

FOR THOSE
REJECTED

Offer Themselves,
Refused, Will Get
Recognition.

TO RECRUITING

Would Show They
one Their Best
To Go.

rewarded," said one
when his attention
men who are desirous
front, but have been
specially unfit. "We
d with this problem
as yet have not been
any mark of distinction
to not pass the doc-

Keith of the Mississauga
that his regiment
near future have some
testimonial for such
in time to come, and
at me, they would not
and reproach of their
th at home and at the

cal Certificate.
stated that the men
ought to pass the physical
overseas service will
ical certificate to this
was the decision of L.
D.M.S. in the new medi-

just issued.
ilitary officer, when in-
ated that the matter
ought to the attention
of militia, and make the
cable to the whole Do-
canda. Probably this
was taken up at the next
ference and a resolution
above effect.

ave a double purpose,
marked. If this scheme
frately, in conferencing
rejected recruit, and
the wonderful impetus
other men to join the

n Beings

atest au-
lues. In
e said: "I
t alone in
products,
ne. Milk
and wheat
dian corn,
n it con-
growing

rial in the
digestible

HEAT

go—a vim-
Try it for
or for any

eat by
pany, Limited

ET EAST

rell

Reserved.

Smart Sports-Coat of Simple White Corduroy.

THE sports coat of corduroy has won the approval of the outdoor girl, for it is a charming combination of style and utility.

This is a girlish model with the lower portion gathered to a shoulder yoke.

The sleeves have turned-back cuffs trimmed with bullet buttons, and a narrow belt confines the fullness about the waist.

Patch pockets, a narrow, rolled-down collar and large buttons complete the smart effect of this coat.

OFF-
STREET.

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Carry a Box of Friendship
Wherever You Chance to Go
By WINIFRED BLACK
Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.



Winifred Black

So the spring's gone and here's summer already begun before we realized it. Summer's such a friendly, pleasant sort of person I'm always so glad to hear her step upon the porch.

What are you going to do this summer? Are you tired of the old thoughts and habits and the old problems and worries, and even a few of the old comforts?

Wouldn't it be fun to get something absolutely new into your life this summer, somehow?

Once in a dusty, old volume, chosen at random from a dusty bookcase in the dusty office of a doctor who was too busy to realize that his office girl didn't dust as often as she should, I sat and read a strange old story, translated, I think, from the German.

It was about a young man who was traveling by stage coach somewhere in a wild and foreign country, and traveling with him was a dark man of mysterious mien.

Something happened to the stage coach, the dark man disappeared, and by some means the young man found himself with a box in his hands—a small, dark box, very plain and very heavy—which he remembered having seen in the possession of the mysterious stranger. He carried the box with him to his room in the dingy inn, put it on his table and thought no more about it. But after he had gone to bed he noticed a ray of soft light in the room.

When he looked carefully he saw that it came from the box. And when he lifted the box he noticed a crack in it, and looking through the crack he saw, within the box, a beautiful little room, charmingly furnished and lighted, with a fire burning in the grate, flowers upon the table, cushions upon the couch and an open book, face downward, on the cushions.

As he gazed in amazement something stirred behind a gorgeous curtain, and then out came a little woman, so tiny that it was funny even to think of her, but beautiful as perfection itself.

She carried a watering pot in her hand, and she watered the flowers, and then she put coals on the fire, trimmed the lamp, settled herself among the cushions and began to read.

What she read amused her greatly, for she threw back her little head so sweetly that the heart of the young man thrilled within him and from that hour the young man was never lonely and never sad, for he carried with him always the little box, and it was his delight and joy to wait for darkness so that he could look through the cracks and see the pretty room, the dancing fire, the soft light of the shaded lamp and the lovely little creature who lived there.

But he could never read the name of the book, although he shifted the box to every angle in the world to get the correct range of vision, and so he never knew what it was that made the lovely lady of the box laugh so gayly when she read it.

I think the young man was going to fall in love with the lovely lady of the box, but I never knew, for I was called away from the story before I had a chance to finish it, but I have often thought of the young man and of the secret joy that made him happy when every one thought he must be lonely.

And I have formed a habit of carrying with me a little box which has in it, too, a pretty room, a dancing fire, a shaded light and one who moves about and gives me human companionship for hours that might otherwise be lonely, and the name of the box is Friendship.

And in the summer I always get a new one—brand new, with a new room, differently furnished; a new plant, bursting into different bloom, and a new occupant, reading gracefully or awkwardly as the case may be in a new book.

Every summer I make it a point to make a new friend—not a new acquaintance, a new friend—some one that I really love and some one who may, perhaps, be able really to like me. And I look with interested and friendly eyes into the life of my new friend. Sometimes my friend is rich and lives in a gorgeous surrounding. I love to get inside the ordered charm of her ceremonial days.

It is all so different, the flowers in her life, the fire in her fireplace, the book she reads—so very different and so very interesting.

Sometimes my new friend is poor, and it is hard for her to have even one flower in a plain little glass in her plain little room, but a flower there always is there, somewhere, and I love to see my friend smile with joy at the sight of it.

And sometimes my new friend is clever, so clever that she hasn't time to be comfortable, and there are no cushions in her room at all, and no curtains, but it is heart-warming to see her at work there, after all.

What a joy it is to look at life through the kind eyes of a new friend. There is always a new angle, a new point of view, a new field of vision.

Last summer my new friend was the hard-working landlady of a summer boarding house. She will find time to write to me about the new borders, and how she is managing for them this summer, I hope, though I am far away.

Today's Fashion

Smart Sports-Coat of Simple White Corduroy.

THE sports coat of corduroy has won the approval of the outdoor girl, for it is a charming combination of style and utility.

This is a girlish model with the lower portion gathered to a shoulder yoke.

The sleeves have turned-back cuffs trimmed with bullet buttons, and a narrow belt confines the fullness about the waist.

Patch pockets, a narrow, rolled-down collar and large buttons complete the smart effect of this coat.

HE LOVES ME— By Michelson



Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

FOR ever so long, for hundreds of years, maybe since flowers and girls began, they have been doing this sort of thing: "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me— Yes, and they have been perplexed or resentful at the way it comes out. No wonder she likes a variation on the old habit, and feels as if she wanted to count off the candidates and perhaps to be influenced a bit by the judgment of chance as to which should be eliminated from consideration.

Wouldn't it be sad for HIM if he had no other chance but this? Wouldn't it be sad if he is the one? Wouldn't it be sad if SHE had no other way of reaching the momentous decision that means so much?

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.

Mary Is Game.

BUT she didn't learn, somehow, Mary never put into her head that she was going to be a wife.

"Oh, no," said Mary, "if you play I will, of course, I won't be mean. But it is so warm, Peter, isn't it?"

"Humph!" said I doubtfully. "And though I'm not crazy about it, still, it is the best thing I've determined to like for your sake, even to digging those horrid, squirmy worms. So we are all going fishing together. We have it all planned. A two days' trip, and we aren't going to take a tent. Just sleep in the great—back to nature stunt. I'm simply crazy about it."

"When are we going?" "Whenever you say. We'll camp out and cook—leave one morning early and come home late the next night—no night sleeping out."

Mary and I had a talk on this trip that altered our whole lives.

Mary's Great Plan.

"It is warm," I said. "Please don't play, Mary, to please me. There are lots of women you know here this afternoon. Why don't you gather some of them together here on the porch and chat while I play. I don't mind the heat myself. It's making me thin."

"And brown. That's another thing that worries me. I don't want to spoil my complexion."

"You are getting brown," said I. "Very warm, I don't want to spoil my complexion."

Mary looked a little panicky, but her resolution did not wane.

A Bride's Own Story Of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS
Asparagus as a Vegetable or the Chief Dish.

ASPARAGUS has really too short a season for so delectable a vegetable, so we try to make up for lost time by having it just as often as possible while the season lasts.

The standard way for boiling asparagus is to cut off the lower part of the stalk just as far down as it will snap, then the bunch is untied, the stalks are washed and scraped and all rooted as before. It must be cooked about 15 minutes in boiling salted water that reaches nearly up to the tips, but the water must not cover the tips. Then the asparagus is drained.

The simplest way of serving is to cover tips with butter, salt and pepper, or with a sauce made by mixing three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs with an ounce of butter, and frying until light brown.

Asparagus makes a very substantial dish when prepared in Swiss fashion: Mix grated American and Swiss cheese—about one ounce to each bunch of asparagus used. Butter a baking dish, place about one-third of the boiled asparagus on the bottom of the dish, sprinkle one-third of the cheese, add another layer of the asparagus, then cheese, and so on until all is used. Fry a finely chopped white onion in an ounce of butter until light brown, then pour the mixture over the asparagus—cheese combination, and place in oven for 15 minutes.

On a cool day this makes a very substantial dish, and it must be served hot, of course.

One of the advantages of asparagus is that it can be served cold in so many different guises. A cold French or mayonnaise dressing poured over asparagus placed on lettuce leaves makes an excellent salad. A specially good, rich sauce is made by mixing the following:

2 tablespoonfuls of sweet cream.
1 egg yolk.
The juice of half a lemon.
Grated nutmeg to taste.

These ingredients are mixed thoroughly while the water is boiling, and must be briskly beaten for about five minutes, then one tablespoonful of butter is added, little by little, until dissolved. This is strained into a sauce bowl and health, and will die when the cough is completely gone.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Perspiration the Regulator of the Heat of Your Body

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

HONEST labor bears a most lovely face when man works by the sweat of his brow. It was, indeed, a divine inspiration when the ancient Hebrew scribe wrote that "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou returnest unto the ground." The burden and the heat of the day make perspiration, but muscular deeds and physical effort make a sweat so sweet with rewards of health and efficiency that he who has it is not indeed a hissing and a mocking.

Nowadays everybody knows about that greatest of human mysteries, that Pandora's box of wonders—the thyroid gland in the front of the neck. Few persons, however, seem to give a hoot to know much about those equally important glands, the bunches of tissues which manufacture the perspiration as well of the hands and armpits as of the brow.

The sweat glands are a much abused, yet most worthy outfit. On the contrary, excessive perspiration from overplay or overwork in mid-winter, in a cold atmosphere or after a hot bath causes such a reduction of the heat of the bodily structures as to cause a chill, and may lead perchance to pneumonia, grip or other dangerous disorder. One of the reasons a hot bath in a steam vapor room or where water is evaporating and entering the surrounding air is beneficial, is that it prevents too rapid a distillation of the sweat with its attendant chill.

The relation of perspiration to baldness, gray hair, dandruff and scalp ailments in general is the reverse of what is commonly believed. Instead of a "sweaty scalp" causing baldness or other scalp diseases, it actually prevents them. The alkaline action of this fluid, as well as the salts in it, tend to cleanse the hair bulbs and destroy the germs present.

Two Million Sweat Glands. The little sweat glands are distributed in the skin all over the body. There are more or less of the small spots of the whole dermal texture that lack them, and one of these is the canal of the ear. The palms and soles are abundantly equipped with them. Two million of these sweat glands have been counted on the human skin, where they look like little snakes coiled with the head up-right.

The amount of sweat made by these tubes of tissue varies with the emotions, work, health, strength and atmospheric heat and moisture to a quart a day is an average amount for most persons, but heavy clothing may run this up to three quarts, and cold, dry weather cuts the amount down.

Perspiration is not an acid as some persons would tell you. True enough, greasy, dirty skin may make it acid for a brief interval until this is washed off, but otherwise sweat is anti-acid or alkaline, although uric acid, phosphates and table salt are always present in it. For that matter, uric acid is always present in healthy persons, in the blood and kidney fluids, as well as the perspiration. The sweat glands form more or less of their stuff as the result of various influences, such as other nerves, and even impulses through the nerves, muscles and other tissues. If the acetic nerve of a rat is cut and the tube shock, visible drops of perspiration will form on the hairless skin of the balls of the feet.

Sweat Never Causes Baldness. In mankind profuse sweating accompanies fear, nausea, anger and a pallid skin. Any overactivity of the thyroid and some other tissues cause perspiration to break out on the face and skin. Contrariwise, the flushed skin of fever exhibits a conspicuous absence of sweat. So we are all going fishing together. We have it all planned. A two days' trip, and we aren't going to take a tent. Just sleep in the great—back to nature stunt. I'm simply crazy about it."

"When are we going?" "Whenever you say. We'll camp out and cook—leave one morning early and come home late the next night—no night sleeping out."

Mary and I had a talk on this trip that altered our whole lives.

Three Minute Journeys
By Temple Manning

WHERE THE STONE AGE STILL SURVIVES.

IN the interior of Dutch New Guinea, or Papua as it sometimes is called, there are all sorts of strange sights to be seen. But amazing and outlandish as are some of the plant life and many of the animals with which the forests abound, the most astonishing are the men who inhabit these jungles—savages of the most primitive type.

Let an explorer paddle up or down the rivers and he will be met at every village by excited natives, who, on seeing his canoe and drag it ashore. They do not mean any harm to him—for they know that he is able to stand off the onetime tribe with his guns—but they want him to rest there a while and protect them from their enemies. If they can steal a gun they are happy, for their only weapons are stone clubs.

Indeed, the stone age still survives in the interior of Papua, just as it existed thousands of years ago in the heart of Europe. When a Papuan boy wants a weapon he hunts the streams until he finds an ovoid stone through which the water has ground a hole. This hole he makes larger by rubbing it industriously with another stone until it is large enough to take the stick he has cut for a handle. Then he forces the stone down on the stick as hard as he can and as tight as he is able, and his weapon is complete.

With this implement of the chase the Papuan dares to tackle almost any of the animals to be found in his native swamps and forests. Yet he is not above eating snakes, while the small game are his highest delight as food. He is brave enough to attack the wild pigs

Two Papuan Warriors.

with which the country abounds, and to make of them the sacrifice of his primitive religion.

ODD and INTERESTING FACTS

In almost every country there is an idea that the salamander lives or can live in the fire. There is a strange peculiarity about this creature which has given rise to the superstition. When placed in a very warm situation the salamander throws out, from orifices in its sides, small quantities of fluid to relieve the oppressive warmth. It is possible that this fluid might quench, or at least might allay, the violence of the small fire, but in itself the salamander is no more impervious to fire than any other animal.

"Lac" is an East Indian term, meaning 100,000; thus the expression "lac of rupees" means 100,000 rupees, about \$23,000.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young man, 19 years of age, and I am going with a girl 18 years of age. I love her very much, and she loves me, but her father is awfully strict with her. He doesn't let her go anywhere, and I have been going with her unbeknownst to her. How shall I let him know without him raising any objections? And is it right for me to kiss her when I leave?

E. H. W. If you come right out like a man and tell the girl's father, I believe he will like you for your straightforward way, and not be angry at all.

You ask if it is right for you to kiss this young girl when you leave her. It doesn't seem quite fair, to me, until you have at least asked her to marry you. The way the world is arranged just now does not make it wrong for you to kiss any and every girl in town, but it does make it wrong for the girl to kiss any man save her own husband or the man she is going to marry without the slightest question of a doubt, because no other man will want to kiss her or ask her to marry him if he knows you have. This girl may love you so much that she will either forget the rules of conduct she knows she should observe or disregard them; but it is fair for you, as a man, to try to make her forget? I don't believe so.

Annie Laurie

Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.