

Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

There are some very desirable and beautiful things in this world which can neither be defined nor classified as property. They are the real things we know, and yet the moment anyone tries to take possession of them they vanish. Among them are love and friendship.

It may be accepted as an aphorism that no friendship and no love is sufficiently indestructible to be proof against the sense of possession. You may claim, you may protest that you own it, and—Pouf!—it has gone forever.

A girl recently wrote me this story of a little human comedy. It was both pathetic and humorous, more pathetic, however, than humorous.

She was, according to her own claim, capable, young woman who had for some time filled a responsible position in a large store in one of the smaller cities. Presently a young man, a stranger, appeared on the scene and seemed anxious to affiliate himself with the same house.

The girl thought well of him and immediately busied herself in his behalf, with the result that she secured a place for him in the line of promotion. He gave satisfaction to the firm and showed that he was quite capable of fulfilling his new duties.

So far, so good. She then introduced him to her friends, and again he acquitted himself admirably and won the good opinion of every one who met him. But the situation was no longer satisfactory to her. She claims that once firmly entrenched in his new position, and with a growing acquaintance, his manner to her changed.

At first he was duly grateful and appreciative of her good offices, and then slowly but surely he began to avoid her. This became obvious to her friends, who resented it and took occasion to remind him of her past kindness to him and of the way she has bestirred herself to further his interests.

But this only confirmed him in his aloof attitude, and now the girl complains that he is no more than ordinarily civil to her, and she confesses herself not only puzzled and

Bringing Up Father



THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"Winifred dear, how could you be so naughty?" Helen, trying to be as calm as possible, had stopped at the entrance of the apartment house, and was looking down at Winifred's flushed face.

"I saw her do it, ma'am," said a nursemaid who was wheeling a baby carriage up and down before the door.

"What was it she did and how did it happen?" asked Helen, trying in vain to stop the tears of a small child who was standing near by.

"I didn't see how it began," said the girl, "but they were playing together, and the first I knew about it, I saw your little girl lift up her hand and strike the other as hard as she could."

Helen could see that Winifred had slapped the little girl rather hard, for the red marks of her fingers were across the child's cheek, but before she could ask anything more the child suddenly disappeared around the corner and Helen was left with Winifred and the leopards nursemaid.

Helen took Winifred's hand and led the way inside and into the elevator. On the way she was trying to decide what to do, and just how to punish her. She wanted to be fair and she intended to question Winifred carefully before a punishment was inflicted. When the apartment was finally reached, Helen led the way in, took Winifred to the bathroom, where she washed her hands and face, and then proceeded to the living room where she asked how it all happened.

"You slapped the little girl, didn't you, Winifred?"

Winifred nodded.

"What did you do for?"

"I told her I would," said Winifred, deliberately, "if she did it again."

"Did what again?"

"Pinched me."

"Oh, she pinched you, did she?"

Again Winifred nodded.

"Don't do that, dear," said "yes, mother."

"Yes, mother," said Winifred obediently.

"And so you slapped her because she pinched you? Why didn't you walk away from her? You needn't have stayed with her, you know."

"We were playing, and it was fun."

"But suppose mother slapped you?"

Winifred looked at Helen and said: "I would like to see you try to do anything for me, let me know." And each would have gone his individual way, pleasantly conscious that an agreeable but undemanding friendship had been cemented between them.

But we have not yet arrived at such a condition of equality between the sexes where a man can, or thinks he can, treat a woman in the same way.

The truth is, this girl put the man in a peculiarly difficult position. She not only heaped him with benefits, but she did so before an audience of her friends. Now, an audience would not be an audience if it had not certain attributes. It is sentimental, it craves sensation, and it wants the situation fully dramatized.

The audience then, having observed the girl's interest in the youth and her successful efforts to secure him a place with her firm, demanded the usual thrills. The first act opened like a business drama; now they wanted the heart interest. They took it for granted that no young woman would hesitate to advance the interests of a perfectly straight young man when it was a case of love at first sight.

They expected an immediate response on his part, with the usual dramatic flourish. That would have afforded them a very pretty and interesting entertainment, with the desired "happy ending."

But this was not to be. And the girl felt cheated. They had had their anticipations aroused for nothing. Consequently, they showed their displeasure by taking the young man to task.

As for him, when he saw what every one expected of him, he naturally balked. I am surprised that he did not bolt.

Most of us want to work out our destinies in our own way. We do not want too many guiding hands pushing us safely into port. We go not want too many sign-posts along the way affirming that this particular path is the only road to happiness. We prefer to take the fortune of the road as it comes, its ups and downs. We want to adventure for ourselves, and find our own happiness.

No one could blame this man for feeling that he has been made a rather absurd figure. Men as a rule don't care to be under obligations of this kind to women. When a woman openly promotes a man's fortunes, there is just one construction the world puts upon it, and that is a sentimental one. And he also was aware that, according to accepted opinion, absurd and unjust as it may be, there is only one way to repay his debt, and that is by offering her his hand and heart.

I am basing my knowledge of this particular case solely on the girl's statement. But is it not possible that the young man might have had a more sympathetic consideration from her and her friends? He may have had those dependent upon him which made it imperative for him to accept the assistance she held out to him.

He may have known very little of the complications in which it would involve him. He may have had a sweetheart back home to whom his heart was true. Or he may have been one of those solitary souls who have no desire to become engaged or to marry, and who instinctively feel "he travels the fastest who travels alone."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

NARROW-MINDED

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged to a soldier who is now in France. Our engagement has not been announced, owing to the war. I have several other friends who are in the service on this side and who take me out quite a little and who know of my engagement. My fiancé's family disapproves of my accepting an attention from anybody and have made it uncomfortable for me. They have also written to him, exaggerating greatly. As I love my soldier dearly I hate to have them make him think otherwise. Should I give up receiving all the little attentions of my friends, some of them also friends of his? I would appreciate very much some advice about the matter.

has not a paying position. We feel that the girl is too old for him and that he is too young to even consider an engagement.

We want to do what is right to all concerned, so would appreciate your advice.

A CONSTANT READER.

Indeed a boy of eighteen should not be contemplating matrimony. He needs to work and make himself, to get experience and the education of life, to grow in knowledge of himself and what he really wants. When I advised a boy to marry a girl two years older than himself he was sufficiently mature to choose a wife. If your brother were planning to marry a girl of seventeen, that would be just as bad as the present situation; but if he were twenty-five, and planning to marry a girl of twenty-seven, there would be no obstacle in the difference in ages. You see that, don't you?



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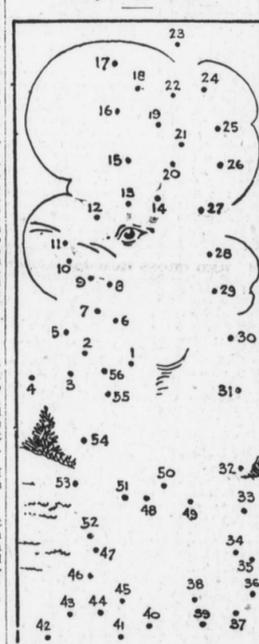
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Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



STUNNING TYPES OF SMART FROCKS.

Straight and long and trim looking, yet ample for comfort is the frock of check silk gingham. The skirt is gathered to a waist that is tucked at either shoulder and trimmed with polka dotted foulard. The hem, stitched collar is of organdy. Flare cuffs finish the long, narrow sleeves. In medium size the dress requires 6 yards 36-inch gingham, with 2 1/2 yards 40-inch foulard and 3/4 yard organdy.

Second Model: This frock is fashioned in the second model. The gathered skirt, plain at the front and back, is draped a little at the sides, though very narrow at the bottom. The upper part of the bodice is of lace. Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards 40-inch satin and 2 1/2 yards 2 1/2-inch lace.

First Model: Pictorial Review Costume No. 7532. Sizes, 14 to 20. Price, 20c.

Second Model: Costume No. 7495. Sizes, 16 to 20. Price, 20c.

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30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



Some Barley Receipts

Here are some excellent barley receipts recommended by Miss Ida M. Davling, government food expert for Kansas City:

Steam Barley Pudding—One cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup, one-teaspoon soda, three-fourths cup corn meal, one cup barley flour, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one cup chopped raisins. Beat egg, add molasses, milk and soda dissolved in a little cold water. Sift corn meal and barley flour together and combine with first mixture. Add chopped raisins and pour into well greased baking powder tin or popover cups. If the latter are used, cover each cup with a well greased paper. Steam two hours.

Barley Baking Powder Biscuits—Two cups barley flour, three tablespoons fat, one-half teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, two-thirds cup milk. Sift the dry ingredients together, rub in the fat, and add the liquid until a soft dough is formed. Roll three-quarter inch thick and cut with a cookie cutter. Bake in a hot oven.

Barley Muffins—One cup sour milk, one tablespoon sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons melted fat, two and one-quarter cups barley flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Beat egg, add sugar, salt and soda dissolved in a little cold water. Sift flour and baking powder together and combine with first mixture. Add the melted fat and beat well. Bake in well greased muffin pans until thoroughly done, about one-half hour, depending on the size of the muffins.

Can't Find Dandruff

Every bit of dandruff disappears after one or two applications of Danderine. Rubbed well into the scalp with the finger tips. Get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents and save your hair. After several applications you can't find a particle of dandruff or any falling hair, and the scalp will never itch.

Philadelphia Branch, 40 S. Delaware Ave.

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