

### Men Can Never Understand Why Women Dote on Weepy Plays

By DOROTHY DIX.

A large, fat lady, with three emotional-looking chins, sat near me in the street car the other night. Beside her was her husband, a small, thin, disgruntled-looking man. They had been to the theater, and the husband asked the wife how she enjoyed the play.

"Oh, I was disappointed in it," said the woman; "everybody told me it was so sad you could just weep yourself to death over it, and I didn't shed a single tear."

The husband turned upon his wife an eye of withering disgust, and murmured sardonically, "And that's your idea of spending a pleasant evening? Heavens, what do women want in a play?"

Nobody could answer this question. Otherwise theatrical managers would be all millionaires, because women are the mainstay of the stage, and if a play pleases women it doesn't make much difference whether it pleases the men. The women will flock to see it and drag their men along with them.

Generally speaking, however, the psychological difference between men and women is more marked in the difference between the kind of plays they like than in any other particular. Women's taste in drama runs one way and men's another, and probably the reason that more men don't take their wives to the theater often is because there is nearly always a family spat about what they should go to see, and one or the other of the party is bored by having to sit through a performance that does not appeal to his or her taste.

Nearly all men, for instance, adore musical comedies, while few women care for them at all. When a woman goes to a musical comedy she generally goes to please a man and because he is paying for the tickets, and to see what the chorus have got on—or have left off.

Same way with farces. Men laugh their heads off at the antics of a drunkard on the stage, who falls over his feet and drops down in a sodden heap on the floor, and they enjoy nothing more than a broad comedy which depicts the case with which an unfaithful husband deceives his elderly wife. Women see nothing funny in these plays. For them such dramas are not punctuated with laughs, but with the sobs of thousands of heart-broken wives.

But it is true that the average man always wants to go to see a play that will make him laugh, whereas women prefer plays that will make them weep. Goodness knows why women enjoy sniffing in public and paying for the privilege of shedding tears at a theater, when they've got plenty of troubles that they can weep over without cost at home, but they do.

Any tear-soaked drama will run indefinitely, and probably a woman's definition of what constitutes a delightful play is one at which she soaks

three handkerchiefs and comes away from powdering her nose and wiping her eyes.

Also, women are strong for romance and plays in which a good-looking man, in perfectly fitting evening clothes, pops the question to a beautiful heroine in a soulful manner. It is the sad, sad secret of every woman's life that men are short on romance and that they miff the ball when they make love. A man means well, and his proposal is a perfectly good business proposition that the woman is only too glad to accept, but it breaks her heart because he makes it in the wrong way.

He gurgles and gasps, and threatens to choke, and then blurts out a few commonplace words, instead of murmuring poetic things, and gently drawing her to his manly bosom with out musing her back hair, as the matinee hero does on the stage. That's why women pay out good money to see a real first-class, workmanlike job of love making.

It is because the only romance that most women ever encounter is what they see on the stage that gives the saccharine play its vogue. And by the same token, the reason that women like this kind of play is the reason that men loath it. It must make the average man squirm in his orchestra chair to see Otis Skinner or John Drew, or Faversham make love and remember the way in which he proposed to his own Maria.

The ordinary man seldom likes a problem play, either. It is his idea of spending a joyous evening having his soul torn to shreds by the sufferings of a Magdalene. On the other hand women who are vivisectionists by nature, revel in probing into the heart secrets of the miserable and those who have made a general mess of life.

That is why women flock to Ibsen and Sudermann plays, while the average man takes the position of the western dramatic critic who would up a review of "Ghosts" by saying that undoubtedly it was a grand and masterly piece of work, but, thank God, Dockstader's minstrels come to town next week.

Likewise, women are strong for plays that teach moral lessons. They make of the theater their church, and of the actors their moral teachers, while men want just the opposite—something that will not make them think, but that will rest their minds after the strenuous work of the day—something pleasant and light, and diverting—something away from the worries and anxieties that they have studied over until their very thoughts have become muddled.

And, perhaps, this is the explanation of the real reason that women like one sort of play and men another. It is because we each ask of the stage something that takes us out of our own little narrow round, and the round of a man and a woman are seldom the same.

### Just a Little Love

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By Nell Brinkley



There is a little girl in my town. I do not know her name—she has nut-brown curls, and dancing brown eyes, and pretty round cheeks, and a little gleam of teeth for everyone she knows, and every little brown dog she doesn't know! Everybody grows warm

about the heart when she goes by, from the rosey old gentleman who sells the fruit, through the young chap just down from "Prep," to the gay dealer in shrieking headlines, with his tattered cap on hind side fore. And says this latter to me one day: "I've heard of 'just a little Love'—well, there she goes!" —NELL BRINKLEY.

### Soldiers While You Wait

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

For years there have been serious criticism not merely by physicians and physical trainers, but by thoughtful officers of the National Guard, of the unnecessary and unscientific abruptness and severity of the methods of training in the annual encampments. To take men straight from the city pavements, without even twenty-four hours' breathing spell, soft and short-winded from the office, the store, and the shop, and begin driving them full speed with their tongues hanging out for from fourteen to sixteen hours a day is a method which recommends itself neither to good sense nor to medical science. Every gynecologist, every physical education expert, every trainer of athletes pursues methods almost diametrically opposite. He has learned by costly experience that the best and, in the long run, the quickest and surest way to develop either strength, or speed, or skill, is to begin gradually with light apparatus, moderate exercises, easy stunts, changing frequently, and always stopping just short of fatigue. Of course, the element of time enters in; there are only a few weeks of camp practice in peace or in time of peril, and the raw recruit must be made ready for the stern realities of war in the shortest possible time.

But there is reason in everything, and the men would be in much better physical condition and know more of the art of war at the end of three weeks if they were eased along at about half speed or less for the first week, and then gradually speeded up as they came into condition and found themselves that they would be by driving full steam ahead from day-light on the first day. To take a soft regiment and march it twelve to sixteen miles a day for a week through sticky clay and pouring rain until the skin of the men's feet peeled off in flakes and both soles and tops were raw and red as beefsteak from toes to ankles, as was done in a recent Plattsburgh encampment, is neither magnificent nor war, to say nothing of good sense.

Or to take three raw regiments of citizen soldiers just arrived from a northern state and start them off on a march of twenty-six miles in two days across the gasping, shimmering, blazing desert in midsummer, as was done with an Illinois regiment in Texas the other day, just because the army regulations call for fifteen miles a day from infantry, was a performance so extraordinary and so lacking in discretion as to seem to a mere civilian almost to call for either a court-martial or a commission of inquiry into the sanity of the officers responsible. To make it worse, the march was started in broad daylight, in a climate several degrees worse and more tropical than that of southern Europe, where both Italians and Spaniards have a bitter proverb, "Old

dogs and Englishmen walk in the sun." Little wonder that the men fell out and fainted, a hundred before the city limits were passed, and nearly a thousand, a third of the entire force, before ten miles had been covered, according to the correspondents.

But when the facts were reported to the officer commanding the district he promptly came out in an interview denouncing, not the invidious officers, but the sunstruck men, as mollicoddes, shirkers and slackers. He'd take that regiment in hand personally and make real soldiers out of them in short order, and woe betide any of them who dared to fall out of the ranks without permission on the hikes he set for them. It would be either guard house or a special platoon of mollicoddes with nurse maids and perambulators for their spurs.

There spoke the real spirit of the professional soldier, and incidentally furnished a vivid revelation of the true inwardness of part of the severities and hardships imposed upon militia recruits. It is partly a form of grown-up hazing practiced by the regular upon the volunteer. The first article of professional military ethics is a profound contempt for the civilian, and particularly for that brand of civilian who calls himself or pretends to be a soldier, the militiaman or volunteer. Therefore, the first step in his military education is to put him in his proper place, and make him realize the enormous and unbridgeable gap which lies between him and the regular, and what a poor creature of pasteboard and sawdust he is compared to a real soldier. What's the use of being a regular if you can't prove your superiority over a militiaman at the militiaman's expense?

It is only fair to say that these rough-shod methods are but a survival of the old, stupid, medieval ideas of training and discipline which began

by breaking a man down in order to build him up afterward, and whose first and most essential aim was "teaching him who was master," so that he would obey brainlessly and automatically. For the perpetual jealousy and distrust which exist between the militia and the officers of the regular army, the blame isn't wholly on one side. It is sincerely to be hoped that more reasonable and moderate methods of shaping up recruits for active service will be followed in future and that army authorities will recognize and avail themselves of the skill and experience of gymnasium physicians and university and other experts in physical education.

a lot of archaeological antiquities relating to Biblical history, among which are many stonewriting tablets.

"Yes, Ho," at a Wedding.

"Yes, Ho" is a new response to wedding ceremonies in the Lukens valley. It was introduced there when Harry Salada, of Lyons, wedded Miss Mary Dabbs of Williams-town.

"Do you take this woman for your wedded wife?" asked Revere George W. Hansel.

"Yes, Ho," yelled Salada, tossing his hat into the air.

Two hundred and fifty of Salada's friends cheered and then paraded the couple around town.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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### Wonderful Waters of Saratoga Produced in Mysterious Laboratory

By GARRET P. SERVISS.

According to appearances, the vast majority of the persons who take part in the revival of the summer life of Saratoga find the attraction that draws them in the races. But there are a few, like me, who care nothing for the races, but a great deal for the wonderful springs.

New York never did a wiser official act than when it "recovered" the Saratoga mineral springs and threw around them the protection of a public reservation. The valley of the springs at Saratoga is the focus of a natural marvel that has few equals of its kind in the world. It is not spectacular, like the Yellowstone geyser region, but it is beautiful, and there hangs about its green hollows, its conical hills, its dark groves, and its many little spots of strange, fascinating, stimulating, healing water an atmosphere or a sense of mystery which penetrates into the magnificent shaded courts of the immense hotels and is not banished by the rows of bathing houses, bottling establishments and drinking halls.

Saratoga, notwithstanding its long and severe course of sophistication under the patronage of millionaires, sportsmen and ultrafashionable persons, remains essentially as romantic as it was in the days when the Indians came miles through the unbroken forests to drink the wonderful waters that the Manitou caused to gush out of the earth for the healing of his red children.

Making Saratoga's springs a state reservation was an experiment in government ownership, about the wisdom of which there cannot be two opinions. When nature provides such a gift it does not intend it for private exploitation. Today the springs, some of which had practically ceased to flow a few years ago, and had lost the greater part of their peculiar mineral qualities, are restored to their pristine state of richness and abundance.

The processes of loss and recovery were very simple, and they can be illustrated by that other great natural wonder of the Empire state, Niagara falls. Suppose the tapping of the waters of the falls to go on indefinitely and uncontrolled; a time would come when Niagara would be a skeleton instead of a cataract. The reverse of that happened at Saratoga. The sources of the springs, deep beneath the surface of the ground, were tapped by artesian wells and the waters were pumped upward in order to obtain the carbonic acid gas with which they were charged.

In consequence, some of the greatest and oldest springs virtually failed and the waters of those which continued to flow were reduced in mineral strength until they were hardly recognizable. Surface water flowed in and contaminated the springs.

But since the state undertook the recovery of the springs the genuine waters have not only come back, but they have regained their old properties. The eye of man cannot see the laboratory of the springs. It lies hundreds of feet below the earth's surface and extends for miles around the valley of the springs, toward which the strange waters flow through faults and crevices of the rocks, moving westerly, and finding their way to the surface through vents that have existed from time immemorial.

The engineers who descended into the excavations made in the search for

the lost waters found them in some places oozing out of crevices so thin that a knife blade could hardly be thrust into them. There, in the darkness of the deep-seated rocks, there is a marvellous circulation through the veins of the planet.

From somewhere around Ballston the hidden rivulets, flattened into sheets sometimes as thin as silver plating, flow northward, and as they enter the valley of the springs they begin to penetrate diatomite rocks and sandstones, from which they derive some of their most valuable mineral constituents. At Ballston the water is briny, but as it approaches Saratoga it takes up salts of lime and magnesia, and the farther it goes the stronger becomes the solution.

The engineers have bored holes down into the great laboratory and taken samples of its rock shelves and noted the order in which they lie and the change in the qualities of the waters as they pass from one natural lembeck to another, but the great secret of the true origin of the flow remains and may always remain unsolved.

Some say a volcano had something to do with establishing the wonder, but that was so long ago that nature herself has almost forgotten the circumstance. Volcanic action generally opens the way for mineral springs of deep-seated origin and accumulates some of the substances with which they become imbued.

In the High Rock Park at Saratoga there stands today a cone of tuff, shaped like a miniature volcano, which was formed as a vent for the water, and from whose orifices the Indians drank with wonder and adoration. The flash of glittering autos and the rush of racing hoofs at Saratoga last only a month, but the mysterious waters flow unceasingly beneath the green valley, and when we become as wise as Europeans in these things we shall appreciate them better.

**HYMENEAL.**

**Gotfried-Roberts.**

Falls City, Neb., Jan. 28.—(Special.)—Peter W. Gotfried and Stella Roberts, both of Dawson, were united in marriage by County Judge Wilts at the court house yesterday. They will reside at Dawson.

**Settle-Wilson.**

Falls City, Neb., Jan. 28.—(Special.)—Miss Bessie Wilson of Falls City and Franklin R. Settle of Kansas City were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Miss Wilson graduated from the Falls City schools in 1912, and attended school in Kansas City and was teaching school in the business college at Beatrice until last week. Mr. Settle is a traveling salesman with headquarters in Kansas City, where they will continue to reside after covering his territory from St. Louis to the south on their wedding trip.

**Subject to Croup.**

"Our little girl is subject to frequent attacks of croup," writes F. O. Strong, Calpella, Cal. "I always give her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as one or two doses of it cures her." This is a favorite remedy for croup, as it can be depended upon and it is pleasant and safe to take. It contains no narcotic.

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### Drugs and Genius

By LUCILE CAINE.

The terrible havoc caused by drugs, to which attention has recently been directed, calls to mind the fact that many of the world's greatest writers have produced immortal masterpieces despite their addiction to drugs.

Many writers of imaginative works have asserted they found their fancies stimulated to a marvelous degree by certain drugs.

Baudelaire not only used opium but ate hashish, the drug which gives each an excessive vividness to the sensations. Guatier was also a hashish eater, and De Quincey was a confirmed user of opium.

Other people of genius who have used opium to excess include Mme. de Staël and Haller. Bosetti believed he derived some sort of mental prodding from chloral combined with alcohol.

Of the great writers who did not sink to the depths of opium, hashish or chloral, many were addicted to the excessive use of alcohol, tobacco, coffee or tea. Alexander Pope was a coffee fiend, which probably had a great deal to do with his excessive irritability, constant headaches and generally bad health.

Thomas Hobbes used tobacco to excess. Mark Twain smoked about 300 cigars a month. Balzac was an immoderate coffee drinker, which undoubtedly contributed to his final breakdown.

Niebulur snuffed tremendously. Carlyle, Tennyson and Kingsley all were great pipe smokers.

Kant was a tea fiend and also a pipe smoker, and often worked eight hours on nothing else. Darwin used snuff. Huxley became a smoker after 40. Haeckel was a coffee drinker. James Payn may be classed with Twain as a worker depending largely upon tobacco. Dr. Johnson abused tea.

Milton produced "Paradise Lost" on coffee and "Paradise Regained" on tea. Rousseau used coffee excessively.

### Cooking Test for \$10,000

That the word "lady" means "a maker of bread" was not forgotten by August Zinsser when he left \$10,000 to his granddaughters on condition that they should learn to cook a full-course dinner for twelve, and, moreover, design and make the dresses they wore when they cooked it. Much knowledge of applied science goes to the preparation of the ideal repast, even though there are geniuses who by rule of thumb, scoring the cook book, achieve miracles with the waffle-iron and the bake-oven that are quite beyond the ken of the laity who smack their lips over the result. Miss Zinsser, one of the granddaughters, has had a college education, but she must now take a post-graduate course in the quality of flour and the soaring cost of eggs and butter. For it is part of the compact that she shall go to market and do her purchasing over the counter, not over the phone. She must know how to keep accounts and how to construe a statement of her balance at the bank. But the critical culmination of the ordeal lies in the proviso that three of those who eat the qualifying dinner shall be women. Possibly out of sheer gallantry a man would swallow acid coffee, soggy bread and underdone potatoes and insincerely praise the cuisiniere. But her feminine critics will not dissemble. "Man's inhumanity to man" is nothing compared with womanly frankness to sister woman. The meal will have to be perfect, from oysters to demi-tasse, or it will not be passed by the censor of the species, who is deadlier than the male—Philadelphia Ledger.

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