

Reading for Women and all the Family

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

A girl of nineteen writes me that she is "done with men." She is hurt and angry—her letter fairly quivers with wounded pride.

She is seeing all the world and eternity, too, through the tear-dimmed mist of her first heartache.

I am sorry for her, but there is nothing to do but wait for times that magic lotion—to allay the pain and at the same time to administer a dose of that great antidote, experience.

It seems that my young friend worked in an office with a young man five years her senior, and from the beginning they were much attracted to each other.

After a while the boy began making love, very tentatively at first. He would put a rose on her desk and ask her to wear it if she were not absolutely indifferent to him, and she would wear the rose.

Then there was the day when he kissed her back of the filing cabinet, and she didn't object—at least not enough to discourage him.

The Affair Progressed He told her that he loved her. They went to the "movies," the theater, and to dinner Saturdays, evenings, and walked in the park on Sunday. There was a good deal more kissing as the affair progressed, and the girl writes me she regarded herself as engaged, though at this time he never definitely mentioned marriage.

But he would say sometimes, "I wish we could afford to live there." And, "Perhaps, some day, I can afford to give you the house you deserve."

All of which my correspondent regarded as sacred to a betrothal ceremony. The poor child actually bought a "hope chest" and began embroidering centerpieces and bureau scarves and other dainty things into which girls sew all the sweet, tender thoughts of home and the future.

Then, gradually, there were fewer walks in the park on Sundays, less theater and "movies" during the week, and less kissing back of the filing cabinet!

The girl persisted in her belief in the engagement and continued to work for the "hope chest." Then, one awful day, a friend told her that her supposed fiance was going to marry the daughter of a wealthy man who lived near the friend in a suburb.

His Idea of "Innocent Fun" My correspondent asked the young man if this were so, and after some

Bringing Up Father



pretty uncomfortable moments, he admitted the truth of the rumor. The girl asked him what he meant by his treatment of her, and he answered: "I'm awful sorry if you are hurt, but I thought we were just having a little innocent fun."

The poor child was heartbroken. She went home and burned the contents of her "hope chest," and gave herself up to utter wretchedness. Then she wrote me she was "done with men," and all sorts of bitter things, besides.

The girl was a victim of over-confidence. She regarded the boy's casual love-making, what he called his "innocent fun" as sacredly binding. She took things too much for granted.

She was assuming that conditions were the same as before girls went into offices to work for salaries. If a young man acted toward a girl in her father's house as my correspondent describes, there would have been an accounting of her nearest male relative.

The boy's behavior was bad enough from any standard, but times have changed, and there is a feeling that a girl in business ought to be able to take care of herself—and her emotions.

The situation smacks of the business maxim, "Caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware. Young girls in business, too, must beware. They are there not as damsels of old, relying on the chivalry of knights and squires for protection. They are working as efficient, responsible business people who are supposed to leave their emotions at home when they come to the office in the morning.

Both Stealing Time When the boy began to make love

to her during office hours, and kiss her back of the filing cabinet, both were stealing time that didn't belong to them, and both did wrong. The girl took her chance and she must now take her medicine. In allowing him to kiss her the boy decided that she, too, was having a little "innocent fun." It meant nothing in particular to him, therefore it meant nothing in particular to her—from his point of view.

If she had refused to accept this casual love-making he would have gotten a different impression of her character, and there might have been another story to tell. Poor little thing—I hope her unhappiness won't last long, and next time she will know better. For there will be a next time, in spite of all her protests.

You have to be twice nineteen before you realize how gloriously young nineteen really is. There is a whole world of beautiful sunshine before her. Perhaps she does not know it, but she has the most magnificent possession life can give—a young man.

She may not realize it, crying out her heart to-night, but there isn't an old dowager duchess who wouldn't give all the family jewels to change places with her. To be nineteen is a gift of the gods.

For, if anything at all has been proved about happiness, it is that it is in no way or degree dependent upon circumstances. From the beginning man has persistently chased the "blue-bird," always being seized, again, when everything seems most favorable, and it will soar farthest away. Riches are no certain snare for it, nor love, nor health, nor peace, nor virtue, in spite of the old adage, nor any of the other things we are accustomed to count as blessings.

A noted millionaire, who had apparently never known a wish ungratified and who had been feted and courted and flattered all his life, on returning from a trip abroad a few years ago, said to the reporters in the shadow of the guillotine, "I am the most miserable man alive."

And, contrariwise, Dickens paints Sydney Carton, drunken and disappointed failure, as beautiful in the shadow of the guillotine, exalted by his supreme self-sacrifice.

A thousand formulas have been laid down for attaining happiness; but the truth is that it follows no formula. People find it in the strangest places and on the most unlikely occasions—in moments of agonizing pain, in the heady whirl of a hopeless fight, in poverty, in solitude, even in the hour of dissolution.

And the reason is that happiness is always individual. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. As Arnold Bennett has recently said, each of us must define happiness for himself, for to each one happiness consists in the realization of his dream or desire, and our dreams and desires differ according to our respective characteristics and temperaments.

Consequently, the ordinary dictionary definitions for happiness, "prosperity," "good fortune," "a state of

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"If this were only otherwise, I could be perfectly happy." That is a recurrent phrase which I encounter in almost every letter I receive—"this" covering almost every human ills from measles to mothers-in-law.

And without a doubt the writers believe what they are saying; yet equally without doubt they are mistaken. Since the days of Adam men and women have been uttering that same cry, but whenever the special bar or disability of which they complained has been removed, they have soon found themselves as unhappy as before. A new worm appears in the apple, a new fly in the ointment.

For, if anything at all has been proved about happiness, it is that it is in no way or degree dependent upon circumstances. From the beginning man has persistently chased the "blue-bird," always being seized, again, when everything seems most favorable, and it will soar farthest away. Riches are no certain snare for it, nor love, nor health, nor peace, nor virtue, in spite of the old adage, nor any of the other things we are accustomed to count as blessings.

A noted millionaire, who had apparently never known a wish ungratified and who had been feted and courted and flattered all his life, on returning from a trip abroad a few years ago, said to the reporters in the shadow of the guillotine, "I am the most miserable man alive."

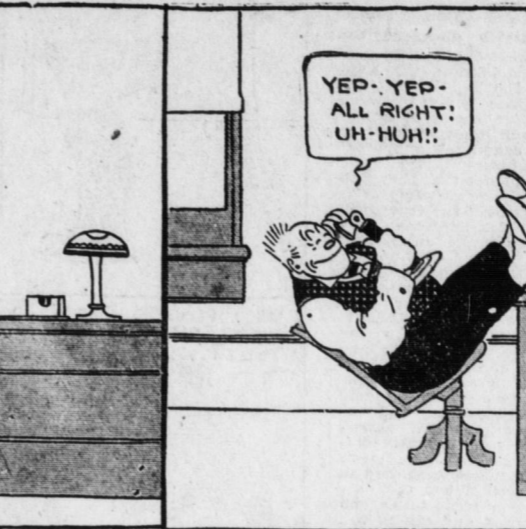
And, contrariwise, Dickens paints Sydney Carton, drunken and disappointed failure, as beautiful in the shadow of the guillotine, exalted by his supreme self-sacrifice.

A thousand formulas have been laid down for attaining happiness; but the truth is that it follows no formula. People find it in the strangest places and on the most unlikely occasions—in moments of agonizing pain, in the heady whirl of a hopeless fight, in poverty, in solitude, even in the hour of dissolution.

And the reason is that happiness is always individual. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. As Arnold Bennett has recently said, each of us must define happiness for himself, for to each one happiness consists in the realization of his dream or desire, and our dreams and desires differ according to our respective characteristics and temperaments.

Consequently, the ordinary dictionary definitions for happiness, "prosperity," "good fortune," "a state of

Copyright, 1918, International News Service



THEIR MARRIED LIFE Copyright by International News Service

"Aren't you ready yet?" Helen, who was vainly trying to hurry, in the midst of dressing suddenly broke her shoe string.

"O, dear!" "What's the matter now?" asked Warren, coming in. "Good heavens, what have you been doing since I was here last time? You were dressed that far long ago."

"My shoe string just broke and I haven't another pair." "What's the matter with your low shoes? Now that it's the weather for low shoes you're wearing high ones. You women are certainly the limit."

"My low shoes are at the repair shop." "Have you only one pair?" Helen turned from the glass determinedly. "Now, see here, Warren, if you're going to cross-examine me this way, I'll never be ready."

"Oh, all right, but we'll be so late that there won't be any use of going at all. And Warren stamped out. Helen proceeded to dress. She got out her second best ruffal and slipped them on with a rueful look at her feet which she liked to see at their best when she went out anywhere, and then she went to the closet for her taffeta dress. It hung on the hanger fresh from the cleaners and Helen shook it out lightly and slipped it over her head. Half the hooks and eyes were off, but with a reckless disregard for high heels Helen looked underneath. Helen stuck pins in wherever they were needed. At last she was ready she thought with a sigh of relief as she viewed herself in the mirror. No, what was that? As she lifted her arm, a space of white flesh showed alarmingly.

"The sleeve is torn out," she gasped aloud, a sob in her throat. Then, as she began to get out of the dress, the tears of nervousness began to run down her face.

"Warren," she called, going to the door. "I've just discovered that my dress is torn. You'll have to go on without me, or we'll have to stay home."

"What on earth have you been doing all day? Why couldn't you have discovered these things earlier?" snapped Warren. "In, sure, I don't know what you do with your time. I always have to wait around for you every time we go anywhere. No system; no order about anything in this house."

"What are we going to do about it?" said Helen. In the midst of her nervousness she could still afford to ignore the unfair attitude that Warren chose to assume and look to the excuse that would have to be made to the Daltons. To call off an engagement at the last moment like this was unparadiseable, but not half so much so as it would be to keep a dinner waiting while she mended the dress or stopped to get another one ready.

Warren was already at the telephone explaining and apologizing, while Helen on the other side of the door listened to the polite falsehoods. The slamming down of the receiver threw her back to the dressing table, and the next minute Warren strode into the room, took off his coat and threw it across the bed and got into his smoking jacket.

"Don't ever make another dinner

engagement for me," he growled just before he left. "When you can get your clothes ready a day in advance, so that we can keep an appointment, let me know."

Helen slipped into a kimono and sat down by the window to let her nerves calm down. The evening breeze swept in and ruffled the curtains. Everything was strangely quiet, and a feeling of peace began to settle down over Helen's heart. Her mind began to run over the occurrences of the evening. In a way Warren had been right about not letting things go till the last minute. She began to see things from his angle.

No wonder he was cross, expecting to go out to dinner and then having to break the engagement because of her tardiness. What a dear he had been, to take the entire thing on his own shoulders and to tell Mrs. Dalton that a nervous headache had prostrated Helen at the last minute. What had made her think he was unjust? Too often things happen through her own carelessness, and without stopping to reason she blamed Warren and nursed a secret grief down deep in her heart.

With a sudden resolution she stole out into the living room and dropped down beside Warren where he was seated reading the paper.

"Dear, I'm sorry; it was all my fault." "What's that—your fault? Well, suppose it was; I needn't have been so nasty about it." And throwing the paper to the floor, Warren drew her up to his knee. "Pretty comfortable, eh?" he said, after a quiet moment.

Helen nestled closer to him. "And I'm glad we didn't go anywhere. I wasn't keen about it, anyway." Helen shook her head. Her mind was busy with a new idea. For the first time in her life she had reasoned with herself, had forced herself out of her hurt attitude. It had worked splendidly with Warren, and best of all, it offered a new method for solving disagreements in the future. Certain she was that Warren loved her and that she loved

him, and in any married life what else mattered? (To Be Continued)

engagements for me," he growled just before he left. "When you can get your clothes ready a day in advance, so that we can keep an appointment, let me know."

Helen slipped into a kimono and sat down by the window to let her nerves calm down. The evening breeze swept in and ruffled the curtains. Everything was strangely quiet, and a feeling of peace began to settle down over Helen's heart. Her mind began to run over the occurrences of the evening. In a way Warren had been right about not letting things go till the last minute. She began to see things from his angle.

No wonder he was cross, expecting to go out to dinner and then having to break the engagement because of her tardiness. What a dear he had been, to take the entire thing on his own shoulders and to tell Mrs. Dalton that a nervous headache had prostrated Helen at the last minute. What had made her think he was unjust? Too often things happen through her own carelessness, and without stopping to reason she blamed Warren and nursed a secret grief down deep in her heart.

With a sudden resolution she stole out into the living room and dropped down beside Warren where he was seated reading the paper.

"Dear, I'm sorry; it was all my fault." "What's that—your fault? Well, suppose it was; I needn't have been so nasty about it." And throwing the paper to the floor, Warren drew her up to his knee. "Pretty comfortable, eh?" he said, after a quiet moment.

Helen nestled closer to him. "And I'm glad we didn't go anywhere. I wasn't keen about it, anyway." Helen shook her head. Her mind was busy with a new idea. For the first time in her life she had reasoned with herself, had forced herself out of her hurt attitude. It had worked splendidly with Warren, and best of all, it offered a new method for solving disagreements in the future. Certain she was that Warren loved her and that she loved

By McManus



NO ADVANCE IN PRICE CHILDREN Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—VICK'S VAPORUB



"A Golden Seal Customer—a Pleased Customer" Best by City Health Tests

Our Ice Cream is the best in the city—the Health Tests prove this.

Try some with your luncheon at the Golden Seal Luncheonette

Special Combination Luncheons, 20c to 35c.

A la Carte Service also.

Open from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M.

Golden Seal Drug Store 11 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE

Lemon Juice For Freckles

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

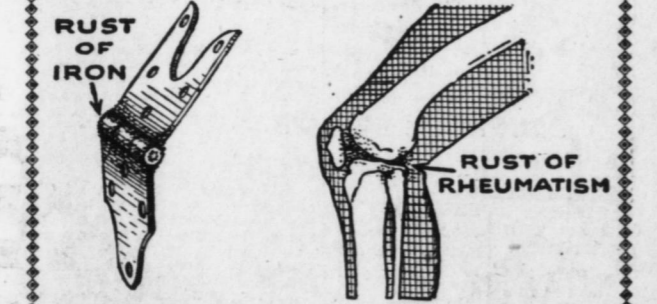
Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

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 fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

INSPECTION KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT SHOE POLISHES LIQUIDS AND PASTES. FOR BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES. PRESERVE THE LEATHER. THE F. F. DALLEY CORPORATIONS, LIMITED, BUFFALO, N. Y.

DRINK HOT WATER AND RID JOINTS OF RHEUMATIC RUST

Why rheumatism and lumbago sufferers should drink phosphated hot water each morning before breakfast

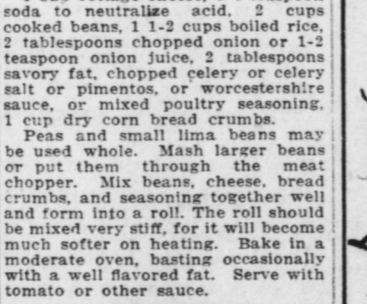


Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of combustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste material, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons, called uric acid, is formed and then sucked into the blood where it continues to circulate, collecting grain by grain in the joints of the body much like rust collects on the hinge as shown above.

Men and women who suffer from lumbago, rheumatism or sore, stiff aching joints should begin drinking phosphated hot water, not as a means to magic relief from pain, but to prevent more uric acid forming in the system. Before eating breakfast each morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in

DRINK HOT WATER AND RID JOINTS OF RHEUMATIC RUST

Why rheumatism and lumbago sufferers should drink phosphated hot water each morning before breakfast



Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of combustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste material, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons, called uric acid, is formed and then sucked into the blood where it continues to circulate, collecting grain by grain in the joints of the body much like rust collects on the hinge as shown above.

Men and women who suffer from lumbago, rheumatism or sore, stiff aching joints should begin drinking phosphated hot water, not as a means to magic relief from pain, but to prevent more uric acid forming in the system. Before eating breakfast each morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in

Daily Dot Puzzle

Daily Dot Puzzle grid with numbers and instructions: 'is sitting in a tree; Fifty lines it takes to see. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.'

is sitting in a tree; Fifty lines it takes to see. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

CLOCK TO BE GIVEN

Henry C. Claster, Jeweler, 302 Market street, will be the donor of a clock as an attendance on what is the weekly Kiwanis Club luncheon to be held at noon to-morrow at the Elks' Club.

During the summer months the time of the meeting has been changed to Wednesday noon, although the place of meeting remains the same.

"Harrisburg Day" will be celebrated to-morrow at the meeting, when Jack Heastings will be in charge of festivities. The "H" of the club will be the hosts of the meeting. This feature of the club luncheon was planned for last week, but was postponed until this week.

KNIT MANY SOCKS During the month of May 512 pairs of socks were turned in to the knitting department at local Red Cross headquarters in the basement of the Public Library; it was announced today. Of this number, 100 pairs were machine made. In a statement issued the heads of the department extend thanks to the workers who assisted in making this record.

"Every person is urged to knit at least one sweater, as the need at present is very great," the statement closes. Efforts of all workers are being concentrated on the making of sweaters for the soldiers in preparation for a long and severe winter on the battlefield.

Y. M. C. A. TO DIRECT DRIVE The first night's program for the recruiting drive to be launched by the local Army recruiting staff will be in charge of the Central Y. M. C. A., according to announcement made this afternoon. Prominent speakers have been engaged for the opening meeting, which will be held Thursday evening in Market Square. There will be community singing in connection with the big program. Announcement of speakers will be made later.

Cuticura Soap Ideal for the Complexion