

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE
Author of the new novel, "Diana of the Green Yew," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

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Dark Skies
THE weather grew very cold and a snow came. December was a month of wind and blizzards. Mary began to talk of Christmas and the present she wanted—a year's instruction with the artist. I am not blind to what this means. It is merely a pander to vanity. Mary has no talent whatever. If she paints a long while she may evolve anemic snow scenes and postcard effects. Her training will never be worth the money spent on it.

About this time I began to cast about for a way to earn some extra money. I was going to have my Christmas at all it was absolutely imperative that I find extra money.

Night Book-Keeping.
My opportunity came from the treasurer of a small manufacturing plant. They were just beginning, had a limited amount of capital, and but a few men. They desired to eliminate the expense of a book-keeper.

"If I could find a man or a girl who had an hour or so every night and run over their books for me, I could save them a great deal of money," said the treasurer. "That would be sufficient for me," said I, and I went to the office.

I told Mary I would be an hour later every night. "What time will you be?" asked Mary. "Seven o'clock," I said curtly. "Maybe later," she said.

"Oh, dear—why?" "Simply because," I said, "I must earn more money if we're going to have our Christmas at all. I'm going to do extra work."

UNSEEN COMPANY * * * By Michelson



BUZZ!—no, it's more like a purr. At least that buzz sounds just like the softest purr to occupants of a car who may be utterly absorbed in each other. Call it a kind of music. Call the green and yellow and blue of the scene a chromatic whirr. These two really see and hear nothing but themselves.

haven't even become accustomed to the name that passenger owns. When Love rides, the speedometer and the emergency brake are extremely important. But they don't get much attention. That's the odd thing that isn't odd at all.

Common Origins

People say "God bless me" after sneezing from the fact that in the days of the plague this terrible malady began with violent sneezings and other indications of cold. The exclamation was thus originally a prayer to be delivered from the plague.

The bow is first seen depicted on Egyptian monuments about 200 B. C. Its form then did not differ greatly from that in use among boys at the present day. It was used in European warfare as late as 1860, and was deemed quite as effective as the arquebuses then employed.

The title of doctor was invented for the especial benefit of the learned inquisitor of the 13th century. The title was conferred by the University of Bologna. The first doctor of medicine was William Gordenio, who received the title from the college at Avignon in 1229.

The Thanksgiving proclamation was originated by Francis Bernard, "Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay." It was issued Nov. 4, 1779, and the form was that which has been, in substance, adhered to ever since.

fashioned supper at night, and such cheerful tales of the day. And mother would wait for dad no matter what the hour was. How we would listen for the sound of the carriage wheels. And mother would say: "Never be a doctor, son. Father works too hard." I am blue and discouraged.

How Easy It Is for the Man

By WINIFRED BLACK
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SHE killed herself three months ago—the pretty little woman I've known ever since I went to her wedding, when she was twenty and as sweet as a briar rose, as pretty as a pink and just as good as gold.

She was a good deal worried about the wedding—the very much in love with the man she was going to marry, and the man she was going to marry was very much in love with her. And there was a secret in her life—such a poor, pitiful, forlorn, tragic secret.

I knew her when she was fifteen years old, and even then she was trying to forget the secret. She was the favorite pupil in the high school in her little village circle and she thought the principal of the school was the greatest man who ever lived.

And the mother who bore her, who was too busy being president of the Ladies' Aid Society and secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions and also in the choir and leader of the Boys' Club, to watch over her own simple-hearted, loving, trusting little girl—turned her out into the street.

Her wages of sin.



Winifred Black

I—the two who knew the reason why she thought she ought not to marry. She told me that she had tried to tell the man and he would not listen—and, oh, she loved him so and she would be so true and so good—and he wasn't a very clever man. He was just good and faithful and she loved him.

And so they were married—and for fifteen years that woman was a faithful, devoted, loving wife.

She fairly made a new man of the kindly, easy-going fellow she had married. She had three children—two girls and a little boy—and they had a pretty home and they were all very happy. And then one day...

His Happy Lot.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Your Nose Lining Demands Strict Care

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

CHAUCER was the Canterbury poet who knew men and medicine better than the doctors of his day. He even anticipated the French physicist of yesterday, who discovered that nose-piece for telephone service is superior and helpful to the mouthpiece. Thus: "Full well she sang the service divine, / Tuned in her nose most sweetly."

This poetry is the first written word that calls physiological attention to the fact that the nose is an aid to a pure voice. When you hear musicians or doctors say: "He is singing through his nose," be up and at them. Everybody sings and talks through the nose. The so-called "nasal twang," the stage-voice of Yankees and down-easters is, after all, the voice of nasal obstruction.

Any interference in the nose or the "pharynx"—the back part of the nostril cavity—creates the same tonal troubles which a loose piano string does. The pure musical tones are broken up into discordant overtones. The nose, as a hilly an eruption as it is amid the valleys of the face, is a much neglected part of the human make-up. Commonly supposed to be ornamental for smelling and for "catching cold," the nose is really an important structure. Like many other valuable, but undignified articles in this world, as much respect must be paid to the nose as to other more popular organs.

Why Care Is Needed.
Defective ailments, in their assault upon the nose, usually attack the red, membranous interior. The inside of the nose is like a crumpled carpet, namely, full of folds. Thus nature presents a surface as large as Dido's cowhide for the foundation of Carriage. Field winds are thus forced to blow over a large area of warm nasal lining before they dare leave this scorching mass to purify the lungs. Ere this, the Arctic air has become as balmy as a June zephyr. The interminable mashes of "mucous" membrane in the nose have heated it. When you consult a nose specialist about obstructed nostrils—this may be due to chronic colds, a broken partition or other irritation—do not call him a "nosologist." Nosology is an ancient medical term. It means classification of diseases as you would animals into varieties, species and genera. Therefore, all nosologists are not nasal experts.

Strange as it seems, the teeth are cleaned several times a day, yet the nose, which takes in more dirt and dust and is exposed all the time, is rarely washed. Oils and oily sprays, whether harmlessly mild or saturated with antiseptics, should not be used in the nostrils and nasal cavities. The habit of using an oil atomizer, advised by doctors until a year or so ago, has been discovered to corrode the membrane too much. Disinfecting nasal sprays are now taboo.

Method Prescribed.
The nose should be rinsed out and cleaned at least once or twice a week. It is true that even this is overdue at times. When a sore throat or cold warms the flowing air, allows you to recognize odors and is open for good every day, even with salt water, the lining becomes flabby and soggy. Injury, of course, follows.

Advice to Girls
By ANNIE LAURIE
Dear Annie Laurie:
I have at last decided to come to you for your advice upon a subject which I have been trying to consider for myself for some time now. I am keeping company with a very nice young man whom I think a lot of. He is a very nice fellow and I like him very much. I have told him that I want to keep my correspondence with him, and he has agreed to do so. I have told him that I want to keep my correspondence with him, and he has agreed to do so. I have told him that I want to keep my correspondence with him, and he has agreed to do so.

Useful Hints for the Housewife
By Ann Marie Lloyd
COOKED cucumbers taste better than they sound. Also they are becoming more popular as a table delicacy. Persons who have never been able to eat raw cucumbers without suffering the pangs of indigestion, enjoy them cooked with no fear of unpleasant after effects.

Makes No Difference.
"No man is a hero to his valet, you know." "What difference does it make. The valet doesn't mind."