

Reading for Women and the Family



Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow: Tell me, please, if it is wrong for a girl to refuse to marry the man to whom she is engaged because she has discovered that the feeling she has for him is nothing more than friendship, and not love at all."

"The thought of remaining single all my life is unbearable. I am extremely fond of children, and I think of spending the remainder of my life absolutely alone is not to be endured. Yet I feel the latter would be a far more satisfactory life than to marry someone I do not love. I try hard to be cheerful and to feel that there may still be some happiness for me, but it seems to me that darkness before me. It is because I cannot forgive myself that I come to you for a word of cheer and advice."

Everybody at heart wants to do the very best that he can with his life. But most of us are so busy looking this way and that in the hope of discovering a short cut to felicity that we quite ignore the plain and simple path of common sense.

Sentiment is a very real and beautiful thing; but sentimentality is a mawkish and sticky counterfeit.

In fiction there are just so many situations. The art of modern action lies in getting a new angle on an old theme. One of these situations which has been subjected to the hardest kind of wear is that of the girl about to marry the man she does not love.

Two reasons are usually presented for her doing so. The first and favorite one is what may be classified as the family reason. Either father's fortune has been swept away, or brother has forged a note, or sister has some dark secret in her past which must be kept concealed at any cost, or mother has some incurable ailment. And the only way

Bringing Up Father



THERE GOES THAT MRS. JONES. SHE'S ALWAYS TALKING TO HERSELF.

BY GOLLY! HER HUSBAND IS LUCKY.



YOU SARCASTIC INSECT - WHEN I THINK OF THE MEN I COULD HAVE MARRIED.

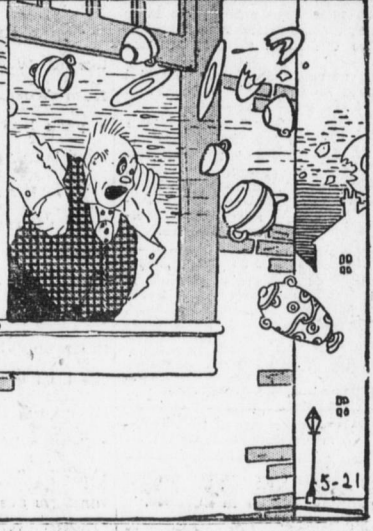
I WISH YOU HAD THOUGHT OF ONE OF THEM BEFORE YOU GOT ME.



IS THAT SO? HUH? YOU SAID WHEN I MARRIED YOU ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SIT AROUND AND LOOK PRETTY.

WELL - IS IT MY FAULT THAT YOU'RE NOT PRETTY?

HEY - BOY! GET ME A DOCTOR AND A FELLER TO MEND SOME CHINA WARE!



By McManus

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A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find all itching and itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

the family skeleton, whatever it may be, can be kept safely in the closet is for the heroine to marry the unloved man. The rest of the story is that the unloved man either dies at just the right minute, or else he wins the affections of his unloving wife.

The other reason for contracting the unwelcome marriage is a high sense of honor in the girl which prompts her to keep her plighted word at any cost to herself.

Starting out with either premise, the fiction writer can build up a long novel. It has been done very, very frequently. The long arm of coincidence can be used to jerk a lot of events into place, and wind them up neatly. And there's your happy ending. A fiction heroine would be foolish not to go on following the good, old pattern, because, no matter what she does, things will always turn out so pleasantly for her.

But life is different and more exciting. One never knows just what may happen next. From the standpoint of fiction, the fiction heroine is all right; but from the standpoint of life, she has always struck me as not only featherheaded, but uncommonly vain.

For instance, when the family unite in trying to force her to marry the unloved man it would be so much more sensible for her to say:

"You got yourself into these difficulties, and it's high time you used your wits and your energies in getting yourself out, instead of offering me up as a sacrifice. I am quite willing to work and to do all that I can to help in the present emergency, but I am distinctly not for sale."

But the fiction heroine never dreams of doing that. She is too featherheaded.

And she is vain in this, that she imagines that her grudging and unresponsive presence is a sufficient return for a man's lifelong devotion and perpetual maintenance of her.

As a matter of fact, the human

being does not live who wants to be closely associated with any one who feels either dislike or indifference to him.

And how my dear unknown correspondent, come down to your particular case.

Although this man for whom you do not care may feel wounded and hurt, when you tell him that you do not love him enough to marry him, there will be enough chagrin mingled with his disappointment to help him get over it very nicely.

And why cross bridges until you come to them and make yourself unhappy at the possible chance of remaining single? If you are attractive enough to have won one man's admiration, you may be sure there will be others. If not, and you are fated to be free, why, that is not the greatest tragedy.

But don't face life with the I-can-forgive-myself attitude. Stop hugging your past mistakes to your heart and worrying over them. Forget, forgive, ignore everything, even yourself—especially yourself. Stand free of such dreary burdens as your real or fancied mistakes. Yesterday's gone, and all the regret in the world won't bring it back. To-morrow isn't here. You've only got to-day to be good and glad in. Then be good and glad to-day!

Some of the neighbors, aroused by the commotion, got up to see what it was all about, and came in and watched while I ate the meal they good Dutch people prepared for me. Ordinarily I supposed I would have been embarrassed with so many people staring at me while I ate as though I were some strange animal that had just been captured, but just then I was too famished to notice or care very much what other people did.

There will always be a warm place in my heart for the Dutch people. I had heard lots of persons say that they were not inclined to help refugees, but my experience did not bear these reports out. They certainly did much more for me than I ever expected.

I had a little German money left, but as the value of German money is only about half in Holland I didn't have enough to pay the fare to Rotterdam, which was my next objective. It was due to the generosity of these people that I was able to reach the British Consul as quickly as I did. Some day I hope to return to Holland and repay every single soul who played the part of the Good Samaritan to me.

With the money that these people gave me I was able to get a third-class ticket to Rotterdam, and I was glad that I didn't have enough to travel first-class, for I would have looked as much out of place in a first-class carriage as a Hun would appear in heaven.

That night I slept in the house of my Dutch friends, where they fixed me up most comfortably. In the morning they gave me breakfast and then escorted me to the station.

Cheered as He Boards Train

While I waited at the station a crowd gathered round me and soon it seemed as if the whole town had turned out to get a look at me. It was very embarrassing, particularly as I could give them no information regarding the cause of my condition, although, of course, they all knew that I was a refugee from Belgium.

As the train pulled out of the station, the crowd gave a loud cheer and the tears almost came to my eyes as I contrasted in my mind the conduct of this crowd with that of the crowd that had gathered at the station in Ghent when I departed a prisoner en route for the reprisal camp. I breathed a sigh of relief. I thought of that reprisal camp and how fortunate I had really been, despite all my suffering, to have escaped it. Now, at any rate, I was a free man and would soon be seeing home the joyful news that I had made good my escape.

At Einhoffen two Dutch officers got into the compartment with me. They looked at me with very much disfavor, not knowing, of course, that I was a British officer. My clothes were still very much in the condition they were when I crossed the border, although I had been able to scrape off some of the mud I had collected the night before. I had not shaved nor trimmed my beard for many days, and I must have presented a sorry appearance. I could hardly blame them for edging away from me.

The trip from Einhoffen to Rotterdam passed without special incident. At various stations passengers would get in the compartment and, observing my unusual appearance, would endeavor to start a conversation. None of them spoke English, however, and they had to use their imagination as to my identity.

When I arrived at Rotterdam I asked a policeman who stood in front of the station where I could find the British Consul, but I could not make him understand. I next applied to a taxicab driver, an English Consul—British Consul—American Consul—French Consul! I said, hoping that if he didn't understand one he might recognize another.

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It seems to me that when the war is over and the men who have been imprisoned in Germany return home, they should be given a bigger and greater reception than the most victorious army that ever marched into a city, for they will have suffered and gone through more than the world will ever be able to understand.

No doubt you will find in the German prison camps one or two faint-hearted individuals with a pronounced yellow streak who voluntarily gave up the struggle and give up their liberty rather than risk their lives or limbs. These sad cases, however, are, I am sure, extremely few.

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"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien
(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien.)



Apparently they didn't understand, but one of them volunteered to conduct me to the village. They seemed to be only too anxious to do all they could for me; evidently they realized I was a British soldier.

It was very late when my companion finally escorted me into the village, but he aroused some people who knew from my dress and the way I was dressed and came down to feed me.

The family consisted of an old lady and her husband and a son, who was a soldier in the Dutch Army. The cold shivers ran down my back while he sat beside me because every now and again I caught a glimpse of his gray uniform and it reminded very much that of the German soldier.

Some of the neighbors, aroused by the commotion, got up to see what it was all about, and came in and watched while I ate the meal they good Dutch people prepared for me. Ordinarily I supposed I would have been embarrassed with so many people staring at me while I ate as though I were some strange animal that had just been captured, but just then I was too famished to notice or care very much what other people did.

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He eyed me with suspicion and motioned me to get in and drove off. I had no idea where he was taking me, but after a quarter of an hour's ride he brought up in front of the British Consulate. Never before

was I so glad to see the Union Jack! I beckoned to the chauffeur to go with me up to the office, as I had no money with which to pay him, and when he got to the Consulate I told him that if he would pay the taxi fare I would tell them who I was and how I happened to be there.

They knew at once that I was an escaped prisoner and they readily paid the chauffeur and invited me to give some account of myself.

They treated me most cordially and were intensely interested in the brief account I gave them of my adventures. Word was sent to the Consul-General and he immediately sent for me. When I went in he shook hands with me, greeting me warmly and offering me a chair.

He then sat down, screwed a monocle on his eye and viewed me from top to toe. I could see that you're good breeding kept him from laughing at the spectacle I presented. I could see he wanted to laugh in the worst way.

"Go ahead and laugh!" I said. "You can't offend me the way I feel this blessed day!" and he needed no second invitation. Incidentally it saved me a chance to laugh at him, for I was about as much amused as he was.

After he had laughed himself about sick he got up and slapped me on the back and invited me to tell him my story.

"Lieutenant," he said when I had concluded, "you can have anything you desire, but your experience entitles you to it."

"Well, Consul," I replied, "I would like a bath, a shave, a haircut and some civilized clothes about as badly as a man ever needed them. I suppose, but before that I would like to get a cable off to America to my mother telling her that I am safe and on my way to England!"

The Consul gave the necessary instructions and I had the satisfaction of knowing before I left the office that the cable with its good tidings, was on its way to America.

Then he sent for one of the naval men who had been interned there since the beginning of the war and told him to take good care of me.

After I had been bathed and shaved and had a haircut and some new clothes and had something to eat, and I felt like a new man.

As I walked through the streets of Rotterdam again and realizing that there was no longer any danger of being captured and taken back to prison, it was a wonderful sensation. I don't believe there will ever be a country that will appear in my eyes quite as good as Holland did then. I had to be somewhat careful, however, because Holland was full of German spies and I knew they would be keen to learn all they possibly could about my escape and my adventures so that the authorities in Belgium could mete out punishment to everyone who was in any respect to blame for it. As I was in Rotterdam only a few days they didn't have very much opportunity to learn anything from me.

The naval officer who accompanied me and acted as interpreter for me introduced me to many other soldiers and sailors who had escaped from Belgium when the Germans took Antwerp, and as they had arrived in Holland in uniform and under arms, the laws of neutrality compelled their internment and they had been there ever since.

The Life of Those Interned

The life of a man who is interned in a neutral country, I learned is anything but satisfactory. He gets one month a year to visit his home. If he lives in England that is not so bad, but if he happens to live further away, the time he has to spend with his folks is very short, as the month's leave does not take into consideration the time consumed in traveling to and from Holland.

The possibility of escape from internment is always there, but the

British authorities have an agreement with the Dutch Government to send refugees back immediately. In this respect, therefore, the position of a man who is interned is worse than that of a prisoner who, if he does succeed in making his escape, is naturally received with open arms in his native land. Apart from this restraint however, internment with all its drawbacks, is a thousand times, yes, a million times better than being a prisoner of war in Germany.

It seems to me that when the war is over and the men who have been imprisoned in Germany return home, they should be given a bigger and greater reception than the most victorious army that ever marched into a city, for they will have suffered and gone through more than the world will ever be able to understand.

No doubt you will find in the German prison camps one or two faint-hearted individuals with a pronounced yellow streak who voluntarily gave up the struggle and give up their liberty rather than risk their lives or limbs. These sad cases, however, are, I am sure, extremely few.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine out

of a thousand of the men fighting in the allied lines would rather be in the front line, trenches, fighting every day, with all the horrors and all the risks, than be a prisoner of war in Germany, for the men in France have a very keen realization of what that means.

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Kornloff, Former Russ War Chief, Killed by Soviets

Moscow, Friday, March 17.—General Kornloff, the former Russian commander-in-chief, has been killed in a battle with the Soviet troops near Yekaterinodar. His army of 10,000 men has been defeated and is retreating.

The belief is expressed in government circles that this ends any opposition to the Bolsheviks in the south, as the remaining rebel chief Filimonov, is a small menace with his little army of 2,000 men.

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That night I slept in the house of my Dutch friends, where they fixed me up most comfortably. In the morning they gave me breakfast and then escorted me to the station.

Cheered as He Boards Train

While I waited at the station a crowd gathered round me and soon it seemed as if the whole town had turned out to get a look at me. It was very embarrassing, particularly as I could give them no information regarding the cause of my condition, although, of course, they all knew that I was a refugee from Belgium.

As the train pulled out of the station, the crowd gave a loud cheer and the tears almost came to my eyes as I contrasted in my mind the conduct of this crowd with that of the crowd that had gathered at the station in Ghent when I departed a prisoner en route for the reprisal camp. I breathed a sigh of relief. I thought of that reprisal camp and how fortunate I had really been, despite all my suffering, to have escaped it. Now, at any rate, I was a free man and would soon be seeing home the joyful news that I had made good my escape.

At Einhoffen two Dutch officers got into the compartment with me. They looked at me with very much disfavor, not knowing, of course, that I was a British officer. My clothes were still very much in the condition they were when I crossed the border, although I had been able to scrape off some of the mud I had collected the night before. I had not shaved nor trimmed my beard for many days, and I must have presented a sorry appearance. I could hardly blame them for edging away from me.

The trip from Einhoffen to Rotterdam passed without special incident. At various stations passengers would get in the compartment and, observing my unusual appearance, would endeavor to start a conversation. None of them spoke English, however, and they had to use their imagination as to my identity.

When I arrived at Rotterdam I asked a policeman who stood in front of the station where I could find the British Consul, but I could not make him understand. I next applied to a taxicab driver, an English Consul—British Consul—American Consul—French Consul! I said, hoping that if he didn't understand one he might recognize another.

He eyed me with suspicion and motioned me to get in and drove off. I had no idea where he was taking me, but after a quarter of an hour's ride he brought up in front of the British Consulate. Never before

was I so glad to see the Union Jack! I beckoned to the chauffeur to go with me up to the office, as I had no money with which to pay him, and when he got to the Consulate I told him that if he would pay the taxi fare I would tell them who I was and how I happened to be there.

They knew at once that I was an escaped prisoner and they readily paid the chauffeur and invited me to give some account of myself.

They treated me most cordially and were intensely interested in the brief account I gave them of my adventures. Word was sent to the Consul-General and he immediately sent for me. When I went in he shook hands with me, greeting me warmly and offering me a chair.

He then sat down, screwed a monocle on his eye and viewed me from top to toe. I could see that you're good breeding kept him from laughing at the spectacle I presented. I could see he wanted to laugh in the worst way.

"Go ahead and laugh!" I said. "You can't offend me the way I feel this blessed day!" and he needed no second invitation. Incidentally it saved me a chance to laugh at him, for I was about as much amused as he was.

After he had laughed himself about sick he got up and slapped me on the back and invited me to tell him my story.

"Lieutenant," he said when I had concluded, "you can have anything you desire, but your experience entitles you to it."

"Well, Consul," I replied, "I would like a bath, a shave, a haircut and some civilized clothes about as badly as a man ever needed them. I suppose, but before that I would like to get a cable off to America to my mother telling her that I am safe and on my way to England!"

The Consul gave the necessary instructions and I had the satisfaction of knowing before I left the office that the cable with its good tidings, was on its way to America.

Then he sent for one of the naval men who had been interned there since the beginning of the war and told him to take good care of me.

After I had been bathed and shaved and had a haircut and some new clothes and had something to eat, and I felt like a new man.

As I walked through the streets of Rotterdam again and realizing that there was no longer any danger of being captured and taken back to prison, it was a wonderful sensation. I don't believe there will ever be a country that will appear in my eyes quite as good as Holland did then. I had to be somewhat careful, however, because Holland was full of German spies and I knew they would be keen to learn all they possibly could about my escape and my adventures so that the authorities in Belgium could mete out punishment to everyone who was in any respect to blame for it. As I was in Rotterdam only a few days they didn't have very much opportunity to learn anything from me.

The naval officer who accompanied me and acted as interpreter for me introduced me to many other soldiers and sailors who had escaped from Belgium when the Germans took Antwerp, and as they had arrived in Holland in uniform and under arms, the laws of neutrality compelled their internment and they had been there ever since.

The Life of Those Interned

The life of a man who is interned in a neutral country, I learned is anything but satisfactory. He gets one month a year to visit his home. If he lives in England that is not so bad, but if he happens to live further away, the time he has to spend with his folks is very short, as the month's leave does not take into consideration the time consumed in traveling to and from Holland.

The possibility of escape from internment is always there, but the

British authorities have an agreement with the Dutch Government to send refugees back immediately. In this respect, therefore, the position of a man who is interned is worse than that of a prisoner who, if he does succeed in making his escape, is naturally received with open arms in his native land. Apart from this restraint however, internment with all its drawbacks, is a thousand times, yes, a million times better than being a prisoner of war in Germany.

It seems to me that when the war is over and the men who have been imprisoned in Germany return home, they should be given a bigger and greater reception than the most victorious army that ever marched into a city, for they will have suffered and gone through more than the world will ever be able to understand.

No doubt you will find in the German prison camps one or two faint-hearted individuals with a pronounced yellow streak who voluntarily gave up the struggle and give up their liberty rather than risk their lives or limbs. These sad cases, however, are, I am sure, extremely few.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine out

of a thousand of the men fighting in the allied lines would rather be in the front line, trenches, fighting every day, with all the horrors and all the risks, than be a prisoner of war in Germany, for the men in France have a very keen realization of what that means.

(To Be Continued)

to the survivors