

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## BOOK SOIL

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## Clara Morris Says—

### THAT NOTHING LIGHTENS THE HEART AND STEADIES THE EYES LIKE TRUTH.

THE quaintness of old sayings is generally the husk that covers a good sound grain of truth, but that old-timer, "The lie—it hath no feet," is surely "way off."  
"Feet," indeed! Why, a lie must have feet down both sides of it—like a centipede—judging from the speed with which it travels. Does not a lie outstrip the truth every time? Undoubtedly it was the inability of a falsehood ever to stand alone that was in the old-timer's mind, but that's a question of backbone, or it's "way off."

It seems not to be of a eugenic brood, for with Satan for father and Fear and Vanity as mothers, no lies have ever been born with spine enough to stand up without propping—hence we have bolstering lies for the support of the venomous originals.

Lying the art, lying the sin, lying the folly, are all handled without gloves by the Bible.  
This code admits of no poetic Browning convolutions or Henry James-like spiral involutions of speech—just a clear, curt brevity that is well-nigh almost crude—may be. "A lying tongue is not provocative of mirth, for the sledgehammer blow falls with the words, "He that speaketh lies shall perish."

Neither is there anything involved or very difficult of belief in the statement that the "Getting of treasures by a lying tongue is vanity."

"But," cries some follower of this gentle art, "there are lies and—er—fib and things—not all so very dreadful. The lie conventional, 'Not at home,' 'Never received it,' 'So sorry to have missed you.' This lie circumstantial, the white lie—they are not the kind of things, surely, that the Bible is so severe on."

Well, "pigs is pigs," are not I fear lies are lies.  
But this palterer leaves out the cruellest, most damaging, most dangerous of them all, the lie that is half truth.

To make lying a fine art, certain qualities are absolutely necessary in the make-up of the artist—imagination, perfect control of the features and, above and beyond all else, an absolutely impeccable memory.

Add courage to the list and we shall find "the makings" of a first-class squalor, but the liar is generally a coward.

On the job all the time, forced to be alert and watchful, he becomes a nervous, irritated man. Ah, truly, whether from fear or from vanity, one lies, the game is not worth the candle!

Tell the truth, laddy-buck! It may or may not "shame the devil," but surely it will lighten your heart and steady your eye.

Let us "dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie."

## Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

### How the Roses Won for Her a Charming Jacket.

DAD and I made a wager several weeks ago as to which of the roses would burst into bloom first. This morning when I went into the garden I saw the "Dorothy Perkins" blushing pink and white over the pergola. The buds on Dad's bush had just begun to show red through their green jackets, so I led him in triumph to my rose, which, like a fairy king, seemed to have been covered with flowers overnight. Dad couldn't believe his eyes when he saw it for only yesterday, before the shower, the buds all seemed tightly wrapped.

Of course I made the jacket myself, for it didn't require any fitting. It just hangs loose and "comfy" from the shoulders in straight lines, and is so light in weight that I am never conscious that I have a coat on when I am wearing it.  
The silk is a rich, dark shade of apple blue, and I lined it with light-weight Japanese silk of a soft tan color. I noticed that all the latest coats have wide sleeves instead of the closely fitted ones, which were so popular earlier in the season. I decided to cut my coat with short, wide sleeves, somewhat like the bell sleeves worn in 1840.  
When I first tried on the jacket it was a clumsy, unbefitting length, and looked like a dressing jacket. For a minute I was discouraged and thought it was going to be a failure. Then I turned up the front and saw that shortening the jacket would make all the difference in the world. And calling it a "jacket" I had her neck off the silk, an inch at a time, until it was just the right length.  
This changed the coat completely, making the lines smart and graceful. I thought that the jacket needed a little bit of trimming to relieve its severe plainness, and I agreed with her, so I had some bullet buttons covered with the faille and hung them from short lengths of round braid like cherries from their stems.  
I attached these at even intervals down each side of the front and around the seams of the sleeves in the same manner.  
Then from the tan silk I made a wide vest-like which I wear with the jacket and lined the up-standing collar with the tan.  
I intend to wear this jacket with my taffeta, crepe de chine, voile and lingerie frocks.  
Every girl ought to have a coat of this sort. It requires such a small amount of material, and can be made in a few hours.

**Short Jacket of Dark Blue Faille, Trimmed with Buttons.**  
Dad lost his half-don neckties, but I won a silk jacket. When I saw Miss Taylor's it looked so smart and seemed such a practical garment to have in one's summer outfit that I resolved to have a short silk coat before the week was much older.  
Dark blue silks are scarce, but I found a lovely quality of French faille, and

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

**How Myra Felt.**  
"Oh! don't know what it is," went on Myra, "never to have been taught anything. Mother was always too busy to teach me anything about putting my hair up right—anyway, I don't think she knew herself—her mother was too busy before her.  
It's the carelessness of my kind of life that spoils a girl's good taste. Wonder why they don't have classes where they teach a girl what good taste in personal things is. Your aunt says it can be learned—and she sure did teach me a lot."  
"Do you like that sort of dress better than your lacey waist and French heels?"  
"Gee!" said Myra with a sigh of relief. "Tea, but I never thought I would, Fact is, Mr. Hunt, I didn't think I'd look good in any such Jenny Wren thing as this."  
"You look like a little brown thrush," I said, "and your eyes are shining so I imagine you'll burst into song any minute."  
"Stop saying nice things," said Myra, "and get to work. I'll have no easy

time of it when the first salesman wanders in here and asks solicitously for my brass hair."  
The first salesman did not go to Myra. He stopped at my desk.  
"Who's the new girl?" he asked, inspecting Myra's back.  
"Where?" I said.  
"In brown," he explained.  
"Myra."  
"Myra!"  
"Surely."  
**Even Myra's Disposition Changed.**  
He stared ruminatively and went over to the desk. I did not hear the dialogue, but by and by Myra was beside me.  
"It's over," she said.  
"What?"  
"The first shock."  
"Did he ask for the hair?"  
"No. He said, 'Gee, Myra, this is the first time I ever knew you were a pretty girl.'"  
"It pays then?" I suggested.  
"Myra looked away.  
"I don't know why it is," she said, "but I feel like crying most of the time, a nice woman's sort of feeling, that you wouldn't understand."  
"Don't cry," I begged. "You'll upset the office."  
"What on earth is the psychology of brass hair?" I don't know. I do know that the casual man who had been none too respectful in the old days treated Myra with a new respect. There was the old camaraderie—but it was somewhat more wholesome. And Myra finding the respect in their attitude a welcome change lost something of her old flippancy. There was a great deal go-

## FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



THE FIRST DIP

## Five Recipes for Delicious Outlets

By ANN MARIE LLOYD

- Potato Outlets.**  
OPEN after dinner is over it is found that those potatoes have been cooked that were eaten. Mash these cold potatoes thoroughly, and add a well-beaten egg, a piece of butter, pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley. Mix all well together, put the mixture into a baking-dish, and press down well. Cut the mixture into cutlet shapes, dip each in egg-and-bread crumbs, and fry a nice brown.
- Cod's Roe Outlets.**  
TAKE a pound of cod's roe, a raw egg, some bread crumbs, and frying fat. Cut the roe (parboiled) into slices about three-quarters of an inch thick, then brush them over with the beaten egg, and cover with bread crumbs. Press these well to flatten the surface. Then fry the cutlets in hot fat till they are of a golden brown color. Drain them and serve them on paper, having removed all grease. This makes an excellent breakfast or supper dish.
- Fish Croquettes.**  
TAKE half a pound of cooked fish (cod, haddock, hake, or brill), a quarter of a pound of rice, one teaspoonful each of chopped onion and chopped parsley, half an ounce of butter, and a little milk. Press the fish over skin and bone, and chop it finely. Wash the rice in plenty of fast boiling salted water till it is soft, then drain it. Mix the fish with the rice,

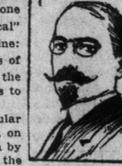
## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### Why Experience Becomes the Very Best of Teachers

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

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

SCHOOLMASTERS are prone to inculcate the notion of Roger Ascham, that learning teaches more in one year than experience does in twenty. "Practical" men, on the other hand, make much of Lowell's line: "One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning." Pliny the Elder may have sided with the garret philosophers when he said that the best plan is to profit by the folly of others.  
The truth of the matter lies in the power of muscular agility and adaptation of the spoken or printed word, on the one hand, and the direct and immediate perception by the senses of what is going on in the world and the ready response of the muscles to such sensations.



DR. HIRSBERG.

The seeming difference, however, is not as great as at first sight appears. Even logic and philosophy to be tenable is founded on experience. Knowledge and wisdom is only the rare power to adopt and to believe what some one else has already tried. When you accept my word that gambling leads to loss of health and a fiery burn of the flesh to loss of tissue, you will dread gambling, dissipation and burn just as thoroughly as if you, yourself, had had these experiences.

**Experience versus Reasoning.**  
Unhappily, human nature is accustomed to acquiesce and accept the things that should be tried, and to refuse adhesion and acceptance of the very experiences that should be avoided. You will accept my word for it that electricity is generated in all motion. This you should test in your own experience. It is not dramatic or exciting enough, however, so you accept it.

Cards, dice, horse racing, slot machines, headaché and other amusements, such as such iniquities you should shun, but you will not. Instead, you think in your vanity that you have a better way. Moreover, it is dramatic and exciting, and you have the usual human failing of being unable to think that you—the universe—and the world—only as big as the period at the end of a large dinner plate and set aside to cool, then make it into shapes. Brush them over with beaten egg, cover with bread crumbs, and fry them in hot fat.

**Wisdom and Memory.**  
Speech and the written word symbolize the experience of others, of the past, and of those who are far distant from you. The fact that you are conveying thought it is true that your own experiences and those of your family or vital connections who are available, but the inventions, discoveries, conveniences and learning of the ages would have been butted out if you had not been able to think with their brains.

When experience can be crystallized and held in words it becomes the common property and heritage of all who read and hear. It is the mutual heritage of all. Only those who refuse to study, read and utilize it lose it. The

## The Good-Night Story

By Vernon Merry

ONCE upon a time there was a farmer who had a son so tall that he could pick apples from the top of the tallest apple tree, and so strong that he could lift his father's team of horses, wagon and all, and carry them none from the fields. He was a great help in the labor of working the farm, but the farmer, and particularly his wife, often felt greatly embarrassed be-

## How to Remedy Your Defects of Beauty

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

HAVE you ever gone into a field where daisies were growing and noticed the different characteristics of each plant? Some grow low and bushy, while others stand high above their neighbors. A few flowers are absolutely perfect, in some the petals are blighted and shriveled, in others several petals are deformed, being but half as long as their sisters. Black specks will mar the whiteness of other petals, and in many instances the yellow centers will be half-destroyed by insects. When you finally find an absolutely unblemished flower its beauty fills you with awe, and you gaze at it with reverent admiration.

Nature is partial to a few favorites, bountifully giving to one what she with-

holds from another, and because of this fact we are worshippers of beauty, each one striving to attain as high a degree of perfection as it is possible.  
Almost every woman knows her own defects. I have learned this through the letters which have been written to me, and many are using every effort to improve their appearance. Like the daisies in the field, some are dwarfed and long to be taller; others have blemishes which detract from the beauty of their complexion, while others have features which do not conform to the ideals of beauty.

**Weight Increasing Exercises.**  
"Marion" writes: "I am only 4 feet 11 inches tall, and weigh 115 pounds. Can you tell me what to do to increase my height? I am 29 years old."  
In respect to growth, Nature is as capricious as Fashion. She allows some to reach their full height by the time they have reached the age of 14, while I know of one girl who increased her height two inches by going to a gymnasium and exercising on the horizontal bars. She also used every stretching exercise she heard of, and devoted all her spare minutes to them.  
An excellent exercise of this type is to stand erect with the arms stretched high above the head, rise on the toes and resume the erect position. Repeat the exercise until the muscles of the legs are fatigued.  
The under-sized woman should live out of doors as much as possible, and eat nourishing foods which contain the elements necessary for bone structure.  
Another of my readers writes: "Will you kindly send the recipe for something which will fatten my neck so that I can wear low collars when the warm days come?"  
A thin neck is the "secret sorrow" of many women, and there is no reason why this should be so if these directions are followed:  
Invest in a can of olive oil and rub this into the neck every night. Use up-

ward and rotary strokes, and to hasten the process, rub the neck with a towel. Deep breathing and exercises with the arms will develop the upper portion of the chest, and will strengthen the muscles of the throat. Also exercise your neck by moving your head backward and then from side to side.  
**Several Hair Suggestions.**  
The following cream is also excellent for fattening the neck:  
Coconut butter..... 1 ounce  
Lanolin..... 1 ounce  
Rub this well into the flesh every night.  
"C. B. K." writes: "Up until about two years ago my hair was always colored a lovely golden color with a bright sheen which made it the envy of many of my friends. Since then it has gradually grown darker until now it is a decided brown. As I do not like any color of hair but blonde, you will greatly oblige me if you will tell me how to restore it to its original color."  
It is a natural course for blonde hair to darken with age, but it can be made lighter if it is rinsed in camomile tea after it has been shampooed. The right proportions are: A heaping teaspoonful of the camomile in a pint of water.  
A tablespoonful of peroxide of hydrogen added to a pint of water when rinsing the hair will also lighten the hair.  
Very this by adding a teaspoonful of powdered boric acid to a quart of the water in which the hair is washed.  
The unfortunate part of these treatments for the hair is that they have a tendency to make it dry and brittle. You will have to apply a reliable tonic to the scalp, frequently brush the hair, and massage the scalp to counteract any harm done by the peroxide, borax or camomile tea.  
Do not become discouraged when you realize your defective points where beauty is concerned. Simply make up your mind to remedy them as far as it lies in your power.

**Just Possible.**  
NED—Why do authors always speak of a smile creeping over the heroine's face?  
ED—Perhaps they're afraid that if it went any faster it might kick up a dust powder dust.

## ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

**DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:**  
I am a lonely working woman and earnestly ask your advice. A man who is somewhat of a flirt has rather befriended me. I have grown to care for him, and yearn for a more affectionate interest from him, but circumstances prevent our meeting much.  
Please tell me what my attitude should be, and if it is hopeless to desire even friendship?  
**LONELY ONE.**  
LONELY ONE: It's not always easy, but it's far the better plan, when we're women, to wait. This man either likes you or not, and he'll let you know. Don't shun him. Be at your best when with him, and wait.

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