

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE
Author of the new novel, "Dance of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$1000 by the M. T. Farrell and S. S. McClure as judges.

And So—
OUTSIDE, beyond the old farm-house windows, the rain had abated. The sky yellowed. Then the sun came gloriously forth upon a rain-sodden world and touched into eager sparkle pools of rain and drooping grass.

"Foolish," I said to Mary, "but look, I wonder if that glorious sun is perhaps a harbinger of our future life together—a promise of life-adjustment."
"I don't know," said Mary, happily. "I hope so, Peter. I'll do my best!"
"And so will I."

My wife's name met mine in the clasp of friendship which is after all a bigger thing than love. Love is but part of it.
And then Mary turned to me, her cheeks like peonies.

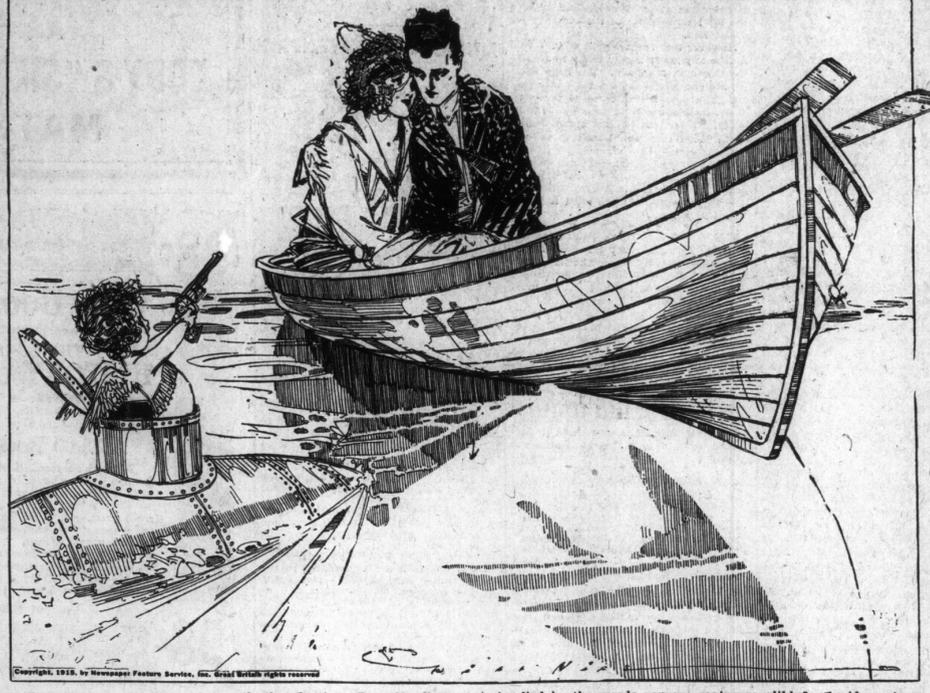
"Peter," she said, "once, ages ago it seemed to me, I had you. I wanted no children in my life. I was rebelling at the animalism of that part of woman's existence. I don't suppose you can understand for responsibility is so different. But I felt then that it would fret me into insanity always to feel that there was some one helpless hanging upon me—to go wherever I went—always to be considered first, but—"

"Yes."
"It's the little girl next door," said Mary. "I don't know why, but for weeks and weeks I can't look at her without a choke in my throat. I want to twine my arms around her and love her—she's such a dear, dear little kid. Something always seems to rise in my heart and then in my throat and choke."

"It's the age-old maternal instinct, Mary," I said. "It comes to every woman sooner or later."
"It must be that," said my wife. "For when she runs in away from play I feel lonely."
"Yes."
"And then I begin to think how wonderful it would be if she were my little girl," Mary cried a little.

The Vision Wonderful.
So the dawning something in Mary's pretty face was the primal instinct of maternity. I had always wanted children. It had been the tragic rock upon which my wife and I had almost come to shipwreck more than once. It would spark and flare at the sun of happiness that suddenly flooded over my life.

THE HOLD-UP :: :: By Will Nies



I'm all very wonderful and smooth, that floating on the glistening bosom of the water. Everything is forgotten but the sweetness of the moment. Then up pops Love with his relentless challenge. He wants to KNOW. How about it, young man? Where are you bound? What are you CARRYING away down your heart? Have you thought out everything? Do you know how much

I looked ahead. I saw a life peaceful with affection, home, children, all the quiet things of domesticity which some affect to despise and some, wiser, know for the real vertiges of existence. And hand in hand my little wife and I would climb the hill together, like John Anderson in the poem. And we would sleep together at the foot mourned sincerely by our children.

It was a big moment. Unreal in a way. The farm kitchen seemed but a maze. There was vision in the moment and happiness. I knew that my life would never be quite the same again. It had broadened in a flash. It would go on broadening. And I saw in Mary's eyes, too, the Vision Wonderful. We said nothing at all. Words would have spoiled it.

And then I bent and kissed my wife. THE END.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What a Corn Really Is; How It May Be Cured

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

ERRING man may spurn the rage of gain, but not a corn that gives anguish. If his feet are forgotten, if they yield him no ache, he may save himself from folly, vanity and vice, and every low pursuit; he may feed his soul with knowledge, conscious peace and virtue pure. Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss may be his. But not, if he has sore feet.

Like the soldiers in the European strife, the feet are always digging trenches. Unlike them, however, the pedal extremities receive little attention or comfort from their commanders. Fashion usually does violence to the feet, and what that fickle dame omits to do, tradition and boot-makers lay on.

Of all the barbaric misdemeanors of alleged civilization the supreme abomination is the stiff, leather shoe. These abhorrent straitjackets of what were once prehensile feet, keep them the useless and tormented inhabitants of the slough of despond which you know so well.

Added to these incomprehensible, if not unreasonable terrors, is often the human ambition to possess a number 11-D foot into a 10-A shoe. Could even a Torquemada wish anything more diabolical? Not the whole Spanish Inquisition could devise more wringing, stinging, excruciating, galling pains than that pinching shoe that more than fits you.

Physiologically the foot should, like the hand, be ever unshod. The ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks and the holy fathers of the early Christian Church went either barefooted or sandalshod. The innocent babes of today, who lightly draw their breath, seize objects with friction and supple little toes. Older children who retain this magic grasp wear only sandals.

Leather Shoes Evil.
Miss Biffin, the distinguished painter of miniatures, was raised to adult life in this fashion, and was equally eminent with her exceptionally clever production of the feet, unlike the frail craft that puts to sea, need not be encased in sounding brass, ribs of steel and multiplied caresses. There is no need, once and forever, to discard all leather shoes.

The toes, as well as the muscles, joints and ligaments of the feet, are meant to be mobile and active. All of their arduous, friendly creature, into a pessimistic person with a grievance.

It is all so simple—if she'd only look at her niece philosophically and pain-takingly, just as I looked at the little clock, just now to find out what was really the matter with it—it would be so easy to adjust things.

The niece is twisted just a bit in her make-up—she was born so, and there is no use trying to change her. If you are going to deal with her at all, you must look at her as she is, and make the best of it. Of course you can quite rightly refuse to bother with any of her strange doings—you can say to her, once and for all, "I do not approve of your way of doing things," and then have nothing more to do with her.

But, if you live in the same house—since you cannot adjust her as she should be adjusted, why not try the experiment of adjusting yourself?
I wish I had the courage to ask my friend to tell me the answer to that question. I think it would be illuminating.

I know a man who comes of a family of clever brothers. One of the brothers is a lawyer and one is a doctor and one is a man of large financial affairs.

Twisted in the Frame.
The fourth brother is an upper clerk in his eldest brother's office—and he ought to be very glad to get the job.

He has short hours, easy work, a fairly good salary and very little responsibility. He would be rather happy in his work—if his wife would let him. But his wife is ambitious—she wants a big house and several servants, but, most of all, she wants to feel that she was clever enough to marry a successful man.

Now, the brother—the doctor—makes love to every woman he sees, and his wife knows it and is broken-hearted.

The brother—the lawyer—is more than a bit of a roguish and nobody trusts him beyond the absolute letter of the law.

What's the Matter with Your Clock?

By WINIFRED BLACK
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SOMETHING is the matter with the little white and gilt clock that stands on the little white mantel in the blue room. It strikes regularly and it seems to be in perfect time, but when you look at it, somehow—oh, I see, it is twisted in its frame a bit and the 1 looks as if it were where the 12 ought to be. And, when I looked at it quickly just now, I thought that it was a quarter of 3 instead of a quarter of 2—because the habit of years had made me believe that the 3 was where it really ought to be.

I shall have to do something about that clock, for nobody knows what appointments we all will miss, and what pleasant opportunities we will be cheated out of, just by the twist in the frame of the clock—that puts the numbers on its face into the wrong place.

What a nuisance it is—this getting things out of focus. I have a friend who ought to be very happy—a good woman, a clever woman, a fine woman in every way—but, she lives at present with her niece—and the niece being a strong-willed person, as well as a niece, wants things in her own house—her own way.

Now, the way of my friend is undoubtedly a much better way than the way of her niece. She is neat, orderly, strictly accountable. When she promises to go somewhere at 10 o'clock—9:30 finds her laying out her gloves and brushing her hat.

If she decides to stay at home and read, on a particular afternoon—she stays at home and reads and has a good time doing it, like the sensible woman she is. But the niece is different.

If you want to see the niece at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, do not telephone on Monday and make an appointment, for the moment the niece promises to be anywhere at any certain hour she begins to think up reasons why she cannot possibly keep that promise.

Why Not Adjust Yourself?
If the niece really ought to read any particular book, the way to get her to do it is to arrange two or three little affairs which are really important for her on a certain day, and on that day that niece will stay at home and read that book—through the heavens fall.

All this worries my friend and she nags her niece about it, and every time she nags the niece the niece gets more reprehensible—for so it is her nature to be.

My friend frets and frets, and she is making herself, from a cheerful good-natured, friendly creature, into a pessimistic person with a grievance.



Winifred Black

BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY A New Story of Married Life

Today's final instalment of "Peter's Adventures in Matrimony" will be followed by a new story in daily instalments, beginning on Monday, presenting a vivid and forcible way a woman's view of her experiences in marriage. This new and fascinating serial, by Adele Garrison, is called

"Revelations of a Wife"

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

How She Made a "Picnic Blouse."
I WONDER why picnic are, a rule, such disappointing affairs? You live in blissful anticipation of the fun in store for you, spend hours making a paintable lunch and select the clothes you are to wear with a care worthy of a presentation at court, and, as on previous occasions, you are doomed to have a stupid time.

Each year, when I come home tired and jaded after a day on the mountain, I never again to be among those who are so anxious to go picnicking as she.

We left this side of the lake at 3 o'clock, so that we could have the long climb up the mountain in the cool morning. We both wore white linen skirts and blouses and Panama hats with striped ribbon bands.

Cicely has suddenly taken a fancy to sport a blouse with the collar and cuffs of green and a white blazer striped linen, none of her blouses seemed appropriate, and she concluded that the only thing to do was to duplicate mine.

Accordingly, she cancelled her engagement to go motoring with Fred Heller and spent the afternoon making the blouse. Of course I helped and donated enough blue and white striped linen, left from my beige linen frock, for the trimming.

Fortunately Cicely and I are about the same size, so I used my blouse for the pattern, cutting the front and back exactly the same. There wasn't enough the linen to make long sleeves like mine, so we concluded to extend them just below the elbows. They are fitted into the normal armholes without fullness, and I made the oddly shaped cuffs of the striped linen with the stripes running in horizontal lines.

The Good-Night Story

The WASTED WISHES :: By Vernon Merry

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor peasant and his wife who were very poor and his wife had no money with which to buy lace and besides she had no use for such trimming on her plain clothing, so she gave the stranger what refreshment her larder afforded.

It happened that the stranger was nothing less than a fairy in disguise and when she had finished eating, she said to the peasant's wife: "Because of your wish when she said the next three wishes you utter, no matter what they are."

Then she disappeared. During the good wife thought of the wonderful things she would wish for and then decided to wait until evening to consult her husband. At last he came home weary and hungry after the day's work, and the fire was low and the supper would not be cooked for an hour or so.

"I wish that supper was ready," he said.
"Ah," sighed his wife, "I wish that I had a bundle of fagsots to hurry the fire." No sooner had she said the word than a bundle of fagsots rolled in at the door.



A Smart Sport Blouse.

Present at our annual picnic, and the following summer I go just the same, hoping that something will happen to make it interesting.

I voiced a strong protest against going this year, but mother insisted that Cicely ought not to be deprived of the outing, and since she wanted to run the motor boat across the lake, that I had better go with her.

Cicely has lost her enthusiasm for picnics—until the next one is proposed. It is impossible not to absorb some of

8 will find you 2 lb. bags

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