

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 the M. T. S. and R. M. C. as judge.

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 interest.

Resting!

PETER read a letter from Mary. "You must come up here over a week-end soon. Everybody else's husband does, and it doesn't look well for you to be an exception to the rule. The fare is pretty high, I know, but we can economize some other way when I get home."

If that isn't consistency for you! Not one has Mary mentioned the extravagance of her summer at the lake, but she calmly speaks of economizing in the same breath with my railroad fare. I decided to go in spite of the extravagance, however, and departed one Friday to surprise her. She didn't expect me until Saturday. After a railroad journey of considerable tediousness we arrived at a country station and proceeded by rickety stage to a summer boarding house by the shore of a lake.

A Hotbed of Gossip.

I shan't forget my first glimpse of the rocking chair brigade on the porch. There they sat, flies upon flies of mol, anarchy women, rocking endlessly back and forth and fussing over the ridiculous fancy work with which women waste so much time. Occasionally one would dart hysterically from the piazza and rescue a squalling youngster on the lawn. Over in a corner four gray-haired ladies with somewhat masterful chins were squabbling furiously over bridge and peering with disapproval at the younger women chatting noisily beside them. Under an apple tree a woman in a hammock was reading a novel. Through the trees beyond I glimpsed several of the elderly card groups and an irascible old gentleman with his foot on a chair who seemed to be the victim of an ailing toe by the malignant glances he shot in that direction. He was the only man in sight, and he was not at all happy.

Of all hotbeds of petty gossip, commend me to such a place as this. A summer hotel that caters to married people of mediocre mentality and medium circumstances is the most deadly thing under heaven! It is calculated, I'm willing to wager, to increase tenfold the petty failings of every woman there.

How Mary could exchange our trim little country house for this squabbling, wretched crowd of holiday-hunting malcontents was more than I could understand. Women lay much upon the altar of fashion.

Worse Than at Home.

The irascible old gentleman with the toe, however, told me a different story. He unbosomed his vexed soul to me over a post-prandial cigar. "Rest!" he roared at me when I mentioned it. "These women don't know what rest is! They'd rest at home. Here they fuss from morning to night, changing their duds at every opportunity to dazzle each other. Rest! I'm imprisoned here with this cursed lot to rest, and I want for my daughters who watch me like a hawk I'd escape tonight, too or no too." The women gossip and death and babies until I don't wonder they get on each other's nerves. "And don't you tell me they don't, for they do! I watch 'em! They brag by the minute about their homes, but they stay on—got to, you see, folks expect 'em to. When a woman goes off the porch with a new gown on the buzz is equivalent to a gang of 60-horsepower mosquitoes running wild. I know, sir, I know! The kids light and the mothers take sides and the old ones squabble over bridge. "And it's just as hot and dusty up here as it is home. They swear they're having a good time! They're not. When the stage comes in Saturday night packed with husbands they ought to be home with them, a different bunch. It's a holiday! Just let my toe get better and I'll get away from Ann and go somewhere where there isn't any rest."

Wise Words

A good disposition is more valuable than gold; for the latter is the gift of fortune, but the former is the dower of nature.—Addison.

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefort.

Modesty is bred in self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds. None are truly great without this ornament.—A. B. Alcott.

A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a ton of vinegar would only corrode the wheels and creaker the movements.—Colton.

All deception in the course of life is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.—South.

It is the privilege of posterity to set matters right between those antagonists who, by their rivalry for greatness, divided a whole age.—Addison.

I never listen to cauniums, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—Montesquieu.

Let's take it instant by the forward top; for we are old, and on our quickest decrees the inaudible and noiseless foot of time steals ere we can effect them.—Shakespeare.

IF ONLY HE COULD MARRY ALL OF THEM!

By Michelson



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MAK no mistake, dear friends, he is no Mormon or aspirant for the dishonors of bigamy. He's just a plain, honest, likable chap whose sin is being in love with a great many lovely girls and not knowing just how to discriminate against all the others by asking one.

If only he could marry them ALL! If only that altar cushion might be indented by the whole delightful brood, all at once—anything to escape that

heart-twisting business of pushing all the other charmers away from any one.

You see, he happens to know so many girls who LOOK just like brides; and here's JUNE coming and the blossoms and honeymoon time tables and heaven knows how many other inducements to bridal thoughts.

Such a young man needs sympathy—and good advice. He needs to be reminded that just ONE requires a whole lot of love and a whole lot of money, and that he's lucky if he gets that one to HAVE him.

Paper Dress Frolics for Children

By Jeannette Young Norton

CHILDREN, aping the grown-ups in their search for new party sensations, love the crepe paper frolics. Many novelties are made from their crinkly rolls, and each child may design her party after her own ideas, and even help in the making of her costume.

Perhaps the economical mother may consider it a great deal of trouble to make a dress for one occasion only; but when she takes into consideration

the fun it gives in the wearing she will admit the preparation is no more troublesome than seeing to the proper laundering of the lace and cambric dress, the pressing of sashes and hair ribbons.

Some of the dresses are made on cambric foundations, and others right on to the petticoat and waist combination. The paper is quite tough, and is not nearly so difficult to handle as one might suppose.

The flower costumes are exceedingly



One of the Fancy Costumes Easily Copied.

Three Minute Journeys

Where the Natives Seek Slavery

By TEMPLE MANNING

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written in this country and abroad concerning the atrocities practiced on some of the rubber plantations in Peru and Bolivia, this much I can say about the slaves in one large district on the Amazon, about a thousand miles below the trading post of Puerto Allanza:

They rank higher socially than the free, unattached natives; are really envied. It is the common ambition to become attached to some trader as his creature.

The reason for this is not hard to find. Instead of wandering wild about the woods they are brought into the camps, given clothes and a gun and introduced to alcohol. A good crop is invariably secured, and the natives are supplied with alcohol, more guns and ammunition and finery for the women.

Sometimes, when there is gross laziness, whipping is resorted to, but care is taken in this. If the ill treatment be excessive—that is, more than the men think they deserve—the next morning they find the master assassinated. I know of at least two slave owners and their staffs who met their fate in this way—all wiped out in a night.

Of all the miserable, monotonous trips I have ever taken the journey up the Madre de Dios river, a tributary of the Amazon, was the worst. We had to punt our peculiarly shaped canoe with long bamboo poles up some of the worst rapids in South America, and we could only do this by keeping close to the shore. This was at the expense of great suffering, for hordes of mosquitoes, "manta blancas," and other flying and creeping pests came out early from the jungle banks to feast upon us.

When you have travelled thus for days and days you will appreciate a thatched covering in a clearing and the presence of a few cheerless savages.

I most certainly did; and the roasted monkey, turtle eggs, wild pig, wild turkey and small hard cakes, which pass for bread, were as delicious as any banquet in the centre of civilization.

To show the pride of the natives, and explain the primitive reason why they will work so readily if their owners keep on hand an assortment of cheap finery, I was sitting with a Huiloto chief over the remains of a feast one evening when a huge copper-colored savage appeared. He was in process of tanning, preparatory to being sent out to gather gacha. A trade shirt and trousers covered part of his frame, and on his head was an old felt hat with a lining of greasy silk.

I was wearing an unlined felt cowboy hat that greatly interested the natives. Suddenly, monkey fashion, the big newcomer reached down and grabbed my foot, looked at it and then the absence of lining, gazed at his own resplendent headgear, and then laughed and danced about in native glee that "the white man" did not know. The sheriff put it on.

Where Liberality Counts.

Mrs. Wabash—Don't you believe in "divorce laws?"

Mrs. Lakeside—Well, the laws don't matter much if the husbands are liberal.

Not Wholly True.

"Is he a true poet?"

"I don't think so. His wife got a divorce from him."

One That Will Work.

"He has a new attachment on his auto."

"What is it?"

"I don't know. The sheriff put it on."

Secrets of Health

Beware Cramp If You Swim After Eating

By Dr. L. K. HIRSHBERG

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

CHEERED by the milder beam, the brightly youth speeds to the well known pool. A while he stands gazing at the inverted landscape—half afraid—to meditate the blue below. Then he plunges headlong.

The old swimmer hole of boyhood's happy hours has been found in these matters of fact, bacteriological days to be not all that it is cracked up to be. Like the old caken bucket that hangs in the typhoid infected well and the cakes that mother used to make, the swimming hole is a nest of lurking microbes.

How many a time have you, like the Two Foscari, cloven with arm still rustier and breast more daring, the waves all roughened at the swimmer's stroke?

Who in these luscious, luscious hours, be she a swimmer or he only a bather, has not pined for thirst amid the sea of waves. Then comes the thought, as you hatchet and chop the green water, that, however near or far one shore may be to another, the waves which now ripple across your moving foot will soon be on the distant strand.

To swim with discretion means never to venture in the earth-absent depths when you are the slightest bit heavier than water. You must neither dare the waters after a meal nor brave even the ripples after the loss of a night's sleep.

The slightest indisposition may mean drowning to the best and most venturesome swimmers. "Cramps," as muscular contractions and spasms of the alert and skilful water nymphs, when they appear.

These usually assail the bold swimmer when he is tired, overfed, underfed, overworked, shocked, or otherwise in want of a complete physiological balance.

"Children are we of the restless sea, Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee; We follow our race, In shifting chase, Over the boundless ocean-space! Who hath led where the race began? Who shall behold it run?"

The waves are full of whippers wild and sweet; They call to me—inevitably they beat Along the side from stern to curved prow."

Answers to Health Questions

A. N—My hair is falling out. Please recommend a growth promoter and a dandruff cure.

Loosen the scalp with the tips of your fingers twice a day, simultaneously rubbing in this:

Caster oil..... 2 ounces
Sulphur..... 1/2 ounce
Cocoa butter..... 1/2 ounce
Salicylic acid..... 10 grains
Beta naphthol..... 10 grains
Balsam Peru..... 1/2 dram

Take two grains of thyroid gland twice a day for one week, then stop one week, and so alternate for two months. If palpitation, nervousness or other disturbances appear do not take it.

MARY Mc—My head aches every morning, and I have fever with it. When I kneel down I feel as if my head would come off, and after I stand up I feel as if I would fall down. I snore when asleep very loud. A thick phlegm comes in my throat all the time, and a bad feeling goes up my back to my head. I get short of breath when I go up two flights of stairs. Am 59 years old and have had seven children.

You need a good rest and relief from all responsibility. If your oldest children and others of your family will allow you a month or two away from them, and if you will expend much of the time in bed, eating green vegetables, fresh fruits and thinking only of pleasant things, taking purgatives daily, you will be quickly improved.

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.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:
There is a boy who lives near us whom I like very much. He has been told that I like him. And when ever I see him I am so shy I don't know what to do. But what makes it worse is he doesn't care for me. What shall I do. How can I make him care for me?

SWEET SIXTEEN.

HOW can you "make" him care for you when he doesn't?

There's no how about it, little girl. There's no such word as "make" when it comes to love.

Who told him that you liked him, and do you tell him that you do, you foolish little girl?

So you are so shy you don't know what to do, are you? What makes you shy? Are you afraid of the boy, or what?

You just stop thinking about that young man, Sweet Sixteen. Don't there some work you ought to be doing this

Annie Laurie

NO LONGER FROM MI

"MadWomen" Eva at King's Palace Smash Wind

LONDON, May 29.—

Palace is to be no longer the window smashing ra

It leaked out last night 11 and 12 o'clock two ceded in evading the se the palace. Entering t they began throwing s windows and had sma them when the sentrie and took them to the within the precincts o where they gave their police. The master of t hold refused to prosec they were released after detention.

Cheer Announ

At a meeting of the cial and Political Union when Mrs. Mansell told two women had succed the audience burst into several minutes. The s the Queen must be h treatment meted out to fragettes was received w of desert.

Mrs. Mansell strongly ainst the action of the Canterbury in "refusing to Miss Annie Kenney the archbishop would b peace until women obta

Miss Barbara Wylie, raid on Buckingham Pa "Red Thursday" wou more widespread than seen. One result wou that the women wou and more determined to chains, hold up their h down to neither the G the King.

CAINSV

(From our own cor

Mrs. James Dunn, of latter part of last week of Mr. and Mrs. Dawd

Mrs. Hassard, of Brae to her home on Tuesing spent several days a her sister, Mrs. Dutton.

Dr. and Mrs. Rapha holiday in Toronto.

Miss Mary Teeple sp end at the home of h Ancestor.

Rev. Mr. Roberts, Jarvis, was a guest at Mr. and Mrs. Wilson week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartw ford, spent the holiday of Mr. and Mrs. Dawd

The League will hold sary services on Sund Rev. Mr. Marshall, of C

Mrs. Marshall, of C preach in the morning McCintock, of Alexan duct the evening serv

assisted by Miss Heam and Mr. James Smith, will furnish special mus The following Mondat At home will be given e

A very quiet and p was solemnized at Wed parsonage on Wednes when Rev. Mr. Hamill holy bonds of matrimo

King of Cainsville and berts of 182 Wellingt ford. The bride was at Ellen Brett and the gr

Brabbs, both of Brantf looked charming in a suit with hat to matc

couple left on the 3:45 ton and points east, at turn will take up their

Brantford. Cainsville congratulations and wi couple a long and prosp

life.

Mrs. Bishop, accom little daughter, of An guest of Mr. and Mrs. B day.

Miss Libby Vanderlip spent the holiday with

Rev. Mr. Morrow e morning service in t church last Sabbath.

Wolfe and Miss Winn received the rite of baptis they together with Miss inson, united in church

Rev. Mr. Morrow cho propriate subject: Our present, past and futu

The text was found in I 2. The address was a one, full of historical references to the make Dominion.

Rev. Mr. Cook had evening service. His t in Matt. 11, 4 and 5, and was very much enjoyed

Miss Sudbury, of Br the holiday at the hom Mrs. Mayes.

Mr. Will Dawley and ley, of Pine Grove, were former's father's on Sun

Mr. and Mrs. Avery s day in Hamilton.

Mr. George Wolfe, of is spending a few weeks ents, after having of course at the college.

Mr. Mahlon Wilson, visited on the home of h Wilson, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlin celebrated the twenty-f

ary of their marriage