DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY.

Is the "Man in the Clouds" a Failure as a Husband? By Winifred Black

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tulle banded with

the great poet, to the sweet little 18-year-old girl. And the sweet little girl is showing the poems to her friends and they are all envying her because she is beloved

rodite, a Circe and a Lileth; her eyes are stars, and where she walks the purple blossoms strew her path.

Dear me, how interesting! I don't wonder that she goes about, poor child, with her eyes full of visions and

some day! For she is making a great She ought to put his verses away in an ivory casket with roses to fade in npany with them. She ought to frame his picture in a thin band of silver and wear it next her heart. She ought to keep her poet for a dream-just

ing sweet to remember, like the first yellow rose her boy sweethear gave her the last day of school when she was not yet sixteen Poets-have you ever noticed it-never write such verses to their wives

I know a woman who was married to a poet, not a great poet, just a mester, a man with the trick of verse and with the fatal gift of idealizing ything and every one he knew, when he felt like it. He was, so my friend who married him tells me, the most delightful lover

is all the world, and the most dreadful failure of a husband. He never could remember to bring home money for the grocery man. He

was always so busy thinking up new phrases in which to describe the sunset that he couldn't put his mind on sordid details-like getting home in time for dinner. And people were sorry for him, because he was unhappily married. One day the wife of the near-poet was very cross with one of the young ladies who was sorry for her husband.

Oh, not about that—dear no, she would have had to have been cross with so many-but just because she didn't like something about this particular young person. So now she is divorcing the near-poet.

Poor near-poet, I'm almost sorry for him. I met him the other day, and He looked just as I have felt when I went to buy a perfectly simple piece

of ribbon of a perfectly simple shade—and it turned out to be bewildering, when I got to the counter with all the ribbons there to look upon. My friend who married him is really quite heartless about it. She laughs

every time she thinks of it. Only she's spiteful about the one particular girl "I do hope he'll marry her," she says-"if he does I'm going to move next

foor and see what she does when some of the ladies who are so sorry for him for marrying her come to make the wedding call."

Heroes and a Real Man.

The hero in the book we're reading just now-how complex he is, how The man in the play—what a love he is, what a figure for the imagination.

No wonder the leading woman is so willing to die for him, or even to live for But look—isn't he glancing rather often at the two pretty girls in the

And who is that waiting for the handsome hero at the stage door-a man Let's go home and have the faithful dog, who would give his life for any

comes, on the porch now—dear John, kind John, stupid, trutfiful, loving.

One of the porch now—dear John, kind John, stupid, trutfiful, loving.

One of the porch now—dear John, kind John, stupid, trutfiful, loving.

Buck, "is the woman who makes vacation, who never wrote a verse in his life and who'd go to sleep if the sleep in one of us that he loves, meet us at the doorstep.

You're the man for me, dear John, and I hope and pray I may be worthy

What makes you think he is nice, and what is it that you find so in-

aunic Lanne

nice, and what is it that you find so interesting in him?

He may be a delightful creature, but your description of him makes him sound something like a wooden Indian, or one of those round-eyed dummies you see in front of clothing wearing, "This swell suit for \$17.75."

If you get so tired trying to talk with him now, what on earth will you do her, care this office.

Asa Clown Sees Us By Harry La Pearl

come to look upon prisons as a myth, or at least as a vague something so far away from us all that it was no one's away from us all that it was no one's affect whether the state of the st affair whether they were good or bad, reformatory in results, or merely cruel. What does it all mean? Simply that our criminal laws have multiplied with such repidity that nearly all of us are potentially candidates for that grim vacation rescaled.

vacation resort.

Why, the situation is so bad that I why, the situation is so bad that I am constantly tempted to resign from my lodge, the "Phraternal Order of Professional Phools," for fear of being indicted for membership in an organization in restraint of trade. Some day some non-union fool may go into court and assert that he is out of work by reason of our restrictions and thenwell, some jesters will march off to the rock pile at Atlanta, or Fort Leavenrock pile at Atlanta, or Fort Leaven-worth, to "make small ones out of big

I am a fairly well educated and fairly well read "professional phool." And I

The White Man's Burden.

Suddentify that all of us who prosper or gain fame face jail, it is timely indeed that we should have prison reform. Else, where can we find candidates for the Senate and the Legislature, mayors for our cities, and directorates for our big trusts?



Just Like That. "I want to be an angel,"

THE REAL WORTH OF A VACATION



"Rest Is a Change of Activity," Says Inez Buck

ly pertinent question, just as soon as to you, that it becomes almost negligible. Like the professional shopper, she de-

ID you ever meet a "Vacation Map- and who has lightning and just judg- of the year, and something which will ment of people, and knows how to adapt give us future pleasure and benefit,

nt. She finds "For example, I would have the busy peculiarly useful niche. Inez Buck is tion, and how much money you want to comfortable, and have 24 hours each day "The Vacation Mapper," explains Miss different trips for you, and helps you "I don't believe the words 'vacation'

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Veils Are Harmful; Nature's Guard Sufficient

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). C ARTOR RESARTUS was Carlyle's mouthpiece. The

words of the tailor, Herr Teufelsdrockh, were boiled-down philosophy. One of my editor friends writes: "Why write poetry, discuss philosophy or quote the classics? The man on the street is not interested in such matters." Perhaps he is right, but tons of information come to me to the contrary.

Therefore, in discussing veils, their virtues and their vices, the opinions of Carlyle, Plato and Diogenes may The human flesh itself is a veil. It clads man and

woman's deeper communion. A veil is only a screen of a shadowy sort. It is expected to protect the deeper struct-

appearance, as Carlyle put it, be safeguarded by a fleshy veil?

"Oh, Heaven," says the ridiculous it is awful to consider that we not only carry a future ghost within us, but ara, in very deed, ghosts!"

The flesh, then, veils the underlying tissues. The night veils the day. A screen veils the damp zephyrs from the baby's crib.

Nature herself is veiled. All that you know about nature comes to you through your senses. What your eyes do not see, what your tongue does not taste, what your nostrils do not seen, what your muscles do not seize, what your skin does not feel, what your ears do not hear—you know nething about.

Yes, experimental psychology, the higher physical and animal behavior, prove now, even to the satisfaction of science, that there are more things veiled from you in heaven and earth than was ever dreamt of in all of Horatio's philosophies!

Fair ladies, however, wear black, white, September blue, tango red and hesitation green veils to keep away the none too gentle touch of Aeolus and Boreas.

College girls, matrons, debutantes,

College girls, matrons, debutantes, sweet girl graduates, typists, Mrs. Newly Wed, and the motor car miss cling resolutely to veils. Yet nature endowed women with firm, ruby faces—the great-

Why, then, should the human spirit, shaped into an DR, HIRSHEE

"Oh, Heaven," says the ridiculous Herr Teufelsdrockh, "It is mysterious.

Wash the hair in borax or add vine-

sweet girls graduates, typists, Mrs. Newly Wed, and the motor car miss cling resolutely to veils. Yet nature endowed women with firm, ruby faces—the greatest of all veils.

Veils, like furs, spoil the flesh, Are the cheeks and lips of hairless, men any the worse for exposure. I trow not. To wear veils is to coddle the flesh, to encourage freckles, to make a tender skin.

All flesh is grass, and all know what will happen if a bit of veiling is cast upon grass. Moreover, the tenderness of skin forever covered is perfectly understood. Examine the flesh of your arm, your thigh, your bosom.

Expose these covered parts to wind, weather, water or sun. Freckles, tan and blemishes are among the consequences.

All veils injure the beautiful textile of your outer tissues, but black veils are irrevocably evil. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but the face in a black veil poisons the flesh.

Red veils, if these iniquitous and incarnate face screens must be worn, are perhaps the safest of them all. Not

News Notes of Fashion

Tourse the man for me, users you.

Advice to Girls

Advic

ly pertinent question, just as soon as the pertinent question, just as soon as the tulip beds in the parks burst forth in a blaze of reds and yellows, and the like the professional shopper, she derives most of her income from perleaves on the trees get big enough to flutter in the spring breezes.

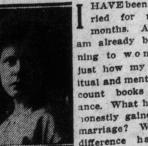
It is a splendid enterprise for the flutter in the spring breezes.

It is a splendid enterprise for the nature.

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



Useful Hints for the Housewife

The frust about "the piri in the part of the mile of the method of the part of

