

Reading for Women and the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

Chapter CCVII. Of course, under no circumstances, I would have refused Neal. Still I started back to Virginia feeling almost panicky as I had been on my way to the telephone. She had spent the whole morning with me, bargaining for values, giving her whole attention to me and my needs. And now at this tardy hour I was leaving her to a lonely luncheon, pet aversion of all women. I wondered if she would come with me, and if I ought to ask her. Then Virginia, slim, distinguished, even in simple blue serge and ribbon-trimmed turban, came toward me across the floor. "It was all right, wasn't it, Anne?" she asked with further show of the real sisterly interest she had been evincing all along—the sisterly interest I was always afraid might cross the floor. "No, Jeanie. At least, I hope not. He wants to see me right off. I'll have a bite at the Clinsarge and be ready to meet Phoebe at 2. I'm helping her with some dresses."

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

The devils in this world, both within and without us, always strike at the weak spots in our armor. In other words, we are sensitive about our lacks, never about our possessions.

If any one should say to me, "You're a lazy loafer!" I would laugh and never think of it again, because I know I am not a lazy loafer; but if he should say something that really hit home, I would have to take the laugh, and I wouldn't forget it.

I have a letter from a woman who has grown sensitive almost to morbidity over her lack of early schooling. She says: "I had no mother and I stopped going to school when I was twelve years old and went to work; but I was always bright-minded and wanted to get up in the world. I have missed an education so much that I determined my son should have one. The worst of it is that my husband has a good education and takes pleasure in telling me before the boy when I don't say things right. It makes me so miserable and ashamed that I have made up my mind to leave home, but I don't want to leave my son, as we are very fond of one another, but I don't want to stand in his way when he comes out of college, or have his friends know that I have no schooling."

Dear Madam, you are not suffering from the lack of an education, but from the stupidity of a husband who is a small-minded nagger. Suppose you had taken post-graduate courses at three or four universities, do you fancy that he would then regard you with respectful admiration?

Far from it. A snarler is going to snarl; nothing can muzzle him. He knows that you have always keenly felt your lack of early education, that it is, so to speak, your sore finger; so he gives it a twist every time he comes near you. Charming man!

Perhaps you are too high-minded to stoop to reprisals, but it might stem the tide of his ironical eloquence if every time he makes merry at your expense, he were to find his coffee weak and wishy-washy, his soup burned, his meat charred to cinders. His spirit needs chastening, and nothing chastens the spirit like bad food.

I can't remember all of the people who have bored me with learned dissertations; but, oh, how living is my gratitude to those who have supplied me with that rarest boon in the world, properly cooked food!

Dear lady, believe me, your boy's college friends will not care a straw whether you spell out with a "k" or "c," or whether you can discourse learnedly upon all the fat topics of the moment or not; but they will adore you, if you give them good things to eat.

This is a misfortune that you have not had the advantages for which you yearn; but it is certainly not a disgrace, if you make mistakes, laugh at them, treat them as a joke. You have allowed your husband to torment you until your sense of lack has become exaggerated.

Education is only valuable when it draws out and develops the powers and faculties within us, when it encourages our originality and strengthens our initiative. It falls entirely when it stuffs young, growing minds with a lot of facts which they fail to assimilate, puts an academic stamp on them, and turns them out labeled, "Educated."

You have always had the longing to add to your store of knowledge. You have no doubt picked up mental food here, there and everywhere as a bird picks up seed. You are therefore probably much better educated in the real sense than is your husband; for you have had the God-given gift of the eager mind which learns how to use its powers and think, because there is something in it that forces it to do so.

There is no system of education in the world which can compare to that.

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Perhaps you recall a Pinero play in which Ethel Barrymore acted about seven years ago called "Mid-Channel."

Its theme was the dangerous years of married life, the dull, monotonous time that sets in with late youth and early middle age. The stale, flat, unprofitable period that succeeds the first rapture of youth and spring-time.

The playwright took his title from a rock, real or imaginary, situated in the English Channel, midway between France and England, and avoided by skilled navigators as a menace. The Pinero couple, like thousands of people in real life, founded in mid-channel in the rock, the wife to die by suicide, the husband to realize when too late, what would have saved the situation.

Young people, like the ill-starred couple in the play, start their life's journey divinely happy—the trouble begins when they fail to renew their traveler's equipment. They expect to live on the money-moon and are amazed when they are craved a change of diet. They are like the vaudeville artist that, after a long run of old-fashioned dances and tricks—the public drifts away in search of newer attractions. And frequently the public is no more fickle than one's life partner.

Indeed, a successful marriage might be likened to that old redoubtable, when the man and a couple of slight-of-hand partners will keep a half a dozen oranges, a lighted lamp, a banjo tooting back and forth in the air, owing wholly to balance and a nice sense of poise.

Marriage is likely either to go on the rocks or to drift until it is "beached" when the man is too indolent or too indifferent to inject new interests into the old partnership.

If you are looking for a new audience for old jokes that half the trouble begins," a wise woman once confided to me, and she counted on my fingers the ways in which she would spend her week, and regard the money spent as part of the necessary household expenditure—it is as essential as soap and water, or the roast for Sunday's dinner."

This same woman, by the way, regarded a good many other things as "essential" in her family expenditure, among them was money for decent—not to say attractive—house dresses. She never wore at home clothes that had given her a shabby and slatternly for wear outside. She was not rich, only conscientiously economical, but there were some things she wouldn't take chances on, and among them were her frumpish appearance at home, and the other was becoming dull, heavy and unlightened.

This lady had three sons and they thoroughly enjoyed her sprightly comments on current events. She read the papers, and she met them on their own ground, whether it was politics or baseball. She never let these boys feel that she was something midway between an ignorant and a snob. They appreciated her for what she was—an intelligent, sympathizing human being. And when the oldest was in college he wrote her every day or every two duty letters, but letters full of amusing college gossip, because he was eager for the bright replies she was sure to send.

The Crime of Being Bored. The one crime a man cannot forgive is that of being bored. He will forgive the breaking of all the commandments, he will forgive extravagance he will forgive neglect, bad housekeeping, even untidiness, but when a woman begins to make him

someone else's sympathy, pity or consideration.

It is the daughter of the woman who taught her not to cry when she got hurt as a baby; who held to her eyes an ideal of stoicism; who trained her not to be a "quitter" when the task was hard—that makes the best type of wife. She may not start out on the matrimonial voyage prepared to steer clear of "mid-channel," because she is too inexperienced, because she learns the trick as she goes along.

The war salvaged thousands of dead women—women who never read, never thought, never felt. They were dead souls who lived in a twilight world of self. But the war gave them occupation and purpose. You are amazed at the change in their appearance when you see them. Vital heart warming interest has made them look ten years younger.

Will they keep this precious legacy or will they relapse into this aimless old life—shopping when they do not intend to buy, complaining when nothing is the matter, "enjoying poor health" for the purpose of discussing their symptoms? These are the women whose husbands are an easy prey to the ever present "Vamp."

The vampire is seldom the snaky, simious creature in black velvet and plumes that we meet on the movie screen oftener than in real life. On her native health the "vamp" is frequently the embodiment of wholesomeness, good cheer and high spirits—all such a welcome change after the dismal reticence at home—the cold one has or the influenza one has just missed, or Aunt Jane's cold, if one can't lay claim to an original affliction. The high cost of everything, the trouble one has finding suitable companions for the children, the iniquities of the laundress and the other sorry grievances that beset every woman—but that the clever woman does not hand on.

Don't Demand Sympathy. No other influence has been so potent in making weaklings, whiners and failures as this craving for the deadly and insidious anodyne. You may not be cruel to a poor thing, but there is nothing inspiring or compelling about the creature who expects eternally to be petted with sympathy, live your own life, have your own interests, do not be one of those parasitical women who live on the bounty of

discredited men. The British Consul in New York will no doubt know something of this man, if his claims are genuine, and I should certainly advise you to investigate his record thoroughly before proceeding further.

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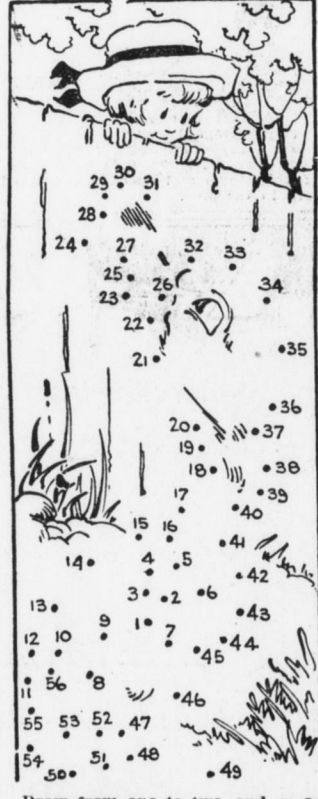
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Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two, and so on to the end.

DAILY HINT ON FASHIONS



A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl

2810—Here is a model that will not be troublesome to make or launder. It is lovely for plain or figured voile, batiste, swiss, lawn, handkerchief linen, organdy, poplin and silk. The front of the waist portion may be embroidered, or trimmed as illustrated, to simulate a vest. The long sleeve is gathered at the wrist, with the fullness below, forming a ruffle. The short sleeve is finished with a frill. This dress is cut in kimono style, and closes at the back. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Telegraph Pattern Department For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address: Size.....Pattern No. .... Name..... Address..... City and State.....

WAGES AND BONUS FOR 50 GIRLS. To work on children's garments. See large advertisement on page 7. Jennings Manufacturing Co.—Adv.

Wholesome Food Keeps the Children Well

A mother writes:

"We always use Royal Baking Powder because we know when we use it we are not using anything injurious."

Prudent mothers avoid cheap baking powders because they frequently contain alum, a mineral acid. No matter how much they are urged to change, they stick to

ROYAL Baking Powder

They KNOW it is absolutely pure

Royal contains no alum—Leaves no bitter taste.

Advertisement for Walk-Over shoes. Includes text: "Walk-Over", "Ask for #9866", "Sensibly modish - long taper toe - military keel - straight tip.", "We know that this \$7.50 oxford cannot be duplicated elsewhere for 7.", "White Buck Oxford", "Walk-Over Boot Shop 226 Market St."