

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

The Dance of the Death of Age—and the Children

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Nymphs' Brook

SAW it the other night in a great auditorium—the dance of the Death of Age.

If I had seen the name of it on the program I would have gone away before it began. I'm glad I did not, for I would have missed one of the great experiences of my life. Let me tell you about it.

It was very quiet in the great auditorium. We sat, many thousands of us; in rows of seats high above the main floor, and there was music, soft and trembling and vague, and from a great distance came walking slowly and with quiet dignity a beautiful, aged woman.

Eighty years old she was, or thereabouts, and she wore a dress of shot silver that swept about her like a dewy cloud at evening, and her hair, thick and white and glistening like silver, was veiled with a rich lace scarf, and her face shone with the beauty of a sweet and tranquil spirit.

On one side of the aged woman walked a beautiful girl of 16 or so, all in a mist of rosy tulle, and on the other side trotted a vigorous and lovely child of 7. They walked—the three—quietly, but in a sort of rhythmic time to the music that swelled and died, to the centre of the floor, and there the aged woman sank, in her dress of silver, into a seat that was heaped and surrounded with the petals of roses.

Age, Youth and Childhood.

She sat there and pointed with her staff and made figures in the rose leaves, and the beautiful girl beside her smiled comprehendingly, and the child knelt in the rose leaves and played and tossed them in the air above them and laughed up into the face of the aged woman for approval.

Suddenly there was a new sound—the call of a silver bugle—and a figure floated in the distance blowing upon a beautiful trumpet. The aged woman raised her head and listened. Then she smiled and went back to her occupation of making figures in the rose leaves and to please the girl at her side, and the child played and the girl smiled and the music rose and fell.

Again the trumpet. Again the woman listened, and this time she looked warmly at the two who were with her.

The music swelled and the play went on.

The third time the angel floated into view and blew again the silver call. Slowly, reluctantly, sadly the aged woman rose.

Lingeringly she looked upon her companions. She hesitated, held back. The angel put the trumpet to her lips as if to sound another call; the woman smiled wistfully, and walked sadly, slowly, reluctantly, with backward look. She! She! The place was full of fluttering wings—hundreds of them, hundreds and hundreds. They circled around and around the woman, and her face lit with a glory that was almost unearthly.

The violins sobbed and sang. It was the music of the Peer Gynt Suite—the Death of Asa. The angelic creatures swirled closer and closer, whirled, they threw soft veils of mist, and she was gone—the aged woman with the silvery hair.

The Children Following After.

And as the angel flew, or seemed to fly, from the great room, flitter, flitter, there came running, running eagerly and happily behind her, hundreds and hundreds of little children, all in white, with garlands on their flowing hair, and all bare-footed and bare-armed, like the cherubs in the pictures. So light they ran, so fast, so gay and oh, so loving—and Age was gone and Sorrows were forgotten, and only Love and Faith and Gratitude were there.

The great auditorium, packed to the roof with pleasure-seeking people, was as still as death itself, and then the storm broke, and the waves of applause fairly shook the building, and every eye I saw was crying, old and young, men and women, simple and trained minds.

And afterward there were other dances, when the place looked like a garden on a windy day, with all the rose leaves a-dance and a-flutter, and there was glorious music and light laughter, and many beautiful things to see and to know.

But till I die I shall never forget the aged woman in her dress of silver who walked with Youth upon her right and Childhood upon her left, and who smiled so radiantly when the angel swept her away and the little children came patter-patter after.

I want to live so that when I die the little children will want to follow me—the little, happy, laughing, eager, wistful, loving children—and I believe that in the heart of every one who saw that beautiful thing some such wish sprang up.

Who would have dreamed of such a lesson from a dance? But all this happened because the woman who inspired the dance was not only a great artist, but a great soul.

A BRIDE'S OWN STORY of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

How She Learned to Launder Her Summer Clothes at Home.

LIKE you best of all in white. I says Bob every single time he finds me in a new white frock.

I like white, too, especially in summer, and I try to wear it indoors and outdoors as much as possible. But I find it a rather extravagant cleanliness, for I have our heaviest laundry done outside and bills are mounting. Once a week I do some of the lighter laundering, and this morning I discovered that a belated laundry left

Today's Fashion



Dainty Mushroom Hat of Leghorn, Trimmed with Roses.

THE mushroom hat is again with us, and is considered smart to wear with the dressy afternoon frocks. This attractive model is of Leghorn faced with rose-pink taffeta. The brim droops becomingly, and the crown is of medium height.

The only trimming consists of two roses, one pink and the other yellow.

THAT IMPERTINENT CUPID By Michelson



YOU can't awe Cupid with a veil. He might tell you that he had invented them. He often wants to lift those that are flaunted everywhere today by the rebellious breezes of summer. But his crowning impertinence is in lifting the bride's veil, as if to say: "There are no screens to Love." He guides the fingers that DO lift it after the final words of an impressive oration. He guides the lips that seal the triumph of his planning. He is the true master of ceremonies, arrogantly confident of his supreme privilege.

He is the stage manager to whom the veil is a curtain to be raised or lowered at his imperious will.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

Why Mary Wept.

LET'S get down to the very heart of this thing," I said patiently. "You suspect what?"

"What is there about a woman's reasonable tears that arouses all a man's finer tenderness? And what is there about her unreasonable tears that arouses his fury?"

I was late for the office, wildly impatient, and the unreasonable tears of my wife simply plunged me into a story of discipline of temper. It was either that or a wild explosion that would complicate things beyond endurance.

Mary sensed this, I think, just as a horse senses a nervous driver. And like the elemental woman she shrank a little. "It wasn't really that I suspected anything," she said with a gulp.

"I thought you said you did," I reminded.

"Peter, don't speak to me that way. You scare me to death. I'm speaking as quietly as I can."

"I know, that's just what I mean."

Peter's Story "Understood."

I said nothing at all. I didn't know what to say. I felt very tired. The sound of a neighbor clipping his lawn came clearly through the open window, and the incessant whirr of the motor got horribly on my nerves.

Mary came closer.

"It was just this," she said. "After Mrs. Jutes said that—that likely her husband didn't want her to come to the office because he was in the midst of some intrigue, I just got to thinking—"

"Yes?"

"And I thought how dreadful it would be—Oh, Peter—if you fell in love with the stenographer!"

"Good heavens!"

"Such things have happened before."

"Mary," I said, "I'm going to preach again. I do really feel that I have to. You remind me of the woman who stood

upon the precipice, wildly wailing, with a child in her arms, and when somebody asked her what on earth was the matter she said she was thinking how terrible it would be if the baby fell over the precipice."

"Well," said my wife, "it would be!"

I laughed in spite of myself.

Mary's Rainbow Smile.

"Of course," I said, "it would be, but why in heaven's name worry over probabilities? Why cross bridges before you come to them? And why are women so gifted with morbid forebodings?"

I suppose men, being so busy with probabilities and actualities, have very little patience with supposititious calamities, but women—all women—dabble in them more or less. And so with Mary. Having worked herself into nervous sympathy over Mrs. Jutes's unjust accusations of her husband, she was putting herself in the place of Mrs. Jutes, and emotional imagination had done the rest.

Mary looked guilty and pretty. I kissed her and reached for my hat.

"And now," I said, "I've simply got to start for the office. Let's not you and I, dear, worry over anybody else's domestic affairs. We'll settle our own and let Mr. and Mrs. Jutes do the same. And, Mary, please remember that if I encourage Jutes to independence by example, as you suggest, you were not altogether guiltless in sympathizing with Mrs. Jutes. For misdirected sympathy will make any grievance grow and grow and grow. Now smile just once, dear, and let me start the day with a pleasant remembrance."

Mary's smile came through a rainbow of tears.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl 19 years old, and am very lonely. I live with my parents on a farm. I do not like the farm at all, but I think I could be more contented if I had a nice boy friend like the other girls in our neighborhood. They can get out to all the parties, concerts and all other pleasures, while I cannot, simply because I have no one to take me, and dear Annie Laurie, I very often cry over my troubles.

I am considered good looking and dress nicely, and also have a very good education. Please do not think I am boasting, for I love to feel that I can tell you all this as there is no one else I would like to confide in. People often tease me and wonder what is wrong, but I cannot tell the reason either. It makes me feel as if I am the only one who is alone. I have met one boy whom I really loved at first sight, but have never seen him since the day I first met him. He lives about 15 miles from my home, in a town, but I don't know when I will ever meet him again. I would certainly love to, but I do not know if he feels that way toward me or not. I hope dear Annie Laurie, that you will be able to help me. LONELY THELMA.

P. S.—When a boy and girl go to church, whose place is it to find the hymns?

DEAR LONELY THELMA: I am going to answer your question about the hymns the very first thing. When I was a girl and went to church with one of my boy friends he always found the place in the hymn book, and I am sure courtesy hasn't changed since then.

Now, my dear, I think of all the girls who have written to me in my mail today, you have the least cause to feel lonely. It may seem to you that you are, as you say, "the only one who is alone," but you aren't. You have less real cause to feel lonely than ever you can think. Don't be sad because you have no "dear lover knight" at 19. There are many, many years before you in which love-love that will last and grow stronger the longer it lives—will come to you. Somewhere there is some one for you, so just keep him in mind and wait until he comes, as happily as you may.

Annie Laurie

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Anger Actually Harmful to Your Mind and Body

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

WORDS and stones, once let go, cannot be recalled, and beauty with virtue or pleasure with freedom is an abomination unto vice-crusaders and custodians of other people's souls. Does a man dance or act in a light-hearted manner? Then is he, in the eyes of the prudish, a wicked fellow, to be reprimanded, if possible, by angry contempt.

If those who spread scandal and read abominable motives into every effervescent, joyful moment of others would remember the proverb, "Every woman loves justice at another's house, nobody cares for it at her own," there would be less wrath as well as less unfounded thoughts of evil in the world.

Anger and the love of thinking evil—for scandal-mongering is to speak evil of others—is a feminine frailty, even when found in man.

Anger is displeasure, acerbity, bitterness, spleen, gall, wormwood, ill blood, tantrums, animosity and rankling in the veins of your bile. It is evident, therefore, that whispers of scandal, the venom of innuendo, the side remark, the "if you knew him as well as I do" poison, the shrill and gesture which convey a non-libelous damnation are all part and parcel of the physiology of anger.

Anger Not Nerves.

Time was when anger was taught and described as a "brain storm." Indeed, all of the professors in all of the great medical schools of this and other cities will tell you that to be angry is to have your "nerves on edge." To them is a "nervous manifestation," whatever that may mean.

Prof. William B. Cannon of the Harvard physiological laboratory, less hibernated and set-in-his ways than most medical men, in a series of brilliant investigations upon animals and men harks back to Thomas Aquinas, Aristotle and the Schoolmen in results which condemn those scholars in the view that anger is a poison that ebbs and flows in the veins, and has no more to do with the brain and the nerves than has the poison of digestion made by the walls of your stomach.

Shakespeare, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson and other poets with almost divine fire discovered by inspiration what physiological psychologists are just finding out. "He chewed the thrice-turned cud of wrath, and cooked his spleen," says one. "Anger's my meat," I say upon myself, and so shall starve with feeding" is rich in poetic feeling, yet the bard who had little Latin and less Greek, over 20 years ago set down here in "King John" the full and newest triumph of physiology of the 20th century.

The occasional amazing stupidity of self-centred science is nowhere better illustrated than in its lack of observation and absorption of knowledge of everyday speech. The poetry, slang and colloquial expressions in every one of the world's languages, handed down for thousands of years, shows that the primeval ancients knew something of physiology. They did not blame anger, fear and hunger upon the nerves, but on the blood.

Recorded in Organs.

In testimony whereof you need only examine your own lips or that of a savage in darkest Africa. "His blood is up," "choler rises to his brow," "do not show your spleen," "his eyes flash venom," "his forehead furies flow in tears," "he broke into a cold sweat," "his wrath made the veins fill out on his forehead," "he trembled with rage." Written large upon the innermost tablets of your anatomy is a record of every outbreak of anger or that of a savage in darkest Africa. "His blood is up," "choler rises to his brow," "do not show your spleen," "his eyes flash venom," "his forehead furies flow in tears," "he broke into a cold sweat," "his wrath made the veins fill out on his forehead," "he trembled with rage."

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Intense feelings, such as madness, irascibility, resentment, envy, rankling emotions of one sort or another, leave a dangerous, stamped impression upon every fibre of your being. Prof. Cannon's experiments show that these very effects can even be had artificially by squeezing out the juices of calves' glands and injecting them into persons or brutes.

The springs and fountain heads of rage, as well as other feelings, are in these various glands. These living flesh textures, in fine, manufacture or check the emotions according to the amount

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE AN ANCIENT VOW DICTATES A NATION'S STYLE.

IT will be difficult for any one in this country to understand the fundamental characteristics of a people that causes the women of an entire nation to wear one style of headdress for a century, to fulfill a national vow. Yet it is a fact that for more than one hundred years the women of Malta have worn the "falsetta"—the headress with a history.

Ask any one in the hotels of Malta, any one whom you chance to meet in the shops or along the sunny streets, how the "falsetta" came into being, and they will recount for you the following story:

During the French occupation of the island the natives were subjected to much persecution. Their religion was attacked, churches were rifled, and the women and children were frequently molested. This condition of affairs drove the deeply religious people of Malta so much that they vowed to wear for a hundred years a "hood of shame" as a visible protest against this treatment.

Every woman of Malta wore the peculiar "falsetta." The "hood of shame" was one of the oddest sights to be seen along the streets of the little island. It attracted the traveler's eye even before anything else struck him as strangely different. And nearly all travellers were led to inquire how a headress so much at variance with those worn by neighboring people happened to come into existence. So, perhaps, the purpose of the "falsetta's" originators was fulfilled.

The one hundred years of the vow have passed away, but still the women of Malta have not entirely given up their "hood of shame." Yet it is probable that the next decade will see the entire abandonment of the headress. Even today on the street the very latest fashions of Paris are to be seen in much greater numbers than ever before.

And when the "falsetta" slowly passes into the limbo of forgotten things there will pass with it the memory of the most peculiar style—and the memory why it was adopted, let us hope—that was ever generally worn by the inhabitants of a loyal little land.



The "falsetta" of Malta.