

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

A Character Study That Startles PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges. Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new serial by Miss Dalrymple. Her characters will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with growing interest.

Questionable Literature.

XI.

"WHAT," said Mary primly, "is not at all a nice sort of book. I'm surprised Peter, that you wanted me to read it."

"I started in some pardonable astonishment. The book was a powerful fiction sermon, a virginal, interesting narrative that I had found most fascinating. Not so Mary. She enumerated the portions which displeased her with an air of offended dignity."

"Dear me, Peter," she said. "Surely you can see for yourself that the author touches upon subjects of which we ought never to speak or read. And in the plainest language, too. Such material should not be printed in any book."

"There is nothing that can't be written about," said I bluntly. "Provided the writer has the right touch and the right feeling behind it."

"Peter," exclaimed Mary, "I don't see how you can speak so. The book is immoral."

"I gasped. I begged, 'Is an immoral book?'"

"One," said Mary lamely, "that is indecent. Why this is so I can't tell you."

"That," I replied patiently, "is essentially a woman's viewpoint. I could have qualified it and said that it is a woman's viewpoint, but I dislike the terse things men as a rule say to their wives, and so I forebore."

"The book is so silly," said Mary. "Now it has been my experience that Mary hates to face the facts of life squarely. Why this is so I can't tell you. She likes acute sentimentality, provided it is pretty. She loves to weep over a book and dab her eyes with her handkerchief at the end of a chapter. And she'll be dry cleaned. I said as much to the salesman."

"Oh, yes, to be sure, madame," he agreed, "all sewn book better by being tubbed. In fact, madame, I do not think tubbing summer dresses has been very much favored for the past two seasons."

However, their loveliness, as I say, is unequalled. Every shade and every weave which have made the silks and wools and velvets such wondrous stuffs for costumes have been repeated in the cottons, which are the best goods, the best goods, the other threads being silk. The names we have become accustomed to are retained. There is rattice, chestnut, the most appealing being in a loosely woven check, decidedly smart for suits. Tan and rose is a good combination."

Then there is duvetyne in plain and novelty weaves. The latter is like the neat velvet. It comes in moss green, heliotrope, yellow, rose, blue, all the lovely new shades. It is wide—almost as wide as it is costly. It is intended, I believe, to be something like corduroy, to be used for coats to be worn over frocks of flowered crepe, the plain material matching the color of the flower.

Crepes, either flowered or brocaded, or plain or figured, and in every color and combination of colors are new, desirable and fascinating. The average price of the most alluring goods seemed to hover about the \$4 a yard mark. And I saw a dozen or more women having the materials measured off with delightful unconcern, so I suppose it is all right. But we should have to change our ideas of what constitutes the "simple little tub frock."

"The man I mean was very fat, when he came into the ring."

He bet somebody that he could ride the trick horse as well as the regular circus riders, and with a great deal of trouble he mounted the horse.

You held your breath, expecting him every minute to be dashed to pieces under the horse's hoofs.

swallow most any absurdity provided the book ends happily.

This abnormal hunger for the unreal is to me most surprising. Is it the result of the idyllic, unreal dream world which girls are taught assignments to know and to like? Why in heaven's name, aren't girls taught to face the facts of life in the fashion of boys? Why must we swath a girl's eyes in a mist of rose-colored chifferon and let her suffer cruelly when life snatches the veil away as it must in time?

"And besides," Mary was saying, naively, "the book has no pretty words in it!"

"Nevertheless," insisted Mary, "I do love pretty words, and they help make a book for me. 'Shadows'—that's a pretty word—and 'marigold,' and things like that. Look at some of the dreadful words in that book. They actually made me shudder."

What pampered esthetics some women are!

We laid aside the book, and a few days later I found Mary reading a popular novel of somewhat salacious flavor.

"Oh Peter," she exclaimed with shining eyes, "it's just wonderful, wonderful! You must read it."

"I have read it," I said with a shrug. "Mary," I added slowly, "I don't think there's considerably more in delicacy in it than the book you criticized the other night."

"There's a beautiful love story in it," defended Mary, "and beautiful words. I don't see, Peter, how you can speak that way. There isn't a single offensive word in the whole thing, and nothing half so bald and brutal as the other book."

"It doesn't need to be," I pointed out. "It's nasty insinuation beautifully veiled. Mary," I added slowly, "I don't think you and I agree as to just what constitutes an immoral book. 'That book in your hand I consider grossly immoral because it treats of a sex problem in a flippant, frivolous way, and makes irregularly and indecently attractive. You do lots more than you ought to while you're reading it. Such an insidious influence is bound to be undermining."

"But," reminded Mary, with triumphant logic, "you said there was nothing absolutely nothing that couldn't be written in a book."

"Provided it be treated with reverence. Reverence to my notion, is the thing that makes a book moral or immoral. To clothe vice attractively."

"Why does a woman devour exotic, unwholesome sentimentality, and deliberately side-step a frank but reverent exposition of the same topic?"

"Isn't it the result of the foolish, rose-colored training?" I think so.

And she owes most of her attractiveness and healthiness to her belief in these four very simple foodstuffs, she says.

Here is the way she incorporates them in her dietary:

LIGHT DIET IS AID TO BEAUTY



Elaine Hammerstein

Elaine Hammerstein's Sample Menu

By Ann Marie Lloyd

EAT oranges and apples and bank-rupt the beauty parlor. Eat spinach and onions and cheat the germ jinx."

This is the little health and beauty hint which Elaine Hammerstein gives her friends when they marvel at her never lessening vivacity and buoyancy, and cast envious looks at her clear skin and sparkling eyes.

In addition to being healthy and happy, Miss Hammerstein has wisdom. Like-wise she has independence, individuality, originality and personality.

She is also musical. She sings—in light not grand opera—and she has dramatic ability. And she has beauty. Not the statuesque type of that commodity, but the beauty of the average young American girl, the beauty of the joy of living.

She has also magnetism and charm. And she owes most of her attractiveness and healthiness to her belief in these four very simple foodstuffs, she says.

Here is the way she incorporates them in her dietary:

Julice of six oranges for breakfast. (Incidentally, that's all except dry Graham toast.)

Two apples, baked or raw, for lunch. And whatever else she feels like eating, but no sweets. The apples are dessert.

Spinach, plain boiled and eaten without vinegar, as the chief vegetable dish at dinner. All she wants of it. Sometimes she dresses it with oil and lemon juice and eats it as a salad.

One raw onion and another apple at night.

"Analyze the word 'liver,'" says Miss Hammerstein. "It means just what it sounds like. You can't live without a liver. You can't be well or happy without a good one. What keeps the liver out?"

"Orange juice, apples, spinach and onions. They are cleansers and tonics of the system. They contain the salts we should have. Spinach is rich in salt and in iron."

"Why don't we find the medicine we need in food? Why don't we find the way to be beautiful in food? Some of us do. All of us may. I am convinced more suicides are due to disordered livers than to aching hearts."

"Unrequited love will not make any sane person think of life, unless it is irritated and aggravated by an unhappy lover. You know there is an old proverb, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away.' It is perfectly true. Try it. And add the other things to it."

"As for the haunting odor which survives the onion, chew a leaf of parsley and it will be absorbed. By the way, parsley is another grand medicine."

Mamma—Did mamma's little girl keep baby still while I was away?

Mamma's little girl—Yes'm; but next time I wish you'd let Susie play wiv me, 'cause it's hard work for jest one to set on him all the afternoon.

Mamma (explaining spiritual truths to her little boy)—Tommy, when you die you leave your body behind; only your soul goes to heaven.

Tommy—Well, mamma, what will I button my pants to?

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

When Might Is Right Odds Favor "Good Luck"

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins),
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HOW does one man rise to the seats among the mighty and another hates him merely for his success? Is there any such thing as a secret formula of strength and power?

"Frankly, there is not. Nor is there such a thing as 'luck.'" "Luck," said Prof. Edward Livingston of Johns Hopkins University not long ago, "is merely the proof of our ignorance which shows itself in the law of probability."

In analogous words, luck is the unexpected action of the unlooked for forces of nature upon something or other, which might be you or me.

Thus, if ten thousand persons were gazing upward with their mouths wide open, and some one was to pitch two deadly torturing bicarbonate tablets up in the air, one of these might be gulped down by Nicholas Nicklewitch and the other might bounce from the head of Skinny Doyle, who was no good to any one.

Those who believe in magic and "good luck" explain such things to their own superstitious satisfaction, but the rest know, with Prof. Livingston, that if all of the possible conditions were known, if the action of the air, gravity, friction, hand-power, the forces above and below, and ventilation million other physical conditions of the mineral and living worlds of thought and matter were available for calculation, that which you call "bad" or "good" luck would turn out to be only a matter of mathematics.

Sooth to say, this fuisome state of knowledge remains to be worked out in the dim and distant future.

Might is really to health what luck is to mathematics. If you were perfectly formed from an inheritance of perfection and lived in surroundings that could not reduce your perfect qualities of health, you would be all powerful.

The gods are said to exist in the strongest, because nothing succeeds like health. All of the armed prophets conquer and all of the unarmed perish, because to the healthy all things are possible.

For the same reason, the winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

Right should always overcome might, because right is an immemorial accumulation of inherited and combined "mights." Briefly, right is a compound of might, and hence, when it acts to conquer, it approaches perfect health more nearly than might itself.

What is mere physical health without a double share of healthful thoughts? Thus right is vaster, more widely, less burdensome, more secure, more complete in its health and command than mere muscular health.

"The great mind knows the power of geniuses. Only trees force because persuasion fails."

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Answers to Health Questions

F. B. Philadelphia—What is good for little holes left in the face after blackheads are out? What will remove little, sore, red places on the nose?

Apply glycerine to the blackheads and put into the holes afterward. Too much greasy, rich, "milky" foods may be at the basis of your red nose. Touch the nose with a crystal of alum.

MISS C., Toronto, Can.—What is good for watery eyes?

Hot baths of borie acid water in an eye-cup five times a day. Your glasses are also need correcting, and should be worn constantly.

G. J.—I'm annoyed with sweaty hands. What is the cause and the cure for this trouble?

Irritable, nervous, timid people whose "thyroid" the mass of tissue near the Adam's apple is overactive, usually have sweaty hands. The application of belladonna ointment, a poison which the doctor must watch, often checks the perspiration.

Dr. Hirschberg 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. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Sayings of Children

An astute little boy was asked the other day what was meant by "sins of omission," and he responded, without any pause or hesitation, "The sins we have forgotten to commit."

Johnny having arrived at his 8th birthday thought it would be real nice to write a letter to his papa, and this is the way he began: "My dear papa—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you and say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Mamma—Did mamma's little girl keep baby still while I was away? Mamma's little girl—Yes'm; but next time I wish you'd let Susie play wiv me, 'cause it's hard work for jest one to set on him all the afternoon.

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BUT I'M I GOTTA LAY!
Illustration of a man sitting at a desk.

Hands! Some Advice

Being too weak to break a pane... I will bet after they have turned loose against another it will take all the officials of the... JOHN BULL.

New Cottons Rival Silks

LATEST WORD FROM MAKERS OF FASHION
By Madge Marvel

COOKING UTENSILS

Aluminum Graniteware Tin or Iron
A splendid assortment always on hand for you to choose from.

ON & CO.

WINE HOUSE
Claret.
ON & CO. BRANTFORD

Why the 1914 Girl Is Superior

By WINIFRED BLACK

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DR. RICHARD ROOT SMITH says that the woman of 1914 is an imperfect and defective type. She is, says Dr. Smith, slight, thin, chestnut, nervous and in every way a bad business specimen.

Dr. Smith made this statement at the Race Betterment Conference at their recent session in Battle Creek, Mich.

Why, Dr. Richard Root Smith, whatever are you talking about, and why are you talking?

"The woman of 1914 an imperfect and defective type, indeed! You're fooled, Doctor, the clothes or the lack of them are fooling you."

Don't you remember the man at the circus who used to tickle you almost to death when you were little and thought that spangles dropped down out of the skies and that there was something almost unearthly about the smell of sawdust?

The man I mean was very fat, when he came into the ring. He bet somebody that he could ride the trick horse as well as the regular circus riders, and with a great deal of trouble he mounted the horse.

You held your breath, expecting him every minute to be dashed to pieces under the horse's hoofs.

Of course, you didn't want that to happen to him, but as long as it was going to happen you were glad, with a kind of breathless gladness, that you were going to be there so you could tell your cousin, who had to stay at home with the whooping cough, that you had seen him.



Winifred Black

Everybody fainted, sometime, during the week.

Grandma fainted in church when the preacher talked about the Prodigal Son, and everybody knew that she was thinking of her boy that ran away.

Another fainted when Aunt Sarah said she was going to marry the village cut-up—so there. And Aunt Sarah herself fainted when the village cut-up decided that he didn't want to be married after all. It was the thing to faint; it was the thing to be "delicate" and "frail." Red cheeks were looked upon as vulgar, and nobody who was anybody wore any corsets larger than a number 20.

Feet were small, too, or at least the feet fit the shoes. Women were not supposed to eat; they "trifled" with an ice or picked the wing of a chicken.

It was rude to be healthy and bad form to be sturdy. Now every girl you know can skate and walk and ride and row and play tennis and swim and play golf and run a motor either in a boat or a car, and she is as strong and "fit" as her brother and, sometimes, and not too seldom by any means, a good deal "fitter."

She isn't spinless and round-shouldered and hollow-cheested at all, Doctor; she is just wearing the fashionable clothes and doing the fashionable pose.

makes the girls look anaemic, but it doesn't make them so in reality, by any manner of means.

No girl can be anaemic and tango 20 miles a day, besides doing a lot of perfectly good walking for the sake of her complexion.

Your grandmother and mine, Dr. Smith, "swoned."

Your mother and mine "fainted," My aunt said that when she was a girl there was never a funeral, or a wedding, or a surprise party, or a circus, or a quilting bee, or anything else where people were gathered together, without some one being carried out in a perfectly good faint.

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Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

THE Big Red Rooster stood looking at Charlie Chick one day just as the sun came over the hills.

"What funny feet you have," the big fellow said to Charlie. "They are not as funny as yours," replied Charlie Chick.

"What is funny about mine?" asked the Big Red Rooster, poking his head down until he almost upset himself.

"Why," began Charlie, "your feet are all full of scratches."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the Big Red Rooster, taking another squint at his feet. "I may have been in the briar patch, but I didn't know I scratched those beautiful feet of mine."

With that the big fellow went off behind the barn where Dobbin was. He hung his head and every little while he looked at his feet and asked himself, "I wonder what is the matter with me, anyway?"