



# THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



## THE DRESS REHEARSAL

A STORY OF A FAMILY SQUABBLE

How a Gloomy Wife Came to See Things in a Different Vein Through an Unexpected Meeting with a Friend.

By Mabel McKee.

"IT'S two miles to my home and I wish I could make it a million," Mary Norman almost talked out loud as she turned the corner off State street, and stood watching the crowd. "I would like to be some one else for a month. Perhaps then they would want me back badly enough to be agreeable."

Trouble in the Norman home that morning had begun at the breakfast table. The children had been up late the night before and John, Mary's husband and their father, all primed for a contest with their off-day moods, began an argument with Paul, the high school son, before he had been at the table ten minutes. He had ended the discussion in an arbitrary way, and had shown his authority by refusing a favor which he had half way promised almost a week before.

With his face glowing, Paul had watched his father finish his breakfast and leave for the office. Then he began to eat his own breakfast just as the other children were finishing. Reaching for an orange, he had refused a few minutes before, he upset the chocolate pot on the clean tablecloth. Sharply his mother reproved him. When he left for high school, he was sullen and seemed to hate the whole world.

Margaret, the twelve-year-old daughter, had been inclined to assert her own will, too. Her hair had been puffed far out over her ears and she wore a cheap pair of ear bobs.

But she scolded the two younger children roundly. Because they had tried to argue with her, she became severe. "Not a picture show this week," she delivered her ultimatum with a show of satisfaction.

But downtown she was bereft of the victorious feeling she had seemed to have at home. But she was still out of humor. While she watched other women hurry by she waited for John. He had ignored her hints for that morning. Even her detestable statement that she was going shopping for the children's spring clothing, had not brought any response.

After a little while John came—big and boyish and smiling, not the least bit like the man who had left their home that morning. Jauntily he lifted his hat to her, pressed a larger check than she had asked for in her hand, and suggested dinner downtown to gether that evening.

"Let Hannah feed the children and put them to bed to-night," he grunted as mischievously as did his youngest son when suggesting a prank.

With a distant air of hauteur, Mary Norman refused her husband's invitation. His face fell like a boy's, but she did not seem to notice it. In silence they turned and together walked toward the store where she usually shopped. Half way up the block he met a business acquaintance, stopped to talk with him over a prospective deal, and Mary with the check folded in her hand journeyed on alone.

Mary did not know what a trim, girlish figure she had. She did not dream that her husband stood and watched her out of sight, a hungry, disappointed ache in his heart. He wished that at times she would be girlish, clinging and irresponsible as she had been in the old days.

Right at the corner Mary met a girlhood friend. She was no longer slender; quite corpulent instead. Her chin was double, her walk was dragging, and her hair escaped from its net, and looked distinctly unkempt. But she was smiling and gay and almost debonaire.

"Oh, come with me, Mary," she invited girlishly. "I'm on a regular lark this morning. I know one of the women in the new stock company they have at the little theatre around the corner and they're having a dress rehearsal there this morning. I'm invited as a visitor and I'll be glad to have you along."

Mary's dusky head gave a decisive shake. But the other woman pleaded, "Just a minute or two—just long enough to see what dress rehearsals are like—see how different they are from the real performances."

"A little later they sat in the back of the opera house together and watched the rehearsal on the stage. "They aren't allowed much individuality; they set no applause, they are doing hard work over and over; and yet they don't seem to mind it at all," Mary wondered to her friend. "Just notice the little lady with the

gray hair. She has done that scene five times and still—" "Oh," the other returned loftily, "they have to do that. Dress rehearsals are very vital to them because they are just the training school for their big performances with all their glory."

"Oh, yes," Mary sat back in her seat and looked at her friend rather than the stage. "Sort of like our own lives," the other laughed jocosely. "My life is just one monotonous dress rehearsal after another, getting ready for the big minutes, when my children win some honor, when my William makes a good deal and takes time to murmur a few words of praise to me. Or when we have time to have dinner down town together, or the children tell me they have the best mother in the world. That is my applause and it's so wonderful that I would have a million dress rehearsals for it."

Mary just sat still. The people on the stage went from one corner of the stage to the other and back again. The director shouted orders, the stage hands changed scenery, but still Mary sat back and thought. Then suddenly she caught her friend's arm. "I must go, Nellie," she said. "I have so many things to do."

"Yes," Nellie, the rather fat, untidy but happy one nodded. "Go on, dear, if you have much to do. I'm going to stay on here for a time. Dress rehearsals, when given by other people, have a lure for me."

At the telephone Mary gave definite orders to Hannah. The children were to have ice cream for dessert that night. And Mary and Paul could each have a guest if they wished. If the little boys wanted a movie the next evening.

At John's office door she hesitated a minute. Yes, this was one of the big minutes for which she had had dress rehearsals for weeks. She would make the most of it. Daintily she opened the door and tripped across to him. "Dear," she slipped her hand into his, "I've telephoned Hannah and she will care for the children. I'll shop a while and then come back, and you are to take me to a perfectly splendid place for dinner. I'm—"

But both of John's hands were holding hers tight. "Mary, you darling," he beamed. "You look like a girl, and I can hardly keep from smothering you. We'll have a party, you bet."

Mary's heart thumped on. Oh, indeed this applause was splendid—worth all of the dress rehearsals of almost a lifetime.

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaleis

Gold.

HOW yellow and how shining this gold men covet so! How wearisome its mining, what risks to glimpse its glow! Turn back through history's pages and trace its gleaming trail, see how in bygone ages we find the self-same tale. Gold always was a charmer and in those early days men, girding on their armor, fared forth to make a raise. Attired in hardware raiment, they chortled to their foes: "Come over with that payment, or else we'll come to blows!" Fierce pirates, out for treasure, threw peaceful chaps in swoons, then robbed them at their leisure of shining gold doubloons. Men left their homely labors and quit the plowshare cold, deserting friends and neighbors to join the quest for gold. They left the pleasant places, the ingle-nook of home, kind hearts and friendly faces for ice hats north of Nome. So, through the years it's lured them where grief and war unfold; but nothing yet has cured them of grasping after gold. Men might be blithe and jolly, untouched by care and cark, if they would leave the folly of hoarding yen and mark. War, terrible and bloody, might some day lose its hold if men would only study to seek for love, not gold. If each man loved his labor and work was counted wealth, then cannon ball and sabre would ruin nobody's health. When men at last discover that gold is just a fraud, we'll start the whole works over while all the folks applaud.

## The Very Smartest Paris Styles

Republished by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Magazine of the Home.



This charming but simple dress is made of gray rep with a double girdle effect.

A turban by Evelyn Varon with the mystery of the East in its draping and a bow quite Parisian.

An afternoon gown of green crepe de chine with draped girdle and long side panel.

## BOBBIE AND HIS PA

By William F. Kirk

PA, I sed, here is a puzzle, a landlord has five rooms & there is six men that each want a room, how does he give each of them a room? Forget it, Bobbie, sed Pa. I want to read my newspaper. Why do you tell the littel deer the anser, sed Ma. It can't be done, sed Pa. I will show you that it can be done, I sed. The landlord puts Number one & Number two in the first room for a minnit, I sed. Then he puts Number Three in the second room & Number four in the third room & Number five in the fourth room, I sed. Then he tiks Number one out of the fifth room, I sed. Is that clear, I sed. That is as clear as a total E-clips, sed Pa. Well, I sed, it is sumthing like that anyway, I sed. Bobby, sed Pa, it will be better for you to learn strate reading & riteing & rithmetick & grammir, sed Pa, than to learn a lot of dippy puzzles. Pa sed. Many a man is in the Hoopless Ward, Bobbie, sed Pa, hoapsly bughouse, Pa sed, from trying to do puzzles. Do not bother your ured with fancy puzzles, Bobbie, sed Pa. The income tax is had enoff, sed Pa. I think puzzles is good to build up a child's urane, sed Ms. Deer old father used to be grate at puzzles wen he was a child, sed Ma. I think that must of been what made him kind of queer in his older years, sed Pa. He thot he cud talk with the spirits of his departed pais, sed Pa. No dout he cud talk with them spirits if he sed so, sed Ma. Maybe, sed Pa, the old gent & his pais had plenty of spirits wile they was living, ardent spirirts, sed Pa. I know another puzzle, I sed. If a hen & a half can lay a ege & a half in a day & a half, what made Steve Brodie hop off of the Brooklyn Bridge? I sed. Bobbie, sed Pa, you are not feeling well. There is a hec-tick flush on yure cheeks, sed Pa. I think you are gitting a fever, sed Pa. Go to the hay, Bobbie, sed Pa. & then Pa made me go to bed, a kid aint got much rights in this world, this is the land of the Free but not for kids.

## OPENING A NURSERY

By Loretto C. Lynch

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Appertaining to Household Management. RECENT article on the need of nurseries where a mother might leave her child while the shops, visits, rests or goes to the theatre, has brought a host of letters to me. The question each letter asks is, "Just how does one go about opening such a place?" In the first place, the woman who would mind children by the hour or day, must be conveniently located. In other words, the woman who has an apartment in the heart of a residential neighborhood where most of the residents are young folks unable to keep a regular helper, is in a much better position to swing the project than many of the women who write and tell me they have a large home only an hour's ride from town with the usual country surroundings. The young woman who wishes to leave her child in a kiddie koop for an hour while she goes away, will not travel an hour in each direction to bring and call for her child. My first advice, therefore, is, if you are in earnest and you have not a good location, get one. One or more of the physicians in the neighborhood who might vouch for your surroundings and yourself personally, will help greatly. You might go to your own family physician to whom you are well known and get his endorsement. Once you begin to get your little guests, one satisfied mother will suggest your service to another. No matter how much you may want to add to your income, it is bad policy to take any child which seems to be ill. It is wise to have a definite understanding with mothers leaving children and obtain permission to call a physician if you deem it necessary while the child is in your care. Be quite certain as to whether you are to feed the child, just what and when.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

Saving for a Home. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A friend became engaged to a young man and he asked what her people intended to do about their marriage. She told him they were going to give her a very nice wedding and her trousseau, all kinds of lincens and the customary things—nothing more. Her people are not poverty-stricken, by any means, although the above expenditure would mean something to them; but of course, it was necessary, and also their own desire. He then informed her that it was customary for parents of the bride to furnish her home and she told him that even if her parents could afford it she would not permit it. He replied by stating that it was her duty to stop giving them her salary and save for her home, and he was very much astonished when she told him if he had ideas of that kind, he should have expressed them before they became engaged. The young man, by the way, earns a very good salary, but has never saved any of it. J. C. THE girl has no reason to become offended, for though the young man seems mercenary, he probably had no wrong motive and was impelled by the desire to see his sweetheart in a fine setting. Frequently wealthy parents do furnish the nest for a young couple. But there is no custom, no necessity in this connection. The girl must not let sentiment cloud her good common sense. She sees the thing one way and the man sees it another. This is bound to happen often even when there is great love between two people. The thing to do is have a quiet, friendly talk. The man ought to save toward a home. A simple, unpretentious start is all that is needed. All this discussion of "duty" and "obligation" is foolish and wrong. When two people start telling each other what one should do and how the other should behave, frequently they grow bitter over nothing. There are many solutions possible. The young folks might marry, board for a year and both work and save toward their home. They may furnish two rooms and a kitchenette simply and with the bare necessities, gathering more as they go. Really there is no ground for hurt, misunderstanding or quarrels.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Sometimes in cold weather windows are apt to steam when the rooms become hot. This can be obviated by applying a glycerine rag after polishing. To fry cutlets allow about ten minutes. Never wear a shoe that will not allow the greater toe to lie in a straight line.

## HOW OLD IS MAN?

ABOUT 400,000 YEARS, SAYS SCIENCE

He Is Thought to Have Made His Appearance First in the Ice Age and Steadily Developed Since.

By Garrett P. Serviss, Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

"Please give some data concerning prehistoric man, as, for example, the Neanderthal and Heidelberg man. Where were they discovered, and about when did they exist?"

MAN as far as we know at present appears to have made his first appearance upon this planet in what geologists call the Quaternary period, in the later phase of which we now live, and which began with the "Ice Age." Various estimates have been made of the length of time that has elapsed since the beginning of the Quaternary, but an average may be struck amounting to at least half a million years. But man did not appear coincidentally with the start of the

## BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

By Wm. A. McKeever

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

WHAT are you doing to teach your child unselfishness? Are you aware that every selfish deed and thought which goes into his growing personality must come to the surface in some form of future ill? We pay a double price for selfish acquisition. We pay through the effort spent in getting it, and we pay again later in the effort to get rid of it. Why not begin now to relieve your child of the necessity of paying such a double penalty in the future? Recently I heard the plaints

one by one of some twenty parents who imagined they had a deep trouble in connection with the management of their children. One was in a row with his boy, another was in trouble with a half-grown daughter, another was in a bitter agony of self-feeling toward a neighbor whose child was supposed to be a "bad example" to the young of the district. One father was worried because he had fallen down in his ambition to make his boy the smartest in the whole school. He imagined that if his child could head the list every month he himself would be perfectly satisfied.

One mother proved to be deeply concerned to have her girl win more recognition and honors than those of her schoolmates. She complained that other parents were using unfair means to shove their girls to the front. Two mothers came together to complain of a child of the district which was "very rich and not fit for their own children to associate with." They were willing to get rid of the supposed offender at any reasonable price, or to take up any easy scheme of keeping their children away from him.

The father who would be happy to have his boy smartest is shortsighted, unsocial and unfair to his child. Selfishness, envy and some kind of future remorse will be the reward of himself and of his child also, if the boy allows the lesson of selfishness to "take." A far better way is to urge your boy to strive for the mastery day by day of his lesser and weaker self. Not other boys of less ability, but his own poor ability will then be held in contempt.

The mother who strives to have her girl win superior honors over her school mates is thus sowing the seeds of envy, hatred and bitterness for the future of her daughter. She should teach her girl to love and praise all her mates and to strive merely to be worthy of their happy fellowship.

The parents who would drive off the "bad" boy of the neighborhood merely to keep him from contaminating their own, are very short-sighted and selfish. Through the same amount of effort they could teach their children to associate with the despised one in a fashion that would tend to save him, and also to get good will and democracy into the tender young hearts of their own.

If the "bad" boy belongs in the neighborhood and has no responsible parent to care for him, then, his care and training is a moral responsibility for every worthy man and woman about him. They owe it to the boy, and to their own unselfish natures and to the future of society to help make a good man out of that boy.

Parent. Develop your child into an unselfish man or woman and thus save many a day of sorrow or bitterness for somebody.

Now, the earliest human type yet found is called Pithecanthropus erectus, meaning, as Dr. Loomis Havemeyer translates it, "an ape-like individual that walks upright like a man." It is generally conceded that this creature lived during the first interglacial stage—i. e., at least 400,000 years ago. The only example of remains of Pithecanthropus known at present was found in Java in 1891.

"Heidelberg man" is considered to have been somewhat higher in type than Pithecanthropus, ranking somewhere between the "ape and modern man," and he is assigned to the second interglacial stage. His remains were found near Heidelberg on the Rhine in 1907.

"Pittdown man," discovered in England in 1911, is a rather puzzling personage, but it is thought that upon the whole he may have represented a slight advance upon the Heidelberg type, and he is put into the third interglacial stage, which ended with the coming of the fourth glacial about 50,000 years ago.

"Neanderthal man" was a decided advance upon all his predecessors, and it has been suggested that he was an evolutionary development of "Heidelberg Man." Neanderthal's remains have been discovered at various places in Europe, but the first were found in 1857 near Dusseldorf. The Neanderthal are ascribed to the fourth interglacial stage, and not to an interglacial stage like their predecessors. Naturally, they lived in a cold climate, together with winter-loving animals which came down into Europe from the borders of the Arctic.

With the disappearance of the ice, the opening of the post-glacial stage, a very much higher race, the Cro-Magnons, came into Europe from Asia, perhaps as much as 25,000 years ago. These were physically, and apparently mentally, almost comparable with the better races of contemporary man.

## ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

St. Paul's, Covent Garden, has a curious history. The church formerly occupying the site was burned down, and the Duke of Bedford of that day yielded reluctantly to representations that it was his duty to build a successor. "Build me a barn," he said to Inigo Jones. "Your Grace," said the great architect, "I will build you the finest barn in the world." And that is just what he did. St. Paul's Covent Garden, is a vast barn in design, with wide overhanging eaves. Frederick the Great always began his day at five, and during the last few months prior to his death his Privy Councillors had to bring him their reports at four in the morning. He consoled them with the remark that "it would not last much longer." The Emperor William I. was at his desk every morning at seven.