

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALEYMPL

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Desert," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and E. S. Slocum as judge.

No. 139. Reconciliation Schemes.

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

AND now Mary and I began an interminable series of talks that made us both horribly nervous. We gravitated from one to the other of two equally unpleasant topics. One, whether or not I should patch up the quarrel with my mother-in-law by apologizing. The other how to stretch my salary over the weeks when Mary's views on economy were so helpless and vague.

It was anything but a pleasant household now. Somehow we could not talk for five consecutive minutes without drifting upon the shoals. I refused flatly to apologize to Mrs. Penfield for telling her some frank truths. Mary declared, with repeated recourse to tears, that she could not economize and more that she was and that she must have clothes, or people would talk about her.

"When we began housekeeping in the little cottage, Mary," I said one night, "you'll remember that we had money left every month—indeed we saved a little."

"Yes," said Mary. "I don't see how that was."

"We didn't live so close to your mother," I said, a little bitterly.

Mary bridled. Any reference to her mother's extravagance or influence will provoke a spark, no matter how sympathetic she has been.

"It isn't that," she said. "We're paying more rent, of course."

"And that," I pointed out, "was your mother's suggestion. She picked out the apartment."

It is needless to go into the details of the quarrel that followed. We said the same things in the same way—we ended with Mary in tears and with my head fairly ringing with nervousness. And we ended exactly where we had begun—Mary averring her utter inability to economize. I flatly refused again to apologize to my mother-in-law.

I was sleeping less and less now—my food no longer attracted me. I had horrible headaches that nothing seemed to help. It took me longer, too, to do the work on Foote's books, for my concentration was not quite so good as it had been. I could not force myself to such energetic spasms of work as had formerly been my habit. I came home later and later. At first, when I had been working on Foote's books, I was able to get through his work in an hour and a half—now I frequently did not arrive home until 9 and 9:30, which, with my regular routine of day work, made a very long day.

Most often now, when I came home, Mary was at her mother's. She gave me her reason for the fact that she was a little afraid to stay alone, and that it was fearfully lonely, for the nervous little hypochondriac downstairs made his family go to bed early, and, therefore, a terrible pall of silence settled over the house by 8. I was disposed to be reasonable about this, for I know how very timid Mary is. Timidity seems an inherent part of a woman's temperament. Still I did not like my lonely supper. It got terribly upon my nerves to go to the oven and peer within for the food. Sometimes it was palatable. More often it was not. And after a while I ate down town. That seemed much the better arrangement.

Mary made no protest. I had hoped she would. Instead she began to eat her evening meal over at her mother's. One night, just after I had gotten home and was bathing my face and hands, the telephone rang. Mary's voice answered my "Hello, Peter."

"Hello, Peter," she said. "I'm over at mother's. Won't you—won't you please come over and get me?"

"No," said I. "I won't." And I knew from the gasp that followed that Mrs. Penfield had been standing near enough to hear.

Mary's chief concern these days was to trap me into an apology.

UNIFORMS They're BRINGING from ABROAD



"Snappy" Styles Worn by Servants In Smart Families

YOU and I, being common folk, may not have occasion to know it, but it is true, nevertheless, that styles in servants' costumes change with the lady's moods. They do not change quite as often nor as radically, perhaps, but every season finds some marked difference.

In these seven pictures are shown the uniforms of the servants that are seen on parade. They are the "snappy" costumes that dress the scene of the house, welcome the guest, care for him and speed him on his way.

If he recognizes these costumes the guest will know that his host is up-to-date, for they are the very latest fashions for the late summer and early fall.

Foreign Missions and a Lonely Little Girl

By Winifred Black

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I HAD a letter this morning from a little girl—just a lonesome, unhappy, forlorn little girl. She works in a big office downtown and she supports herself very decently by her work there. She gets a very fair salary and is a nice, wholesome, good-humored, pleasant little girl, alone in a big city and starving to death for friendship.

"Nobody speaks to me except on business from one end of the week to the other," says the little girl's letter. "You'd think I was just an adding machine or something. Why, they never even look at me, and they used to say at home that I wasn't so bad to look at, either."

"I used to take a good deal of pains with my looks—my mother always taught me to. I curled my hair and I took time deciding what colors were the most becoming to me. But, dear me! I might as well wear a gunny sack and tie up my head in a window curtain. Nobody knows whether I'm pretty or ugly, and nobody cares. Nobody knows whether I'm good or bad, and nobody cares. Nobody knows whether I'm stupid or bright, and nobody cares."

"Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to grab some woman's hat off her head when she comes into the office where I am, and make faces at her just to get her to look at me. It would be interesting to be arrested, anyhow. I suppose the town is full of just such girls as I am. If we could only get together, somehow, we could have a good time. I like men—but I can live without them. But I don't believe I can live without some kind of friendship. Where in the world and how in the world am I going to find it?"

The Uplift Club.

There was an address at the head of the lonesome little girl's letter, and I happened to know the woman who is married to the man who is at the head of the firm which employs the lonesome little girl.

Her daughter is just about the age of the lonesome little girl. The daughter doesn't worry much about the Afghans—she's more concerned with the new tango steps—but she belongs to an uplift club, too. She says you really have to nowadays, or not be in it at all.

Every once in a while the uplift club hires a speaker to come and tell them just how unfortunate the girls are, and just what to do to reform them. The speakers go into details about it. They have to, one of the

speakers said the other day, because it is a singular fact that many people interested in the reform of the unregenerate are so fond of details of a certain kind, and sometimes the members of the club are horrified at the things they hear, so horrified that "they wouldn't miss another meeting for anything, my dear. It's really one's duty, don't you know, to keep one's self informed." They never seem to have anything to say about the girls who do not need reforming—yet.

Now if my little lonesome girl would only be "steeped in iniquity," perhaps the club would ask her to come and speak for them, and tell them all about it.

As it is, I'm afraid neither my friend of the board of foreign missions nor her daughter of the uplift club know that my little lonesome girl is alive, and they would be bored to death at the very idea of her if they did know it. And yet that girl is likely to be quite as well born, quite as well bred and a good deal more intelligent than most of the members of the uplift club themselves.

A Friendly Call.

I wonder why they never think of her at all? I wonder if it would really hurt my friend of the foreign missions to stop at the lonesome little girl's desk some day and chat a second or two—just as one human being to another.

You don't have to belong to an uplift club to do a little good in the world. And Afghanistan is not the only place on earth where kindness and human sympathy are needed.

I'm going down to see my little lonesome girl this noon and I'm going to ask her to come out and have a bite of lunch with me—and we're going to have a good, sensible talk, with some fun in it. And I'm going to learn a whole lot from my little lonesome girl, and I do hope she'll be able to learn just a little bit of something from me.

What a lonesome, stupid old world this is—when you make it so. And what a gay, good-humored, friendly, interesting place it can be, if you want to think so, and act accordingly.

I don't know my little lonesome girl at all. I haven't the faintest idea whether her mother did her own washing or somebody else's. I don't know—and I don't care—whether my little lonesome girl can tell the difference between a cold fork and the thing you try to eat fish with. I hope she isn't too particular about it, for really, sometimes, you know, it is a trifle difficult for even the most astoundingly aristocratic of us not to err.

But, somehow, I don't believe she's going to bite me, and I can't feel that she's going to frighten me, and somehow I'm glad she wrote me that letter, my little lonesome girl, and I'm going to try my simple best to make her glad, too, even if I have to spend the time I ought to use getting out a report on "why girls leave home"—and stay—to do it.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Ptomaine "Poisoning" May Lurk in Lunch Boxes

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

A WAG recently suggested that since everything edible in restaurants nowadays comes from cold storage and gives you ptomaine poisoning, it might help some to enclose the hotel orchestras in ice. This would take the "din" out of the dinner and put the "rest" in restaurant.

Be this, however, as it may, you hear more of ptomaine disease than you hear of hotel orchestras or the click of the tongue over the soup spoon. What you hear and read about ptomaine poisoning is usually trash. Even excellent chemists and good doctors often fail to realize that the difference between ptomaine poisoning and typhoid fever is more one of degree than of any actual difference.

It is picnic time. You go where the green grass grows all around, all around. You carry along what you supposed was fresh meat, good milk and pure cream.

It is torrid round about and the sun's rays reach your fodder. You all sit down sooner or later to a jovial meal. Five or six hours later unmistakable signs of trouble appear. Some of you are nauseated and feverish, others feel faintly; some who partook of the Elysian ambrosia beneath the shade of the old apple tree are chilly, depressed, nervous and verge on collapse or even worse.

Usually the paroxysms of protean symptoms thus possible in ptomaine poisoning is blamed upon the products of decomposition from the rotting of the kalescopic and explosive manifestations are laid upon an all too rapid activity of your intestines and the fermentations which occur there.

Yet the truth is, that "ptomaine" disease is an acutely infectious malarial, analogous in its suppurative action to pneumonia. In brief, it is a bacterial ailment, due not to passing chickens, defunct crab meat and polluted game, but rather to the growing, living microbes which thrive upon cold storage and stale victuals.

In other words, ptomaine poisoning is no more a "poisoning" than is lockjaw or diphtheria. Like them, it is due to the products and "poisons" of the bacteria and not so much to the imperfectly kept milk, crabs, fish, poultry or other raw materials.

True enough, the same precautions must be observed as if it were the foods and not the germs that caused the trouble. It is also true that dysentery and real typhoid fever come from contaminated foods and water.

Prevention, then, must aim at the nests of growing, venomous, malignant bacteria which make victuals their unpleasant abiding place. In a hot, tropical sun the dietary elements that were fresh and pure one hour are harbingers of microbial evil the next hour. It is less the poisonous juices of the foods than of the bacteria that have been evolved from the germs.

Plainly, the food that is cold and kept best-cold storage food is often thawed out and sold with cupidity as fresh—in this season is the safest one. Victuals should be kept frozen hard until they reach the palate.

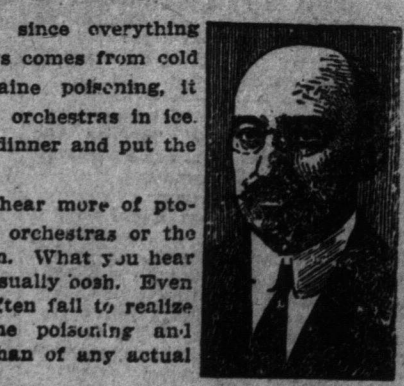
Ptomaine poisoning, of course, occurs all the year round. It is, nevertheless, most commonly prevalent in the summer and early fall season. These are the excursion and vacation periods into neighborhoods where ice is unknown.

The box and basket lunches are the vicious sources of many a fatal assault of ptomaine poisoning. Innocent milkmen, grocers, butchers and others, who have safeguarded with great expense their cold-storage products, have been condemned only too often when the carried lunch was to blame.

Founded by a poor porter in 1240 the order has alone and unaided tended the injured, nursed the sick and buried the dead of Florence for close on 700 years. It has grown from its humble beginning until today it numbers among its members representatives of nearly every noble house in Tuscany. The King of Italy is the head of the fraternity, an archbishop is its treasurer, and princes, dukes, counts and marquises feel honored in wearing the sombre cowl and cassock of the order, and in performing the menial services demanded of its members.

The costume of the order is a long black cassock completely covering the body and a hood, with three holes placed in it for light and air, which effectually conceals the wearer's features, the whole forming a perfect disguise of a most peculiar and sinister aspect. But when the Misericordia pass along the streets of Florence, so great is the respect in which the brotherhood is held that every man raises his hat reverentially.

At present the chief duty of the society is to transport the indigent sick to the hospitals, also all those who meet with accidents in the streets, or if a score of masked and black-robed figures bearing a litter, appeared at the entrance of the ballroom. Quite unknown to the majority of the guests a lady who was present had slipped and had severely injured herself. The Misericordia had been as usual summoned, and as nearly all of the members on duty for the day were present at the ball, they went to the oratory only to find that their presence was required at the scene they had just quitted.



Answers to Health Questions

A READER—Have hives every summer. What causes them? What will cure them? I am 13 years old.

Some specific food or drink is the cause. Hives are caused often by tomatoes, berries, fish, crabs and even eggs in some people. You must shun the victuals which are responsible.

Mrs. B.—Is ice harmful for a 3-year-old baby, and also grape juice? I—What is a good tonic to build up a mother who is thin?

1—There are all right. 2—Green vegetables, rice, cucumbers, carrots, fatty meats, sweet oils, butter, gravies, eggs and cream.

F. D.—Am a young man of 20. Have suffered with rheumatism all over body, but lately pains have gone down in my feet. I must work, and I suffer greatly. Can you help me?

Not unless a more accurate description is given me. I recognize no malarial "rheumatism."

M. E.—Have had sore on foot for two years. It is below and in front of my knee. About four inches long and two wide, and itches very much. When I wash it it gets red. Sometimes little pieces like dandruff come from it.

Try this on it:
Resorcin..... 10 grains
Cayenne..... 10 grains
Adequate oil..... 1 ounce

CONSTANT READER—What is the reason of one having disagreeable odors issuing from their mouth, and how may it be avoided?

Have your teeth fixed up twice a year. Use a chlorate of potash paste. Rinse your nose and throat with alkaline antiseptic fluid three times a day, and, if from your stomach, take charcoal tablets.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and scientific subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. When 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.

Three Minute Journeys

Where Men Do Good Deeds Masked

By TEMPLE MANNING

AMONG all the Italian societies whose most fearful forms are exploited in the news of the Black Hand and the Camorra, one benevolent association is seldom mentioned—the Fraternity of the Misericordia. And yet it is one of the world's most remarkable organizations, a true company of mercy.

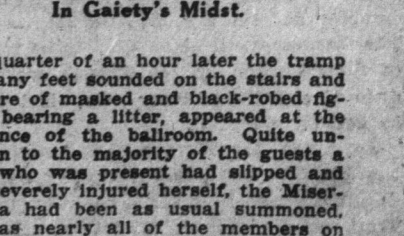
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A quarter of an hour later the tramp of many feet sounded on the stairs and if a score of masked and black-robed figures bearing a litter, appeared at the entrance of the ballroom. Quite unknown to the majority of the guests a lady who was present had slipped and had severely injured herself. The Misericordia had been as usual summoned, and as nearly all of the members on duty for the day were present at the ball, they went to the oratory only to find that their presence was required at the scene they had just quitted.

In Gaiety's Midst.



GOOSEBERRY RECIPES for Your COOK BOOK

Gooseberry Cheese.

Allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit and juice. Top and tail the gooseberries, wash them, and place in a large pan, with about a teacupful of water—just sufficient to prevent them sticking to the bottom. Stir occasionally, cook until quite soft, then rub through a wire sieve.

Measure out pulp and juice, and pour back in pan, with sugar in the given proportion. Stir all well together, and cook for half an hour, or longer, until the cheese will set quite firmly when a little is cooled on a plate. Place in small dry jars, and cover when cold.

Gooseberry Amber.

Have ready one pound of picked and washed gooseberries, a quarter of a

pound of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, three eggs, one ounce of bread crumbs or cake, essence of vanilla. Melt the butter in a clean enamel saucepan, and add the fruit and sugar. Cook gently until a soft, thick mass, stir in the bread crumbs, which have been well grated, and then beat the yolks of the eggs into the gooseberry pulp. Slightly butter a pie dish, and pour in the mixture. Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven, or until the mixture sets.

Now beat up the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding gently three small tablespoonsful of powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence. Heap this roughly on top of the baked mixture, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Put in the coolest part of the oven till crisp on the outside and pale brown. Place a grill around the pie dish, and serve immediately.

Gooseberry Fool.

Top and tail a pound of green gooseberries, boil with three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a cupful of water. When quite soft press through a coarse sieve and mix with them, very gradually, a pint of milk. Milk and cream make a richer dish; cream alone makes it delicious. Serve cold in custard glasses or large glass dish.

Gooseberry Trifle.

Cut up a quarter of a pound of sponge cake in thin slices, and place at the bottom of a deep glass dish. Soak the cake with a little cherry; this is optional. Boil half a pint of water with a pound of loaf sugar for 10 minutes. Put in a pint and a half of green gooseberries, picked, washed and drained. Boil till they are tender, but unbroken.

When cool, place on the sponge cake. Make a pint and a half of good plain boiled custard, flavored with lemon or vanilla. Pour it over the gooseberries, and ornament with a little whipped cream or the beaten white of an egg.

Gooseberry Biscuits.

Take some full-grown, but not ripe, gooseberries, put them into a jar, and set them to boil in a saucepan of water till soft; then rub through a sieve. To every pound of pulp allow a pound of loaf sugar. Stir the mass over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, then pour it into shallow dishes to dry in the sun or in a cool oven.

When it begins to candy, it may be cut into any desired shapes. Turn them over daily until they become dry and hard, and store in tin boxes in a dry place.

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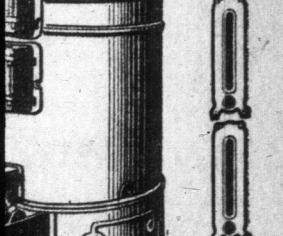
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