

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

WHERE WE'RE WORST

Most of us have peculiar ideas of courtesy. For the chance visitor in our homes we put on our most beautiful garments—physical and mental; and when he is gone we put away our best clothes—mind and body.

"Home. The place where we are treated best—and grumble most!" reads a little aphorism which we don't take seriously enough.

Home seems to be a place for complaints and ingratitude and all our unpleasant irritabilities.

Why under the sun we should give our best to the people who do not care for us and for whom we do not care, I have never been able to see. But still more than that, why we should give second rate and third rate attitudes of mind and body to those whom we love and love us I cannot understand. But that is what we do.

Of course we all need relaxation. But if we cannot be alert and well clad in body and mind why not give our best to those to whom that best means something—instead of to the stranger we meet in passing.

Naturally we all want to make good impressions. We want to enlarge our circle of acquaintances so that from it we may call a few friends. But that cannot be accomplished more quickly by rudeness or carelessness in our attitudes towards those who truly love us and whom we truly love.

Gracious and charming manners are possible to all of us, but they lack real charm until they are so easy and accustomed that they are second nature.

And if we cultivate habits of slipshod physical appearance and ungracious mental attitude at home it will

be a difficult thing always to offer the world a well-groomed physical appearance and a pleasing mental attitude.

Actually it is most inefficient to get into the way of slouching around our homes in untidy costumes and in equally disheveled and unpleasant mental states. At least it pays to practice good manners on those you see every day and all the time.

If you aren't loving enough in your attitude toward your home folk to want them to feel that love is due your personality rather than an accident of relationship, your own selfish desire to get on in the world ought to dictate to you the advisability of being amiable "around the house" so that it will be easy for you to be equally amiable out in the world!

Be scrupulous about keeping up appearance even to yourself. Personal fastidiousness has a moral equivalent. Get into the way of feeling that a tour of inspection of your heart and mind may be imminent any minute. Be like a soldier who is always ready for the inspection tour of his superior officer.

Relaxation doesn't mean torn and soiled garments or irritable and dull mental states. It means clean, healthy freedom to sun and air.

Ten minutes flat on your back will rest your tired body and mind as well. Take that complete relaxation in the privacy of your own room. But don't constantly inflict your family with a state of semirelaxation which means being a bore and an unsightly creature.

Relax when you are alone. And when you join the family circle, be a real addition to it.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEW GINGHAMS

Brilliant Plaids or Plain Shades Make Up Beautifully in This Little Dress

By MAY MANTON



9155 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Girl's Dress, 4 to 8 years.

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For the 6 year size will be needed, 3 1/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards 36 or 2 1/2 yards 44 with 3 yards of narrow ribbon and 1 yard of wider ribbon.

The May Manton pattern No. 9155 is cut in size from 4 to 8 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

THE ENEMY

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER

Author of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.



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Continued.

Again he felt a pang of selfishness. He had a most uncomfortable conscience. Here he was planning his own pleasure out of that re-union; here he was, bathed in the ecstatic happiness of having secured the most wonderful girl in the world for his own, and somewhere Harrison Stuart, Tavy's father and Mrs. Stuart's husband, was sitting by himself eating his heart out. Billy felt rotten! By George, now he understood why Hal had made such a queer break, up in the office! It was rather a hard jolt for a father who had spent every waking minute waiting for the time when he could fold his long-lost little girl in his arms, to find that a big hulk of a young man was taking her away before that joy could ever occur!

Why, by the time Harrison Stuart came to the day of his glorious re-union he wouldn't have any little girl; there would be no Tavy; there would only be a Mrs. Billy Lane! Of course Hal had worded the thing a little strongly, but no wonder! Billy felt more and more rotten. He guessed he'd call Hal up, and he went into the vestibule to do it; but just then Mrs. Stuart and Tavy returned to the parlor and Billy, with startling suddenness, forgot all about lonely Harrison Stuart, sitting in the big chair by the fireplace, gazing motionless and dark, where the logs of winter had cast forth their ruddy glow.

Mrs. Stuart walked straight up to Billy, and held out her hand, and, as he took it, she stared long and searchingly into his eyes.

"You'll be good to my little Tavy, always," she said simply, and the young man, looking down at her, and feeling mean and small, somehow, because he was robbing her of so much, gulped that he would; and he meant it from the bottom of his heart. He meant it.

Tavy knew that he meant it, too. There she stood, her dark violet eyes sparkling up at him, and full of such supreme trust and confidence in him that once again Billy felt humbled and awkward. Why, it was a frightening thing to become sacredly responsible for so helplessly a beautiful creature! Her long lashes curved down over her eyes, and they glistened slightly as they flashed in the light. There had been moisture upon them. Billy was silent for some moments in the contemplation of the marvelous change which had come over his thoughts and his life. He was responsible for an immense amount to these two women, and, by George, he'd prove himself worthy of the responsibility.

"Would you rather go out to Wimbol's Inn?" he asked.

Both ladies laughed. It was a relief to hear him.

had forgotten Hal. Selfish of him; rotten selfish!

There were no lights in the big lounging-room, when Billy and Tommy entered, nor was there any fitful red glow in the wide fireplace. Silhouetted against the window, however, was a bent figure, sitting so motionless that at first they thought Hal must be asleep. As the light flashed up the old man turned, and his face was haggard.

"I'm glad you came, Tommy." The voice was husky and the eyes were feverish. "I have something to say to Billy which I wish you to hear."

Lane's head was up in an instant. "If it's in relation to what you said in the office this afternoon, I'd like to have Tommy hear it, too. Frankly, Hal, I could not understand you. What have I done?"

Billy's face flushed, but perplexity still struggled with his rising anger. "Of course I did. I had every right to do so." He turned to Tommy. "It is perhaps as well to tell you, Tommy, that Miss Stuart is Hal's daughter."

"I had gathered as much," Tommy had stood by the door, with his hat and gloves in his hand. Now he put them on the table, and sat down. He lit a cigarette, and prepared himself for a most disagreeable task.

"Just why should I not marry Tavy?" demanded Billy.

"There is the reason," and the old man pointed to the decanter on the table. "I'd rather see her dead than married to a drunkard!"

"See here!" Billy's voice was shaking with anger. "You've gone too far with this thing, Stuart! I can quite understand the reason because of your own experience, you should have an exaggerated dread of whisky, but that you should stretch that attitude so far as to call me a drunkard is more than I have patience for."

"Any man who neglects his business because he's intoxicated, who becomes drunk time after time, and is surprised that it happened, and who still clings to whisky, is a drunkard, or bids fair to become one," retorted Stuart. "I have watched you day after day, Billy. You have been going exactly the path I went, to the last minute step. You have exactly the same kind and degree of craving which I had at your stage of development as a drinker; and there is no salvation for you unless you put whisky absolutely out of your life!"

"I'll never do it!" Billy's jaws were squared and his lips compressed. The decanter stood near him. Entirely unconscious of the fact that it was this very thing of which they were talking, he poured himself a drink, and pushed the decanter over to Tommy. Tommy watched him curiously. Billy, still unaware of what he was doing, swallowed his drink.

"I shall not relinquish my control of any factor which enters into my life," he declared, as he set down his glass.

"Then you shall never marry Tavy!" The old man was as steady now as Billy, and there was as much determination in his stare as tall and straight, and his white face was rigid.

"What will you do to prevent it?" There was a silence in that tone, the insolence of youth and strength, but it was excused by Billy's thorough belief in himself and his rectitude.

"I don't know," returned Stuart musingly. "I have been thinking of that and of nothing else ever since I left the office. I shall do something, however, when the time comes. If I have wasted my life and theirs, I shall see that they run no further chance of distress. I can do that much at least," and there was the light of a growing fanaticism in his eyes.

Billy gazed at him a moment incredulously.

"I hadn't expected this of you, Stuart."

"It does look like ingratitude," admitted the older man. "You brought me back from worse than death; you gave me a chance to be a man; you found my family for me; you are making it possible for me to—"

"Forget that," interrupted Billy. "We are not discussing favors nor obligations."

"I must!" Stuart's voice was strained and tense. "It is because I owe you so much that this day has brought me such pain. As I have watched you, Billy, I have become more and more concerned for you; but now the tragedy is so much greater since it affects my daughter. Billy, if only you were free from this one danger, I would gladly lay Tavy's hand in yours, and close my eyes in peace. I have only one hope: to convince you of your position. Tommy, you know Billy well; you have seen him all your life. You have seen him year after year. Tell me frankly: have you ever worried about his drinking?"

"Yes," Tommy glowered at Stuart. "Billy, I had intended to talk with you myself, but after what you told me to-night, I decided that you wouldn't need to talk."

"That's right," Tommy. Billy's pleasure in Tommy's opinion was boyishly frank. "Why, Stuart, I wouldn't cause Tavy a moment's distress for anything in the world!" His voice had suddenly grown kind. "I don't blame you for being excessively afraid of the thing which destroyed you; but you mustn't let it warp your judgment."

"I don't," Stuart shook his head sadly. "I've seen Tommy drinking nearly as often as you, but I know that Tommy is in no danger. He will go through life just as he is now. You won't. You're one of us, one of those who dare not touch whisky, and the signs are as plain to my eyes as the mark on the brow of Cain. Listen, Billy, you are the last man on earth, against whom I could hold enmity or against whom I would wish to be unjust; but, until you have shown me that you are permanently stronger than this stuff, you must never marry Tavy!"

"That's something we can agree on," and Billy, laughing good naturedly, waved over and extended his hand to the old man. There was a tremendous appeal in Billy. He was a big, fine looking boy, and his smile was so contagious that it had smoothed all paths for him. Stuart studied him a moment doubtfully, then he shook hands.

"That's a bargain, Billy," he granted.

"Then let's change the subject," offered Tommy Tinkle, in tremendous relief. "These family pov-wows drive me to drink," and he reached out for the decanter.

At day-break, the long suffering Tommy was sitting huddled in the big library chair, with his eyes half open, while in his ears was being regularly thumped, Tavy — Tavy — Tavy.

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(From an article by the advocates of manual telephone service in The Star-Independent of January 4.)

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