

## PALLADIUM'S MAGAZINE AND HOME PAGE

Married Life  
the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Floral Co.,  
528 S. Street,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find ten dollars, for which please send a box of long stemmed American Beauty roses, express prepaid, to Mrs. Warren Curtis, Carterstown, Mo., and enclose with the roses the card I am sending with this.

Please send a once and greatly oblige.

H. J. Curtis.

Helen read this letter over with flushed cheeks. She had rewritten it three times.

At first she signed her full name, and then the thought of the florist wondering at a woman sending flowers to herself made her change it to only her initials which might mean any member of her family.

She carefully enclosed the ten dollar bill, sealed and addressed the envelope and took it to the post office herself.

When she finally dropped it in the box, she walked home slowly, the color still burning in her face. If anyone should ever know—if they should ever find this out! But they couldn't.

The flowers would come tomorrow or at least the day after. She would open them with pretended surprise and delight, and find Warren's card and they would think they had not forgotten her birthday after all.

Today, the fifteenth, was her birthday. Ever since yesterday morning she had been waiting with tense eagerness for some present from Warren. Nothing had come—not even a letter. And she felt now that nothing would come.

At any cost she would not let her family know that he cared so little. Most of last night she had lain awake thinking what she would do if nothing came in the morning. And it was the middle of the night when all our thoughts and plans are most daring, that she had conceived of this—of her-

self ordering some flowers and pretending they were from him.

At least she would have her pride before her people. Whatever sense of humiliation she would feel in her own heart, they should not know of his indifference and neglect.

Their family was one in which the birthdays were always observed and made much of.

"I wonder what Warren will send?" Aunt Mollie had asked innocently. "I haven't any idea, but he always gives me something lovely," Helen answered, hating herself for the lie as she told it.

And when nothing came that day she knew they were wondering why. With a sort of triumph she waited for the morning when she felt sure the flowers she had ordered would arrive.

And they did. When the long white box was brought her, she opened it with all the surprise and delight she had planned. Under the tissue paper was Warren's card, which she had directed the florist to enclose, and the roses were beautiful.

"They came all the way from New York as fresh as that?" her mother "Oh, no," turning over the lid of the box, "You see they are from St. Louis. The big florists have branch stores in all the main cities. Warren had only to give the order to the New York house and they telegraphed on to send them from the St. Louis branch, the nearest one to us. There must have been a delay somewhere, for I know he planned to have them reach me yesterday."

Her mother and Aunt Mollie exclaimed over their loveliness as she took the roses from the box and arranged the min two large vases in the sitting room.

And every one who came in was proudly told they were Helen's birthday present from her husband, who had telegraphed on to have them sent from St. Louis.

And when Helen flushed slightly at this statement, they thought it was only from pride and pleasure.

The fragrance of the roses went through all the house. It seems to follow Helen wherever she went—an ever-present reminder of her strategy.

And yet she had no regret. Her heart was filled with a sort of bitter exultation.

At least if her husband did not love her—she would make her family believe that he did.

## IN A GILDED CAGE

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News Service

By Nell Brinkley



The man who keeps the woman he loves behind bars in a gilded cage keeps her hands idle, and her brain and body dull and listless.

## Beauty

Drink Buttermilk, and Don't Cry, Says  
Smiling Dorothy Brenner.

WHEN Dorothy Brenner smiles and golden hair glints to an accompaniment of dimples and white teeth and bubbling joy you do not analyze "Beauty"—you just enjoy it. But merry-hearted Dorothy Brenner can analyze and tabulate for you just how to be cheerful and keep cheerful and to keep watchful eye on skin and figure—on digestion and disposition alike.

Miss Brenner and Harry Carroll are playing "The Little Song Shop" on the Keith circuit under the management of Max Hart, and of course we all like to know just how our favorite entertainers keep their figures and maintain a high average of complexion and of cheerfulness, come rain or come sunshine. "Buttermilk," says Miss Brenner, "and cry when you feel like it."

Worth investigating and particularizing a bit when you come to lactic ferment and lachrymal glands in such cheerful proximity. To particularize—said Miss Brenner.

HER VERY PET.  
"Buttermilk is my very panacea for whatever ails me—and buttermilk never fails me. I never let myself get very fat—but when I find myself plus about eight or ten pounds, I proceed to go on the buttermilk treatment. Two quarts a day suffice to feed me and supply me with drinkables, and never a drop nor a crumb of any other refreshment do I permit myself. For two weeks I live on my daily allow-

ance of two quarts of buttermilk per day. I have no stated time for drinking it—just whenever I am thirsty I indulge in a glass—also whenever I am hungry. After the first day or two it is no hard to deny yourself food, and at the end of two weeks I am eight pounds thinner and much clearer as to complexion than when I started on the "cure." When I go off the buttermilk diet, I do not plunge into heavy eating and overload my digestion, but then I don't believe in very hearty eating, anyway. For breakfast, fruit, coffee and a roll; for lunch a glass of buttermilk and a sandwich, and dinner a simple repast of the supper variety. That is a good all-the-while custom for the eating department.

My next use of buttermilk is external application. I use it on my face and throat. First, I wash very thoroughly with hot water and pure castile soap. Next comes a careful drying process and then I take a bit of cotton or soft cloth and put buttermilk over my face and throat, as soon as an application has dried I go over the surface again. Ten or fifteen minutes are allowed to pass and then I give my face a liberal washing and splashing in cold water. At the end of that time I feel as well as I look and look as well as I feel—and both effects are very satisfactory. Buttermilk is cheap, easy to get at any neighborhood milk depot, and as it is a foe to fat and to digestive troubles, and a friend to skin and complexion, working

from the inside and the outside for the mutual benefit of both—I feel safe in saying: "No family should be without it."

## ABOUT CRYING.

"And now about crying. I don't care how wonderful a disposition a girl is heir to, there are times when it frazzles and curdles and ravel at the ends—if any one article in the world can cure a perfectly good disposition will go back on the owner now and then! And a girl generally feels called upon to keep herself above par, to smile however she feels—to smile so earnestly that her noble expression aches; to smile until she wonders if she can ever untangle her real feelings from the expression-garment she has put on her poor, tired face.

"Does that help her disposition and character? IT DOES NOT. It curdles all the milk and honey sweetness in her nature. I say—express your feelings; if you are blue and don't know why, or discouraged and do not know why, go off by yourself where you can't annoy the neighbors or worry your mother over what ails you, and just cry it out. Cry it out once for all, and then forget it. Cry it out and have it over with. Don't be sorry for yourself—no time what a fine old world it is—how it lets you go off and have a little April shower ocular demonstration, and then how glad everything looks when you look at it through a smile.

Allow yourself two or three good cries a year if you need them—and never exceed your allowance, or forget that the sun has to shine a little harder always after a shower. So after you have had your cry out all by yourself remember that you owe yourself and the world a lot of smiles to make up for those weak weeps!"

There is a lot of philosophy in that of you will think it over, and just exactly follow directions—but following directions means that you weep in private and turn to the world and its people a smiling face. Can you do it? —LILLIAN LAUFFERTY.

## A Letter to Mary

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A CERTAIN little girl whose father is necessarily away from home a great deal found the following letter from him under her plate this morning:

You ask my consent to your marriage with John. Since you were old enough to climb on my lap and whisper a desire in my ear, I have given you everything you longed for. I see my mistake for now, when you ask for something I should refuse, I know that the power of refusal is beyond me.

"I know that you ask me as a matter of form; that should I say no, you will do as you have done for years; laugh at my refusal and then proceed to do as you please."

"This is my fault. I am not blaming you, my child. I have never taught you to investigate, to reason, or to consider the consequences. When I knew your own way would not be best for you, I have weakly let you have it, and then have thrust myself between you and the punishment that came afterward."

"In this case I cannot do that. Have you thought of that?"

"So I say in the beginning that I will give my consent to your marriage to John if you insist, but I wonder at your ignorance (or bravery) in dreaming of going away from your home with a man you have known less than six months and then chiefly through correspondence."

SOME DOUBTS.

"You know that he is good-looking, is of pleasing manners, generous to a fault with his money, and that you love him. You will marry him and go with him to a strange town, and you do not know what his standing in that town is."

"You do not know if he is considering in his home town the kind of a man a respectable girl cares to go with; you do not know if he is good to his mother; if his business prospects entitle him to assume the support of a wife."

"You do not know what his habits are. He may drink, gamble, loaf, and

be addicted to the company of those who blaze the primrose path, but of this you know nothing. You are not making as much effort to learn something of the character of the man who wants to be your partner for life as your mother makes in finding out about the maid whose stay will not be longer than six months."

"You know nothing whatever about him, yet you are anxious to go away from your comfortable home to risk a leap in the dark, landing only the good Lord knows where!"

"Your mother and I have never let you take a trip as far as ten miles from home without assurance of who would meet you at the end, and how you would fare. This is a trip for life, and we are powerless to protect you."

"BE SURE!"

"You must throw up your own safeguards, my dear! We have let you have your own sweet, unreasoning and unreasonable way too many years to protest now. We have brought you up to the habit of your own way. We want you to have it now, if it is for your happiness, but we want you to be sure that it is."

"Love is all there is in life, my dear. I have been happy too many years in the love of your mother to deny it. But, when I courted her, it was with her father's permission, after proving to that worthy gentleman's satisfaction that I was of good moral habits, stood well in my home town, had no past to conceal, and was willing and able to support her in every luxury she had enjoyed in her home. We had known each other five years, and were engaged two years."

"I did not engage her in correspondence a few weeks and then ask her to marry me without first presenting my credentials to her father. I did not use less consideration in taking his daughter from his home forever than I would have taken in borrowing his horse for an hour."

CHANGED TIMES.

"The times have changed. Your mother and I realize that this rapid-fire courting, with easy divorce to follow, is quite the fashion, butis is not the fashion we want our girl to follow."

"We want you to love, to be loved, and to marry. But we want, more than this, for you to marry so happily you will stay married. We don't want you to come back in a few months with every hope, every faith in life and love and mankind trailing in the dust."

"I give my consent, of course, realizing that if I refused it you would marry without it, but I am going to put it straight up to you to be sure in your own heart that you want it."

"It is up to you! Shall I order the wedding cake as I ordered the doll you cried for when a child, or will you make him prove his worthiness first?"

## Little Bobbie's Pa

MEN has got lots of pet names for their wives, but lots of times they don't choose the names very good. I have heard sum of the married men wick cums to our house call their wives Little Pearl & the wife would be big and dark, or sum of the other men wud call their wives Grate big butful doll & she wud be skinny & hoamly & littel. But the funnest naim for a husband to use for a pet naim it didn't fit the Kid. Mister Hemingway cain up to the house last nite with hife wife. I didn't see her at first, bekaus I was in the library wen Pa brought Mister Hemingway in, he was talking to Pa & getting a cigar wen his wife was in the other room talking to Ma.

Yes, sed Mister Hemingway, wen a man has traveled the pace & had all the variety there is, he decides that there is nothing like a butful hoam life, so he marries sum good littel girl that is his pal & Comforter. Now, sed Mister Hemingway, wen I married The Kid she knew I was a man of the world, & she took me as such.

The Kid & me understands each other perfectly, & she leans on me & relies on my strong arm for protection & support.

I thot to myself that The Kid must be awful littel and helpless, bekaus Mister Hemingway wasent very strong looking. He only wayed about a hundred & ten pounds, & he was kind of oald & beebel looking.

The Kid understands me, he sed to Pa. She knows that even the wildest of men makes the best husbands wen they git married & settel down. I suppose your wife is the saim as the Kid.

No, sed Pa, thare isent vary much of that clinging trust-fulness about my wife. It is true that I used to sport around a lot wen I was ingel Pa sed, but my wife never took it for granted that I changed into another man the minnit I got married. To be perfectly candid about it, Pa sed, she watches me up a littel to this day, & every onst in a while, wen I have been out too lait, I have to use all my eloquens to make her beleeve that I was rite at the lodge rooms all of the time.

Oh, the Kid wud never think of telling me anything about my conduct, sed Mister Hemingway. Now that we have finished our cigar, I want you to meet her. So we went in the other room to meet Mister Hemingway's wife.

I thot that she was going to be a littel woman, but wen I looked at her I was surprised. She was big & fat & she looked as strong as Pa. Her chin was square, like a block, & her lips was thin & she jest barely opened her jaws wen she talked. If she wud have been a man thare wuddent be any culurd champeen.

Ware have you been? she asked Mister Hemingway.

Oh, Kid, that is all rite, sed Mister Hemingway. My friend & I were just in thare having a cigar & I was sing-ing your praise to him. I was telling him how nice atemper you had.

You mite have spared yourself the trubbel, said the Kid. I think my temper will speak for itself.

All rite, Kid, sed Mister Hemingway.

You bettis is all rite, sed the Kid. That is the way she acted all the evening & after she was gone Pa began to laff. She was sum purring kitten, isnt she? sed Pa. Who, sed Ma. The Kid, sed Pa.

—WILLIAM F. KIRK.

No, sed Pa, thare isent vary much

## BORN AGAIN

The body is never at rest. Every seven years we are practically born again. Our original cells have been broken down—thrown out and replaced by new ones.

THIS process is a necessary grind of life's cog wheels or cycles—proceeding rapidly while we work hard with brain or muscle and slowing down while we rest or sleep. Thus the chief factor in this constant change—the death and birth of the tissues, is the blood.

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