

Reading for women and all the family



THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY
BY VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XLVIII

Tom Chandler appeared at his best this evening, as he talked with the Brent sisters. Quick at repartee, he and Honora were well matched in wits.

When appealed to, Mildred joined but half-heartedly in the conversation. At other times she sat silent, her eyes resting moodily upon her hands, folded idly in her lap. Tom commented on this fact.

"I see you are not one of the knitters, Mildred," he observed. "Miss Honora knits steadily while she talks interestingly—which is a rare accomplishment, I think."

"I knit, too," Mildred averred. "But as I have to stop occasionally to count stitches, I do not consider it a compliment to a guest to give him my divided attention."

Tom smiled. "I fancy that is meant as a dig at you, Miss Honora," he teased.

"If the shoe fits she can wear it," Mildred remarked.

"But it does not fit," Tom declared, "for your sister has not had to stop to count stitches once. Under such conditions it adds to the pleasure of the occasion to watch her pretty fingers busy with socks for some poor fellow in the trenches."

Honora laughed. "Do you fancy this thing is a sock?" she asked holding up her work. "It is going to be a helmet when it is done."

"For me?" the youth queried, audaciously.

"Most certainly not!" Honora replied.

Had Gone Too Far

Then as she noted the cloud gathering on her sister's face, she subsided into silence. In her effort to appear natural and to prevent Mildred's yielding to Tom's fascination, she had talked more than she had meant to.

For the following half-hour she said little, and gradually Mildred came out of her sulks, and finding that Tom was now paying especial heed to her, became her usual gay self.

At last the caller arose. "I must go home," he said. "This evening has been more of a treat than I dared hope for, I had no idea that

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



right past her to where Mildred and Tom Chandler stood side by side.

"Good evening!" he said, mechanically.

"Come in," Honora urged.

He obeyed. Then, as if suddenly remembering himself, he spoke abruptly to Mildred and nodded to Chandler.

"Good evening, Milly. I must apologize for intruding. I did not know you were engaged."

"You know she was engaged, and to you, you very fortunate chap!" he exclaimed jocosely. "Such being the case, I suppose you are not sorry to see that I was just about to take my departure, and leave you the field all to yourself. I did not know it was so late. The evening has flown on wings in such good company as I found here. Still, I feel less compunction for having overstayed my time when I note that it is not after your own sailing hour. Good night to you all!"

"Good night!" Mildred rejoined, following him to the front door, while Arthur stood looking after her. "Tom," dropping her voice as the caller stepped out upon the porch, "please let me see you again before you go back to camp."

He strode down the walk, and Mildred returning to the hall, closed the front door and faced the accusing presence of the man to whom she was engaged.

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

"What makes married life dull?" a correspondent writes and asks me. "There is no question of my husband's affection for me, or mine for him—but we have nothing to talk about."

She continues: "Our dinners are especially trying, the silence is destructive of digestion—almost sanity. I feel sometimes as if I would welcome the presence of a burglar, or even an assassin—anything to make a little conversation."

"This poor lady in several typewritten pages goes on to tell me something of the family history. She has a strain of Irish blood in her veins, therefore a meal to her means festivity, discussion, cheer. Whereas her husband, missing this saving grace, likes to 'stoke in silence.'"

In this sort of Jack Sprat and wife tragedy there is nothing to do but compromise. The man might as well talk a little, just enough to prevent his wife from feeling that a funeral was in progress in the next room and that she was dining on the "funeral baked meats."

And the woman might agree to demand less talk.

My sympathy, however, is with the poor lady, the repressed wife with a strain of Irish blood that persists in being gay even if it is mated to that awful wetblanket, "the tired businessman."

In the first place, if "the tired business man" would only realize it, nothing is so restful and refreshing as a good dinner with a little amusing small talk. He need not hold forth about business, what he made or lost, the increased cost of living, or anything else calculated to disturb his holy and sacred digestive functions.

In fact, he needn't talk at all, the lady with the strain of Irish blood will probably do it much better. But he could listen with a fairly receptive attitude and occasionally reward with a smile of appreciation. I just hope, however, that like a good many tired business men he stokes to the exclusion of everything else and pays almost immediately in digestion and a groch.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

Talk to a man—any man in the world—for ten minutes, and what is the subject of his conversation? Work.

Within that ten minutes he will either talk about what is being done or what ought to be done, what he is doing or what he wants to do, or what some one else ought to do.

Talk to a woman—any woman in the world—for ten minutes, and what does she talk about? Trouble.

She complains about this or that. She either discourses on her own or some one else's illness or griefs or worries. She dilates on some misfortune which has befallen either herself or her friends. These are her customary themes.

I am not speaking now of those souls bewildered, dismayed and discouraged by those black hours which come in all lives, when the instinct is to reach out for help and sympathy and comfort, but of the daily conversation of women who are in the main quite comfortable and who have every reason to be happy if they would only allow themselves that privilege.

For these reasons, the average man is more agreeable companion than the average woman. And since it seems necessary to have some sort of a fetch, work is certainly a far better one than worry.

To be always thinking of work, to have one's mind constantly occupied with the act of doing instead of the art of being, is no doubt a spiritual and mental loss; but it is a thousand times better for the individual than constantly to be contemplating some physical, mental or spiritual lack, and walling about it.

It has been said that women have a genius for making themselves miserable, and there is more than a mere grain of truth in it. I think it was the late Dr. Weir Mitchell who said that feminine nerves had wrecked more homes than drink. Masculine nerves have in the past, and more in the present, found an outlet in drink; feminine nerves have had to find their relief from tension in tears and temper. All things being equal, it would be difficult to choose between the two. One is about as bad as the other.

"Men must work and women must weep," is a horrid line. That the "Women must weep" part of it ever had any basis in truth is largely due to the absurd and erroneous upbringing of girls, and the fact that for centuries they have been cribbed, caged and confined in a "woman's world."

And a "woman's world" was and is a topsy-turvy place—a place where if a girl is lucky enough to secure a good husband and "provider," she

is able to indulge her untrained and unfettered fancy for too many clothes, too many amusements, too much luxurious living to be good for her health, and therefore too many expensive diseases, and as a final consequence of these "blessings" too much ennui and discontent.

On the other hand, if a girl wasn't lucky enough to get a good husband and provider, she had to suffer for his incompetence, mistakes and fallibilities, and either grin and bear her lot or else be shuffled about as a dependent among people who regarded her and her children as more or less of an unwelcome burden.

And the woman who drew a lucky

number in the great marriage lottery was considered a success, whereas the woman who drew a blank was looked upon as a failure.

Unfair? Certainly, and will remain so until a "man's world" and a "woman's world" are merged in a "man's and woman's world."

Parents will then understand that their first duty to the child is to promote and maintain its health. Their next duty is to study its proclivities and tendencies, and see that it is trained to follow some congenial, self-supporting avocation.

When they have drilled into their daughters some idea of the importance of good health, and have seen

that they are skilled in some congenial work, they will have bestowed upon their girls a far greater gift, a far better chance for a happy life than if they had endowed each of them with a million dollars.

The girl will have a sense of personal dignity, for she never need be dependent on any one. She can either marry or not, as she chooses. She is not a mere leaf to be blown about by every wind of destiny. She has the right of choice. And if she marries and misfortune overtakes her, she is not facing the bleak despair of helplessness. She knows that she can take care of herself and those dependent upon her.

Advertising Designs Copyright Issue

Washington.—Federal Court decrees in the case of the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch, which in effect held that a newspaper publisher was liable for infringement of a series of separate copyrighted advertising designs only for one offense, and not upon each separate design of a series, were on Monday reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The opinion was rendered in a \$35,000 damage suit brought by the L. A. Westerman Company, a New York millinery advertising concern, against the Dispatch Printing Company for alleged infringement of a series of seven advertising designs, copyrighted separately and alleged to have been published at different times in the Dispatch.

The lower court held that publication of the series constituted only one case of infringement, and limited damages to \$250 for the single infringement. The Supreme Court decided that the amount of damage determined upon should have been awarded for each of seven infringements.

Don't Drop Interest With Honeymoon

A good many married people never play up to the situation of being married. They drop the rules of the game when they come home from the honeymoon. Doubtless before the wedding this man was not possessed of a "dumb devil" during meals; if he had allowed himself to be, his wife and probably would have declined to marry him.

He comes home tired, and it is easier to succumb to the "dumb devil" than it is to talk, or even to listen politely to his wife—hence the lady's tears.

A great many men and women are so lacking in imagination that they fail to see the wisdom of studying their life—however little and little failings. Possession seems to end all interest. In this respect they are like children who tease, save their pennies and cajole their parents into buying for them the beautiful white rabbit—then neglect it till it starves.

In like manner, the cheapest movie at the corner is better than the life drama going on under one's own roof. Interest lies outside the threshold, never by any possible chance within.

Perhaps the crux of the whole matter lies in a lack of imagination. Such men and women are probably enough unselfishness to make real happiness for themselves in trying to make another person happy. Blessings with arm's reach goad them to weariness, while the commonplace of life become blessings through distance.

The Fatal Spirit of Adventure

What ails a great many men and women is a fatal spirit of adventure. If they could only be persuaded to pack up the field-glasses with which they sweep the horizon in search of possible romance and look for it a little nearer home they would be happier.

In the great problem of "How to Be Happy Though Married" husbands and wives should be careful not to thwart each other's gifts or even parlor tricks. If the husband is a good raconteur, the wife should permit herself the luxury of looking bored even when Johny has for the ninety-ninth time to tell his best story.

And if she recognizes, during the applause that follows the symptoms that forecast the telling of another favorite story of his, her smile should be one of welcoming expectancy rather than martyrdom.

For these little, homely gifts of story-telling and ballad singing must have the warm sun of approval to make them flower. And if they do not flower at home please remember that the necessary congenial temperature may be waiting for them just around the corner.

Nothing would help along married life so much as for husbands and wives to help each other develop their talents, instead of assuming a martyr's halo whenever there is any mention of them.

If your wife has a turn for writing, let her read to you her attempts at a short story, and don't smother her fledgling efforts by an overpowering and brutal criticism. The gift duly watered and culti-

Daily Hint on Fashions

2418—This style is good for khaki, gingham, galatea, drill, cotton, corduroy and seersucker. The trousers are cut in one, with the front of the waist, at the back, waist and trousers are separate. The garment is comfortable, and a splendid "overall" model.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 10 will require 4 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A NEW PLAY OR WORK UNIFORM FOR BOYS

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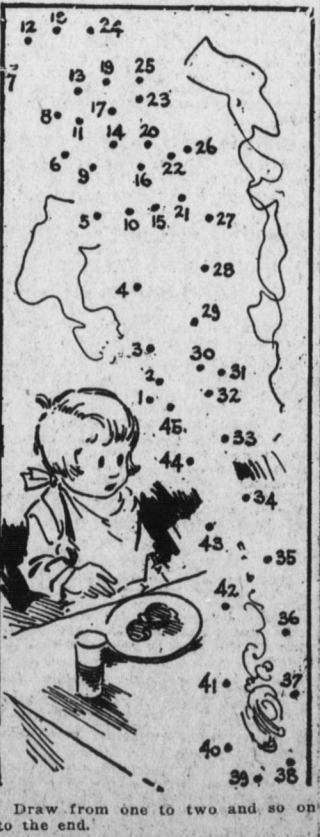
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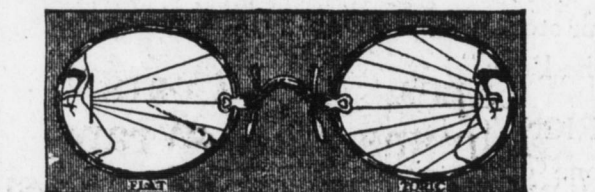
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