

Reading for Women and all the Family

INITIATIVE
THE CHARM
Girls Should Cultivate Their Best Qualities, Conquer the Worst and be Genuine

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
The charm of genuineness is very real. No matter how thoroughly you imitate something which you are not, the imitation will differ in some fashion from the original. That is because the imitation is governed a little by the basic qualities of the imitator.

Suppose Mollie is a jovial, buxom, outdoor girl. Her tastes run to golf and tennis and tramps in the open; to swimming and rowing, and all forms of athletics and outdoor exercise. Mollie falls in love with Arthur, a student, and a bit of a recluse. He is quiet in manner, aristocratic in tastes and spends most of his life studying and meditating and very little of it in active pursuit of anything that is not mental.

Says Mollie to herself, "Heavens, he probably thinks I'm a perfect hoyden! He couldn't possibly have any use for a blowsy, flushed, untidy girl, who is always chasing around outdoors. He probably thinks that I haven't a mind above golf balls and canoe paddling. I'll show him."

Now, if Mollie sits down honestly and cultivates mental interest to add to her physical prowess she will probably turn out to be a very worthwhile young woman, with a nice balance between mind and body. But if Mollie flings aside all her real interests and poses as one who is suddenly conscious of the fact that all the things for which she had once thought she cared no longer count, think what a sorry little imitation Mollie is going to turn out to be.

Arthur will see through her sham if he has any real mentality. She won't be able to talk to him intelligently about the theory of evolution, or the rise of Prussianism or the meaning of Coleridge's poetry. She will have nothing to contribute, and her cheap little sham will be sure to reveal. On the other hand, if Mollie had just made an honest and persevering struggle to add to her Arthur's interests, and at the same time had continued to be what she really was, she would have been far more likely to appeal to a thinker.

It is possible to foster your own growth, cultivate your best qualities and conquer your worst. But no more than you can turn a bull-frog into a nightingale, can you make yourself over into an entirely different being from the one you are. Please accept that. It isn't my opinion; it is just a fact. In bleaching brown hair golden, you do not produce for yourself a new temperament or a different set of ideals. If you don't like olives you can cultivate a taste for them; you can graft it on. But if you like chocolate, you will have a pretty hard time making yourself imagine that you hate it. So then, what is the use of pretending that you hate chocolate or of posing as one who finds all sweets childish and silly?

If you don't agree with you, say so frankly; don't strike an aesthetic attitude and say that you think it is vulgar and childish to like candy.

The tragedies of posing are many. First of all, just as the natural color of your hair, probably goes better with your eyes, than any artificial shade you could produce, so your own tastes and manners and tendencies probably fit in better with your personality in general than a lot of artificially cultivated ones.

The point is to really discover yourself, to make sure what you do think and feel in life. Don't stupidly dismiss fine things from your life—wave them aside and say, "I don't understand music," or "there's nothing in this poetry; it's silly."

If, then, thinking people admire certain things, it is probably because there are admirable qualities in those things. Examine them. Find out whether or no they have a value for you. And if they haven't, say respectfully that etchings do not appeal to you. Don't sit around and prattle about dry prints and copper plates when they are really mysteries to you.

Find out, then, what you like, measure your likes by a decently cultivated sense of values, and if you have a tendency to buy the cheap and base, try to conquer it, and to cultivate instead any flicker of fitness in your nature. But don't pose and pretend that you have higher, finer motives than you have.

The tragedy of posing is that it fools nobody but you, that the pose may not be half as charming as the real you, and that you won't get much enjoyment out of it; whereas you might, through your honest, unexpressed your honest, actual self.

There have been a good many don'ts in this little talk, but in another one I am going to tell you frankly just how I think each of us can be natural and honest and that thoroughly lovable thing, "a real person."

Bringing Up Father



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

BY JANE M'LEAN
A little thing sometimes makes a great difference in an unimportant person's life, just as it frequently affects the important personages also.

If Carol Moore had not determined to go on the stage, she would have married Jim Stevens, and they would have been happy together. As it was, Carol, determined on a career, had kept Jim Stevens waiting four years for an answer. Not that she held out any hope to him, not at all, because she had told him over and over again that he really ought to turn his attention and hopes to some other more worth-while girl.

"Someone will make you a home, Jim, and will be the kind of a girl you want. I know I never could settle down unless I was sure I never could make good in my own way."

Jim had not wanted to believe this, but he was beginning to think the girl meant what she said when after four years she still persisted in what she called her career. To be sure, she had never graduated from stock, but she was perfectly willing to stay where she was and work along. Some day, when she least expected it, her chance would come, and when it did things would be changed.

And so she had waited, and finally, when even to herself she began to admit that she was a failure, the chance did come and she was given a small part in a metropolitan play.

"You see, Jim," she said with delighted eyes, "I told you it would come if I waited. Now are you satisfied that I was right?"

But Jim wasn't satisfied. He was still sure that Carol was not meant to be an actress. Of course the girl had never had a chance to show what she could do, but Jim, much in love with her as he was, could not see any great talent in her performance. To be sure she was beautiful, and her radiant youth gave her a certain spontaneity, but Jim thought he detected a certain monotony to her performances that, noticeable in a second rate stock company, would be fairly obvious to a metropolitan audience.

THE YUKON TRAIL

By William MacLeod Raine
(Continued)
CHAPTER XXI.
Two on the Trail.

Elliot and Holt left Kusiak in a spume of whirling, blinding snow. They traveled light, not more than forty pounds to the dog, for they wanted to make speed. It was not cold for Alaska. They packed their fur coats on the sled and wore mittens of moosehide with duffel lining, on their feet mukluks above "German" socks. Holt had been a sour-dough miner too long to let his partner perspire from overmuch clothing. He knew the danger of pneumonia from a sudden cooling of the heat of the body.

Old Gheen took seven of his dogs, driving them two abreast. Six were huskies, rangy, muscular animals with thick, dense coats. They were in the best of spirits and carried their tails erect like their Malesmutter leader. Butch, though a Malemute, had a strong strain of collie in him. It gave him a sense of responsibility, and his business was to see that the team kept strung out on the trail, and Butch was a past-master in the matter of discipline. His weight was 93 fighting pounds, and he could thrash in short order any dog in the team.

The snow was wet and soft. It clung to everything it touched. The dogs carried pounds of it in the tufts of hair that rose from their backs. An icy pyramid had to be knocked from the sled every half-hour. The snowshoes were heavy with white slush. Densely laden spruce boughs brushed the faces of the men and showered them with unexpected little avalanches.

They took turns in going ahead of the team and breaking trail. It was heavy, muscle-grinding work. Before noon they were both utterly fatigued. They dragged forward through the slush, lifting their laden feet sluggishly. They must keep going, and they did, but it seemed to them that every step must be the last.

Shortly after noon the storm wore itself out. The temperature had been steadily falling and now it took a rapid drop. They were passing through timber, and on a little slope they built with a good deal of difficulty a fire. By careful nursing they soon had a great bonfire going in front of which they put their wet socks, mukluks, scarfs and parkas to dry. The toes of the dogs had become packed with little ice balls. Gordon and Holt had to go care-

ful of wood and went out to get a second supply. A few moments later Elliot heard a cry.

He stepped out of the tent and ran to the spot where Holt was lying under a mass of ice and snow. The young man threw aside the broken blocks that had plunged down from a ledge above.

"Beadly hurt, Gid?" he asked.

"I done bust my laig, son," the old man answered with a twisted grin.

"You mean that it is broken?"

"Tell you that in a minute." He felt his leg carefully and with Elliot's help tried to get up. Groaning, he slid back to the snow.

"Yep. She's busted," he announced.

Gordon carried Holt to the tent and laid him down carefully. The old miner swore softly.

"Ain't this a devil of a note, boy?"

Each of the men wrapped a long scarf around his mouth and nose for protection, and as the part in front of his face became a sheet of ice shifted the muffler to another place.

Night fell in the middle of the afternoon, but they kept traveling. Not till they were well up toward the summit of the divide did they decide to camp. They drove into a little draw and unharnessed the weary dogs. It was bitterly cold, but they were forced to set up the tent and stove to keep from freezing.

Their numbered fingers made a slow job of the camp preparations. At last the stove was going, the dogs fed, and they themselves thawed out. They fell asleep shortly to the sound of the mournful howling of the dogs outside.

Long before daybreak they were afoot again. Holt went out to chop some wood for the stove while Gordon made breakfast preparations. The little miner brought in an arm-

ful of wood and went out to get a second supply. A few moments later Elliot heard a cry.

He stepped out of the tent and ran to the spot where Holt was lying under a mass of ice and snow. The young man threw aside the broken blocks that had plunged down from a ledge above.

"Beadly hurt, Gid?" he asked.

You'll have to get me to Smith's Crossing and leave me there."
(To be Continued)

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



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• 18

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