

# Reading for Women and the Family

## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

In Washington, D. C., there is a woman wise in her generation. She is Mrs. Alexander E. Williams, wife of a lieutenant-colonel in the United States army. She realized as soon as girls began to pour into the National Capital to do war work for the Government how necessary it was for them to have real homes.

She planned for them not hall bedrooms in which to snatch a few hours necessary sleep before going to work again, but genuine hearthstones. Here around a big table there would be good meals, with talk and fun and girlish chatter about "the department," spring hats, or the last letter from "back home."

All of these things, instead of a stool at some wretched lunch-counter, unappetizing food, with the horrors of a solitary dinner and the bleak return to the hall bedroom again.

Out of her own pocket Mrs. Williams financed this scheme; there were seven houses in the beginning—by this time there are probably more—and now they are all on a paying basis.

In addition to managing the houses Mrs. Williams has prevailed on Washington people who could spare the room to accept, on a family footing, about five hundred additional girls. She accepted no offer where the householders would not agree to accept the war workers on this family basis.

In every case she secured references from the home towns of the girls, and of the hundreds who secured rooms only two were unable to furnish vouchers of good conduct.

No more patriotic work could have been undertaken than that of finding houses for girls who are doing the clerical work of the country at this time. For the plight of a girl without a home is that of a mariner without a compass.

Not always do parents with daughters realize the necessity of this haven for a girl. The home is too often the place where she eats and sleeps, not the place where she

## Bringing Up Father



By McManus

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proper background of a girl is her home; there are her people, there her friends should be welcomed, and there she should have the best times her scant leisure will permit.

Fathers and mothers sin more deeply against their daughters than they realize, when through indifference or ungraciousness to their daughters' friends, they drive the girl to go somewhere else for her little pleasure.

Half the tragedies that overtake girls begin with this statement: "I began meeting him out, because I couldn't see him at home."

This is even true of the girl whose daily work and weekly pay envelope help to keep the home going. The mother works so hard all day long that the added burden of "fixing up for company" is the last straw.

She can no longer recall the temptations of her own youth, the struggle of making both ends meet has blunted her finer perceptions. She has forgotten that life calls and beckons from without, when those within the home grow forgetful of the claim of youth.

And sometimes the mother is not at fault, she is willing to accept the responsibility of "Mary's beau" or the little group of friends who are coming to the "party." It is the father who is often the offender; rather, who after his hard day feels that quiet in slippers are his right. Any attempt to curtail these privileges in favor of company he regards as an infringement of his constitutional rights of health, wealth and the pursuit of happiness.

Cannot "Make Things Go." After repeated and melancholy attempts to "make things go" at home, and attendant humiliations and failures, one of two things is bound to happen. Either the girl goes outside for her fun, with all the dangers that involves, or she becomes dispirited and gives up the attempt to have a normal life. Youth slips away, her chances go by, and there is nothing in store for her but a lonesome old age.

Parents are to blame for their children's unhappiness more often than they realize. To them their children never grow up; they fall to realize these children have inherited the same impulses, aspirations and instincts that are the legacy of the human race.

To the mother the daughter is still the little girl in the white frock and pigtails, and if it is not convenient for daughter to have in her little friends there is no use discussing the matter.

Then sometimes comes the fearful realization, that daughter is no longer the little girl in white, but a grown woman, who has been facing her life problem and finding from home—and the solution has been too much for her.

If parents would only stand together on this issue, if fathers must sit in slippers, there must be some nook or cranny in the flat where he can enjoy the privilege undisturbed.

And mother had better let something about the house go, while she helps to make the lemonade and sandwiches and then puts on her best dress to make the company feel welcome.

things that has decided me to learn the truth, if possible. Where were you on the afternoon of the day that Stewart and Cynthia became engaged?"

"I was at home," she said desperately, struggling to release her hand from his grasp. "I was at home all that day with a bad headache. I don't know what you mean."

"Then I will tell you," he said. "Your mother saw Stewart standing in here in the firelight with a girl. His arm was about her and her head was on his shoulder."

The color was slowly ebbing from her cheeks, but she held her head high.

"And what of that?" she demanded. "Why do you tell me about it? Was it not perfectly right and proper for Gerald to have his arm about the waist of the girl to whom he had just proposed marriage? I am surprised that you talk of such a thing."

"I would not," he said gravely. "If I had not learned that your mother got home at about five-thirty that afternoon, Cynthia did not leave my father until—"

He stopped as a hurried step sounded in the hall and the portieres were suddenly jerked apart by Mr. Livingston.

"Milton," he announced, excitedly, "they have telephoned from your house. You are wanted at once. Your father has had what they fear is a stroke of paralysis."

(To Be Continued)

## THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XLIX  
(Copyright, 1918, by Star Co.)  
"Well?"

Dora Livingstone looked at Milton Van Saun defiantly. "What is it that you want to say to me?"

The man did not speak at once, but stood looking down into the fire, his brows knit.

"You are not very talkative now that we are alone," his companion challenged. "What's the matter? Does my august presence seal your lips?"

He turned towards her impatiently. "Dora, you make it hard for me to talk to you frankly. I never know just how you are going to take things."

"What things?"

"Why—awkwardly—some question I want to ask you."

"Because you don't ask them, perhaps," she suggested. "But you spoke a while ago as if you had some important matter on your mind, yet now that you have a chance to put it into words you seem to have forgotten all about it."

"I have not forgotten it," he declared. "Only I think perhaps I will ask Stewart instead."

He watched the effect of his words and saw the girl start slightly, as if taken by surprise. Yet in another instant she smiled.

"Well, do as you please about that," she said. "It is evident that the subject on which you wanted to consult me does not concern me, especially if you could consult Gerald just as well about it."

Milton came close to her and laid his hand on her shoulder, bending over her as he might have bent over a child with whom he wished to reason sensibly.

"Dora," he said slowly, "listen to me. Why are you going to marry me?"

Her eyes wavered under his steady gaze.

"Do stand up straight or sit down, please," Milton, she commanded. "You make me nervous leaning over me like that."

She waited until he had drawn a chair by hers and had sat down. Then she looked at him squarely.

A Bitter Question

"I am going to be guilty of a Yankee trick and answer your question by asking another. Why are you going to marry me, Milton?"

"It is late in the day for you to ask me that, my dear," he told her. "Had I not cared enough for you to want to marry you, I would not have asked you to be my wife."

"Well, does not the same reason apply to my acceptance of you?" she argued.

He hesitated, and when he spoke it was with an effort, as if he had suddenly determined to learn the truth.

"Dora," he said, "do you love me—or is there some one else?"

"Some one else?" Her exclamation was hardly louder than a whisper, but it carried a world of meaning.

"Yes," he said, "is there?"

She threw back her head and laughed. "What a silly question! No—I do not know any other man who would take me if you throw me over to-morrow!" she said harshly.

"That is not true, dear," he remarked. "I know there are men who admire you, and who, but for the fact of your engagement to me would ask you to marry them. But that is not what I meant. I want you to tell me if there is anybody you would rather marry than me—if there is any man whom you love better than me."

"As nobility seems to love me as much as you do, it is ungrateful of you to intimate that I have bestowed my affection somewhere unasked," Dora teased. "Come, Milton—you and I have never been silly and sentimental. We have prided ourselves on this fact. Let us not begin to be foolish now. We have always been good chums. Neither of us loves the other madly. But I have always understood that that kind of affection is not essential to marriage. Mother says it is not; so does father."

She had risen as if to end the discussion, and now started toward the door. But Milton followed her and checked her.

"Dora," he said brusquely, taking her hand in his, "you must not go until I have finished what I started out to say."

She looked up at him, waiting.

"I have heard," he went on, "some-

thing that has decided me to learn the truth, if possible. Where were you on the afternoon of the day that Stewart and Cynthia became engaged?"

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(To Be Continued)

which he has been manager 16 years. Federal authorities declared he was an enemy alien. Officials said Walter Spreckles had failed to take out naturalization papers although he had been in this country 50 years.

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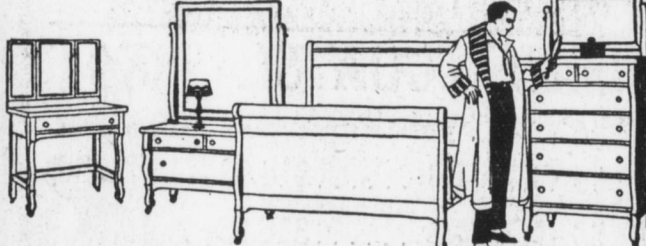
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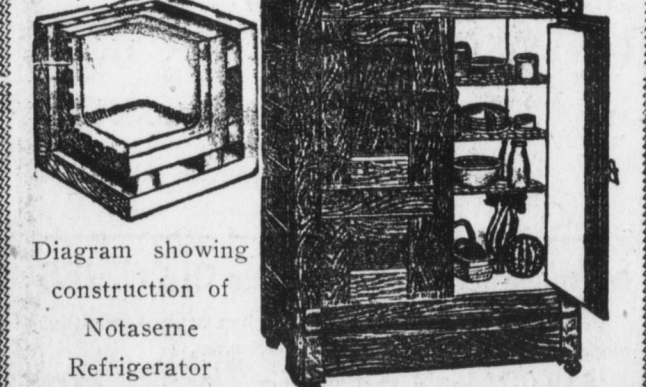
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## IN THE LAND OF COMMON SENSE

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You simply say to the drug store man, "Give me a quarter of an ounce of freezeone." This will cost very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn from one's feet.

A few drops applied directly upon a tender, aching corn should relieve the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn, root and all, can be lifted out with the fingers without pain.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that while freezeone is sticky it dries in a moment, and seems to simply shrivel up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

Don't let father die from infection or lockjaw from whittling at his corns, but cut this out and make him try it.

**DIABETES**

Do not be discouraged if you have diabetes and have failed to find relief—Try DIABETOL, a natural herbal medicine which has benefited many who had despaired of improvement. The effect of DIABETOL is oftentimes realized in the most prompt improvement being noted in a reduction of the percentage of sugar in the urine and in the alleviation of other distressing symptoms of the disease. DIABETOL may be obtained at George A. Goran's Drug Store. A booklet containing valuable information on Diabetes and the DIABETOL treatment—free on request. Ames Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

## Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



**THE "BETWEEN" FROCK.**

In planning her wardrobe for the season the well-dressed woman must figure on the "between" frock that somehow has established a place for itself in everybody's mind as fitting in where more formal costumes fear to tread. This simple little model is in brown foulard, the only dash of color being in the bright green bow-tie. Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards 40-inch material. Pictorial Review Costume No. 7758. Sizes, 34 to 42 inches bust. Price, 25 cents.

## Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly freckle and tan lotion on your arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It's harmless.

## Ambition Pills

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The great nerve tonic—the famous Wendell's Ambition Pills—that will put vigor, vim and vitality into nervous, tired out, all in, despondent people in a few days in many instances.

Anyone can buy a box for only 50 cents, and H. C. Kennedy is authorized by the maker to refund the purchase price if anyone is dissatisfied with the first box purchased.

Thousands praise them for general debility, nervous prostration, mental depression and unstrung nerves caused by over-indulgence in alcohol, tobacco, or overwork of any kind.

For any affliction of the nervous system, Wendell's Ambition Pills are unsurpassed, while for hysteria, trembling and neuralgia they are simply splendid. Fifty cents at H. C. Kennedy's and dealers everywhere. —Advertisement.

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