

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

A Character Study That Startles

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. Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.

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

Questionable Literature.

"HAT," said Mary primly, "is not at all a nice sort of book. I'm surprised, Peter, that you wanted me to read it."

I started in someardonable astonishment. The book was a powerful fiction sermon, a virile, interesting narrative that I had found most fascinating. Not so Mary. She enumerated the portions which displeased her with an air of offended dignity.

"Dear me, Peter," she said, "surely you can see for yourself that the author touches upon subjects of which we ought never to speak or read. And in the plainest language, too. Such material should not be printed in any book."

"There is nothing that can't be written about," said I bluntly, "provided the writer has the right touch and the right feeling behind it."

"Peter," exclaimed Mary, "I don't see how you can speak so. The book is immoral."

I gasped. I begged, "is an immoral book?"

"One," said Mary lamely, "that is indecent."

"That," I replied patiently, "is essentially a woman's viewpoint. I could have qualified it and said a prudish woman's viewpoint, but I dislike the term 'woman's viewpoint' as a rule to say their wives, and so I forbore."

"The book is so sordid," said Mary.

"Now it has been my experience that Mary hates to face the facts of life squarely. Why this is so I can't for the life of me explain. I like to see a philosophy of realism that helps you understand and meet the problems of everyday life. Mary wants all her reading bathed in an idealistic, rose-colored light that is most misleading."

She likes acute sentimentality, provided it be pretty. She loves to weep over a book and dab her eyes violently at the end of a chapter. And she

swallow most any absurdity provided the book ends happily.

This abnormal hunger for the unreal is to me most surprising. Is it the result of the idle, unreal dream world which girls are taught astutely to know and to like? Why, in heaven's name, aren't girls taught to face the facts of life in the fashion of boys? Why must we swathe a girl's eyes in a mist of rose-colored chiffon and let her suffer cruelly when life snatches the veil away as it must in time?

"And besides," Mary was saying, naively, "the book has no pretty words in it."

"Pretty words!" It was a new essential for powerful literature, and I said so.

"Nevertheless," insisted Mary, "I do love pretty words, and they help make a book for me. 'Shadows'—that's a pretty word—and 'silver' and 'marigold,' and things like that. Look at some of the dreadful words in that book. They actually made me shudder."

What pampered esthetics some women are!

We laid aside the book, and a few days later I found Mary reading a popular novel of somewhat salacious flavor.

"Oh Peter!" she exclaimed with shining eyes. "It's just wonderful, wonderful! You must read it."

"I have read it," I said with a shrug. "And you'll pardon me, Mary, but I think there's considerably more indecency in it than the book you criticized the other night."

"There's a beautiful love story in it," defended Mary. "And beautiful words. I don't see, Peter, how you can speak that way. There isn't a single offensive word in the whole thing, and nothing so bold and brutal as the other book."

"It doesn't need to be," I pointed out. "It's nasty innuendo beautifully veiled."

"Mary," I added slowly, "I don't think you and I agree as to just what constitutes an immoral book. That book in your hand I consider grossly immoral because it treats of a sex problem in a flippant, frivolous way, and makes irregularly decided attractive. You condone lots more than you ought to while you're reading it. Such an insidious influence is bound to be undermining."

"But," reminded Mary, with triumphant logic, "you said there was nothing absolutely nothing that couldn't be written in a book."

"Provided it be treated with reverence. Reverence, to my notion, is the thing that makes a book moral or immoral."

"Peter," cried Mary, "I think you're horrid. This book is really beautiful. It's so clean and so reverent. You condone a frank but reverent exposition of the sex topic!"

Isn't it the result of the foolish, rose-colored training? I think so.

LIGHT DIET IS AID TO BEAUTY



Elaine Hammerstein's Sample Menu

By Ann Marie Lloyd

EAT oranges and apples and bank-rupt the beauty parlor. Eat spinach and onions and cheat the germ jinx.

This is the little health and beauty hint which Elaine Hammerstein gives her friends when they marvel at her never lessening vivacity and buoyancy, and cast envious looks at her clear skin and sparkling eyes.

In addition to being healthy and happy, Miss Hammerstein has wisdom. Like-wise she has independence, individuality, originality and personality.

She is also musical. She sings-in light not grand opera-and she has dramatic ability. And she has beauty. Not the statuesque type or that commodity, but the beauty of the average young American girl, the beauty of the joy of living.

She has also magnetism and charm. And she owes most of her attractive-

ness and healthiness to her belief in these four very simple foodstuffs, she says.

Here is the way she incorporates them in her dietary:

Juice of six oranges for breakfast. (Incidentally, that's all except dry gram toast.)

Two apples, baked or raw, for lunch-noon. And whatever else she feels like eating, but no sweets. The apples are dessert.

Spinach, plain boiled and eaten without vinegar, as the chief vegetable dish, at dinner. All she wants of it, sometimes she dresses it with oil and lemon juice and eats it as a salad.

One raw onion and another apple at night.

"Analyze the word 'liver,'" says Miss Hammerstein. "It means just what it sounds like. You can't live without a liver. You can't be well or happy with-

out a good one. What keeps the liver good?"

"Orange juice, apples, spinach and onions. They are cleansers and tonics of the system. They contain the salts we should have. Spinach is rich in salt and in iron."

"Why don't we find the medicine we need in food? Why don't we find the way to be beautiful in food? Some of us do. All of us may. I am convinced more suicides are due to disordered livers than to aching hearts."

"Unrequited love will not make any sane person take his life, unless it is irritated and aggravated by an unhappy liver. You know there is an old proverb, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away.' It is perfectly true. Try it. And add the other things to it."

"As for the haunting odor which sur-veils the onion, chew a leaf of parsley and it will be absorbed. By the way, parsley is another grand medicine."

Johnny having arrived at his 8th birthday, thought it was real nice to write a letter to his papa, and this is the way he began: "My dear papa—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you and say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Mamma—Did mamma's little girl keep baby still while I was away?

Mamma's little girl—Yes; but next time I wish you'd let Susie play viv-ve because it's hard work for just one to set on him all the afternoon.

Mamma (explaining spiritual truths to her little boy—Tommy, who has just been told to leave your body behind; only your soul goes to heaven.

Tommy—Well, mamma, what will I button my pants to?

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New Cottons Rival Silks

LATEST WORD FROM MAKERS OF FASHION

By Madge Marvel

A WOMAN quickly realizes, after looking through the dress goods sections of the department stores, that dressing well "on nothing a year" is a difficult matter, even if one sticks to cottons. That simple little wash frock, "about which so much has been said and written for many moons, has passed into oblivion. Burying it this year means spending more than an elaborate costume of silk would cost. Indeed, when I went shopping the other day I was pleased with the prices of the new silks and staggered by those of the cotton goods.

Also the latter are far more wonderful in weave and coloring. But when you see the price of a piece of dull blue crepe stuff in the cotton goods corner and the salesman says "75.50 a yard" without a tremor of the eyelid, it makes you doubt the condition of your ears.

Never were the cottons so lovely. Never were they so expensive. I am firmly convinced the dry cleaners and the weavers have formed a compact of some kind, even if it is only mental.

There is no hope of sending the new "wash" gown to the tub. It will have to be dry cleaned. I said as much to the salesman.

Yes, to be sure, madame," he agreed, "all gowns look better by being cleaned than they do by being tubbed. In fact, madame, I do not think tubbing summer dresses has been very much favored for the past two seasons."

However, their loveliness, as I say, is unequalled. Every shade and every weave which have made the silks and wools and velvets such wondrous stuffs for costumes have been repeated in the cottons, which are but half cotton in the best goods, the other threads being silk.

The names we have become accustomed to are retained. There is rai- in various designs, the most appealing being in a loosely woven check, de- signed in the colors of tan and rose is a good combination.

Then there is duvetyne in plain and novelty weaves. The latter is like the uncut velvet. It comes in moss green, heliotrope, yellow rose, blue, all the lovely new shades. It is wide-almost as wide as it is costly. It is intended, as is gossamer, which is something like corduroy, to be used for coats to be worn over frocks of flowered crepe, the plain material matching the color of the flower.

Crepes, either flowered or brocaded, or plain or figured, and in every color and combination of colors are new, desirable and fascinating. The average price of the most alluring goods seemed to hover about the \$4 a yard mark. And I saw a dozen or more women having the materials measured off with delightful unconcern, so I suppose it is all right. But we shall have to change our ideas of what constitutes the "simple little tub frock."

These are the days of rush and dash, dyspepsia, too, no doubt; but one must keep up with the pace or else step down and out. We hear of many nervous wrecks scattered along the shore, but big is big, and for its sake there will be no more of the tub.

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Why the 1914 Girl Is Superior

By WINFRED BLACK

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DR. RICHARD ROOT SMITH says that the woman of 1914 is an imperfect and defective type.

She is, says Dr. Smith, slight, thin- chested, nervous and in every way a bad business specimen.

Dr. Smith made this statement at the Race Betterment Conference at its recent session in Battle Creek, Mich.

Why, Dr. Richard Root Smith, whatever are you talking about, and why are you talking?

The woman of 1914 an imperfect and defective type, indeed! You're fooled, Doctor, the clothes or the lack of them are fooling you.

Don't you remember the man at the circus who used to tickle you almost to death when you were little and thought that spangles dropped down out of the skies and that there was something almost unearthly about the smell of sawdust?

The man I mean was very fat, when he came into the ring.

He bet somebody that he could ride the trick horse as well as the regular circus riders, and with a great deal of trouble he mounted the horse.

You held your breath, expecting him every minute to be dashed to pieces under the horse's hoofs.

Of course, you didn't want that to happen to him, but as long as it was going to happen you were glad, with a kind of breathless gladness, that you were going to be there so you could tell your cousin, who had to stay at home with the whooping cough, that you had seen him.

To your amazement, the man didn't fall off the horse at all. He slipped and he slithered and he caught at the air wildly—but somehow he always held his balance. Then, all at once, he began, to your perfect horror and amazement, to shed his clothes.

First came his coat, then his vest, then his trousers—you tried to look away by this time, but, held by some hideous fascination, you found you could not—then came another coat and another vest and another pair of trousers, and finally, the fat man stood revealed as the most slender and graceful being you ever saw, all dressed in silk and spangles—and riding like an inspired centaur.

The modern woman you are so worried about is a good deal like that fat man in the old-fashioned circus.

She's just been fooling you all the time.

She's a great deal stronger and deeper-chested and more perfectly balanced nervously than any American woman has ever been. She's just wearing different clothes, that's all, poor deluded man, and fever of them, and that's what is worrying you. The fashionable walk



Winfred Black

makes the girls