Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"Make 'em laugh. Make 'em cry. Make 'em wait."

That was the rule Tom Taylor, the English dramatist, laid down for the writing of a successful play; and, by the same token, it is an excellent formula to follow in life.

"Don't be too ready with your confidences. Let people guess a bit about you. If I were a Polonius, called upon to advise a young man or young woman starting out upon a career, that is the first injunction I would give. It will not only add to the interest you arouse, but will surely keep you out of trouble.

As the English policeman warns a person when he makes an arrest, "Remember, anything you say may be used against you."

There is more money and more credit to be gained by keeping a still tongue than by extolling your virtues and accomplishments, no matter how genuine they may be. Your listeners never believe half that you tell them about yourself, anyway, unless it is bad; and then thy have a shrewd suspicion that it is considerably worse than you have made out.

These are truisms which everybody knows and recognizes. Yet let trouble or misfortunue come, and we hasten to unburden ourselves to any one we can get to hear us. Let us suffer accusation or blame, and we immediately begin to explain and to exculpate ourselves. Let success or achievement be our portion, and we chortle in our joy to the first chance wayfarer, and strive to impress him with our importance.

At least this is so in ninety-eight people out of a hundred. You and I are, of course, the shining exceptions.

And the reason for it is the universal human craving for sympathy and understanding. A happiness unshared loses half its zest. We hate to lose the good opinion and approval of our fellows. Misery loves company.

This is all perfectly natural and perfectly right. The Church, when it established the confessional realized and provided for a great, human demand and satisfaction one of the strongest impulses of sinning and sorrowful mortals.

Merely to talk our troubles out to a sympathetic listener will frequently take away half their sting. But not too often. There are enough professional trouble tellers in the world. And it's wasteful to feed pearls to swine; pearls are precious and expensive, and swine are not discriminating.

Tom, Dick or Harry may listen curiously as you recount your disputes with your mother-in-low, your hard luck story about losing your position, or your eagerly given version of that slightly questionable episode in which you were concerned. They may even be profuse in expressions of commiseration. But in nine cases out of ten they are either profoundly bored, or they are apt to twist your sobbing recital into a story in which you do not particularly shine.

We are all of us inclined in moments of stress or resentment to pin our hearts upon our sleeve. That is an excellent place, if one wants to furnish food for the daws; but it is upsetting to the circulatory system The best place for a heart is safely inside the ribs, and its throbs should be reserved for the ear which has a right to rest against one's breast —or for the stethescope.

Speech is always silver and silence golden—the present ratio of values between the two metals being something less than 16 to 1 — and we would all do better if we applied this metaphorically in discussing our personal affairs.

Why, I wonder when "the world is so full of a number of things," when there is so much to talk about, do we persistently hark back to the First Person Singular and its tribulations.

"Make 'em laugh. Make 'em cry. Make 'em wait."

You will never do it by talking about yourself. If they laugh then, it will be in their sleeves. If they cry, it will be crocodile tears. And you must be sure that they will not wait. They have already taken your number. They know just as much as they are interested in knowing about you, and they do not care to be bored by listening to any expurgated and diluted bulletins that you may choose to put forth.

On the other hand, silence is a lure and a constant attraction. For it suggests mystery, and mystery is always fascinating.

For centuries men have stood before the silent sphinx where it rises above the yellow wastes of the desert, and have vainly tried to puzzle out its meaning.

For years too, men have sacrificed their youth, their health, their comfort and often their lives in effort after effort to reach the North Pole. But now, since Peary has come back to tell us just where it is and what it looks like, we hear no more of Polar expeditions. There is no longer any mystery about it. It is just a commonplace patch of ice and snow.

The aim of every lawyer in trying a case is to shift the burden of proof to the other side. When we begin to apologize, to explain, to justify ourselves, we voluntarily assume the task of establishing our assertions. One never hears a man boasting of his honesty that one does not begin to wonder what shady trick he is trying to cover up. The woman who 'doth protest too much" always arouses suspicion.

We are harder on ourselves than the law is, for it presumes every man to be innocent until proven guilty. Whereas, we in our endeavor to clutch and hold the bubble, reputation, are forever seeking to prove ourselves innocent.

The most difficult thing in the world is to keep quiet under censure, under doubt, under misrepresentation. Kipling's "If" adorns most bedroom walls, but it should be on all:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise."

Wasn't it Bismarck who said, "Never retract, never apologize, never explain." For it makes little difference what you say. If your skirts are clean, time may safely be trusted to right the wrong, the injustice and the misunderstanding. And if you have committed a folly or mistake, drop it in the pit of oblivion. Talking about it only keeps it alive and growing.

We wouldn't be human if we didn't do things now and then that require explanation, retraction or apology. We needn't, however, be such fools as to take the world into our confidence about them. So never retract, never apologize, never explain—except to the one person to whom the apology, the retraction and the explanation is due.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean

"Really, I think it is best for both of us, Bobby," she said evenly, her soft, throaty voice deep with emotion.

"Yes," the man returned bitterly, "it is, if you feel that way about it."

"Well, it seems to be the only real way to settle it."

"If there's anything to settle."

"But surely you see that there is something to settle, don't you? Else why should we quarrel as we do?"

"It doesn't matter, I'm willing to do as you say about it."

"All right. Will you go away or shall I?'

The man thought desperately of the lonely apartment, every nook and corner of which was crammed to the brim with dear little intimacies, and hesitated.

"Perhaps it would be oetter if we both went away," said the girl quickly. She, too, had had a sudden glimpse of the apartment without Bobby, and brave as she was proving herself to be in this crisis she had no desire too be left there alone with her memories.

And so it was settled that way, and the following day the little apartment was locked up, and two people stole away from it, each downhearted and bitter.

How they had come to quarrel Lucile herself did not know. It had begun with a small difference and had come to the point finally when neither of them wanted to give in, and, worse still, they did not seem to agree on anything. Lucile, in her own heart, knew that if she determined to keep cool and give way in an emergency she could keep Bobby from getting stubborn.

But inevitably her emotions were too much for her; she lost her temper when she found herself worsted in an argument, and Bobby, tense and white with emotion that he was too proud to show, refused to say anything. This state of affairs lasted until Lucile discovered that Bobby's very nearness almost always gained the battle for him. She did not seem to be able to hold out; nothing mattered very much but the warmth of his arms about her, and the moment that happened both forgot what the argument had been.

Bobby knew that if he said right out loud the thoughts in his heart he would not grow cold and bitter and incapable of speech. He knew this fact as well as Lucile knew her fault, but until a final break had been made he had not thought very much about putting it into effect. He had decided to run up to Boston for the present, and as he watched the flying scenery he thought more thoughts in a few minutes than he had ever thought before in his life.

If Lucile had meant what she said, was this really the end? And if it were, what was he going to do without Lucile? The more he thought about it the more horrible everything seemed. After all, wasn't all this fuss the result of that pride of his that he might better sacrifice than give up Lucile? And as he thought, the more distasteful did his trip seem. A thought occurred to him which he decided to put into immediate action.

The express stopped in a few minutes to put on the steam engine, and, gathering up his things as the train came to a quick stop, he was outside and on the platform, waiting for the next local back to the city. He felt that if he must think, he would rather do his thinking at home. It had been a mistake to come away at all, and the closed apartment seemed the only place in the world where he wanted to be.

Lucile herself had not known where to go. It is always harder, anyway, with a woman. Of course, there were people she might visit, but she was in no mood for frivolity, and after partaking of a cup of coffee at one of the restaurants she began to retrace her steps to the apartment. Safely inside, she decided to stay, although the look of the rooms, desolate and forsaken, brought a tightness to her throat that was unbearable. She wondered if it would be possible for her to stay there alone, and finally the idea occurred to her of staying there in the daytime and going to an apartment hotel at night. She wondered how long it would take Bobby to decide matters, and she cuddled up in a corner of the davenport, her eyes on the clock, trying to decide what Bobby was doing now.

Her eyes wandered to the door. She could hear that dear little click of the latch when he fitted his key into it every evening. Dear Bobby, how she loved him. Why, he must be beyond Stamford now, and well on his way. She wondered why he was going, and why she had suggested such a thing. Suppose Bobby decided that he had made a mistake and didn't want her any longer. Well, she had done all this; it would be her fault.

Suddenly there came a familiar sound, and she looked hastily toward the door. Some one was fitting a key into the lock. The next minute Bobby, flushed and breathless, was standing on the threshold and they were looking square into each other's eyes.

Lucile stared. "Bobby," she quavered finally.

"Girl," he said fiercely, striding across the room and gathering her up into his arms. "I just couldn't stand it, so I came back. I love you, I tell you, I love you.'

Lucile's hot, flushed face was pressed close to his as she whispered softly:

"I've thought enough for ten years, Bobby, just while I've been here alone. I understand better now."

"So do I," he interrupted quickly.

"That's all that matters,' she murmured, with a long sigh of relief. After all, he was her man, and they had both learned a lesson.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

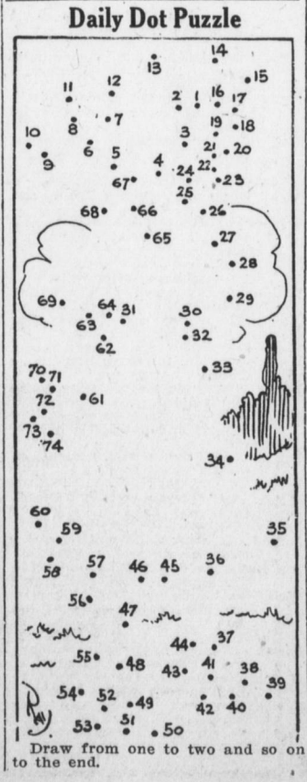
9557 Girl's Kimono, 8 to 14 years. Price 10 cents.

There are all sorts of pretty materials that can be used for this little kimono, but the challis with the bright colored flower design and the ribbon bands illustrated makes a very charming effect. Challis is one of the best liked materials for light weight kimonos and is shown in a variety of picturesque designs, but you could use one of the Original silks or crepes while there are a variety of other materials that are pretty. Albatross in a plain color with a flowered ribbon as trimming makes a pretty kimono; for the younger girls one could use pink or blue. The little garment means only under-arm and back seams.

For the 12-year size will be needed, 5¾ yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide, 2⅞ yards 44, with 1⅝ yards 27 inches wide for the bands.

The pattern No. 9557 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

A Friend---Advised Me To Try PERUNA--It Did Him a World of Good

Mr. Albert Jones, 452 Sixth street, San Diego, California, writes:

"I take much pleasure in telling you how much good Peruna has done me. **I have been a sufferer of stomach troubles** for more than two years and tried nearly everything but derived no benefit until about four months ago. A friend of mine told me to try Peruna for it did him a **world of good,** especially when suffering the same as I did.

"I bought a bottle and got relief from the start, more relief from the next bottle and after I had finished the third bottle, **I was entirely well,** I feel like a new man. Thanks to your wonderful remedy."

I did so, the third bottle made me well

Those who object to liquid medicines can procure Peruna Tablets.

Rengo Belt Reducing Corsets

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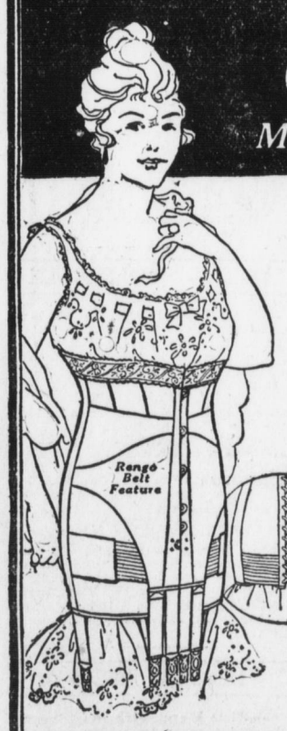

It is the height of economy to wear Rengo Belt corsets—they last.

Most reducing corsets have their style lines only when they are new. Rengo Belt corsets retain their lines until they are worn out, and greatest comfort comes after the first wear. This is the reason why Rengo Belt corsets have gathered new admirers each year until they have become famous.

Economical
Satisfying
Most Comfortable

No woman *asks* more—some have found all this and more —mostly they are women who wear Rengo Belt corsets.

Models for every figure—some with "steelastic" webbing for greater freedom—all with *double* watch spring boning.

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Face Wrinkled? Complexion Sallow?

Then Why Not Treat Your Skin As Beautiful French Women Do?

Only a woman who has watched her complexion change from wrinkled, coarse, sallow ugliness to clear, soft, youthful beauty can realize the feeling of joy that comes over one when first she sees her own careworn, aged-looking skin actually regaining its girlish freshness; yet all this and more may be accomplished by a new process called Skin Osmosis, which any woman may easily induce by the simple application of warm water and roseated cream. The warm water softens the rough skin cuticle and opens the pores. The absorption of the cream helps to remove the half-dead skin scales and brings out the fresh, beautiful skin from underneath, giving to the complexion a most astonishingly clear, youthful appearance. This is the beauty secret of many famous actresses. Try it tonight. Merely wash your face with warm water and rub in a teaspoonful of roseated cream (which can be obtained from druggists), wipe the face and apply Poudre Petalla — a very fine complexion powder prepared especially for shiny noses and bad complexions. If your face is badly wrinkled, get a box of Japanese Ice Pencils to use in connection with the roseated cream, and you should get quick action on even the deepest wrinkles. Many a wrinkled, hollow-cheeked, careworn-looking woman has in this way banished every complexion blemish and unsightly mark of age and marvelously increased her beauty.

NOTE — Creme Tokalon Roseated and the other articles mentioned in the beauty recipe above are inexpensive, and the manufacturers guarantee success from their use or refund the price paid. They are supplied in this city by Gorgas, Kennedy's, Croll Keller, Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart, Bowman & Co.—Advertisement.

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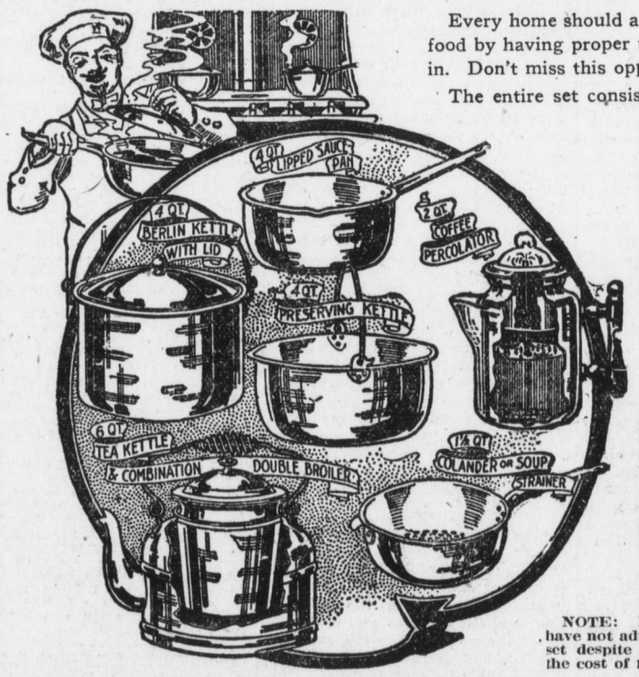


Every home should assist in the saving of food by having proper utensils to prepare it in. Don't miss this opportunity.

The entire set consists of

7 Extra Heavy Full Capacity Utensils for

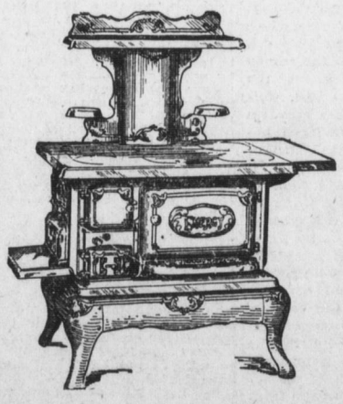
$8.50

Set consists of 6 qt. Berlin Kettle with lid, 4-qt. Lipped Sauce Pan, 6-qt Preserve Kettle, 2 - qt. Coffee Percolator, 6-qt. Tea Kettle and Combination Double Boiler, 1½-qt. Colander or Soup Strainer.

NOTE: Bear in mind that we have not advanced the price of this set despite the steady increase in the cost of metal.

You Need a Good Stove or Range

Two Things Important When You Buy a Stove or Range: First, The High Price of Coal. Second, The Amount of Fuel Your Stove or Range Can Save For You.



The Burns Energy Range Is Supreme

at $32

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