

## PALLADIUM'S MAGAZINE AND HOME PAGE

Married Life  
the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT TURNER.

DEAR Warren—It is quite ten, but the whole house is quiet. They all go to bed here so early. But I cannot sleep. And somehow I want to write to you. Dear, if only I could have taken this visit, feeling that everything was "right" but as it is, I have been here only a day, already I am nervous and restless and thinking constantly of you. I am wondering if things will be any better when I return.

"Oh, Warren, why can't we get along? when I love you so much; when I am willing to do almost anything to make you happy, why do you make it so hard?"

At times it seems that I can do nothing to please you, that everything I say and do only irritates you.

Do you realize that for months my attitude has been a strained effort to conciliate you, to avoid your displeasure, to keep you in a good humor? Surely that is not the province of a wife.

## HAD SHE BEEN ASSERTIVE.

Sometimes I feel it would have been much better if I had been more assertive and not tried too hard to please you. If I had been more assertive in the very beginning that my happiness must be considered as well as yours.

I think my very servility, my very eagerness to please you, has in itself become to you a source of irritation. And yet, how can I change now? In the few times I have tried, you have only crushed me down and I have not had the courage, or the strength, to stand out against you.

Oh, Warren—Warren I am afraid of the future—afraid of what it holds for us. I did not tell you that mother said if we did not have this temporary separation now, we would have a much longer one later on.

Don't you realize what that means?

If mother, even in her short visit with us, felt we could not go on much longer, that we were fast approaching a time when—Oh, I cannot put it into words.

And yet I believe that, in your heart, you love me. At least I know you love no one else. Whatever else I have had to bear in these two years of married life, it has not been that.

Somehow, now that I am away from you, I realize it all even more clearly than I did, and that is why I am hoping my absence will do for you.

## THE MEETIN GWITH WILL.

And Warren, something happened on the trip out here that brought to me an even stronger realization of what your attitude to me has become since our meeting of Will Farrel on the train.

In the hurried note I wrote on our arrival last night I did not tell you that he was on the train with us all the way to Indianapolis. We met him in the dining car and he insisted on mother and I having dinner with him. And, until he left us at Indianapolis he was so kind so thoughtful, and did so many little things to contribute to our comfort. I hardly know how to tell you—how to explain what effect all this had upon me. It has been so long since I have received any attentions of that kind.

With the exception of the few months before Winifred's birth, do you know how little consideration I have had from you? Oh, Warren, you can't imagine how I must feel when just the ordinary courtesy of a friend should mean so much to me.

I am writing this because there are some things easier to write than say. When we are together our thoughts are usually on the point of dissension that is uppermost at the time. But now that we are separated I see things more as a whole.

And I am hoping that you—  
(Unfinished and not sent.)

(The Letter she sent.)

Wednesday, May 3rd.

Dear Warren—It is not quite 10 but the whole house is quiet. They all go to bed so early here. I suppose you will have received by this time the hurried note I wrote on our arrival yesterday.

Today is full of interest. The morning is spent going over the house and renewing old acquaintances, as it were, with things that surrounded all my girlhood. In the afternoon Aunt Laura and Cousin Irene and several others called.

## ALL IN LOVE WITH BABY.

Have all fallen in love with Winifred. And I must tell you how good she was on the trip. She was hardly any trouble.

And who do you think was on the train and with us all the way to Indianapolis? Will Farrel. We met him in the dining car and he insisted on mother and I having dinner with him. He was very kind and thoughtful and did much to make our trip comfortable.

Both Winifred and I stood the journey better than mother, who was slightly car sick, and I was glad she was not alone.

Write me a long letter, dear. Tell me how you are getting along. Is Della looking after you as she should? I forgot to tell her about your laundry. Will write her tomorrow.

Well, I must say goodnight, as Winifred is tossing restlessly, as she cannot sleep with a light.

Lovingly your wife,

HELEN.

## "MY OWN BEAUTY SECRETS"

By ANNA HELD.

(Heading "Anna Held's All Star Variety Jubilee." Under Management of John Cort.)

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A Striking Group of Photographs of Miss Held, Posed Exclusively for This Page.

through proper enriching and cleansing of the blood.

Madame, Mademoiselle, and even Monsieur, will you bear with me patiently while I explain all the steps of this great foundation of all beauty—absolute cleanliness.

The bath must carry off all the impurities and leave the skin fine and white and satiny. The bath must call the good red blood to the surface to feed the tissues. I once felt that milk baths were the particular tonic that my skin needed. But now I have found a simple remedy for troubled skins and a delightful aid for fine-textured skins. It is what we French call "son." I think it is bran in your delightful language. At any grocery shop you may buy bags of this very cheaply, since it is the chaff left from the "corn" of which bread is made.

HOW TO DO IT.

Allons! To proceed. Fill great bags of soft white cheesecloth with the bran and place them in the tub

in which you are letting a pure stream of hot water run.

A soft, flour-like substance will exude from the bags of bran and your bath will take on a milky appearance. Enter and leave your body in the cleansing, purifying water. Scrub your skin with the bran bags.

It will slough impurities and dead skin. It will set your blood racing and coursing through your body. At the end of this bath your skin will be off a satin white texture—soft and pliable, clean and healthy.

Twice a week I take these warm bran baths. And every morning I have my cold plunge to tone up skin and flesh to the firm hardness of the healthy athlete's flesh. Before my bran bath, and before my cold plunge, I always unfailingly take some physical culture exercises.

To properly enjoy a bath, to properly get its full cleansing effect, you must enter it warm, glowing and supple. Five minutes of simple exercise

every morning will make you supple, graceful and pliable. Your skin and flesh as well as your figure must be flexible and must respond to your every movement with easy grace.

Physical culture is the simplest form of exercise. Stretch your arms up, down, forward and back to the rhythm of deep breathing. Flex your knees and kick gently and not high enough to strain unused muscles. Bend from your waist—forward, back to the side. Stretch your torso about in circles with the waist as a pivot.

If your heart is quite strong try a little motion as if you were skipping the rope. Then when you are warm and glowing—alive and vital, with every muscle pliable and your blood stimulated to action—leap into your bath. Your whole system will respond to the cleansing laving of the water. You will come out clean and fresh and ready for the day's work.

And now do not spoil your work by injudicious use of food. Does coffee make your heart flutter and thump? Are you putting on unhealthy flesh? Then drink tea with lemon. The lemon will be a cleansing factor for your internal system.

It is just as important to keep the intestines and digestive tract clean as it is to keep skin and flesh clean. In fact, it is part of your bathing if you do not properly digest, assimilate and throw off food it will poison your blood.

Carrots are fine for complexion because they are blood cleansers and purifiers. Ah, yes! Little tender carrots are popular with blood, nerves, digestion and complexion! Let me tell you how I always eat them. You may call them "Carrots a l'Anna" if you will be so friendly.

Cut them up in little dice and throw them into a sauceman that has butter in it. Add pepper and salt for seasoning, and cover them pider so that the raw carrot may cook in the steam of the butter. Do not add water, and don't cook before you begin simmering them in the steam of the butter. Add them to your menu and add my bran bath to your list of "swims," and I am sure you will feel clean, healthy and glowing.

## VALUABLE RULES.

If you eat something which sober second thought tells you that you can not digest, salts are a safe way of eliminating the poison from your system. Always make sure that nature is properly caring for your foods, and if for some reason she needs help give it to her. Don't be afraid of salts.

Properly taken they simply bathe and cleanse the system. Keep your blood pure by internal cleanliness. This will aid you in your search for fine complexion and clear skin and

## WHAT SHE WANTED.

She walked into the public library and sweetly said:

"I would like 'The Red Boat,' please."

The librarian diligently searched the catalogue and came back with:

"I don't think we have such a book."

"Flushing a bit," she said sweetly.

"May the title be 'The Scarlet Yacht'?"

Again he looked, with the same result. Then with her pretty fingers she divested into her bag, consulted a slip of paper and said:

"Oh, I beg pardon. I mean the 'Ran-

baliyat'—Glasgow Hennid."

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By Anna Held

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox

On Motherhood—The Duty of a Wife to Her Unborn Children Is Clear-Cut—Maternity Should Be the Holy Thing It Is Meant to Be.

## THE UNWED MOTHER TO THE WIFE

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I had been almost happy for an hour, Lost to the world that knew me in the park Among strange faces; while my little girl Leaped with the squirrels, chirruped with the birds. And with the sunlight glowed. She was so dear, So beautiful, so sweet; and for the time The rose of love, shorn of its thorn of shame, Bloomed in my heart. Then suddenly you passed. I sat alone upon the public bench: You with your lawful husband, rode in state; And when your eyes fell on me, and my child, They were not eyes, but daggers, poison tipped.

God! how good women slaughter with a look; And like cold steel, your glance cut thro' my heart— Struck every petal from the rose of love And left the ragged stalk alive with thorns.

My little one came running to my side And called me Mother. It was like a blow Between the eyes; and made me sick with pain And then it seemed as if each bird and breeze Took up the word, and changed its syllables From Mother into Magdalene; and cried My shame to all the world.

It was your eyes Which did all this. But listen now to me (Not you alone, but all the barren wives Who, like you, flaunt their virtue in the face of fallen women): I do chance to know The crimes you think are hidden from all men (Save one who took your gold, and sold his skill); And jeopardized his name for your base ends. I know how you have sunk your soul in sense Like any wanton; and refused to bear The harvest of your pleasure planted seed: I know how you have crushed the tender bud, Which held a soul; how you have blighted it; And made the holy miracle of birth A wicked travesty of God's design: Yea, many buds, which might be blossoms now And beautify your selfish, arid life, Have you destroyed because you chose to keep The aimless freedom and the purposeless Self seeking liberty of childless wives.

I was an untrodden girl. By nature led, By love and passion blinded. I became An unwed mother. You, an honest wife, Refuse the crown of motherhood; defy The laws of nature; and fling baby souls Back in the face of God. And yet you dare Call me a sinner, and yourself a saint; And all the world smiles on you and its doors Swing wide at your approach. I stand outside. Surely there must be higher courts than earth, Where you and I will some day meet and be Weighed by a larger Justice?

After discussing "The Unwed Mother and her child for life. But she is far less of a sinner than the mature woman, who is in the shelter of a home, and with the full sanction of church and society to be a mother, deliberately destroys her unborn child, in order to escape the trouble and expense of maternity.

The girl's sin is the sin of weak human nature; the woman sins against nature and against God's divine laws. Motherhood, to be the holy and happy thing it is meant to be—the greatest privilege given to woman—needs the blessing of law and love.

But marriage laws, however they protect a wife from the condemnation of society, can never make abortion anything less than a crime.

Women criminals of this order are to be found in every church, and in high social circles; and they are accepted and their conduct is overlooked because they are married.

## Society Condoning the Act Doesn't Lessen the Crime

But that does not lessen the crime. Their acts are deliberate and premeditated and done through selfishness and a desire to escape the responsibility of motherhood.

The erring girl's fall is unpremeditated; and usually the result of lack of proper training at home; proper maternal teaching; for no girl who is the close companion and intimate friend of a wise, loving, sympathetic mother, ever goes wrong.

Read your New Testament and see how of all sinners mentioned Christ gave the deepest compassion to the fallen women. And then look about you and try and find one of his true disciples.

## WHAT YOU NEED

WHAT we need above all things when struggling in the maelstrom of business effort is confidence and hope.

They are the safeguards. They are the life lines that will sustain us, no matter how great the material loss.

Confidence and hope are nature's own recuperative powers. With that asset in the heart, internal as well as external encouragement will put new vim and life into us.

We all know that it is useless to pretend that some of the blows we receive in life don't hurt. They do hurt, some of them very severely; but man shows himself just what he is when he displays the patience and

(Continued on Page Three.)

## S'MATTER POP

By C. Payne

