DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

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.

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

In the Ticket Line.

LEONA DALRYMPLE

MARY and I were going away to a neighboring town on a week-end trip and I had asked Mary to meet me at the station.

"You get the railroad tickets," I said over the 'phone, "for I'll probably be a little late and I'll just get there in time to join you and rush for the train."

I was, however, a little earlier than I had expected. When I entered the waiting room Mary was already in a long line bound for the ticket agent's window and didn't see me.

Now an honorable man has an almost religious respect for the etiquette of a waiting line. The man who breaks through to a better place without duly waiting his turn he regards as an inferior species of yellow dog he'd like to kick and kick hard. Therefore, rather than conspicuously beckon Mary out of the line and take her place, I decided to let her manage her own affairs, buy the tickets as we had originally planned and keep the sanctity of that line preserved.

An Old Artifice.

You can imagine my horror and surprise when in a temporary halt Mary slipped deftly ahead, smiled bewilderingly at the man behind her and kept her new and better place with a pretty air of defiant resolution. He raised his hat and let her stay—what mere man would not?—and the line moved on, but I was honestly ruffled. I had learned something new about my wife—petty, to be sure, but revelatory, too, in its way. Mary had about as much respect for the ethics of line-keeping as she has for a great many other scruples of mine. And she was evidently not averse to playing forth her sex to gain an advantage over a mere man, who, by all the laws of decency and gallantry, might not protest when his displacer was a woman—and a young and pretty one at that.

The line was long, for it was Saturday and a holiday. Mary waited a while, manoeuvred cleverly again and slipped ahead. She smiled deliciously at the man she had displaced, and I reddened and gritted my teeth with shame for her. For an instant I had an insane desire to step up and speak furtively about the utterly unscrupulous way she was demoralizing an otherwise orderly line. I refrained in the end, for I fancied she wouldn't try the same trick again.

I was mistaken.

Mary dropped her handkerchief—purposely or not, I could not make out. The man in front of her picked it up and in the slight disarrangement of the line she went ahead again, this time with disastrous consequences. There was an elderly gentleman with a red face just behind her now, and in response to her delightfully confidential smile he merely stuck out his chin and glared.

Inventories Her Purse.

"Keep your place in the line, lady!" he snorted indignantly. "Everybody gets his or her turn and it's only fair you should wait, too. If you women want equal rights, you can't have privileges, too."

Mary stared into his churlish face with beautiful insolence.

Grimly he stepped out of the line and motioned her back.

"I was ahead of you, madam," he boomed wrathfully, "and ahead I'll stay!"

Mary's face flushed furiously.

"How dare you speak that way to me!" she exclaimed haughtily. "I have fully as much right here as you. Besides I'm in a hurry."

A disgusted Greek chorus of men advised the irate gentleman to shut up, which he reluctantly did, and, tossing her pretty head, Mary kept her third place in the line. I suppose I should have interfered, but I was so thunderstruck at Mary's pretty, unscrupulous disregard for the privileges of others that I merely gritted my teeth again and stayed where I was. After some slight altercation in the line, Mary moved on to buy our tickets.

Now mother usually has her money all ready. Not so Mary. She removed from her handbag a ridiculous square of lace meant for a handkerchief, a sheaf of memoranda, a package of hairpins and laid them on the ticket shelf. She dropped a small pink purse mirror that hurtled to the feet of the stout, indignant old gentleman, who furtively kicked it. She held up that line while she dug for evasive nickels and dimes and squealed when some one returned the pink mirror. Then she sweetly packed up her handbag again and kept the line waiting while she did it.

It's things like this that give men their opportunity of making ironic fun of the ways of women.

What Story Do You See in This Picture?

TWO girls—in affectionate greeting on a country hillside. One has just arrived in her auto. Unmistakably, the other is fresh from the fields or the dairy house. There is the savoir faire of the city in the form and manner of the one. Her awkward formlessness reflects the life of the other.

From her dainty boots to her jaunty hat the city girl represents the last word in fashion. To the other style means comfort, service and almost Puritanical plainness.

It might appear that two distinct social castes were, unaccountably, meeting on a common level. Mistress and milkmaid, perhaps—drawn together by some unusual tie.

* * *

But the girls are SISTERS—the Paris artist who drew the picture tells the secret after first making you guess.

They played together about their mother's knee; grew up together on the farm; studied together in the country school; dreamed the same dreams.

A wealthy relative finally whisked the one away to the city. After a while she looked at herself and thought of Cinderella. Then, one day, she longed for her best beloved.

What appears in the picture as a great difference between the two girls is only—CLOTHES!

* * *

Store in a dark recess of a closet the heavy shoes, the full calico skirt, the shapeless waist and the head kerchief. Weave a Merlin spell with La Mode—and could not one imagine a pretty episode on the green of the Country Club?

SEEK BEAUTY IN SUNSHINE

Two Interesting Poses of Lucrezia Bori.

Spanish Singer Explains "Solarification"

By Eleanor Ames.

WERE you ever solarized?

Solarification is the modern scientific cure-all.

It is the latest Fountain of Youth. It is the most approved means of rebuilding worn out bodies, of resting tired heads, of increasing the efficiency and resisting power of the human organism, of driving out dangerous and insidious germs, and of storing up energy for the future.

Solarification really means nothing more expensive nor difficult nor complex than systematic and purposeful sunning.

It means literally "basking in the sunshine." It means absorbing the subtle and powerful elements which go to make up the sun and are thrown off from that orb in the form of vapors and gases all charged with vital qualities.

The efficacy of sunshine as applied to human beings is no new discovery. It dates back to the ancient Persians, who were Sun Worshippers, turning their uplifted faces to the rising sun and worshipping with ecstatic fervor.

It remained for Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera, she of the flute-like voice, to apply the warmth of the sun to the restoration and preservation of the singing voice. She comes from a country where the land is bathed in sunshine all the time. She confesses that she could live without food far easier than she could exist without sunshine.

Here in America she found some essential lacking in her life. She imagined her wonderful voice was losing the quality of tone which had won her fame.

Medical specialists refused to see anything wrong with her physical being. Then one day when she stood in the window in a perfect flood of sunshine, the nature of the lack came to her.

"It is the glorious sunshine that I need!" she cried.

"That day I began to study the means of best becoming properly solarified," she explained later. "I felt that I could hardly wait to get the proper amount of sunshine back into my system. Why, I had been starving, actually starving here in your great America for sunshine.

"And so I evolved a regular systematic daily sunshine regime. I made a scientific study of solarification.

"I knew the sunshine of my own country. I did not know the sunshine of America. No national attribute varies more than sunshine. The sun of the North is not the sun of the South. Neither is the sun of the East the sun of the West.

"I was sensible enough to know there is great danger of becoming oversolarified, just as one may become overmagnetized. The two conditions are almost parallel. I began by taking sun baths every day in my home. For a certain time I would sit in the sunshine, absolutely relaxed and letting the sunlight saturate my body. Then I went for long walks in the open air, always keeping in the sunshine. The first I noticed was the slump of energy I felt when there was a cloudy day.

"Gradually I learned to take just the right amount of sunshine to get the best results. There is no hard and fast rule which will fit all cases.

"Each individual will have to learn for herself how much solarification she can stand with best results.

"I know now when I have comfortably filled my system to attain the best results, and I try never to oversun myself.

"I have been to many of the famous health resorts of the world, and I have enjoyed many of the different kinds of baths and magnetic treatments which are intended to build up the system, but not one of them equals the effects of solarification.

"I feel exhilarated, buoyant, full of life and energy and alertness when I am properly solarified. I sing in perfect tone and with no exertion and without fatigue. I feel the years fall off my shoulders. I think clearly, and have a sane, sympathetic outlook of life, and I am full of happiness and good cheer.

"Let me advise SUNSHINE, I believe, properly applied and persistently advocated, it would put the divorce courts out of business, and it would make all of us more beautiful."

Great Novels in a Nutshell

Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" — **Condensed by Helen S. Gray**

THE scenes of this book are laid in London and Paris just before and during the French Revolution. Mr. Lorry, a trusted employe of Tellson's Bank, is accompanying to Paris Lucie Manette, for whom the bank is trustee. He breaks the news to her that her father is not, as she has always thought, dead, that he has spent 18 years in the Bastile without trial or accusation. They find him mentally a wreck, unable to tell his name; "105 North Tower" is the only name he knows. He is in the care of a former servant, Defarge. They find him busy making shoes, a trade he had learned in prison to help him endure his confinement. Through his daughter's care he recovers his faculties.

The extravagance of the French nobility is described. One of them has four attendants to serve him with chocolate. At his morning reception the men wear little pendant trinkets that chink as the wearers move. One of them, the Marquis of Evremonde, after leaving the reception, drives through the city and kills a child. That evening his nephew, Charles Darnay, calls to see him and declares that the name of Evremonde is more hated than any other in France; that, if he ever becomes marquis, he will devote his life to redressing the wrongs that have been done to the serfs on the estate.

His uncle replies that he intends to die perpetuating things as they are. That night the father of the child that had been run over stabs him in his bed. A year later, when the assassin is hanged, his comrades vow to exterminate the whole race of Evremonde.

Before asking Lucie to marry him, Darnay asks her father's consent and says he is living under an assumed name. Dr. Manette checks him from telling it and says if he wins Lucie's love and marries her he may tell him on his wedding day.

In July, 1789, the mob storms the Bastile and releases the prisoners. Defarge goes to Cell 105 North Tower and looks under the stones in the floor and chimney for hidden papers. Not long after the Evremonde chateau is burned to the ground.

Darnay receives a letter from the steward he had left in charge of his property, saying he had been imprisoned because of his loyalty to him and begging him to come to his aid. Without telling Lucie and her father, he goes to France and arrives just as the edict is issued banishing all emigrants with penalty of death if they return. He is arrested and thrown into prison. Lucie and her father go to Paris. As he had served 18 years in the Bastile, he is now in high favor with the new government. His influence saves his son-in-law from the general massacre and secures his acquittal at his trial 15 months later.

Darnay is rearrested the same day at the instigation of Mme. Defarge, one of the leaders of the mob. At his trial the papers Defarge had found in Cell 105 are read aloud in court. They contain a full account of the reasons for Dr. Manette's imprisonment. He had been compelled to attend a dying woman and boy one night by the Marquis of Evremonde and his brother. The latter had stolen the wife of one of his tenants. Her young brother resented it, and a sword fight followed, in which the boy was mortally wounded. The woman's husband, a delicate man, had been harnessed to a cart and used for a horse until he died. The blow killed her.

Dr. Manette reported the affair to an official. Whereupon he was seized and thrown into prison for knowing too much. The dead boy and woman were Mme. Defarge's brother and sister.

Darnay is condemned to die within 24 hours. The shock throws Dr. Manette into a relapse. Mme. Defarge's vengeance now demands the heads of Lucie and Lucie's child, and even of her father to make the job complete.

Sydney Carton is in Paris. There he meets John Barsad, now a spy and trusted prison official in the employ of the government. Under threat of exposing his past history Carton gains admission through him to the prison where Darnay is, exchanges clothes with him, renders him unconscious with some chemical and has him carried out unconscious, placed in a carriage with his family and driven to Calais. The ruse succeeds because of the strong resemblance between the two men.

Carton then goes to the guillotine in his stead. He does this for love of Lucie. He once had told her in what regard he held her and said he knew it was useless for him to think of ever marrying her, as he was a slave to drink, had wasted his life and was powerless to reform.

Things to Avoid.

He—Let's have a secret marriage.

She—But then we will get no wedding presents.

He—So much the better. We will have no duplicates to dispose of.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How "Misfit" Medicines Cause You Many Ills

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

YOU are hungry. You have a good home. You go there and you eat. The potatoes, the bread, the ham, the milk, the apples are all known to you. You do not take any wild chances, winter or summer, in eating possible poisons.

Foods that are strange, or unknown to you, you do not try. You stick wisely to the old standbys.

Not so, however, with drugs and potions, pills and powders. You seem rather with these God's whole work to undo. With unknown mixtures under fancy names you war upon your bodies, and with new physic you mar your physical engine. A medicine gilds your tissues according to the frankness, sincerity and systematized education of the ones who give it.

A man, ignorant himself, often begins his own injuries and sufferings. Luckily, wise powers assert these dangers in definite ways. No doctor knows whence comes the tint and fragrance of the rose. Nor does he know why many medicines show gredient, originate a whole series of themselves.

The majestic works of nature, unhappily, are not always manifest: that is to say, all poisons do not give warning and the dangers of some tinctures, elixirs and specifics are not always plain to the eye.

Many internal agents, swallowed upon experiment or at some one's advice, produce skin blemishes and cutaneous rashes, which are miscalled skin diseases.

Some Harmful Ingredients.

Just today a young girl visited me in great trepidation. One of those well known "pavers" who use bricks called "good intentions" had induced her to take a medicine.

She was convinced that she was very ill. Inquiry at once disclosed the truth.

As some comedian said, all that is necessary to become a millionaire is to tell a person how bad he looks. Then tell him you are certain he has the pip. It follows at once that he will buy a carboy of pip remedy.

Among the eternal ingredients of many "unknown" and "secret cures," belladonna, bromide of potash, idodide of potash, arsenic, strychnine, antimony, tartaric acid, quinine, morphine and alcohol are present.

All of these have the curious capacity to cause rashes, hives, "eczemas," boils, red skin, red noses and other dermal eruptions, which put scarlet fever, smallpox and a host of epidermal maladies to shame.

Effects Become Chronic.

Unless a dermatologist knows that you are addicted to drugs, or have been one of those innocent tipplers who are forever taking medicines, he may be so far deceived as to put you in a pest house, diagnose your disturbance as leprosy, or decide that you have measles or gangrene.

Just as all forward looking men and women have many enemies that know not why they are so, but, like village curs, bark when their fellows do, so many of these skin eruptions, started once by some accidental, chemical in-

The first one "sensitizes" the tissues, so that ensuing ones have less trouble and require smaller amounts to stir up the trouble.

Answers to Health Questions

W. W., Norristown, Pa.—Can psoriasis be cured?

Yes. The X-ray has cured some, and so has a mixture of pyrogallic acid, chrysarobin and resorcin, which you should get from your family doctor.

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Barber Doctor—What do you think of bandoline? Is egg shampoo good?

Anything used to curl straight hair injures its texture. Egg shampoo is a dangerous practice.

* * *

J. H.—I am 23, work in a railroad office, and have not been able through illness in my family to take a vacation for years. I've lost lots of flesh. What shall I do?

Go to the man next in position to the president of the road, or to the president himself, and have your position temporarily changed. You need more fresh air, sunlight and better food. See to it that you obtain more sleep, and do not wait over two or three hours for your "fodder."

A bottle of creamy milk and some buttered crackers between full meals will help you mightily.

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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.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie:

I have a very nice, respectable gentleman friend. He has been with me a short time over a year and appears to think quite a lot of me.

But what I can't understand is: He occasionally takes out other girls, especially to dances, which he knows I am not allowed to attend. He sometimes denies it. FAIRY.

IF your young man wants to take other girls to dances, Fairy, I don't see what you're going to do about it. Do you?

You aren't allowed to go yourself, you say, and he probably likes to dance. That's all there is to it.

If he knows that you don't want him to go and he still keeps on going, he doesn't care enough for you to care what you want. That's perfectly plain.

Why should he? Why do you think he is in love with you? Has he told you so, or does he just bring you a box of candy now and then and spend the evening when he doesn't know just what else to do with himself?

Why should you think that you have a mortgage on his affection or on his character or on his conduct in any way?

No, if this young man wants to take other girls to dances and cares whether you like it or not, he ought to tell you that he intends to do it. And if you can't stand it, then you must both take the consequences.

I wouldn't lose much sleep worrying about this particular young man if I were you, Fairy. I suspect he isn't fretting very much about whether you want him to dance or not.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

Daddy's Good Night Story—

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

THE day after Willie Leghorn invited Dickie Duck to learn to fly he was going through the meadow, when he met Willie going toward the pond.

"Where are you going?" asked Willie.

"I am going to have a swim," replied Dickie.

"I wish I could swim," began Willie. "Would you mind teaching me?"

"You don't want to swim," answered Dickie. "Your feet have no webs and you would get drowned."

"Suppose you take me for a ride on your back," suggested Willie.

"I couldn't do that," said Dickie.

"Please do," pleaded Willie.

"I want you to remember that you asked me for the ride and not I you," said Dickie, as they went down toward the duck pond.

Willie got on Dickie's back when they reached the water and for a time they sailed merrily around the pond, until suddenly Dickie dived down while Willie held on for dear life. Dickie came up again, and Willie said to him:

"Please don't do that again. I-I-I-I'm nearly drowned."

Dickie went down again and stayed a little longer, and when he came up Willie pleaded with him so earnestly that the duck landed him on the shore. Then he said to him:

"Remember, Willie, you asked me for the ride, and you should always do unto others as you want them to do to you. I don't want to learn to fly, and you—well, you better stay away from the water."