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cieties. He respected them because of their principle of brotherlines.

There was one feature of Forestry that had a geat deal to do with Salvation Army work. That was the brotherly Christian spirit which was embodied in the principles of Forestry. He was not going to talk of such things to them; that would be folly, knowing as little of it as he did. He had the privilege, however of saying something of a great Savious, Jesus Christ, and then the Adjutant went on to give an admirable address from the text of the Good Samaritan. He compared the Good Samaritan with the hypocritical Pharisee and pointed out the moral, and gave it to the citizens for use in daily life. Get down to the people, he said; there was a great deal in that. Too many people in doing a favor or a kindness to others got up so high that by the time that their act reached you it had lost its meaning and you were not inclined to accept their charity.

Organizations such as the Foresters had their organization in the church, for wherever the church went, so did these fraternal societies, with their noble aims and high objects. Every Forester should be a Christian. In their good work as an organization the Foresters had the earnest prayers of the Salvation army and he hoped that with God's blessing their good work would continue.

Another hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," concluded the services.

Sitting in main body of the hall, the Foresters with their floral emblems, some red and some white roses, looked a fine group of citizens. They were marshalled by P. D. C. R. Wm. Harris assisted by the Chief Rangers and Secretaries of the various courts. At the conclusion of the service, the members marched back to the hall where votes of thanks were passed to the visiting brethren for their attendance, to Adjutant Hargroves for his fine address, to the band the quartette for their great assistance to the musical service. The committee in charge of the affair was a large one with Mr. William Bailey of Court Industry as chairman, and Mr. Ira D. Scruton, of Court Success as secretary.

If you endorse the Workingmen's Compensation Act, vote for Brewster or Westbrook.

IGLEY'S
EARMINT ?

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ur factories—the
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ARMINT in an inner waxed
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THE FLAVOR LASTS
EY'S
MINT
T GUM
Ltd TORONTO

Chew it
after every meal

m. Wrigley, Jr. Co., Ltd., 7 Scott St., TORONTO
S. A., Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., CHICAGO

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 of $10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

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.

No. 98.

A Little Quarrel.

LEONA DALRYMPLE

HAVE you been thinking about the apartment, Peter?" Mary demanded breathlessly the next night.

"What is the use of thinking about it?" I inquired. "It's entirely too much money, and we might as well make up our minds to it now."

"Didn't you even go see it?" reproached Mary. "Oh, Peter, you promised you would."

Now Mary has an ingenious habit of remembering promises that I never made, and when I flatly deny them she brings such powerful proof to bear that sometimes I'm persuaded in the face of an absolute inner conviction to the contrary. This time, however, I knew very well I hadn't promised, for I'd decided not to look at the flat as soon as I'd heard the price. That was much the easiest way out of it. If I'd seen it, then I'd likely fall for Mary's arguments, and I certainly couldn't afford it.

We discussed the apartment all through dinner without making the slightest impression on Mary's desire to live there.

I was very soon to learn that a grown woman may still be a spoiled child when you try to combat something upon which she has fiercely set her heart.

First, Mary gave me alluring descriptions of attractive nooks, cosey corners and various other forms of gingerbread architecture which women love. Finding me cold and unresponsive, she began to speak of her ability to economize.

"I can easily save $15 a month," she said. "I'm sure of it, Peter. And that can go on the rent."

"If you can so easily save $15 a month," I ventured mildly, "why haven't you done it before?"

"Well," said Mary, lamely, "it wasn't necessary. When it's absolutely necessary to do a thing I can always do it."

"Well," said I, "it's absolutely necessary for you to abandon all hope of this apartment. We simply cannot afford it."

For the next few days my life was a burden. Mary sulked and Mary cried. Mary developed more phases of irritability than I would have deemed possible in a wholesome, sweet, pretty girl. We quarrelled every night.

"If you couldn't provide me with a—a suitable home," Mary said one night, in an angry burst of tears, "you shouldn't have married me."

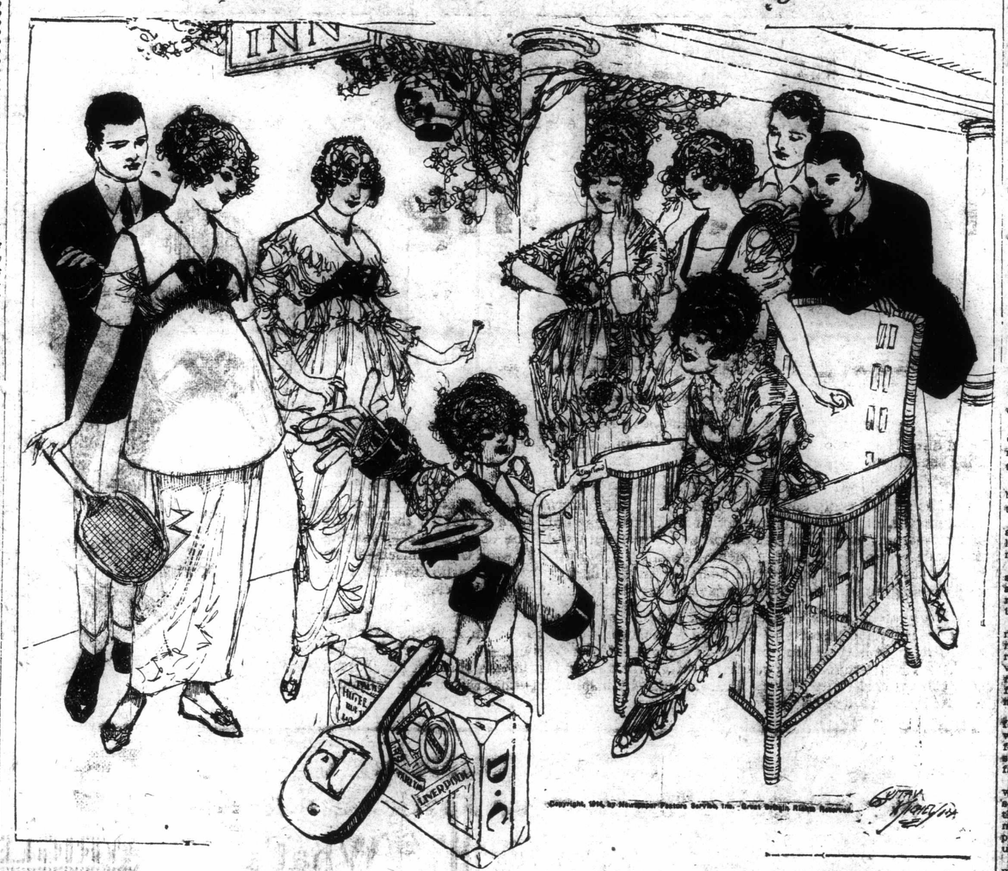
"Your mother said that, didn't she?" I answered furiously, and I knew by the hot color that flooded my wife's face that I had hit the nail on the head.

Now we all read humorous articles about the subtle tactics a wife adopts when she wants an extra gown, and I've read somewhere that a man enjoys the feeling that he is the governing power in his household, but I'll wager no self-respecting man likes to feel that he is withholding something upon which his wife has set her heart. I hate Mary to plead. I feel like a brute. I hate her to reproach, for I feel more like a brute, and I hate her to grow sweet and melancholy and talk of how nice it would be if she could do thus and so when I know I don't want her to.

Toward the end Mary began to go about the house with the martyred loveliness of a young nun in her face. It made me angry and it made me laugh. But that accursed flat was spoiling my days. I couldn't work so well, for I was constantly quarrelling with Mary. I couldn't enjoy my evenings at home, for my time with Mary was merely a chromatic scale of reproach and resentment.

And in the end I did just what every married man does when his wife makes up her mind, reasonably or otherwise. I gave in and we took the flat. And I know my mother-in-law was the power behind the throne.

"I WONDER WHO HE IS?" * By Michelson



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OH, they do a lot of wondering, those girls at the summer hotel, and a mystery they can't solve, when it is a human mystery, must be beyond the skill of a Sherlock Holmes. But just suppose LOVE hove in sight—just suppose Dan Cupid, Esq., dropped in, bag and baggage—how many, do you suppose, would know him by sight? Would that "D. C." on the luggage mean anything to any one?

Of course, if he actually served notice with his card, it would be a different matter. Then what consternation! Good heavens! Cupid with us! Cupid, the Great Mediator, Magician and Madcap. Cupid, the Peace Maker and Pace Maker.

Great spender, Cupid—absolutely lavish. And he brings a lot of money trouble, for HE doesn't have to buy the engagement rings.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

If Your Face Is Lined, Your Habits Are Faulty

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

THE front part of the human head, made up of forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, cheeks and chin, is, perhaps, the most susceptible of all the anatomy to the outward expression of the inward emotions.

If you have a smooth, sleek, fat, expressionless face, you either have no live, aggressive, intelligible thoughts or there exists some sort of muscular paralysis.

The popular term, "an expressive look," proves how universally recognized is the fact that each little line, groove, fold and gutter is symbolic of thought habits and muscular habits.

Habit is the adjustment of the flesh to the reason. It is the subservience of living tissues to an impulse that came originally from without. The stimulation, the irritation, the whip or whatever it was that struck the eye, ear, muscles or skin sets up a train of fleshy activities.

These may cease, if the stimulus which started them is not repeated too often. If frequently repeated, these may be cut off, and continue without the source which first originated them.

Thus it comes to pass that a puckery, bitter, harrow, bigoted prejudice or thought makes a puckery, bitter face.

You may press and massage the face as you will, if the habits continue the lines remain still. Worn, harassed faces mean worrisome, wearing thoughts.

Just as the habit of squinting and squirming becomes a set, fixed look, so a chronic sneer is crystallized into a permanent set of folds and furrows upon the face.

These habits are the implacable enemies of oils, greases, unguents, medicaments and massage. The lines of sorrow, the gutters of pride, the ridges of vanity, prejudice and the green-eyed monster—can never be rubbed away from without, however vigorous the masseur.

Notwithstanding this, it were better far to have a heavily furrowed flesh, which points with firmness to a mind far from serene, than to boast of a stupid smoothness, a waveless, placid face unstirred by living thoughts.

There are, forsooth, many beauties, who keep a ridgeless, waveless facial sea of bland calmness, who have vital thoughts and noble aspirations. These may often in error attribute their perpetual wrinkleless cheeks and chin to unguents or potions used.

Not so. It is their fresh and youthful mentality, their clean habits and sweet aspirations, their inner charm and harmonious thoughts.

Beauty with a bloodless conquest finds
A welcome sovereignty in liberal minds.

The reason you can tell a preacher from a pugilist, a Quaker from a prude, an old maid from a matron, is because their habits show through the light of the countenance.

Answers to Health Questions

ENTHUSIAST—Give me your best dandruff preventive.

Try this:

Sulphur	½ ounce
Resorcin	½ dram
Salicylic acid	2 grains
Castor oil	3 ounces
Pepper solution	2 drams
Cocoa butter	½ ounce
Petrolatum	1 ounce

* * *

GRATEFUL HELEN—1—What is cause of eczema? 2—What will cure dry bleeding eczema on tops of my hands and face?

1—The causes have not yet been agreed upon.

2—Try oil of cade, 2 drams; salicylic acid, 15 grains; phenol, 15 grains; lanolin, one-half ounce; petrolatum, one-half ounce.

* * *

Dr. Hirshberg 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. Hirshberg, care this office.

The Queen and the Magic Flower

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

THE children had a little play last night. What a time there was getting ready for it. Such whisperings and rustlings; such huntings in the attic for old frocks; such ransackings in the bureaus for bright ribbons; such a gathering of gay flowers from the garden; such a weaving of pretty wreaths; such a making of fresh garlands; such a barking of the puppy as he ran to and fro taking what he thought was a highly important part in the preparations.

"The Flower of Love," that was the name of the play, and it was written and composed, plot, dialogue, music and costume by the little girl who played the Queen of the Roses.

The first scene of the play was in a fairy wood, and somehow it did look more than mortal—the geraniums that fringed the balcony with their generous shower of pink and white and green were no ordinary flowers under the moonlight, and the honeysuckle that wreathed in the pergola was as sweet as honeysuckle could possibly be.

The Queen of the Roses was charming. She was as rosy as her name and her rich brown hair fell in a shower over her chubby little shoulders, and she wore a wreath of honeysuckle and roses.

All was fair in her bower, she told us in a delicious soliloquy spoken in a kind of dreamy sing-song that was like the fall of water in a fountain. But she was lonely—ever since she had visited the earth and looked upon the mortals there, she was lonely—for the young prince she had seen on earth did not remember her; and, oh, it was very hard to bear.

So she stretched out a chubby hand and beckoned and called, in a voice too honey-sweet for a mere mortal, to Huckleberry, and Huckleberry, appearing suddenly in the doorway, turned out to be a sturdy young man of five or thereabout, with a pair of rose-color paper wings which simply would not stay in place, much to Huckleberry's indignant discomfiture.

While he was gone there were all sorts of dances and things; but the Queen was merely irked by them. We knew she was—because she said so.

But Huckleberry came back at last, and he had a long tale to tell about his adventures in search of the flower of Love, we found afterward, but at the time all Huckleberry said was: "Queen, here's your flower of Love"—and, catching sight of the puppy sitting ruefully on a bed of honeysuckle, he snatched him up in a transport of diffidence and overwhelming stage fright and was off.

Then the plot thickened.

Prince Fairyfoot would have none of the Queen of Roses. She danced for him, then she sang—a trifle off the key, but, oh, in such dulcet tones. In vain.

Then did she steel her heart and while the Prince looked away from her at a perfectly ordinary little mortal in bobbed hair and a linen frock and stubby school shoes, the Queen of Roses touched him upon the eyes with the flower of Love—and in an instant Prince Fairyfoot was at the feet of the Queen of the Roses.

And then did soft music sound from an orchestra of combs, and Huckleberry sang outside in a voice like the clear carol of a robin: "Butterfly, butterfly, flysome and gay."

There was a wedding dance, and then the curtain. The play was over.

Huckleberry and the mortal maiden ate ice-cream very mortally, and the Queen of Roses and Prince Fairyfoot shared theirs with the puppy—and everything was gay.

Will they ever forget it, I wonder, the children who gave the play last night? I never shall.

Dear little mortal maid, how comfortably she crossed her stubby shoes and how valiantly she shook her bobbed hair and pretended that she didn't care when the Queen of the Roses took Prince Fairyfoot away from her.

And the Queen of the Roses—how will she fare when she really does go out of the fairyland of childhood into the real world to find a mortal for her mate?

And who will bring to her the magic Flower of Love and when she touches the eyes of the mortal with the flower, will it be as it was in the little play?

Or will Prince Fairyfoot only pretend, for a little, and then will the Queen of the Roses break her heart—and go on living after all?

"Butterfly, butterfly, flysome and gay"—Oh, sturdy little lad, may all your hours of all your gallant life be flysome and gay!

How like they are to the flowers that dance in the sunny field—the children and all their lovely ways of thought. How should we live our lonely lives without them?

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie:

Dear friend, will you please tell me if it is proper to speak to a young gentleman whom I have never been introduced to. I meet him every morning, and he looks at me as though he wished to become acquainted.

LITTLE BROWN EYES.

DEAR Little Brown Eyes: What a foolish little brown eyes you are, to be sure. Of course it isn't proper for you to speak to a man to whom you have never been introduced. It isn't proper, and it isn't sensible, and it isn't nice.

And there are all kinds of reasons to keep you from doing such a thing. What do you know about this man? Who is he? Where did he come from? How can you tell that he isn't just out of jail?

Who are his companions? What does he do for a living? Is he decent, is he honest, has he a proper respect for a nice girl? How do you know what he might say about you, or to you, for that matter. If you should speak to him he might tell some man you know about it and make fun of you, and the man you know would never really respect you again. Why should you take such a risk?

And there's a deeper reason than all this, my dear, a reason so hideous and so cruel and so wicked that I cannot even hint to you what it is.

You must not make any acquaintance with any man unless he is presented to you by some one whom you can trust—and, even then, it is best not to trust too far or too easily.

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

ICED beverages survive in spite of the fact that the medical men agree Americans as a nation drink too much ice water and other ice cold fluids.

As long as nearly every one insists on slaking his warm weather thirst with "something cold and the colder the better," it is well to know how to concoct pleasing and harmless libations.

Here are some of the simpler cooling summer drinks as given by a woman who has made a success of a little wayside inn, where motorists stop for cooling beverages served on a vine-clad piazza.

Iced coffee sounds simple, but there is a way of making it which adds materially to its deliciousness.

Make black coffee, fairly strong, and add to it hot milk in the proper proportion, flavor with vanilla, sweeten to taste. Allow time before serving to have it well chilled. Serve in tall glasses with a tablespoonful of chopped ice in each glass.

There is only one way to make good tea, and that is to make it in the proportion of a teaspoonful to each cup of freshly boiled water. And don't let the leaves remain long in the water. When serving iced tea add a tablespoonful of lemon juice to each glass and plenty of crushed ice. There is a better flavor if the hot tea is poured over the ice.

"Honolulu tea" is made by adding two tablespoonfuls of pineapple juice to each glass of tea.

A simple way of making lemonade is to boil two cups of sugar and four cups of water until a rich syrup is formed, then add one cup of lemon juice and dilute with ice water.

Here are some other simple and palatable summer drinks which are easily prepared:

Two cups of sugar, two cups of water, one-third cup of lemon juice and two-thirds cup orange juice, two sliced oranges. Make the same as lemonade.

If you are giving a small party, or wish to have some refreshments for a few friends who may drop in for the evening, there is nothing more acceptable than fruit punch, and this rule will make enough for 25 persons:

Four cups of sugar, eight cups of water, two quarts of charged water, one shredded pineapple, one cup of juice of various fruits, one box of strawberries, hulls removed and berries cut in quarters. Four sliced bananas, juice of six oranges and three lemons.

Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes and add the fruit, ice and charged water, and, if desired, a cup of maraschino cherries.

There are persons who are especially fond of currants, and here is a wonderful currant punch:

Boil together five minutes four cups of sugar and 12 cups of water, add two cups of tea and the juiced and sliced pulp of six oranges and six lemons, and pour over a large lump of ice.

When some nourishment is desired as well as a cooling liquid, try egg and orange juice.

Beat the egg with the juice of two oranges until it is thoroughly mixed. Serve very cold. This is sufficient luncheon for the average person who has no manual labor.

Not a Success.

"Why did Mertle decide that she did not wish to become a war nurse?"

"She tried on a nurse's uniform and found that it did not suit her style of beauty."

Chips

A time lock—Wedlock.

* * *

In feathering your nest be careful not to use pin feathers.

* * *

A roll of honor—The money secured as a reward for returning a lost article.

* * *

Has a deuce of a time—The little casino.

* * *

No man is a hero to his valet, but that will not prevent a chappy from being a hero to his "man."

* * *

An iron ship floats in the water. But it sinks when too much water is in it.

The burnt child cries for insurance.

* * *

Adam would never have won an American heiress. He had no pride of ancestry.

* * *

It is easy to learn to love when one tries not to.

* * *

Misery may love company, but the affection is not reciprocated by the company.

* * *

It is to be supposed that when a man boasts that his word is as good as his bond he does not refer to the straw bond so frequently furnished in police courts.

The profitable law suits are the ones which never occur.

* * *

A figure of speech—The German "Rein."

* * *

Italian supes—The Roman population in "Julius Caesar."

* * *

The new women will be like the old women in their aversion to being called old.

* * *

The good that men do not do is remembered longer than that which they do.

* * *

Riches have wings only for the departing trip.

Great Novels in a Nutshell

Sir Walter Scott's
KENILWORTH

Condensed by
AUGUSTA SHELBY

THE appealing story of lovely Amy Robsart, with all its sweetness, its pathos, its tragedy, forms the motif for Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," one of the greatest English novels ever written.

The time of the story is during the 18th year of the reign of "Good Queen Bess."

Amy Robsart, a beautiful and innocent girl, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, affianced to one Tressillian, had disappeared with Richard Varney, Lord Leicester's rascally Master of the Horse. Varney was acting for his master, the Earl of Leicester, who had seen the winsome daughter of the Norfolk knight, and finally had been so carried away by her genuineness of character and her beauty, he had married her. It was impossible, in the light of Leicester's plottings and ambitions, that the marriage should be known.

Queen Elizabeth was not insensible to Leicester's cleverness and entertaining qualities and had been gracious enough to him to give him reason to hope that he might win her. As her husband, he would be the virtual King of England. And Amy stood in the way of his ambition.

Therefore, that their marriage might remain a secret, he hid her away in a gloomy old mansion, Cumnor Place, in Cumnor Village, near Oxford.

Here she was given over to the care and protection of an unscrupulous old fellow completely in the power of Varney.

Amy begged her husband to name the day when she might take her rightful place in his princely halls. Leicester told her the time would soon come, but at the moment it would spell ruin for him.

The Earl of Leicester planned to entertain the Queen with great magnificence at Kenilworth. The Queen demanded that Amy be present with her supposed husband, Varney. Leicester told Varney to use all means to keep her away. Varney determined to drug her. However, he failed.

When she arrived at Kenilworth she sent a message to Leicester. It never reached him. In the morning she met the Queen and, falling on her knees, begged protection from Varney.

"Protection from thy husband?" asked the Queen.

Amy denied that such a villain was her husband. "Who is?" demanded the Queen. "My Lord Leicester knows all," replied Amy.

Enraged that the "noblest lord in all England" should be so traduced, the Queen took Amy before the earl, who was the centre of a group of nobles, and asked an explanation, at the same time calling for his arrest for high treason. Amy fell to her knees and declared herself a perjurer, and the earl innocent of any wrong. This was alarming to the earl, and he resolved to part with Amy. Yet, when he faced her and she had her arms about his neck, he promised to tell the truth and take the consequences. But Varney argued against it. He failed to move the earl till he told him that she was unfaithful, and had met Tressillian unknown to her lord. Then, jealous and maddened, Leicester agreed to her death.

Varney was quick to carry out the threat. Amy was spirited away back to Cumnor Place. Leicester, repentant, sent a messenger after Varney. He was shot dead. Amy, when she reached Cumnor Place, was lodged in a tower. The only egress was over a trap door, which would give way as one stepped upon it and the victim would be plunged to the lowest vault of the castle.

Then the plotters waited. They would not believe she would not try to escape, but she was waiting for her husband.

Tired of waiting, Varney imitated Leicester's call. In a moment a white heap at the depths of the vault showed how quick had been her response.

A moment later, Tressillian and Raleigh, whom the Queen had sent to Amy's rescue, broke in upon the conspirators. It was too late. Tressillian went mad with grief. Varney was found dead the next morning, an empty poison vial at his side. Years afterward the skeleton of Anthony Foster was found above his chest of gold, where he had fled for concealment and was trapped by a spring lock.