

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Along the Trail of a "Woman with a Soul"

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Enterprise Service.

THE woman said that her soul was dying, and so she tried to fall in love and bring her soul to life again.

"I have been prosperous, contented, snug, too long," said the woman. "I have had friends, a sweet family, a beautiful home, everything I wanted, and my soul is dying."

So she went out and pretended to herself that she was desperately in love with another woman's husband. And the other woman found out about it, and her heart broke, and she died, and her two little children were left motherless.

The woman who had been trying to revive her soul didn't do a thing for the motherless little children.

She couldn't; she was too busy worrying about her soul.

After his wife was dead and there was no one in particular for him to hurt by it, the man was no longer in love with the woman whose soul was dying.

And so she wept and beat her breast and had a glorious time being miserable until she met another man.

Younger than herself a good deal, the other man was a musician, and he composed songs and dedicated them to the woman with the dying soul, and she sat and played the songs in the dusk of the evening when the fire began to glow on the hearth. She wore one white rose in her hair and was really exceedingly picturesque.

### The Man Saw the Light

So the nice girl, who was engaged to the young musician, cried a good deal and broke her engagement and went away somewhere else to live. Then the woman with the soul felt symptoms of another impending death and she sent the young musician about his business, which really wasn't very important business after all.

And then the woman with the soul found a great man—other people looked upon him as simply a successful politician—but she thought of him as a statesman, and she made up her mind she would be his Guiding Star.

Oh, to be sure, the statesman had a wife at home, a perfectly good, sensible, practical, loving, devoted little wife—but she wasn't a Guiding Star at all.

Oh, not in the least. She was just a plain, cheerful, friendly, warming, comforting fire on the hearth—that's all.

So the woman with the soul became the Guiding Star of the great statesman.

And when she went to political meetings and sat in the stage box and smiled encouragingly upon the great statesman when he rose to make his speech, she felt very much like Sappho, and Aspasia—oh, very historical and interesting.

And when she noticed people nudging each other and whispering, she was not at all annoyed.

"It is the penalty one pays for greatness," she thought; and all the time the people were not calling her a Guiding Star at all. They were calling her something quite, quite different.

And they said so much about it among themselves that the great statesman was defeated for the office he wanted, and he was ill with disappointment and chagrin, and his plain little common wife came and took care of him. The day she arrived the great statesman turned upon his pillow and held out his hands to her.

"Mary," he said, "I thought you were never coming. For heaven's sake, throw out those confounded flowers; they make me sick with their heavy perfume."

And out of the window went the sheet of lilacs the Guiding Star had sent. The next time I saw the Guiding Star she was at a parlor meeting for a Mahatma.

### New Conquests—New Failures

He was tall and dark and mysterious, was the Mahatma, and he wore a robe of deepest yellow, and his eyes were like flames of dancing fire.

The woman with the soul was giving a parlor meeting. I thought she looked a little dazed when the Mahatma lingered a little in his farewells to a plump and pleasing young person of rather oriental type.

She left as young as she was, the woman whose soul was dying. She takes physical culture and massage and new thought. But after all they are leaving traces—the years, those evil messengers who never pass in any road without leaving their footprints, plain, behind them. She's a trifle too thin and her eyes are not as clear as they were.

Her two children are nearly grown now—oh, yes, she had children, that was before she found out about her soul. I never saw much of the children; they're always visiting somewhere, or going to vacation camps, or something.

Her husband—why, of course, she had a husband—poor man, he studies bugs for a pastime—beetles and things. They say he's quite a sharp at it. I notice that his wife seems to bore him a bit; and the other day I heard that he was going abroad for a couple of years at a German university.

I wonder if the woman with the soul will go alone and meet some of the students. She's just about the right age for an undergraduate.

I forgot to ask her about her soul, the other day at the parlor meeting. How careless we get in this rushing world of ours.

I do hope it isn't dying again—that precious, precious soul.

## Willie Rites on Neglect

YEW must never put off till tomorrow somebody you can depend on today for maybe your wife be hit by an automobile and lay it knocked out of you. Over teacher told us a story.

His name heved a nish an then went back in the kitchen to put a kuple of broiks in a cottage puddin she wuz buildin an John he went bowlin an wound he sorry well I guess he wuz not 4 the nex day when he got toun he found out the insurance ajunt skipt the gits be with all the munny which had bene made the day before had John gone yesterday instead of tomorrow he an his maw had lowt the munny which goes taw show yew cant be 2 kalrful about been kalrless. And then there was Mister Brown of over village woz motherlowlaw lived with him an thay was sum bickleride of mercury tablets in the medicine chest rite alongside of beddie tablets. She get a beddie in the centre of the dariness an got up to get a beddie tablet an Mr. Brown kalrlessly had left the lile burning an his mother-in-law got the rite kind of tablets and her beddie wuz cured an she is thup with Mr. Brown yet.

WILLIE JONES.

## CURLY LOCKS FOR THE ENVIOUS



Marguerite Clark's Charming Hair

## Use "Water Wave," Says Marguerite Clark

By MADGE MARVEL

DON'T envy curly heads. Use curls to root and be one."

That is the advice which dainty Marguerite Clark gives to all the matinee girls who envy her lovely, wavy locks.

"Spand just half the time you waste in washing for the curl that is not there in brushing it in with curls root. The curls will be directed to you, for straight hair will always long for waves. You think it sounds easy? Well, to tell you the truth it is almost as easy as it sounds."

Miss Clark shook her curls about her shining face like a roguish child.

"All it needs is care and persistence. The wave you admire in my hair is all my own. I put it there. It is the result of the same wish every straight-haired girl has, combined with the will to make the wish come true."

"I stay straight and straightly you need never expect it to be beautiful. Hair will grow the way it is trained if it is given the right care. The curls from are forgotten by all women who are really determined to have good hair and plenty of it. The water wave has won its place. Brushing and the curl root shampoo will make the water wave, no natural one."

"When your hair is dampened, coat it in the waves you wish, then pin them carefully in place with long hair pins or fasten them with side combs."

"It is well to tie a bit of lace or a veil over the damp wave until it is dry, and then comb it carefully. Then, before you go to bed, dust the hair full of curls root. You can get the right kind at any drug store. Rub it well to the roots of the hair and then brush it out. Use a brush with long bristles and considerable firmness. And brush with long, strong, regular strokes."

"Brush it for an hour. The longer the better. Your head will repay you in comfort for all the effort, and you will feel rested and soothed. It is important that all the powder be removed. If your hair is very dry use the powder only once a week. If it is oily use it every other day."

"The patient. Be persistent. Don't look for a curl in a day. But you should see results after a month of regular care. Thirty days of care is not much to pay for anything you have wished for so many times 30 times, is it?"

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

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.

The truth, plain and unvarnished, about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

Discussing Clothes

XXXIII.

SEE that woman. Peter isn't her skirt cut prettily," asked Mary.

I stared critically at a woman passing the window, and admitted that the general effect was rustic.

Another woman in a blue dress, a Peter spoke of the cut of her coat and the style of her fur. Similar description conversation had filled the afternoon.

It was Sunday, and at that time of the year, when the cut of a dress and the style of a coat are the only things that matter, and when you are planning to wear yourself. As far as I can make out the high light in a church parade, a wedding, a play, or an audience of any description is clothes, with a capital C. I'll wager that 80 per cent. of the idle conversation of some women pivots about the eternal perquisites—clothes!

Now, though I was perhaps unjust to some women in that statement, I was really very lenient with Mary. For, to be perfectly honest, 80 per cent. of Mary's conversation touches upon the eternal problem of feminine dress—clothes.

Mary talks clothes with me; she talks clothes with all her friends; she usually consulting a fashion book or looking over lace and materials. If she sees a pretty gown she calls up her mother and describes it. Taking all in all it's rather gotten upon my nerves.

"I said so, unwisely."

"Don't I always have to look nice?" demanded Mary, truculently. "Would you have me any other way?"

"Certainly not," I admitted. "But why, dear, waste such a terrible amount of energy over looking your best? It's easy enough, dear knows. Some of the simplest and quickest costumes you make you look nice in. And certainly it doesn't hurt you to have no air here every Sunday afternoon and pass blame remarks on the cut of a skirt or coat. It's things like that I mean, Mary, the useless and eternal discussion of a necessary evil. If you buy a gown, talk it over with the dressmaker and have it made—that's a very sensible sort of discussion—but for heaven's sake let it go at that. It's when you make it a vehicle of small talk that you consume a vast amount of energy and idea time."

"Peter," said Mary with dignity, "if you don't want to sit there you don't have to, you know. Men are stupid."

I wonder if women are more interested in clothes than any other subject in the universe? Is the fashion book a Bible and a dressmaker a monarch of the woman's world?

## Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

It's just as easy, and most of the time a good deal easier. That's why it's done, as they say in England.

Annie Laurie

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

You mustn't eat with your knife. You might cut yourself, and what a bore that would be both to you and the person opposite you.

You must not drink out of your saucer. Saucers are spilly things, and come stains are hard to manage.

You must open the door for the lady. Her hands are pretty full as it is, these days, and if you don't open the door for her she's liable to drop things all over the place, and then so how busy you'll be.

Why shouldn't you be like other people, Brother Jonathan? Honestly, now, when you come to think of it, why shouldn't you?

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Sterilize Your Beard or Brave Bacilli Menace

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins).  
Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

LET Hercules do what he may, the cat will mew, the dog will have his day. This is the disguised view of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. Such disheartening thoughts have come to him because his soldiers have cut off their beards and grown, as he thinks, Americanized.

A smooth-chinned man appeared on Friedrichstrasse—the Broadway of Berlin—recently. German court circles always sneeringly considered such fellows actors, Americans or Englishmen.

But no more. Since the American tango, one-step, talking machines, electric inventions and democrats have flooded Europe, even the stolid Teutons are "doing it." Hence the imperial tress.

Ever since Samson sat down upon the Philistines, beards have been the boast of the brave and the fascination of the fair. Even Socrates, the great philosopher, was called by Persius in the year B. C. "The Bearded Master."

Christ, himself, wore a beard which molles his face to a most beautiful appearance. It was the ambition of the "madness to raise similar ones."

"Goths," whose expression, "crowns" "thorns on a cross of gold," was used by William Jennings Bryan half a generation ago, was called "The Bearded" cause of his hirsute chin apron.

Terms Rejoice in Beards.

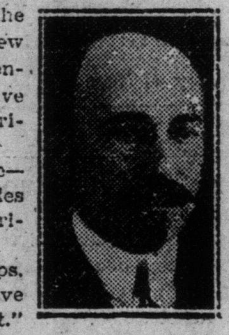
Master George Killenworth of the court of Ivan the Terrible of Russia, had a yellowish, thick beard five feet to three feet long. Since this time and the days of Svenkaif beards have grown less and less famous and less delectable.

Alas, poor chin, many a wart is richer hair than certain hopeful whiskers like Hudibras.

His (tawny beard) was the equal grace both of his wisdom and his force. In cut and style so like a tile. A sudden rise it would befall. The upper part thereof was wavy. The ether, orange mixed with gray.

Whiskers, while beautiful to behold and most beloved by their wearers, are, after all, an abomination. They adorn, they add to the stature, they fan with their Galway lances, but they are the net adding places of microbes and moles.

"We it is that a few bearded creatures, such as I, sterilize or disinfect their chins three times a day before meals and at night. But it must be plain that wearers of the bearded chins do not understand the necessity of whisker antisepsis, hence they fail to find it a feasible thing to do."



DR. HIRSHBERG

### Answers to Health Questions

F. W.—As a young woman only 40 years old I feel that I am too fat. Can you tell me how to reduce?

Practice deep and rapid breathing as singers do. Then bend over symmetrically 20 times to the front and as often to each side three times a day. Aim to touch the toes with your outstretched fingers without bending the knees.

J. L. Wilmington, Del.—My mother a heavy woman, fell and the veins of her foot broke. The toes are numb and they look dead. It happened a week ago. What is the remedy?

If your mother has no sugar disease called "diabetes," the application of hot water and massage of the toes and ball of the foot should relieve the trouble.

M. W. Philadelphia—Please tell me how to get rid of red spots and pimples.

Do not use soap when you wash, but clean your skin with a good cream and a wash with peroxide and tincture of benzoin. Take a salicylic powder every day and apply a lotion made of four tea spoons of sulphur to four ounces half of glycerine and half rose water each night.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic 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.

## Wasting Time in Study

By Mme. Margarete Matzenauer

Prima Donna Metropoltan Opera Company.

HAVE often wondered why they have so much dead timber in the curriculum of a college. So far as I can discover, year after year colleges teach the same old stuff with never a variation toward the everyday needs of this 20th century.

Why so much Latin, and why so much Greek? When I was in school all of the girls in my class thoroughly hated Latin. We had a bit of classical literature.

All the people read who wrote it. All the people die who wrote it. Happy death, they surely earn it.

Of course, a grand opera singer does not have the last word in educational matters, and in any event, my opinion is only the idea of a singer, but it does seem to me that the college or university that would set out to modernize its plan of teaching so that everything taught would be applicable to everyday needs—that is my idea of the kind of a college that is wanted.

Owing to the rapid progress in ideals, fact, figures and functions, I believe college students should learn live languages under the guidance of live professors. I think it is high time for institutions of learning to stop carrying all sorts of excess baggage belonging to the 15th, 16th or 17th century. Marked progress has been made in every other line. Why not start a hike progressward among college curriculums?

## Raising Willow Plumes

By Tom Jackson

THE OSTRICH is a stily bird who likes the desert land, who, when he's scared conceals his head down in the yielding sand. "Tis then that wild men come along, while he is standing pat, and yank the feathers from his tail to ornament a hat. Of course the ostrich is surprised, of something feels the lack, but then the ostrich cannot help what's done behind his back, and so he wanders sadly off, surrounded deep with glooms, and straightway starts upon the job to raise more willow plumes. And when he has another bunch a-waving over the plain, the wild men sneak up on his nose and yank them out again. You'd think the ostrich would grow sore and try and make a kick, but every year the wild men come and do their little trick. The ostrich never will learn sense; he's boob to beat the band, and so he always hides from view his wrong end in the sand. Perhaps there is a reason though, why ostrich isn't wise. He's bigger than a tin of coal, with head of peanut size. To do much thinking with a head like this the ostrich can't; it isn't large enough by far to run his feather plant.

The ostrich has an appetite most wonderful and great. It gets away with everything from ticks to armor plate. Scrap iron tid bits he adores, and hardware does him good. You see he doesn't stop to chew, but always bolts his food. When captured and put in a zoo he does not sigh or wall, he knows this is the sure way to keep feathers in his tail.

