

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

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.

No. 108

What a Card Brought.

An ironic sense of malice has gotten me into a peculiar mess. Having dropped my card in a trolley car so that two women who were somewhat cattily discussing my wife might find it and have an attack of conscience, I now LEONA DALRYMPLE learn to my sorrow, that it was an exceedingly unwise thing to do. It has precipitated a domestic squall.

My first inkling of the situation came one evening when I found Mary in tears. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "When a woman cries it really is a great conundrum to know what to do. If you ask her what the trouble is she merely cries harder—if you don't ask her she'll cry anyway, and there you are. Accused of Flirting."

Mary's tears came considerably faster when I inquired the cause of them. "Peter," she said, "I never supposed I'd married a horrid flirt. I never supposed you'd go around flirting with women in trolley cars. 'Good heavens!' I haven't flirted with a trolley car woman or any other kind of a woman. What are you driving at?" Mary flung back her head defiantly. "Didn't you drop your card as you were passing some women in a trolley car Tuesday?" The situation dawned upon me in an instant. I looked blank.

"There!" triumphed Mary, with a sob. "I knew you did. Oh, Peter!"

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"I don't know," said Mary, wiping her eyes and looking for the first time as if she really did believe me. "The telephone rang just called me up and some strange woman told me that you—had been flirting and dropped your card in a trolley car so that two women behind you could pick it up, and—and, at first I didn't believe it, Peter, honestly. It was so silly—but I kept thinking about it and called me up and she said to leave it all to her—that she'd talk to you."

"Great Gun!" I breathed fervently—but I resisted a strong temptation to say something acid, and changed the subject. "Mary, I added, 'I believe your two club acquaintances picked up the card and were so appalled at the fact that I had overheard them that one of them has deliberately phoned just to get back at me. It was a very neat revenge—but—"

"And you're quite sure it wasn't true, Peter, the flirting? Mother said no one would take the trouble to phone unless there was some truth in it. Raising on my zealous mother-in-law! Somehow I feel pretty positive that without her maternal purr over the telephone Mary would have had more faith in me. It isn't the first time Mrs. Penfield has permitted a brilliant maternal instinct to run away with her common sense, nor likely will it be the last. But I wish Mary would learn to stand firmly on her own two feet and not fly madly to the parental nest in times of doubt. It merely complicates an otherwise plastic situation.

THE SUMMER HERO

By Michelson



BROWNED by the sun, shining like a bronze god, he takes it all very complacently. Admiration does not bother him at all. He doesn't have to be introduced. He is the guardian and friend of all femininity.

Do you wonder that a perfectly dry fashion plate girl sometimes wonders whether a slight gurgle in the deeper places beyond the breakers might not be rewarded by a real thrill, one of those experiences you remember all your life? To be SAVED! It must be superb! Yet after the sun goes down a chap with a heroic car and a heroic bank roll is known to seem quite like a hero. You see, there are so many kinds.

Secrets of Health

Why All Milk For Your Baby Must Be Boiled

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

AND what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days. Then heaven tries the earth if it be in time. And over it softly her warm ear lays. This glorious, healthful, happy, bridal month is full of beauties that lull the unwary, buoyant one into a sense of security, which many conceal a dagger. The month when joy, like beauty, may prove to be only skin deep; when the temptation of dazzling pastures and azure skies may lure you to some physical undoing.

To Avoid Sunstroke. "Insolation" or sunstroke, and heat stroke, may be a sword of Damocles suspended for hotter days of the summer, but the split-second which dangles on the bald head of Fisher Time must be grasped now, because the old fellow has a well greased skull. You cannot seize him from behind, because a big bird's head compared with him is like a regiment of bayonets or a picket fence. Take him, then, by the forelock, and see that you perspire freely at all times. Sunstroke cannot live with perspiration. It is, however, to infantile pabulum that you must look most carefully in these early days of cholera infantum, "summer complaint," acute dysentery, and the other bad milk and water ailments of baby life.

There is no such imaginary danger as the "second summer" superstition for little ones. There is an eternal summer danger for all babies for at least five summers. Every summer has the same danger of its own. The "second summer," like certain marital troubles, seems worse. Boil Baby's Milk. It seems to be a lesson slowly learned by fond parents that because a bottle looks "clean," a milk is rich and tastes "sweet," that it still can cause a Caesar's legion of infantile deaths. Yet it is true, proved beyond denial. The deadly germs of summer diarrhoea are more insidious than a siletto in an alley. Their first signs are loose stools, their second follows quickly—it is death!

Mother's milk, which passes from the breast directly and without delay into the baby's mouth, is dependable at all times. No certified "pasteurized-at-the-dairy" or "fresh cow's milk" contains any immunity to the terrible bacterial demon of infant ailments in summer. Boiling milk for babies has its defects, but death to the child has never been among them. This cannot be said of any other plan to protect the child's milk. For the nonce, then, let me command all young mothers, uncontrolled by ancient errors and neighbor's tales, to nurse their babies with their own breast-milk throughout the summer. If this is not feasible, by all means boil for 20 minutes the milk that is left on your doorstep. The trivial disorders, such as a sluggish alimentary canal, which comes from boiled milk, can be corrected by orange juice, grape juice, polka of eggs and oatmeal rusk. Once the diarrhoea appears, even in what some grandmothers will tell you is "a natural form," stop all food for a few days. Give nothing but boiled water. "Lactated" in this day to emphasize the need of absolute sterilization of bottles, nipples and anything that approaches a child's mouth? Hardly. Even in the remote backwoods they now know this must be done.



him rise, twain, night and main,



sleep in it right along." an interesting character. in Germany and took Franco-Prussian war. Afflict he came to America about on a Mississippi boat for a while and then into South Carolina, but like the country, so he and. He was a street car in Philadelphia and held positions in a dozen cities, married and he and his west, settling at Lincoln.

PATTERNS

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Undered Gowns Now the Craze

By MADGE MARVEL

WITH the generous adaptation of the waistcoat by womanhood it is comparatively easy to take a step further in purloining masculine garments, and add suspenders to feminine costume. There is considerable logic in the occasional use of suspenders, for, made of the same material as the skirt, they join the contrasting blouse into a harmonious whole, and become a relative and efficient part of the gown. worn with a tailored frock of serge or linen, they give a desirable note of smartness, and, when developed in tulle and worn with evening gowns, but in such instances they were designated as bretelles, and their use was entirely ornamental instead of practical.



Suspenders and Banner Straps.

The gown shown is a recent Paris importation, and is applicable to all the linen and cotton weaves so much used this season, as well as to the serges, taffetas and poplins. There is the suggestion of the once favored jumper dress in the suspended frock, but in this costume the straps are carried down to the skirt, where they do the work of the sash, so they become more important than mere suspenders. They very cleverly confine the partners which are as bouffant as a consistent with grace of outline. The material is a fine silk and linen weaves in one of the new bronze shades. From this model, one of the noted modistes tells me, she has made several very smart costumes for the Newport season.

One in particular was developed in canary yellow French linen with the

Words of Wise Men

Every man is exceptional.—Emerson. It is easy to see, hard to foresee.—Franklin. He had a face like a benediction.—Cervantes. You may imitate, but never counterfeit.—Balzac. All habits gather by unseen degrees.—Dryden. Oh, majestic night! nature's great ancestor.—Young. A cultivated reader of history is domesticated in all families, he dines with Pericles and sups with Titian.—Willmott. Off in my way have I stood still, though but a casual passenger, so much I felt the awfulness of life.—Wordsworth. Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Men must not hurry and kill themselves in striving others.—Bacon. A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a hopestead without a garden.—Beaucher.

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

For grit in the eye apply a drop or two of castor oil; it relieves the irritation. Pickles may be kept from becoming mouldy by having a little bag of mustard on the top of the pickle jar.

A little vinegar placed in the rinsing water on washing day will prevent the hands from becoming rough and chapped.

To clean brass flower pots or trays, rub them with a piece of lemon; then pour boiling water over them, and finally polish with a soft dry cloth.

When ironing it is a very good plan to get a clean brick, a white one if possible, as a stand. The iron will retain heat much longer than if an open iron stand be used.

When boiled and unboiled eggs get mixed, spin them, and the boiled ones will spin around quite fast; while those which have not been cooked will hardly spin round once.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie: Perhaps you could advise me what to do. I have been going with a young man for nearly six years. We are not engaged yet; but he says there is a good time coming for me. Last month he came back from the West and stayed for a night and a day at my house. He seldom writes me, yet he does not want to break off altogether. He wants to keep on, but he will not say when he intends to marry me. He thinks I'm going to marry some one else. Now he has gone back West. I am very lonely. I know, hardly any place in the city. Please tell me how to meet some nice young men and women. I would like to have some nice young men to go out with, or some nice girl friend with whom to go to church. I go to church morning and evening, but I seldom meet any young people and

I am a little lonesome. Please help me. DARE HAIRB LASSIE. So he's going back West. And he says, he hopes you'll write—once he marries him, after all. And he didn't say he loved you, and now you are heart-broken, and don't know what to do. Why, you say yourself that the man thinks you're going to marry some one else. Why did he tell you that? Did you think it would make him come to time? Well, it didn't. You see, and now you wish you had never seen him at all—well, you will, so do I, little girl, but you can't help that now. What you can help is writing to him any longer or paying any more serious attention to him whatsoever. He isn't the only man in the world just because he and, before you know it you will find some one who really loves you—some one who will appreciate your faithfulness.

You say you are lonely and know no one in your church. Why don't you go to the minister about it? Tell him you are a stranger in town and want to meet some nice young people. He'll arrange it somehow—that's one of the things he's there for. Life is a long road, you know, and he isn't going to be in a shady place on—never fear. Just go singing along through the dark places, and first you know you will have some companionship with you. 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.

Three Minute Journeys

WHERE TWO PRIESTS BRING LUCK

By TEMPLE MANNING

OF all the people of the earth would give to the Maori the palm for hospitality. Never shall I forget the delightful marriage feast it was my good luck to attend one warm New Zealand day. A runner came to my camp from up country with the invitation smiling on his lips. He bade me hasten to the "hul" or feast, for there were many invited guests, and the festivities would soon begin. Nothing loath, I mounted my unshod native pony, and followed him up through the hills to where the smoke of many cook fires hospitably beckoned.

With mock annoyance he told me how he happened to be there. The couple about to be married were not Catholic, but their own pastor was away. Differences of creed meant nothing to a Maori; all they wished was to be married by a white "tohunga" (priest). My friend happened to be travelling near, and some of the bridegroom's friends went over to his camp and kidnapped him. He protested, laughingly, but the good smells from the event made him do as he was told. At 10 o'clock a bell rang out from the little "whare-karaka" (church), and we took our places near the altar. Great masses of fragrant, white clematis and the crimson "pohutuwa" flowers, made the interior a "lovely" bower. The good Catholic priest stepped to his side, to help him perform the ceremony. But the "whare" the "whare" was finished. He invited the bridegroom to take his cup filled with water. She took a sip and then handed it to the



As we emerged from the chapel a rattled horn rang out through the grove, and a "sweet" voice, "Koriri" (girl) changed a song of happy invitation to the feast that was ready spread. We sat down to dinner, 400 strong, and over the clatter of the tables sang the songs of the Maori to the branches overhead, the musical tinkle of a nearby water-fall, and the happy laughter of the bridal party. To them it was the height of good fortune that an old "tohunga" of their fathers' faith had wed them, and that while man and priest had made them one, she took a sip and then handed it to the