

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

By Michelson

Secrets of Health

Even Genius Must Obey Nature's Rule

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

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

A GENIUS is said to be he who has the capacity for taking pains. Not pains, however, in the physical sense of the word. Sticks, Spartans, Indians, Mohammedans and others, who school themselves to the cold as well as to irritants, cannot be said to be geniuses.

A genius is one who has the ability to take pains. People who have neither are forever talking about both. Another silly platitude about genius maintains that fortune and genius are far from good friends. "Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius," said Isaac Disraeli.

What Genius Needs.

On the contrary, the true genius is typified by Edison, Cardinal Gibbons, Marconi, Wilbur Wright, Dr. Howard Kelly, Rudyard Kipling, John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Alexis Carrel, and a vast array of others, all of whom lack none of this world's goods.

A genius must needs have more than the ability to take pains. He must be rigorously industrious, patient, persistent, broad in his sympathies, disinterested in all dogmatic sciences, professional and occupational, and with a keen pleasure in the association of ignorant people as well as others.

No individual, be his ancestry and education what it might, who moves and has his being in one circle, one set, one social group, one neighborhood, or one stratum of society, can ever measure up to the definition of genius.

Genius in all its pride and strength is full of human nature, tolerance and feeling. It is never present in a cold-blooded, icy, prudish person.

Genius is inexhaustible and eternally different and original. The feelings, the muscles, the thoughts and the power of a genius are renewed constantly. Thus again the genius differs from the usual "authority." The latter banks upon the capital with which he began. Only a little compound interest on that is his new pabulum.

Like Other Humans.

There can be no theory about genius. All the facts speak for themselves. Just as the broad term Rational Animal, includes all mankind and has definite facts of nature behind it, so the name Genius contains comprehensive facts.

A genius is a man of muscle, mind and emotion. Imagination, thoughts and feelings must all be present. The hooting, scolding and ridicule heaped upon budding genius is at times unchanged until a coming generation distinguishes the hidden springs of conquest left behind. Genius is often perforce compelled to create the very taste which is to appreciate it.

Just as there are many things in heaven and earth unrecognized by man, which must be forced into his ken, so there are many kinds of the human mind, which only the wonders of a genius can bring into the understanding.

Answers to Health Questions

L. S., New York—What is good for flat hair?

Wash the hair with mustard and wash brush out and up. It is also advisable to massage the scalp every day. The daily massage and brushing will give life to the hair.

M. A., Philadelphia—I have been getting sick at the stomach, have headache and grow chilly at times. Ten months ago I was bitten on the finger by a pet dog. It wasn't a very large bite, and it was not treated for a week afterward. Hot water and peroxide were put on it also by me.

The dog was killed, but my finger still pains me. Do you think it should pain this late afterward? Are my other troubles due to that bite?

The only security from a dog bite is not to kill the dog. If the dog is a pet that has never been out among mad or fighting dogs and cats, it could scarcely have had rabies. If the dog is killed, this is never certain, even if the brain shows anything.

On the other hand, if the dog is kept chained up and watched, it will die within a few days or a week, if it has hydrophobia or rabies. No mad animal can live very long.

In any case all bites must be immediately cauterized with nitric acid, even if a permanent scar is left. The preventive treatment of Pasteur should be begun. If the dog is alive and well after a week's time, this may be stopped.

In your case, you seem to have been bitten by a well dog that never was bitten by other dogs. So you may feel assured that you are all right and dismiss the whole matter from your mind. Pains in old bites or scars are usually due to thinking about them and keeping your attention on them. None of your symptoms are those of hydrophobia. For rabies kills animals and mankind within a much shorter time than three weeks after the first symptom appears.

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.

THE (TANGO) CHAMPION

Recalling a certain other picture by C. D. Gibson

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 the L. A. T. and L. A. S. Clubs as judges.

The truth 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.

Growing Old Gracefully.

NOW that my mother-in-law has begun to dye her hair and talk sweetly of how late in life it was before her father and mother turned gray, and that she must have the prevailing family trait, I've begun to think a great deal about that side of life.

What a marvellous thing it is to grow old gracefully, to greet white hairs with stanch philosophy and let the wrinkles of smiling cheerfulness make the beholder forget those less lovely wrinkles of age and care.

Why do men accept age with a manner philosophy than women? To be sure, we all rebel when Father Time's insensate hand begins to etch the first tell-tale wrinkles which he writes his ineffaceable tale, but your average man doesn't resort in a panic to wrinkle creams and hair dye when he sees crow's feet. He sighs a little and makes the best of it.

The Philosophy of It. Of course there's considerable likelihood of his fusing over a premature bald spot, and secretly he may buy lotions and manage cure until some one finds him out, but he recoils with hearty scruples from the dye pot, unless he's a musician or a lady-killer of pronounced frivolity. Yet the number of women who desperately resort to this age eliminating hypocrisis is daily attested by the prodigious number of masseurs and hair doctors who spring up in our cities like unwholesome mushrooms, trying upon the weaknesses of womankind. I don't believe a wrinkle cream factory ever went bankrupt. And there's a new one on the market every week. One walk through a department store will reveal a new demonstration with the ever ready to impart the bloom of youth to any cheek for a quarter.

There is a philosophy to it, too, I suppose. I reflected, glancing at a picture of the lovely Mrs. Penfield's hair above Mrs. Penfield's brow. There must be a vital reason back of this different attitude of men and women toward age-old problem. Men, of course, are mad over the curving loveliness of youth; the older the woman the more he admires it—and women know it. Naturally, the knowledge forces them into competition with younger women, and rather than resign her prestige, the older woman flies to the paint pot and the cream jar and successfully—sometimes—imitates the natural beauty of the young.

Why, I wonder, do men insist upon loveliness in women when women, who are a notoriously color-loving set, are so apt to find physical imperfections in men? Is it because man, the conquering brute, has been taught that he can have what he wants, and woman must take what she can get? It's likely a survival of cave men days.

Women Always Kinder.

Watch the men beautiful women marry. Adonis would usually come out as a handsome man rarely marries a homely woman unless she's so clever he can't get away. Even then he'll consider himself grievously cheated in life's game, and he'll cast furtive sheep's eyes of admiration at every lovely woman he sees. Yet a beautiful woman will frequently give a beautiful devotion to an ugly man.

The reason? Men, I think, are on the whole a more impetuous, illogical crowd than women. They delight in superficialities, provided the superficialities are slightly. There isn't the same incentive to selectivity. A man isn't so often looking for a meal ticket as a woman. The woman sees the ugly man, and a swift charity makes her kind to him. Women are always kinder to men than men are to women. She finds that he's interesting and decent, and instantly her interest goes beneath the shell of his physical imperfections and sees the more beautiful things beneath. If he's likely to be a good mate, that's enough for her.

Not so the man. He sees first and last the sweeping eyelash, the soft pretty blush, the bronze mist of hair. They stir his senses, and a grand, illogical impetuosity he doesn't care whether there are beautiful things inside the beautiful shell or not.

"Beauty," one man once said to another, seeking, broadly enough, to discourage the other's intentions to a beautiful, frivolous, brainless doll, "beauty is only skin deep, my boy."

"Well," said the son of Adam, glancing across the street at a girl's pretty face, "that's deep enough for me, old top!" There you have in a nutshell the masculine attitude.

With the Bark on

Time makes old fashions new fashions.

Talk will result in thinking oftener than thinking cases talk.

The man who can be happy in the present need have no fear of the past or the future.

The two birds in the bush would not change places with the one in the hand, even if the latter is said to be the more valuable.

The "as good fish in the sea" refuse to nibble at the bait the average man can offer.

The man who lives without working has as monotonous an existence as he who works without living.

A bad joke is the saddest of all and objects.

The man who looks for trouble has no trouble in finding it.



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AS times change heroes change. Once the hero was a Napoleon. Then he was a Jeffries as immortalized by Mr. Gibson in the picture honored by the Luxembourg Galleries in France. Then he was the ball player. Now he is the TANGO king. Let his new glory be recognized in art as in life. Michelson pays his

tribute to the new hero in a spirit of sincerest homage. Make way for the Wizard of Syncopeation. He hasn't the punch. But he has the kick. He thrills the young. He galvanizes the old. He punctuates life with a new emotion. He makes men forget work. He makes women forget Bridge. He is the hour's Champion.

Words of Wise Men

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one.—Thoreau.

I never knew a man of letters ashamed of his profession.—Thackeray.

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wide and masterly inactivity.—MacIntosh.

The pleasures of the palate deal with us like the Egyptian thieves, who strangle those whom they embrace.—Seneca.

The reform that applies itself to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come with plain living and high thinking. It must come with a true acceptance by each man of his vocation—not chosen by his parents, or friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.—Emerson.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:

My sweetheart and I had a dreadful misunderstanding a year and a half ago and for six months we tried to make up, but did not succeed. In a fit of despair, he married a girl whom he had only known a very short time. A few months later he found out that she was no longer true to him and he obtained a divorce. Now he and I both realize our folly, and he is urging me to marry him. Kindly advise me just what I should do in this case. I have always loved him and know he loves me dearly. Do you think my life with him will be a happy one with his first marriage behind us?

LIBERTY BELL

So you quarrelled, did you, you and your sweetheart, and made a mess of your lives, and you are heart-

broken and the sweetheart is miserable, and now, what shall you do?

Dear heart, it's hard to say. You've made your omelet, and now you're going to try to put the eggs back in the shells. Well, perhaps you can do it.

Some people, they say, can. I've never seen many of them. Have you?

Not quite so stable as a rock, is he, this young man of yours? It seems to be quite easy for him to change his mind—and his heart, doesn't it?

How did you feel when he married the girl? Were you happy then? And when he divorced her—so soon, did that please you?

How do you know that the girl he married really was untrue to him? Just because he tells you so?

What was it you quarrelled about? It must have been something really serious or it wouldn't have been so hard to get over it.

Interchangeable.

"Dyspepsia is often mistaken for love," remarked the cynic. "Not nearly so often as hunger," said the practical man.

Fairly Caught. "So their wedding was a great surprise."

"Yes, indeed. Everyone thought until the last minute that he would side-

Car Would Be Useless.

"Would you like to have all the property in the world divided equally?" "Oh, what's the use! It would be my luck to draw an automobile and have no money to run it."

Muddled. "Did that Psychic Phenomenon read your wife's mind?"

"No, I knew he couldn't. Her mind is never clear."

Conservative.

"Does he run his car at a high speed?" "Well, he will never be fined for loitering."

And There is No Skipping. "Mertie—Wouldn't you like to be a mind reader?"

"Marie—Dear me, no. Why, it would be impossible to read the last chapter first."

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.

TOMATO SAUSAGES.

Put a pound of sliced tomatoes into a saucepan, add a small piece of butter and a sprinkle of celery salt, and simmer over a very gentle heat until soft enough to be passed through a fine sieve. Season the pulp with salt, pepper, and a little piece of butter. Bring it to the boil. Leave until quite cold. Mix with a pound and a half of sausage meat. Press into skins or form into cakes. Tomato sausages must be used as soon as they are made, as they do not keep.

FAGGOTS.

Mix together a pound and a half of well minced calf's liver, half a pound of equally well minced pork, a chopped onion and a teaspoonful of mixed sage and thyme, and salt and pepper to season. Place in a steamer over boiling water, and leave for half an hour. Leave until quite cold. Add three well beaten eggs and three ounces of fine breadcrumbs. Mix well. Form into cakes, place in a pan, pour in a little gravy, and bake to a golden brown.

MUTTON TAILS.

Cut in half, cover with water, add an onion, stuck with two or three cloves, a sprig of parsley, and a sweet herb, and salt to season. Simmer until tender. Remove the tail. Drain well. Coat with dissolved butter, and sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs. Brown under the grill. Strain the liquor in which it was boiled, flavor it with lemon juice, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, and a little powdered cinnamon. Simmer again for 10 minutes. Stir well, pressing the sauce as smoothly as possible. If too thick, add a little boiling water.

SALTED ALMONDS.

Pour some rapidly boiling water over the almonds, leave them for a few minutes, skin, and dry them thoroughly. It is as well to place them in the oven if they are to be used immediately, but they must not be allowed to brown. Pour a tablespoonful of good salad oil into a small frying pan, heat it thoroughly, put in the almonds, and fry them to a golden brown. Have ready a sheet of white kitchen paper, place the almonds in the middle, dust with fine salt, fold the sheet of paper lightly, and toss the almonds until they are all coated with the salt. Open the paper and leave them until they are quite cold.

PRUNE SAUCE FOR SUET PUDDING.

Wash well and soak half a pound of prunes in just enough water to cover them for 20 minutes. Simmer them in this water until they are soft enough for you to be able to remove the kernels easily. Add the strained juice of a lemon, a dessertspoonful of sugar, and a little powdered cinnamon. Simmer again for 10 minutes. Stir well, pressing the sauce as smoothly as possible. If too thick, add a little boiling water.

MILK JELLY.

Milk jelly is not difficult to make, and we cannot see why your efforts should result in a curdled mass. Put a quart of milk, an ounce of gelatine, three ounces of castor sugar, and a long strip of lemon rind into a saucepan. Place over a gentle heat until the gelatine is dissolved, stirring well from time to time. Strain. Leave until about to set, and then pour it into a mould previously rinsed out in cold water. Leave in a cool place until firm.