

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Clara Morris Says—

THAT AN AMERICAN'S MANIA FOR TITLES IS A STRANGE MYSTERY

A MONG feminine fads we frequently find love of uniforms and of titles bracketed together, when they are really pole-wide apart. One deals with the present, the other with the past.

Woman is sneered at for her fancy for gold lace and brass buttons, but every daughter of her mother thrills at sight of long lines of marching men, backs flat, heads up, eyes front, drums beating, flags flying, and she whose heart does not quicken at these sights and sounds is a woman inordinant.

The woman may reason: "Here are men who have submitted to strict discipline, who can obey or command, who can make themselves respected, and are ready to fight at the drop of the hat for country, love and honor." Or she may simply respond to an ineffable instinct common to primal woman. For, just as fighting is instinctive with the virile man, the craving for protection is instinctive, especially so, with the maternal type of woman.

A natural desire to share in this feminine adoration of the military has something to do with sending men into the ranks, I am told. So, you see, it's not gold lace or brass buttons that are admired, but what they symbolize.

But who can explain why an American woman—born and bred in a republic that has no aristocracy, no nobility, no gentry, no classes (?), who had "liberty and equality" blown in the glass of her feeding bottle—should become obsessed with the desire of bearing a title?

A steady diet from the 13th to the 16th year of sensational novels of "The Dairy-Maid Duchess" and "Lady Audley's Secret" type, will bring a pretty and vain girl to such a point that a "strain of music from heaven's own choir could not thrill her as a dumpy's 'my lady' would do. What she will not know of heraldry, of armorial insignia and the people privileged to bear them would scarcely be worth the telling.

A coronet! Strawberry leaves, balls or plain circlet—of all the dead-sea fruits, not one is so beautiful, so costly and so gritty and bitter of ash as you are. For a sneering, elderly rake, with a title, this obsessed girl will throw Cupid out of the window by his wings, give up country and fortune, as fair payment for the right to pass from a room ahead of some other woman, even though she must herself yield the "pass" to one of higher rank, and to break out in coronets over all her personal belongings.

Edith's "A Strange Riddle of a Lady" describes perfectly the American title-hunter.

Refreshed and equal to the most strenuous social or household activities. It is always more pleasant to do the folk dancing in company, for there are many figures that require four, six or eight persons to dance them. You will find plenty of friends who will become enthusiastic over this form of exercise and will be glad to form a class.

Very Best Exercise.

You can meet at the different homes and make this gymnasium work one of the pleasant features of your social life. If you do not care to hire an instructor there are many books published on the subject which will give you minute directions as to the different steps and figures.

If you are stout and inactive, folk dancing will make you more slender and agile. On the other hand, if you happen to be thin, the exercise will develop muscle and tissue, so that the hollows and angles of the body will become rounded out.

There is no other form of exercise that is half so enjoyable as dancing. The if you get the mazy basket case and dislike the usual movements with dumbbells, Indian clubs or wands, try folk dancing.

Dance the Old "Folk Dances" to Give You Average Weight

By LUCREZIA BORI,
Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

Of course you know that many of us throw away the opportunity to become beautiful because we are too lazy to exercise.

You like to take a broom and vigorously sweep a room to gain much-needed exercise? Probably you don't, yet there is nothing better than dancing to produce strength, grace and symmetry of form.

There is, however, one form of exercise which the modern woman welcomes with smiles—dancing. Play a rollicking foxtrot or a one-step, and the will dance in the morning, afternoon or evening.

What is more, she will never appear aged from over-exercising, even though she becomes healthfully tired at times. She is always flushed and happy with the exercise.

There is nothing better for sluggish circulation than dancing. You are forced to breathe deeply, which means that you get more oxygen to the cells of the body. And all this means dance, and dance often.

Dance at Home.

In Greece, at the period when life was most full of art, poetry, music, health, beauty and prowess, one of the essential elements of everyday life was dancing. Later there is a vogue for folk dancing in gymnasium circles. Physical culture teachers have realized the value of these dances as an exercise, and the girls find them fascinating and beneficial.

It is not necessary to attend a gymnasium to exercise by dancing folk dances. Here is where Aunt Juliet's scheme scores. She never has a heavy midday dinner Sunday. It's just a light luncheon, because her really heavy meal of the week is served Saturday night, and Sunday is a light cooking day.

However, that doesn't interfere with the attractiveness of the meals a bit. We all do as we please Sunday, but as it's always Lucy's day out, it's understood that Sunday evening everybody "pitches into" the preparation of the evening meal. Only informal guests are ever asked for Sunday evening, and those present are usually enlisted in the cause, too.

Out comes the chafing dish, for on cold days it's always a chafing dish supper. Bob was the only guest Sunday evening, but he was impressed into domestic service, although the "service" consists mainly in watching me preside over the blazer!

"Preparing a meal is not my forte," he said mournfully when I protested at his shirking, "but I can distinguish myself in the amount of interest I show in watching you prepare it. And if you're good and won't object again I'll sacrifice my manly dignity and sail into the after-supper dishes with neatness and dispatch." That was too good an offer to miss, so aunt and I shared the preparing between us.

Sunday night's meal had been planned two days before, as is aunt's usual custom. Our menu was:

Crochle beef
Celery Olives
Raspberry chestnut pudding
Lemonade

Crochle beef is prepared by slicing little notches cut into thinly sliced beef the following paste: One teaspoonful of vinegar and Worcester sauce mixed with one teaspoonful of dry mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a bit of cayenne and a tablespoonful of butter.

Today's Fashion



Frock of White, and Black and White Silk

MANY of the latest dance frocks are a combination of striped and plain materials. In the frock pictured here the bodice is of plain white silk trimmed with lace, and the skirt is of black and white striped silk. The lace on the bodice is arranged to form a cape which falls slightly below the waist at the back. A small, pointed apron of the pleated lace ornaments the skirt.

The HANDS That PART THEM By Michelson



THEY don't want to be parted, and nobody is there to say they must part. But, all the same, they are forced to part by two hands that have been very quietly and stealthily preparing to do this very thing—the hands of the big clock. Ten o'clock makes a fair visit. Ten thirty BEGINS to say GO. Eleven really means business, even for folks who don't want to be parted. Of course you can put it off. But those HANDS will get you at last. They are the only hands that will resist any appeal.

Arguing with them has NO effect whatever. There is only one consolation—they are the same hands that beckon you back again!

A Bride's Own Story of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

SUNDAY night supper is a "necessary evil" in most families. I've known the ghost of the midday banquet stalk forth in the shape of cold sliced meat, warmed-over vegetables thinly disguised, and unwhomlike canned fruit, hastily annexed from the pantry. Nobody anticipates with much pleasure Sunday night's meal, and everybody eats from force of habit rather than anything else.

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Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am writing to a boy who has gone from town to take a position of considerable danger. At one time I thought he cared for me, but I did not treat him well, and lately he has been going with another girl.

"Is it right for me to express much concern for his safety or to wish him back? I did not realize how much I cared for him, until now it seems too late. Should I let him get any idea that I care?" DAISY R.

YES, I'd let him know that I thought about him and worried about him and wished he was back. I wouldn't be foolish or quishing or emotional about it. I'd just be sincere and honest and friendly, and see what would happen.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am 16 years old, and I am very much in love with a fellow two years my senior. We are separated at present, and he writes me devoted letters most every day. A member of my family has upset me very much by telling to convince me that he doesn't love me, because he

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why You Use Only a Few of the Words You Know

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

ALL men think all men mortal but themselves. All men see that other men live in glass houses, but refuse to see the permeability and fragility of their own. Man with an exalted sense of his own righteousness becomes pathologically aware of his neighbor's, his competitor's, his rival's, his enemy's shortcomings, yet remains wholly convinced of his own pure motives and eternal virtue. Few men know themselves, while many professors, experts, authorities and other conspicuously prominent gentlemen in all walks of life have a moonstruck madness about their own value and an utter contempt for that of another.

Most of these illusions are the result of that All DR. HIRSBERG. Baba's cave of jewels and cross called memory. Memory is both the prisoner and the warder of a man's outlook. The memory of the just is blessed, but where is there such a person? The memory of most human creatures is cursed by delusions, dreams, reveries, hopes, hatreds, wishes, disappointments and aspirations. Show me any one who is able clearly to separate what actually happened at another place and instant.

Freight of Memory.

While memory holds a seat in the distracted globe of living stuff, the motion picture takes place side by side with reality, a rough, round globe of the proper color, seen for an instant, will be sworn to in court and under oath as an orange. A shot heard half an hour after a nearby murder will cling to memory's tablets as an event simultaneous with the moment assigned to the catastrophe.

Infants and young children have the most accurate memories. No matter how virtuous, honest and sincere a man or woman may be, the older they grow the less reliable in general will their memory be. Emotions, beliefs, visions, illusions, desires, pictures and dreams all become intimately and almost indelibly intertwined with what actually happened at another place and instant.

Psychological laboratory experiments have of late been directed more and more toward an analysis and understanding of memory. Most persons realize that there are more elements to memory than words, recollection. The power to recognize a previously experienced thing is always much more simple than to recall something at will, to recognize, to recollect and to recall are each understood when you think of your own native language.

You speak and use—that is, to recollect and apply appropriately—only a few thousand words. Your conversation is made up of a limited list of plain words. Yet you read your newspaper and understand—that is to say, your memory "recognizes" the meaning of the thousands of words and their meanings, which you never recall in the practice of conversation.

An Amazing Experiment.

Mr. Garry C. Myers, an eminent student of psychology, has just unraveled another one of these tangled skeins of the intimate and complex relations upon recognition and recall as related to human remembrances as subjects of his investigation. Mr. Myers used 254 high school students as subjects. A number of words were spoken to them as if for a spelling test, and half an hour later they were asked to recall the words. After a lapse of three months they were again surprised by a request to recall the words. After the answers were made—two minutes only being allowed for this—the words were called out again mixed with twice as many other words, and the students were asked to recognize them.

To the surprise of Mr. Myers not one of the 254 brilliant students could recall six of the words, and one-fifth of them could recall none. Yet 238 of the 254 all but one—recognition nearly all the words, and more boys recognized all of the words than did the girls.

Mr. Myers' studies from his experiments that the capacity of the memory to recognize—"recognition efficiency"—is from two and one-half to four times greater than the ability of the memory to recall. There is no relationship in any one person's memory between the power to recall and his speed and power of recognition. These two functions seem to be separate and distinct.

Answers to Health Questions

LUCILLE Q—What will cure small white spots on my wrists and the back of my hands?

A—Apply ammoniated mercury ointment to the spots. They are of no consequence.

Mrs. S. M. Q—My feet are so frost-bitten that I can barely walk. Can you advise a remedy?

A—Apply to the feet: roscin, 1 dram; tchtybol, 1 dram; tannic acid, 1 dram; rosewater, 1 ounce.

Mrs. S. Q—I am troubled with gas after eating, and also with heartburn. Can you advise a cure?

A—You should avoid all solid foods, eat less, drink more, eat oranges, apples, oatmeal, shredded wheat, and drink two glasses of water one-half hour before each meal. Take seven grains of oxide of magnesium before meals and six charcoal tablets after.

J. S. Q—How do I make my baby cheeks full and firm?

A—The use of creams and oils produce hair on the face!

A—Bathe the hands and feet each night in a solution of formalin and water, one-half teaspoonful of formalin to one pint of water. Dry them and rub with olive oil.

Y—You have chronic alcoholic poisoning. If you do not avoid all alcoholic drinks you will soon be a chronic invalid.

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Mary writes Hugh:

TELIGRAPHED that we would be home that day. Then Mary wrote a note to Hugh, her cheeks flushed hotly with color. She wrote and rewrote, to a up innumerable sheets of paper, and finally, with trembling hands, held out the sheet to me.

"I don't want to read it, dear," I said. "It's quite enough for me that you're willing to write it."

"But I want you to, Peter," she said with a sob. "I do want you to read it. There's something in it that I couldn't say before, even to you, for I didn't realize it myself."

I took the sheet of paper and read:

Dear Hugh—I am going home with Peter. When it came time for me to tell him that I was going to live apart from him until I could get a divorce, it came over me with dreadful vividness what life without him would be, and I couldn't. Hugh, I couldn't. I don't know what this feeling for you has been, but when the test came I knew that I really loved Peter best. Forgive me, MARY.

"Mary," I cried, "do you, after all, really love me the best in spite of the divorce, it came over me with dreadful vividness what life without him would be, and I couldn't. Hugh, I couldn't. I don't know what this feeling for you has been, but when the test came I knew that I really loved Peter best. Forgive me, MARY."

"Two Nerve Wires."

"Yes," said Mary, in a low voice. "I do. Every minute I seem to realize it more."

"I'm glad for that," I said, and I knew that my voice shook. After all, it isn't just women who are sentimental. Men are sentimental asses, too. It's another of the faults attributed by one sex to the other in a burst of antagonism to the other, when all the time it's a human attribute.

"I'm glad we're going home," said Mary, her eyes wet with tears. "So am I," said I.

"What about the nerves?" I asked.

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Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

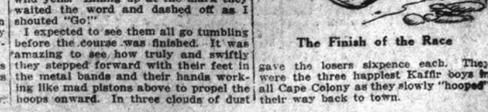
WHERE "HOOPING THE HOOP" IS A FAVORITE SPORT.

THE other day I went to a vaudeville show and saw a slack-rope walker take a large grooved hoop, that looked as if it had been taken from a wagon wheel, and win great applause by propelling it along the rope with himself inside. The performance took me back to a scene I had witnessed in South Africa.

Along the dusty road one day I saw three wild-looking objects hurtling along the ground. They were too far off for me to tell precisely what they were. They looked more like huge hoop snakes with their tails in their mouths rolling along than anything else I could recall. But when they came nearer I discovered my mistake.

They were three Kaffir boys racing in the game of "hooping the hoop." From contorted military postures they had taken the iron tires. Standing inside the broad bands of metal, propelling them along with hands and feet, they stepped forward with their feet in the metal bands and their hands working like mad pistons above to propel the hoop onward. In three clouds of dust that were one, the boys "hooped" the quarter-mile. They finished one, two, three.

Panting and exhausted they clamored for the prize. I felt that I had had more than my shilling's worth, so I



The Finish of the Race

15

opportunity, most shoes stocked.

Straw, Panama and Remodeled, Latest Styles Now Ready at Hat Works, 1155 North 1st St.

General Manager, by Carl Horton, the Famous Hays, Limited, which you are w's Theatre at 530 to- I shall tell you of experiences we have had at this film released at the W.C.T.U., the Anti-Socialists and other organizations on Alliance to show it. ed \$25,000 by a league suppress this film until fearing that its influ- Philadelphia," said Mr. the film was shown to Association of Ost- two days the national Owing to the diabolical and a unanimous resolu- for temperance.

SOCIALISTS

E FUTURE APPEAL

Despatch, March 3.—(Via London, annual attempt of the ate to secure action in Diet looking to the re- the Prussian franchise has failed. Herr Liebk- socialist leader, spoke for spokesman for the non- replied that the pres- time) to consider the

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