

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.

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. 134.

Dad's Unexpected Visit.

THE medicine Dad gave me for my nerves did help considerably, but Dad was one of those sensible old doctors who believes in finding the root of a disturbance instead of blindly quieting it, and he subjected me to a more or less daily cathartic.

He'd ring me up and drop into the office, and I could see that mother and he were worrying a little about my loss of weight. Not so much, I don't know just why it was, but she was too much absorbed in her own existence to notice that I looked tired and overworked, and that I was steadily losing weight.

My office associates had begun to notice it. My chief, one of the kindest chaps I've ever known, offered me a vacation and a rest, but I somehow felt that if I gave up at all it would be like loosening a terrible tension. I would go utterly to pieces, and it would take me months to get into shape again. And I frankly could not afford it. There was my night work at the factory to be considered—I must keep that up or go irrevocably behind in my domestic expenses. Now, some instinct had made me keep the fact of my night work at Foot's factory a secret from mother and dad. I knew very well they'd feel that a man's work should end at 5 o'clock, and that I was overdoing it by working on Foot's books after office hours. I could not keep that fact a secret long.

One night I was poring feverishly over the books there when I was conscious of

a shadow across the glass of the factory window. I looked up and saw Dad peering curiously in. I laughed a little guiltily and opened the door for him. "Hello, Peter," he said. "What in the world are you doing over here in this part of town?"

"What are you doing over here yourself?" I asked.

"Well," said Dad, "that's really very simple. The watchman over in the factory across the street fell on one of his rounds, broke his arm, got to the telephone and 'phoned for me. I've been taking him up and came back to turn in his keys. Did you know it's after 8 o'clock?"

"Yes," said I. "To tell you the truth, Dad, I'm frequently over here around this hour. I do Foot's book-keeping for him after I leave the office, and—there's really much more to do than I thought there would be."

"Why?" said Dad very quietly.

I flushed. "To tell you the truth," I said, "I have to have the extra money to keep things going."

"And that," said Dad, "is the cause of the nerves, eh? That's why my son, who was six feet in his stockings, and broad and ruddy, looks a little bent and haggard, and older than he ought. Peter, is Mary extravagant?"

I was face to face with the question at last. How to answer it? Must I admit that my wife was driving me to distraction?

I looked at Dad and smiled. "No more than I," I said. "The increased cost of living makes it a little hard for us to worry along on my salary."

"Hum," said Dad and stroked his beard. "I fancied for such a young man, Peter, you were doing marvellously well. Hum! How much does Foot pay you for this night work?"

"Twenty dollars a month," said I. "It helps."

"Keep on," said Dad, grimly, "and it will cost you double that a month to build up your nervous system." And Dad swung back the door of the factory office, slammed it—a most unusual thing for him—and disappeared.

It was a conversation that was destined to be very eventful for me.

SALARIES AND THE STAGE



Maud Hanford in "Along Came Ruth."

Art Is the Old Story of Dollars and Cents

By STELLA GORDON

If you haven't any money," smiled Miss Hanford, "you shouldn't come round the stage. I don't mean that money will even help you land a good part, but I do mean that it is foolish to face the long search for that part without enough money to live comfortably. More failures on the stage can be attributed to a lack of bread than a lack of talent."

"While the glamour of the stage is entirely responsible for the stage-struck girl of yesterday, it is the glamour of big salaries that is responsible today. The press agents have written some stories about the enormous sums their stars are supposed to make, the public has come to believe that the stage is carpeted with greenbacks. And when 'Sweet Sixteen' gets a tiny part in some company at \$30 a week she thinks she is

rolling in riches, and tells all of her amazed friends about it, and they spread the wonderful tale. "But she forgets—and even the old performer seems to forget—that her weekly salary is at the best really only half of what she is paid. She is

lucky if she gets her salary for 30 weeks a year—and she has to pay her expenses for 52 weeks. So you see, with even a good season's work 'Miss Sweet Sixteen'—and every one else of us—really nets just half what she is actually paid."

"It may seem unbelievable, but it is frankly true that there are many more actresses getting less than \$60 a week than there are getting more than \$60. Of course, as in every other profession, there is plenty of room—and money—at the top of the ladder, but I am speaking to the girl who is contemplating the stage as a business, and the chances are that she will never get to the top."

"Many a good business woman has been spoiled in the making of a poor actress, and I have listened to innumerable regrets that hold the wall of 'it might have been.' One little woman that I know was never tired of wishing that she had taken up stenography. She figured—rightly, too, in her case—that she was making less money on the stage than she could have made with a typewriter."

Enter the Cape, Very Latest Wrap for Fall



One of the New Cape Models.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie: I am engaged to a young man who is a very nice young man, but he is the youngest boy in the family, and he likes his own way. And if he does not get his own way with me all the time, he gets quite angry and goes away for a while.

He knows I care for him very much. Should I let him see I care for him? Should I let him see I care for him? Should I let him see I care for him?

VIOLA.

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 of this office.

One Moral Effect of Lonesomeness

By Winifred Black

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JUDGE ALLEN B. ENDICOTT is discouraged. More than that, Judge Endicott is worried—worried almost to death. He doesn't see what the world is coming to, or who is going to grab it by the scruff of the neck and pull it back into its proper place in the universe. All on account of the women.

"This decade will be known as the decade of woman's folly," says Judge Endicott. "Men are steadily going up in the moral plane; graft and the evils of ten years ago are disappearing—but the women are not keeping pace with the men."

"All over the world men are giving up the habit of drinking. A man can't drink too much, and hold his job. Women are beginning to drink. Men are giving up smoking. They've had to. No corporation will employ a man in any position of trust who smokes cigarettes. And now the women are learning to smoke."

"Women spend most of their time in the arms of chauffeurs, cabmen, hucksters and others who pose as instructors in the new dances. The husbands of these women are down town working to buy new clothes for their wives, and the clothes that the women buy are so indecent that it has been found necessary for many of the churches to make a public protest against the modern fashion of woman's dress."

"Men are advancing in morals—and women are going back."

There—now will you be good? And the worst of it is—it's true. So true that nobody who thinks at all can even attempt to deny it.

Men are better than they used to be—a whole lot better. They have to be—or the women won't marry them.

Men Are to Blame?

Fifty years ago six men out of ten drank a little too much once in a while. Now, if six men out of ten did that, they'd lose their jobs—both down town and at home. Employers will not hire a man who drinks—and a woman will not live with a drunken husband.

There's no great moral reform behind all this; it's simply a matter of expediency. Drink and the world drinks with you—but you'll have to hold your job alone.

And as to the women and their weird performances—how long did you think, oh, masters of humanity, that you could set a bad example and not have the weaker sex follow it? How did you think that you could do one thing, and say another, and never have the women of your family notice it?

You have preached for generations about the virtue of modesty, humility, temperance, and obedience—and practiced the very opposite of all these excellent qualities. More than that, you have picked out for the objects of your conspicuous devotion women who wouldn't



Winifred Black

know Miss Modesty if they met her in the road, and who never obeyed anything or anybody in their lives. A little girl sat in the school room the other day trying very hard to study. There was a substitute teacher and all the children were having fun with her.

They made faces and they mewed like kittens behind their books, and they threw spitballs and did everything they could to make the poor substitute miserable. The good little girl was shocked. She really liked the teacher, and, besides, she had promised her mother to get a certain grade in that particular lesson she was trying to study. So she studied and studied—and the teacher was very glad, for she loved the little girl and was a friend of the little girl's mother.

But all at once the good little girl threw down her book, made a hideous face, and started to do a surreptitious tango under the edge of her foolish little skirt.

Just then the real teacher came back and order came with her.

Making His Home Attractive.

When the little girl's mother asked the good little girl about it, the good little girl looked very pitiful. "Mother," she said, "I like to be good in school, I really, truly do—but, oh, I do hate to be lonesome!"

Gentlemen of the jury—consider the evidence in the case, and consider it carefully.

Haven't you been letting the good little girl be pretty lonesome, all these years, and don't you think that has something to do with her sudden desperate attempt to act as much like the bad little girls as she can, in the hope of pleasing you, so she won't be lonesome any longer?

I knew a woman once who had a beautiful home, in a quiet, modest sort of way, but her husband never stayed in it. So one night when he came home to dinner he found the living room strangely altered. There were no rugs and there were no books and there were no flowers—there was sawdust on the floor; there were empty bottles on the centre-table, and there was a strange smell of stale beer all over the place.

"I found out how it looked down at 'Tom's Place,'" said the woman I know, "and I thought I'd fix up the house the same way—to please you."

And then, when the man was not pleased, the woman cried.

Women are such dear, sweet, simple little things, you see. They believe what you do—and not what you say. I don't believe there's anything particularly bad about the modern woman, Judge Endicott, I'm afraid she's just tired of being lonesome, that's all.

What do you think of it—honest and truly now?

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Beauty and Grace Are Signs of Well-Being

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

BEAUTY, whether awake or asleep, shoots forth peculiar graces. Many women speak meekly of nothing with so much grace that 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by them.

As long as a neat figure and a fair face are not neglected, all is optimism and the affairs of the world seem to go right. Almost any sort of a figure, girl's or youth's, man's or woman's, can be made elegant and dashing with the proper procedure. Take time enough and all other graces will soon fill up their proper places.

To some kinds of persons, their graces of form serve them but as enemies. This would, however, be a topsyturvy world if what were comely envenomed her who bears it.

Strength and prowess in the fields of muscular daring are not looked for in women; but a good carriage, a cultured posture, with finish and grace of figure, are her elemental essentials.

The lack of feminine nobility, poise and muscular command among women is so notorious that training of railway guards and conductors, as well as the propaganda of safety-first education of railroads and street car companies, is directed toward the correction of this paramount feminine weakness. The want of muscular agility and drill among women—less apparent in those who dance—is not made up by corset wearing, posing and attitudinizing. Many who are carefully alert to these latter theatrical do not know how to board or disembark with grace and safety from a street car. Indeed, ninety-nine of the sweeter sex in each hundred leave a car backwards.

Instead of safely, with security, walking forward in the direction in which the car is travelling as they step down upon the street, women, as a rule, awkwardly and in great danger to life and limb, use their right hand to hold the car and set their back to the motorman. It is a fallacy to think that siphon-like figures and gawky-like mobility are associated only with youth. The very girls who played basket ball, danced and skated, foolishly abandon these exercises as soon as marital or household duties are undertaken. Yet this should not be. Women should maintain their grace and agility to the end of a long life.

I mean that beauty is but the outward sign of inward well-being. A healthy stomach shows in the roses on your cheeks if you carefully desire to be beautiful, keep your disposition sweet and all of the organs of your body healthy. Here are a few external exercises that will help you to internal happiness, and, consequently, beauty:

Before you leave your bed in the morning, stretch your body to a winkle—lie flat upon your back with arms and palms down. Come forward now 50 times to a sitting posture. This will strengthen the thighs and tighten up the muscles of the abdomen.

To enhance the lines and contour of the waist, stand with the left hand on the left foot. Allow the other arm to describe a circle above your head and do a circle horizontally with the left leg. If this little exercise is repeated 20 times daily, it will keep the waist slim and alternately with each arm and leg, morning and night, the waist will be



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. C. C.—Do you think pain of and on for a week are caused by indigestion or being in a run-down condition from which I have suffered a great deal?

This is too obscure a query to answer. Constipation, if you mean that, often does this very thing.

A. E.—Have black lines below eyes. Sometimes they turn blue.

Excitement, worry, constipation, loss of sleep, all cause them. Be cheerful and go to bed earlier. Apply a peroxide cream to the spots.

E. Y. B.—Two fingers below knuckle joints are very much swollen, stiff and painful at times. What is the cause, and is there any remedy for this?

Microbes and infections in the joints are among various causes. Doctors now make these parts or apply dry heat to them. Electrically generated heat called "diathermy" is used in Germany.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care of this office.

Three Minute Journeys Where Men Are Entertained While They Work

By TEMPLE MANNING

IN the city of Tampa, Fla., where more cigars are made than even in the island of Cuba itself, more than 30,000 Cuban cigarmakers are employed in the great factories. And while they work they like to be entertained.

A custom peculiar only to the Cuban factories is that of employing a reader, whose duty it is to read aloud the morning newspapers to the cigar rollers, translating the news into the Spanish tongue. After the local items and events of national importance have been read from the American papers, the latest events in Cuba and Spain are read, the morning being devoted to this practical and informative entertainment.

In the afternoon the latest Spanish novel is taken up, and the cigar rollers revel in romance while they work.

It was a strange scene that met my eyes one day last year when I went with one of the owners of the largest cigar factories up to the huge work-room, where 800 men were seated at benches rolling the cigars. The air was stifling with tobacco smoke and tobacco dust. The light seemed dim and hazy. I felt rather than saw the intense activity



Rolling Cigars to a Romance.

tobacco leaves and the dull sound of knives were the only sounds that marred the silence.

Quite suddenly to me a soft, musical voice rose above the muffled sounds, and, though I could not see the speaker, I knew that he was reading some Spanish romance with all the dramatic gestures that it required. I turned to my guide as he whispered to me:

"That is our best reader. He makes as much as \$200 every week that he works."

To my surprised questions my host explained the system. Each cigarmaker contributes 25 cents a week to the reader fund, and in return for this tax is assured a knowledge of current events and the entertainment of the best Spanish novels as he works. The cost to him is little more than a newspaper and magazines would cost, and his work hours are made much pleasanter.

The reader naturally finds his work very hard upon his voice, consequently there are shifts of readers, each floor having at least two. They read one week and rest their voices during the next.

As SILLY as a LOBSTER

THE old saying "as silly as a goose" should, in justice to the goose, be changed. In all the world there are few creatures as silly as the lobster.

Why the goose is a veritable Solomon compared to the lobster! Would a goose, when once caught and released, try to get caught again right away? That's exactly what the lobster does.

The best lobster found in the world is the scud lobster, a creature of New England, its shoals, bays, inlets and rocks supplying the lobster to perfection with all it requires for feeding and breeding places and protection against its enemies.

The Maine fishermen use a trap called a pot. A lobster pot is a simple enough contrivance.

It looks like an immense birch-log made of wooden slats. Both ends are covered with loose, strong netting made from tarred rope. There is a hole in the middle of each net.

The trap is sunk to the bottom by being weighted with stones and lies on the bottom in a horizontal position. Its location is indicated by a buoy attached to it by ropes. A cod's head or other tempting bait is placed inside the pot, made stationary by being fastened on hooks.

This soon attracts the lobster, and he unconsciously catches the net to see how he may get at the aggravating morsel. In his skimming he discovers the opening in the netting at the end of the trap, and he turns and backs himself through it.

According to all observant lobster fishermen, the lobster never gets inside the trap. He loses all desire to sample the bait that tempted him to get in. He suddenly realizes that he is in. He moves about in the trap in an agitated manner, looking for a way to get out.

Just as eagerly as he a few minutes before sought for an opening to get in, so agitated is he that he forgets that his best pedestrian work is accomplished. He does not try to back out of the hole as he came in, but exerts himself to his utmost to get out head first, a feat his enormous claws make impossible.

But, as lobstermen say, the fish crazed lobster is released from the pot, he will sooner be out than the bait inside tempts him again, and he once more seeks for a way to get in and seize it. he had a daughter, whom he called Beatrice, in honor of his first and only name.

Dante's Sweetheart

Dante's love was Beatrice Portinari of patrician blood. She had a tall, willowy and commanding figure, an angel's brow, a sweet, rosy-bud mouth, a swan-like neck, curling, fair hair, and eyes of a deep and ravishing blue. The poet loved and won the maiden's heart, but she died at the age of 24, on the eve of her nuptials with that illustrious writer. The desolation caused to Dante by her demise cast a lasting gloom over his character and career, and inspired his verses with that melancholy pathos which runs like a dark thread through his brightest fancies. He did not, however, remain scrupulously loyal to her love, for in after years he married a certain Donatella, who turned out to be a vicious virago. By this woman Dante had a daughter, whom he called Beatrice, in honor of his first and only name.