Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Ceturies ago, not quite four years in reality, the old strange world with its old, strange gods, was taking its last maddest, merriest fling. It danced night and day! There was somewhere an old superstition that a dancing craze had always preceded a great war. But nobody heeded it, nobody heeded anything. Nobody cared for anything—but to dance.

And the king of the revels was a famous dancer, and its queen was his lovely wife—Vernon and Irene Castle.

Broadway had crowned them, and Irene, the etherial, exquisite dancer, whose light feet scarcely touched the ground, at once led and epitomized the whole world of women. She set the fashions. The fabrics, the modes which best suited her slender, swaying grace were eagerly copied by women of every class. The way she wore her hair—that famous "Castle bob"—her hats, all were copied with a slavish accuracy. For women have never stopped to consider whether the mode suits them or not; the law of the pack is "suit the mode!"

Mrs. Castle not only danced incomparably, and wore her clothes with an art which only one woman in ten thousand understands. Her husband and herself invented and introduced new dances, and extended their kingdom. At their bidding there rose "Castle House" and "Castle by the Sea" and "Castles in the Air"—palaces of birth and music. The Castles grew richer every moment. Their income was prodigious, six hundred thousand dollars a year.

Then the volcano burst. Europe was a battleground. "Blood was its avatar and its seal—the horror and madness of blood!" But here we were still safe, the wastes of the sea guaranteed our security and here birth made its last stand. The war was sweeping over the globe, but — Broadway still danced.

Poe has symbolized the whole story in his "Masque of the Red Death":

"There was much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little which might have excited disgust. And thus it happened that there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a murmur expressive of disapprobation and surprise, then finally of terror, of horror."

This awe-inspiring Masked Figure—the presence of war in the world—could not be ignored. There are matters of which no jest can be made. It had carried a message to the soul of Vernon Castle, and awakened an unerring response. Through all the trivialities of his crowded life there sounded unceasingly in his ears that still, small voice: "Your country needs you!"

Its thrilling note of virile reality made all the trivial preoccupation of his mind contemptible. The evolution of new dance steps, the purchase of polo ponies, of estates, of jewels, of objects of art, of pedigreed dogs suddenly seemed frivolous and loathsome.

So insistent was the voice that even the jazz music and laughter of Broadway could not drown it. To the dancer there came that moment of choice which comes once to every man and nation. There was but one answer.

He was an Englishman by birth, and the voice in his ears said, "England calls you!"—that mother voice which has called back men from the ends of the earth to fight and die for her. He announced his intention of enlisting in the allied forces against Germany.

Broadway smiled and put its tongue in its cheek—cynical, soffing Broadway. Give up a soft living, luxuries, unconsidered spending, for the grime, the stench, the hard work and hazards of war? Oh, never!

Several weeks went by, and still he had not gone. Broadway laughed again. He would not go, of course. It learned later that he had spent those three weeks in paying all his debts. Then he quietly slipped away.

The story of how he served with honor at the front in France and met his death while acting as an instructor in aviation in this country is too well known to need recapitulation.

On a gray February day a crowd numbering thousands stood in the wet, cold streets and watched his body borne into the Little Church Around the Corner. Broadway which had laughed, new wept. And the man in the streets also uncovered his head—an instinctive tribute to uncalculating courage.

Irene Castle walks in heavy mourning. A black veil covers her graceful head. But still as in the iridescent, whirling hours, the fairy dancer epitomizes the world of women—women all over the earth, whose hearts have been broken and lives made desolate by the Masked Specter of the Red Death.

The revels are over. The days of magnificent spending are past. And yet Irene Castle is a richer woman to-day than she was in that dead, mad world, with its dead, strange gods. She has a living memory which for her is imperishable and touched with the supernal.

Vernon Castle went from notoriety to fame. His career and his deeds will remain one of the romantic legends of the war. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

He had gained the whole world, and drained it. And something fine in him, some splendid fiber urged and impelled him to his great denunciation.

Dickens concludes his undying story of the days of the French Revolution with some unforgettable words. How fittingly could the dancer who died a hero have spoken them:

"It is a far better thing that I do than that I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"Why, it's twice as cold as it was when we went in," Helen remarked as they came out of the theater.

"Regular winter night," Warren returned. "Better turn up your collar around your throat. Don't tell me that you have on low shoes."

"But dear," Helen protested, "all the women are wearing them, and it has been so mild."

"Mild! Just because it happens that we have a couple of nice days you women get out your spring things and make fools of yourselves. Low shoes and a fur coat!

I always thought straw hats at this time of the year were the limit, but low shoes are worse."

Helen glanced down at her gray suede Oxford ties and thin silken-clad ankles. Even though the icy blast stung her skin under the light covering, she could not help noticing how trim her feet looked. She bit her lip and said nothing, only stole a glance at Warren's grim countenance.

After they had walked a block Warren began to hold his gloved fingers against his ears. It was always around the ears that Warren felt the cold first, and Helen, who was perfectly comfortable save for her feet, could not help exclaiming:

"Why, dear, are you really that cold?"

Really that cold! My ears are numb. No wonder you don't mind it with that fur collar up around your throat."

Helen looked ahead at the swirling dust that swept around the corners and reflected that they had still several blocks to walk, but she was determined not to complain nor to suggest a taxi. She was struggling along in an effort to keep up with Warren's long strides, when she noticed an automobile slow up along the curb. Behind the glass of the luxurious limousine the chauffeur was beckoning to them, or it seemed as though he was.

"Warren, that man is beckoning to you!"

"Nonsense! He's trying to attract that girl's attention," as a girl hurried by them.

"No, he isn't dear; he wants you; you'd better stop."

Helen was certainly right and the man did seem to be trying to attract their attention. Warren, after a second's hesitation, walked over to the machine, whereupon the driver stopped the car and threw open the door. The inside offered a cozy shelter from the bitter wind, for it was thoroughly warmed and comfortable.

"Going my way?" queried a jolly voice. "If so, won't you get in and let me give you a lift?"

He spoke in an easy, well-bred manner, yet Helen noticed that he wore a chauffeur's uniform. She had stepped into the car and settled herself on the cushioned seat before she noticed that Warren looked blacker than ever as he complied. She wondered what made him so unappreciative, but as the intimacy of the closed car prevented her asking him, she stuck to generalities and remarked.

"It was a good bill, wasn't it, dear?" The entire incident seemed an exciting adventure to Helen; she couldn't imagine such a thing happening to anyone outside of a novel. Warren's countenance was as black as a thunder cloud as he muttered something unintelligible.

"Here's our corner," he said to the driver, who slowed the car, obediently, and turned toward them a very boyish countenance, with an engaging smile.

Warren helped Helen out, and then held out a fifty-cent piece. "Here you are," he said, shortly.

"No, thanks," the man returned. "I didn't ask you to get in for that. I just thought I could do you a good turn, that's all."

Helen, who had flushed uncomfortably at Warren's curt proffering of the tip, spoke impulsively before Warren could interfere.

"Do get out and come upstairs for a minute, won't you?" she said, warmly. "You could get warm and I'll make you a cup of coffee."

"Why, thank you, but I couldn't do that," the boy returned. He was hardly more than a boy, and a boy of exceptional education, for his diction was good and his grammar correct. "Glad I could do it for you: Good night." And with a respectful touch of his cap he was gliding away from the curb.

"Warren, how could you be so rude?" Helen exclaimed as they gained the entrance to the apartment house.

"Well, how could I tell that he wasn't one of those chauffeurs out to make a little coin while the people who own the car are at some shindig? Crazy idea, stopping us like that."

"I think it was lovely idea," said Helen impulsively, "and if living in the city is going to make us blind to a little chivalry when it is offered to us, I think things have come to a pretty pass. And Helen with her head held high, walked into the elevator followed by Warren who looked thoughtful.

(To Be Continued)

CHILDREN Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—

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Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

FASHIONABLE AND FREE FROM EXTREMES.

If there ever was a season when fashion extremes and folly were out of place surely it is now. Therefore the designers are turning out a number of attractive, yet conservative frocks for spring and summer. The long loose tunic that is greatly in evidence is featured on the model to the left. It is in blue cashmere trimmed with plaid silk, 2½ yards 40-inch silk and 4 yards 44-inch cashmere being required for medium size.

White challis makes up the second girdle frock most appealingly. The skirt is gathered to the waist, sans girdle, and has the side drapery incorporated with the pockets. Double collars, one of silk, trim the neck, while the sleeves are gathered into cuffs of silk. Medium size requires 5 yards 44-inch challis and 1 yard 27-inch silk.

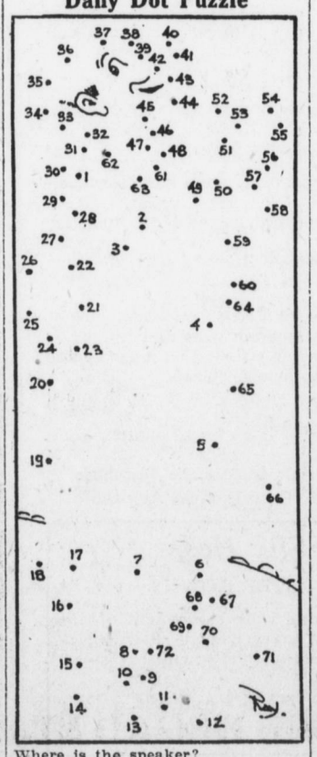
First Model; Pictorial Review Waist No. 7577. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 20c.

Skirt No. 7602. Sizes, 24 to 40 inches waist. Price, 20c.

Second Model; Waist No. 7615. Sizes, 34 to 45 inches bust. Price, 20c.

Skirt No. 7614. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist. Price, 20c.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Where is the speaker?

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

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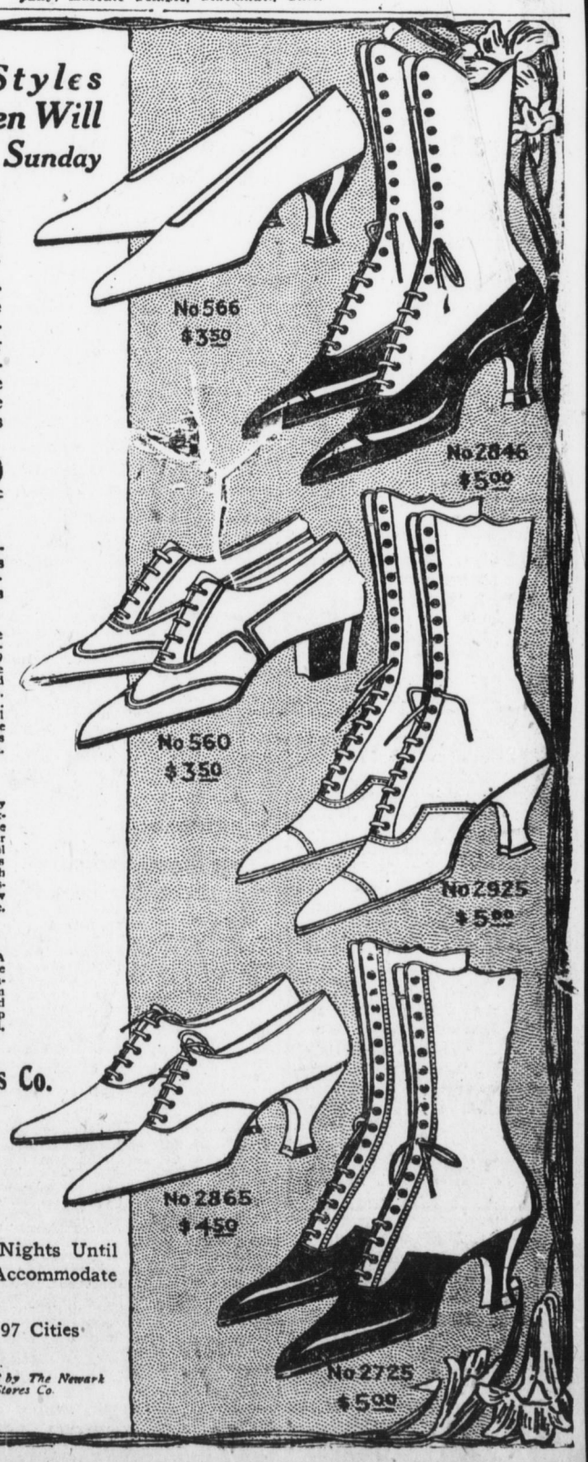
No. 560—Newest English Last Oxford. Goodyear Welt Soles, Military Heels, imitation wing tips, invisible eyelets. In black Gun Metal, $3.50. In white buck skin, white leather soles and heels, $3.50. In Tan Mahogany Calf, $4.50.

No. 2925—Fine soft white washable kid boot, 9 inch top, white leather covered Louis Heels, Ivory Soles. A boot that will always look nice because it is easily kept clean. $5.00.

No. 2865—Grey Suede Lace Oxford, flexible soles, leather covered full Louis Heels $4.50. In rich Mahogany Russia Tan. A new beautiful shade, $4.50.

No. 2725—A lovely two-tone combination: Havana brown vamps, and field mouse 9 inch top Louis Heel, $5.00.



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