

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Clara Morris Says—

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



CLARA MORRIS

AMONG 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 moribund.

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 tunk'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 circle—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 "first" to one of higher rank, and to break out in coronets over all her personal belongings.

Studious "A Strange Riddle of a Lady" describes perfectly the American title hunter.

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

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York



LUCREZIA BORI

OF course you know that many of us throw away the opportunity to become beautiful because we are too lazy to exercise. Do 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 sweeping 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 fox-trot or a one-step and the will dance in the morning, afternoon or evening.

That is more, she will never appear jaundiced 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 whether you want to or not, and all the muscles being brought into activity, you will gain a freedom and grace heretofore unimagined. Of all 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 was a vogue for folk dancing in the homes of the middle class. 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. Learn the steps and practice them at home.

After you have exercised in folk dancing for an hour or so, lie down and relax your muscles until you no longer feel overheated. Then take a tub or a sponge bath, followed by an alcohol rub. This latter precaution will ward off any tendency to taking cold. You will feel

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.

A Bride's Own Story of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

SOLVING THE SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER PROBLEM.

SUNDAY night supper is a "necessary evil" in most families. I've been thinking of the ghost of the midday banquet stalks forth in the shape of cold sliced meat, warmed-over vegetables thinly disguised, and unwholesome 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.

Here is where Aunt Juliette'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 meat 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 slip 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:

- Crochets beef
- Celery Olives
- Raspberry chestnut pudding
- Lemonade

Crochets beef is prepared by slicing in little notches cut into thinly sliced beef the following pattern. 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.

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!

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.

Mary writes Hugh: "I TELEGRAPHED that we would be home that day. Then Mary wrote a note to Hugh, her cheeks flushed hotly with color. She wrote and rewrote, tore 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," I cried, "do you, after all, think 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."

"I'm glad we're going home," said Mary, her eyes wet with tears. "So am I," said I. "Thank God for that!" I said, and I knew that my voice shook. After all, it isn't just women who are sentimental. Men are sentimental, too. I think each one of us was reading a different interpretation into the words that we had passed.

On the Train. The panoramic flash of landscape by the train windows brought with it increased sanity. As we drew nearer home we began to talk of home things and home people, and New York seemed very far away. A curious sense of loneliness and charm began to envelop the little town we had left when my nerves had gone to pieces.

"I wonder how everybody is," said Mary presently with a little comfortable sigh. "Probably well, or we'd heard," I answered. And then we said all over again the dear banalities that all people say who are human.

"It seems ages that we've been away," said Mary. "It certainly does," said I, "though in another sense it seems but yesterday that we left with Dad and mother waving to us from the station."

"And now they'll be waving to us again," said Mary, and there were tears in her eyes. "God bless them all!" said I fervently.

Annie Laurie

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)



DR. HIRSBERG

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. Babes' cave of jewels and dross 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 the recollected event from its encompassing mixture of visions and I will show you either an angel, a new born babe or a superman. There are none such.

Frecks 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 indissolubly mingled 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 and 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 words, of 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 intricate web of memory. He has recognized and recalled 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 two hundred brilliant students 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 23 of the 254 all but one—recognized nearly all the words, and more boys recognized all of the words than did the girls.

Mr. Myers' study 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.

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

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