Reading for Women and all the Family

SAMSON BROUGHT RIGHT UP TO DATE

A Leaf From Billy Sunday's Book of Bible Love Stories

Billy Sunday has published a book of love stories. They aren't original—but almost. "The book," he explains in his Foreword, "is the development of a project to clothe the outstanding charactors and lessons of the Bible in the language and environment of to-day."

Billy Sunday objects to the criticism of people who don't "want to see themselves as God sees them;" people who are looking for "a talcum powder, violet scented, ladylike proposition." There are plenty of fellows, he argues, who will "pass out the gospel done up in tissue paper and pink baby ribbons." But the Bible, contends the Rev. Mr. Sunday, "is a mirror of life—not the life of one period, but of all periods." So he sets out the men and women of the Bible "from the viewpoint of the men and women of the Twentieth Century."

All the love stories he retells are decidedly interesting. But perhaps the two that stand out with the greatest poignancy (punch, one should rather say in this connection) are the stories of Adam and Eve and of Samson and Delilah.

Curtailed in the telling, the Samson and Delilah story runs as follows:

Samson in a Panama

Samson was the first strong man to exhibit before large audiences—but he wasn't strong enough to exhibit before himself in private.

He thought he was making a big hit because he was making a big noise—and had Buffalo Bill hair.

He was just like a kid home from college for the summer vacation, when he breezed in on his dad one day in his father's office.

He was all dolled up with a purple band around his new Panama, pushed down onto one ear over the flowing locks, and he was wearing purple socks, and a purple necktie, and a silk handkechief with a purple band falling out of his breast pocket.

Also he flourished a dinky bamboo walking stick, and altogether thought he was the original Big Noise.

His father was trying to answer the telephone and dictate a letter at the same time, for it was the rush season in the cattle trading market.

But a little thing like other people's business never bothered Samson.

He pushed his Panama a little further over his ear, blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke, thinking that this made him look like a real man of the world to the blond stenographer, and said:

"I've come to tell you I want to get spliced, governor. And it's up to you to come across with the velvet and arrange for the wedding bells. She's the original sweet dream, and I want to cop her before the alarm clock goes off and wakes her up!"

"Who is she?" asked his father, hanging up the telephone, and telling the stenographer to come back after lunch.

"She and her folks live over in Timnath," said Samson, dropping into a chair and sticking his feet up on the desk.

"They've got all the cash they can use, and have two motor cars, so you needn't lie awake nights about their bank roll.

"But she sure is some flashlight, all right! She's got me sitting on the ragged edge—with my feet hanging over." * * *

A Call on Delilah

Samson blew himself for a lot of hothouse foliage and approached Delilah with all the ease and grace of a seasoned flirt.

The Philistines noted his fondness for the girl and decided that nothing could be better.

"He is going to put his knob in the noose this time like a house afire," they said. "Patience, brethren."

Delilah was the queen vampire of the whole cast. She was the finest chef in the trouble kitchen.

Delilah didn't have a chance to lose. Soft boiled conversation was her forte. She had Samson woozy inside of five minutes, and in ten minutes he was ready to give her his motor car and unlimited credit at the gas filling station.

Delilah strung Samson until he looked like perch trailing through the water back of a rowboat at the end of a perfect fishing day.

He was a mountain of muscle, and she was a frail little thing, but when she gazed into his eyes Samson lost his last vestige of judgment and fell with a plash that shook the whole river.

Of course, Delilah had been fixed with a nice fat bride.

"You are the strongest man in the world, Samson," Delilah flattered him. "You've got them all leary of you. Tell me how you do it. Where do you get that stuff?"

"Take the ferry for Hoboken," he jollied.

"Now, you are teasing me!" she pouted. "Nix on the stalling! If you love me, you'll come through!"

Told His Secret

She had him roped and branded at last.

"If my hair was cut," he said, "I wouldn't be any stronger than any other bald headed gent. I wouldn't have enough pep to punch a railroad ticket.'

Then Samson went to sleep and Delilah took the scissors and removed his Seven Sutherlands Sisters, which had been his pride and joy.

The crowd rushed in and gave him the once-over and tied him. The terrible giant was in their power.

They made him a prisoner and put out his eyes with hot irons. * * *

He could hear the laughing and jeering of the mob that had once fled before him.

With a sudden strength he groped his way blindly to the pillars of the temple, torn by despair and rage and agony.

With a last desperate prayer on his lips and a last desperate heave of the temple in his hands, bent his giant body until the sweat oozed from every pore, and then a surge of returning strength and power swept through his veins.

The mighty temple above him creaked and swayed—and fell in a crash of ruin and death.

Samson's finish was as foolhardy as his life had been.

Use Cocoanut Oil For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulsified cocoanut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

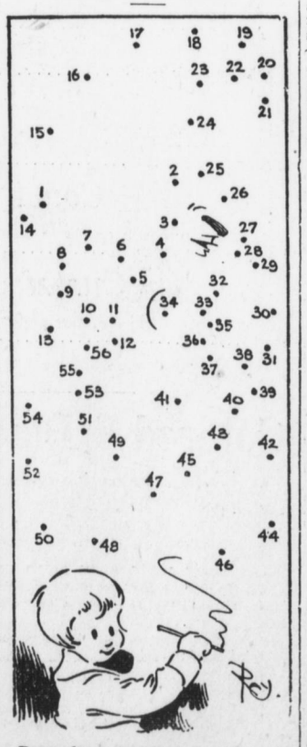
You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.—Advertisement.

For Constipation
Carter's Little Liver Pills
will set you right over night.
Purely Vegetable
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Carter's Iron Pills
Will restore color to the faces of those who lack Iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

BI-NESIA RELIEVES INDIGESTION
DYSPEPSIA - GASTRITIS - SOUR STOMACH
IN FIVE MINUTES
POWDER or TABLET FORM
50¢ EVERYWHERE
MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XI

(Copyright, 1918, Star Company)

"Dora, darling!" Mrs. Livingstone called from the door of her room on the morning after Milton Van Saun's and Gerald Stewart's visit, "I wish you and Cynthia would come here for a few minutes. I want to talk with you."

When the girls had obeyed her summons, she broached the matter that was uppermost in her mind.

"Your engagement is to be announced next week, Dora, dear."

Dora laughed. "I am already aware of that fact, mother, dear!"

Her mother smiled in her usual indulgent fashion.

"My blessed child," she protested gently, "I wish you would not be so frivolous and abrupt when I want to talk of a serious subject!"

"You mean my engagement?" Dora demanded. "Surely that is not so awfully serious, is it? It seems rather amusing to me."

Her mother, ignoring this remark, continued:

"Of course there will appear announcements in the society columns of the various Sunday papers. But I have been thinking how we could best tell our friends about it. I have decided that it would be agreeable to have a select and small dinner—only about a dozen people—and announce the good news then. Your father and I asked Mr. Stewart to dine here soon. We will make the date a week from Saturday night, and have him as one of the guests. Thus, you see, some of our friends will know of the happy event before they see it in the Sunday papers."

"All right," Dora assented. "I don't care just how it's done. But I am crazy to know whether people will be surprised about it or not."

"I fancy only a few of them will be greatly surprised," her mother observed. "You and Milton have always been together so much."

"But that is just the reason it will be a surprise," Dora argued. "People have thought of us almost like brother and sister. In fact, I have felt that way myself."

A Satisfied Comment

Cynthia glanced quickly at Mrs. Livingstone. Was she satisfied with her daughter's sentiments towards the man who was to be her husband?

But Mrs. Livingstone smiled serenely. "That is an excellent way to feel," she remarked. "I have always said that pleasant friendship forms the safest basis for a comfortable marriage."

"Then you do not believe in love matches?"

The question slipped from Cynthia's lips almost before she was aware of it.

Her aunt answered in her usual bland manner. "Not in violent love matches—no. If a man and woman are good friends, they learn to love each other after marriage."

Cynthia was silent. She was thinking of what her father had told her of his engagement to her mother, of the love that had been so strong that death itself had failed to make him forget the girl who had given him her heart and hand.

Mrs. Livingstone became aware of her niece's silence. "You do not agree with me, Cynthia, do you?" she queried.

Cynthia flushed. "How should I know anything about it, Aunt Amanda?" she parried. "I have never even fancied myself in love, and I have thought very little of marriage."

"I know your father and mother were very devoted to each other," Mrs. Livingstone said. "But theirs may have been such an affection as I have spoken of. It may have developed after marriage."

Cynthia did not contradict this statement. The subject of her parent's mutual devotion seemed too sacred to discuss with such a materialistic person as her aunt.

"Well," Dora broke in, "I am mighty fond of Milton, and I dare say we shall get along well enough together. I guess I'm not one of the girls who could lose her head over any man. Now to go back to the plans for the dinner. I think it's a pretty good idea—don't you, Cyn?"

"Yes," Cynthia replied. "I think it's a very charming idea."

A sudden thought occurred to Dora.

An Awkward Predicament

"Cyn!" she exclaimed. "You'll come to the table that night even if you are in deep mourning, won't you?"

Cynthia Long hesitated. Here was an awkward predicament. Her sorrow for her father's death was so fresh that she shrank from meeting a number of strangers at a gay function. She hoped that her aunt would come to her rescue and suggest that she be allowed to dine quietly in her own room on the evening of the proposed dinner.

But Mrs. Livingstone made no such proposition. Instead, she looked amazed.

"My dear Cynthia," she protested, "you do not think of secluding yourself from all society in that old-fashioned way just because you happen to be in mourning, do you? Surely you would be making a mistake to do this. Moreover, Dora would feel most uncomfortable if her engagement dinner was the cause of your spending an evening alone."

There was but one course for Cynthia to take. She showed her good breeding by acceding promptly to the plans of her hostess.

"I will do just as you think best, Aunt Amanda," she said. "If you and Dora prefer having me at the dinner I will, of course, be present. But," as an after-thought, "I have no regulation dinner gown, you know—only my black mourning and afternoon dresses—nothing proper for an evening function."

"You can buy very stunning evening gowns in mourning materials," Mrs. Livingstone told her easily. "I advise you and Dora to order the car at once. Then you can go down this morning and select for yourself an evening gown in black. You will need one frequently. Be sure that it will be ready in time for you to wear it on Saturday night, my dear."

(To Be Continued)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

9632 Child's Dress with Bloomers, 4 to 8 years. Price 15 cents.

This is one of the prettiest little play frocks or school frocks that the Winter has to offer. It would be charming made up in plaid serge, as it is here, or in plain serge with plaid trimming, or you could use the design for one of the linen or cotton materials if you like. It is a very simple little dress and at the same time a very smart one. Body and skirt are cut together so that there are the fewest possible seams. There are bloomers, too, and the dress with bloomers is always a satisfactory one for Winter wear. Here plaid gingham is trimmed with plain linen.

For the 6-year size will be needed, 3¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2⅝ yards 36, 2 yards 44 for the dress, 1¾ yards 27, 1⅜ yards 36 or 44 for the bloomers.

The pattern No. 9632 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

I happened to run across an essay written about twenty years ago by a woman who was something of a celebrity in her day. It was a plea to women, urging them to set up bank accounts for themselves where ever possible and telling of the satisfaction and serenity of mind which came from such a step. It sounded like a voice from the Dark Ages.

"Yet, at the time she was really proposing a rather radical departure," smiled a contemporary of the writer who was with me. It was the exception then rather than the rule for a woman to have knowledge of business or finance. Most of us could more easily have drawn the Sistine Madonna than a check. We were appallingly ignorant in everything relating to money."

"Except probably in ways of spending it," I observed significantly. My friend always has been and is to-day rather extravagant.

"Ah!" she shook her head, "I come of an era, you must remember, when woman was just about as much of an economic factor in the world as a canary scattering its birdseed around its cage. She was there merely for ornament and to air her pretty little accomplishments. As for the birdseed, it was always on hand, provided for her entirely without toil or thought on her part to do with as she chose, and apparently came from an inexhaustible supply.

"Why should she bother to husband or take care of it, when to throw it about furnished some amusement in her otherwise idle and monotonous life? That was the era and the atmosphere in which I was brought up," she repeated, "and you can't teach an old dog, or an old canary either, new tricks.

"Indeed," she went on, "when I think of the ideals which obtained end of what a sealed book all business except that of squandering was to us little more than a generation ago I stand in amazed wonder before the alert, competent, business-like woman of to-day. There are still plenty of canary birds, of course, just as there have always been bustling, sober-minded, thrifty sparrows; but the age has taken on much more of the sparrow complexion.

"You know," she smiled, "it is said that sparrows were introduced into this country through the medium of a single pair brought over for the purpose of combatting the wasteful ravages of the grubs and caterpillars that were destroying crops and vegetation of all sorts, but the sparrows increased and multiplied so miraculously and are so aggressive that they have to a great extent driven out all the other birds. We have perhaps lost something in the way of color and ornament by the change, but we have saved our food supply.

"And, to tell you the truth," she reflected, 'I doubt very much if the canary bird role ever was a natural one to woman. It was forced upon her to a great extent, but it was only a masquerade in borrowed plumage, as proved by the celerity with which she has doffed it as soon as her opportunity came. As it says here," she picked up the essay which had started our discussion, and read aloud:

"'A definite allowance and a check book will make of many a woman an economist and a manager who would otherwise be a wasteful spendthrift — on a small scale, doubtless, but one quite as extravagant in relation to her means as are the titled dames of high degree in London, who are hopelessly in debt to their milliners and tailors—for there is something in that exactness of figures, those inexorable figures which traditionally will not lie, that educates a woman'."

I wonder if there is not a good deal in what my friend had to say. We have always been called the extravagant sex, I know. Never a man went on the financial rocks but he and the world promptly blamed some woman for it, either in conjunction with wine and song, or else because of a vain and inconsiderate wife or daughters.

And I am not denying that women have been the world's great spenders. In very ancient times men were the chief offenders. It was they who went robed in purple and fine linen and decked themselves with gold and precious stones. "Solomon in all his glory," was the synonym.

There were Cleopatras, too, and Theodoras wasting wealth like water, of course, but women in general went simply clad and kept in the background. Then in the Middle Ages and down through the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. in France the two sexes ran in this respect about an even race, neck and neck, so to speak.

The day of woman's general and superior prodigality dawned when Eugenie came as Empress to Paris with her beauty, her youth and her love of display and set the vogue for clothes. With her ended the era of one black silk dress, which served our grandmothers as "best" all the days of their lives, and with the black silk went, too, the cameo or hair breast-pin, which with a ring or two made up her modest stock of jewelry.

Ever since there has been a mad whirligig of fashion with the styles whisking in and out almost as often as the wind changed, and every woman, rich or poor, young or old, plain or beautiful, tall or short, fat or lean, striving to outshine every other in the costliness and splender of her apparel.

To be out of style was esteemed worse than a crime. La Mode! Upon that altar women have stood ready to sacrifice their homes, husbands, children, happiness, virtue, love, comfort, even their looks. And a host of milliners, dressmakers, jewelers and makers of cosmetics have fattened upon her vanity. She has set the pace and the whole world has danced to the pipings of her extravagance.

It has been the cause of some of the great political scandals of Paris, of such financial debaches as Mrs. Langtry describes in her life story, "Myself and Others"; it has made New York what a well-known humorist called it, "The City of Dreadful Debt," and the contagious influence of these great capitals has spread out to infect and poison the people of smaller communities.

Yet in the face of all this, I maintain that woman is not naturally an extravagant being. Her extravagance has been due partly to a love of beauty and beautiful things, partly to her desire to please, more to the demands of Mrs. Grundy and the supposed necessity of keeping up appearances, but most of all to her lack of training in business methods and business practices.

The "cost of high living," as James J. Hill once expressed it, produced its natural result. Young men hesitated to marry on account of the expense. Fathers found themselves unable to stand the drain their daughters put upon the family income. Woman was literally forced into the wageearning vocations. She had to learn that arithmetic of business which Lamartine, one of the most notorious of spendthrifts, stigmatized as "the negative of every noble thought."

And her aptitude for it is shown by the fact that within a generation the science has been mastered. Ignorance of addition and subtraction is no longer regarded as "ladylike." It is no army of wasteful canary birds that abroad has kept the wheels of industry and business going and the fields tilled and planted for the past three years, and here at home has conserved the food supplies, kept down needless waste of all sorts, and has assisted so materially and with such businesslike ability in the raising of funds for the government and for the various relief movements.

Thrift, calculation, frugality! Why that is woman's long suit. She is by nature meticulous, with an eye for detail, provident. It is man, the hunter and fighter, who never stops to count the cost until his object is attained. For the mere joy of killing he exterminated the bison from our western plains.

From the beginning he has heedlessly wasted Nature's resources. He sees things in the large, he looks out over wide vistas for his game, he is impatient of checks and restraints, he cares only for results. His is really the extravagant sex.

Thrift is simply order, and woman is naturally orderly. It was only her fostered ignorance, that and a spirit of competition—the desire to outrival her era of extravagance. But the day of competition is over. An age of co-operation is dawning—for nations, for business enterprises, for individuals — and woman will yield to the trend of the time.

She will never go back to the old conditions; it is idle to think it; but those who fear economic chaos after the war are shortsighted. Each sex will settle down into its own place with but little confusion, and the work of the world will go on better than ever.

Every successful firm has two partners, the one a man of vision, initiative and daring, the other methodical, cautious and saving. This as I conceive it is the economic future of man and woman, equal partners, but each working in his own especial province. He will dream big dreams, but she will make them workable and by her arithmetic correct and supplement, not negative, his "noble thoughts."

And shall there be no more cakes and ale — no pearl necklaces, or Paris gowns, or embroidered lingerie? Assuredly there will. Thrift does not lie in scrimping or niggardliness, but in gratifying every reasonable desire that one can reasonably afford, but only at a reasonable price always bearing in mind Franklin's motto: "Nothing is cheap that you do not want."

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

FOR THE SPORTWOMAN.

The exceedingly good middy featured here makes a successful effort at wool conservation, for it is fashioned of pongee silk. It has a cuff hem at the lower edge, the upper part being trimmed with a deep yoke and sailor collar stitched with black braid. The skirt is of black tub satin, medium size requiring 3¾ yards. The middy calls for 3 yards 40-inch pongee.

Pictorial Review Middy Blouse No. 7615. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 20c.

Skirt No. 7623. Sizes, 24 to 32 inches waist. Price 20c.

LITTLE GIRL INJURED

Marysville, Pa., Feb. 11.—Caught under some falling plaster, two-year old Burnetta Willard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williard, Myrtle avenue, suffered a badly fractured right leg during the latter part of last week.

A frozen water pipe in the bathroom at the Williard home had bursted. The water was dripping through the ceiling at the Williard home and little Burnetta was watching this with eager excitement when the accident occurred.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion — dark rings under your eyes — pimples — a bilious look in your face — dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that exuberance of spirit, that natural buoyancy which should be enjoyed by everyone, by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

You will know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets by their olive color. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

Patriotic Dishes

RICE MOLD WITH RAISINS

(From Philadelphia North American.)

Boil one cup of rice as usual, put into molds which have been wet with cold water, set aside to cool. Turn out on large platter, fill the center with a raisin sauce and raisins around the edge.

Raisin Sauce—Wash one cup of seeded raisins, put in saucepan with one cup cold water, bring to boil, add one teaspoon of corn starch, which have been wet with a little cold water, a pinch of salt and one tablespoon of sugar. Boil slowly for five minutes.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss Flo Kelly, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

To Heal Bed Sores
For 25 years physicians and nurses have never found anything equal to
Sykes Comfort Powder
One box proves its extraordinary healing power for any skin inflammation.
25c at the Vinol and other drug stores
The Comfort Powder Co., Boston, Mass.

DR. CHASE'S
Blood and Nerve Tablets
Weigh Yourself Before Taking.
Price 60 Cents, Special 90 Cents.
Dr. Chase, 224 North Tenth St. Philadelphia, Pa.

CHILDREN
Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—
Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home
VICK'S VAPORUB

NUXATED IRON

You Can Tell the Women with Plenty of Iron in their Blood—Beautiful Healthy Rosy Cheeked Women Full of Life Vim and Vitality.

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients—Says anaemia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health strength vitality and beauty of the modern American Woman.—Sounds warning against use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good; advises use of only nuxated iron, taken three times per day after meals. It will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down folks 100% in two weeks time in many instances. *Dispensed by all good druggists.*