

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the new novel, "Plane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by the National Book Association and S. S. McClure as judge.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

### The Literary Bee.

"I THINK," said Mary, "that I really should be more literary. What do you think, Peter?"

"You mean write poems?" I queried dubiously.

"Not exactly," said Mary vaguely. "Poems and things, I think it would be great fun."

"Sounds a little aimless," said I.

"Oh, dear, Peter," exclaimed Mary. "You never get what I mean immediately. I'm going to join a club."

"Fum!" said I with increasing doubtfulness of tone, for Mary already belongs to several clubs and I get the worst dinners on club nights. I couldn't conscientiously look overjoyed at the prospect of adding another cold-meat night to the menu and yet I wanted to be perfectly fair and generous.

"What sort of club?" I ventured.

"Literary," said Mary decidedly. "They have wonderful meetings once a week and papers and discussions and it is truly very instructive. I really feel that it is my duty to know a little more about the literature of the world, don't you, Peter?"

"Well, I can't say I feel the need strongly," I said, "but do you please, Mary."

What "Pretty" Means.

"They had a cycle of meetings that were very interesting," said Mary. "I'm going to join a club."

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What "Pretty" Means.

## HARD WORK SECRET OF SUCCESS IN MUSIC



Bertha Shalek

Helen Stanley

### "Talent Backed by Will Power Wins," Say Noted Prima Donnas

#### Bertha Shalek's Advice to Students.

Keep alert and watchful for opportunity. A glorious voice deserves a strong body. Eat simply; drink nothing stronger than pure water. Try always to strike chords in your daily life. I believe in tuneful thoughts as well as tuneful song. I believe in looking for good in your neighbor. We shall be accountable only for our own shortcomings. Keep so busy that there is no time for mischief. Do the best you can all the time. Look ahead, not back. Hope instead of regret. Try again and again when you don't succeed.

#### Helen Stanley's Singing Creed.

I believe in temperance—but not in temper. Keep the body in harmony to retain your voice. Try always to strike chords in your daily life. I believe in tuneful thoughts as well as tuneful song. I believe in looking for good in your neighbor. We shall be accountable only for our own shortcomings. Keep so busy that there is no time for mischief. Do the best you can all the time. Look ahead, not back. Hope instead of regret. Try again and again when you don't succeed.

### By ELEANOR AMES

THE brilliant women who had applied for the position. They felt that they had accomplished so much in running a complex business in a peculiar community and had been so faithful and competent in the face of many discouragements that they would give her the chance to try her luck in bigger fields. Flooding means keeping everlastingly at it. Which is the secret of accomplishment?

Miss Shalek us the right to make others uncomfortable or unhappy. Many singers are terribly one-sided individuals. Just because you are a singer is no reason why you cannot also be an intelligent human being. I have small patience with the "eccentricities of genius."

"Nor I either," chimed in Miss Stanley. "Why should the possession of a voice give any one the right to tramp rough shod over the rest of the world? Let the sweetness of your singing tones set the standard of harmony for your entire life. If we all made that determination what a glorious world this would be!"

"During the course of the interview Miss Shalek spoke of opportunity."

"What you ever think how small are the hinges upon which the door of chance swings open?" she asked. "My own life illustrates it. I was born in Bohemia, and went to New York when a baby. My earliest recollection is a desire to 'make music.' I was a child prodigy as a violinist. I never thought of singing. One day when I was in my teens I went to the Metropolitan Opera House and sat next a woman who commented on the opera. Elmer to discuss music, I listened and talked. She asked me if I sang. I replied with some pride that I was a violinist."

"Then be a singer, too," she said. "Your speaking voice tells me you can sing." That woman was Eleonora Broadford, now the Countess de Cisneros. She set me thinking. I began to study singing. My voice was first a contralto, but it grew higher and developed into a dramatic soprano. When I speak about the way to succeed I have experience to back me up. I would not ask a girl to work any harder than I have done myself.

"Nor would I," said Miss Stanley.

## Real Stories in Everyday Smells

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

AND now they're all talking about smells. Rudyard Kipling started the talk, when he began to say things about the smell of wood smoke and how it made him feel. And so, after the ancient fashion of the world and the people who live in it, we're all sitting around the fire and telling what smells we like and what smells we hate and what smells make us think of.

There's nothing in the world that sticks so close to the memory as a smell. I wonder if it's because the nerves of smell are the closest of all to the brain.

The more highly cultivated we are, the less we seem to know about smells.

Primitive people are very much like dogs. I've seen an Indian trace a man through the thicket by the smell he left behind him, and negroes can almost always tell which is your hat or your own particular pair of gloves, even if they have never seen either of those particular articles before, just so long as they know you and the peculiar perfume you most elect to fancy.

First of all, lilacs, the old-fashioned kind, thick and purple and dewy and fragrant. I never smell a bunch of lilacs without feeling as if I were 10 years old in a gingham frock with my hair braided down my back.

### Odors of Nature.

That's because I always took the first bunch of lilacs to the school to teacher, and was very proud of it.

And then I love lilacs-of-the-valley and the way they smell. It's always a surprise—the perfume of the delicate little things.

You think it is going to be faint and delicate like the perfume of a lily, and, lo, it's spiced and piquant.

And then how about the smell of wood, just kindling into flame; and in the fall, out in the garden when the sun's going down and all the world seems to be turning over and giving a sigh of content?

And the sea, the salt, salt sea, why, half the glory of it is in the whiff you get before you even see it. Shut your eyes now and there it is, blue and cool and flecked with lacy white, a dance along the sandy shore.

The cities have their smells, each one a different odor.

Chicago smells of smoke; New Orleans smells of molasses; San Francisco smells of flowers and fruit and of tall eucalyptus and its oil. Los Angeles smells of roses and violets—and of petroleum.

Pittsburgh smells of coal; Washington smells of lilies and of melting asphalt—and of moth balls.

### In a Great City.

New York? Oh, New York smells—of money. All sorts of money, paper and silver and gold, but always money, always money. Sh-I can fairly hear it—smelling—can't you?

And then there are the ferryboats, and police courts and hospitals. Each with a separate and distinct smell of its own.

I sat next to some one from a hospital at a concert the other day and all of the singing of the sweet violins was of a sudden hushed to me, and all I heard was the weird, monotonous chant the blood makes surging in the ears—when the surgeon nods to the assistant and says, "She's going under," and you're afraid they'll think you're farther "under," than you are and will begin to kick before you can speak.

How full it is of sensation, this world of ours and the strange, subtle, complicated life in it.

I knew a burglar once who was going to kill a woman that screamed when she looked up and saw him in the room.

"But she had a bottle of camphor in her hand when she saw me," said the burglar, "and the scent of that camphor kind of came over me, and I couldn't do it."

"My mother had headache a good deal and when I climbed into her lap I used to get a whiff of camphor, and when I smelled it again that night—I couldn't strike, that's all."

In and out, back and forth, up and down; wreathes the shifting shuttle of human destiny. How many strange threads are woven in it—after all.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### Overhaul Your Habits If Your Eyelids Puff

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

THE schoolboy's copy-book quotation, about the bull-frog who envied the bull and puffed and puffed until he exploded, has a lesson in it for everybody with puffy eyelids.

Alice in Wonderland, when she puffed herself up as high as the table in the underground cavern, where she met the mouse, did so unconsciously. She was not like the vain bullfrog.

Puffiness under the eyes is usually of the Alice in Wonderland type. No matter how willful you may be, you cannot voluntarily, at your own sweet pleasure, puff your eyelids.

The puffy, bloated appearance beneath your eyeball comes willy-nilly, like a thief in the night. True enough, it is due to definite physiological causes, but these come on silently and insidiously, independent of your own control.

What, then, may be justly blamed for this condition? Why do some, eyes, while others, with malignant maladies, lack this "oedema" or the optic cups?

When watery fluids issue forth from the human vermilion streams and the straw-colored lymph channels of the body into the adjacent, soft tissue these tissues become soggy, puffy and swollen.

Suppose the analogy, which you often see of a garden hose broken and leaky. Over the leak there is tied a piece of linen, a handkerchief, or a rubber balloon. It is tied above and below the leak.

Why Eyelids Puff.

What happens? Why, the water which bubbles forth wells into the bandage. It swells and puffs up. Exactly the same thing happens in the eyelids and below the eyes, partly for this reason and partly for others. It is not due so often to a leak in the veins and arteries as it is to various other physiological disturbances.

If the blood and lymph become thinned by disease; if the tissues, outside of and adjacent to the vital fluid, become saturated with salt; if the pressure is too high; if the heart pumps too rapidly; if you receive a blow in the eye, the lower part of the eye and lids may become puffed.

Overeating, overdrinking and under-sleeping are among the indiscretions that predispose you to puffy eyes.

"Black eyes" and bruises, the lymph and serum, which drain away from the injured structures, collect in the lower part of the eye socket. Thence they filter into the fatty, lower eyelid.

The Best Cure.

Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes or the sugar sickness, pressure in the eyeballs, internal eye troubles, anemia and other blood disorders, over-exertion, heart infirmities, fat-making and certain brain troubles all contribute at times in causing puffy lids.

Do not be plain from all this that to avoid the lids puffy, at present, you need do is to prevent the distemper which produces that condition.

Because the cause is so simple, matter. Indeed, even the skilled physician himself may discover the presence of a hidden malady by the observation of puffiness under the eyes!

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will not be answered, personally or by stamp. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

## Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Miss Annie Laurie:

I live in the country and have an unknown correspondent. We have corresponded for about two years but have never met. He is a travel-savvy man, and when convenient he wishes to stop off at my home town and meet me there.

How should I entertain him?

WELL, little Country Girl, what in the world am I going to tell you? How did you become acquainted with your "unknown correspondent?"

What do you know about him? Are you sure he is a single man?

There are a good many men in the world who amuse themselves by writing letters to girls they do not know.

Some of these men are forerunners of just plain men with too much time on their hands—some are lonely fellows who are trying to find a sweetheart and really trying honestly—and some are scoundrels who have gone half-crazy on the girl question and who can't keep up flirtations enough with girls they do not know.

Which one of these is your "unknown correspondent?"

There's just one thing for you to do to entertain him—really, really insist upon seeing him when he stops off at your town.

Ask him out to your house—oh, of course you don't want to do that.

Your mother will object, your father "won't understand," and your brothers will make it so disagreeable for him that you'll wish you had never heard of him.

Nevertheless, that is the one thing and the only thing that you can do and are sure of keeping his respect—and your own.

Besides, he'll never know a thing about you—really—until he sees you in your own home among your own people.

And you'll never know a thing about him—really—until you sit down at the table with him in your own home and see how he looks beside your father, and what he acts like when your brother is looking at him.

But no slipping out to meet him somewhere, no secret rendezvous—from such things as these can come to you nothing but misery and despair; keep away from them as you'd keep away from a coffin rattlesnake.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

## Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

HERE are two recipes for serving fresh strawberries, both of which have stood the test of time:

### STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

It has been said the delights of this dish cannot be described save in the song of a poet.

Remember, nothing but the real biscuit crust makes the genuine shortcake, and that all substitutes are shams and delusions.

Into two cups of flour sift three teaspoons of baking powder and quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. To this add three tablespoonfuls each of butter and milk. Mix it all thoroughly and divide in halves, put each half in a buttered round cake tin and pat into place with a floured hand. Bake 12 minutes in a hot oven. Separate the upper and lower

portions of each cake with a silver fork—the use of a knife is an epitome of crime—butter generously and spread with berries which have previously been hulled, crushed, sugared and left standing for several hours. Alternate with remainder of the berries and juice over the completed cake, top with whole berries and serve with whipped cream.

### STRAWBERRY WHIP.

Two cups of strawberries, one cup powdered sugar, tablespoonful lemon juice, whites of two eggs, fourth of teaspoonful salt.

Crush the berries and add to them the sugar and lemon. Add a cup of the eggs and the salt till the eggs are a froth and add the berries, beating constantly. Serve with custard or whipped cream in frappe glasses with a whole berry topping the cream.