

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Revelations of a Wife

By Adele Garrison

Is Madge Really to Blame for "Spilling" Dicky?

TALK about the first year of marriage telling the story. It's the first two or three months that set the pace for life in most cases. I was in no mood to challenge Mrs. Underwood's conclusions. After our luncheon we had come back to the fire in the library, before which she had told me the secret which Dicky's past life and here shared, and in the telling forever banished my resentment against her.

I knew that her little attempt at philosophy about the first months of marriage was the opening wedge of a warning she meant to give me concerning my life with Dicky. She had already asserted that Dicky's uncontrollable temper and jealousy had made a general mess of things, and I had not contradicted her. As I waited for her next words I thought grimly that if the first months of my marriage were to set the pace for life, I would never be able to keep up the pace.

Of course, where either husband or wife has a dominant, masterful personality and the other end of the matrimonial sketch is a human doormat, the problem is easy, she said. "Dominant personality sweeps magnificently through life and doormats trail along after, happy in being allowed to breathe the same air. There are no complications there. But when Greek meets Greek, when two people of equal or nearly equal mentality and will power marry, there are bound to be fireworks until each can look at things from the other's point of view."

"For Greek meets Greek I suppose I may read Dicky and Margaret," I said to put the question easily, but my voice betrayed the tension I was under. "Exactly," Mrs. Underwood glanced sharply at me. "And in your case the problem is complicated by the results of Dicky's training. His mother and sisters certainly did their level best to spoil a naturally unselfish, generous, thoroughly lovable child. I don't like to see you continuing the process."

"My amazement was genuine. I could not imagine how I was spilling Dicky. Indeed, I had censured myself for not yielding more to his whims. 'Yes, you! Not in exactly the same way, but—'

"She stopped, gazed a long moment into the fire, then turned and looked at you, as a mother or sister would be?"

"Of course." "Then take two little rules for your guidance. Don't take Dicky seriously as a general thing, and—don't be a martyr." I flushed resentfully, but said nothing. "Don't think me presumptuous," she pleaded gently, "but I don't like to see you ashamed of my momentary pique."

"I couldn't do that," I returned. "Please tell me just what you think. I need advice," she said abruptly. "Every time Dicky lets loose in one of those tantrums of his you don't say your emotional world has about come to an end, don't you?"

"I nodded, not daring to trust the steadiness of my voice. "Then the sooner you learn to laugh at Dicky's performances, instead of weeping over them, the happier you are. I mean really—'I don't think you are a teary woman, but you are a teary woman as well as of the eyes, and you are waiting when you shed them over those ridiculous, childish outbursts of Dicky's. You may need them in a real crisis some day, and have no outlet for your soul."

"Remember this, Dicky has a devil of a temper and the most aggravating tongue when he is in a rage of any one else's life. You have all the cards in your own hands—but I am wondering if you know how to play them."

"All the cards in my hands?" The same expression I had heard from the lips of the woman in the theatre dress as you no doubt know. "Memories of Dicky's royal repentence thrilled me. But I had not time to visualize them. This time her voice held a graver note.

"The real danger in your life with Dicky will come later. You see," she hesitated, then went on steadily. "Dicky is not the most stable person in the world. He has fancied himself in love a dozen times—he probably will imagine the same thing a dozen times more before he dies."

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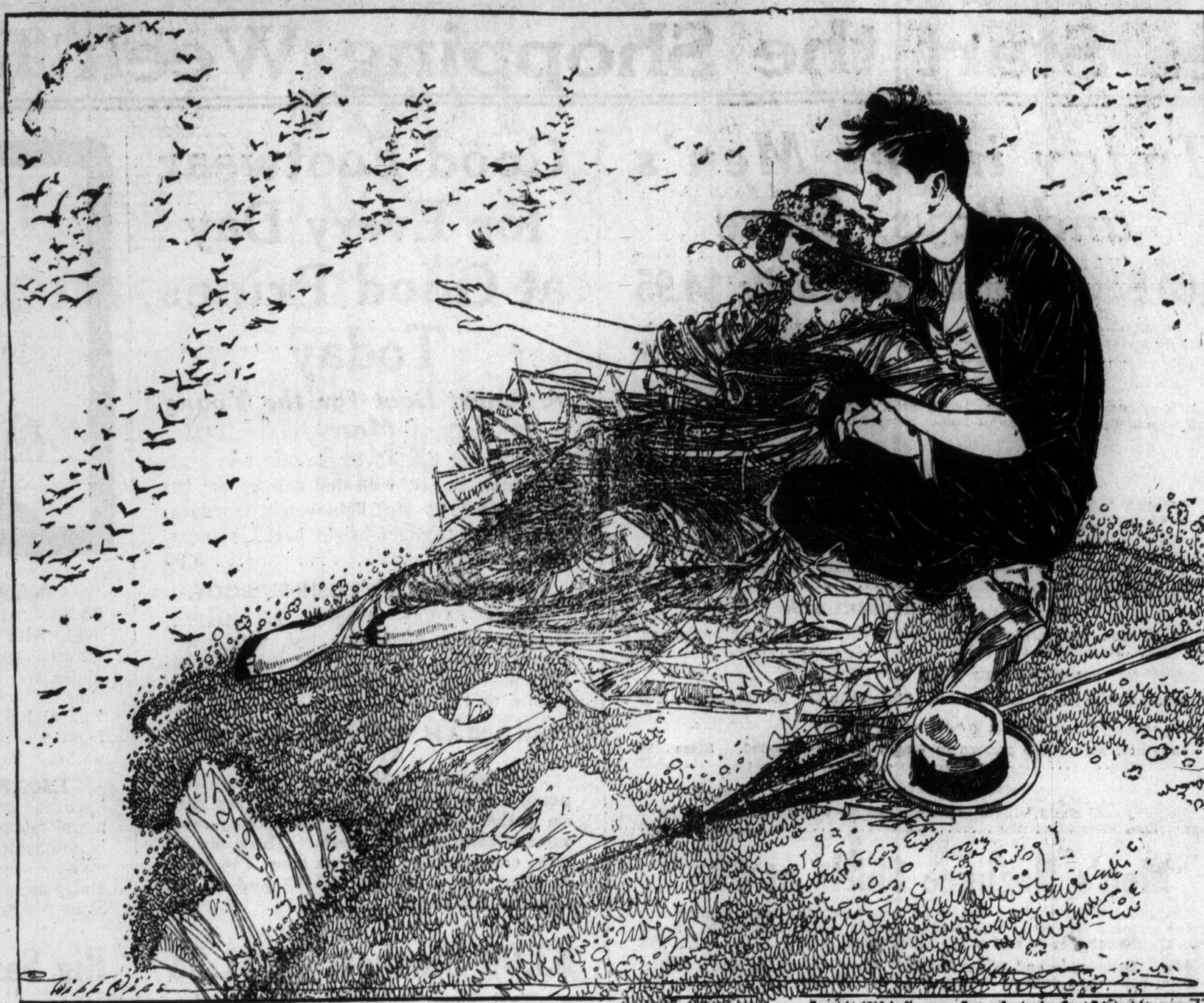
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THE ANSWER OF THE BIRDS :: By Will Nies



On a hilltop where the grasses were dappled with the flowers, they ended their walk. All the way he had been striving to say what had been in his mind and heart all day. Many a lovely night he had counted the stars as he paced in the soft darkness, planning for the hour that had come. He dared not let it off. Each step had brought them nearer the RIGHT moment. If it did not seize that instant—if

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they turned back from THAT minute with the words unsaid—all his life would turn back too. So he braved fortune with a four-word question: "Will you marry me?" She didn't answer in words. But one hand sought his. With the other she pointed at the birds who, wheeling in the sky, seemed to her to form her answer. Was it only imagination? She dropped her head on his shoulder. HE understood.

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WINIFRED BLACK ASKS

Is Ignorance Ever Innocence?

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SHOULD girls be taught the knowledge of evil in order to protect themselves from it? is the subject for discussion in one club of which I know.

"Is ignorance ever innocence?" is another topic at another club. Is ignorance ever innocence? This is a question frequently discussed nowadays, and in these discussions the popular answer always seems to be "No."

I can't quite see what ignorance or innocence either has to do with the tragic cases or sin and its wage of death that are so miserably common these days.

Ignorance may not be innocence, but is knowledge always innocence either? What is Mr. Dooley's answer to this: "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien that the more you see of it—the better you like it."

I never yet heard a boy begin to talk about cigarettes and betray an astonishing interest in the subject of the evils of tobacco without stumbling on him in some dark corner, somewhere, doing his best to smoke himself quite ill. When a girl begins to talk about forbidden subjects, she's thinking about them, of course. To be sure, it is better for her to talk than to think without talking. But, in the name of common sense, is there no age in the world for a wholesome, normal girl to think of but things like this?

Are there no interests in her world aside from sex interest, and that at the very lowest and most primitive kind?

You can't pick up a magazine today without reading something about "sex." And every 16-year-old girl you know wants to get you into a corner and ask you questions that make you wish you could sink into the floor.

Control? Of course a girl should be taught to control, not only her emotions, but her temper and her appetite, and her whims and her selfishness, and her vanity and her envy, and all the other vices which clutch at her with grasping hands.

Warnings Often Advertisements. Why single out one particular weakness and talk about it and sing about it and preach about it and joke about it, and hint about it, if you are really trying to get a girl to know enough to estimate life as it balances values?

Every normal girl wants to love and she wants to be loved, just as every normal human being wants to eat when he is hungry, drink when he is thirsty, and rest when he is tired.

What if all the world should suddenly begin to warn girls, and boys, and men, and women, and one everybody talked of it, all the time, about pats on the back, or mushrooms under glass, or something else equally luscious and tempting, and told them three times a day to eat them, and over and over, in season and out of season, at home, at the theatre, in the club—what would you expect those boys and those girls to do?

She stopped and kissed my cheek. "There I've got it off my chest now," she said. "I'll have to run along. Perhaps I'll be back before you go. I hope I'll have a long, quiet afternoon. Good-by," and she was gone.



Winifred Black

What would you do under the same circumstances? I wish the girls and the boys would take a few older people in hand and teach them some common sense, and some common decency, and some common consideration.

Because I have been obliged to sit in a police court and listen to the stories of the offshoots of the world, I have a right to tell these stories again to my little daughter and draw her mind all out of focus, because mine is?

A girl of 16 may not be a saint, but she's an angel compared to the average woman of 30, and, to my mind, the best thing the woman of 30 can do is to keep that girl from learning all the hideous things she knows just as long as she can.

Armor of Defence. Innocence is not a trap. It is an armor of defence. An innocent girl can take care of herself as no girl who knows too much could ever think of doing.

"What the mind doesn't know the heart doesn't dream," says the old proverb. No man ever dreamed of angels who had never seen a picture of one somewhere.

Love is not a hideous thing. Love is not a lure and a trap. It is a glory and a splendor and a beckoning. Every girl in her own heart of hearts knows that this is true, and she will always know it and live up to that knowledge. All some "wiser" woman or more wicked man makes her believe something that is not true.

Self-control—that is what we must teach our girls is it? Tell me, what is it we must teach our boys?

STUFFED BEETS.

Wash a half cup of rice and sprinkle it into a kettle of boiling water; let boil 15 minutes and drain. Chop a cup of pecan nuts and mix with the rice, add one teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Scoop the centres from cooked beets, fill the space with the rice mixture, stand in a baking pan and bake 20 minutes. Chop the centres of the beets, add to a cream sauce and serve around the beets.

The Amateur Gardener

If the woman who loves flowers has but a little time to devote to them, I would advise her to confine her gardening to the hardy perennials for the reason that these require the least attention of any class of plants in general cultivation. They are the easiest to grow, and for an indefinite period if a small amount of care is given them each season. A collection of these plants constitutes the busy woman's garden.

The first thing to do in making a collection of this kind is to prepare the soil properly. Spade it up to the depth of a foot and a spade. Make a hole in the soil a little larger than the ball of earth containing the plant you are to locate there and lower the plant into it without disturbing its roots, if possible. Then press the soil firmly about it, and apply enough water to settle it solidly about the young plant.

On no account cramp the roots of the plant you are setting out, or spread them out in unnatural ways. It pays to do this work carefully and in conformity with nature's ways of doing things. Care should be taken to see that some of the plants you set out get into the wrong place. Before planting them, consult the catalogue, and make yourself familiar with their size and height, and then plant accordingly.

Tall kinds should go into the back row. Large, growing, spreading kinds should have more room given them than those of a comparatively dwarf habit. It is an easy matter to spoil a fine effect by going at this part of the work without understanding the material you are working with.

On the other hand, it is equally as easy to familiarize yourself with your material if you set out to do so. Nowadays, our catalogues are really libraries of plant knowledge, and there is no excuse for mistakes that the amateur is likely to make if he or she goes at gardening in a happy-go-lucky fashion.

Know what the possibilities of your plants are before you give them a place in the border, and be governed by those possibilities.

Little Stories Told in Homely Rhyme

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

Copyright, 1916, by the Author, Elsie Dudley.

SAY, mister, do you recollect, oh, years an' years ago, how mother used to call you while the light was burnin' low, an' have you say in quiet tones, there in the shadows deep, that homely little pray'r of "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep?" You 'member how you learned it word for word at mother's knee? I recollect the very night she taught that pray'r to me. You 'member when you said it, in your nightgown, all undressed, she held you an' she rocked you till you slept on mother's breast? In all these years I ain't forgot that simple little pray'r, an' lots of times it's helped me go to sleep forgettin' care. There's other ones that people say. They're grander, I'll agree, but "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" is good enough for me.

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Velvet Cake

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. flour.
1 lb. sugar.
1 lb. butter.
8 eggs.
1 teaspoonful baking powder.
1/2 teaspoonful lemon extract.
3/4 pint cream.

METHOD

Sift the flour, cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of the eggs one by one, beating well after each, then stir in the lemon essence and add the flour very lightly. Add the cream and stir very lightly into the mixture. The baking powder can be sifted with the flour or blended with the cream. The latter is best unless you make the cake very quickly. Bake for 45 minutes in a medium oven.

:: DAILY MOTION PICTURE SECTION ::

"BOOB WEEKLY" IS COMING HERE SOON

World Has Secured Exclusive Newspaper Rights to Goldberg Creation.

IS FUNNIEST EVER

Burlesque on the Animated Weekly and is One Big Scream.

"The Boob Weekly," R. L. Goldberg's comic movie cartoon, which is to be published in The Toronto World, and will be released by Pathé for the picture theatres, is a burlesque on current news films. The reel starts with the entrance of Goldberg himself to his office. He is attired in a frock coat and striped trousers, the dignity of which is belied by his contagious smile and the title which follows: "When you see the cartoonist you will probably think the secret of his genius lies in the peculiar cut of his coat. But it doesn't—it is not his own coat!"

He sits down to draw, but finds he has no ink. This is an awful state of affairs, and he calls the negro porter to his aid. So pathetic does he make

his want known that the dusky one is moved to tears—he saves the precious fluid, Goldberg gets enough to work with and dismisses the dinge with this injunction: "Cry a little later on, I might want to shine my shoes." Then comes the cartoon itself, a few of the titles of which may give a faint idea of the action they describe:

Simp City, Texas. One-week-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal M. Sawdust, showing the result of the new scientific method of bringing up a child on powdered pool balls and sterilized bay rum. This infant, at the age of one week, uses a safety razor and plays a good game of pinocle.

A Study in Natural History. Trapping the wild African collar-button in the haberdashery fields of the Unisoplogus. The collar-button is near-sighted and is easily fooled. Farie Fashions Direct from Hoboken. Something smart and snappy, to be worn while being beaten by your husband.

The Shoplifter's Muff. It can hold anything but a grand piano. "The Boob Weekly" will be released in the near future. After that at intervals of two weeks his other creations will make their various and respective grimaces to the public.

Cleo Madison has the leading role in "Princella," a two-reel Universal comedy drama which she wrote and is producing. Between direction of this picture, preparation of a new five-reel feature soon to be produced and outlining work for a one-reel drama, "Chance," Miss Madison has little time for leisure at the big "U" city.

MOTION PICTURE THEATRE DIRECTORY

Doric, 1008 Bloor west, Wm. Farnum in "Gilded Fool."

Empress, 317 Yonge, Theda Roberts in "Mr. Gex of Monte Carlo."

Family, Queen and Lee avenue, Kathryn Williams in "The Rosary."

Edna, 75 Queen west, Clara Kimball Young in "Camille."

Griffin's, 221 Yonge, "The Regeneration."

Madison, Bloor and Bathurst, Victor Moore in "The Race."

Peter Pan, Queen and Waverley, Fannie Ward in "Tennessee's Partner."

Photodrome, 29 Queen west, Charlie Chaplin, Henry Walthall, and Blanche Sweet features.

Savoy, 214 Queen west, six reels, "Black Box," first episode.