

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

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

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

I've been reading an old book—such a quaint old book—all about knights and ladies and men at arms and honest burghers, and fair maids and lovers true.

And there's a hero in the book—rather a stumpy, ramby, lady-like person, to my way of thinking, and a heroine true and loyal—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 palisades—and all manner of interesting things.

But the man I like best in all the book is neither a hero nor a villain—but 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 step for his only company.

When the fight is the thickest and everything is going the wrong way—enter my soldier—with his one motto on his bearded lips. And all at 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 Burgundy, and where learned you that catch? I would I knew the rest of it—it must have been worth the singing.

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 gallantly 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 whim and your disposition—but he's dead, never fear, he died when your heart began to sing.

Oh, you there in the crowded street—yon 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 tell you.

"Courage, my comrade—the devil is dead." It took nerve to say, "No, thank you," to the old pal who asked you in to drink with him—when he knew and you knew what that first drink would mean to you and yours.

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 little 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 little 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 snap."

Courage, comrades all, old and young, weary and rested, timid and unafraid—all together now, let's sing with Denis of Burgundy:

"Courage—the devil is dead." And so eyes right, heads up, shoulders back, hearts light—let's help to bury 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 sort of and fraternized. He wrote faithfully for about nine months, then he decided he had been foolish, and I haven't heard from him since, which is about three months ago.

Now I want my pin, and want to return his, and what I want to know is how to write the letter to him? I still think lots of him, and don't want him to think I want the pin for some other young man, as I am keeping company with no one. How shall I word the letter? C. B. D.

WHY do you bother about the pin? You've done without it for almost a year, can't you do without it a while longer? Don't write to him for it, and don't worry.

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. It's the right sort of chap he'll be—the decent thing and send your pin back—if he hasn't lost it by this time. The heavens won't fall if he has.

Forget all about him, little girl, that's the best way. Some time you'll laugh about the whole affair.

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 of this office.



Domestic Harmony. The minister—Do you play any instrument? Sandy (sadly)—Aye, second fiddle, at home!

## HERE'S THE "PAVLOVA GAVOTTE"



Anne Herndon and Alnsley Lambert, Protegees of Madame Pavlova, Dancing the Pavlova Gavotte.

## Latest Step Refers Dance Craze Back to Olden Days

By HELEN STARR

THE present day gavotte differs greatly from the original. Kissing and merry-making were no small part of the first peasant dance 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.

Courtesans and noble ladies adopted the dance in the 18th century and made it quite as formal as the minuet. And now we have the Pavlova gavotte, performed with a willowy grace, quite in contrast to the tense and fiery steps of the late Spanish dances. Anne Herndon, a protegee of Pavlova, and her partner, Alnsley Lambert, illustrate one of the steps in this newest gavotte.

Pavlova herself says there are six moods revealed by modern dancing. Here they are: first, joy and unconfined gaiety; second, languorous dances of luxurious contentment; third, the formal dances of courtly grace and dignity; fourth, those of amorous passion; fifth, the story telling dances or pantomimes, and sixth, the dances which aim to accomplish acrobatic or gymnastic feats.

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 passion, and the minuet, Virginia reel and cotillon belong to the third class of the dances of conventional good form. According to this classification, the Pavlova gavotte also falls under this head.

The Russian ballet school in which Pavlova was trained has made a world-wide sensation because its pupils are taught to grasp the spirit of a musical composition. The feeling of the dancing artist is cultivated beyond mere technique and pantomime.

What place have rag-time dances among Anna Pavlova's classification? She says they exhibit joy and unconfined gaiety. "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."

## 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 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 interest.

No. 147.

Mrs. Penfield's Wrinkles.

HAVE spoken considerably of my mother-in-law's attitude toward advancing years. As the days went by Mrs. Penfield's folly in this direction grew more pronounced. I could not help contrasting her attitude with that of my own mother. Mother's hair is snow-white, and if she is wrinkled, she has wrinkled so pleasantly—smile furrows, Dad calls them—that you never, somehow, notice it. Mrs. Penfield's wrinkles are of a different sort. The worst of them come from her incessant frowning in her need for glasses.

Mary and I dined with the Penfields last night. This is a bi-monthly ceremonial which I endure with the best grace possible. And watching my

mother-in-law, whose manner grows more youthful day by day, it was suddenly borne in upon me with new force what a gift it is to grow old gracefully. For, to grow old gracefully—paradoxical as it may sound—is the best way to hang on to the vanishing remnant of one's youth.

What more conspicuous way of exaggerating one's age is there than by affecting an inconsistent youthfulness? It instantly calls attention to the ravages of time. But cheerfulness and a smile and a wholesome, unaffected manner, somehow, make you forget that Time has been busy with his silvering hair brush, and the cruel needle with which he relentlessly etches his name upon the face of his children.

I remember after dinner that night there was some necessity for telephoning. Now Mrs. Penfield is entirely too proud to ask anybody to look up a number for her since her eyesight began to fail, wherefore she seized the book and began turning over the pages with an airy sprightliness that I fancied sprang from some discomfort of mind. I knew well enough the mental process back of it. If she asked some one to look up the number for her it would instantly reveal the fact that she could not see the numbers herself. On the other hand, if she looked the number up—or tried to—she would be obliged to squint in a tell-tale way or call for assistance. I watched her therefore with a pitying interest. For, after all, that tragic struggle of a woman for youth is pathetic in the extreme.

Mrs. Penfield walked away with the telephone book, and I saw her with the

## WOMAN Before Her JUDGES

For Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have in our arguments.—Seneca.

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.—Edward Eggleston.

A witty woman is such salt that, where she has once been tasted, she must perfume better than any of the dainties, and the dowering heavens not having yet showered her like very plentifully upon us.—George Meredith.

An opinion formed by a woman is inflexible; the fact is not half so stubborn.—George Meredith.

Men should keep their eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterward.—Mrs. Scudery.

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

It is women's way. They always love color better than form, rhetoric better than logic, priestcraft better than philosophy, and flourishes better than figures. It has been said scores of times before I said it.—Ouida.

## 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).

WHEN a fond mother asked recently why her 2-year-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 lay 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?"

"O'm shure I dunno," answered the stranger.

"Well," said Pat, "if O'm Pat Rooney O've lost a horse, and if O'm not O've found a cart."



DR. HIRSHBERG

This story is peculiarly applicable to infants who go into the garden to eat dirt and woolly worms. If they eat the dirt, they are short on certain necessary ration; if they eat the woolly worms, they may have found their needed food.

Children who approach the age of 2, especially as the wicked milk months of July, August and September wane, become veritable cannibals, if not gluttons. 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 papulum.

This bizarre habit is by no manner of means limited to young children. Older ones, 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 to say, there often lurk dangers in the soil that are transplanted into the tissues of the infant or child.

The hookworm, that destructive destroyer of the South, often fastens its tentacles upon those victims who eat dirt. The eggs and larvae of the hookworm, as well as of tapeworms, roundworms and other lesser gentry of the parasite world are ever present in the ground of certain districts. Once these enter the 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 anemic, the sickly and the debilitated, is 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 of this office.)

### Answers to Health Questions

OUTDOOR GIRL.—Am girl 18, five feet and five inches, and want to weigh 100 pounds. I play tennis and exercise a great deal. Being small I do not wear corsets. Do you think this is advisable? 2—What is a good diet for me?

1—You are very sensible about not wearing corsets. Never start to wear them and you can always be without them.

2—Milk and eggs, meat, fish, fowl and fresh fruits, and plenty of good, wholesome food, with lots of water, air and sunlight is an excellent diet for you.

Miss C.—Am 18 and very short. How can I increase my height? 2—How can I reduce my weight?

1—It may be increased by outdoor life, swimming, trapeze exercises, rowing and the like. High heels and thick soles on the shoes and other cosmetic procedures are eminently proper.

2—Avoid all starchy and sweet foods, live on a plain diet, exercise a great deal and wait as much as possible.

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 of this office.)

## Simple Freckle Remedies and Summer Tan Removers

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

FACE freckles lurk in every beam of sunshine. The warmth of the summer sun stimulates the cells that form the coloring matter of your skin and result in the formation of freckles and tan. Perhaps the particles of coloring matter in your skin distribute themselves evenly over your face. If so you are subject to tan. In the case of your sister this coloring matter may collect in little groups or freckles.

Either of these unwelcome gifts of freakish nature is difficult to remove. The warmth of the sun with a protecting cold cream and dust it over with a fine powder—like the new Russian pine recently sold in the shops—certainly carries her little beauty box wherever she goes to the beach for a dip in the surf. Where she plans to back in the sun she washes off the last traces of salt water and covers her face with cold cream.

However, if you have been careless during the summer months trying patting buttermilk or other cream on the face several times a day. You might soak a piece of clean linen in either of these liquids and wash the face with it. Wipe off the remaining coating with rosewater or a mixture of water and tincture of benzoin—12 drops of the latter to a pint of water.

The following recipes are excellent to remove tan:

Almond oil..... 4 ounces  
Spermaceti..... 1 ounce  
White wax..... 1 ounce  
Cucumber juice..... 2 ounces

The juice of a lemon in a glass of water without sugar as a morning tonic will act on your liver and drive the yellow tinge from cheeks and eyeballs. Washing the tongue with a cross section of juicy lemon will improve your digestion.

## Three Minute Journeys

WHERE MEN PRAY WITH WHEELS

By TEMPLE MANNING

THE strangest labor-saving device I have ever seen I beheld for the first time on the busy streets of a city in northern China. Coming out of the bazaar district I turned a corner and brushed against a man leaning against the wall.

He was praying, but his lips were not moving. In his hand he held a prayer wheel, and every once in a while he would give it a turn, which caused it to revolve rapidly to the sound of a small bell that tinkled above the street noises. And while he prayed by proxy he stared at the strange sights about him with 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 ornate 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 Tibet he had brought it, praying his way down the road.

In the religion of the Thibetans the number of his prayers determines his hope of future glory, and so, with surprising practicalness, he invented a pious machine which he could put in the shortest possible time. Every turn of the wheel registers to his credit one prayer. No matter what the trav-



A Thibetan Prayer Wheel.

times rig up his wheel beneath a waterfall and rest contented, knowing that his praying is being done for him while he sleeps.