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DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Revelations of a Wife By ADELE GARRISON

What Madge Feared.

CANNOT do this for Dicky. I cannot meet these people and pretend cordiality for them, when all the time I disaprove of them so strongly. I

time I disaprove of them so strongly. I cannot. I cannot!"

Face downward upon the bed in my room, where I had thrown myself when I fied from Dicky's revelation of Elizabeth Marsden's domestic problem. I repeated these words ever and over to myself like the patter of a prayer.

Theoretically I have always believed in larger freedom, greater opportunities for women. My mother was a suffragist in the days when the fight for suffrage meant something. But of the suffrage meant something. But of the other issues which women have been facing in these strange latter days I

had no conception.

When I was four years old, however, another woman, my mother's most intimate friend, had run away with my father. I have never seen my father since. I do not know, nor de I care, whether he be living or dead. But to me the yery name of a woman who could claim as her lover the father of another woman's child has always been

Yet here one of my husband's friends who was to be my own guest, was such a woman. I thought of Lillian Gale. with her sensational divorce record, and her constant assumption of being Dicky's best friend. And these two women Dicky evidently meant to be my associates in my new life! It was unbearable! I told myself as I lay fighting out my battle.

A Generous Offer.

But, unbearable or not, I did not see any way out. They were to be my guests in a few hours. The laws of hospitality forbade my being anything but cordial to them in my own home.

I made a sudden, swift compromise with my own soul, and hurried out-before my courage should leave me to lay

it before Dicky.

I found him still assiduously shelling the almonds, but his face looked troubled. I laid my hand on his shoutder, and at the touch he drew me down to the arm of his chair.

idea of those women wanting to meet my friends." "Dicky." I suppose my voice trembled, for the grasp of his arm tightened around me as if to give me courage. "I am going to be very frank with you. I tannot pretend to you that I am pleased with the thought of having Mrs. Underwood and Miss Marsden, especially Miss Marsden, as guests. But I can provide Marsden, as guests. But I can provide Marsden, as guests. But I can provide and Miss Marsden, especially Miss. Marsden, as guests. But I can promise you that when I am with you, either at our home or wherever your crowd meets, I will treat them with all courtesy. They shall never know my feeling. On the other hand, please do not ask me to make intimates of them to ask me to make intimates of them, to have them meet my friends or do the thousand and one little, clubby things I'm going to crawl out some way and that women friends usually do."

Dicky threw back his head and I'm eating humble pie by the panful. laughed uproariously. To me it was no

sweetheart," he said, "but the idea of the ordinary social stunts women do is the funniest could keep up with the plays they wanted to see, or the books they wanted to thing I have struck yet. Lil and Bess!

Lean see 'em at some forniest feet or hand she makes a regular ret some feminine func-maid, left, yesterday. I can see 'em at some feminino functicn. 'Yes, the maid left, yesterday.
Isn't it awful the trouble it is to get
servants nowadays? No, the baby is
named after his aunt on the father's
side. Is it true they are going to wear
hoops again?' Wow!' and Dicky
doubled over in enjoyment of his own
imitations.

If I had not been so angry I would

work on hand she makes a regular recluse of herself, is not to be seen or disturbed for days at a time. When she
does play she comes to some of the
sums of our old crowd. We've all
known each other for years, shared
each other's nickels when we were
broke—and we were always broke in
imitations.

If I had not been so angry I would
she trains around a little with that thestant a work on hand she makes a regular recluse of herself, is not to be seen or disturbed for days at a time. When she
does play she comes to some of the
sums of our old crowd. We've all
known each other's nickels when we were
broke—and we were always broke in
the old days. Since Lil married Harry
she trains around a little with that theand every afternoon just in time for tea—battles, murders and

fended. I wrenched myself free and thing about making new friends. Inciood up, dentally neither of them cares much dentally neither of them cares much will you kindly tell me why you about public opinion. They don't defy

in such brutal fashion?"
"I suppose I ought to be man?"
"What do you mean?"
Dicky sprang that they accepted our invitation," I to his feet in amazement. Then a flush said. spread over his face. "Oh! I say, Madge, I didn't mean that as any re-"Then

Today's Fashion



These once popular aprons have served to inspire the pinafore-frock pictured here.

Much left to side of the cucumber must paring, the point of the cucumber must be cut off. The bitter juice is secreted in the point, and if it isn't removed bestunes.

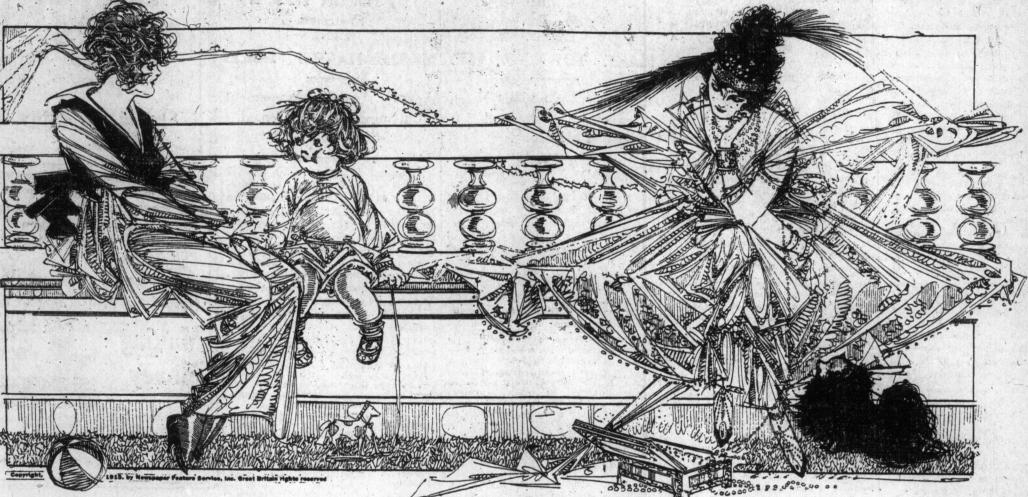
Light-weight worsted materials, of both plain and checked weaves, were combined in the making of this attractive frock. The apron overdress, of the blue and white checked material, has thoulder straps and pockets in true apron fashion. The foundation is of plain, dark blue, with a chemisette and turned-down collar of sheer, white linen.

There are many other ways of pre
fore paring, the knife will carry the unpleasant flavor all the way through. For salad, the cucumber should be cut in thin slices, covered with cold water and the centres scooped out. In the avity a stuffing is placed, made as follows: Left-over cold cooked meat is follows: Left-over cold cooked meat is chopped, to which is added one-half the amount of cold boiled rice, salt, pepper, plain, dark blue, with a chemisette and turned-down collar of sheer, white linen.

There are many other ways of pre-

THOU SHALT NOT ENVY

By Will Nies



OESN'T the young mother, though she be crowned by the glory that outshines all other glory, sometimes look enviously at the girl who is "free"? Of course she does. It is a foolish envy; but she DOES yield to it sometimes. But doesn't the girl who is "free" look enviously at the married one with her happy baby? Surely she does. That spectacle makes her THINK. All the furbelows must seem

"You said you had to laugh at the

and prejudices resented his tone.

that I were as brilliant, as attractive and as unconventional as they.

silly enough SOMETIMES as compared with the endowment of motherhood. So, you see, they both can be foolish. Each has a right to be happy, and each CAN be happy if she follows her own path contentedly, accepting the blessings that come WHEN they come. WISHING can be made a very sad business, if we forget what we HAVE

Read the Newspapers to Know Life By WINIFRED BLACK

ARJORIE is reading a book—a perfectly lovely book.

She told me about it this morning. Marjorie is 17 and just as sweet as a peach and as good as gold and as pretty as a I'm going to crawl out some way, and picture. She's clever, too, in a funny little amateurish way, and intellectual-oh, intel-"I didn't mean anything particular lectual, no end. Just think, she's read the laughing matter that we were discussing. I tried to get away from the encircling grasp of Dicky's arm, but it was too strong for me.

"I didn't mean anything particular about their meeting your friends, that just slipped in. The idea is this. They and her literature teacher has read every single one of Bernard Shaw's plays and told her are both very busy women, each is at "Doll's House" and knows "Ghosts" by heart, was too strong for me.

Why Dicky Laughed.

"Don't be angry at me for laughing, sweetheart," he said. "but the idea of much playing around (Touth the idea of the

could keep up with the plays they want- ity and all the rest of the things you read about in books. The perfectly lovely book Marjorie is reading just now has a perfectly sweet heroine and perfectly dear hero and there's a villain in it and a mar- sometimes just a little ache of the heart. work on hand she makes a regular re-Marjorie loves to be thrilled, as every normal person does, no matter paper.

Poor Marjorie, when will she learn to read the newspapers and find out next time?

Here it is, spread out before us every morning at the breakfast table know the truth about them. If I had not been so angry I would she trains around a little with that the have laughed also, for Dicky has a atrical crowd he affects, but you can imagine neither Bess nor Lil cares any-loyalty and devotion—all the human heart—for all the world to read—just in the headlines of the daily newspaper.

should expect me to show any courtesy it openly, but they don't consult it twice as sensible and three times as well balanced as she is now if she to your friends when you sheer at mine either."

"I suppose I ought to be flattered would. What; not good for Marjorie, the daily newspaper? Isn't daily life good for her and isn't she going to have to live it for Dicky looked at me quizzically. "There are women who would give their ears for a chance to entertain either of them," he answered, and all my pride If you could keep things from happening by keeping them out of the

and prejudices resented his tone. I suppose my face reflected my feeling, for Dicky suddenly sprang up and seizing my hands swung me so that I stood facing him, his eyes close to mine. "Let's clear up one thing," he began. "If you have any kind of idea floating round in that noodle of yours that But people are people, whether you read about them or not, and Marjorie does know such a lot of people-pleasant, agreeable people, with little around in that noodle of yours that either Lillian Gale or Bess Marsden electrics and nice little living rooms and pretty little gardens and lawn either Lillian Gale or Bess Marsden fills the bill as my ideal of woman, you mowers that are always in perfectly good order, and a cook and a parlor are very much mistaken. They are big maid-and one of Marjorie's friends has a butler-she's a good deal looked both of them, in every sense of the word. They are dear old friends, up to for that, and one of them has a lady's maid-they say she puts on airs and I like them immensely. But I have about it, and Marjorie knows a boy who has a cousin who has a valet, just an ideal of my own, and you ought to know who answers the description-un- like a hero in a Robert W. Chambers serial.

know who answers the description—the less you go smashing it with all sorts of foolish little prejudices."

Oh, Marjorie knows the world! She's been to tango teas at some of the smart hotels and one or two of the women she saw there were really—ehpointed his words with meaning er—ah—well, it makes Marjorie blush just to think of it. And, once at a pointed his words with meaning. Oh, Marjorie knows the world! She's been to tango teas at some of the er-ah-well, it makes Marjorie blush just to think of it. And, once at a Woman-like, much of the bitterness. I dinner the man who took her in to the table, had had too many cocktails, felt began to melt away. I asked my and dear me, how tiresome he was, and Marjorie's sister-in-law has a sister self fiercely, and with a sense of humilistic divorced, and there's a cousin somewhere in the family who is divorced, and there's a cousin somewhere in the family who is divorced. self nercely, and with a sense of numiliation, if the real root of my prejudice who is divorced, and there's a cousin somewhere in the family who comagainst these women, might be my fear mitted suicide. Oh, Marjorie knows life!

Why, she could write a regular book about it-she's often said so

But, I think Marjorie ought to know more about life, even than she

She ought to know about poverty and the babies that die like flies in the hot summer. And she ought to know about great wealth and the hard responsibilities that it brings, and she ought to know about the tragedies of disappointed love and about the farce of a mercenary marriage. She ought to know about poverty and the babies that die like flies in of disappointed love and about the farce of a mercenary marriage.

She's human—just a plain human being after all, made of the same street dirt, street cleaning, garbage and h and blood as the ice man and the kitchen maid. Why shouldn't she manure collection would not only be a source of education in the anti-fly batflesh and blood as the ice man and the kitchen maid. Why shouldn't she know as much about the real world she really lives in as they do?

ow as much about the real world she really lives in as they do?

Life is a good deal more thrilling than any book that was ever written defined the true stories we read in the news are so much more interesting than a made-up stories we read in the books that it is a shame to compare at all.

Book people are so apt to be puppets—just little dolls, pulled here and source of education in the anti-fly battles, but the knowledge thus spread by garbage cart drivers and street cleaners would filter through to the usually indifferent and poorly informed persons who most need it.

Sticky fly-paper, fly traps, "swat-the-fly battles, but the knowledge thus spread by garbage cart drivers and street cleaners would filter through to the usually indifferent and poorly informed persons who most need it.

Sticky fly-paper, fly traps, "swat-the-fly" fans, covered garbage and manure receptacles, a law against one persons and street cleaners would filter through to the usually indifferent and poorly informed persons who most need it. and the true stories we read in the news are so much more interesting than the made-up stories we read in the books that it is a shame to compare

there by the string in the author's hands.

But the people in the newspapers—dear me, how vividly real they are! But the people in the newspapers—dear me, now vividity real state and a sigh and sigh and a sigh a

The woman who ran away with her sister's husband, in yesterday's

How long will it be till she's in the news again, and what will she do Marjorie shouldn't know about such things? Oh, yes, she should and

The Live Realities.

She's heard of them, often enough, and half of her books that she fond of have just exactly that sort of heroines.

But the heroines in the books are always fascinating and mysterious of late have been somewhat weak. Can Why doesn't Marjorie read it? She'd be a thousand times wiser and so fond of have just exactly that sort of heroines.

and alluring and the heroines in the news stories are so often fat, instead you suggest a remedy? of fascinating, or skinny instead of svelte. You can tell it when you look at the picture. You can't get half so excited over a woman in a newspaper photograph as you can over a heroine in an illustrated "best seller."

The gambler, in the stories Marjorie reads, is desperately attractive,

newspapers, there might be some argument in Marjorie's not reading the such black eyes, such a pale intellectual brow, such a quiet smile of singular

In the newspaper story the gambler is very apt to be a person with big neck and a low forehead and eyes that look more like a ferret's than like a The prisoner-how sweetly romantic the prisoner is-between covers.

In the newspaper he's a poor chap who got "caught with the goods" and who looks the part. Yes, I think Marjorie ought to read the newspapers, two a day-one in

the morning and one in the afternoon. I believe it would be good for her-just as it is good for any one to see things as they are in this world, which is never quite all that we wish it

was, or that it really ought to be.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: We are two girls, 16 years of age, and very great chums. We are both very much in love with the same man, who is 10 years our senior. He wery much in love with the same man, who is 10 years our senior. He seems to love us both very dearly.

When he is with one of us he says he loves that one best, but when he is with the other he says he loves her best. Now, Annie Laurie, please advise us, for we don't want to break friendship, as we are crazy about each other, but are afraid this man will

come between us. DOTTIE and DIMPLES. HAVE a notion, Dotty and Dimples, you'd better not take this man too seriously, either one of you. You're

sake of a man who may never really ask either of you to marry him. DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl of 19 years and greatly in love with a young man my own age, although he looks more like 22. I don't see him so very often, as he travels quite a lot, and some-times is away for all summer. He follows the horses quite a bit, and also owns some good ones himself. I'd like to get him to stop following the ponies, and come to see me oftener. Now how can I win his affection? Please give me your good advice and greatly oblige

LITTLE PUSSIE.

other man in the world-"stop following the ponies." Unfortunately, men who make it a business to gamble ar vice. It seems to me you have very little chance to win him away from what has become to him a business, so make up your mind simply to see him once in a while. And whenever you see him do all that you can to win him away from the business which is not a ness at all. What do your mother and father think about it all? Have you

I am a young girl of 18, and I go with a beau, but we have quite a few quarrels because I will not kiss him. I was out with him the other night, and he got sore at me because I would not kiss him good-night. Do you think it right for me to write and make up with him? He is about

ON'T you think 40 is entirely too old for 18, my dear Dolly? It certainly would seem that this particular 40 were entirely too old and too demanding of your particular 18, for he certainly should not ask you to kiss him, much less insist upon kissing you. promise to marry gives himself and you Brown? Of course I will—why that's the right to such evidences of affection. what the party was for!

Secrets of Health

"Swat the Fly," Even Though It Is September

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

ther, happy in the smiles of her dimpled babe today, will mourn the death of her beloved some day because she and her family have become excited and wrought up against each



ly she sees. Flies can be exterminated one at a time, just as America's widely distributed passenger pigeon of a few years ago has been exterminated. It needs only the activity and the will of the indignant mothers of children that died last summer of diarrhoeas and dysenteries to bring this about.

Watch the Stables.

Never shoo a fly away—kill it. The time, annoyance and embarrassment called for in the destruction of any one particular fly is more than rewarded on earth and in heaven.

Not only the infant's fatal summer complaint, but tuberculosis, smallpox, cholera, worms, the itch, blood poison, blindness from a dangerously contagious germ, and various other malignant maladies are borne by files. Not only circumstantial evidence, but eyewitness proof in the shape of experiments convict the fly of a legion of ments convict the fly of a legion fatalities.

Borax mixed with the garbage, manure and other refuse will prevent the myriad of ever present fly eggs frem hatching. Whenever there are horses or stables, though there be but one horse in a dozen city blocks, an educational committee from such a neighborhood should wait upon the owner, the hostler and the stable boys to explain and educate them

with the facts.

Hundreds of files in every house in almost half a square mile of territory were recently traced by me to one small stable for a decrepit old horse. There is no excuse for files in a city, much less to yillesse and country places where

in villages and country places, where Prevention by Cities. Street cleaning and garbage depart-

Thus the supervision and disposal of

of fly eggs and embryos—and dishes with formalin and water scattered about the house, should soon or late put the house fly where the dodo and ichthyo-

Answers to Health Questions

G. P.-Q-I have suffered for some time with an asthmatic cough which makes it impossible for me to sleep ex-cept when sitting in a chair. I am 60

A-One-half grain of nitrite of soda in water every three hours, and a tea-

A. C. C.-Q-What will remove hair

A-Try the following powder, care-

Sodium sulphate...... 1 dram Quicklime powder...... 5 drams Starch (crushed) 5½ drams

Make some of it into a paste with dis tilled water. Apply it to the overgrowth of hair. Allow it to remain on five or ten minutes, but test it at intervals, and as soon as the hair can be easily removed wash it off quickly and massage quince seed jelly, six parts; glycerine, one part, into the reddened spot for

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygicinic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not a concent interest letters will be is not of general interest letters will be WISH I could give you "very good addressed envelope is enclosed. Address advice" on how to make him—or any ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirsh-



MR. BROWN-Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel; do you know that last night, at your party, your sister You certainly did right to refuse him promised to marry me? I hope you'll a kiss. You should never kiss any man forgive me for taking her away? until the one man whom you can giadly LITTLE ETHEL—Forgive you, Mr.

A BRIDE'S OWN STORY of Her Household Adventures

-By ISOBEL BRANDS-Making the Cucumber Give Its Maximum of Wholesome Nutrition.

HERE'S an art in buying cucum- paring the humble cucumber beside the The stuffed cucumbers are then placed

cost when I purchased some nice, big, firm specimens, overlooking the fact that a yellow complexion isn't the proper thing for a cucumber that's to be served new forms. served raw. But I made another at-

Instead of slicing around, the cucum- Stewed Cucumbers. per added, then each piece dipped in cucumbers are cut in small slices and only 16. Why not have a good jolly flour and fried quickly in a small also a few small-sized onions. The amount of butter. empt, and secured some good ones, per- per added, then each piece dipped in

bers, even, as I discovered to my sliced.

paring the humble education state that placed in a shallow pan, covered with soup stock, and allowed to simmer slowly sliced. served on toast squares.

The same amount of tomatoes and fectly green, crisp and firm.

The rind of the cucumber is very unwholesome—indeed some say it is poisonous—and consequently, it must be peeled thick. This makes it necessary to buy fair-sized cucumbers—perhaps the fashion for little schoolgiris to wear pinafores of checked gingham.

The some popular aprons have served to inspire the pinafore-frock pictured here.

**This can be serve with a white or This can be serve with a white or cream sauce, or a brown sauce, which is made by adding one tablespoonful of is made by adding one tablespoonful or is made by a

lavor neutralizes the strong fish taste.

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