



Reading for Women and all the Family



Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"Where do we go from here? Where do we go from here?" In every gathering or group of people, if it persists long enough, and when I say "people," I except of course the assemblages of the very young—there is one subject that is bound to come up for discussion. It is that of the future life.

And even the very young are apt to discuss it in a circle of their own sex. Among themselves boys of high school or college age will speculate and ponder upon it; and among themselves girls of eighteen and twenty will debate the same subject in their own circles. But when together they would never dream of intruding anything so spooky.

With "I," though, the great mystery affords an always interesting and never-failing topic. Men tell me that they have heard it said and heard it in all sorts of queer and out-of-the-way places—among cowboys and prospectors gathered about the campfire, on the decks of fishing schooners rocking to the long swell of the Grand Banks, in African jungles and South American forests, about the dining tables among the loungers in barrooms. But always at night, they say, and usually in the small hours.

And I, myself, have observed the same phenomenon. The quiet of the night, the light of a wood fire making the shadows of the room seem denser, and the conversation invariably turns to, "Where do we go from here?"

I don't think the mystery of the darkness and the approach of that still greater mystery, sleep, naturally turns our thought to the greatest of all problems?

A futile questioning, many people say, for in the end one comes squarely up against a blank wall.

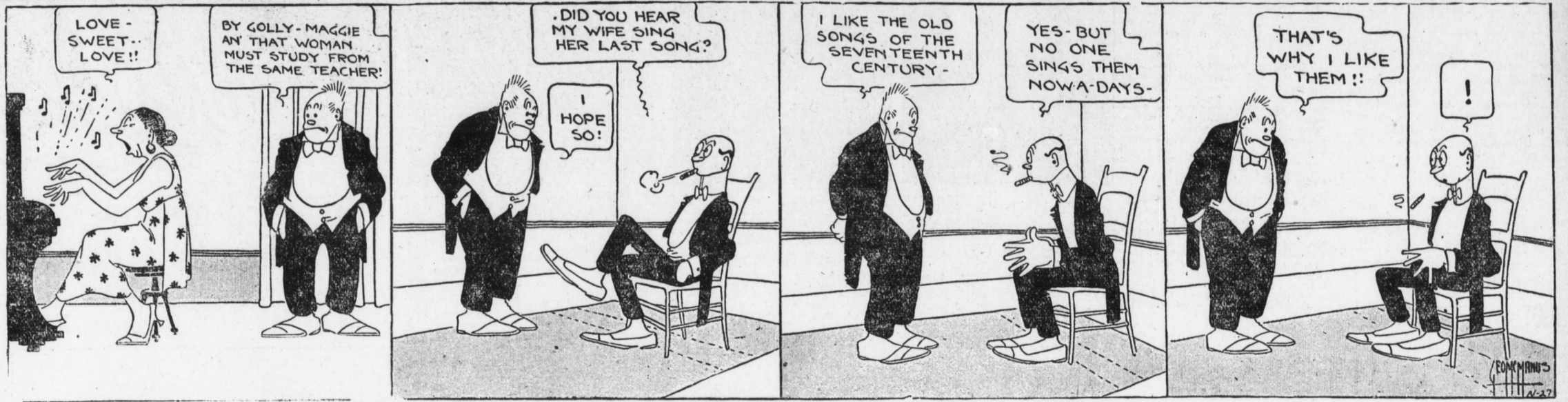
But the history of our planet shows that man's destiny is to solve the unsolvable. Fifty or a hundred years ago one would scarcely have dared whisper a doubt against the orthodox medieval conception of Heaven and Hell. There was a blank wall interposed—a blank wall of negation. But all this discussion and re-discussion is having its effect.

The fact that scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge have taken the matter

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



up for serious investigation would seem to point to almost certain results.

Above all, there is the mighty impetus given to speculation by the war, with its thousands of bereft homes and its millions of mourning women seeking to see beyond the veil.

All this cannot be in vain, for the mind of man has never yet applied itself to any problem without reaching a solution. It has conquered the earth, the seas and the air. And there are many indications that this greatest of the questions is also in the way of being answered.

As Ella Wheeler Wilcox says in a recent poem in the Cosmopolitan: "I tell you, the shadows are growing thinner."

Between this world and the world of the dead; 'Fool!' or 'Sinner!' To one who looks into the life ahead.

I tell you, the curtain is being lifted— The silence broken, the darkness rifted— And knowledge is taking the place of faith.

On that vast subject, Death.

Whether one likes to believe it or not, the rappings and other mediumistic manifestations with which we are all familiar have aroused curiosity and called the steadily mounting tide of inquiry and investigation which must eventually lead somewhere.

Where none of us can assert definitely upon the present incomplete evidence. There are many startling things in Sir Oliver Lodge's last book, many things from other sources which tend to prove the contention of the spiritualists, that those we call dead are living as real and vital a life as they did on this side of the so-called veil and are seeking as eagerly to communicate with us as we are with them.

On the other hand there is undoubted evidence given to many of the arguments for reincarnation

and those philosophies which hold that this earth experience of ours is but an interval—a clock-tick, as it were—in an existence which is eternal and unending, ever progressing toward some goal which as yet we cannot even dimly divine.

So great a scientist as Mr. Edison, reasoning solely from material evidences, can see no chance for a future life whatever; to his mind existence ends with dissolution; while the Idealists deny any life or substance to matter, and regard death as a common with all other ills as mere illusion.

Maurice Maeterlinck has gone deeply into the subject, but his conclusions are possibly a little too shadowy, a little too poetic for the practical mind to follow. The nearest approach to them perhaps is found in the hackneyed saying, "We live in the hearts we leave behind."

And James Flecker, the young English poet who died two years ago, has his own views on the subject which he expressed exquisitely: "And life stood still a moment, misty and came swinging Blindly before us; suddenly we passed The boundaries of joy: our hearts were ringing True to the trembling world: we passed Beyond the golden gate, Masters of time and fate, And knew the tune that 'sun and stars were singing."

For like two travelers on a hill, who stay Viewing the smoke that dims the busy plain, So, far away (sweet words are 'Far away') We saw our life and all its crooked lane, Dim cities and dark walls, Fell as a world that falls, And left us radiant in the Wind of Day."

It may be that all roads lead to Rome. It may be that the nucleus of faith is the key which will solve

the mystery, and that each will receive what he expects—the orthodox believer his resurrection, the body and his heavenly city according to the vision of St. John; the Hindu his Nirvana, the Indian his Happy Hunting Grounds.

Every religion and every sect must hold some part of the truth. And the best that any of us can do is to keep the open mind that the subject is one eminently worthy of investigation and accept whatever may be established when it is proved according to the ordinary rules of evidence.

My own belief is that when the final revelation does come, we shall find the "Great Adventure" to be no more of an adventure than the stepping from one room to another. The charm of Nature is that she is invariably natural.

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

It seemed absurd to name the baby anything, it was so small and pink and helpless. It looked too vague to be named. One thought of it only in terms of baby flesh without anything so definite as personality, but Joyce as she lay in bed and cuddled it a little bit, and rested, thought a great deal about its name.

Joyce thought of names quite often. She had thought of a name before the baby came, but she and Al had talked it over and had decided it would be a pity to name the baby and then be disappointed. If we picked out a lovely girl's name and it happened to be a boy we should be so disappointed.

"Of course it's a boy," Al had begun, laughing embarrassedly and dejectedly.

"Of course," Joyce had returned. Which meant that if it were a boy the baby should be called Junior.

But it had been a girl! A lovely roush of a girl, a little tender morsel of humanity that made its tiny fist closed about his big finger. And nothing had been said about a name although the baby was three days old. Now to the uninitiated, this fact would not seem at all

strange, for, after all, three days do not go to make up a long space of time. But to those who know, three days with a little stranger in the house and no name mentioned is an eternity.

Usually something is said about a name before a baby is three hours old, unless it has been already named and in this case as in any other there was a reason for the delay. Al had been secretly dreaming of a baby girl with his mother's name, Lydia. He had cherished this thought for months past and so dear had it become that he had never mentioned it to Joyce. Not that he thought Joyce might not agree to the idea, but he had not wanted to put his own dream into words before the baby came.

And Joyce herself, now that the baby girl was an actual thing of flesh and blood, wanted to name it Barbara for her great aunt Barbara. Aunt Barbara would be so pleased, and then Barbara could be shortened to Bab or Barb and what could be sweeter for a girl growing up?

And so the days passed and on the sixth day, when Joyce was up and around the room, Al came in to the room at twilight for a cosy chat. The baby lay in its little pink nest fast asleep, and Joyce in a soft negligee sat in the low rockingchair near the window. Al thought she looked like a saint with the light from the

window making a halo of her hair and after they had talked a little while, Joyce said softly, timorously a little:

"Al, dear, have you thought about a name for baby?"

Al started and looked at Joyce, and then, manlike, evaded the question: "Have you, sweetheart?"

Joyce nodded.

"I thought it would be lovely to call it Barbara for Aunt Barbara."

She looked at Al closely and saw the look that spread quickly over his face.

"Al Wetherill, I just know that you have a name picked out yourself."

Al met her worried eyes with his own boyish ones filled with consternation. Joyce must not be excited. "What was it, dear?" she insisted.

"Why, I thought of Lydia for my mother," he confessed.

Now Joyce had never liked the name Lydia. Lydia itself was not so bad, but she had dreams of hearing her baby called Liddle, and Lid, and the thought of this caused her expression to change instantly. Al saw the change and was quick to speak.

"But not if you don't like it, dear."

"Think how it would be nicknamed," Joyce said quickly.

Al looked thoughtful, and Joyce, too, went into a brown study. Suddenly Al turned to her, his face alight with a sudden inspiration.

"I have it! We'll call the baby for you, and then both of us will be pleased."

Joyce still looked thoughtful. She was not in love with her own name; and, although it pleased her to have Al suggest such a thing, she was hardly in favor of Joyce for the baby. But suddenly her own small face lit up.

"I have it, dear! We'll call her 'Joy,'" she said enthusiastically.

"Great!" he responded, "and it stands for you."

To Avoid Rough, Coarse, Chapped, Blotchy Skin

Most skins require constant grooming at this season to keep them from becoming unhealthily red, blotchy, coarse, rough or harsh, or if such a condition has developed, to overcome it. In such cases it is particularly inadvisable to keep plugging on cosmetics which clog the pores and make the complexion worse than ever.

It's a lot more sensible to use ordinary mercurized wax, which literally melts a spotless complexion. Apply the wax, like cold cream, before retiring. Next morning, in washing it off, you'll wash away fine, flour-like particles of the unsightly cuticle. Repeat for a week or more and you'll have an entirely new skin—soft, white, spotless and beautiful as a child's. One ounce of mercurized wax, available at any druggist's, is all you'll need.—Advertisement.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Don't Be Too Sensitive

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged to marry a man I dearly love. Now, my friend has a sister who is married for the past year. Previous to her wedding I was very friendly with her and received her most cordially at my home. After her marriage I went to her home on my own accord and was snapped at and made uncomfortable. Since my visit she has never invited or asked me to come to see her. My friend insists that I go with him to see her on his invitation. My dear Miss Fairfax, do you think it is proper, after I refused and told him the reason why, to leave me and go himself?

MARJORIE.

I really don't understand this woman's actions. Possibly someone has made a bit of trouble for you; may be she is selfishly absorbed in her own happiness. I think it would be worth your while to give her the benefit of the doubt and to put your pride in your pocket since she is the sister of the man you love. Why not have peace in the family? It would have been wise for you to go with your fiance when he asked you to visit his sister. Perhaps she never intended any offense and would have welcomed you so cordially that you would have been ashamed of your suspicions.

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