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is McMahon, a graduate, ls, has left for Shornher own expenses, in her services in the hos e nurses and members e of this institution are ey can to aid the work. N NOT GUILTY.

who had been charged of a horse, was found Judge Coatsworth in the d court yesterday.

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DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Daughters of the Poor.

'LL be getting in late all this week," said Myra one morning "What's the "Well, mother" one away, and 've got to keep

LEONA DALRYMPLE. pretty hard every day. How can you keep house?"
"I don't know," said Myra, seriously. don't know how I can, but I Funny world, isn't it? I have horde of brothers, and I work harder than at least four of them, but when mother takes a vacation I simply have mother takes a vacation I simply have to get on the job and work for them. It doesn't make any difference at all that I'm saddled with a man's job of bread-winning. I have to take up the woman's job, too, and keep house for the men of the family. Why, say, if one of those brothers of mine were asked to get a meal ready he'd have an apopletic fit. Fair, isn't it?"

Scott!" I protested, "you have to work

natural. You've a woman's aptitude naven't. It isn't necessarily that they mean to be selfish and make you work

"It's easy to explain," said Myra wearly, "but it isn't so easy to under-stand when the alarm clock peals forth at five-thirty in the morning, and I know I have to keep going every minute if I'm to get mother's work done and get to the office in any sort of time at all. This morning I was up at

"You honestly mean that you had to do the family wash before you came to

Myra nodded.
"And get the breakfast and make the "And get the oreakiast and make the beds and a few other little chores."

I gazed at the girl with a sense of shock. I had been taught from infancy that the most beautiful thing it the world about maternity was its unself-takess. And yet—here in Myra's case—takes confronting a salfish mother. I was confronting a selfish mother.

"I remember you told me once before that you have to do your own ironing nights after you go home."

"Bure thing. And make my own delta."

clothes. Believe me, it keeps me busy.'

I confess to my masculine mind I could not see why on earth Myra's mother should iron for her sons who worked and not for the daughter who worked and not for the daughter who worked as hard. Nor could I see why the mother's holiday should fall entirely upon the girl simply because she was a sirl. It was the old, old injustice of sex, of fron-bound tradition and woman's inhumanity to woman. But a selfish mother—it outraged all my sense of the fitness of things. of the fitness of things.

I spoke of it to Aunt Minerva.

"Peter," she said, "there is much said about the ingratitude of children, but there are mothers in the world whose conomic cruelty and selfishness is quite abelievable. There are mothers who expect too much from the daughter and othing at all from the son, and Myra's other is a sample.
"Men have kept her working all her

life, and she sees nothing else for her daughter. Nor does she hesitate to sadthe girl herself when occasion arises. It's a big job to be the poor daughter of a poor mother with a house full of sons. The girl suffers always. And if sons. The girl suffers always. And it in her anger and resentment she flares—the world talks journalistically about her place and her duty. Myra's case is just one of many, many hundreds."

Today's Fashion



Simple Frock of Dotted Tulle

and Pale Blue Taffeta.

THE OLD, OLD STORY * *

By Michelson



T happens every summer, this story. And those who take part in it are likely to forget entirely that it is old. It generally seems wonderfully, something thrillingly, new. Even if sky and water and thousands of years, you never can hope to convince HIM that this particular sort of girl and a man who felt the way he does ever . is the very OLDEST part of the story.

He knows that men have been led to SAY things at such and canoe and landscape have, admittedly, happened for thousands times, and she knows what he MAY say, but surely there is a great DIFFERENCE in it all.

A Lost Old Woman and the Story of a Trough

By Winifred Black

ened old woman-lost and wandering was working.

And one of her daughters is trying hard to

about the world, alone.

find her, and the other doesn't know where she is-and that's all ianapolis-the little old lady who walks with a cane—and the married daughter was taken ill and sent to a hospital, and on the day that she his wife. left home for the hospital she sent her mother to one of her mother's other daughters, who

lived in a small town in Indiana. They say that the other daughter tried to send the mother back the very day she arrived, but the police interfered.

Where? Nobody knows. And nobody but the daughter who has just come out of he hospital seems to care. What a strange thing it is, this thing we call motherhood!

Did the daughter, who sent her mother away because she was too much

trouble, ever make any trouble for that same mother herself? How silly she was to do it! Why didn't she go and drop her over the back fence into somebody's yard, like a lost kitten, when she was so much

How many dresses did that mother make for that daughter before she was so old that she became "troublesome," I wonder? Ruffles and tucks and inset and embroidery! What an eager study of little stitches, all so that daughter would look pretty at Sunday school. It was lonesome the day they started to school, wasn't it mother?

Grandfather's Wooden Trough.

Do you remember how still the house was, and how strangely the puppy oted, and how long the hours seemed in the quiet house? And when the noon came, and they romped home, how the old rooms better.

And when the noon came, and they romped home, how the old rooms laughed a welcome?

They weren't always good, the little girls, not always obedient, not always happy, but oh, how their mother loved them, and how she toiled and sacrificed, and how she hoped and trusted for them!

better.

In an indiscreet appreciation of a prune dessert, Bob declared one day that he was so fond of that humble fruit, as I had then prepared it, that he'd welcome is agerly this fond and inexperienced bride picked up a "bargain" case of prunes the following day.

However, innumerable prunes are on my hands; mine not to reason why, nor to look and its but to sail into the balance on hand and consume the look.

A German peasant and his wife, who had risen a little in the world, sat down one day to rather a fine dinner.

There was a cloth on the table, meat in the platter and plenty of white read, and the housewife had used all her best dishes in honor of the feast.

ND now she's lost-the little, frail, fright- The little boy threw down the knife and the piece of wood with which he

"I did not hear you " he said

The Boy's Plan.

"I am very busy. I am making a wooden trough for you and mother to She lived with a married daughter in Ind- eat from, like the trough grandfather has for his food. "I want it to be ready when I am a man and you come to live with me. And from that day on the old man ate at the table with the peasant and

The torch! The torch! How it passes from hand to hand! I light mine for you, your child lights hers for her children. Can we not be kind and loving with the bearer of the torch, even while it passes from her aged hand and weak to ours and to our children?

A Bride's Own Story Of Her Household Adventures

-By ISOBEL BRANDS-Planning an Economical "Using-up-Foods" Campaign.

S the weather gets warmer I find that I'll have to make quick work using up Did that mother ever sit up all night, night after night, nursing her child with the measles or the scarlet fever or the whooping cough, I wonder? asave on my food bills by buying in quantity I overbought on several items.

I know I've entirely too many different odds and ends of cereals left over in their jars, and dried prunes and figs and raisins.

In my eagerness to use up all these foods as quickly as possible I exposed myself beautifully one morning. Usually I can consume almost any quantity of cereal in the shape of some kind of hot cakes-cornmeal cakes, oatmeal cakes, farina cakes, rice cakes, and so on. But in warm weather we can't have them. fashion books; how much earnest planning and scheming; how many little. So I have constituted myself a sort of weather prophet, and every time I guessed we would have cold weather the following morning I've put a cereal in the fireless the night before.

All went most auspiciously for a few days until the day I guessed wrong, and on a quite warm morning oatmeal appeared as the breakfast food. Bob declined, and suggested a cold cereal, and thereupon my secret leaked out. Bob has placed heavy bets that I can't use up all my economically purchased cereals before the Fourth of July and the weevils arrive!

I've a simpler problem with the dried fruits, although I really did make a mistake in getting 10-pound quantities as late as I did. Next year I'll know

sacrificed, and how she hoped and trusted for them!

The little girls who were going to grow up into women, who forgot!

I wonder if the daughter who tried to turn her mother out of the house the other day, out in Indiana, ever heard the old German story about the grandfather and the wooden trough?

A German reasant and his wife, who had risen a little in the world. Sat

Prune Pudding. One-third of a cup of bread crumbs. One-third of a cup of flour. One-third of a cup of sugar. One teaspoonful of baking powder.

IMPLICITY is the keynote of many of the smartest frocks designed for warm weather wear.

The smartest frocks designed for warm weather wear.

This girlish dress is of white dotted tills over a lining of palest blue taffeta. The bodice is severely plain, and is immed with frills of the tuils. Putted the passant's wife, but there was no answer, and the ward left to stand over each wear of the full, flaring skirt hangs from beath a girlle of blue taffeta. The full, flaring skirt hangs from beath a girlle of blue taffeta. It is saidle of blue taffeta. It is saidle of the taffeta which finish the hear of the floor of the floor of the floor of the smartest frocks designed for warm seal in the smooth of a cup of milk.

One third of a cup

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Humor and Laughter; What They Are and Why

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

F you say the population of China is very stupid, nobody laughs. When you say the population is very dense, no one cracks a smile. When, however, after the teacher has told the class to write a review of the geography lesson in which she said the "population was very dense," little Willie writes "The people of China are noted for their stupidity," smiles inevitably rise to

Similar twists can be given to the phrase, "It's a woman's lot to suffer in silence," by making it over into "a silent woman suffers a lot." But what causes the gigantic change in human nature at the mere somersault-

Experiments recently concluded, which seek to explain the meaning of humor, are to be applied to the foolish laughter of fashion which is as the

crackling of thorns under a pot. Rather+ is it applied to Rabelaisian as well as subtle, inextinguishable fun, the kind that shakes the midriff of despair.

A' Child's Laugh Nature, forsooth, has framed strange

fellows in her time. Some that will release from the bondage of discipline, inheritance and training. It is the genii jumping out of Aladdin's bottle of conevermore peep through their eyes and laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper. Others of such vinegar aspect that

they'll not show their teeth in the way of a smile, though Nestor himself swear The reason you laugh at a Hottentot the jest be laughable.

Since Aristotle many philosophers, physicians and psychologists have sought to discover the more deep down in your heart you are unconsciously sure that is more than sought to discover the magic elixir that enough. When you laugh at the bumps, underlies laughter. Ribot said it was a falls and torments of the slapstick

be no deep appreciation of the comic. Stolid or flaccid, unused or degenerate

Amoebae, microbes, worms, flowers and frogs lack emotions and cannot laugh. Yet a toad may stir your risibilities by his quaint cock-sided, popouted bead

the jest be laughable.

Whether you are a salesman, a book-wines, all pastry, puddings, ice cream and honey. reeper, a cash girl, or an emperor of finance you are a nest of hopes, impulses, wishes, aims with definite work to do. On the outside of you is a world of opposition, obstruction, millstones, loads and interferences. All of these conflict with your eagerness and tension to push toward the end you have. All of this makes for stolidity, solemnity, or, as Meredith said, "the mourn-

disproportion and inequality; Bergson holds it to be the unexpected collapse of the mechanical and automatic; Freud says it is the release from seemingly unpleasant and inevitable consequences. Experiments of my own reported in the Scientific American seemed to show that laughter was a release of suprarenal and other gland juices coincident with muscular action.

Without muscular activity there can be no deep appreciation of the comic.

Stolid or flaccid, unused or degenerate muscles are in a measure associated with lack of a sense of humor. Comes now Dr. Sylvia Bliss with the newest researches upon wit and laughter.

The laughter of little children is the result of surprise, muscular activity, bubbling animal spirits and inconsistencies. When Jack jumps from his box encies. When Jack jumps from his box sprouts, cucumbers, olives, assages as sense of humor.

A—Eat oysters, all kinds of fish, lobster, meat, broth, unthickened only, all kinds of fresh meats, poultry, game, bacon, bread and biscuits made with prepared gluten flour, green vegetables, such as summer cabbage, turnip tops, spinach, water cresses, mustard, lettuce, some and control of the control of th encies. When Jack jumps from his box dandelions, chicory, cold slaw, brussels or papa appears with false whiskers or liver, bread, biscuits, toast, potatoes, rice, oatmeal, cornmeal, sago, tapioca, arrowroot, turnips, carrots, parsnips

A READER-Q-What will remove

A-Use the following as a face wash: Chlorate of potash 3½ drams
Carbonate of potash 3
Orange flower water ... 2
Rosewater 8
ounces

All of this makes for stolidity, solemnity, or, as, Meredith said, "the mournfulness of wisdom."

The secret of laughter and wit is the secret of laughter and wit is the secret of laughter as it is. It The secret of laughter and wit is the abrupt explosion of nature as it is. It is lifting the lid of cant, hypocrisy, fashion, conventionality and the oppressive layers of age-grown custom, thought and language.

The joke, the funny story, the humorous make-up of the comedian, horse-ous make-up of the comedian and take to prescribe or offer advice for in-dividual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for in-dividual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest in take to prescribe or offer advice for in-dividual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be any advice for in-dividual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be any advice for in-dividual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be any advice for in-dividual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be any advice for in-dividual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest in the subject is not of general interest. He will not under-dividual cases.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl of 21, but have had very little to do with young men, but during last winter I met a young man to whom I have become very much attached. In fact, I am afraid I have fallen in love with him, but I am rather uncertain as to his feelings toward me, although he has al-ways treated me with kindness and respect.
Some time ago he had occasion to

leave the city and was away for some time. While away I wrote him several letters, to which he replied briefly, and one of his replies so irri-tated me that in a fit of anger I sent it back saying, "If you cannot write more, why write at all?" As soon as I had sent it I repented and wrote at once apologizing. However, be-fore he received my apology he returned to the city for a few days. but made no attempt to see me.

I learned from a friend that he was at home and called him up, and. after many attempts I managed to find him at home. I told him of my

action, but while he did not forgive me, yet he said he could hardly blame me for returning his letter. I blame me for returning his letter. I invited him to call on me, but he evaded my request and ended the conversation without accepting my invitation. He left the city the next day without calling on me again.

Now, dear Miss Laurie, should I write him first, or if he writes me should I answer him? I must confess I am very much in love and

fess I am very much in love and could forgive him almost anything.

PERPLEXED. Y dear Perplexed, you were a bit M Y dear Perplexed, you were a bit hasty and yet, perhaps you had reason to feel hurt. The young man himself admitted that he did not blame you for becoming irritated at the tone of his letter. Perhaps, my dear Perplexed, he intended that you should be irritated—most certainly he has shown you plainly that he is not anxious to continue his friendship with you. If he should write to you, of course you should answer his letter, but do not

: By Vernon Merry_

OU have often seen the plant called the "Dusty Miller" growing by the road-

Stephen grew poorer and poorer.

Finally all of the furniture fell to pieces, and he was compelled to use it for

Finally all of the furniture fell to pieces, and he was compelled to use it for kindling, for he was too lazy to chop wood in the nearby forest. He cared for nothing as long as he had enough to eat and a bed in which to sleep.

At last one morning the bed fell crashing to the floor, and as Stephen rose he said: "Now what shall I do? I have no place to sleep tonight." Then he thought of the heap of soft, white flour piled up on the floor of the

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