

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the new novel, *Diane of the Green Vase*, awarded 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 interest.

Serving Beets!

THERE is a vegetable called "beet," I suggested merrily one night when Mary was decrying the paucity of edible food.

"Beets!" said Mary, sniffing. "Dear me, Peter, I'd forgotten they grew."

"I thought maybe 'LEONA DALRYMPLE you had,'" I admitted, "for to my knowledge we haven't had them once since we've been married. And I'm rather fond of them myself."

Mary made a wry face.

"I detest them," she exclaimed, shrugging.

I had a guilty conviction from her tone that a predilection for beets was vulgar, but I let it go at that. Indeed, with the married man's facility for forgetting the ulterior motive where his wife is concerned I began to understand why beets had been barred from the family table. We never have the things Mary dislikes or considers vulgar. On the other hand, we frequently repeat certain dishes I detest. The reason, however, is perhaps not quite so selfless as it sounds. Mary, with a habit of carelessness, forgets what I like and what I don't. She is not so likely to forget her own dislikes.

Mary's tomorrow is a most elastic term. Tomorrow peculiarly enough is not always with her, the day after today. It may be somewhere in the following week, and it may even be in the following month. It is, however, usually some time in the year. Mary has not yet learned the invaluable art of hurrying her time. It slips out of her fingers like so many water drops off a boat paddle. Like many another woman she is a victim of procrastination.

We had beets a month later, and, moreover, by an ironical twist of Fate we had guests to assist in their consumption.

Now Mary is growing somewhat vain about her prowess in cooking, though she needs it. An inkling of knowledge, I notice, usually brings with it considerable unfeigned vanity. My wife indignantly patronizes new and inexperienced housekeepers, and it amuses me considerably, for Mary's first pose in bridal days was a very definite and aristocratic pride in her total ignorance of everything domestic. She speaks casually now of an inherent aptitude for the things of the home which she really did not possess.

Our guests upon this ill-fated night we launched the beets were a newly married pair, Carl Harner and his wife.

Forgot to Cook Them!

Mary had been spreading herself in style. I had heard casual references, such as this: "When you make custard, my dear, never make the mistake of overcooking. A good cook never does that!" and similar sage utterances betokening a vast and all-embracing experience on Mary's part. Therefore, the episode of the beets was the more tragic and amusing.

I must confess those beets looked queer from the instant we sat down. I attended to the needs of my guests, and presently helped myself to beets, eyeing them with peculiar apprehension. I furtively harpooned a segment with my fork and hastily desisted, somewhat astonished by its utter immunity to fork prongs. And I was conscious that they were not in color just what they ought to be. I saw Carl make a similar attack and sink back appalled. He was eyeing those beets with fascinated intensity, as I was myself. Mrs. Harner presently tested a beet and looked so baffled that I decided to take the bull by the horns and speak to Mary.

"Mary," I began cautiously, "I know there isn't such a thing as a leather beet or a stone one, and I don't suppose they're fossilized—but just what variety of beets are these anyway?"

"Regular beets," said Mary primly.

"How," I ventured humbly, "how long did you cook them?"

Mary's lovely eyes widened.

"Cook them!" she exclaimed. "Why, Peter, I didn't know you had to. I sliced them up in vinegar—raw."

I don't know, but I think there was a glimmer of malice in Mrs. Harner's eyes. I didn't blame her.

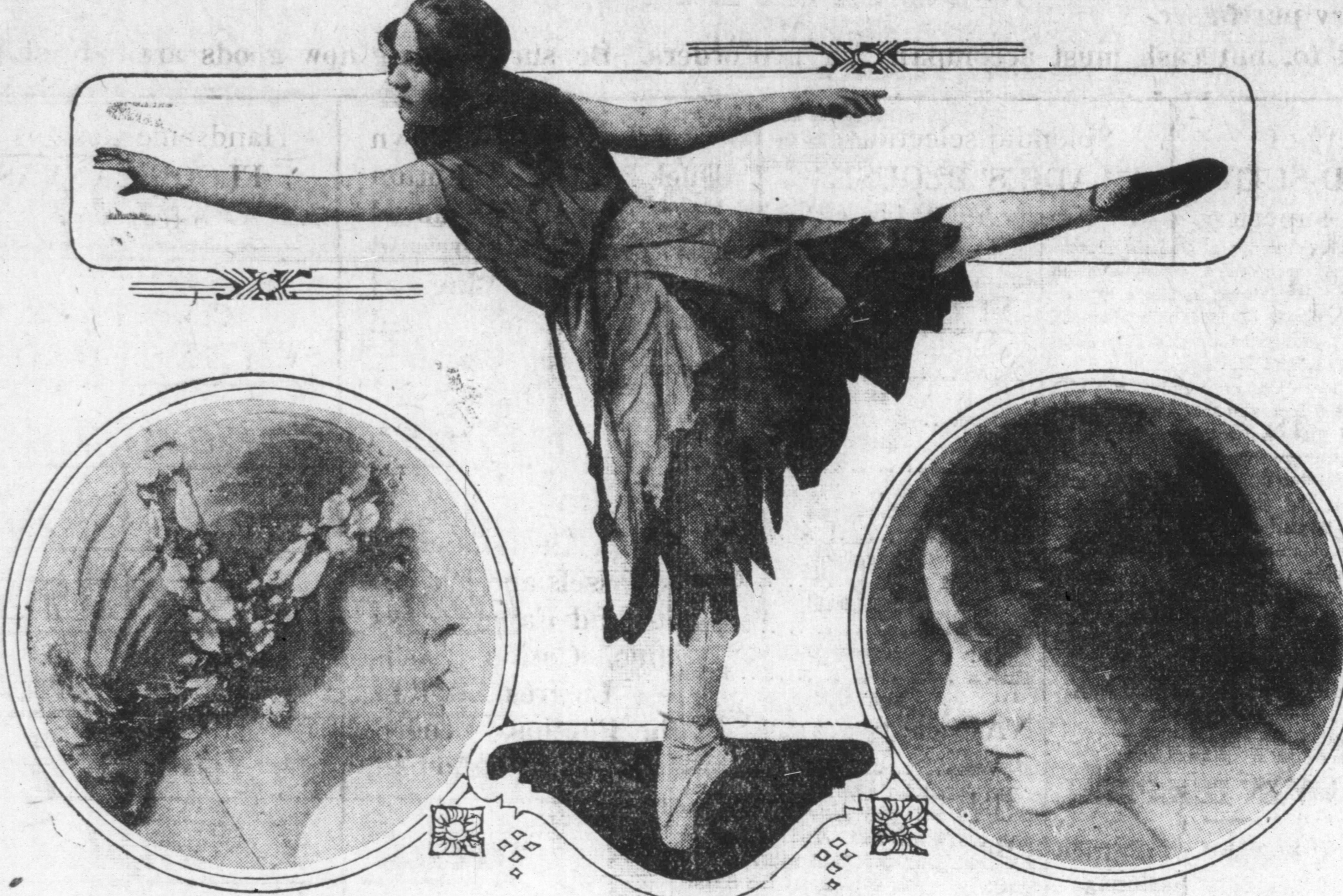
Let the Sunshine In

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down.
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away.
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping out our own.
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
To note, with all their heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love
Their confidence to win,
It pays to open wide the heart
And let the sunshine in.

DANCING TO IMPROVE THE DISPOSITION



Three Interesting Poses of Charming Mlle. Dazie.

Mlle. Dazie Gives Some Interesting Rules for "Keeping in Tune"

By ELEANOR AMES

TEMPER fits do not keep step to dance music. The present dance madness will result in future salubrious balance and better dispositions. It will teach control. Control means increase of power. The time for this mad whirligig of tango and maxixe and hesitation and one-step has a perfectly sane and logical reason back of it. It was needed to relieve the strain of too much seriousness and too long continued nervous tension. It let down the bars of over-rest, and when the first madness has passed and the after-sanity comes the world will be much better for it.

At least, that is the opinion of Mlle. Dazie, who ranks as one of the most famous dancers of the age.

It is an opinion worthy of attention, for many of the classical dancers have only sneers and words of condemnation for the modern dances, which, they declare, are neither artistic nor interesting nor provocative of good.

"Anything which gives men and women the opportunity of gaining control of themselves is to be encouraged," said Mlle. Dazie, whose poise and grace is the perfection of harmony between mind and body.

"I have chosen not to regard the modern dances from an artistic standpoint, but from the effect on the dancers. No one can dance at all unless he or she has control of the body. The dancer must understand the law of balance and bodily control. Otherwise the feet will not obey the mind. The majority of the world has long been in fetters of self-consciousness. The dance is breaking those fetters."

"You know Epictetus says 'No man is free who is not master of himself.' That is a good motto for the dancer, for any one else to put back in the mental storehouse. Freedom is as necessary for success as opportunity. The minute a man or a woman reaches the place where the body works in sub-conscious harmony with the mind there is freedom of action."

"A well balanced head seldom crowns an ill-balanced body."

"Over-suppression has resulted in lack

of harmony. We have been afraid of fear of being awkward. The dancer has removed that fear. The result will be an improvement in health, beauty and conduct. We are learning to forget ourselves by dancing. It will soon become a habit, and the balance will become part of the nature."

"Every woman who seeks beauty should begin by learning to dance. When she can pose herself on one foot with the other extended and her whole body in muscular control, she is laying a permanent foundation for the poise which will make her graceful and efficient."

"I know comparatively few dancers who suffer from what is best known under the specification of 'nerves,' but which means nothing in the world but lack of control. They don't fly into fits over this and that, for, if they did they would lose the balance which is the foundation of their dancing life."

"A dancer who is successful has to have the muscles of her body in complete subservience. Her mind and body have to work in perfect harmony. If there is discord between the two, then she loses power and grace. In other words, she falls down in her dance."

"It seems to me that the two worlds we hear most often repeated in these modern days are 'poise' and 'efficiency,' and they are almost inseparable."

"Lack of one means loss of the other. 'The debilitate slouch?' Don't you think it is passing? Just as all foolish things pass when the time comes for them to give way to something better. It is a pleasing sign that women are taking up the question of the proper posture, for that really means an effort to establish harmony. And the more harmony we can get into this wonderful world the better place it will be and the more will be accomplished."

"It seems so foolish for a girl to take so much pains to powder her nose and so little in keeping herself in tune. For when mind and body are working in harmony and the heart is happy one is bound to be beautiful. On with the dance! It is the wise attitude to take. When the first craze has worn off there will come a healthy reaction with an increase of efficiency. Wait and see. Meantime dance and be happy."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why You Get "Stiff Neck" Without Apparent Cause

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

YOU go to bed like a lark. You feel "as fine as a fiddle" all day. All is well.

Yet you wake up the next morning with a kink in your neck. Your collar muscles are as stiff as the proverbial poker.

Moreover, the rigidity is only second to the spasms of pain you feel when you try to turn your head. Your conscience, like the wights in the Merchant of Venice, hangs about your neck.

"Budge not," it says. "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says your conscience. And if you love not pain, you are indeed a yokel if you try to shake your head or budge that stiff-neck.

"What is the rule to prevent these rigid, stiff, strange 'torticollis' develops. To which the stiff-neck, would answer, as in the Winter's Tale,

"If I shall be condemned Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else. But what the jealousies awake, I tell you."

"Is rigor and not a law."

In short, there is no law that will save everybody from suffering the pangs and inconveniences of this affliction.

If the adamant and concrete clinging of one tissue to another indicates emaciation and stultification, a stiff neck is a most fashionable and much loved fellow, for the petrified and inelastic neck muscles cling as obstinately to his vertebrae as a swarm of bees to the queen.

"Wry-neck," acute "torticollis," or "stiff-neck," is a pretty high price to pay for something you did not buy. Actually, it is often most difficult for even the most searching investigation and cross-questioning to bring to light the source of the horny, cartilaginous neck-resistance.

Most commonly the domestic doctor dismisses the stiff-neck with a wave of her hand as one of the "colds," whatever that may be. Somehow, any affliction once ascribed to a "cold," no matter how painful it may be, has no longer anything exciting about it. These words "cold" and "a cold" have the same soothing and magic influence upon the victim as the Lorelei.

Yet a stiff neck, with its drum-like throb of the upper spinal muscles, may be a much more serious trouble than herb doctors, mental optimists and homeopathic and chiropractic faculties may think.

There is a woodpecker called the "wry-neck," from its habit of writhing the head and neck around in a wise, but odd, manner.

But it is not the bird of that name which neurologists mean when they say "wry-neck." In the latter instance the



DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

MANY INQUIRERS—What will prevent growth of hair on my face?

This can be prevented by using a shaving powder which is composed of barium sulphide and calcium sulphide. This must not be left on long enough to irritate the face.

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: I have enjoyed your answers to other girls. I would like to know if I could write short stories. Would any newspaper take them? I would like to write on certain kind of paper and would I get pay for them? I have often thought I could write short stories for children.

W. L. T. N.

THAT depends entirely upon you and your stories, little girl. If they are good stories, somebody will buy them and pay for them; if not, you send them to the right sort of people.

What sort of papers and magazines do you read?

Why don't you notice the sort of short stories that are published in the paper in your own particular town, and if you have any of that sort, send them to that particular editor, and see what he has to say?

Pick your editor—and pick him carefully. Don't try to sell a hat to the shoe store man and expect him to be glad to put it in the window for sale.

If you have written a love story, send it to the love story man; if you've written a child's story, send it to the place where a child's story seems to belong.

First write your story, put it away to cool, then take it out and write it over again; copy it on the typewriter if you can; if you can't, be sure that your writing is good and plain; most editors would throw away a story by Rudyard Kipling and put one by Little Miss Nobody in its place. If Miss Nobody's story was easier to read than the other one—unless the Kipling name was on the first page of the manuscript—write on one side of the paper and send out your story.

Children's stories have an excellent market, if you send them to the right place. Don't imitate any one else. Good luck, little sister, and lots of it.

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.

Who Are the World's Greatest Women?

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.



Winifred Black

OUT in San Francisco where the weather's fair they're trying to pick out the world's six most distinguished women.

No, they aren't going to send them laurel wreaths, or ask them to talk into a phonograph and tell us all just how they came to be so distinguished. They're going to invite them to the Panama exposition—as world honor guests.

The California papers are asking the people of California to help decide who the world's six greatest women are. So far they're a good deal in the dark.

There's a list of names starting with Mme. Curie, the great French scientist, and ending with the Begum of something or other—of India's something or other—and so does Helen Gould Shepard. Mrs. Pankhurst and Annie Besant are running neck and neck. Annie Smith Peck, who climbs mountains, has for her close competitor Mme. Montessori, who is telling us all how to teach our children to button, button into perfectly good button-holes.

Liliuokalani, late of Hawaii, and Carmen Sylva of Roumania are the only royal ladies who seem to be in the running at all.

It's interesting, isn't it? I wish I could invite the six greatest I know to my guests at the great fair in San Francisco in 1915.

One Who Is Truly Great.

I'd have to invite them right now and give them at least a year to get ready to come—for most of them are poor—and haven't any particularly fine clothes—and all of them are very, very busy.

One of my six greatest women has clothes enough and to spare. Gorgeous clothes—silk and satin and lace—embroidered and woven and plaited. Clothes from Paris, where they make them specially for America of a sort that no French woman would wear even to the wedding of her dearest enemy. Clothes from that new smart shop in Vienna, where you must get your coats—unless you want to be entirely out of it—swishy things from India, all shimmer and sparkle—embroidered things from China, all gold and silver—oh, all kinds of clothes—this one of my six has—for she's an actress and she needs clothes in her business.

No, I shouldn't call her a great actress, not one of the world's greatest, but she is a very good actress indeed; and everybody in this country knows her and loves her—and I can never even see her picture, whether it is on the dead walls or hanging in the lobby of the theatre, without smiling up

Choice Hard to Make.

At the theatre every night—the bell of the box—feted, courted, made much of, dear old Aunt Sally, and sent home at the end of the season with enough to think about to keep her from being lonely the rest of her life.

All because once when my friend the actress was lonely and homesick Aunt Sally took her in her lap and told her stories and gave her some cookies and called her "sweet child."

Is she happy herself? She ought to be, ought she not?

Anyway, she's good, as good as gold, and as beautiful as a lily, fair and white, in the green garden, and clever and brilliant and successful—but it is because she is good that I would ask her to be my guest at the great fair as one of the world's six greatest women.

The other five of my six—why, I haven't left room to tell about them, have I? One is a scrub woman, a creeper, they call her, because she creeps over the floors of the great office buildings after every one has gone home and scrubs them and makes them clean for the next day. And the fires go down at night and it sometimes is very cold in the great office building; and my friend the creeper gets very tired. Her hands are red and swollen, and her back aches, and her knees are lame—but always she sings while she creeps over the cold floors. Singing, Mary, they call her in the scrub squad, and it's always a gay song on her lips and a laugh in her eyes and a cheery word to any of the others who are in trouble. And at home there's an invalid husband and there's an old mother and there are four little children, and you ought to see that home.

I'd like to invite her and every woman like her in this great country of ours to the fair as an honor guest.

That's why it's hard to choose, isn't it, the six greatest women in the world, while we all know them by the dozen—noble women, good women, self-sacrificing women, the Real Great of the earth. What a world it would be to live in—without them.

Can't Be Helped.

Gohang—I wonder why so many men marry the wrong women.

Ukerek—Guess it must be from habit.

Chips — By W. Bob Holland

The man in the swiftly-moving motor car does not smile its odor.

The early to bed maxim does not appeal to the victim of insomnia.

Time gained by going at a high speed is often lost by the necessity for a long rest.

The beggar on horseback has the sympathy of the man in the automobile.

The dollar that you might have spent but didn't should not count among those earned.

Disappearances are deceptive when due to a sleight of hand performer.

Recently Converted.

"He says he is in favor of enforcing all laws so long as they are laws."

"He must have changed his mind lately. He formerly ran a drug store in a prohibition town."

To Avoid Dyspepsia.

"Why does Willit go to Paris each year?"

"He says that he abhors French cooking."

Useful Hints for the Housewife

By Ann Marie Lloyd

CHERRIES ripe" hold a delectable place among the early fruits. Hanging yellow, red or black from their own stems, they have inspired the pen of poets as well as the brush of famous artists, and few other fruits have the distinction of being the standard for the beautiful coloring of lovely maidens' lips.

Unhappily, the cherry season is short, although California varieties have made the fruit more familiar in the eastern markets than the smaller, but quite as plump and native varieties ever did, and those who find gastronomic delight in cherries should take full advantage of every opportunity to enjoy them.

There is no preserved fruit which gives surer promise of success in the hands of the amateur housewife than cherries. Here is the simple rule of a woman who has made more than a competence for many years by "putting up" fruit for special orders:

To each four pounds of cherries allow between one and two pounds of sugar. There is danger of getting the fruit too sweet, and that means insipidity, for the fruit itself has so delicate a flavor that it does not require much sugar.

Whether the cherries are to be pitted or not is largely a matter of choice. Some prefer them simply plucked from the stems, with one or two left on the stems added to each jar. Also some cracked pits or kernels throughout to give the true flavor. Whichever way you choose the procedure is the same.

Put the cherries and the sugar in the preserving kettle and let it stand two hours, then cook over a slow fire till the fruit is tender, fill the jars and seal.

If the sugar does not make the required syrup after standing on the fruit, then a little water may be added.

A New England recipe follows the old

"pound for pound" rule, and requires that the cherries be pitted. For each pound of fruit add an equal amount of sugar. Let the sugar stand on the fruit two hours and then bring slowly to the boiling point. Fill the jars first with the fruit and then add the syrup and seal.

Many a woman has gone down in the annals of culinary fame as the maker of cherry duff. This is how one of those very women makes it:

CHERRY DUFF.
Two quarts of pitted cherries.
Two cups of sugar.
One teaspoonful vinegar.
One tablespoonful butter.
Two cups of flour.
Four teaspoonfuls baking powder.
One teaspoonful salt.
Three-fourths cup milk.
Mix the flour into which the baking powder and salt have been sifted with the butter until it is mealy, and then add the milk. Put the sugar, cherries and vinegar in the bottom of a well-buttered baking dish, cover with the crust and steam three-quarters of an hour. Serve in the same dish you cook it in and with a foam sauce made of half a cup of butter creamed with a cup of powdered sugar, the yolk of an egg and two tablespoonfuls of wine. Cook this over hot water till it is well heated, and remove from the fire and beat into it the whites of two eggs previously beaten to a froth.

CHERRY JELLY WITH COLD MEATS
To make it, wash the cherries and squeeze them through a jelly bag. To each pint of juice allow one pound of sugar, and add it after the juice has boiled 20 minutes, first heating the sugar in the oven. Stir the sugar into the juice and boil five minutes, or until it will jelly, skimming the surface froth if necessary. Have the jelly glasses standing in hot water, pour the jelly in them, and when they are set cover with melted paraffin.