

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## There's No North or South, East or West in the U. S. A.

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.



Winifred Black

They learn to sing at 'Marching Through Georgia.' When I went to school we sang it too. Are we forever to crow about our victory? It is taught in the same school to be a sport, and not to brag, or torment a vanquished enemy, or brother!

### The War Long Over.

"None of my family were in the war. Therefore, it doesn't hurt me personally. But my husband is a southerner, whose two grandfathers and four uncles fought and lost their all for the Confederacy. He remembers the sufferings of his relatives in the field and at Fort Anderson, and he saw the desolation and ruin left by the army marching through Georgia, even up in his Virginia home. Can you imagine his feelings when his own children come home singing 'Marching Through Georgia'?"

"Marching Through Georgia!" Dear me, I never realized what a wicked, dreadful song it was before.

"Let's see. I learned it at school, too, the same week I learned 'Dixie,' and just about a month before they taught us 'Maryland, My Maryland.'"

We never could sing the 'Star Spangled Banner' at our school. It went too high in the chorus, but we did shout out 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.' And what larks we had shouting it!

And sometimes we marched to 'Maryland, My Maryland.' And we stepped with quite as much martial vigor then, too.

Why, my dear little correspondent, don't you know that the war is over? It has been over for nearly half a century. The songs they sang when they marched through Georgia and when they fired on Sumter are just a part of history now. How can you believe that any modern child is going to be either triumphant or defeated by any of them?

Tell your husband that his children are Americans, just plain Americans, and every song which is a part of American history, they ought to sing and to sing with pride.

Have you ever seen that old flag of ours in a foreign land?

Teach that husband of yours Eugene Field's poem, 'John Smith, U. S. A.' It's worth learning, and worth reciting, too.

He saw the name on a hotel register in London, and he wrote a poem to the man who signed the name.

### We Are Americans All.

Was he John Smith of Colorado, with a mine somewhere up in the peaks? Was he Judge Smith of Boston, with a house on Commonwealth avenue, and a library with an autographed copy of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table'? Or was he Col. Smith from Virginia, with his mother's portrait in an old-fashioned silver case—she was one of the Virginia Pages, sir, and a famous belle—carried across his neck?

But anyway, whoever he was and wherever he came from: 'Here's looking at you—John Smith, U. S. A.' A plain American with good fighting blood of a glorious record in his veins, no matter whether he was born in the cotton belt or up where the wooden nutmegs grow.

No, I will not use my influence, no matter how weak it is, to have anybody forget 'Marching Through Georgia,' or 'Dixie,' or 'My Maryland,' or 'Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys,' or any other song that was ever sung by brave Americans on either side of the Mason and Dixon line, and that are as much a part of the history of our country as the old flag our fathers fought under, and fought under like men.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Let's sound the jubilee! The jubilee song of the great day when all past quarrels are forgotten!

'Maryland, My Maryland!' What a brave old song it was and what a noble sweep it swings to! Forget that? Teach my children not to know the music of their own country, even though it was first sung in sob and accompanied in groans? Never, so long as I am proud that I am—Mrs. John Smith, U. S. A.

## Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

### WHERE HAMMOCKS ARE MOSQUITO-PROOF CRADLES.

ALTHOUGH New Guinea is the third largest island in the world very little is known about the interior or its inhabitants. On many maps it is a black spot, as all of Africa used to be in the old school geographical and many a hardy explorer gazes at it with adventurous eyes.



As an article serving its purpose perfectly, I know nothing I would so willingly recommend as this cradle. A child cannot possibly fall out, it is absolutely safe from mosquitoes and flies, and the baby I saw was every bit as comfortable as any I have seen in much more pretentious cradles.

### The Rock-a-bye Net.

In the interior there are all sorts of odd and strange things that the natives of the coast settlements will tell you about with every embroidery of magic their imaginations can devise. Although I know practically nothing of the magic interior, I found many quaint customs on the coast that served to amuse as well as interest me. And not the least of all these strange things I saw was the ingenious cradle in which one young Papuan mother swung her black baby to sleep.

## FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED

By Michelson

## Secrets of Health

## You, Yourself, Are Made of Many Selves

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG,

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

O you who you are? To be sure, you know you are alive, despite such doubt. Thomas, such as Des Cartes and other philosophers notwithstanding this, you may not be wholly aware that you are actually alive and in the flesh differently from merely living.

The vitality in "you," the personality which makes you you instead of him, her, or me, is the intangible substance which associates itself with every fibre of your physiology. You may observe I do not say associate with your body or anatomy, but with your physiology. The explanation of this is simple. Physiology is something which is vital, active, alive. Anatomies and bodies need not necessarily be alive.

### Your Many Selves.

With quiet soundings and thinking symbols you may call your "self" by any other name, yet it will be as sweet or bitter as you make it. It is a single creation without parts, and it has at least a threefold power. Prof. Freud, Henri Bergson and the Imperial German militarists maintain that your "personality" or "self"—call it soul or vital agency if you prefer—is not a unity, not a single thing, but that each person has many selves. In other words, they give the lie to thought and language, and say one person is many persons.

Like Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the Freudians particularly hold that man is a multiplicity of many souls. They say first there is the "self" you show to the world. This "self" is not a mere hypocrisy; it grows and becomes a courageous, strong, triumphant self.

There is, then, the "self" which you would like to show the world, the "self" of humility, self-deprecation and modesty.

Beside these are a legion of other "selves," each one reserved for a different friend, loved one or position in the world. Over and above these is the great inner self of vague wishes, ambitions, dreams, longings, desires, pride, conceits, vanities and whimsicalities. There is also an inherited "self" in you, this last one holds all the heritage to which you may ascend, and the nine depths into which you may descend.

Sum It Up.

The cue in the treatment of any worry, troublesome thought, in-thinking, fixed ideas, delusions, fears, anxieties and troubles of will power, intellect, imagination and memory, according to this method is to separate and dissociate each "self."

Your character is the sum total of all these "selves." Ill health is often a distortion or rebellion among them. The physician must exert himself to the utmost with time, patience, diligence and a stop-watch to analyze these various "selves." Psycho-analysis thus brings forth the hidden disturber, roots that thought out, and restores the balance of power among the "selves."

Practically, psycho-analysis usually discloses the obnoxious and obnoxious wish or fear. Theoretically, the position of the Freudians is absurd. They are entirely emotional, appetites, passions and the other phases of the one "self" for separate "selves."

Perhaps this may help you to get a glimmer of who you, your "self" are.

### Answers to Health Questions

SUFFERER—Q—I have pains in my right hip and across the back, and have been told they are caused from accumulation of gas. Would like to know how to get rid of it and prevent it from forming?

A—Eat less, drink two tumblers of water one-half hour before meals. Have the distended part massaged. Take a Bilex tablet after meals.

J. E. B.—Q—I have had what is called "rheumatic" sore throat, and have been bothered with it for more than two years. Will you kindly give me a remedy for this?

A—What you have are evidently infected tonsils and adenoids. These must come out.

J. C. M.—Q—Is there a permanent cure for "catarrh" of the nose and throat?

A—Is there such a thing as weak muscles around the heart, and is it dangerous?

C. S. H.—Q—I will you advise me what to do for gas in the stomach?

A—This is probably due to some stomach disorder. Eat less, apples, oatmeal, shredded wheat, drink olive oil and three glasses of water one-half hour before each meal, and take seven grains of oxide of magnesium after meals and charcoal after.

A—Apply a proper oil to the hair twice a day, and resort to treatment to the scalp every other day. Sulphur and some iron solution or ointments half and half once a week. Take 25 drops of the tincture of iron in water three times a day through a tube.

Dr. Hirschberg's answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygiene and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not 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.



I is a terrible thing, beyond a doubt, to be battered by a bomb in war, and to be reduced to the need for even the most gracious and skilful first aid. But there are other wounds quite as painful as those of shell or shrapnel. They have been known to be inflicted by a pair of eyes, and the most beautiful lips in the world are capable of a dire and dreadful delivery. In such a crisis there is only ONE first aid that counts. Love, if he is on the job, can work soothing wonders—can stethoscope the heart and apply the prompt bandages to the sore places in the system. Men have even been glad they were wounded when Cupid was doctor.

## A Bride's Own Story

Isobel Brands

### DO EXPENSIVE TOOLS MAKE HOUSEWORK EASIER?

I HAD a lovely, gossipy lunch with Helen Underwood in town yesterday. Poor Helen gasped when I told her that I've grown to love housework.

"My dear, wait until you've done it for a year in your own home, and you'll be sick and tired of it. I work from morning till night. I'm never able to keep a decent maid for more than a month, and although I must say that my house is spotless, it takes every minute of my time to keep it so. I'm so worn out that I never want to do anything at night except rest. No, not even a dance or theatre."

Poor Helen was the gayest of the city before her marriage, and her remarks certainly set me thinking seriously for a minute, in spite of my firmly ingrained conviction that I do like housework and always will.

"Of course," continued Helen, "at your Aunt Juliette's it is all nice and easy, because she has so many of these modern labor-savers. But if you didn't have a fireless and had to watch a hot stove all afternoon, or if you really had to delve into a laundry tub instead of dropping clothes into a washing machine, you certainly wouldn't be quite so enamored."

Helen spoke rather bitterly. But I couldn't help asking why she didn't buy some labor-savers herself. "Can't afford 'em, my dear," she returned briefly. "I looked at her expensive new fur coat and her \$5 boots, and I said nothing. Helen caught the look, however, and flared up. 'You don't suppose I can afford a fur coat and a pair of \$5 boots? I dress like a tramp and spend the money on kitchen things,' she burst out angrily. 'Not if you don't want to, dear me, no!' I said quite calmly. You can buy fine hats and veils and ruin your complexion in a hot kitchen. You can stop

your back bending down to uncomfortable heights if you like to save your money that way. You can tire your feet until you can't get shoes to fit just because you won't indulge yourself in a kitchen cabinet. But I think you're wrong, Helen. You'll have your looks and health and it's cheaper in the long run to get things that save you time and health."

"Besides, if you want to know, Aunt Juliette has less equipment in her kitchen than you have. Positively. She hasn't one-half the pots and pans and egg-beaters and knives and mixers you own. But whatever she has is the right tool, and it's in the right place."

"And if you'll talk to Aunt Juliette, she'll tell you that it isn't tools but methods that make your housework easier. Aunt has a schedule showing just what cooking and cleaning and washing and mending is to be done every day. There's a schedule in her kitchen showing just what work is to be done every hour of the day, and she hasn't planned any more than really can be done. Also she allows for two or three hours of absolute rest every day. I'll wager that's more than you ever get."

"Two hours?" exclaimed Helen. "I'd be grateful for 30 minutes intermission!" "It's no wonder," I gathered material for argument as I went along. "You get more lovely linen and doilies and towels and things for daily use than Aunt would consume in three days. Why don't you put away all your useless draperies and doilies and your useless laundry? Use casseroles or paper bags or get a steam cooker and you won't have so many pots and dishes to wash. Plan your meals a few days or a week ahead, and try to cook for several meals at once."

"That will do for the first lesson, you saucy little brat," laughed Helen. "I saw that she'd been a bit infected by my enthusiasm. 'If your aunt will let me, I'd like immensely to come and let her help me make a schedule for my daily work that will let me have an hour's rest some time. It might let my husband meet a less tired housekeeper at night.'"

"Anything old-fashioned gets the laugh in New York," said Reed. "We're getting more luxurious and more Roman-like every day. We're frivolously indifferent to most responsibilities save the big one of making money, and we make a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression—Gay."

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Aunt Laurie

Miss Laurie call welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in their columns. They should be addressed to her, care of this office.

(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

## PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

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

### No. 282. Women and Morals.

OR crowd filtered back to the table and read again to dance. Reed and I were once more alone.

"A while ago," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

"I said something about a boy," I reminded, "you said something about a boy."

money so we can be frivolous at night. We pay fool prices for our enjoyment and think we have a bang-up good time.

"Yet," I suggested suddenly, "there isn't a spot in the world where you can find more genuinely good things bunched than in New York. Look at your winter symphony concerts, and every artist of note gives to New York his best."

The Old Moral Teacher.

"And what does the fiftieth and let's say of Broadway know about that?" he asked. "We mislay all interest in that side in the bubbles of a champagne glass and the glitter of the bright lights. And our women are a beautiful, artistic, daintily-cigar-smoking, rouge-pot-loving, cocktail-sipping crowd, sexless in their repudiation of the big natural job Nature meted out to them, oversexed in their stilted, sensual pandering to the worse side of men."

"But men are bad enough, the Lord knows," I hinted. "You can't place the whole burden of responsibility on women."

"Men were bad enough," admitted Reed, "without having women popularize their vices. It was better to fall from grace and feel decently ashamed of it, than brazenly to add to the list of vices of women who merely laugh. A man goes a little slower, I think, when he knows he's going to shock some woman for whom he cares. But if every woman he knows doesn't care a hoot, and laughs, he toboggans along the wrong routes rapidly."

"You can't tell me that a girl like Joan Arbeck is the best influence for a sex none too given to goodness."

The better your women, the better your men. It's inevitable. A girl like Joan Arbeck is a bigger factor in general immorality than you and I as gentlemen would care to admit."

"That will do for the first lesson, you saucy little brat," laughed Helen. "I saw that she'd been a bit infected by my enthusiasm. 'If your aunt will let me, I'd like immensely to come and let her help me make a schedule for my daily work that will let me have an hour's rest some time. It might let my husband meet a less tired housekeeper at night.'"

"Anything old-fashioned gets the laugh in New York," said Reed. "We're getting more luxurious and more Roman-like every day. We're frivolously indifferent to most responsibilities save the big one of making money, and we make a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression—Gay."

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of silks, a judicious wig gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression.—Gay.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

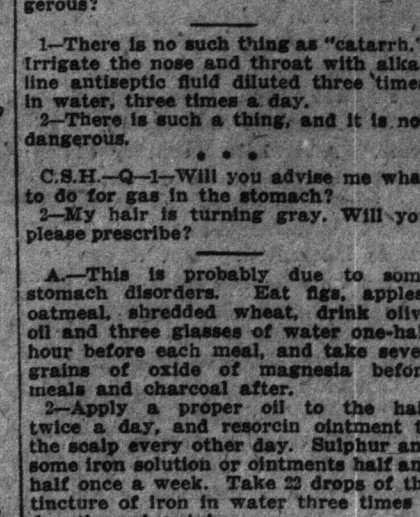
Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

Elegance is something more than swiftness and speed. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spritely, yet dignified—lastly, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

### Today's Fashion



Gray Velvet and Silver Lace Hat.

THEIR large hat is appropriate for afternoon or evening wear. It is of gray velvet bordered with silver lace. The top of the crown is slightly gathered to a deep band of velvet, corded on the upper edge. A cluster of silver flowers and foliage ornaments the side of the front. The large hat is the favorite of the moment, and small turbans are only worn with tailored costumes.

Dr. Hirschberg's answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygiene and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not 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.