

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 \$1000 by the Canadian Authors' Association.

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. 83.

Behind the Curtain.

SEE more of motherhood than I did formerly. It will always annoy Mary I'm afraid to have her stop there on the way home, though her visits to her mother are much more frequent than my visits to mine. It seems to be a characteristic of some young wives to expect the husband to give up his people lightly while she clings more closely to hers.

My evening chats with mother have brought about a great many quarrels with Mary.

"Well, Peter," she will frequently say, "just why are you late tonight?" I know the tone. It promises trouble before the trouble is under way.

"Well," I begin, "I did stop to talk with John Hatch."

"Yes?"

"And after that—since the autumn night was so clear and cold I walked a little toward the sunset. I always like to walk toward a sunset when the winter is just beginning to come."

Should Men "Explain?"

"Yes?" Still the tone was ominous.

Why must a man account for every belated minute of his time? The very accounting makes him chafe and fret at the chains that bind him. I hate to explain. Most men do. And if Mary wouldn't ask me the minute I appear in the house why I'm late—why, in the course of time, I'd pleasantly volunteer the information without that terrible sense of impudence driving me to a studied self-control. When a man has to force himself to be patient with his wife there's trouble brewing.

Now Mary has several ways of showing her displeasure when I am 15 or 20 minutes late for dinner. One is, not to speak at all, and those tactics nearly drive me crazy. The second is to look martyred and speak about the foot being spoiled. Why is it, I wonder that whenever I'm late we have some delicacy that must be eaten the minute it's down to preserve its pristine flavor?

Still another is to adopt the lifeless tone of which I have frequently spoken, and which suggests death and funerals and calamities innumerable. It is a very "married" tone of voice. Only a wife may use it to her husband without fear of judgment. When Mary's tone is "married" I feel a cold shiver creep down my spine until it shivers out through my scalp. After that I grow mad and am ready to fight.

"I think your mother's selfish," flamed Mary, the other night. It was a new tactic, and one for which I was not prepared, but the other night I was a clean, robust flash of temper better than a chilly martyrdom that sets my teeth on edge.

A Stubborn Stand.

"Why is mother selfish?" I begged formally.

"She expects you to stop there every night. I've spoken of it before. And you keep me waiting, and the dinner spoils. You know very well how it is, Peter!"

"Mary," I said, "we're going to fight this thing out once for all. Just because I have married you doesn't say that I'm going to give up mother and dad. You have all day to visit your mother if you choose, and goodness knows I don't object if you lunch with her every day of the week, but I have only the evenings, and you refuse to go with me then. Therefore, if I am going to see mother at all, I've got to stop there on the way home from business, and that I intend to do."

"I don't want you to speak of it again. I get more genuine optimism out of a half-hour in mother's sitting room by the open fire than I can get anywhere in the world. Mother isn't selfish. She sends me home lots of times before I'm ready to come. And if you'd go with me instead of fostering that serious sense of antagonism you have toward my people you'd never have to wait dinner for I'd only go when you did."

That was my first really stubborn stand since I was married. And, queerly enough, I think Mary respects me now for making it.

Household Hints

By Ann Marie Lloyd

When washing china with gilt upon it never use soda. Rub a little soap on the dishcloth to make it nice later, then rinse in clear cold water.

A good plan is to keep buttons in glass bottles. A glance tells you exactly what is inside, thus saving time which would be taken up in turning over the buttons in a box.

Should the inkstand be accidentally upset on the tablecloth or carpet, pour a little cold water over it at once. The ink will float on the water, and when the cloth or carpet is rubbed dry no stain will show.

To remove coffee stains, mix equal parts of salt and water, apply with a brush, and allow to dry. For light silk garments the glycerine should be mixed with water instead of salt.

To make meat cooked in a gas oven tender, place a jar half-filled with cold water at the bottom of the oven. The steam rising from the water makes the meat from getting hard.

To clear a house of beetles, put one pound of powdered borax into a tin with a perforated lid. Dust the borax lightly upwards; in fact, every place where the beetles are found. They will soon disappear.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

By Michelson



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SHE worked in the garden, planting, pruning, putting. With a dainty, coaxing touch she nursed the tender shoots, coddling the young leaves, crooning to the baby buds.

The soft spring breeze murmured strange things to her, but never told her the greatest secret of all.

Then all of a sudden all those buds became little Cupids. It was truly amazing. They made her gasp—pleasantly. A delicious thrill

stirred her, as she had never been stirred before in all her soft life.

Was that a step near by? Surely!—and there HE was on the other side of the wall!

He didn't seem to notice the Cupids. He seemed only to notice her. In fact, it is very difficult to notice anything else when she is about.

What do the Cupids think? You might as well ask plain, ordinary flowers. They never tell. It is the great mystery of the Garden of Love.

When Shall a Woman Leave Her Husband?

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

I HEARD a woman the other day say, "We women should erect a monument to Mrs. Scandal. She showed the proper spirit when she left her husband without a word, as soon as she discovered his affair with that school teacher."

Should we, I wonder?

Don't you remember the time your little cousin made you a visit and was so dimply and clinging and peachy-checked that your husband immediately took more than a passing interest in her—had her at lunch down town—sent her notes and flowers—all but lost his head over her?

You thought a lot, but said nothing. Soon, the young lady went home and that night husband came to you—his eyes opened—and, on his knees, begged forgiveness.

Little cousin is married now; she married the principal of the high school. She must have shown the principal some of husband's pretty notes, for he glares with jealousy whenever they meet at the church socials.

Husband always looks terribly embarrassed when the school principal glares.

Never the Same Again.

Now what sort of a goose would you have been to give up your home and your husband and your place in the world for the sake of a sentimental little miss, who didn't know her own mind and who didn't care about any other person's mind?

Happy—of course you were not happy when these things were going on. You were miserable, utterly and absolutely miserable, but they passed, like the baby's-croup and little son's bad case of the measles.

You will never be quite the same again as you were when you believed that your husband loved you so deeply that he could never even think seriously of another woman. The world will never be as fair to you again. Something has gone that made your heart sing. But it's a pretty good old

world for all that, and your husband—he's just about as good as the average man. Whatever in the world would you do without him after all?

Where would you and your children be today, if you had done what you felt like doing in the first bitterness of your torment and agony?

Drifting, just drifting—a human derelict, marked for every passer-by to see—divorced, deserted, cast out. And your children—what of them?

There's something in marriage besides happiness. There's something in life besides passion.

Who Deserves a Monument?

No man has any right to leave a good woman just because he thinks he's "in love" with some one else; and no decent man will do it—even if his wife is foolish enough to be willing to let him.

There are exceptions to the general rule, just as there always are such exceptions; but they are exceptions—and nothing more.

The general rule is there, and it says that the man who falls in love with one woman after he's married to another is just beginning.

His second love will only be his second, not his last.

There will be a third and a fourth and a fifth, and nobody knows how many others.

That's the sort of man he is, and by the time he's been through the silly, feather-headed performance three or four times he knows himself for what he is, and does not expect any one to take him seriously.

Don't build a monument to the woman who lets her husband go when he is swept off his feet by a wild fancy of the moment.

Set up a monument, I pray you, to the woman whose clear eyes look beyond the folly of the moment to the real thing that will really endure—a man's real love for the woman who is the mother of his children.

Courage, nobility, breadth of character, a warm heart and a true and loyal soul must such a woman have, and, besides, common sense and reason and the clear-eyed knowledge of things as they really are.

She's the woman who deserves the monument. She doesn't run away when the misery comes, she doesn't let her own tortured heart have its way with the lives of her children and of her husband—and of herself.

She stands firm, true, loyal, honest, holding the family together, keeping the man true to at least some shred of decency in spite of himself. Let's put up a monument to that woman. She's the one who deserves the laurel wreath.

Chips With the Bark On—By W. Bob Holland

In striving to reach the top avoid looking on the roof.

When money talks, politics is often the theme of conversation.

Probably the reason so many trains are behind time may be found in the fact that time flies.

The good who die young get no better epitaphs than the bad who die old.

Handsome men would be annoying if they were ugly.

There is a vast difference these days between a laboring man and a working man.

The man who knows all about women seldom knows as much about woman.

One trouble with amateur reformers is that they are also imprudent.

Old dogs may not learn new tricks, but they alter old ones to suit new circumstances.

When you say nothing but saw wood, be careful whose wood you saw.

The sympathetic strike is usually devoid of sympathy.

Faith is not a necessity with nature. The blood circulated whether folks believed it did or not.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Pride and Boasting Show Mental Weakness

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

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

PRIDE is a selfish craving for publicity within the narrow circle of a close coterie. Many malingers are proud of their descent from Oliver Cromwell, for instance, or some similar great man, who have pathological aversion for newspapers and the public in general.

Indeed, if you "do not move in their set," you are in their ailing thoughts a worm unentitled to honors, knowledge, privilege or anything thereto appertaining.

Pride, like scarlet fever, prevails in two types. Those are, to wit, a malignant form and a mild, beneficent one. The former is of the sickly, faulced, unhealthy sort, the latter is physiological.

Humility may be, as the wise La Rochefoucauld said, "a feigned submission used to supplant others." It is often a trick adopted by those filled with the most malignant pride in order to raise themselves and lower others.

Pride disguises itself in a legion of ways, and is never so well masked and able most to succeed than when disguised under the form of meekness.

Pathological pride is a state of tissue unbalance which is rarely associated with true, inward modesty, blushing and the shyness of innocence and youth. These are only to be found in that true hearted pride which is a normal constituent of sound thoughts and a vigorous body.

Those professors of virtue, wisdom, strength and justice who are as proud as gods of their superiority to others are actually diseased mentally in view of their lack of recognition of their own human infirmities.

How insolent is unbridled pride! The one attracted and but complains of the "will to power." It is in no sense a virtue, but a selfish sense of desire for power.

The Jackdaw who is saturated with this sense of super-virtue stalks about in every sphere. He carries in the pitiful. He is not to be too fine a point upon it, predominant among the called social exclusives, college faculties and the politically successful.

Just as one acknowledged instance of malice or hydrophobia serves as a horrible example and induces the willful ones to defend themselves by proper precautions, so one proud individual scares many persons into a healthy attitude of conciliatory affability.

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find, Pride where it falls, steps in to our defense. And fills up all the misery void of sense.

Dear Annie Laurie: As I am quite young yet I have turned the matter over in my mind many times about keeping company.

I have decided the best thing a young girl can do is never to keep company and go all alone and have a good time by herself. Please tell me if I am right or wrong.

BLOSSOM. RIGHT or wrong, Blossom, why how on earth can you ever be anything but wrong with such a foolish idea in your head as that?

Nobody on earth ever had a really good time "all alone," do you think such a thing is possible?

And why do you turn such a simple matter "over in your mind many times." What do you mean by "keeping company?"

I thought that expression had gone out of date with the warming pans and the quilting bees.

Three Minute Journeys

Digging Out an Ancient American Race

By TEMPLE MANNING

FROM the northern border of Mexico to the Panama canal seems but a short trip, to look at the map, and in this day of railroads everywhere it could not appear difficult to traverse this "twisted chord between the continents." But the map is deceitful.

The poles are both discovered; the Dark Continent is revealed; Lhasa is unveiled; few places of hidden romance remain on the face of the earth. Of these probably the most picturesque lies in the almost impenetrable jungle lands of Guatemala—but one of the countries in the Central American peninsula through which the prospective traveler imagines an open road.

At Porto Barrios, showing through a motley crowd of Spaniards, negroes, Caribs, Maya Indians, Guatemalans and a few Americans, I took the train for the Guatemala City, stopping off at the plantation station of Quirigua. A trolley ride of a couple of miles to the jungle edge and then a short walk brought me to a clearing, a circular space hewn out of the sweltering forest.

At each end stood a mammoth monolith of solid sculptured stone, several feet high. The carvings were deep, and in a very good state of preservation. On the front of each monolith was a large, standing figure, the faces of which were evidently represented in different personages. Each figure was adorned with an enormous head-dress with drooping plumes, and the dress exposed the thighs, while on the knees and ankles were shields or plates.

The sides were divided into "glyphs," squares of carved writings. The upper "glyphs" were supposed to be dates—the computation being made from them by Dr. Hewitt of the Archaeological Institute of America that they are at least 1800 years old. At either end of the clearing were sacrificial stones, resembling somewhat that of the old Aztecs in Mexico.

Some day the inscriptions on the stones will be deciphered. Their very mystery now fires the imagination of the traveler. What thrilling chapter in the history of the world will their true tale unfold?

Annie Laurie



Annie Laurie