

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

IS SHE SUMMER OR WINTER?

By Michelson

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Is an All-Vegetable Diet Really a Help to Health?

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

THE art of trying to do a man's work upon a peccatum of vegetation is an ideal that is neither ethical nor unethical, but apt to be decidedly precarious to a living textile balance.

Physiologically the food faddists who lament the cannibalism of the normal human creature and urge the propaganda of vegetarianism, hold to the doctrine that the teeth and stomach were made to consume legible and not less meat, chickweed and kumquats, in lieu of chicken and ham.

As a matter of fact, the human intestine is not only midway between that of the herb-eating brute and the carnivorous animal, but the alimentary canal of mankind is totally unfitted to digest grasses.

True enough, it is also theoretically made, not for flesh, but for fruits.

The man-like ape subsists on these. The muscular life is unquestioned. This, however, is not so much because it is a vegetarian existence as from the fact that the bulk and amount of food is thus greatly abbreviated. Infants, invalids, those convalescent from scarlet fever, the happy, middle-aged person who sits around all day smoking his pipe, and certain tribes of the tropics, whose lives are one sweet siesta, may dispense with meat, as all may profitably abstain from drink.

Usually, however, the hard working laborer worthy of his hire needs must have his meat.

Answers to Health Questions
J. C. Q.—My throat is sore and very dry. Will you please tell me what to do for it?
A.—Irrigate the throat morning and night with alkaline antiseptic fluid diluted three times in water.

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 this office.

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 Becomes Philosophical.

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

LEONA DALRYMPLE

Evil "Romances" Invariably End Alike

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

HE fell in love with the young woman, did the rich, middle-aged man of affairs, and the young woman was flattered by his attention. It pleased her to think that she could attract a man of power and influence, a man who had seen and known many charming women, so she thought she'd fall in love with him. And she did.

She took his letters and his poems and carried them around with her and showed them to her friends. She wrote letters and poems, too, and she kept some of the flowers he sent her, and they had photographs taken together—the middle-aged man of affairs and the foolish little slip of a girl. And the middle-aged man promised that he would divorce his wife and make a settlement upon his children, and marry the little slip of a girl.

She was very happy, and very gay, and very much admired for those who had never seen anything particularly charming about her said to each other, "After all, there must be something in that man's infatuation." "After all, there must be something in that man's infatuation." "After all, there must be something in that man's infatuation."

And the little slip of a girl felt like the heroine of a great romance.

And then the man built the little slip of a girl a beautiful bungalow in the hills of a state far away, and together they entertained their friends there. But presently the girl began to notice that there were many women friends—not the sort she liked, at any rate. And the sort the men who came there began to bring were strange creatures, who talked a strange language of their own, which made the little slip of a girl feel, somehow, forlorn and entirely out of it.

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

other day he found fault with the slip of a girl for the way she did her hair, and he accused her of trying to flirt with one of his friends—and—
All at once it was all over—the cruel, wicked, miserable fiction—and the little slip of a girl woke up to see herself just exactly what she was, and as she had been from the beginning—a victim.

The Unhappy End.

"And now she is suing the middle-aged man for damages, and her friends—those who let her go on in her folly—are coming somewhat shamefacedly to her assistance."

"She was a good girl," the friends say, "a perfectly good girl. She never looked at any one but the middle-aged man, and she was always so modest and so loyal and so true."

"The honeymoon trip? Oh, that was just a little premature, that's all. She regarded herself as his wife, or she would never have gone."

And now the middle-aged man of affairs is indignant, outraged. "It is blackmail," he says, "extortion. I will not submit to it."

"This girl knew I was a married man with a family when she met me. What did she expect?"

And the papers are full of it, crammed full. It's a celebrated case. And all the girls who are falling in love with married men will read the story of this case in the papers, every word of it. And they will look, every one of them, into the mirror and say: "Ah, but I am different. And they will take out from their hiding places the letters of the married man, and they will say, as they kiss them: "Ah, but he is different. And all the time they are all of them exactly alike."

It would be funny, wouldn't it, if it were not so dreadfully sad?

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

Three Minute-Journeys

Where Soldiers Hold Funerals on Service Terms

By TEMPLE MANNING

ONE of the curious customs to be found among the French soldiers is that with which a private celebrates the end of his term of service in the army. Whatever he is in the land of the free may think of enforced military service, the "volunteer" Frenchman has humor enough to treat it all as part of the day's work, and to inject some of his bubbling fun into it.

When his period of service expires the French private gives a great feast to

his comrades, but first he holds a mock funeral. On a trestle made into as close a likeness of a coffin as he can manage, he drapes his army blanket, chalks on the end of it words that announce "Here lies So-and-So of the class of 1911 (or whatever year he belongs to) regrets eternal," and then upon the top he places his service uniform. This is the "corpse" over which the funeral is held.

With solemn tap of the drum, a death guard in full uniform with guns, and his joking comrades kneeling about, the private himself reads his own oration over his own military services. Then, when the mummery is over, Number So-and-So becomes M. So-and-So, and leads his old-time comrades into the farewell banquet that always precedes his taking the train for home.

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

Today's Fashion

Dance Frocks with Bolero Jacket.

DANCE frocks are exploiting many new features, and not the least among them is the bolero jacket of lace. This appears at its best in a charming frock of pale pink chiffon over satin. Over the bodice of chiffon is arranged a loose bolero jacket of cream lace ornamented in front with a bouquet of French flowers. The wide girdle of pink satin extends slightly below the normal waist line, and the full circular skirt is plain and top-heavy.

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the

And then she began to be tired of the bungalow and the queer people who came there, and she wanted to go to town and stay, and meet some of the men and women in the big world where the man of affairs lived. But, somehow, there was always some reason why she couldn't go.

And then one day she saw in the papers a list of those present at a smart wedding, and there was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged. Why, he told her he hadn't spoken to his wife in years!

And the divorce! How slow he was in getting it. He said at first that there would be no trouble. His wife had deserted him anyhow. But now he began to talk about the children. He never used to mention them, and the