

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

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. 108  
What a Card Brought.

AN ironic episode of malice has gotten me into a peculiar mess. Having dropped my card in a trolley car so that two women who were somewhat cattily discussing my wife might find it and have an attack of conscience, I now learn to my sorrow that it was an exceedingly unwise thing to do. It has precipitated a domestic squall.

My first inkling of the situation came one evening when I found Mary in tears. "What is the trouble?" I asked. When a woman cries it really is a great conundrum to know what to do. If you ask her what the trouble is she merely cries harder—if you don't ask her she'll cry anyway, and there you are.

Accused of Flirting. Mary's tears came considerably faster when I inquired the cause of them. "Peter," she said, "I never supposed I'd married a flirt. I-I never supposed you'd go around flirting with women in trolley cars."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, aghast. "I haven't flirted with a trolley car woman or any other kind of a woman. What are you driving at?"

Mary flung back her head defiantly. "Didn't you drop your card as you were passing some women in a trolley car Tuesday?"

The situation dawned upon me in an instant. I looked blank. Mary, with a sob, "I-I knew you did. Oh, Peter!"

A married man once told me that these things inevitably come to every married couple. I'm sorry for that, for they're mighty unpleasant. Why is every woman prepared to believe in the guilt of her husband on the flimsiest of evidence? Why will she never give him the benefit of the doubt until she's put him on the rack and spoiled a few hours of his life?

I told Mary I really began to believe before Mary really began to believe me. Even then she had spasms of back-sliding.

"That's true," I insisted. "They were club friends of yours, and they were talking rather cattily. I was pretty sure they didn't know who I was, and I wanted them to. Who saw me drop the card, Mary?"

I protested innocently. "I don't know," said Mary, wiping her eyes and looking for the first time as if she really did believe me. "The telephone rang just a little while ago, and some strange woman told me that you—your friend—had dropped your card in a trolley car so that two women behind you could pick it up, and—"

"Great Guns!" I breathed fervently—but I resisted a strong temptation to say something acid, and changed the subject. "Mary," I added, "believe your two club acquaintances picked up the card and were so appalled at the fact that I had overheard them that one of them had deliberately phoned just to get back at me. It was a very neat revenge—but—"

"And you're quite sure it wasn't true, Peter, the flirting? Mother said no one would take the trouble to phone unless there was some truth in it."

Blessing on my zealous mother-in-law! Somehow I feel pretty positive that without her maternal purr over the telephone Mary would have had more faith in me. It isn't the first time Mrs. Penfield has permitted a bristling maternal instinct to run away with her common sense, nor likely will it be the last. But I wish Mary would learn to stand firmly on her own two feet and not fly madly to the parental nest in times of domestic squall.

THE SUMMER HERO

By Michelson



BROWNED by the sun, shining like a bronze god, he takes it all very complacently. Admiration does not bother him at all. He doesn't have to be introduced. He is the guardian and friend of all femininity.

Conqueror of the undertow, master of the slippery sea, he is a kind of austere Neptune to all mermaids—mermaids of the sand as well as mermaids of the sea.

Do you wonder that a perfectly dry fashion plate girl sometimes wonders whether a slight gurgle in the deeper place beyond the breakers might not be rewarded by a real thrill, one of those experiences you remember all your life? To be SAVED! It must be superb!

Yet after the sun goes down a chap with a heroic car and a heroic bank roll is known to seem quite like a hero. You see, there are so many kinds.

Word Origins

Presently formerly meant instantly, immediately, and is used in this sense by Shakespeare and other writers of his time. It is a curious illustration of the dilatoriness of human nature that a word which once meant instantly should come to be universally considered as meaning after a time.

The shrew was originally the shrew mouse, which, when her young were helpless, would fight desperately in their defense, and so well known was the courage of this little animal, which would even go out of its way to seek an enemy at times when the nest needed protection, that the word became applied to a woman who was ever ready to seek a quarrel.

The expression backguard originally indicated the scullions, kitchen boys and pot washers who brought up the rear when a great man's household was moving from place to place. As these persons were by no means choice in their language or elegant in their deportment, the word was soon applied to those who in speech or action resembled them.

The word treacle has undergone an odd modification. At first it was applied to such decoctions of roots or other substances as were deemed beneficial in medical practice; then, as these were frequently sweetened, it came to mean any sweet concoction or confection; and lastly, as molasses was the sweetest of all, this name was exclusively applied to syrup.

The word prevaricator is from the Latin, and originally meant a straddler with distorted or misshapen legs. In the Roman courts of law the expression was applied to one who in a suit was discovered to be in collusion with his opponent to compass some dishonesty. As falsehood was the necessary part of such a performance, the word by and by came to have the significance at present attached to it.

Suspended Gowns Now the Craze

By MADGE MARVEL

WITH the generous adaptation of the waistcoat by womanhood it is comparatively easy to take a step further in purloining masculine garments, and add suspenders to feminine costume.

There is considerable logic in the occasional use of suspenders, for, made of the same material as the skirt, they join the contrasting blouse into a harmonious whole, and become a relative and efficient part of the gown. Worn with a tailored frock of serge or linen they give a desirable note of smartness. I have seen them developed in tulle and worn with evening gowns, but in such instances they were designated as bretelles, and their use was entirely ornamental instead of practical.

Suggests Jumper Dress.

The gown shown is a recent Paris importation, and is applicable to all the linen and cotton weaves so much used this season, as well as to the serges, tulle and poplins.

There is the suggestion of the once favored jumper dress in the suspended frock, but in this costume the straps are carried down to the skirt, where they do the work of the sash, so they become more important than mere suspenders.

They very cleverly confine the panniers which are as bouffant as is consistent with grace of outline.

The material is a fine silk and linen weave in one of the new bronze shades. From this model, one of the noted modistes tells me, she has made several very smart costumes for the Newport season.

One in particular was developed in canary yellow French linen with the



Suspenders and Pannier Straps.

Another way in which the thin, white blouse is made one with the linen frock is by having the underarm pieces of the material of the skirt, cut in square effect, which makes the sheer blouse seem like a deep gulf. In many of these gowns there is also a little square across the back which comes about to the shoulder blades. This is a style which only the flat-backed woman should attempt, for it will accentuate any rounding tendency. In the same way judgment should be used in adopting the crossed suspenders and sash. It will break long lines, and unless one has the height and the litherness to brave it, the effect will not please.

Long Tunic and Lace.

Two or three black tulle gowns which I have particularly noticed made for the summer vacation trips, to be worn for the informal dinner or the semi-dress occasion where full evening dress is not permissible, have the long tunic of the tulle, and the upper portion of the blouse and the lower edge of the skirt of sheer white lace. The portion of the tulle which extends above the waistline is applied with a slight puffing.

The tulle reaches within six inches of the edge of the lace petticoat. The sleeves and gulf are also of the lace.

There are some stunning turbans, made in the close fitting, high crown style which was so much worn earlier in the season, offered by exclusive milliners for midsummer wear. One of them accords beautifully with the black tulle and lace frock or the suspended gown. It is completely formed of white tulle sewn thick upon a tulle or net foundation, and at the side are two lacquered white wings.

Words of Wise Men

Every man is exceptional.—Emerson.

It is easy to see, hard to foresee.—Franklin.

He had a face like a benediction.—Cervantes.

You may imitate, but never counterfeit.—Bacon.

All habits gather by unseen degrees.—Dryden.

Oh majestic night! nature's great ancestor.—Tennyson.

A cultivated reader of history is domesticated in all families; he dines with Pericles and sups with Titian.—Willmott.

Oh, in my way have I stood still, though but a casual passenger, so much I felt the awfulness of life.—Wordsworth.

Whoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Man must turn back and kill himself in stinging others.—Bacon.

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a home without a garden.—Becher.

Three Minute Journeys

WHERE TWO PRIESTS BRING LUCK By TEMPLE MANNING

OF all the people of the earth, I would give to the Maori the palm for hospitality. Never shall I forget the delightful marriage feast it was my good luck to attend one warm New Zealand day.

A runner came to my camp from up country with the invitation smiling on his lips. He bade me hasten to the "hul," or feast, for there were many invited guests, and the festivities would soon begin. Nothing loath, I mounted my unshod native pony, and followed him up through the hills to where the smoke of many cook fires hospitably beckoned.

Loud cries greeted us, "Tena-koe" (How do you do) and "Kia-ora" (Welcome) sounded on all sides. Everybody stopped to smile and make me feel at home, although they were all busy at one thing or another, around the 20 "kupas" (ovens), from which rose the most appetizing odors. At the chief's house I drew rein, and was surprised to find a Catholic priest of my acquaintance.

With mock annoyance he told me how he happened to be there. The couple about to be married were not Catholic. Some time before they had embraced the Baptist faith, but their own pastor was away. Differences of creed mean nothing to a Maori; all they want was to be married by a white "tohunga" (priest). My friend happened to be travelling near, and some of the bridegroom's friends went over to his camp and kidnapped him. He protested, laughingly, but the good smells from the ovens made him glad he was there.

At 12 o'clock a bell rang out from the little "whare-karakia" (church), and we took our places near the altar. Great masses of greenery, white clematis and the crimson "pohotukawa" flowers, made the interior a lovely bower.

The good Catholic father was amazed when a native Maori priest stepped to his side to help him perform the ceremony. But his share in the marriage was finished. He handed the bride a woven flax leaf cup filled with water. She took a sip and then handed it to the

Secrets of Health

Why All Milk For Your Baby Must Be Boiled

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg

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

AND what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune. And over it softly her warm ear lays.

This glorious, healthful, happy, bridal month is full of beauties that lull the unwary, buoyant one into a sense of security, which may conceal a danger. 'Tis the month when joy, like beauty, may prove to be only skin deep; when the temptation of dashing pastures and azure skies may lure you to some physical undoing.

To Avoid Sunstroke.

"Insolation," or sunstroke and heat stroke, may be a sword of Damocles, suspended for hotter days of the summer, but the spilt-curl which dangles on the bald head of Father Time must be grasped now, because the old fellow has a well greased skull. You cannot save him from behind, because a billiard ball compared with him is like a regiment of bayonets or a picket fence. Take him, then, by the forelock, and see that you perspire freely at all times. Sunstroke cannot live with perspiration.

It is, however, to infants pabulum that you must look most carefully in these early days of cholera infantum, "summer complaint," acute dysentery and the other bad milk and water ailments of baby life.

There is no such imaginary danger as the "second summer," superstition for little ones. There is an eternal summer danger for all babies for at least five summers. Every summer has the same danger of its own. The "second summer," like certain marital troubles, seems worse.

Boil Baby's Milk.

It seems to be a lesson slowly learned by fond parents that because a bottle looks "clean," a milk is rich and tastes "sweet," that it still can cause a Caesar's legion of infantile deaths. Yet it is true; proved beyond denial.

The deadly germs of summer diarrhoea are more insidious than a stilette in an alley. Their first signs are loose bowels, their second follows quickly—it is death!

Mother's milk, which passes from the breast directly and without delay into the baby's mouth, is dependable at all times. No certified, "pasteurized-at-the-dairy" or "fresh cow's milk" contains any immunity to the terrible bacterial demons of infant ailments in summer.

Boiling milk for babies has its defects, but death to the child has never been among them. This cannot be said of any other plan to protect the child's milk.

For the nonce, then, let me command all young mothers, uncontrolled by ancient errors and neighbor's tales, to nurse their babies with their own hearth's milk throughout the summer.

If this is not feasible, by all means boil for ten minutes the milk that is let on your doorstep. The trivial disorders, such as a sluggish alimentary canal, which would the com be milk, can be corrected by orange juice, grape juice, yolks of eggs and oatmeal gruel.

Once the diarrhoea appears, even in what some grandmothers will tell you is "a natural form," stop all food for a few days. Give nothing but boiled water.

Is it required in this day to emphasize the need of absolute sterilization of bottles, nipples and anything that approaches a child's mouth? Hardly. Even in the remote backwoods they now know this must be done.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

For grit in the eye apply a drop or two of castor oil; it relieves the irritation. Pickles may be kept from becoming mouldy by laying a little bag of mustard on the top of the pickle jar.

A little vinegar placed in the rinsing water on washing day will prevent the hands from becoming rough and chapped.

To clean brass flower pots or trays, rub them with a piece of lemon; then pour boiling water over them, and finally polish with a soft dry cloth.

When ironing it is a very good plan to get a clean brick, a white one if possible, as a stand. The iron will retain heat much longer than if an open iron-stand be used.

When boiled and unboiled eggs get mixed, spin them, and the boiled ones will spin around quite fast; while those which have not been cooked will hardly spin round once.

Permanganate of potash will cleanse dirty filters of all impurities. A solution should be passed through the filter until it comes out as pink as when it was poured in.

Sal-ammoniac will clean a furred kettle. Fill the kettle with cold water, add a little sal-ammoniac to it and boil. All the fur will dissolve. Well rinse the kettle afterwards.

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve tar so that it can be rubbed off.

Cayenne pepper is excellent to rid cupboards of mice. The floor should be gone over carefully and each hole stopped up with a piece of rag dipped in water and then in cayenne pepper.

When making a pie, the juice from the fruit very often soaks through the undercrust and spoils the appearance of it. This can be prevented by brushing the undercrust over with the white of an egg.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

I am a little lonesome. Please help me. DARK HAired LASSIE.

Says he hopes you'll write—once in a while—and he didn't ask you to marry him, after all. And he didn't say he loved you, and now you are heart-broken and don't know what to do.

Why, you say yourself that the man thinks you're going to marry some one else. Who told him so—did you? Why? Did you think it would make him come to time?

Well, it didn't, you see, and now you wish you had never seen him at all—poor you. Well, so do I, little girl, but you can't help that now.

What you can help is writing to him any longer or paying any more serious attention to him whatsoever. He isn't the only man in the world. Just forget him, and before you know it, you will find some one who really loves you—some one who will appreciate your faithful heart.

You say you are lonely and know no one in your church. Why don't you go and see the minister about it? Tell him you are a stranger in town and want to meet some nice young people. He'll arrange it somehow—that's one of the things he's there for.

Life is a long road, you know, and you just happen to be in a shady place right now. The sun is shining farther on—never fear.

Just go singing along through the dark places—and first you know you will have someone singing with you.

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.



As we emerged from the chapel a soft, long horn rattle out through the grove, and a sweet-voiced "kotira" (girl) chanted a song of happy invitation to the feast that was ready spread. We sat down to dinner, 400 strong, and over the clatter of the tables soared the songs of the birds in the branches overhead, the musical tinkle of a nearby waterfall, and the happy laughter of the bridal party.

To them it was the height of good fortune that an old "tohunga" of their fathers' faith had wed them, and that a white man's priest had made them one.