

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.

Facing the Facts.

JOAN and I walked on to the wharf to meet Hugh and Mary. And we were all constrained. I remember searching Mary's face with a wild feeling of relief at my heart. Subconsciously I must have expected her to look differently—why I don't know—but her feeling of relief at Joan was intense. Then I was suddenly conscious of a hand on my shoulder and a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and saw Hugh's face looking at me through the haze of the moonlight. I could not be sure.

We found the car and rode home in a silence broken only by the heroic endeavors of one of the other of us to stimulate a sprightly conversation. In this effort Joan was the best. Women rise to a nervous emergency better than men, particularly if that emergency bears in it the need of delicate sympathy. When Joan spoke she chattered simply and naturally. It was more, I think, than any one of the rest of us could do.

Hugh and Mary spoke not at all save to answer questions that could not be avoided. I shall never forget the dreadful minute when Mary and I at last faced each other alone.

I could see now that Mary had been crying, and she still refused to meet my eyes.

"Well, Mary," I said quietly, "what is it? What's on your mind?"

Her start was quick and nervous.

"I'm very tired, Peter," she said, her lips were "wider than I ever felt before in my life."
"Why?"
"She moved across to the window and stood staring out at the sea."
"Do you usually cry?" I asked, "when you're tired?"
Mary wheeled.
"No, certainly not, why?"
"Because," I said, "you've been crying tonight."
Mary looked frightened.
"—why, Peter?" she said, "how foolish I—I have!"

Mary's Decided Refusal.
How swiftly in a crisis women fly to a lie! Or am I confounding a feminine attack after all with merely a human one? I don't think so. I still believe that men are essentially more truthful than women, though there is a probably truthful type of woman I loathe, not for her truthfulness, but for her prodigious seal in ferreting forth the untruthful lapses of her friends. I've noticed that pretty women are more apt to be careless with the truth than homely ones. I don't pretend to know why.

Mary turned back to the window and said nothing more. But I noticed when she put up her hands and began to take the hairpins from her hair that her arms were trembling. When she shook her hair in a glorious cloud about her shoulders I knew what I must say and do. It behooved me to take the bull by the horns and force what was surely due to be a difficult situation and a time of mutual confession and reconciliation.

"Is Hugh worth crying over?" I asked, and Mary, wheeling, read something in my face that made her turn white. But my heart went icy cold when I saw that her eyes were hostile.

"I think so," she said.
"I read in it a confession of more than Mary's lips would ever have uttered to me of their own accord."
"Mary," I said, "we're going home tomorrow. Will you pack tonight?"
"—I'm not," said Mary, and began to cry.

DURING LENT

By Michelson



Other times of the year there may be nothing so disturbingly angelic about her. But during Lent there is always the chance that when you come upon her you will receive the effect of large and completely formed WINGS. Being VERY good for definite periods of time has often been known to threaten such things, and quite trustworthy witnesses have been heard to say that they saw wings SPROUTING. Probably wings would be quite becoming to some persons of just the right expression, figure, habits and sentiment. But no one can pretend that they would not be exceedingly startling to a young man who was much interested in the owner—startling and embarrassing.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am engaged to a girl of 22. She lives in a town, and I live far away on a ranch. She loves me dearly, and I love her, but her parents object to our engagement. What would you advise?

If she loves me as she says, do you think that after we are married she will get along all right on a ranch where it is far more lonesome than it is where she now lives?

POOR SIMMIE! Your letter's so lonesome it makes me lonesome to read it, but don't you go on being lonesome, there's no sense in it. Write your sweetheart a nice letter and tell her how you love her dearly, and then you won't be lonesome any longer, and neither will she. If she loves you she'll be happier with you on the lonesome ranch in the world than she would be anywhere else in the gay city. Home is where the heart is, sweetheart's heart is where you are. Sit down and write her a good long letter and tell her all about it, and when you are married and go to live together on your "lonesome ranch" I wish you'd write and tell me all about it here in this little corner of the paper. Every one of us is interested in you and the girl and the ranch and all the news and moon rising and everything that there is out there in the "lonesome country."

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: Last summer I met a boy living in a distant city, and learned to love him with my whole heart. Since he returned home he writes that he doesn't go with any girls, and he doesn't want me to go with any other boys. He swears he loves me and me only, and I believe him, as he is honest and honorable in every way, and comes from a highly respectable family. My mother approves of him, too.

Now what I want to know is shall I let him know I love him, or make him think I would rather go with the other boys?

I have heard that if you want a man to love you never let him know, but make him think you care for some one else.

PERPLEXED.

Today's Fashion

"When I Was Young."

And you've raised two families, your own and your daughter's, and you have always been a busy woman and you can't bear to be idle, but worst of all you hate to have them act as if you didn't know anything.

You knew enough to bring them through the whooping cough and the measles and the first love affairs, but now you must just sit by the fire and remember, and what shall you do about it, and can't I say something that will bring them to their senses?

Dear Grandma, if I only could, and to bring you and me to ours at the same time.

Come, let's talk it over together, anyhow.

What do you do when they talk over the dress question before you?

Do you tell them what you were when you were 40 and what was the proper thing when you were 16, and expect them to pay serious attention?

Why should they? Did you, when you were 40, or 16?

Oh, my dear, little girl, if I could give you a sure recipe for holding that elusive thing—a man's fancy—I would be endowed with the wisdom of Solomon.

Why, of course, if the man loves you, and is a nice chap, and you love him, tell him so. Why not, in the name of common sense?

Be honest and straight, and real and true, and straightforward, and then perhaps, I say—will be honest with you. If he's worth anything at all he'll know what I mean, and be simple and unaffected.

So they don't love you, your daughters and your daughters' daughters, and you're 72, and you're still intelligent, still able to do your share and still willing to do it. But they won't let you. They want you to rest and take naps and sit by the fire upstairs in your own room when there's company.

And they don't tell you things, no; they haven't any great secrets to keep, they just don't mention it when they're going trotting or out to luncheon somewhere, and the other day you found out that they knew all about Arabella's young man for weeks and never said a word to you.

And when daughter wants to get a new frock for the Country Club's winter reception she talks it over, not with you, but with her own daughter, or sometimes even with her own daughter's most intimate friend.

And when there's a new play that everyone's talking about they don't take you to see it. When you hint they say, "Oh, you wouldn't like it, Grandma," and that's all there is to it.

What do you think about the way girls talk to men nowadays?

What do you say about it?

Well, then, how can you blame grand-daughter for wanting you out of the way when the Fascinator comes to spend the evenings?

Most age does not sympathize with youth and most youth totally misunderstands age.

Age, no matter how robust, is timid, cautious, conservative.

How many times have you said: "Don't take cold, put on your rubbers; the idea of going out in the night air in that flimsy frock!"

"Don't sit up so late, you have work to do in the morning; don't laugh so loud, be careful about telling your secrets, don't trust a man because he's handsome or a girl because she's pretty; don't—hold back, keep still, be careful, think first, be prudent, save your money." Do you remember when they said these things to you, the old people, when you were young?

And how you laughed and imitated them and grow impatient and tried to get away from them?

Why do you think these young people should be so very different from you at their age?

I'd give my right arm at the shoulder to save a little girl I know from some of the heart-aches that make me tremble even to think of them to this day.

I can't—what's the use in trying!

The little girl must learn every lesson herself, just as we do all the important things of life, alone.

And then we are not so very superior, we older people, after all.

What the young folks lack in discretion we lack in courage. What they lack in wisdom we lack in hope.

Why can't we let them alone and let them let us alone?

I'm going to learn to make cookies myself and to knit.

I'm glad I like to read—and oh! how thankful I am that I am fond of flowers and fond of music and fond of pets!

I'm going to have something to do when I get to the "do you remember" period, so that I won't be unhappy when my young people let me see that they'd rather be young people together without me.

And I'm going to make cookies and mend their frocks and help them to mend their hearts, too, when they ask me, and I'm going to try to make my content and querulous ill humor shall never enter.

Come along, Grandma, let's show them that we know one thing that is really important—how to be happy.

Grandma—Are You Loved as You Ought to Be?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

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A BRIDE'S OWN STORY

By ISOBEL BRANDS

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SELECTING THE MECHANICAL SERVANTS THAT MAKE A MAID UNNECESSARY

I'm really and honestly glad that we can't afford a maid, for I feel that I don't want anybody except Bobs and me in our own little flat. Just the same it's been a problem. Bobs, in the first place, objected to my decision.

"Nobody gets down on their knees on the floor to scrub."

"Do be serious, Bubbles," began Bobs, serious now, himself. "You can't begin all by yourself to do everything in the house. You've got to get worn out and your mother will call me a brute."

"Serve you right if she does," said I mischievously. "Moreover, if you don't let me have my own way I'll tell you you're brutal myself. Do be sensible. We simply can't afford a first-class maid at \$25 or \$30 monthly, and I'm glad we can't, for if we could we'd engage one without a second thought, and it would spoil the fun of just us two playing

kitchen and rising constantly for this and that. So I bought a lovely double-deck serving tray on wheels. The table is set with the hot foods laid, the tray contains the hot foods covered—vegetables, salad, dessert, hot plates—and each course is finished I can place it on the lower tray and serve the next course without having to rise once.

Also I bought a "lady Susan" for the table. It's a lovely one with a glass cover, and as it revolves, Bobs and I can pass things to each other, or help ourselves to the condiments, relishes, bread, etc., on it without awkwardness or having to ask for things.

Then I'll have to scheme out some way of reducing the number of dishes to be washed in the evening, because I know it wouldn't be pleasant for Bobs to be alone after dinner while I spent an hour in the kitchen dishing up

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

The Foods You Eat And What They Are

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG

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

THE wisest way to supply our bodies with nourishment would be to go to market and buy pure protein, fat, starch and sugar, and then mix them in the correct quantities. But this is not done because the result would be a mixture devoid of taste and be nauseating. Our digestive machinery needs those food elements which grow naturally in plants and animals. The most valuable parts of any food are protein, fat, sugar and starch. Sugar and starch may be bought, even in war time, for about 6 cents a pound, and fat for about 12 cents a pound. The cheapest protein costs about 30 cents a pound. The extra price for a food is for its taste and appearance and not for its flesh-forming or fuel value. Grains have the greatest victualary value of all the foods, and they cost the least. They can also be eaten day after day without palling on fastidious or capricious tastes.

The foods in grocery stores and butcher shops may be divided into about 10 groups, namely, cereals, beans, potatoes, garden vegetables, fruits, meats, fish, shellfish, eggs and milk.

Cereals, Breads and Vegetables. There are no great differences in the composition and digestibility of the different kinds of grains, or in the dishes made from them. All the cereals contain protein and a great deal of starch. Oats and corn are the only cereals which contain fat.

Bread, oatmeal and other foods made from grain are the most useful and important of all foods.

White flour is made by sifting the indigestible skins and coarse particles from the finer parts. Bread made from the best white flour is a nutritious food, but bread made from whole wheat, and it may be digested with greater ease.

Bread, biscuits, crackers and plain cakes are nearly alike in composition and digestibility. The bubbles in these foods are due to carbon dioxide, which is formed when yeast or baking powder is added to wet flour. When the wet flour is baked, it hardens in the form of thin-walled bubbles, which may be easily masticated. Wheat flour may readily be made into light bread, for its protein becomes sticky when it is wet. The protein of cornmeal does not become sticky, and so cornmeal cannot be made into light bread unless it is mixed with wheat flour or eggs.

Dried beans and peas contain very little fat, but are rich in protein. Peas are a kind of pea whose pods are hard, like thin nutshells. They are like peas in composition, except that they have fat in the place of about half the starch of peas. When eaten between meals they are harmful, as they cannot be digested easily, and thus overtax the stomach.

Potatoes are about four-fifths water, one-sixths protein and one-seventh starch. They contain almost no fat at all, but if cooked with meat, as in a stew, the mixture becomes a well-balanced diet. When potatoes are dried they have the same food value as the least nourishing of the grains.

Beets, onions, cabbage and celery are mostly water and contain very little protein, starch or sugar, and almost no fat. They have very little flesh-forming or fuel value. Yet they cannot be entirely dispensed with, as they contain iron and other substances which the body needs.

Meats, Fish and Eggs. Dates, bananas and grapes each contain a considerable amount of protein and a large amount of sugar. Almost the only substances in berries, apples, oranges, peaches and most other juicy fruits is sugar.

Meat is about one-sixth protein. Some kinds of meat contain a great deal of fat, and other kinds have very little fat, but no meat contains sugar or starch. The different kinds of meat differ greatly in composition or in ease of digestion.

It is generally supposed that a teaspoonful of beef tea, or of meat juice, or of meat extract contains as much nourishment as a pound of beef. These liquid foods contain almost no nourishment at all, for the substances which have a food value cannot be dissolved from the meat.

The meat of fish is almost like the meat of cattle, but contains less fat, and a considerable amount of protein and a large amount of sugar. Almost the only substances in berries, apples, oranges, peaches and most other juicy fruits is sugar.

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