

Reading for Women and all the Family

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Before me lies a letter which I hope applies only to one girl in ten thousand—and which I fear applies to one in a hundred. For that hundredth girl this little holding up the mirror to the canker spot that will blacken her whole nature.

"I had a friend for over a year. While I was away last summer she met a man of fifty, twice her own age. He fell madly in love with her and began to take her to dinners and luncheons and to lavish on her such gifts as evening gowns, expensive sweater coats, silver bags with money enclosed, perfumes, powders and other lavish gifts.

"She never mentioned the other man to me, and she let him know of me. I returned accidentally and we met. Two days later he disappeared and she has not heard from him since. She broke the news of his gifts to me gently—but gradually I got the whole story. I'm only earning \$30 a week, but she wanted me to give her a lavallier, set with three small diamonds, for Christmas gift. I could not, and gave her a \$20 gift instead. Then she wrote and told me not to try to see her for the present, but to write her when I could. When I felt I could spend a great deal more on her to let her know and she would take me back. I know now that I am well rid of a woman who would be an encouragement, but the disappointment hurts. The other man was honest, too, and I feel sure he planned to marry her, even as I did. J. K."

Cold-blooded, mercenary, selfish, a cheat—these are the titles that spring to the lips in contemplating the history of a girl like this. She was more than that—she was guilty of a high crime against herself—that of dwarfing her own soul.

When any girl measures her own charms in terms of what they will buy for her and looks upon friendship as a means of obtaining lavish gifts she is putting herself in the ugliest classification into which a woman can fall.

Of course, the girl who let an infatuated old man pay for her clothes and give her money never stood off and took a good, square, honest look at herself. If she had done so, this is what she must have seen. A mercenary girl selling a smile for a pair of shoes, a friendly word for a new hat, an hour of her society for an evening gown—a creature selling herself.

Friendship and love give. When a girl is capable of asking a man for an expensive Christmas gift and of telling him, callously, "if you haven't any money you needn't come around," she is just a huckster, crying her wares in the alley like the men who drive around their little carts full of red apples. But they are honorable hucksters, trafficking in merchandise. She is selling her soul, and

not guessing she is related to the woman who sells in more business-like exchange.

The duplicity of deceiving the two men about each other's existence is the merest trifle—we waive it aside. But her lies. Well, what is deceit to a supreme cheater who parcels out her cold, unempathetic nature at so much a handshake?

An extreme case, you say? Yes, I hope so, but a striking illustration of the lesser cases that go on untragically about us all the time.

The girl who wants attention from men, who demands that they take her out and spend money on her, who looks for gifts, defends herself like this: "It isn't fair that he should come and wear out the parlor furniture. He ought to do something to show his appreciation of my society."

Oh, you mercenary Mabel, has it ever occurred to you that Johnnie shows the most earnest appreciation of your society by merely seeking whom he is indebted, he takes to the movies; the girl he's perfectly willing to share with the other fellows, he takes to a dance, but the girl Johnnie honestly likes is the girl with whom he can contentedly spend a quiet evening at home.

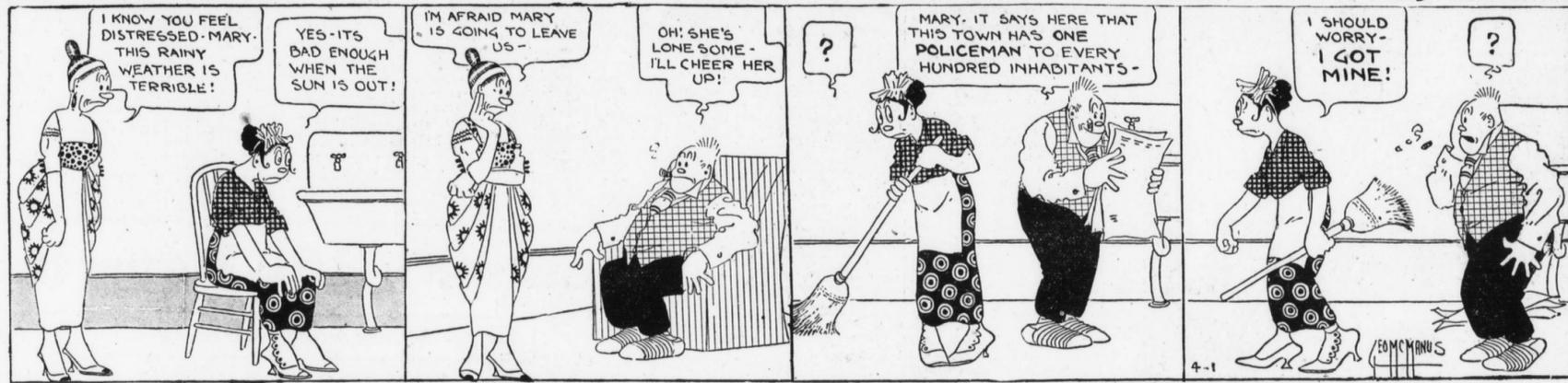
Life is full of "quiet evenings at home." Happy married people have to be chummy enough to enjoy them together. Happy married people give each other sympathy and understanding without setting a price on them. So do lovers—so do friends.

A girl who puts a price on her society, who lets greed and gifts and craft come to appeal too much to her, is simply unfitting herself to be a friend or a sweetheart or a wife. And that is a worse charge than we made originally against her. Greedy, mercenary, calculating, cold—J. K.'s friend and all others of that type are unfitting themselves for life and love. For the sake of little presents, and a garish present, they are forswearing life's whole beautiful future and the great gifts of love.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



Red Cross Notes

If the war memories of Easter could be written down by Red Cross nurses what a revelation they might be of the universal heart of the world.

Nursing as a profession is being known through France, who has had some call it a science, some an art, some a ministry. This is what one thinks of it in the wards of the grand blesses—the severely wounded.

There is one nurse, a French woman, much too busy and overworked to know that her name is known through France, who has had one of those sternest tasks of war, the care of men blinded and mutilated. To have seen them—to have seen her—to know even a little of what she did is to have had one's spirit quickened by new visions.

This woman, and she is a young woman, on the very first day that she bathed them, and fed them—often having to invent strange means for these so cruelly crippled—used to send her spirit of courage and hope out to rest theirs. She did it in a hundred ways. If their eyes could see, there was a smile, or a flower, or a piece of fruit, or a scrap of lovely color, anything, anything she could find or devise that was different from the things they had been through.

If their eyes could not see, but their ears could hear, there was a word, a phrase of song, a sisterly or motherly endearment—so quiet, oh, so quiet. Sometimes, there couldn't be any response—sometimes not for very many days when the faintest fluttering of spirit answered. But the gallant soul of that nurse began to minister with the first day, and with every service she garnered a little more knowledge of her patient—some boy or man called on to do something so infinitely harder than to die.

And, as the days or weeks or months passed, often she had learned the names of Jacques' mother, or sister or sweetheart, or, as so often happened, if he had no one; or if those he had been lost or killed in the invaded country. And all the time she was learning too what his trade had been before the war, and what were the things he liked best to do. She had a wonderful interest in all her vintages and in every kind of relief work they might be engaged in. Again and again after talking to them she found in them the solution to Jacques' own Pierre's problem of independence. One way or another she would find a person who through some other person could secure some coveted information, or railroad fare, or tools.

All this time she was replacing hope where hopelessness had been. And the spirit of her became part of them, and they were ready to do something beyond description getting ready to take hold of life.

In the most vital sense the nurse is the representative of us at home, who cannot go abroad to our men when they are suffering. And so the requirements of her, going, and the figures concerning the number of

Warm Weather Adds to Gaiety of Easter Parade

Not the oldest citizen of Harrisburg could recall a more lovely day for Easter Sunday. Warm, bright, cloudless, the Susquehanna shimmering cheerily, Front street marked a great parade of churchgoers, but it was noticed by all that the vast variety of color was lacking, nor was there so lavish a display of flowers as in other years. War-torn times evidently had the effect of subduing the gaiety of raiment and excessive luxury in rare flowers. From the West Shore side came hundreds to join the throng, and dozens of men in military garb lent the necessary touch of war times. Unusually large crowds filled the churches and the musical features were of higher class than ever before.

Don't Mind April Fool Jokes, For Hindenburg Is World's Biggest Victim

Wake up, old top! If you go about to-day with your head down, meditating the problems of the universe, some brisk "kid" is likely to hand you a woolen doughnut. And, say, be sure to pick up that purse which is nailed to the sidewalk, and also do not pass by the brick wrapped up so tenderly. Above all, let your risibilities loose if some one puts one over on you. You will be no exception, for, as they say in the circus: "There's one horn every minute, and two to catch him." Speaking of which reminds that the most stupendous April Fool this year must be Gen. Hindenburg. He is a long way from Paris where he promised to have his breakfast April 1.

To Outline Plans Tonight For Prohibition Campaign

Delegates from all the city churches will outline plans, at a meeting in the Fourth Street Church of God, to-night, for Harrisburg's prohibition campaign. The aim is to secure ratification of the Federal Prohibition Amendment. At least two delegates will represent each church. O. P. Beckley is chairman of the subcommittee in charge of organization of prohibition vote.

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By Purifying the Blood.

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
Decide For Yourself
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am eighteen and in love with a man of thirty-three, and know that my love is reciprocal. He asked me several times to marry him, but I always refused owing to the great difference in our age. He has been a friend of the family for a great many years, and mother would readily consent to our marriage, but would not enforce it by any means. He is rather wealthy and I know that I would never want for anything, but please don't be under the impression that I am thinking of marrying a man for his money.

This marriage will entirely depend upon your opinion. M. B.

Fifteen years difference in your ages need not terrify you. The point is that at eighteen you are likely to be only a child, while at thirty-three he is probably a man, settled and mature in his tastes.

When you write, "This marriage will entirely depend upon your opinion," you show weakness and childish uncertainty. How can you feel that a stranger will read your little note, form an impersonal opinion with nothing involved but her own ideas of right and then be allowed absolutely to settle this grave question for you.

If you are congenial, understand each other, have sympathy and tastes in common, as well as love and emotion, the fifteen years between you will be an insupportable barrier. But you must show enough certainty of yourself to form your own judgment instead of leaning helplessly on what I say.

Sixteen Years!
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am thirty-nine and in love with a girl of twenty-three. My mother thinks it a mistake to marry with such a difference in ages, while many friends tell me it is not. Do you see any reason for future regrets or unhappiness in a marriage with such a difference?

What is much more in such a case than the difference in your ages is the sympathy of ideas, the real love and the fine feeling that exists between you. Perhaps you two have more in common than many others whose years are approximately the same. Real love means more than mere attraction. It means sympathy with each other's ambitions, understanding of each other's natures, affection, devotion, loyalty. If you have these, the difference in your ages cannot deprive you of your chance of happiness.

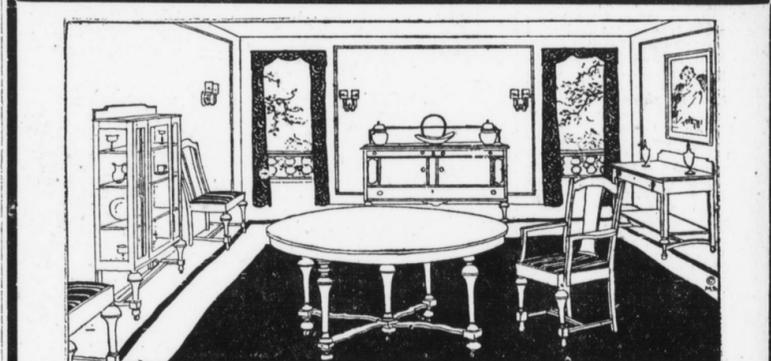
Throughout the country men and women are seeing their share of the responsibility in the nursing problem, and are rising to meet it.

To those who remember hospital wards at night, after the bravado and brave jests of the day; when the men, sick and wounded, are like boys in trouble, when they call on the nurse for the pillow to ease the pain of the fracture, for help with the letter home, for the promise which gives peace to many a passing hour. Intercollegiate alumni from every state are expressing their keen interest in this significant experiment.

happiness in a marriage with such a difference?

Daily Dot Puzzle

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



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