

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Psychology Is Merely Plain Sense

Robert the Devil's Escape From His Cage Arouses Speculation as to His Former Ancestors.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

ROBERT the Devil got out of his cage the other day. Robert the Devil doesn't look a bit like his name. We call him that because the song that he sings sounds so much like the principal aria in the old-fashioned opera, "R-R-ohert-Robert tu t-jaime."

This particular Robert isn't really a devil at all; he's just a canary, a little, yellow canary, with tiny, sparkling, black eyes and the funniest, little emotional method of singing in all the world.

The day he escaped from his cage I shut the door and the windows and sat down and watched him to see what he would do.

"What will he try first?" I thought.

"Poor thing; he won't understand the glass and he'll try to fly through it. Poor little bird!"

But Robert the Devil did not do such things. He didn't even look at the window. He flew right straight over to the looking glass and stood and admired himself.

Oh, he admired himself immensely. He put his head on one side and then on the other, and he ruffled up his feathers and stretched his neck, and pruned and teetered on his tiny feet.

"Why, the vain thing!" I thought.

"Robert, I'm surprised at you," said Robert looking in the mirror. He chirped and nodded. "Why," I thought, "he isn't vain, he's homesome. And so he was, poor thing, just homesome, that's all. And he thought the bird in the mirror was somebody that might turn out to be a friend, and he wanted to make a good impression, that was all."

The Birch Bark Adventure.

Robert didn't care for the pennants on the wall or for the books on the book shelf. He was really a bit bored, and began to look around for his cage, when suddenly something attracted his attention.

You could fairly see him get a new impression. He put his head on one side, listened, chirped and flew straight to a little picture framed in birch bark which hung by the window.

He was so excited when he found that birch bark as one of us would be to come suddenly into a room and meet, face to face, a bird of his own kind, and friend who'd heard of for years and never even seen.

Robert the Devil went mad—staring, chirping, warbling, trilling mad over the birch bark. He whistled and sang and swelled his little throat, and pecked the bark and flew round and round the frame, and the only way we could get him back into the little cage had been his home ever since. He could remember anything was to take the birch bark picture frame and put it there before him.

Wasn't that queer? I don't believe he'd ever seen a bit of natural bark before in his life, and I know he'd never heard of it.

Who was there to tell him? And yet, somehow, he knew that it belonged to his world, his world, poor thing! I wonder if he had known him a little better, when all the household is asleep, and the moon streams into the window and falls first upon the cage of Robert the Devil and then upon a little figure that lies so soft and warm in the little bed within the room.

What does he dream of, do you suppose? Of wild, free flights under the open sky, of brothers and sisters with him in the nest, of the mother who fed him, of the long, long journey from the island of the sea far and far to the north for summer time and south again for winter?

When the Door Opens.

Does he love us with ready gratitude when he is awake and late us with reverent anger when he sleeps? In the daytime, is it all a curious muddle to him? How interesting it all is—this world we live in and the creatures that live here with us.

Where do your dreams come from and mine? Are they sometimes just a part of memory, too?

I met a man the other day and talked with him for five minutes, and I felt as if I had known him a long time. I didn't like him at all, and he didn't like me, and we knew each other at sight.

Was he a part of some strange life, some ancestor of mine remembered? Are we just prisoners here in these awkward, clumsy, stupid bodies of ours and sometimes at night, when the Miller is asleep, do we fly out of the cage a little while?

Psychology? What a lot of talk there is about it these days. And yet, somehow, when you tell it all down, it all seems to be just a little common sense, and a few of the old things we used to call superstition put together and called by a terrific, tender, awe-inspiring name, like the boy you've known all your life come back, from medical school, to be called gravely "doctor," and told the latest secrets of your life and heart.

Robert the Devil, I wish I dared open the window and let the door of your cage, and set you free.

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RECIPES

Apple Snowballs.

OIL two teaspoonfuls of rice in milk until nearly done, then strain it, pare and core a many apples as there are portions to be served, put a small quantity of sugar and a clove in each apple, lay on a small floured cloth, covering each with rice, tie each ball separately, then boil until the apples butter on top of each, sprinkle with sugar and put in the oven for ten minutes or until it colors a light, delicate brown over the top. Serve this sweetmeat hot, with sponge cake and coffee.

Buttered Apples.

Cover the bottom of a dish large enough to hold six apples with apple jelly or marmalade, place in a shallow pan six apples that have been pared and cored, cover with water and simmer until tender, remove carefully without breaking, and place them on the marmalade, putting a spoonful of apricot jam in each, laying a lump of butter on top of each, sprinkle with sugar and put in the oven for ten minutes or until it colors a light, delicate brown over the top. Serve this sweetmeat hot, with sponge cake and coffee.

The Biter Bit, Or, How the Interviewer Was Interviewed by the Innocent Girl!

Edna Baker Pretends That She Is Unused to Interviews, Neatly Passes the Buck, as It Were, and, Forcing the Deal On the Visiting Lady, Avoids All Questions.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

IN the very beginning, we wish to make perfectly clear that not for a moment do we think that Miss Edna Baker is unused to interviews.

The peculiarly astute manner in which she extracted information from her questioner, and the subsequent confession that she had never been a reporter, manifestly left but one line of argument open. She was so accustomed to meeting strangers and having them ask her her real name, age, and previous business that she was able to do the trick herself and neatly put the business of accounting for oneself up to the weary writer.

The fact that Miss Baker plays in "It Pays To Advertise" may account for her appreciation of the value of an interview, surely, unless it be that she is so charming that it is impossible to write anything about her that is not pleasant, no other meaning can be attached to her frank acceptance of a situation which is often avoided by stars.

"How do you do I was just finishing my breakfast," she announced with perfect composure after the introduction ceremony was over. "I was a little late when I was told that I was to be interviewed, and a friend of mine who is a newspaper woman, advised me to make up a speech and learn it by heart, so that I could recite it when you came."

She smiled broadly and innocently, intimating complete ignorance as to the proper procedure. But the too bony blue eyes were somewhat too guileless, and the dimpled face framed in curly blond hair, had an air of such hidden wisdom that it was impossible to believe that this was one of her first offenses.

"My newspaper friend," she continued warily, "said that if I did not learn a speech and direct the conversation that the reporters were apt to make all sorts of strange copy out of what I did not say at all. I am not afraid, however, because there is nothing that I could possibly say that I would not have printed. I am not afraid to have people look at me."

The Helpful Friend, who is always present on the occasions of interviews, answered a knock at the door, and the arrival of a box of flowers, modest but rare, made a pleasing copy out of what I did not say at all. It came just in time to prevent the interviewer from accusing her directly of fibbing, for the talk shifted to men, and then to the question of keeping good hours, and on to how to keep plump but not fat.

This led unsuspectingly to direct and personal questions as to the how and when of interviewing and the day was almost lost. "If you don't mind, you seem so kind," she volunteered, "would you mind telling me just how you remember an interview and what you do when you get one? Do you make a mental picture of the visitor and carry it away with you? Do you find every body easy to talk to?"

Of course, it was impossible to avoid an answer, and after several most precious minutes had been utterly wasted in a technical explanation of methods, a bit of information was volunteered.

"I should think," she observed, "that you would be continually disillusioned and almost be unable to write what you think. When I was quite a small girl I went to see 'The Music Master' and cried all over my new dress. I just sobbed my life away and left thinking that David Warfield was the most wonderful creature in the world. Several days afterward I met him on the street. Instead of the music master, I saw a small, natty dressed young-looking man, a checked suit of late and impeccable workmanship, swinging a cane, and carelessly sported brilliant yellow suede gloves. My heart almost stopped beating. I can tell you, it was David Warfield and not the music master."

She laughed and roused helplessly at her graceful, insinuating sotto voice that she did not want it and didn't like it. She wanted to talk and ask questions, and the clever ruse of making her keep on with her breakfast so that one would

Daily Fashion Suggestion



THE coat of soft, pliable leather has suddenly sprung into favor. It possesses far more chic than the coat of cloth or fur and is to be had in white, tan, brown, red or green.

This model is of red lined with blue silk. The coat is cut in such a manner that inverted box-pockets are formed in the skirt. A wide belt of leather confines the fullness about the waist.

A high standing collar of blue velvet bordered with sealskin protects the throat from the chilling winds.

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Who Is So Convinced That "It Pays To Advertise" That She Braves the Danger of Seeing Reporters Invariably. Clever Edna.

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She laughed and roused helplessly at her graceful, insinuating sotto voice that she did not want it and didn't like it. She wanted to talk and ask questions, and the clever ruse of making her keep on with her breakfast so that one would

have an opportunity to ask HER questions did not work.

"Did that ever happen to you? That disillusionment?" And no sooner was a half-way explanation made of that query than another was fired. "Are the people that you meet off stage natural? Do they try to be themselves or do they pose and pretend? I couldn't pretend to save my life. I am just myself, and if people don't like it I can't and don't try to help it."

"Did you ever see—" she enumerated several stars, and questioned closely as to the experience had in interviewing them. Incidentally she took out a large unpadding hammer and sailed into the affected actors who "never get off the stage" even when they were entirely alone.

There was no malice in her criticism, and she seemed more like an entire outsider than a member of the theatrical profession. In a way she is an outsider, for she has had but few of the hard knocks which usually come to leading women, and has only been on the stage for six years. For a little while she was

However, Since She Forgot to Learn a Speech, as a Friend Suggested, She Dropped Several Crumbs of Information Unwittingly, and Therefore Figures in the News Today.

In the chorus, she explained, then she went for two years to a dramatic school in New York, graduated and was "discovered" by Cohan and Harris, her managers. She was handed a nice fat position as leading woman, and has kept it year or two of stock, which she values highly.

"I am the happiest girl in the world," she added as she finished the short recital of her career, "and I see only success ahead of me if I work hard and keep my health. I was very ill not long ago, but I am so much better now. My managers will star me in a new play on Broadway next year. What more could I want?"

"I have the fault of sitting up and reading a great deal," she mused, and as it was observed that "one could see that she did," she uttered a cry of despair, and made a movement toward half a dozen magazines which lay on the writing desk.

"Not very elevating. I meant to hide them before you came," she giggled. "You know I always meant to write some day. I used to write lots of stuff and send it to the Youth's Companion as a child. Do you ever expect to do something more serious than newspaper work?"

But before that could be answered other guests entered and the interview was over. The Helpful Friend registered sympathy for the scant information gleaned. Miss Baker's white teeth flashed, and the door closed.

It really hadn't been half bad, with all of the answering of questions, but suppose she had learned that speech! Innocent? Bah!

Oh, Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads?

O, where do the fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills—
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds.
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain,
In draughts of dew they cannot sip
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small, blue diving bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
And hide in the water shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousals they maintain
And cheer their little spirits thus
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy rings upon the earth
And mischief everywhere.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof
When green leaves come again.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly, in the Wisconsin Farmer.

Importance of Being Punctual

Habit of Tardiness, Once Formed, Never Quite Overcome—Bad Example of Parents and Disregard of Time Often Responsible—Subconscious Influence of the Alarm Clock.

"MY life," said my hostess, "is a mad race against time. I wake up at five, and as we eat at the breakfast table of her well-appointed home, 'seems to resolve itself into one continuous 'Shoo!'

I smiled, as I knew I should be expected to do, but my old school friend had voiced a state of affairs which was fast becoming too much for her.

She had married one of the most indulgent, as well as one of the most unobservant husbands, who, not being by the clock, was ready for the children as to which one of them might watch the electric clock hastened to see whether the father of the family were up and about, she lingered with the children.

Breakfast Always Late.

Breakfast, the maid had learned by experience, was never on time, that is, if everything was ready the family did not get down, so my friend with a glance at the clock hastened to see whether the father of the family were up and about, she lingered with the children.

Nickel watch. I notice that you have but one accurate timepiece in the house and that it is in the kitchen.

"Your husband is a genius, and I don't mean to be unkind when I say that it is hardly probable that both the children will turn out to be such, so that it's more than necessary that they should be taught the importance of being punctual. In these days it is neither a gift nor a grace. It's a necessity. I don't mean to preach, but the youngsters are going to have a hard time in this world unless they learn to manage their days."

"The idea is worth trying," said my friend hopefully. "I've known for some time that it's unfair to believe that it will help a great deal. It's easy to dawdle in the morning, especially for children. But if there be a clock starting them in the fact that it's a subconscious influence that makes for an uneasiness that is most helpful."

The Telephone Call.

Finally a telephone call broke the enchantment.

"Back come my friend from the school," she said in a reproachful tone. "You did not tell me you had an engagement with the dentist this morning," she said, reproachfully, to her husband.

Sense of Possession.

The sense of possession is very strong in children also, and a watch to one's own carried about in pocket or on wrist means that it is consulted.

Children are not unpunctual by nature. Life is so full, so interesting to them that their minds readily grasp the fact that if they make a good start the day goes more smoothly.

Alarm Clock Habit.

"Buy an alarm clock for the children and insist that they get up by it. Get them each an inexpensive

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Eighteen Diseases Are Traced to Ultra Minute And Invisible Microbes

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

WITH the recent discovery made by Flexner of the invisible germs that cause infantile paralysis and with Noguchi's discovery of the germ that causes rabies, additional links are forged in the chain of parasitology, dreamed of by the forefathers of this science.

The discovery of germ after germ follows so rapidly, in fact, that the last strongholds of prejudice and misguided opposition were soon beaten down before the indisputable proof that diseases, in great part, are due to microbes.

First, the causes of anthrax, then typhoid, and in turn, tuberculosis, pneumonia, glanders, erysipelas and most of the commoner maladies yielded to the tireless industry and painstaking researches of the indefatigable laboratory workers. As death-concealing mists along rock-bound coastlines disappear in the light of the noonday sun; as the glare of electric street lamps eliminate the footpad and the highway robber; so science has penetrated the gloomy dungeons of disease, and by their discoveries have exposed to light one bacterium after another.

From the life of human and animal ailments, caused by other than plant microbes, seemed to bring bacteriology a new era. As the period of the did, or how many, gelatine flasks or test tubes of blood serum they inoculated with suspicious material from the most rampant fevers, including typhoid, and many other infectious troubles, no further progress seemingly was made.

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The Causeless War.

Dr. Laveran, a French army surgeon, observed in 1890 certain non-bacterial parasites in the red blood corpuscles of malarial soldiers in Algeria, but his discovery of them as non-vegetable or animal parasites induced few investigators to seek for similar causes of other little understood maladies.

The hiatus in this fertile field lasted, however, but a short time. Soon discovery followed discovery with kangaroo strikes, malaria in Behring, in 1935, delivered us from the bondage of fatal group diphtheria by their discovery of an antitoxin. Looss and Mason discovered the embryonic stages of malaria—the apothecial species, Reed, Carrel, and Agrimoné demonstrated that the mosquito is a source of yellow fever and typhus. Hanström and Kowalsky showed that the housefly spreads typhoid. Flexner produced an anti-meningitis serum. Sir Almroth E. Wright discovered that the dead bacteria of typhoid, erysipelas, pneumonia, blood poisoning and other common infections can be made into a preventive vaccine as efficacious as vaccination for smallpox.

Dozens of other revolutionary blessings to mankind have followed thick and fast within the past fifteen years, as a result of which the average span of human life has been greatly lengthened. In the wake of these triumphs, however, are concerned, it may be safely said that the man who had a probable chance a decade and a half ago of reaching the age of 70, will now reach a far greater chance today of reaching forty-five.

In 1908 Prof. Loeffler, one of the great names in the history of medicine, linked with the discovery of the bacillus of diphtheria, hit upon a

method that has at last called the guilty germs to the mat.

In a search for the cause of the highly contagious cattle disease, known as the foot-and-mouth infection, Prof. Loeffler gathered some of the disease serum, placed it, while warm, in an earthen cylinder, and by a pump forced the fluid through the unglazed ware. He found that the filtrate or clear portion would cause foot-and-mouth disease in healthy condition. The blood of a rooster infected with a chicken plague was present, but so infinitesimally small that they were far removed from all possibility of sight, even when every known means was brought to the assistance of the microscope.

This important discovery cannot be overestimated. Eighteen diseases are known to be caused by these ultra-microscopic organisms, which have been brought under control.

There is one germ that causes pneumo-pneumonia in cattle, which proves the cause of a tiny speck of matter flourishing in just beyond the frontier of dark field illumination, and a 3,000 times magnification of the microscope.

After the finest very fluid containing these invisible organisms is pumped through the filters some of it is poured into sterilized serum gelatine. Evidently this serum gelatine suits the pneumo-pneumonia parasite, as candy does a child, for after several days you have a tiny speck of matter flourishing like a green bay tree in the gelatine. This growing colony of germs, individually invisible, have now "bounced" their descendants and a skilled observer easily sees them.

The power of some of these unseen germs is so great that the one-fifteen-thousandth of a drop of the filtrate of a 2% per cent solution of the virus of infantile paralysis will cause the disease in a very small monkey. Even much smaller lymph from a diseased cow will cause an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease in the finest cattle kept in the most sanitary conditions. The blood of a rooster sick with a chicken plague may be diluted and weakened one million times with water, and yet produce a plague in the finest farm stock on Plymouth Rocks.

There are human afflictions whose germs are of the smallest size of the bacteria. Among these are the germs of rabies, or hydrophobia, yellow fever, dengue fever, typhus—not typhoid, the commonest of those of rabies, infantile paralysis, or poliomyelitis. Fourteen others, infectious among domestic animals, also occasionally infect man. Only one disease with a filterable virus has been discovered in plants. It affects the tomato plant, and is called the "mosaic malady."

The parasites of pneumo-pneumonia in cattle lean toward the vegetable microbes, while those of rabies, infantile paralysis, and yellow fever act in a fashion more or less analogous to the protozoan animals of malaria. Like the parasites of yellow fever lives in the blood of mosquitoes, hence it may be finally expected to take its place in that group of micro-organisms.

Science has already triumphed sufficiently over the unseen life of the universe to indicate that many malignant diseases are reservoirs of some sort of disease germs.

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Advice To Girls

Dear Annie Laurie—At a party last September I met a boy whom I have learned to like very much. Sometimes he acts very much like me, and at other times does just the opposite, acting very indifferent.

How can I find out if he really likes me, as I do not want to like him if he does not?

SENSIBLE girl! However, I think these friends who appear to care for us one day and dislike us the next are very comfortable people. They are around, just appear perfectly indifferent to the boy yourself for a while, if his own indifference has been genuine you can soon discern it by his behavior if you don't appear to care for him in the least.

Dear Annie Laurie—I have been keeping company with a young man whom I like very much, but I am afraid I am not doing well. I have had engagements with him several times, but he does not keep them.

DOLLY.

HAVE a little pride, Dolly! I'd like to see any man break engagements with me and then have me admit that I liked him. An apology is due you and you shouldn't be weak enough to let the matter pass over just because you happen to like the man. He will need a good lesson to cure him of his impoliteness.

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Alkali in Soap Bad For the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulled coconut oil (which is pure and granular), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff, and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy, and easy to manage.

You can get mulled coconut oil at any pharmacy. It's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.—Adv.

Women Know

that they cannot afford to be ill. They must keep themselves in the best of health at all times. Most of all, the digestive system must be kept in good working order. Knowing the importance of this, many women have derived help from

Beecham's Pills

These safe, sure, vegetable pills quickly right the conditions that cause headache, languor, constipation and biliousness. They are free from habit-forming drugs. They do not irritate or weaken the bowels.

Women find that relieving the small intestine promptly, prevents the development of big ones. They depend on Beecham's Pills to tone, strengthen and

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