

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple  
Author of the new novel, "Dance of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by the "Tarbell" and McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the hat" distinguishes this story from the usual "Daisy" type. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 92.  
A Bane of Bundles.

Of course, I heartily appreciate the spirit in which Mary's people and mine shower us with gifts. But I must say I don't enjoy carrying bundles home every night of my life. Sometimes it's a loaf of bread, freshly baked, and, rather than hurt mother's feelings by rejecting it, I trot dutifully homeward with the loaf under my arm. Once Mary's mother sends me a basket of peaches, and once a watermelon, some of which conduce to the dignity of locomotion.

A few days ago a friend of Mr. Penfield's gave him a crate of Florida oranges, and, with his usual kindness, he telephoned me as soon as he got them.

When the Bag Burst.

"Stop at the house, Peter," he said, "and I'll give you a take home. You'll like them. They're sweet and awfully good eating."

Generally made his vague "some" into a great many more than Mary and I needed, and certainly more than I should carry. Now, on this particular night, I had been doing some shopping for my wife. Also I was carrying some special work to do in the evening. Therefore, when I boarded a trolley for home, I was laden down with bundles and oranges.

The car was full of home-going shoppers. I struggled through, bowing and hunching because my hands were so full I couldn't raise my hat to the women in the car. All at once the car lurched violently around a corner and I stumbled. Whether or not the bottom of the bag was forced open by the lurch, I know that by some heaven-forsaken fatality the bottom promptly left the bag of oranges and they began to roll wildly about in all directions.

Swearing inwardly, I watched them as they rolled about, and up the aisle and into the seats. Everybody looked at me with a mixture of surprise and sympathy. I ventured a sickly smile, though I had never before begun to return the oranges.

"Here's another, Peter. Hold your hands."

I fixed him with a malignant glare. Quits in vain. He threw the orange to me, went on a hunt and found three more.

"Still 'the Camel.'"

"Here's three," he waited a moment, then he said, "Wait a minute, Peter. If you haven't any more room in your pockets I'll put them in your hat."

Drangens then began to appear from all sections of the car. They were passing on with a running fire of humorous remarks to me. Indeed, I was the funny centre of all eyes. How many oranges there were in that infernal bag I shall never know, but by the time I had reached home and looked into my pockets I was full and another fellow who got off at my corner had sent me the use of his pockets.

"Well, Peter," he said good-naturedly, after he had laid his fruit crate one by one on my porch, "that was a mess for a fair, wasn't it? You did look as if you were enjoying it. If you hadn't had so many other bundles, though, you'd have been all right. Keep you pretty busy carrying things back and forth, don't they? No wonder the fellows call you 'the Camel.'"

The Camel! I strode into the house in a towering rage.

"Mary," I burst forth indignantly, unloading oranges rapidly from my pockets, whence they proceeded to roll about the floor, "do you realize that I am the laughing stock of the universe? Do you realize that people call me the burden because I'm always the best of burdens from your house and mine out in the car tonight? Call your father up and tell him I'll carry up no more bundles home. I'll call up mother later."

I rebelled, but I still carry bundles. And they still call me "The Camel!"

## Words of Wise Men

Education begins the gentleman, but habit, good company, and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived and apt to haveague fits.—Erasmus.

I love such faith as does not make heads ashamed to look upon one another next morning.—Bacon.

The eloquent man is he who is so frequent speaker, but is inwardly drunk with a certain belief.—Emerson.

There seems to be no art of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done.—Swift.

## MERMAIDS

By Michelson



It doesn't do to be too sure that there are no such creatures as mermaids. You may have a private opinion of certain men who claim to have seen them—generally near the equator, where the water is ladylike—but reserve your judgment. Something startling may happen to YOU. In fact, there are circumstances under which it is extremely difficult to say, offhand, whether certain creatures are mermaids or not.

You may be tremendously embarrassed and may have to beat a retreat before acquiring the knowledge that would fit you to make a cold, hard, scientific report.

Many a good man has been ducked, and many a foolish investigator, who wanted to settle this mermaid question, has regretted his rashness. When in doubt, RUN.

## Day-a-Week Vacations

By LUCREZIA BORI  
Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

Special arrangements have been made with Senorita Lucrezia Bori, the famous prima donna soprano, who has created a wonderful impression in Europe and New York on account of her remarkable beauty and artistic attainment, to write for this paper a series of articles on beauty. There is probably no authority her equal in giving the newest and most approved methods of attaining and preserving "the divine right of woman."

HOW is it possible for a woman with a growing family of children and a husband who is overworked earning money to support us to get away for the beauty vacation you write about? Leaving out the beauty, which I have long ceased to think about, won't you tell me how to get a vacation at all?

This is part of a letter sent to me. It will take me out of the straight line of beauty discourse to answer the laughing stock of the universe. I add a bit to the happiness of every woman, and happiness is the greatest of all beautifiers.

Will you permit me to say that, in my opinion, Americans are too serious? They work too hard and they don't know how to play. When one has a large and growing family, for which the father has to earn money outside the home and the mother has to care for inside the home, then is the very time when the spirit of play should be cultivated. No woman in the world need a vacation so much as the busy mothers. They need it as much for the good of the family as for themselves.

Vacation does not necessarily mean travel into a far land, there to do nothing but loaf and change your clothes.

It means taking a play-spell. Rest means simply a change of action.

"Vacations may be gained by letting go the reins of routine, if only for a day."

A very poor and busy woman once told me of a wonderful vacation she had enjoyed for two days. "Where did you go?" I asked. "Oh, I didn't go away at all," she said. "I stayed home and sat in the rocking chair by the window and ate bread and milk, so I didn't have to cook, and it was lovely."

You see, there was a woman who had the right idea of what really constitutes a vacation.

Plan during this summer, you dear busy folks who can't get away for a long loaf, to make one day out of each week a genuine vacation.

Play as hard that one day as you work the other six. If you fall asleep and the day passes in a dream, that is the vacation you most need at the moment. Besides, it is a popular beauty cure to take a day of sleep to keep the wrinkles out of one's face.

Pack a big basket with plenty of wholesome and simple food, dress the kiddies in clothes that can't be spoiled, turn the key in the home door and board the trolley car, and get out into the green country where there are pure sweet air and fields of waving grass.

## Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie: Every Sunday night when we girls go walking, two special boys follow us on the streets. We do not like them, but they insist on going with us. Would you go with them? We are both 16 years of age, and are high school students.

Do you think it proper for girls of 16 to get married?

WONDER if you girls really think I think what you say you think, when you write letters.

If you two girls do not like those two boys, keep away from where they are. Why should you go with them? Now, girls, you know well enough that you're only pretending about those boys; if you didn't want to see them you'd choose some other time besides the very hour they're sure to be out on that special street for your special walk.

Stay in the house a few evenings; you won't die or fade away like withered leaves or do anything else tragic and terrible, and what are your mothers doing unless you think of marriage at all.

Keep your brains for your studies. Don't fritter them away on a lot of silly nonsense about the boys. There's plenty of time for that later on.

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.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### How to Save and Improve Your Children's Eyesight

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

A YOUNGSTER'S eyes should receive attention the very minute it is born. This is because there is always a chance that they may harbor a few germs of the terrible disease known as ophthalmia neonatorum. In adults, though they often make a lot of trouble, they seldom invade the eye, but in new-born babies this organ is their favorite abiding place.

In two days, or maybe three days, the baby's eyes grow red and begin to discharge a creamy pus. The upper lids swell and fall over the lower ones. By and by the infection extends to the eyeball and the child's sight is permanently impaired, if not entirely destroyed. A generation ago nearly half of the blind people in the world had lost their sight in this way in infancy. Today it is possible to cure ophthalmia neonatorum before it has fairly set in. The method is very simple and consists of dropping two drops of a 1 per cent. watery solution of silver nitrate into each eye of the new born child. The silver nitrate is a powerful antiseptic, and it kills the germs instantly. In itself it is utterly harmless to the eye. This should be done immediately after the child is born.

Washing the Eyes.

The child's eyes need constant attention for several weeks after birth, but the services of a physician are not necessary. Perfect cleanliness is the end to be attained, and frequent washing is the means to that end. Instead of plain water, it is best to use a solution made by dropping a teaspoonful of boracic acid (not common kitchen borax) into a cupful of water that has been boiled and then permitted to cool till lukewarm.

Before washing your baby's eyes cleanse your hands thoroughly with soap and warm water, and after that dip them in a basin containing a 5 per cent. solution of hydrogen in half a pint of water. Then tear off a bit of sterilized absorbent cotton, dip it into the boracic acid solution and tenderly mop the baby's eyelids. Never touch a child's eyes with a rag. In the nursery, indeed, absorbent cotton should be used instead of towel and rags whenever it is possible.

In early infancy an infant's eyes are exposed to the twin dangers of neglect and codding. See to it that neither direct sunlight nor strong artificial light shines into your baby's eyes, and that he sleeps, but do not make the mistake of shading it too much. The eyes of all our children should be kept open and alert.

At the child's beginning to run about and explore the world, the strain upon its eyes begins to grow serious. If it is of the English alphabet kind, it will tackle some of the most difficult words in the dictionary to master the art of reading. This is always planned parents vastly, but it is well to discourage it, child unless, of course, a physician, must be summoned, since it is very hazardous for infants.

Common Eye Maladies.

Stray germs and flying dust cause most of the minor eye maladies that afflict children. A typical disease of this sort is conjunctivitis, or "pink eye." It is caused by the lodgment of germs in the inner lining of the eyelid, and its symptoms are familiar to every one. Inasmuch as there are many varieties of germs capable of producing it, it is a very common, and frequently appears in epidemic form. At its mildest it is a simple infection which disappears in a few days. At its worst, when it is caused, for example, by the lodgment of diphtheria germs in the eye, it may become extremely serious.

The treatment ordinarily confined to irrigation with mildly antiseptic washes, administered with a dropper. Sometimes it is necessary to apply ice compresses, or to combat the tenacious germs with strong drugs. In such cases, of course, a physician, must be summoned, since it is very hazardous for infants.

They Should be Exercising Their Lungs and Legs in the Parks.

Experienced persons to deal with the human eye. In ordinary cases the spread of acid wash I have described will afford relief. The patient should be kept in a darkened room until the pain ceases.

The so-called "st" is nothing more or less than a small pimple upon the edge of the eyelid. It usually comes to a head and discharges its pus in a few days, and after that it quickly heals. When a sty happens to be uncommonly large and painful it may be necessary to have a physician lance it, but ordinarily a mild mercury ointment will afford all the aid that nature needs. When sty appears frequently the child's general health needs attention.

A very painful eye malady is caused by the stopping up of the tiny ducts which carry the tears from the eye to the nose. When the bodily machine is working normally, just enough tears are secreted to lubricate the eyeball. The eyelids, in the act of winking, spread these tears over the eye, and the waste runs down the nasal ducts to the nose.

What "Sniffing" Is.

When dust irritates the eye, or some powerful mental impression stimulates the tear-making glands, tears flow in extraordinary quantity and the eyeballs are suffused. They come so fast, in fact, that the nasal ducts can't carry them all off, and they run down the cheeks. But, all the same, the ducts to their best, and so, when a child weeps, a part of its tears escape by way of its nose, and it "sniffles."

If these ducts, by accident or disease, are clogged up, the tears needed for the ordinary lubrication of the eyeball run over the lower lid and the patient has "watery eyes." To remedy this a surgeon must be consulted. He will pass a series of probes through the ducts, beginning with one as fine as a needle, and ending with one as large as a small lead pencil. This will clear and stretch the ducts and restore them to their old usefulness as drains of the eye.

The surgeon is needed, too, to correct crossed or squint eyes. This disfigurement is due to a faulty balancing of the muscles in its socket. The muscles on one side pull harder than those on the other, and as a result the eye turns. The remedy consists in splitting the more powerful muscle. This weakens it, thus equalizes the pull on both sides.

Get Needed Glasses.

It sometimes happens that the kindergarten grows restless or sluggish in every city and town are the greatest of all enemies of Young America. They drag into the stuffy classroom youngsters who should be exercising their lungs and legs in the parks, and they put into practice questionable theories of education. Condensed by AUGUSTA SHELBY

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Various small advertisements and notices on the left margin, including mentions of 'N', 'S. L. S.', 'Book', 'World', 'Garden', 'DIES', and 'HAT WORKS'.