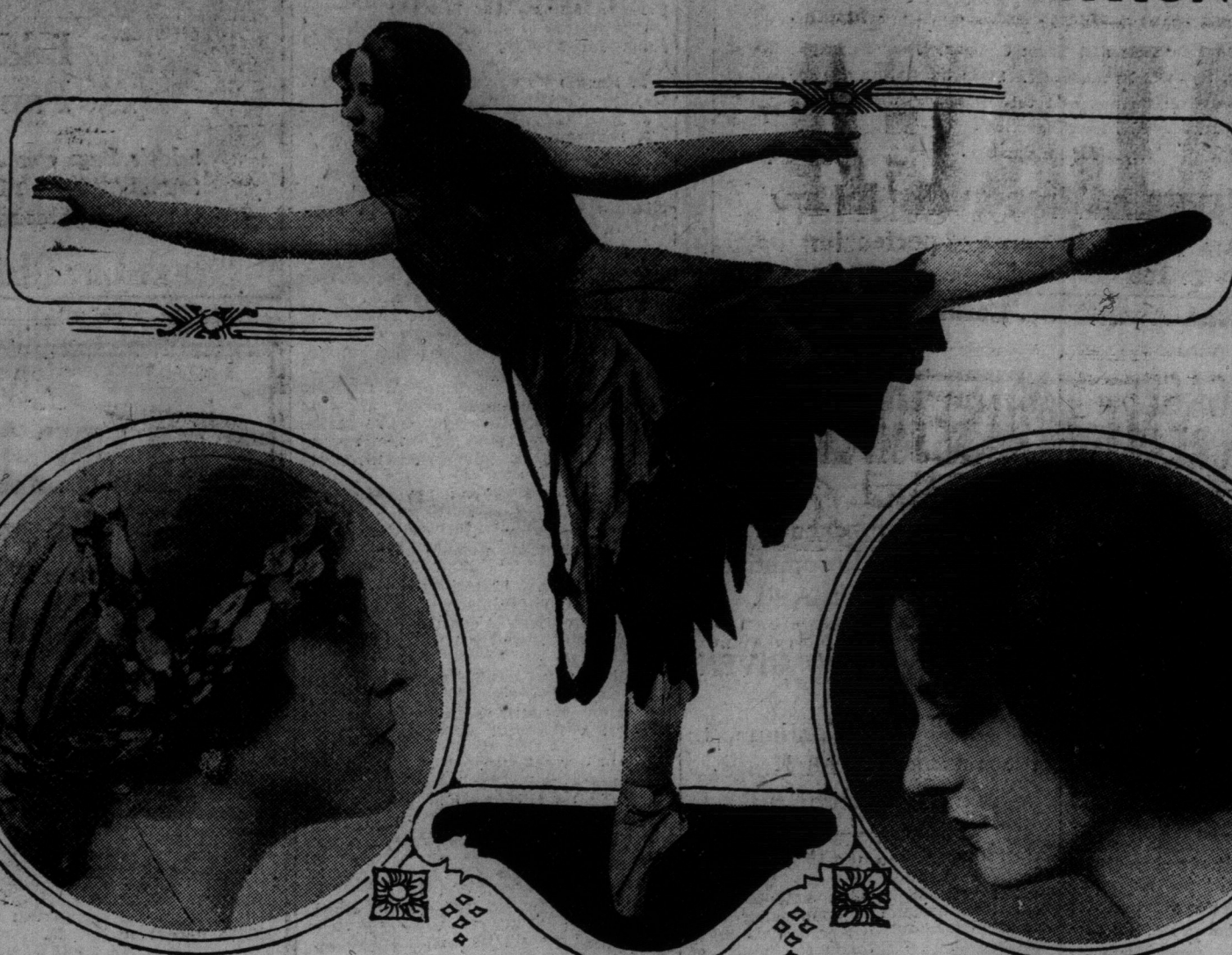


# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## DANCING TO IMPROVE THE DISPOSITION



Three Interesting Poses of Charming Mlle. Dazie.

### Mlle. Dazie Gives Some Interesting Rules for "Keeping in Tune"

By ELEANOR AMES

TEMPER fits do not keep step to dance music. The present dance madness will result in future salubrious balance and better dispositions. It will teach control. Control means increase of power. The time for this mad whirlwind of tango and maxixe and hesitation and one-step has a perfectly sane and logical reason back of it. It was needed to relieve the strain of too much seriousness and too long continued nervous tension. It let down the bars of ever-rent and the after-sanity comes the world will be much better for it.

At least, that is the opinion of Mlle. Dazie, who ranks as one of the most famous dancers of the age. It is an opinion worthy attention, for many of the classical dancers have only the modern dance, which, they declare, are neither artistic nor interesting nor provocative of good.

"Anything which gives men and women the opportunity of gaining control of themselves is to be encouraged," said Mlle. Dazie, whose poise and grace is the perfection of harmony between mind and body.

"I have chosen not to regard the modern dances from an artistic standpoint, but from the effect on the dancers. No one can dance at all unless he or she has control of the body. The dancer must understand the law of balance and bodily control. Otherwise the feet will obey the mind. The majority of the world has long been in fetters of self-consciousness. The dance is breaking those fetters.

"You know Epictetus says 'No man is free who is not master of himself.' That is a good motto for the dancer or for any one else to put back in the mental storehouse. Freedom is as necessary for success as opportunity. The minute a man or a woman reaches the place where the body works in sub-conscious harmony with the mind there is freedom of action.

"A well balanced head seldom crowns an ill-balanced body. Over-suppression has resulted in lack of harmony. We have been afraid for fear of being awkward. The dance has removed that fear. The result will be an improvement in health, beauty and conduct. We are learning to forget ourselves by dancing. It will soon become a habit, and the balance will become part of the nature.

"Every woman who seeks beauty should begin by learning to dance. When she can pose herself on one foot with the other extended and her whole body in muscular control, she is laying a permanent foundation for the poise which will make her graceful and efficient.

## Who Are the World's Greatest Women?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

OUT in San Francisco where the weather's fair they're trying to pick out the world's six most distinguished women.

No, they aren't going to send them laurel wreaths, or ask them to talk into a phonograph and tell us all just how they came to be so distinguished. They're going to invite them to the Panama exposition—as world honor guests.

The California papers are asking the people of California to help decide who the world's six greatest women are. So far they're a good deal in the dark.

There's a list of names starting with Mlle. Curie, the great French scientist, and ending with the Begum of something or other—one of India's great women. Jane Addams seems to be a favorite, and so does Helen Gould Shepard. Mrs. Pankhurst and Annie Besant are running neck and neck. Annie Smith Peck, who climbs mountains, has for her close competitor Mlle. Montessori, who is telling us all how to teach our children to button, button into perfectly good button-holes.

Lillookalani, late of Hawaii, and Carmen Sylva of Roumania are the only royal ladies who seem to be in the running at all.

It's interesting, isn't it? I wish I could invite the six greatest I know to be my guests at the great fair in San Francisco in 1915.

### One Who Is Truly Great.

I'd have to invite them right now and give them at least a year to get ready to come—for most of them are poor—and haven't any particularly fine clothes—and all of them are very, very busy.

One of my six greatest women has clothes enough and to spare. Gorgeous clothes—silk and satin and lace—embroidered and woven and plaited. Clothes from Paris, where they make them specially for America of a sort that no French woman would wear even to the wedding of her dearest enemy. Clothes from that smart shop in Vienna, where you must get your coats—unless you want to be entirely out of it—swishy things from India, all shimmer and sparkle—embroidered things from China, all gold and silver—oh, all kinds of clothes—in her business.

No, I shouldn't call her a great actress, not one of the world's greatest, but she is a very good actress indeed; and everybody in this country knows her and loves her—and I can never even see her picture, whether it is on the dead walls or hanging in the lobby of the theatre, without smiling up at her.

Can't Be Helped. Gobang—I wonder why so many men marry the wrong women. Ukerdek—Guess it must be from habit.

A Proxy Ornament. "Was that sword over the mantel carried by an ancestor?" "No. My ancestor was not warlike. That is a sword my grandfather might have carried if he had not hired a substitute."

Chips — By W. Bob Holland. The man in the swiftly-moving motor car does not smell its odor. The early to bed maxim does not appeal to the victim of insomnia. Time gained by going at a high speed is often lost by the necessity for a long rest.

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The man in the swiftly-moving motor car does not smell its odor. The early to bed maxim does not appeal to the victim of insomnia. Time gained by going at a high speed is often lost by the necessity for a long rest.

The beggar on horseback has the sympathy of the man in the automobile. The dollar that might have spent but didn't should not count among those earned.

Disappearances are deceptive when due to a slight of hand performer. "He says he is in favor of enforcing all laws so long as they are laws."

Recently Converted. "He must have changed his mind lately. He formerly ran a drug store in a prohibition town."

To Avoid Dyspepsia. "Why does Willing go to Paris each year?" "He says that he abhors French cooking."

Choice Hard to Make. At the theatre every night—the belle of the box-fetted, courted, made much of, dear old Aunt Sally, and sent home at the end of the season with enough to think about to keep her from being lonely the rest of her life.

### Let the Sunshine In

It pays to wear a smiling face. And laugh our troubles down. For all our little trials wait Beneath the magic of a smile. Our doubts will fade away. Asneath the frost in early spring Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to have a worthy cause. By helping it, our own. To give the current of our lives A true and noble tone. Oppressed with dull despair, And leave in sun-drenched lives A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand To eager, earnest youth. To give, with all their waywardness, Their courage and their truth; To strive with sympathy and love Their confidence to win, And leave to open up the heart And let the sunshine in.

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## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### Why You Get "Stiff Neck" Without Apparent Cause

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

YOU go to bed like a lark. You feel "as fine as a fiddle" all day. All is well.

Yet you wake up the next morning with a kink in your neck. Your collar muscles are as stiff as the proverbial poker.

Moreover, the rigidity is only second to the spasms of pain you feel when you try to turn your head. Your conscience, like the wight's in the Merchant of Venice, hangs about your neck.

"Budge not," it says. "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says your conscience. And if you love not pain, you are indeed a yokel if you try to shake your head or budge that stiff-neck.

"What is the rule to prevent these rigid, stiff, strangulating muscle spasms?" is the usual cry when acute "torticollis" develops. To which the stiff-neck, if it could speak, would answer, as in the Winter's Tale,

"If I shall be condemned Upon smiles; all proofs sleeping else, But what the jealousies awake, I tell you."

"Is rigor and not a law?" "In short, there is no law that will save everybody from suffering the pangs and inconveniences of this affection.

If the adamant and concrete clinging of one tissue to another indicates underment and style, a man with a stiff neck is a most fashionable and much loved fellow, for the petrified and inflexible neck muscles cling as obstinately to his vertebrae as a swarm of bees to the queen.

"Wry-neck," acute "torticollis" or "stiff-neck," is a pretty high price to pay for something you did not buy. Actually, it is often most difficult for even the most searching investigation and cross-questioning to bring to light the source of the horny, cartilaginous neck-resistance.

Most commonly the domestic doctor dismisses the stiff-neck with a wave of her hand as one of the "colds," whatever that may be. Somehow, any affliction once ascribed to a "cold," no matter how painful, has no longer anything exciting about it. These words, "colds" and "a cold" have the same soothing and magic influence upon the victim as the Lovelace.

Yet a stiff neck, with its drum-like tightness of the upper spinal muscles, may be a much more serious trouble than herb doctors, mental optimists and home medical and chiropractic faculties may think.

There is a woodpecker called the "Wryneck," from its habit of writhing the head and neck around in a wise, but odd, manner.

But it is not the bird of that name which neurologists advise all inquiries to "wry neck." In the latter instance the

patient is afflicted with jerks and twitches of the neck muscles of one side. Three in every four of such unfortunate are only cured by the surgeon's lance.

In the mild malady the stiff neck clings to you like Damon due to Pythias, but, happily, only for a day or two. Usually this type is due to the poisons of some sore throat, nasal, ear, skin or stomach infection. The microbes may be inebriatedly ousted from their unwelcome visit to a tonsil, and eight or nine of them, with their poisons, may escape to the nerves and muscles of your neck.

Where they abide in an emaciated and consumptive state until the pugnacious tissues therewith complete the destruction which had already been partially completed.

### Answers to Health Questions

MANY INQUIRERS—What will prevent growth of hair on my face?

This can be prevented by using a shaving powder which is composed of barium sulphide and calcium sulphide. This must not be left on long enough to irritate the face.

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.

## Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: I have enjoyed your answers to other girls. I would like to know if I could write short stories. Would any newspaper take them? Would I have to write on certain kind of paper and would you publish them? I have often thought I could write short stories for children.

Where a child's story seems to belong. First write your story, put it away to cool, then take it out and write it over again; copy it on the typewriter if you can; if you can't, be sure that your writing is good and plain; most editors would throw away a story by Rudyard Kipling and put one by Little Miss Nobody in its place. If Miss Nobody's story was easier to read than the other ones—unless the Kipling man was on the first page of the manuscript. Write on one side of the paper and send out your story.

What sort of papers and magazines do you read?

Children's stories have an excellent market. If you send them to the right place, don't imitate any one else. Good luck, little sister, and lots of it.

What don't you notice the sort of short stories that are published in the paper in your own particular town, and if you have any of that sort, send them to the "Familiar" editor, and see what will happen?

Pick your editor—and pick him carefully. Don't try to sell a last year's shoe man and expect him to be glad to put it in the window for sale.

If you have written a love story, send it to the love story man; if you've written a child's story, send it to the place

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.

## Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

CHERRIES ripe" hold a delectable place among the early fruits. Hanging yellow, red or black from their own stems, they have inspired the pen of poets as well as the brush of famous artists, and few other fruits have the distinction of being the standard for the beautiful coloring of lovely maidens' lips.

Unhappily, the cherry season is short, although California varieties have made the fruit more familiar in the eastern markets than the smaller, but quite as piquant flavored native varieties ever did, and those who find gastronomic advantage of every opportunity to enjoy them.

There is no preserved fruit which gives surer promise of success in the hands of the amateur housewife than cherries. Here is the simple rule of a woman who has made more than a competence for many years by "putting up" fruit for special orders:

To each four pounds of cherries allow between one and two pounds of sugar. There is danger of getting the fruit too sweet, and that means insipidity. The sugar does not make the cherry a flavor that it does not require much sugar.

Whether the cherries are to be pickled or not is largely a matter of choice. Some prefer them simply plucked from the stems, with one or two left on the stems added to each jar. Also some cooks add to each jar one or two cracked pits or the kernels thereof to give the true flavor. Whichever way you choose the procedure is the same.

Put the cherries and the sugar in the preserving kettle and let it stand two hours, then cook over a slow fire till the fruit is tender, fill the jars and seal.

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