DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

"Courage, Comrades All, The Devil Is Dead!"

By Winifred Black

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a quaint old book-all about knights and ladies and men at arms and honest burghers, and fair maids and

And there's a hero in the bookrather a namby-pamby, lady-like person, to my way of thinking, and a heroine true and leal-somewhat put upon by her parents and by her sweetheart, too, for the matter of that. And there's a villain in the book, and the villain's henchmen, all desperate rascals, who would as soon slit a weasand, whatever that may be, as look at you. And there's a dwarf with a booming voice and a great head set upon his short neck. and there are witches and ghosts, and battlement and donjon keeps and

moats and palfreys-and all manner of interesting things. But the man I like best in all the book is neither a hero nor a villainbut just a plain, rough, common soldier, with his crossbow strung upon his shoulder, making his way through the world with a good heart and a light

When the fight is the thickest and everything is going the wrong wayenter my soldier-with his one motto on his bearded lips. And all af once the tide turns, the hero rallies, the heroine comes out of her swoon, the villain runs, the sun shines and all is for the moment well again.

Killed by Courage.

"Courage, my good comrade-the devil is dead." How many times did you cry out your battle song, oh, Denis of gay Burgundy, and where learned you that catch? I would I knew the rest of it-it must have been worth the

I'm going to remember just the little snatch you sang above the tumult and the shouting of the battle: "Courage, my comrade—the devil is dead." And when my heart is sad and all the world has turned to gray, I'm going to say it to my doubting soul.

"Courage, my comrade, the devil is dead." And he will die then and there, the devil of despair and of doubt and discouragement-and who shall sing so gaily at his burial as you and I, good Denis.

You, little woman with the brood at your skirts—the world is sometimes a hard and puzzling place for you. People are not always kind, they do not always seem to think—that is just because they do not understand. If they did they would be different. But you-you understand, Every one who has suffered deeply comes thus to understand.

Courage, little woman-the devil is dead, and you, with your bright face and your eyes of courage, shall sing at his funeral. Nay, you may even put a wreath upon his grave, if that is your whimsie and your disposition-but he's dead, never fear, he died when your heart began to sing.

Oh, you there in the crowded street-you with the anxious face and the searching eyes-listen to what Denis of Burgundy, he who was so many times hungry and footsore and made his bed upon a wisp of straw, has to

"Courage, my comrade—the devil is dead."

It took nerve to say "No, thank you," to the old to drink with him-when he knew and you knew what that first drink would

Well, you had the nerve, didn't you, and you used it-and then and there -for you-the devil died.

Let's Bury Him.

What are you doing in this company, little girl with your soft eyes and those rings of floating hair and that Cupid's bow of a mouth of yours? What do you know of death-or of the devil?

You have fought your battles down there in the busy town-and you fought on the right side, and you think you have lost and you are alone and you would like to dance with the others. To be sure, I hadn't noticed how worn your fittle shoes are and that hat you wear-it never came from Paris. Those ribbons that trim it have been washed and ironed more than once-brave ribbons, the livery of a pure and noble soul. Come, Denis-hats off in the presence of the Nobility.

Courage, little comrade-courage; for you the devil is dead. You killed him when you smiled and answered no at the right time.

Hola, boy, you with the heart so full of hope and the soul afire with ambition! What-it wearies you-already-the fight?

You don't believe you can ever win it, there are so many, the crowd is so great, nobody knows you are alive what talk is this? Where have you been learning such a song as that; come, come, lad, go to Denis of Burgundy and learn his stave:

"Courage, my comrade—the devil is dead." Sing it in the market place and your heart will sing with it, for, to you, the devil is dead-dead and gone.

Come, let's bury him with pomp and ceremony-the devil of self-indulgence, the devil of greed, the devil of "easy money," the devil of the "soft Courage, comrades all, old and young, weary and rested, timid and un

afraid-all together now, let's carol with Denis of Burgundy: "Courage-the devil is dead."

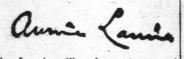
And so eyes right, heads up, shoulders back, hearts light-let's help to tury him-together.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young girl just out of school a year and working. Last year I kept company with a young man who was attending school here. We thought a great deal of each other, but one night I went to the theatre with another young man, and he was frightfully jealous, but we made up. and when he left for his home we traded sorority and fraternity pins. He wrote faithfully for about nine months, then he decided he had been foolish, and I haven't heard from

If you must communicate with the young man and don't want his pin around, send it back to him in a box with your address plainly marked on it. If he's the right sort of chap he'li do the decent thing and send your pin back reavens won't fail if he has.
Forget all about him, little girl, that's the best way. Some time you'll laugh



Miss Laurie will welcome letters of

HERE'S THE "PAVLOWA GAVOTTE"



Latest Step Refers Dance Craze Back to Olden Days By HELEN STARR

HE present day gavotte differs of Pavlowa, and her partner, Ainslee class of the dances of conventional Kissing and merry-making were no small part of the first peasant gavotte as it was danced by that class of French people who lived in the upper hills of Dauphine and were known as the "Gavots." Instead of shuffling the feet, as in older dances, they made the gavotte distinctive by raising the feet clear

of the ground.

Courtiers and noble ladies adopted the dance in the 16th century and made it quite as formal as the minuet. And now we have the Paviowa gavotte, performed with a willowly grace, quite in contrast to the tense and fiery steps of the late Spanish dances. Anne Herndon, a protege of the ground

in this newest gavotte.

Pavlowa herself says there are six moods revealed by modern dancing. Here they are: first, joy and unconfined gayety; second, languorous dances of luxurious contentment; third, the formal dances of courtly grace and dignity; fourth, those of amorous passion; fifth, the story tallier dences or pentomines and

omplish acrobatic or gymnastic The old time waltz is to her typical of the second type of dancing, and is always popular in southern countries. The wild Apache dance represents a dance of amorous pas-sion, and the minuet, Virginia reel and cotillon belong to the third

telling dances or pantomimes, and sixth, the dances which aim to ac-

good form. According to this classification, the Pavlowa gavotte also falls under this head. The Russian ballet school in which pupils are taught to grasp the spirit of a musical composition. The feel-ing of the dancing artist is cultivat-

ed beyond mere technique and pan-What place have rag-time dances What place have rag-time dances among Anna Pavlowa's classification? She says they exhibit joy and unconfined gayety. "All the modern dances have skipping steps of happiness," says the world famous dancer. "They must be absolutely devoid of bacchanal qualities in order to depict the mood which they were written to express." were written to express.'

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.

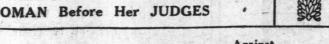




The truth about "the girl in the girl in the group and ceremony—the devil of the "out" by oung, weary and rested, timild and unwith Denis of Burguindy:

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WOMAN Before Her JUDGES



There has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying school. This is the way to gain flyency, because you need that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.—

Talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain flyency, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible.—

Beaconsfield.

The minister—Do you play any instrument?

Sandy (sadly)—Aye, second fiddle, at home!

A witty woman is such salt that, where she has once been fall and rest contented, knowing: that the dowering heavens not having yet showered her one prayer. No matter what the iravone prayer. No matter in the the iravone prayer. No matter in the iravone prayer. No matter in the in the iravone prayer. No matter in the iravone prayer in the iravone prayer in th

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Some Children Actually Feed on Dirt

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). HEN a fend mother asked recently why her 2year-old prodigy persisted in eating dirt, it recalled the story of Pat Rooney. Pat had been to the fair and was driving home, when a great drowsiness came over him. He jay down in the cart and fell asleep. The horse with his equine sense soon recognized the

situation, kicked over the traces and ran away. When Pat awoke he found no horse. He pondered the situation and as a stranger approached he asked: "Am I Pat Rooney or am I not?" "Oi'm shure I dunno," answered the stranger.

"Well," said Pat, "if Oi'm Pat Rooney Oi've lost a orse, and if Oi'm not Oi've found a cart" This story is peculiarly applicable to infants who go into the garden to eat dirt and woolly worms. If they

the wish for dirt, they may have found their needed food Children who approach the age of 2. buttered toast, potatoes, spinach, barley, especially as the wicked milk months of July, August and September wane, beome veritable cannibals, if not gluttons. Their epicurean tissues crave miner-

eat the dirt, they are short on certain necessary rations; if they never have

Answers to Health Questions

Answers to Health Questions

Their epicurean tissues crave minerals, oils, sugars, starches, fats and proteins in variegated mixtures. If, as is often true, the discreet parent has erred not wisely, but too well, and has deprived the child of pretty much everything in the way of victuals but milk, the appetite of the youngster will catapult it into the backyard, there to devour forbidden pabulum.

This bizarre habit is by no manner of means limited to young children. Olderones, as well as grown-ups, often cones, as well as grown-ups, often continue this abominable business throughout a sickly life.

Sad to tell, dirt-eating is not always what it's cracked up to be. That is temper of the South, often fastens its tentacles upon those victims who eat dirt. The eggs and larvag- of the hookworm, as well as of tapeworms, roundworms and other lesser gentry of the parasitic world are ever present in the ground of certain districts. Once these enter wha alimentary tube, there they linger to torment and harass the health from the sufferer's body.

The commonly accepted explanation of dirt-eating, as prevalent among the anaemic, the sickly and the debilitated, is thus exploded. It is the starvation which leads to this filthy habit, while is responsible for it.

In other words, the lack of food and the wormy egg-infested dirt cause the sickness, and it is not the sickness which causes the cannibalistic trait.

If children are given candles, carrots,

Simple Freckle Remedies and Summer Tan Removers

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

of sunshine. matter of your skin and result in the formation of freck-formation of freckThe following recipes are excellent to les and tan. Per- remove tan: haps the particles of coloring matter in your skin dis-

tribute themselves face. If so you are subject to tan. In

It is better to coat the skin with a protecting cold cream and dust it over with a fine powder—like the new Russian pine recently sold in the shops. A certain debitante carries her little beauty box whenever she goes to the beach for a dip in the surf. Whenever she plans to bask in the sun she washes off the last

in every beam with cold cream.

However, if you have been careless The warmth of the summer sun stimusummer sun stimuduring the summer months try patting buttermilk or sweet cream on the face several times a day. You might soak a lates the cells that liquids and wash the face with it. Wipe off the remaining coating with rosewater

Three Minute Journeys

WHERE MEN PRAY WITH WHEELS By TEMPLE MANNING

HE strangest labor-saving device I eller is doing he will keep the wheel have ever seen I beheld for the turning.

In his own land, when he is resting in first time on the busy streets of a his own house, the Thibetan will

ell that tinkled above the street noises. And while he prayed by proxy he stared at the strange sights about him with

For

Against

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have in not half so stubborn.—George Meredith.

A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights, and the sweetest harmony in the world is the sound of the voice of her whom we love.—La Bruyere.

There has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.—

No opinion formed by a woman is inflexible; the fact is open mouth.

Everything was new to him in this crowded city, and he was feasting his eyes on the brightly-colored clothes of the passers-by, the ornamented harnesses of the prancing horses and all the wonderful things his poverty would not permit him to buy. But, while he delighted his eyes he did not forget to pray, and so he stood there and spun his wheel as he saw the sights. From far off Thibet he had brought it, praying his way down the road.

Talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain flyency, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible.—

Recognized.

hope of future glory, and so, with sur-prising practicalness, he invented a method by which he could put in the



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