

THE WASHINGTON TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Reading Newspapers Will Give the 17-Year-Old Girl Needed Touches of Life

Real Romance, Real Thrills, and Real Life Tend to Make Her Wiser, More Sensible, and Well Balanced For—People Are People.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

MARJORIE is reading a book—a perfectly lovely book. She told me about it this morning.

Marjorie is seventeen and just as sweet as a peach and as good as gold and as pretty as a picture. She's clever, too, in a funny little amateurish way, and intellectual—oh, intellectual, no end. Just think, she's read the "Doll's House" and knows "Ghosts" by heart, and her literature teacher has read every single one of Bernard Shaw's plays and told her about them, and she has theories about pacifistic forces and subconscious reactions—and she knows about afflictions and she thinks she knows deathless love and true fidelity and all the rest of the things you read about in books.

The perfectly lovely book Marjorie is reading just now has a perfectly sweet heroine and perfectly dear hero and there's a villain in it and a marplot and Marjorie is really thrilled.

Marjorie loves to be thrilled, as every normal person does, no matter how intellectual. Poor Marjorie, when will she learn to read the newspapers and find out something about real romance and real thrills and real life?

Here it is, spread out before us every morning at the breakfast table and every afternoon just in time for tea—battles, murders, and sudden deaths—love and money and courage and loyalty and devotion—all the human heart—for all the world to read—just in the headlines of the daily newspaper.

Why doesn't Marjorie read it? She'd be a thousand times wiser and twice as sensible and three times as well balanced as she is now if she would.

What's not good for Marjorie, the daily newspaper? Isn't daily life good for her and isn't she going to have to live it for some years?

If you could keep things from happening by keeping them out of the newspapers there might be some argument in Marjorie's not reading the news.

And Marjorie's sister-in-law has a sister who is divorced, and there's a cousin somewhere in the family who committed suicide. Oh, Marjorie, why, she could write a regular book about it—she's often said so herself.

But I think Marjorie ought to know more about life even than she does. She ought to know about poverty and the babies that die like flies in the hot summer, and she ought to know about great wealth and the hard responsibilities that it brings, and she ought to know about the tragedies of disappointed love and about the face of a mercenary marriage.

Life is a good deal more thrilling than any book that has ever written, and the true stories we read in the news are so much more interesting than the made-up stories that we read in the books that it is a shame to compare them at all.

But the heroines in the books are always fascinating and mysterious and alluring and the heroines in the news stories are so often fat, instead of fascinating, or skinny instead of sweet.

You can tell it when you look at the picture. You can't get half so excited over a woman in a newspaper photograph as you can over a heroine in an illustrated story.

The gambler in the stories Marjorie reads, is desperately attractive, such black eyes, such a pale intellectual look more like a ferret's than like a stag's.

In the newspaper story the gambler is very apt to be a prisoner—how sweetly romantic the prisoner is—between covers.

In the newspaper he's a poor chap who got "caught with the goods" and who looks the part.

FEMININE FOIBLES By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw

I'm so glad you like this cloak. That's what I'm always thinking of when I buy clothes."

A Poor Substitute.

Robert, the four-year-old son of a scientific man, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked: "Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?"

"No," responded Robert promptly; "but there are plenty of edible fungus."

May Irwin's "Laugh House."

We are, it seems, to have a "Laugh House," which, it may be explained, is an institution entirely distinct from what the ribald known as "the funny house." It is simply the name which genial May Irwin plans to give a new playhouse, which, according to report, she will construct here.

Even should the project never progress beyond the stage of press agency, where it now reposes, the buxom comedienne will have done service in suggesting so piquant a name. The comic spirit has not been much abroad of late and Miss Irwin's scheme of a theater devoted solely to tickling the ribalities comes enjoyably sequent upon a season of hilarious gloom.

Also a feature of the scheme whereby suckling playwrights at the urivolvities are to be encouraged to write plays for the new enterprise, is not without possibilities. It may, and doubtless will, mean a frightful outpouring of fledgling humorists, but then in the brood may be found one or two fit to write that most elusive thing—a good comedy. If it is, the Evening Telegraph, Philadelphia.

Mr. Taft Butters No Parsnips.

The kind words written by ex-President Taft on the subject of woman suffrage are butting no parsnips for the November festival which will follow a suffrage victory in this State. The criticisms printed in the Evening Ledger are at one in their opinion of Mr. Taft's policy of waiting hopefully for a little while, and then some more waiting.

REAL DEVOTION.

That's what I'm always thinking of when I buy clothes."



At Less Cost—

There's more nutritive value that the system will absorb in Grape-Nuts than in either meat or bread.

A remarkable fact. Weight for weight, a package of Grape-Nuts supplies one-third more nourishment than a roast of beef and at about half the cost. A roast of beef is about twenty per cent waste and there is a shrinkage in cooking. Grape-Nuts comes ready cooked—and not a crumb need be wasted.

Think it over! Then there's bread—white bread lacks certain elements essential to building brain and body. Why? Because in milling white flour, four-fifths of the precious mineral content (all important for health and life) is thrown out with the brancoat of wheat, to make the flour white and pretty.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD not only supplies all the brain- and bone-building, nerve- and muscle-making phosphates of the wheat, but all the rich nutriment of malted barley.

Besides, Grape Nuts is easily digested—generally in about an hour—white bread and beef require about 2½ hours.

Grape-Nuts comes in germ-proof, moisture-proof packages—ready to serve with cream or milk—a delicious ration, economical and highly nourishing.

"There's a Reason" Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Per Shoo Away Flies Cut Swat Them and Keep Disease From the Home

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG. (Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

ANY A mother, happy in the smiles of her dimpled babe today, will mourn the death of her beloved some day because she and her family have not become excited and wrought up against each fly she sees.

Flies can be exterminated one at a time, just as America's widely distributed passenger pigeon of a few years ago, has been exterminated. It needs only the activity and the will of the indignant mothers of children that died last summer of diarrhoeas and dysenteries to bring this about.

Never shoo a fly away—kill it. The time, annoyance, and embarrassment called for in the destruction of any one particular fly is more than rewarded on earth and in heaven.

Not only the infant's fatal summer complaint, but tuberculosis, smallpox, cholera, worms, the itch, blood poison, blindness from a dangerously contagious germ, and various other malignant maladies are borne by flies. Not only circumstantial evidence, but eyewitness proof in the shape of experiments convict the fly of a legion of fatalities.

Borax mixed with the garbage, manure and other refuse will prevent the myriad of ever present fly eggs from hatching. Whenever there are horses or stables, though there be but one horse in a dozen city blocks, an educational committee from such a neighborhood should wait upon the owner, the hostler, and the stable boys to explain and educate them with the facts.

Hundreds of flies in every house in almost half a square mile of territory were recently traced by me to one small stable for a decrepit old horse. There is no excuse for flies in a city, much less in villages and country places, where manure and garbage go uncontrolled.

Street cleaning and garbage departments of city governments are the ones to come with the fly pest, rather than boards of health, or else in connection with such boards.

With the supervision and disposal of street dirt, street cleaning, garbage and manure collection would not only be a source of education in the anti-fly battles, but the knowledge thus spread by garbage cart drivers and street cleaners would filter through to the usually indifferent and poorly informed persons who most need it.

Sticky fly-paper, fly traps, "swat-the-fly" fans, covered garbage and manure receptacles, a law against open garbage receptacles and outhouses, as well as scaling barnyard hummocks, habitations; residium oil, kerosene and borax mixed with all manure—the pet homes of fly eggs and embryos—and dishes with formalin and water scattered about the house, should soon or late put the house fly where the dodo and ichthyosaurus are.

Answers to Health Questions

Q. P.—I have suffered for some time with an asthmatic cough, which makes it impossible for me to sleep except when sitting in a chair. I am sixty years old. When walking fast I get out of breath. I have normal appetite, but of late have been somewhat weak. Can you suggest a remedy?

A. C. C.—What will remove hair from my face? Try the following powder, carefully: Sodium sulphate, 1 dram; quicklime powder, 5 drams; starch (crushed), 5½ drams. Make some of it into a paste with distilled water. Apply it to the overgrowth of hair. Allow it to remain on five or ten minutes, but test it at intervals, and as soon as the hair can be easily removed wash it off quickly in running water. Repeat, if necessary, six parts; glycerine, one part, into the reddened spot for three minutes.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and scientific subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not generally of interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.

Lime-Loss in Tuberculosis

In the Journal of the American Medical Association (January 17, 1914) was the following: "It has been many times stated that in tuberculosis or in the pre-tuberculous stage an increased amount of calcium (lime) is lost both in the urine and feces. In fact, a demineralization has been thought to be a forerunner of the development of tuberculosis."

If tuberculosis is due to lime loss, the success of Eckman's Alternative in its treatment may be due, in part, to its content of a lime salt so combined with other valuable ingredients as to be easily assimilated. Always we have urged consumptives to attend strictly to matters of food, but often some effective remedial agent is needed. In many cases of apparent recovery Eckman's Alternative seems to have supplied this need. It contains no opiates, narcotics or habit-forming drugs, so is safe to try.

Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia. Sold by O'Donnell's Drug Store and Leading Druggists. —Adv.

SOROSIS Children's SHOES

Are Shoes With Merit They fit, wear and are correct for growing feet. Good shoes are ALWAYS a saving.

They have smooth insoles and save the prices of the shoes in hose.

If you have had trouble in getting shoes for your children that wear and fit, try

SOROSIS For Boys and Girls 50c to \$1.00 Less Expensive Than Other Shoes of the Same Quality.

THE SOROSIS BOOT SHOP 1213 F St. N. W.

ADOLPH KAHN 935 F St. N. W.



Elk Grove Butter

satisfies the demands of the most discriminating housewives. It is a quality Butter that tempts the appetite.

Golden & Co., 922-928 L. Ave. Wholesale Only



Easy Baking

Use CREAM BLEND FLOUR and lighten the labors of baking day. Even novices find it a simple matter to make light, delicious bread, cakes, and pastries from CREAM BLEND FLOUR.

Don't accept any substitute—order and insist on having

Cream Blend FLOUR

AT YOUR GROCER'S. B. B. Earnshaw & Bro. Wholesale 1118, 1126, 1137, 1149 11th St. Wash. and 1825 1st St.

What They Say About Us

Pertinent Interests of Women As Viewed By Editorial Writers of the Newspapers.

Women Candidates in Kings.

It is quite possible that after this election, the election of next November, the Socialists will not have the monopoly of woman candidates for public office. If the suffrage amendment wins, both great parties will have to name one or two women. But for 1915 the monopoly holds good.

Mrs. Anne C. Wright, named by the Socialists for county clerk, the first woman who ever ran for that office, made her reputation when she ran for Congress in the Ninth district last year and polled about 2,000 votes. Her husband is a business man in the east New York section, with no political ambitions for himself, but willing to have his wife work out her aspirations.

Mrs. Estelle G. Feigenbaum is named for assemblyman, or assemblywoman, in the Sixteenth assembly district. As she isn't likely to be elected, her title needn't worry anybody. Dr. Ida Hermann tries for the place of judge, or alderwoman, in the Fifty-seventh district. Like Miss Feigenbaum, she has still to make a record as a vote-getter.

We believe these women aspirants to office are worthy persons, who have the good of the community as they see it in view. That their conception of what is the good of the community is not different from that entertained by the men of their party faith, is a safe guess. No woman, we may imagine, will ever attempt to rewrite the creed of Karl Marx.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

May Irwin's "Laugh House."

We are, it seems, to have a "Laugh House," which, it may be explained, is an institution entirely distinct from what the ribald known as "the funny house." It is simply the name which genial May Irwin plans to give a new playhouse, which, according to report, she will construct here.

Even should the project never progress beyond the stage of press agency, where it now reposes, the buxom comedienne will have done service in suggesting so piquant a name. The comic spirit has not been much abroad of late and Miss Irwin's scheme of a theater devoted solely to tickling the ribalities comes enjoyably sequent upon a season of hilarious gloom.

Also a feature of the scheme whereby suckling playwrights at the urivolvities are to be encouraged to write plays for the new enterprise, is not without possibilities. It may, and doubtless will, mean a frightful outpouring of fledgling humorists, but then in the brood may be found one or two fit to write that most elusive thing—a good comedy. If it is, the Evening Telegraph, Philadelphia.

Mr. Taft Butters No Parsnips.

The kind words written by ex-President Taft on the subject of woman suffrage are butting no parsnips for the November festival which will follow a suffrage victory in this State. The criticisms printed in the Evening Ledger are at one in their opinion of Mr. Taft's policy of waiting hopefully for a little while, and then some more waiting.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: I have been keeping company with a young man for the past two years until about a week ago. He has been out of employment nearly a year, and my people object to him on this account, so last week I advised him to discontinue his attendance until he found permanent employment. He has given me several valuable pieces of jewelry, and like to discontinue our friendship.

I think a great deal of him, and am sure he thinks the same of me. Would you advise me to allow him to call again? LU RAE.

ALL I can say is, the young man can't have very much push if he will allow a year to pass without securing a position of some sort. Of course he may be skilled in some trade that has been damaged by the war—that very useful hobby—but there is the fact of the whole year of unemployment staring you in the face.

where I was working and tried to meet me. I saw her on the boat, but tried to keep from meeting her by pretending I did not see her, and the two girls she was with. It was no use, for they came over to where I was talking with a friend, and stood near me for some minutes. When I saw they did not mean to leave until they had been introduced I spoke to them.

Just before the wharf was reached I asked her if she would like to go to a show, and the girl with her said, "Yes, she will go with you, and I will go with your friend. We will meet you Sunday evening."

I have never had much to do with young ladies, but my mother told me to go to the place, which meeting, and when I took her home ask if I could not call. I went out one day, but she did not come, then sent a letter asking if I could call, but it was returned unanswered. I wish you to print this as I may leave the city next day to go to work, and wish her mother to see it, so she will not judge me for what I am not.

(Copy, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service.)