



## Concerning Health

### A LITTLE TALK ADDRESSED TO THE SCHOOLGIRL.

The Ideal Girl of Yesterday a Willowy, Delicate Creature—The Schoolgirl of To-Day, While More Robust, Should Look After Her Health First—Don't Try to Pay Your Way Through School with Your Own Work—Substitute Plain Water for Soda and Fruit for Pastry—Hot Biscuits Not for a Beauty.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

If you ever, Dorothy, in the house of some old-fashioned friend, pick up one of those elegant gift books which were in vogue in the '50's, you will remember the steel engraving that showed the ideal girl of yesterday. She was a willowy creature, with a delicate face, long silken ringlets shading her cheek, a very small waist, and long graceful hands. She had been taught to do embroidery and other fine needle work. She excelled in the piano playing of her day, which was a less severe accomplishment than now, and she was refined and respectful. But there was something a little depressing in her charm. A dirgelike hymn, familiar to your mothers, epitomizes that girl as she used to be.

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as a summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it stirred among the trees."

I have attended the funeral of more than one such exquisite girl, and have helped to sing that very hymn beside the silent sleeper. With the knowledge of hygiene, which is universal in the twentieth century, we are learning that the girls who used to be sacrificed on the altar of a mistaken ideal need not have died so soon. Very early in life they were taught not to run or jump, or do anything unfit for a little lady, and as they grew older they were tight stays, abridging their breathing power; they slept in unventilated rooms, being afraid of the night air, and if by any fatal chance they came near a case of tuberculosis, they fell victims to it along the line of least resistance.

It may have been 20 years ago or more that the reaction against this style of feminine languor reached its height. Then, the athletic girl was greatly in evidence. So far from caring at all about her looks, she was intensely proud of a sun-bronzed and wind-tanned complexion, of red hands and arms, and of a sort of rude robustness that eliminated the touch of daintiness to which every girl should aspire. We have reached a saner day, and our girls have learned that they may live an outdoor life, have perfect health and lose no jot of attractiveness.

I well remember in my girlhood hearing a man comment unfavorably on the thickness of my walking shoes. He said, sotto voce: "How can that girl's mother let her wear those clumsy, thick-soled shoes?" Being somewhat quick of temper and well acquainted with the youth, I ventured to tell him that the shoes were adapted to the climate and the weather and enabled me to take long walks without discomfort. He crushingly replied: "No elegant young woman ever takes long walks, or wears anything except thin-soled shoes."

I suppose few girls who have grown up under the excellent regime which

teaches us to dress properly for the weather, can believe that this critic voiced a general opinion. I have had reason all my life to be grateful for the independence and wisdom of a very sensible mother, who thought it a duty of her daughters to be well. Not merely a privilege—a positive, religious duty.

Without health, one's pleasure is interfered with on every turn. This would be a small matter if one's chances to be useful were not also greatly diminished by fragile and uncertain health. People who are morbid and blue, and easily discouraged, who make mountains of molehills and see lions in the way where others walk safely, are usually the prey of their nerves and have not reserve force enough to carry them through what they undertake. Schoolgirls, and those at college, too, sometimes break down through overwork, although I am inclined to think that this is seldom the case unless in addition to their legitimate work they attempt something else.

Unless a girl is very strong, she should not try to pay her way through school or college by her own work. Some girls do this successfully, but they are exceptional. Still more dangerous is the effort to combine study and society. The girl at high school, living at home and trying to go to parties and concerts and other evening amusements, cannot maintain her proper rank in the classroom.

Briefly stated, unbroken health is within the reach of most of us. We are fortunate if we have inherited vigorous bodies from parents and grandparents. Yet if we have begun life with tendencies to delicate health, we may overcome them by resolute will, careful dieting and generally hygienic living. An abundance of good, plain, nutritious food is essential to health.

Thousands of schoolgirls owe their dull eyes, sallow complexions, pimples and frequent headaches to constant surfeiting on rich food and to eating too many sweets. A habit of eating between meals, nibbling chocolates and bonbons is fatal to digestion and good looks. A girl who is half sick most of her time will lose her comeliness, and as beauty is the birthright of schoolgirls, which they should not sell for the modern mess of pottage in the confectioner's window, one cannot but regret the spendthrift folly.

Equally fatal to health is the habit of taking drugs. The girl who never gets far from the pill box will not have the high spirits and gay good humor which should be her portion. I seldom see a group of girls standing around a soda fountain without wishing that they knew the advantages of drinking plain cold water, only that and plenty of it, and letting sweetened syrups alone. Fruit should take the place of pastry, and it is better for growing girls wholly to omit coffee and tea from their bill of fare. Bread at least a day old is a better choice for a beauty than hot biscuits, and fried food should not be chosen if anything else can be had.

Another secret of health for the schoolgirl is plenty of sleep. The beauty sleep must be taken before midnight. Go early to bed if you would be strong and equal to whatever you have to do. The temptation to sit up late because others do so is always great, but it should be resisted.

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## When My Lady Motors

Touques and Peter Pan Turbans Lend Themselves Well to the Draping Veil of the Day.

Touques and turbans of the Peter Pan variety are comfortable motor shapes,



THE MOTOR HAT.

and there are many little smugly draped around the sides and back of draping shapes of fine straw braid or even that are really ideal for motor-ing, being of feather weight, most be-

coming, and so closely fitted to the head that the wind bothers them but little and veils can be comfortably and attractively adjusted over them.

Milliners are showing draped, close-fitting turbans in all shades of light gray to harmonize with the popular light gray motor coats, and, with the turban and leaving the face exposed. The veil is usually in gray, matching the straw, and sometimes a very sheer silk is used instead of chiffon, answering the same purpose of protecting the hair and neck and wearing much better than the more filmy material. Many women prefer for ordinary motoring to wear a separate veil tied over the hat and covering all of the head save the face, and select these veils with a view to their becoming qualities as well as their relation to the costume. If one can afford to sacrifice a veil often, one of white chiffon is desirable, for nothing is more becoming, and the white motor veils with dotted or striped borders of black or of colors are very charming.

### For the Nerves.

For general treatment, go out into the fresh air as much as you can, take ocean baths, or sun baths if possible, and avoid tea and coffee and stimulants of any kind. Try a diet of fruit and vegetables, with meat once a day. Drink a glass of hot milk the last thing before going to bed.

# WOMEN AS SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

Soldiers of fortune among men are not uncommon—those who wander about the whole wide world seeking adventure, now mining in Africa, now serving in some South American war, now fighting duels in China or India or where not, spurred on by an insatiable lust for excitement. They may do considerable harm or considerable good and generally end by getting themselves shot and so good-by. But when woman is cursed with the same spirit she leaves a wake of trouble that involves many other men and women. She must use men to secure those things for her which she herself is unable to secure. Men must be her tools, made to do her bidding under the influence of her fascination.

In everyday life there are, of course, many minor examples of this, but now and then a woman arises who wanders over the two continents involving in her meshes men of international prominence—strong men generally thought to be proof against such things. In the old days such women used to make history; today—well, they make scandal. There is no walk of life, no country which has not furnished its quota of such magnetic, unscrupulous women. Little German peasants, French dressmakers, English governesses and American shopgirls have had meteoric flights and toppled over men who have spent lifetimes of hard work in making reputations for themselves.

### Career of Mary Booser.

A few years ago a South Carolina girl with the unromantic name of Booser—Mary Booser, later changed to Countess de Pourtales—stirred up trouble in three nations and finally had her head chopped off by the mikado of Japan. In her youth she was said to be a most beautiful type of the southern girl. Tall, black-haired, lithe of body, she had such color as is given to those alone who spend their early days in roaming over the mountains and riding half-broken horses across the blue grass country. There was not a swain in the country who did not fall under the influence of her sparkling eyes and keen wits.

Hardly had she reached maturity before a duel was fought on her account—fought in her presence. It was one of those bitter contests of arms where two men stand before each other shooting till one is killed. Leaning against a tree, she laughed carelessly until one of the men fell with a bullet through his heart. And the reward to the slayer? A kiss of the fingers, a flash of bright teeth, and that was all. In a week her affections had turned to some other youth, only to inflame him for a few months. But finally she did marry. A young man proudly carried her off as his bride. From that time on he was unhappy. He was not strong enough to hold her in control and soon there was gossip in the neighborhood. At the country dances where the two went she would pick out the handsomest man in the room and in an hour have him at her feet.

The hot-blooded husband was powerless to check her and could protect his honor only at the expense of a duel. Then one day after a particularly vi-



olous story circulated about her he returned to his home and demanded that she take more care. She listened to him, her head erect, her eyes flashing, and then, drawing a revolver, shot him dead.

She was not arrested and lived on to marry again, only to secure a divorce. She had some money and finally resolved to go abroad. The life of the south was not lively enough for her. She hungered for a wider field. Going to Paris, she at once became the center of a throng of admirers. Her type, unknown to Parisians, fascinated the Count Pourtales, a noble who was prominent as a diplomat. By marrying him she bounded at one leap into the atmosphere she craved—an atmosphere of intrigue among men and women of intellect. Her husband was soon after sent to Japan on a mission for his government and proudly took his bride with him. He little re-

alized the trouble that was before him. At the court of Japan she repeated the process of the little South Carolina dances. Man after man flickered about this hot flame. In a few months the foreign colony was all agog. The count found plenty to do in trying to protect his own and his wife's good name. It was useless. It came to the usual climax—a duel. He was killed. Executed in Japan.

The widowed countess, lovelier than ever, returned to Paris. In a short while she had married another French officer. Back again to Japan she went, her husband on a diplomatic mission. In a month she had caused so many duels, created so many difficulties, that the mikado lost his head and ordered her to be executed. The act was done and, strange to say, caused no international complication. The inside story has never been told, but

so extraordinary a swindle that it will doubtless become historic. A woman, Mme. Therese Humbert, was at the head of this. She was born on a small farm near Toulouse. She married the son of a senator who was supposed to inherit a large fortune. On the strength of this she began to borrow small sums of money whenever she was in difficulty. But the story was disproved and she found herself deeply in debt. It was then that she invented her famous story of the Crawford millions. She stated that in 1877 there died at Nice a rich American by the name of Robert Henry Crawford, leaving Therese his entire fortune of \$20,000,000, in recognition of the fact that a few years before she had saved his life.

### Trick Well Played.

Shortly after this a nephew appeared who said that he knew of a



that there must be one is proven by the fact that the whole matter was hushed up and forgotten. Three nations might have been involved in so rash an order but were not.

There was a little shopgirl in Stettin, Germany, who, having read much in society novels of the gay life at court, longed, as many another shopgirl has done, to taste of it. But Anna was different from others of her class. She was beautiful and realized it and had a mind of wonderful versatility. Although uneducated, she devoted herself to study and in a short while had a superficial knowledge of many things, with the charm to make a great deal of it. Saving up a little money, she made herself some dresses and shortly after disappeared from her native town. She turned up at Budapest and secured rooms in the beautiful and expensive hotel Unter den Linden. Here she met a Prussian count, who instantly became fascinated with her.

She had registered as the Countess Rignano, but naively let it be known that this was really not her right name. No, she was the Archduchess Katherina of Austria-Este, and, therefore, a near relative of Prince Ferdinand of Austria-Este, then her presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne. She had a fortune, she said, under the care of the kings of Saxony and Roumania. The income of 1,000,000 marks would come to her on her twenty-first birthday.

### Acted Her Part Well.

She was soon the belle of a small circle of Prussian nobility, each of whom had heard the story under the oath of secrecy. At the theater parties and teas she carried off the honors of the grand lady with the title of serene highness. Outside this privileged circle she remained plain Countess Rignano, preferring, she said, to live in retirement until she should come into possession of her property. Of course every unmarried count and baron who knew her story instantly fell in love with her. She selected the only son of a rich family. The latter were only too glad to give their approval. She was photographed in a family group which included every member of the family. That in itself was a letter of credit to every shopman in the kingdom.

When she had run up credit to the sum of many thousand marks, so that in spite of her photograph shopmen had become a bit uneasy, she summoned her father-in-law. She wished the loan of 175,000 marks for a few days to settle the legal costs of managing her estate. It would be several days before she could negotiate this sum. Would he favor her? Surely, willingly, gladly. It was an honor to be able to accommodate the archduchess. He insisted upon making it 200,000 marks. The next day she fell ill and the doctor very kindly advised her to leave at once for a winter resort. She paid her hotel bills. For all anybody knows, she is still at that winter resort, wherever that is. The chagrin over the discovery of her trick was such that the victims refused to say a word to the police.

The story of the Humberts is still fresh in the public mind, but it was

second will. The latter put the will in the hands of a Havre lawyer and gave him power to act as his notary. As a result the will was taken into court. This was part of the scheme of the Humberts—a scheme to legalize the fiction. The money being tied up, it was natural that the Humberts should be forced to borrow. And borrow they did.

For 16 years, while one kind of litigation after another occupied the attention of the courts, the big safe which was the depository of the \$20,000,000 occupied a position of honor in the Humbert household. When madam wanted to "raise the wind" she talked about the safe and its contents and explained the status of the litigation, exhibited a notary's certificate that the safe actually contained the bonds said to be held there and protected her creditors by her own personal note indorsed by Maria, so that whichever way the ultimate decision of the court ran the lenders would be secured. So long as this ultimate decision could be deferred so long the game could be successfully played.

It seems remarkable that these creditors did not ask for the numbers of these bonds or examine more closely into the antecedents of the rich American, who, although the possessor of a fortune of \$20,000,000, excited no attention in his native land; in fact, who seemed to be entirely unknown.

It may be that they did investigate, and, lacking sufficient data to probe the matter to the bottom, were unable to go beyond the records of the French courts; or, satisfied by the legal steps which had been taken that such a legacy did actually exist, they rested in the secure belief that their loans would be repaid.

### The End of the Farce.

Various efforts were made to recover large sums loaned the Humberts, but nearly all of these were unsuccessful. When the creditors resorted to civil process for this purpose they found that their notes were qualified in various ways, the most common of which was that payment of the loan should be made "after the Crawford compromise shall have been settled," or "payable after the conclusion of actions of law."

It became necessary to proceed along other lines and to raise the cry of fraud before the bubble could be pricked. This was done by the creditor to whom they owed \$25,000. He asserted that the safe did not contain the \$20,000,000 claimed by the Humberts and attested by the notary and he asked for an examination and inventory. To this the lawyer for the "Crawford" objected, but the lawyer for the Humberts, innocently believing in the integrity of his clients, assented. The result is known to the world. The safe contained only about \$1,200 in securities and a few insignificant articles of jewelry.

Two days before it was opened the Humberts had fled from France.

In the end these adventuresses came to grief in one way or another. A few brief years they reign and then they fall. There is no recovering after this. It is the logical end, and a bitter end.

### EVENTS OF EVERYWHERE

Capt. Ed B. Willis, of Denton, has announced as a candidate for sergeant at arms of the House.

Methodists of Waco are preparing for a great George Stuart meeting in September.

Wichita Valley tracklayers reached Haskell with the track last Wednesday, and entered the city Thursday.

Deputy Collector of Customs David Hoover, at Gateway, Mont., is under indictment for smuggling Chinamen into this country.

J. H. Jenkins, a Santa Fe foreman, who was struck by a falling telegraph pole several days since at Blum, died of his injuries at Cleburne Wednesday.

Charles Hodson, for thirty years chief clerk of the American embassy in London, died Friday. Mr. Hodson served under eight ministers and ambassadors.

At a saw mill on the Washitan River, Indian Territory, 2500 saw logs and a gasoline launch were carried away by the sudden rise of the river. The probable loss is several thousand dollars.

Announcement is made that Mr. Taft, the Secretary of War, is going into Maine to take the stump in favor of the re-election of Representative Charles E. Littlefield.

The Governor of Samara, Russia, was instantly killed Friday by a bomb thrown by an assassin who was subsequently arrested. The Governor's head and feet were torn off by the explosion.

From San Francisco to New York in fifteen days' time is planned by L. L. Whitman and C. S. Carriss, who are making the trip in a six cylinder runabout in an effort to lower the transcontinental car record.

After striking a heavily loaded truck at Lee Avenue and Middleton Street, Williamsburg, N. Y., and perhaps fatally injuring four men, a car ran two blocks before it could be brought to a standstill.

George F. Jackson, traveling freight and passenger agent of the Mexican Central railroad, a man of close observation, stated that in his judgment reports of trouble in Mexico had been greatly overdrawn and would not be realized.

A. G. Hillager was shot and killed at the home of Sherman Gooch, three miles east of Ireton, I. T., a small town twelve miles southeast of Chickash. Robert Brown surrendered to officers and was carried to Chickasha and placed in jail.

The electrolytic cellars of the Boston and Montana Company of the Great Falls, Mont., have closed down as a result of a strike which will ultimately involve not less than 3000 men.

The State Department has received a dispatch from Mr. Combs, the American Minister to Guatemala, stating that President Cabrera of Guatemala has announced the complete disbandment of the Guatemalan Army in accordance with the Marbelhead pact.

The Hillsboro old settlers and old soldiers reunion was opened by Jo Abbott, and the main address was delivered by Senator Culberson.

The receipts of the Dallas postoffice for July, 1906, are \$33,174.77, while those of July of 1905, were \$30,993.94.

Dr. Thomas D. Wooten died at Eureka Springs, Ark. He was one of the most prominent physicians in the State and had lived in Austin for more than thirty years.

The Reading Railroad has a force of clerks at work revising the passenger tariff over the entire system, based on a 2 1/2c a mile rate. The schedule becomes operative coincident with that of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

C. C. Ingram, aged about twenty-five years, who has been employed as a cook in one of the downtown restaurants in Fort Worth, was found dead in his room Monday afternoon. The deceased had been ill for quite awhile.

The southbound Frisco was wrecked at Kosoma, I. T., fifty miles north of Paris, Sunday morning. Engineer Harlan was severely hurt and Fireman Skelton mangled to a pulp. The wreck was evidently done by miscreants.

Senator Bailey has filed his campaign expense bill of \$41.80, as follows: Postage, \$5.98; assessments by thirty-four counties to cover cost of printing name on official ballots, \$34; fees for money orders, \$1.02; stationery, \$1.50.

F. Rendor, of Cameron, died suddenly while sitting at the breakfast table. The cause of his death was heart trouble. The day before he was down town shaking hands with friends, though his health has not been very good for some time.