

Reading for Women and all the Family



Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

How easily we slip from one world to another I had occasion to realize the other day.

I was late for an appointment to see the new screen drama, "Moral Suicide." The taxi had to dump me out on the car tracks and I was forced to make my way unaided across the trenches that lay between me and the sidewalk. I tore my skirt on a long nail, climbing over a pile of boards. The raw March wind was blowing through the Broadway canyon and the sun shone fitfully on the endless procession of hurrying people. A sordid scene unglazed by romance—the world of action.

Then I entered the building. The elevator whisked me up. The door of the projection room closed behind me. Darkness! Silence! Then the world of dreams, of the imagination, made visible by the magic of photography.

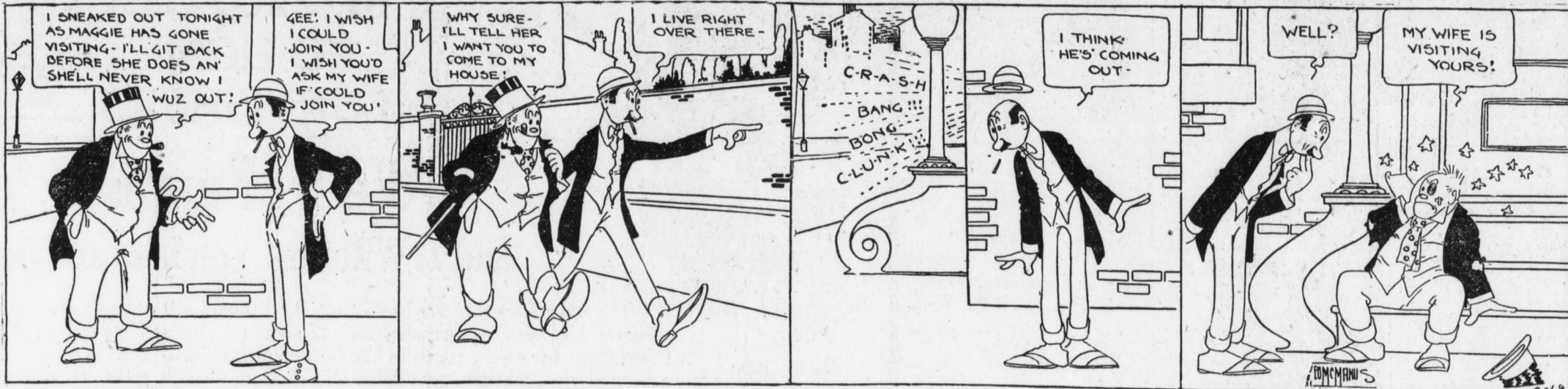
One is not merely a spectator at a play like "Moral Suicide"; one becomes absorbed in it, a part of it. This is true of all sincere dramas which deal fearlessly with life and reality.

Ivan Abramson, the author of this unusual photo-play, is one of the few playwrights who understand the art of translating abstract ideas into the terms of drama. It is this gift

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"But, Warren," Helen had protested, "I don't really see how we can manage."

"It isn't the question of how we can manage; we'll have to do it, that's all. Heaven knows I'm not any keener about it than you are."

Helen started for a moment. Was it possible that Warren was actually saying those words about having Carrie's child at the apartment for the week end? It was the first time that Warren had uttered a disloyal remark about any member of his family. No matter what he thought, Helen had never before had the satisfaction of hearing it put into words.

"Of course we'll have him, dear," there isn't anything else to do just as you say. But I'll manage somehow, don't you worry."

Warren had looked up with a relieved look on his face. "You are a brick, old girl, thanks. I'll make it up to you in some way if the kid is too much of a nuisance."

Helen fairly beamed. He won't be, Warren. Winifred will play with them, and I don't think he'll be any trouble, and I'm awfully sorry for poor Fred. He's worried to death about Carrie."

"Well, I'm not worried about Carrie, I think she'll be all right. She often had these spells when I was living at home and always got over them. I think half the trouble is imagination and temper."

And so little Roy had been brought into the city for the week end, much to his joy at being away from home, and much to Helen's trepidation at having him with her. She knew that Roy had been fearfully spoiled, and that he was not the kind of child for impressionable Winifred to be with constantly. He was too apt to sow seeds of sedition in the child's mind.

Roy, who had arrived on Friday night and shortly after his arrival had been put to bed. Saturday morning Helen had taken the children out into the sunshine and now on Saturday afternoon Helen was reading lazily, and the two children were out in the guest room playing together. Helen could hear their voices plainly, and his relationship seemed amicable. Winifred had just suggested that they play "house," and Helen had expected an indignant refusal from Roy. Much to her surprise, however, he consented and the game began.

"Let's play we're your father and mother," suggested Roy.

"Oh, come in Winifred's surprised voice, why not play we're your father and mother?"

"Well, I'm not worried about Carrie, I think she'll be all right. She often had these spells when I was living at home and always got over them. I think half the trouble is imagination and temper."

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game now, and walked up to Roy with her mother's step faithfully imitated.

"Warren, dear," she said, "can you let me have some money to night, I shall need a little more this week."

Roy glowered at her. "Money!" he growled, "have you spent what I gave you? Where's the money you had the other night?"

"This was too much for Helen and she walked into the room where the children were and spoke to Roy severely.

"Roy, that isn't a nice game to play. Don't you know that it's wrong to imitate your aunt and uncle? And, Winifred," Helen said turning to her daughter, "I'm surprised that you wanted to make fun of mother."

Roy looked sullen, but Winifred's lip began to quiver. "O, mother, I didn't mean to, I didn't want to

play the game," she began, then her voice quivered into tears and she began to cry.

Helen was on the verge of nervous tears herself. She wanted to punish Roy; she longed to send him home, the humiliation of having one's weaknesses paraded is a thing that cannot be forgiven readily. O, Warren's people were impossible! Sometimes she wished that she had never married into the family in spite of her love for Warren.

(To Be Continued)

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A Message to Mothers About Go-Carts

Milner as Minister of War Is to Drive to Save West Front

Washington, April 19.—The appointment of Lord Milner to be Minister of War in England, in succession to Lord Derby, who becomes Ambassador to France, means a vigorous effort to increase British manpower available for service on the west front.

Lord Milner is a different kind of man from Lord Derby—one of the strong, determined men of England. Lord Derby was appointed to make conscription popular. Lord Milner goes in to make it effective. His leaving the War Cabinet, for it is understood that he will be succeeded in that body by Austen Chamberlain, for the position of War Minister means that new importance attaches to the work of forming armies in England. England is making an effort with her back to the wall.

Lord Milner will have the advantage of a different state of opinion from that under which Lord Derby worked. Manpower to stop the German drive and hold the western front until the American Army arrives in full strength will be an aim in which all England will unite.

WEAR KID GLOVE VESTS

Seattle, Wash. — Eighteen survivors of the United States destroyer Jacob Jones, submerged in the North Sea, are breeding around here and at the Puget Sound Naval Station in new kid glove vests. The vests were the gift of the National League for Women's Service and were made from cast-off kid gloves sewed together.

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