. Minor disturbances or changes, petty financial cares, as well as the danger of a personal accident or disability are shown, but employment and new contracts are fortunate.

Those whose birthday it is are to be confronted by a year of confused conditions, with a much desired breaking away of old congestions and obstacles. But there may also be small financial annoyances and irritabilities and the threat of fraud or subtle attack. The personal safety should be protected. A child born on this day should have good abilities and much stability and steadfastness of character, qualities which it may need to surmount many minor annoyances and menaces in life. It should succeed in employment or industry.

Odd Facts

There are now in England, in addition to fully qualified elementary school teachers, 84,000 uncertificated and 8,000 supplementary teachers.

If the oceans were dried up the amount of salt remaining would be enough to cover 5,000,000 square miles with a layer one mile thick.

Great Britain produces approximately 117,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes every year. She exports about 12,000,000 pairs a year.

The only fish that never sleep are the salmon, pike and goldfish.

## Helpful Advice To Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I have been going with a boy for three months. We usually ride. We usually ride until ten. But he brought me home before nine. When he left he said he would not see me Wednesday night.

I love him, Nancy Lee. Tell me how I can win his love back. He lives in another town. He got the only picture I had of my best girl friend from out of the living room at home. Shall I write and ask for it. I have asked him for it once. If he doesn't send it, would it be proper for me to go after it?

BROKEN-HEARTED: It seems to me that there is some connection between the attitude of your friend and his admiration for your picture, for surely that must be the reason for his ill-mannered parloining of her picture. I would most certainly write and insist that the photograph be returned, and you should also make up your mind to forget about this person as quickly as you possibly can. Why be broken-hearted in this most delightful of happy worlds, and why give somebody the power to make you so?

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## Love Stories of Other Days

By ALICE ELDRIDGE RENNER

Agnes Sorel and Charles the Seventh

never sought power for herself. It is recorded that she never spoke harshly to anyone or thought evil of anyone; an especially difficult task at the dissolute court of the Valois; a court that included Louis, son of Charles—who was to become that strange king, Louis XI.

Here and there, in histories of that century, she is mentioned; while old tales and legends tell of long days and nights, when the king and Agnes Sorel, leaving the Court for a short time, lived in an intimate chateau a un k deep in the green woods. During these periods the king's mind would clear and he would become the man he might have been. The man Agnes Sorel loved.

But the king's mind was not sound, as his scheming son, Louis, well knew, and, as a cousin of Agnes Sorel's, Antoine, knew. They hoped that Antoine would gain Agnes' place and power and, combining, set their evil minds to work to overthrow her influence. The day came when she knew her love was no longer desired and she passed forever from the Court to that quiet convent where she was to die, neglected and alone.

Antoinette had gained outwardly Agnes' place and power, but that was all. A fatal, slow moving disease, born of the degenerate blood of the Valois, wrecked Charles; his days were spent in fretful, peevish inaction, until playing cards were introduced into the French Court to distract his thoughts and, in less than ten years after he had allowed his Lady of Beauty to depart to her gray convent, he died without the love which might have been his, to comfort and to help, until the end.

Beautiful Agnes Sorel

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There is nothing slow about the way the tortoise is moving to popularity this season. It made a sudden entry into the group of trimming themes offered for Fall and already stands in a leading position. Tortoise shell hatbands appear on bags, tortoise shell buttons are a neat and interesting trimming for wool frocks, and tortoise shell costume jewelry is importantly displayed.

## Seen Along Fifth Avenue

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## Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Rebel Against the High Closet!

DO THE men who design kitchen closets know that the average woman is not seven feet high?

The question suggested itself after a tour of a number of apartment houses—new and old. Almost without exception, from old-fashioned large kitchens to the newest type equipped with automatic refrigeration, automatic dishwashers, automatic stoves—all of them without exception were equipped with that useless fitting—the high closet.

As a matter of fact, shelves more than shoulder high become a source of fatigue to the woman who works in the kitchen constantly. And since it's just as easy to build low shelves as high ones, it is amazing that this last relic of the old-time drugstore kitchen should still remain with us.

One builder, when asked about these numerous shelves, away high up near the ceiling where no woman could reach them without a step-ladder, explained easily, "Well, if she can't use them for her dishes, she can store things up there."

But the last place to store anything is in a kitchen. A convenient kitchen contains only those articles which are needed regularly, and whatever isn't needed in the kitchen has no place there at all. Stored articles collect dust—merely add to kitchen labor.

Sometimes it's a question of space—the kitchen may be so small that there isn't room for all the shelving at a convenient height. Then, instead of one large closet extending to the ceiling, there may be odd shelves placed wherever there is room. On this can rest for suspended articles used nearest that point. A shelf over the stove might contain cooking utensils—a shelf or two over the table the bowls, long forks, and other mixing implements, etc. If some uniformity of size, shape, color is adhered to, then the shelves scattered around the kitchen will not interfere at all with its general good appearance.

But even if art must be sacrificed in the kitchen—almost anything is preferable to the tantalizing large closets with shelves out of reach!

## Household Hints

A smooth and creamy cup of cocoa is a perennially palatable beverage, but when served in a cup in which the cocoa has lumped it is a disappointing experience. If a little sugar is added to the cocoa while it is dry and then a little boiling water or hot milk is poured over this mixture a smooth paste is made. When added to the hot milk, it will be found that the cocoa will be readily dissolved.