DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERY-BODY

FEMININE FOIBLES :: By Annette Bradshaw

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.

LEONA DALRYMPLE

Love and Faith.

BUT Joan caught my arm again. "Let's not go yet," she said. "Somehow I can't bear to think of going in tonight. We seem so much by ourselves here—so far from the world. And, Peter, I may never have you for my own."

"Joan!" I said, "for the love of heaven, don't keep saying things like that. We're merely two very foolish people who have no right in the first place to be here in a boat alone."

"I wonder," said Joan, "if you know, Peter, that the world of men is divided into two parts—the men who make a girl want to live a man's life with all the more or less questionable privileges which his sex grants him, and the men who make a girl want to lead a woman's life."

"And I?"

Peter Imitates Mary.

I think I was a little startled at the sound of my own voice. For I was doing something which I had repeatedly censured in Mary and her sex. I was making a more or less impersonal conversation—personal, and it came over me with something of a shock that I wanted very much to drift back to personal dialogue, and that in this I was in no sense different from the women whom I had criticised.

How often men, finding an idiosyncrasy in some one woman, blandly make of it a characteristic of all women, when all the time it is but a characteristic of all humanity. Women are curious, says the cynical bachelor, and the most curious people in the world that I've ever met are men. They apologize sincerely for it, but the tendency is there. It's humanity's passion for delving into mystery.

"You, Peter," Joan was saying, "are one of the men who make a woman want to lead a woman's life."

"And yet," said I sombrely, "I am at this very moment unfaithful in my mind to my wife."

Joan Accuses Mary.

"It's Mary's fault," flashed Joan, ready, as a woman ever is, to saddle the blame upon another woman.

"It isn't," I said, "and, Joan, we'll please not speak of Mary. I love her sincerely for all I'm on the verge of making a fool of myself about you."

"Forgive me, Peter," said Joan contritely, "it—it's just that Mary isn't the mate I would have picked for you."

"Mary is growing," I said with a sudden startled sense of evolution in my pretty wife. I had watched it since we've been away from home, though I don't believe I had ever really faced the fact before tonight.

"Growing," said Joan, "away from you."

"What do you mean?"

"Can't you see?"

"No."

"You are no whit more unfaithful to Mary in your mind than she is to you. Mary is on the verge of falling in love with Hugh Jaynes."

"Joan!"

"It's true," flashed the girl, "and if you weren't so blind you'd see it."

I know I turned white. I know that I felt turned to stone. I know that I did not understand myself again. For Joan's words brought with them pain, wounded vanity, terrific unbelief. That Mary could be sampling life's by-ways without me had not occurred to me once. It was a proof of my colossal and truly masculine egotism that I simply could not credit Joan's words.

"I know," I said stiffly, "that Hugh is quite crazy about her, but I'm sure Mary is indifferent to him. Mary," I said, with emphasis, "loves me."

A SLIGHT RESERVATION

CLARA—Are you giving up dancing this Lent?

MARY—Well, I've promised Mamma to cut out everything but the fox trot.

There's No "Mystery" at All About Unfaithfulness

By WINIFRED BLACK

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THE Three Women and the One Man—have you read about them in the papers?

The man is good-looking, fairly. Clever, rather. Successful, to a modest degree. And he has three women desperately in love with him, all at the same time.

And one of the women is efficient and bustling and practical and a good manager.

And one of the women is tender and wistful and gentle, and very sad.

And one of them is beautiful and sparkling and clever and tragic.

The first two women were married to the man, one right after the other, and the third woman knew them both, but she left her husband just the same and went away with the man to live "the ideal life" he liked to talk about to her.

Winifred Black

And now the third woman is in a hospital, facing the charge of murder. She killed her children, and if she lives she must stand trial for murder, and they are all making a great mystery about why she did it.

In Love with Love.

I can't see where the mystery comes in.

Is there anything mysterious about the burn on your finger, if you put your hand in the blaze and hold it there?

If you should hear the wind howling outside and see the snow whirling in a blizzard, and somebody kept you on the step telling you how pretty you looked in your thin waist and low shoes, would there be anything to wonder at if you were a bit under the weather for a few days?

The third woman tried to kill herself because she was miserable, and in that state because she had done a thing that would not let her be happy.

No, it isn't fate, or punishment, or justice that did it. It isn't even right or wrong—it's just what is and what must be.

Not all the thinking in the world, not all the hoping and trusting—no, nor even all the praying—will turn a man who has deceived two women into a true and faithful husband.

It isn't the other women he meets who make a man unfaithful, it's the man himself.

Some men are in love with love. So are some women.

They are the most dangerous people in the world.

Just for the Amusement.

A man who is in love with love is always a good deal in love with himself, too. He doesn't really care for the woman he thinks he's in love with, he cares for himself, that's all.

And that's all he ever will care for. And the woman who takes him away from his wife doesn't take him at all, he takes her. And after he has taken her he will take another girl, and another, and another, and then some one of them will take him seriously, and there will be a tragedy.

He is never really serious, even with himself, the man who is in love with love.

He's just a little boy, playing to amuse himself, and he is always a good deal like a little boy I know who had a bright, pretty red drum. Such a fine, loud, sonorous drum as it was, so full of martial music.

The little boy was so much in love with the drum that he had it by his pillow every night, and all day he went around with the drum straps over his shoulders.

But one day he grew tired of drumming, and he wondered what it was that made the drum so musical.

"Dr-r-um!" said the drum, "dr-r-u-m!"—it was like a heart-beat. It made him thrill to hear it. Finally he could stand it no longer, and so he broke the drum, to find out what was inside.

And then he sat down and cried bitterly, for he knew that his music was gone. But somebody gave him a nice new trumpet with a pretty band of gilt around it, and he forgot, and was quite happy again.

It is all very well to be musical, but it is very bad luck to be too inquisitive.

Don't marry a man who wonders. He'll begin to wonder about some one else after he's been married to you awhile, and then——?

No, there is nothing mysterious about the woman who tried to kill herself. It would have been very mysterious if she had been able to go on living, and pretend to be happy.

And that's how these "love mysteries" always seem—to me.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 20 years old, and have a sweetheart eight years my elder, whom I have known for over three years. At times he drinks quite heavily. When I hear of it and ask him about it he says that if I will marry him he will give it up. He comes from a highly respectable family, and aside from this one fault is a man of very clean habits. He is kindly and sensible, and has travelled a great deal. My parents object to him because of the difference in nationality, but I have a fairly good understanding of the man's nature, and believe that he will try and do what is right by me. He says that he is not addicted to liquor as a habit. When with me he never takes a drink, except possibly at a wedding or some similar occasion, and then just enough to avoid comment. Do you not think that if he is willing to show me this respect he will give up liquor altogether when we are married?

GYP.

MY Dear Gyp—What a problem you have to work out, my dear girl, and how am I going to help you to do it?

You seem to love the man dearly, and from what you say he is lovable, but the drink—how are you going to get away from that?

If a man will not stop drinking to please a woman before he is married to her, be sure he will never stop to please her after she is his wife.

A man's sweetheart can do more with him in a day than a man's wife can do in a year. You don't like to think so; neither do I; but it is true none the less.

Why don't you get the man to promise not to drink for one year. See how he keeps that promise, and then decide what you will do.

Oh, yes, I know a year is a long time to wait, but 20 years lived with a drunkard is a century.

No woman can be happy who marries a man who drinks too much.

And how about the children? Have you any right to put such misery upon another human being? Ask your family doctor what sort of unhappy people the children of a drunkard are apt to be.

Three-quarters of the cases helped out by the Associated Charities in every great city are brought to their misery by a drinking man.

Are you going to be able to stand the strain? Long, long hours of anxious waiting, days of humiliating doubt, nights of restless misery—all these will come to you even if the man who drinks now stops drinking for your sake.

The shadow of a great fear will be over your home.

As to his being of a different nationality, that is, of course, a drawback. You have been brought up to eat different foods, to go to different churches, to read different books. All this does not conduce to happy marriage.

It's a novelty for a while, but after a time you will find yourself wishing that you understood him better, and he will notice that you do not really sympathize with him in many of his most important views of life.

However, a real love and a real affinity of soul can surmount and does surmount thousands and thousands of times such difficulties as these.

I'd marry a man from the Troublesome Balkans if I loved him and he loved me.

But I should hesitate a long time before I married a man who drinks to excess.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am 16 years old and have a boy friend who wants to call on me. As mother doesn't allow me to have boy friends come to the house I have been meeting him at a friend's house. I do not feel that I should continue doing this, because it would inconvenience my friend. What should I do, for I feel that I am old enough to be trusted, and that my mother should allow me to have boy friends at home.

A. E.

WELL, Miss Methuselah, I suppose you're too old to wait another minute to have a boy friend.

Why don't you tell your mother so—not in a quarrel, not pettishly, but some day when you two are in the house together alone tell her just exactly what you have told me.

If she's a woman of the least common sense she will see, as I do, that if she can't do the best there is for you she can do the best she can.

Of course, she realizes that you are a foolish little girl, and by meeting the boy at your friend's house you have proved what she already seems to think—that you are not to be trusted.

Probably she will wish that you had a little more sense, but as you haven't, she will act accordingly. If I were that mother I'd fill my house up with girls and boys half a dozen of them at once, and I'd keep you so busy looking after them all that you wouldn't have time to sit off in the corner and be sentimental over any one of them. Tell your mother, little girl, tell your mother. Have the thing open and out and above board—that's the only way—and besides, it isn't "smart" to have secret affairs or serious affairs of any kind with men at your age.

A Strong Argument.

"Come on, hand over your bird seed! I'm a bad bird; I was hatched from a bad egg!"

The Good Night Story

THE FAIRY SAPPHIRE :: :: By Vernon Merry

ALICE was the only member of the Marsh family who did not believe in fairies. All her brothers and sisters watched for them in the flowers and under the blades of grass, but Alice laughed at them and said that she knew that there weren't any fairies in the world.

One day in early spring, when the violets and Quaker ladies were blooming, Alice went out to fill her basket, and seeing a thick carpet of violets beneath a tree, she sat down to pick some of the largest flowers. Suddenly she heard the sweetest music and looked about to find out where it came from.

It seemed to rise from the ground, and lifting the broad violet leaves she discovered a company of tiny people singing and dancing about. Alice knew immediately that they were fairies.

Then a strange thing happened. The Fairy Queen waved her wand and Alice found herself almost as small as the fairies.

"Now you can pass through the door with us," said the Queen. "This is the King's birthday and we invite you to be our guest at the party."

Of course Alice was delighted and went with the fairies through the door in the tree—which led to fairyland. After walking a short distance they came to the palace built of gold and jewels, which glistened in the sunlight.

Within they were feasting and merrymaking, and Alice never had such a good time in her life. She was allowed to fill her pockets with fairy-candy and when she was ready to go home they led her to the treasure house and told her to take as many jewels as she liked.

Alice was not greedy, so she selected one large sapphire, because it was blue, like the sky of fairyland. Then she thanked the King and Queen and again passed through the door in the tree.

When Alice's brother Bobby found her asleep under the tree she awoke and told him about her visit to fairyland.

"I'll always believe in fairies now," she said, "even if it was but a dream. And when I grow up I'll have a ring set with a fairy sapphire."

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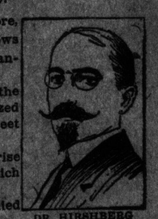
Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Each One of Us Has a Distillery in His Blood

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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



DR. HIRSHBERG

HE jests at scars that never felt a wound; therefore, the happy man, or the ostrich, who never knows he has a stomach, has escaped the fling of another melancholy medical term—"fermentation."

Literally, fermentation means to boil. Even the worthies of 50,000 and more years ago were civilized enough to recognize when sugary mixtures and sweet juices fermented and were converted into alcohol.

The toil and troubles, boil and bubbles that arise from such a solution are much the same as that which arises in superheated water.

Nowadays, however, fermentation—accurately applied to the changes in sweet juices, fruits and malty mixtures—has been made more comprehensive and inclusive. Pasteur really brought this about by the discovery that bacteria and other microscopic creatures, ever-present in the air, dust, earth and water, live and multiply during fermentation at the expense of many meats, eggs, fats, sugars and starches and other non-mineral substances.

What Fermentation Is.

In brief, microbes or germs as they are called, produce certain materials, which dissolve, build up or otherwise bring about chemical changes in nature under the visible manifestation of bubbling. This is fermentation.

Decay, putrefaction, and even the infectious diseases themselves may not improperly be called fermentation. On the other hand, molds, fungi and germs often "ferment" like a factory. That is to say, some species are capable of constructive, instead of destructive effects.

These unseen living creatures, all of which are proved definitely and unanimously by sane persons with the requisite knowledge to cause fermentation, can be seen under the microscope. Moreover, their growing chemical products can be weighed and measured.

Bulgaria bacilli and other lactic acid germs, yeasts, and many other familiar and unfamiliar creatures are a vegetation, or vegetable ferment, which multiply by what they feed upon. To them in their living forms has been reserved the name of "ferments," while their juices or excretions, once called "unorganized ferments," are now called enzymes, just as pepsin, renin, trypsin, and other "unorganized ferments" of man and the other animals are now called enzymes.

So be it, there are, then, living causes of fermentation in the shape of bacteria, animalculae, and adult tissues, as well as there are enzymes which arise from the ferments. Enzymes may be both internal or kept inside the tissues of these creatures; they may be poured out to be sent to distant points as the pepsin of the stomach and the adipose, enterokinase, oxidase, trypsin and hundreds of others manufactured in the blood, muscles, intestines and elsewhere, or they may be both kept at home and sent abroad by the bacteria or tissues.

The Wonderful Zymase.

All living structures whether of the animal or the vegetable kingdoms possess enzymes inside their units or "cells" and also send them forth.

Enzymes, when separated from the bacteria or textures which give rise to them, cause various types of fermentation—that is to say changes—without themselves undergoing any change in quality or quantity. They are neither used up or form a part of the final product they make. Enzymes, however, can be used to make anti-enzymes, just as toxins or bacteria are used to make anti-toxins or anti-bacterial substances.

If rennet is inoculated into rats or other animals, anti-rennet can be formed, to be seen even by an anti-vivisectionist or anti-vaccinationist.

Oxidases are enzymes which "ferment" compounds by adding oxygen to them. Congulases cause blood to clot and muscles to stiffen. Pectinases are enzymes which dissolve the pectin which separates the pulp and pith of plants.

Diastase and amylase decompose starches. Hydrolases add water to compounds. Lipases change fats to glycerine and acid. Pepsin and trypsin—among the first known—digest meats and proteins. Catalases "digest" peroxide of hydrogen into oxygen and water. Zymases are the sex enzymes; they simply split up compounds without adding anything. The yeast plant excretes a zymase. Alcohol and carbonic acid gas are the split products formed from sugary things with zymase. The reason everybody has a distillery in the blood is because there is zymase present to disintegrate all loose sugar.

Answers to Health Questions

J. A. W.—Q—I am troubled with a red nose. Will you please tell me what to do for this?

A—Pepper, salt, sauces, seasonings, greasy, sweet and highly cooked foods, as well as hot dishes, liquors, soup, tea and coffee make red noses. A plain diet, exercise and lots of sleep will cure it.

* * *

V. H.—Q—1—Can you give me an idea how long a man can live with Bright's disease, contracted through alcoholism, if the patient does not stop the cause of his trouble?

2—Also how long if he does stop?

3—What would be a harmless sedative for such a patient?

A—1—I have seen patients drop off suddenly, and some others are still alive and happy.

2—There is always a better prospect for more people if the habit is stopped.

3—Bromide of potassi in 15-grain doses.

* * *

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 this office.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

AN ORIGINAL METHOD OF TRANSFORMING A FROCK

I WAS to have gone to Constance Powers's for luncheon and the matinee, but she called it off on account of illness. Consequently, I've enjoyed a whole day free from social duties.

I felt exactly as I used to when mother would go visiting, leaving me with Bridget and Nancy. I never knew what to do first, slide down the baluster or play circus on the guest room bed—the two strongly forbidden things.

Until I had managed to do both I was positively unhappy. What a disobedient little child I must have been.

This morning I had two strong impulses, one to crawl away to my attic corner and write verses, the other to make fudge and seafoam as I used to do at school. I followed the last impulse first, and, flanked by a box of candy, sought solitude to versify.

I hadn't rhymed for nearly a year—I've been afraid the muse never would sing again—this partying and teaing is sapping everything else from my life. It is impossible to crawl into a shell and live one's own way here. I seldom sing, for my voice has become so rusty through lack of practice that I'm ashamed of it.

It keeps me busy fulfilling the demands of society and following the pace set by fashion. Heigh-ho!

This reminds me that I must figure out a way to remodel my blue dance frock this very minute if I'm to wear it to the Stuart frolic.

Given enough pale blue silk for a foundation, and sufficient black velvet for a bolero jacket, find out what is required to fashion a smart dance frock?

First, I'll have an Empire underdress made of the silk, with only the faintest suggestion of a waist line, somewhere under the arms. Over it can be arranged a full covering of cream tulle or chiffon, cut in pointed scallops about the hem.

Two gathered frills of the tulle will add a charming "fluffy" touch about the feet, which is an absolute necessity now if one would be in fashion.

From the black velvet can be fashioned one of the fascinating little boleros that look so well with frocks of transparent materials. It is really nothing more than a wide girdle worn under the arms and held in position with straps of velvet, strands of jet or pearls which pass over the shoulders. I'll use jet, for I happen to have some left from my black dress.

I'm not keen about the sleeveless frocks, and will have short, close-fitting sleeves trimmed with three ruffles of the tulle.

Blue Silk and White Tulle Frock.

A dance frock is never complete, to my way of thinking, if it hasn't a flower tucked somewhere among the lace or silken folds. With this frock I'll wear a small red rose on the shoulder strap and a corsage bouquet.

There is a vogue for the slipper of gold brocade, which is worn with stockings of a pale tint to match the gown. I think it would be stunning to wear pale blue stockings and gold slippers with this frock.

I've completed the sketch for my dress, and it is too lovely for description.