

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 M. C. Tarbell and S. McCune as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the hat" distinguishes this story from the rest. 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 gave me a basket of peaches, and once a watermelon, none of which conduces 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 some to take home. You'll like them. They're sweet and so delicious."

Generosity made his vague "some" into a great many more than Mary and I needed, and certainly more than I wished to carry. Now, on this particular night, I had been doing some shopping for my wife. Also I was carrying home 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 humping because my hands were so full I couldn't raise my hat to the women in the car. At last, at once the car lurched violently around a corner and I tumbled. Whether or not the bottom of the bag was wet I never knew. I know that by some heaven-forsaken fatality the bottom promptly fell the bag of oranges and they began to roll wildly about in all directions.

Swearing inwardly, I watched them scatter down the aisle and up the aisle and into crowd seats. Everybody laughed at my predicament. Of course, I was in a bad way. I ventured a sticky smile, though I never forgot my humiliation when people began to return the oranges.

"By Jove," roared a friendly idiot in the corner, "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.

MERMAIDS

By Michelson



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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 perfect technique. She is now in the city for 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?

That is part of a letter sent to me. It will take me out of the straight line of beauty discourse to answer it, but I am going to do it. I am going to give you a bit of the happiness of a woman, and happiness is the greatest of all beauties.

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 women 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."

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, 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 letting you think of marriage at 16?

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.

Great Novels in a Nutshell

Victor Hugo's NOTRE DAME

Condensed by AUGUSTA SHELBY

GRINGOIRE, a threadbare poet, disappointed by his failure to win the place of "The Pope of Fools," Emeralda, a gypsy girl of winning beauty and lissome grace; Claude Frolo, a priest; Quasimodo, the bell ringer of Notre Dame, a hideous monster, a red-haired, tusked hunchback of herculean strength; Capt. Phoebus, debonair and handsome; and Gudge, the reclusive nun, are, in order, the principal characters of Victor Hugo's immortal dramatic romance, "Notre Dame."

The scene is laid on the 6th of January, 1482, in Paris, in the Place de Greve. The celebration of the "Day of Kings" and "Feast of Fools," the great popular holiday of the year, was drawing to a close. Gringoire, the poet, was looking for food and shelter for the night.

In the centre of the Place de Greve, in the flickering light of a bonfire, Emeralda, with a white goat at her heels, was dancing.

Her bare shoulders, her golden corset, her multi-hued skirt, and her wondrous nymph-like grace made her appear like a beautiful vision. The priest, Frolo, watched her entranced. She had strangely fired his heart. She caught his eye, mimicked the preaching of the Maitre Charnouffe, and when Frolo murmured "Sacrilège," she made him a grimace and disappeared in the crowd.

That night she was attacked by Quasimodo. He tried to save her from the hands of the executioner and she was safely into the saddle of his charger. Whereupon she thanked him, slipped to the ground and fled. Gringoire was left in the worst part of Paris, where no man's life was safe. The Truands, denizens of the section, put a rope about his neck and dragged him to the market place to hang him. It was said his life would be spared if one of the Truand women would wed him. No one would. "La Emeralda! La Emeralda!" The lovely gypsy approached the executioner and said she would marry the poet and save his life. The hunchback bell ringer and the priest were united. Two lives were saved. The crime committed for her sake, he begged for pity, for mercy.

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 source of this child is always pushed to the limit of safety. The child with defective vision is not a normal child, and should have its vision arranged accordingly. Instead of being sent to school at the age of 6 or 7, it should be kept at home until it is 12, and its periods of book study should be short.

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 boric 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 50 per cent. solution of hydrogen in half a pint of water. Then tear off a bit of sterilized absorbent cotton, dip it into the boric 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 face, awake or asleep, but do not make the mistake of shading it too much. The eyes of all eyes, in later life, must take their share of heavy accidental strains, and so they must be trained to bear the burden. As the child begins 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 an easy to master art of reading. This spirit always pleases parents vastly, but it is well to discourage it. A child under 6 can derive nothing but harm from

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

poring over books, even when the type is large and the pictures are alluring. Neither should he be permitted to strain his eyes by attempting to write, or by engaging in any game or handicraft employing small objects.

Get Needed Glasses.

I sometimes believe that the kindergarten and baby classes are found 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. Condemned to serve as a subject for this sort of pedagogical vivisection, it is no wonder that many a child grows restless or stupid. Nine times out of ten a physical examination of the backward or unruly child will reveal enlarged tonsils, massive adenoids, bad hearing or faulty vision. If your child is irritable, has headaches, squints his eyes when his attention is attracted, holds his book close to his face, or seems otherwise uncomfortable at his studies take him to an ophthalmologist at once. The oculist who offers to examine eyes free will not serve as a substitute. The proper examination of a child's eyes requires professional skill of a high order, and this is only to be found among men of long training.

If you live in a small town it is best to seek advice in the nearest large city. Your family physician will give you a letter to the right man, and if you are wise you will remember that the latter's comparatively high fee will be money well invested. It stands to reason that a competent specialist must be well paid for his labors. His education was very expensive, and it was not until long years of good work with little pay had proved his capacity that he was able to set up shop as an oculist.

If this ophthalmologist prescribes glasses for your child, have them made at once, and see to it that your child wears them as he directs. Most children object to glasses, and parental vanity often supports them in their protests; but it is obvious that this is not an argument. Taken in time, there are few defects of vision that cannot be perfectly corrected. In her cell the prisoner who had been "mailed" cried "mailed!" as Emeralda, faintly, when she recovered she was arrested on a charge of murder. Vainly she protested her innocence. She was sentenced to be hanged. In her cell the priest visited her. He told of his love, of the crime committed for her sake, he begged for pity, for mercy.

Answers to Health Questions.

J. K. S.—My neck is of a brown color. Why is this? My face is pale and I'm thin.

Evidently you lead too quiet and too much of an indoor life. Your face should be burned by the sun. Learn to row, swim, fish, sail, dance, play tennis, sleep out of doors, if possible, gobble up as much meat and eggs, milk and cream, butter and green vegetables as you can. For your brown skin use borax water and tincture of green soap.

S. G. S.—Can you increase the height by stretching the spine? What will build a thin person up?

If you mean exercises, such as stretching by physical culture, trapeze performing, swimming, rowing, bicycle riding and the like, you have succeeded a bit in adding to your height. Fresh air, life in the open, rich, plentiful food, cereals, peas, lettuce, vegetables, cream, carrots, asparagus, berries, eggs, meats, with lots of sleep,