

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize by the M. T. S. and S. S. McClure as judges.

No. 276.

Joan's Amazing Beliefs.



LEONA DALRYMPLE

WONDER if any man ever fully understood a girl like Joan Arbeck. Truly to me she was a most bewildering mixture of brilliance and inconsistency. She knew as Mary had once told me a little of the wisdom of the world, and yet there were moments when you would think she was a child. Her quiet, clever moods were marvellous at the times when she was really serious. "What are you thinking of?" asked Joan suddenly.

"You?" I blurted.

"And just what about me?"

What Peter wondered.

"I wondered why a girl with the brains and beauty you have should be so far away in mad pursuit of the male."

"Mad pursuit!" echoed Joan with a laugh. "Peter, you're unkind."

"You know precisely what I mean."

"Indeed," said Joan, "this silly game of many of you New York women playing a little, drinking a little, flirting too much, giving a man eternally the chance to misunderstand, and when he does—"

"When he does?" encouraged Joan, faintly.

"When he does, dropping him with a dreadful thud into the limbo of forgetfulness. A girl like you should marry, and marry soon some splendid chap."

"Oh, me," sighed Joan, "he's already married."

"I laughed vexedly."

"Joan, you're making fun of me."

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A HEART HAND

By Michelson



WHEN your head is full of certain thoughts the Queen of Hearts takes on an appearance quite different from any that she wears in an ordinary deck of cards. The stiff, angular lady of the card becomes strangely REAL, and the heart glows with a crimson redder than the

Secrets of Health and Happiness If Insomnia Troubles You Change Your Rest Habits

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

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



BECAUSE He gives His beloved sleep, as the psalmist says, leads most people to believe that sleep comes as naturally to human kind as rain and water runs down hill. Yet sleep is a much troubled state. The youthful and those sound in physique fall into slumber, despite the battalions of obstacles thrown in the path of Morpheus. Yet many sleep improperly.

Little wonder is it to the observer that sleeplessness appears so often among the middle-aged, those sick in soul and body or those thrown out of their habitual stride by the irritations and petty annoyances of the day. On the contrary, it is odd that fewer instances of insomnia occur.

Sancho Panza said of sleep: "It is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the hot." It is current coin that purporting to be a remedy for sleeplessness, when you lie upon either the right side or the left side. The pillow is about the width of the measurement taken from a string run from the outside of the arm to one erected upon the flattened ear. The pillow should be used only to fill in the gap between the side of your head—held straight on your shoulders and the mattress.

How many really repose in this healthy way? Few, indeed. Either there are bolsters and pillows galore, or a thin bit of an excuse for a pillow, which allows the head to sag downward too much. Whether the angle of the head to the trunk is either too acute or too obtuse, the lungs and heart become cramped, and outdoor sleeping is deprived of its beneficent healing virtues. Sleep may even take place under such faulty conditions, yet thorough restoration of the fatigued structures and full expansion of the lungs fail to be brought about.

Spinal curvatures, rigid shoulder girdles, cramps and colic, coughs and "colds" are all maintained beyond the allotted time for their disappearance if the muscles of any part of the body at night are kept in a strained, cramped, unrelaxed state. Needless to add, anything which hampers freedom and looseness will inevitably run counter to the required rest.

Answers to Health Questions
J. Z. Q.—I sprained my foot six weeks ago. It got well, but the trouble has returned. My ankle swells and gets inflamed. Will you please tell me what to do?

A.—Have an X-ray picture made, and also have heart and kidneys examined.

G. B. H.—Q.—Why does the finger to get sore around the nail? What can I do to cure them?

A.—Make a paste of corn meal flour and vasoline or plain flour and cottonseed oil. Massage this into the cuticle and fingers every night. Use a cheap ball of cotton or canvas gloves to work in. Use the paste before you put your hands into dish water.

Dr. Hirsberg 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 be answered personally. If a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed, address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirsberg, care this office.

Are You a "Terence" or an "Alice" Person?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

THE little gray cat sat up on the railing of the porch this morning, and mewed and mewed.

"Gray cat," said I, "why do you mew so? What is it that you want? The sun shines now on the porch, even if the rain has made it damp; there is water for you to drink; your basket with your cushion in it stands ready, and if you are hungry why don't you jump down from the railing and come to the door and say so?"

But the little gray cat arched up her back and mewed and mewed. "I must go out and see what the matter is with her," I thought, but some one called me and I could not.

And when I came back into the room again the little gray cat heard me and began to mew more piteously than ever.

"Now I will go and see," I thought, but the telephone rang and I could not.

The Persistent Kitty.

And when I came back there was the little gray cat still on the railing, and as soon as she saw me through the window she began to mew again. But just as I was going out to see her the postman came and there were important letters to be answered.

And one of them made me laugh and one of them made me sigh, and one of them made me want to cry; and it was quite a long time before I went back where the cat could see me.

When I did go back the cat did see me, and she mewed and mewed, and I went out and gave that cat a talking to.

"There's nothing in the world the matter with you, little gray cat," said I. "You just hate the wet and you want to make me carry you over to your basket, and it isn't really wet at all; it's just damp. You're a persistent, egotistical, selfish, exacting, fussy, disagreeable, self-indulgent thing, little gray cat, and I do not approve of you any more of your kind."

And, then, just to stop her mewings, I took the little gray cat down off the railing and put her in her basket and brought her a saucer of warm milk. I grumbled all the time, but I did it.

And the good, faithful dog, who would give the last drop of blood in his body for any one of us, went without his breakfast. I was so busy with the cat, who would not let me alone, that I forgot all about him.

The Persistent Alice.

I know a woman who has a good husband. The husband is a man who works early and late and denies himself many pleasures and much comfort for the sake of his wife and family.

He thinks he can't afford to belong to his club. He doesn't play golf because he's afraid he'll get the habit and make his wife a golf-widow. He takes a scant week for his summer vacation and sends his wife and daughter away for a month.

He's a good man and the best husband I ever knew. His wife is very fond of him when she has time. It is hard for her to get time, for she has a daughter.

And the daughter likes to think that she is delicate, and she likes to think that she is sensitive, and she wants to believe that she is not "appreciated" and she keeps mother busy all the time. Petting her and spoiling her and apologizing to her and making excuses for her, and so she really can't remember to think very much about the good husband.

The little gray cat who mewed is called Alice—sit-by-the-fire. The faithful dog who went without his breakfast because I was too busy with the cat to remember him, is called Terence Mulvaney—for he is an Irish dog, as any one can tell by looking at him.

If the woman I know has her daughter with her the next time I meet her I shall have to be very careful or I will call the daughter Alice as sure as the world, and that would never do!

For daughter has a poor cousin called Alice, and to be mistaken for her would make her "sensitive" for a week.

I hope I shall not call the good husband, who never gets any attention from his own family, Terence Mulvaney.

He is not Irish at all, as any one can tell just by looking at him. Which would you call the wisest, Terence Mulvaney or Alice-sit-by-the-fire?

I know which one I like the best, anyhow.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

"As unkindness has no remedy at law," said the old man to a young man who was a point of honor.—Hosea Ballou.

The pleasures of the palate lead to the pleasures of the pen. Seneca.

Memory is the primary and fundamental power, without which there could be no other intellectual operation.—Johnson.

If the wicked flourish, and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fated for destruction; thou art destined for health.—Fuller.

Oh that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves.—Shakespeare.

The fact that God has prohibited divorce gives misfortune the right to hope all things, and leaves hope free to dare all things.—Mme. Swetchine.

A faithful and true friend is a living treasure, inestimable in pleasure, and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend, something more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought.—Anon.

A Bride's Own Story

Isobel Brands

RULES IN THE GAME OF CHINA BUYING.

COUSIN MAISIE motored in from town yesterday. She bubbled in, breathless, and wouldn't sit down for a minute.

"My dear, you simply must come back to town with me at once. Now don't say no, because I won't have you miss it for worlds, and if you won't buy it, I'll get it for you myself and make you a wedding present of it. It's just the most wonderful bargain in the world, and I'm sure you'll want it the minute you see it."

"Yes, indeed," I agreed, trying not to smile. "I'll buy it at once. Only as a slight formality, would you mind telling me what the article is?"

Cousin Maisie never paused, but kept rattling on. "It's the loveliest dinner set I ever saw, and I wish I didn't have mine so I could buy it. It's genuine Haviland with a gold and rose design, and I can just see the table set with it, a bowl of roses or rose-shaded candles for decorations—why you must come this minute before it's bought by some one else!"

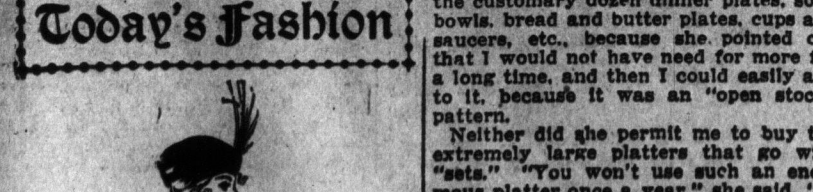
"What is the wondrous news?" inquired Aunt Juliette, coming into the room. "So glad you're here, Maisie. Take off your things and have lunch with us."

"Thanks awfully," returned Maisie, "but I just can't stay a minute. I want Maisie to come back to town with me at once to buy the most beautiful dinner set I ever saw, and it's going at such a bargain that I'm afraid some one will buy it before we get back to the store."

"When we finally selected my dinner service I found I hadn't bought a 'set' at all. With Aunt's help and quiet suggestion, I had bought eight instead of the customary dozen dinner plates, soup bowls, bread and butter plates, cups and saucers, etc., because she pointed out that I would not have need for more for a long time, and then I could easily add to it because it was an 'open stock' pattern."

Neither did she permit me to buy the extremely large platters that go with 'sets,' which won't use such an enormous platter once a year, she said, 'so why buy it?' Instead we bought four or five various smaller sizes. For dessert plates, Aunt selected a dainty rose pattern, which she said was in excellent taste for dessert, even if undesirable for meat service."

Today's Fashion



Isobel Brands

Casock Frock Novelty.

THE casock frock was inspired by the habit of the monks. It is developed of taupe-colored broadcloth, and is cut in one piece. The sleeves are in a wide, open, bodice of taupe chiffon and a taupe silk cord confines the fullness about the waist. The skirt flares at the hem over a narrow foundation of the broadcloth. This is a practical frock to wear beneath the fur coat.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a graduate nurse, and most people call me pretty and attractive. Some time ago I nursed a case for a doctor in our town, and ever since then he has given me all his cases, and has been very nice to me.

He is a middle-aged married man, with a wife and nice family, who used to be nice to me, but lately they do not use me as his patients, and when the patient is dismissed the doctor takes me home. However, time he has taken me with him when I was on his calls, because he does not like to ride alone, and he says it is 'handy' to have me with him. He has helped me to get cases, and he has helped me on cases where he always had a doctor as assistant before. He says he would rather have me than a doctor to help him.

I am fond of the doctor, and he is certainly very nice to me, but my aunt, with whom I live, scolds me because I go with him, and she also finds fault because I have gone to

his office late in the evening. She says I ought not to go to his office alone after office hours, but I have always gone on business.

Now ought I to pay any attention to my aunt or just use her advice as if she were old-fashioned and notational?

My aunt says none of the other doctors pay so much attention to me, and it will cause talk if the doctor continues his attentions.

NURSE.

Be careful! Be careful! You are treading a dangerous path, a path that has led many and many a good girl to misery and disgrace. Your doctor is paying entirely too much attention to you. He knows it, his wife knows it, the neighbors know it, and you will look deep into your own heart you will find that you know it, too.

Put yourself in the place of the doctor's wife. If you were married to him, would you want him talking a pretty, young woman out for drives with him, and if you will look deep into your own heart you will find that you know it, too.

Would you want that young woman

going to his office to see him after hours, and would believe her if she told you she didn't see why you should object? Attend to your business, dear nurse, attend strictly to your business, and see to it that the doctor attends strictly to his.

A man of such a very yonksome disposition ought never to have married at all, but as long as he is married he ought to take his wife with him when he gets home.

That's what his wife is for. If she can't go with him he'll have to be lonely alone. Don't throw away your reputation on a married man. You'll repent it all your life if you do.

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 of this office.

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Three Minute Journeys

Where Camels Fight to Make Owners Rich

By TEMPLE MANNING

THE camel is a great feature of eastern life, and, perhaps, it is not strange that the Turk takes great delight in fighting his camels, precisely as bulldogs used to be pitted against each other long ago in England. Although I have never seen bulldogs fight, I would wager it is infinitely more exciting than the camel fight I once witnessed in Anatolia.

Not only was the money stake all the cash the owners possessed, but every bit of the rich harness of the camels was a part of the prize. And the expression of abject desolation the losing owner wore on his face was pitiful to see as he walked home beside his beaten camel, which was as bare of harness as his pockets were of cash.

A Camel Battle.

The camels were muzzled to keep them from biting each other, and they fought by entwining their necks and trying to throw each other. That is precisely what there was to it, but it meant poverty or comparative riches to the winning camel's owner.

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