Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Fifty-seven Varieties of Husbands: Cold and Distant

"ROY really is very attentive and affectionate when we are alone; he merely seems indifferent from shyness when in company," she lied, bravely. The man was a monster of negative cruelty.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Bessie was a very domestic, clinging type. She had married the town beau, the spoiled only son of a rich couple, whose child could do no wrong. He had fancied her fragile beauty, but soon tired of her. It was apparent to all that had eyes to see, yet the poor, neglected wife tried valiantly to keep up the bluff of his conjugal devotion.

Roy was not a drunkard or a high-roller, nor did he fly into a fury and abuse her. Therefore, her friends had scant sympathy. They indulged in the conventional platitudes about his being a "good provider," and never getting drunk or disgracing her—as if a wife dying for a single expression of human affection cared whether or not she was a lavish "provider" and had the negative virtue of not losing his temper!

Seldom have I seen a more cruel person, although the world regarded him as a rather exemplary husband, as husbands go. Painfully, Bessie tried all the little arts of seduction, to "keep" him. These knowing persons who insist that the only reason for men's straying away from their wives is that the wives fail to be coquettes could find no flaw in Bessie. She was a conscientious housekeeper. She descended on the Valley of the Shadow-of-Death nine times to give him a son.

In doing that, she almost kept her death, for she was a frail woman, and not an only baby lived. It seemed the irony of fate, for she longed for one son fervently. To give him a son and heir, and proudly show it to the grandparents who had so spoiled their son, became an obsession with her. Her friends dared not tell her that it was apparent to all, save herself, the man did not even like children!

It was the exhumation of a family of distant relatives that he mentioned to fortune hers if with it it was clear that she was delinquent in the matter of fatherhood! It was a weapon he could use over her.

Her poor health gave way. He put her in an insane asylum temporarily, but the doctors built up her strength and her mind became more normal. They saw quite clearly that the man's presence was killing her—that marital psychology was outside of their province. She starved for love.

Now, so ingrained in her nature was the old-fashioned idea that there is no immorality but infidelity, that it never dawned upon her that her husband was a fiend, to withhold from her her right to sweetness and appreciation and endearments. She believed him technically "true" to her, and being devoutly religious, she never would have thought of escaping from the hopeless maze of suffering, so long as a husband showed no preference for another woman.

It may be that his frigid nature was so wrapped in its self-conceit that he did not have amorous affairs. In any event, they were not a matter of gossip, if they existed. But suddenly things changed.

Poor Bessie learned that her adored husband was having an affair with her bosom friend!

The other woman was not domestic. She detested children. She had none of the clinging qualities supposed to be necessary to please a spoiled son whose parents still petted and adored him. She was a selfish, worldly creature, whose husband was simple and poor. Doubtless she set out to capture the rich husband of her friend. It may be that there was also some mutual attraction. In any case, she got him.

When the trampled-on wife learned beyond any doubt that her husband, for whom she had borne nine children, had committed the crime of infidelity, her whole nature rose up in revolt. The ostracism-cum-torture of his brutal coldness she had endured with humble submission, but this infuriated her. So [illegible] cold to her, his [illegible] To her delicious mind, he had [illegible] a son for the first time; she [illegible] a Bible quotation: "Blessed are the peacemakers." [illegible] Bible quotations came about [illegible] for weeks of inserted notes [illegible] strong and firm. A [illegible] who had been "going to be [illegible]" for the first of her [illegible] wife, he spurned her, cast [illegible] of sight. I gave her the landed [illegible] She got a share of his fortune. She dressed well; she [illegible] and new self-respect. She raised her head, and strengthened her poor, broken spirit. She found that there are men who are kindly, appreciative and affectionate.

Perhaps this is an extra cake. Indeed, I never have known so delicious and meaningful a man as Roy. [illegible] that thousands of women [illegible] the expression [illegible] It seems to me that the [illegible] romantic blocks [illegible] It may be that the [illegible] "male-attending" girl [illegible] gallantry and flowery [illegible] the mosaic husband who [illegible] "every no [illegible] man, paling [illegible] and a pale, callous [illegible] welfare, and homes [illegible] The wife whose husband [illegible] intense passion for [illegible] any sense what affection he [illegible] and frequently, is like a [illegible] at whose heart a canker is secretly eating. In the spiritual sense, cruelty and neglect will eventually [illegible] dawned upon her that her husband was [illegible]

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Cash Down

MANY successful men owe money, but wait till you're successful (if you ditto—pay as you go unless you're going to the bad).

Sooner or later the man who does not live within his means has to live without them.

There are more than fifty-seven varieties of a certain kind of fool, all included in the man who goes into debt.

Debt is the key to the door of degradation, and the man who enters its portals is in a fair way to bring shut out of all the others.

Self-respect is the chief anchor of character; but the man who goes into debt cuts the cable, clings to a stray or drifts away without a life preserver. He isn't out of danger till he's out of debt.

Of all thieves, debt is the worst. It steals good will, good nature, credit, friendship and health.

The man who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Debt is a cancer that spreads and spreads till it has eaten into a man's vitals, leaving a living wreck who must hobble to the lock and wait of a merciless master.

To borrow is to increase your vulnerability and to decrease your resistance. The lightest debt is a heavy setback. Starting out in the morning with a debt on your hands is like starting for a hike with a heavy load on your back. You don't get there. You don't make your mark. You can't see for your destination.

When you borrow you usually pay double. One of the hardest things in the world is to pay for bread that has been eaten. Bands can not recover sufficient to cover pressing needs. Generally, you pose weighted liabilities, each loan sinks you deeper and deeper, more hopelessly into the quicksand.

Debt is a frost—it kills character. It is a rust—it kills responsibility. It is a strangling chain—it wards growth, it shackles progress.

Purgatory is paved with I.O.U.'s, which are the grids and omega of misery and faithlessness. Every time you sign one, you sign up for a trip to the devil and a hell worse than Dante ever reigned over. Borrowing, lying and stealing are common concomitants.

Debt is the mesh in the net of unhappiness. It is the worst kind of poverty and prodigality. It is the keystone in the Arch of Failure, the Foundation Stone of the House of Ruin, the Hearthstone in the Well of Ignominy. It is the Sword of Damocles suspended from a thin, threatening thread.

Whether you're getting married or not, stay out of debt—the only down with which to feather your nest is cash down.

The Woman's Exchange

Friends for a Jewish Girl

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you be kind enough to advise me through your wonderful column how I can make some nice acquaintances?

We have recently moved to this city from New York city, and I have left all my friends there and came here not knowing any one. I am a young Jewish girl eighteen years old, have a nice education, am considered very good looking, but as yet I have not met any nice people that I could associate with. Is there any club or organization that I could join? "DOLLY."

Miss Goldman, at the Girls' Service League, 1305 Arch street, is in charge of this club, in which there are a great [illegible] girls. They have various [illegible] and social affairs [illegible] Jewish girls and boys.

She Lives in Two Rooms

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I live in two rooms that I furnished very nicely myself, but I am troubled with bedbugs. They cannot get in the springs, so they get in the mattress and ruin my clothes. Please tell me what will keep them away.

Will you kindly tell me how to make lemonade and what materials I should use? Somebody told me of a recipe for making wine from raisins. Would you please give me the recipe, that is the right kind, it will stay in a cask when left there?

I am going to make a quilt for the baby of my friends. Is one pail sufficient or should it have a cover over it?

There is no door between the two rooms, so I would like to put a curtain there. I have pink and gray wall paper and mahogany furniture.

"I AM THANKFUL."

Fill a small oil can with either turpentine or kerosene—turpentine is safer—and squirt this into every crack in the bed, the mattress and the couch. If these pests are allowed to settle anywhere you will have dreadful time getting rid of them. Turn up the mattress and look into all the crevices of the edge and squirt the liquid about every single day until you get rid of the bugs. Then after they have disappeared give the bed and couch a dose once or twice a week to keep the pests thoroughly discouraged about coming back again.

An old blanket or quilt folded to fit the top of your trunk and quilted into place would make a nice pad, or you could fill in the places between the slats with newspapers until the top is level, then stretch several strips of upholstery tight across the top, lengthwise, and tack it down at the ends. Cover this with a soft old cloth and add a final removable covering of cretonne or any material you like. It is very often possible to pick up a remnant of curtain velours or velvet for a small sum on the remnant counters in the stores. One yard would be just about the amount and the kind of thing you want. A pink or gray would be pretty to match your wall paper, or if you cannot get this a soft red the wood nymphs prefer. Have the pad for your chairs with the same material to give a homely decorative touch to the room.

If you use the blue material a blue denim would be nice for the door curtain unless you want to go to more expense and get a regular curtain material.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What color hair did the famous Helen of Troy have?
2. Describe a useful feature contained in the kitchen of a new apartment.
3. Name a different and attractive ornament for the wall of a bedroom.
4. How can paint stains be removed from a dress?
5. What gay sort of trimming is found on a sweater knitted with tan wool?
6. In what extremely smart way can a serge dress be "fixed over," when the seams have become too tight under the arms?

Yesterday's Answers

1. One woman of England gains a livelihood in a unique manner by being a tuner of church bells.
2. Two-toned wallpaper has the best wearing qualities.
3. An easy, efficient way of cleaning vegetables is to use a small brush, which will quickly remove the bits of dirt that are liable to cling to them.
4. Serge can be renovated successfully by washing it in soap-bark.
5. A quaint scarf-and-hat set is fashioned of black satin, the brim of the hat and the edges of the scarf being outlined with a buttonhole stitch of white Angora wool.
6. In the world of new colors "fuchsia" is a particularly bright shade of magenta.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Try to Act as a Lady Should

Dear Cynthia—To start with, I am a girl of sixteen or seventeen and have brown hair and dark brown eyes and of medium height. I use powder, rouge and lip stick, but not too much, by any means. I'm not in what you would call a fast crowd, but wouldn't object to it. I am sort of boy-crazy, as most girls of my age.

Well, every morning and sometimes in the afternoon a certain boy happens to get on the same trolley with me. (I'll call him Michael.) Third year high.) What I'm wondering is if he should say good morning to me some time, would it be all right to answer? He looks at me all the time.

Gradually he might fall into conversation. What am I supposed to do then? He is awfully good looking and about twenty-two years old.

Thank you for the space, dearest Cynthia. "JUST ME."

No, it would not be all right to answer and you must not gradually fall into conversations with strange boys. Better take an earlier or later car. No good comes of these idle flirtations, and no girl who is a lady at heart would enter into such an affair.

Neighborhood Gossip

Dear Cynthia—Have never had occasion to write you before, as my love affair seemed to run very smoothly; we understood each other thoroughly. My friend is a business for himself, and has a very nice machine, and we are to be married within a year.

It appears, however, that even though I never go into conversation with my neighbors, there is always some gossip brought in by my friends—gossip that [illegible] neighborhood [illegible] was said my [illegible] had not original [illegible] gossip. The [illegible] found to be [illegible] Just recently [illegible] that my friend [illegible] time, money, and the [illegible] to him [illegible] stated he has a machine and a business for himself, but so far [illegible] lots of money. He [illegible] in the car and that isn't a fortune.

I cannot see what satisfaction is to be had by passing such remarks. They are certainly very annoying. When a girl loves a man because he is true and of the highest moral character, it's not the money she's thinking of, and she dislikes to be accused of loving his money, more than himself. With the existing love between us, there is sure to be happiness in our married life, without the add[illegible] gossipers to trouble us. Is there any way to stop such talk?

IN LOVE.

The only thing to do is to ignore the gossip. There has never yet been an occasion or matter about which busybodies and frivolous folk have not gossiped and tattled. The only thing to do is laugh at it, mind your business and go your [illegible] independent of [illegible]

"Mrs. X. A. Mss." Replies

Dear Cynthia—I would appreciate it very much if you would print this in your column for Michel:

Now, Michel, don't get nasty and [illegible] misconstrue my meaning. I hope you understand all of you tell me, and simply write and tell what I have seen, so where do you [illegible]

I have passed girls sitting around and the dance and then [illegible] one [illegible] and ask them for a dance. Why should you? They say "Do [illegible]" [illegible] good dancers. They [illegible] and four [illegible] as there are some very troubling fellows [illegible] have been standing near and overheard their insulting remarks. I am just past twenty-six and married [illegible] year. My hubby dres very conservatively and not flashy like some of those dance-crazed men. Hubby [illegible] just like you, Michel, and also your friends—very impressive—and has been remarked to be the neatest fellow [illegible] when he was single and asked these girls for a dance he always got it. He approached them in a polite manner and did not scare the heart out of them like some fellows do.

The uncouthness and quiet girls don't turn any dances down, I know, because I have [illegible] a good number of these quiet girls [illegible] wait until one wakes up and asks them. What do you [illegible] ask the girls for a dance for? It hurts just dutiers and they get nervous after asking them all night. What are you talking about? Next time you go to a dance, Michel, please note how long she sits there and then talk. And if you ask her for a dance you will notice how nervous she gets with the shock of it. Just try it, Michel, and let me know. Where is "Temptation" and "Wireless"? Haven't heard from them yet.

MRS. X. A. Mss.

When Silk Is Added Taffeta Is Original

By CORINNE LOWE

Unless we belong to the Annie Laurie sorority, the neckline unrelieved by any touch of white is an ordeal. Unfortunately, too, most of us have throats that are like the driven snow—only after it has been driven a long way. Still we go on our self-sacrificing way, placing the dress material next to the complexion. Only an occasional model provides any softening fold of white.

The above little frock of navy taffeta combined with white silk is one of these infrequent humanities. This is embroidered in jade green, navy, and brown colored silk floss, and from a jade green ornament in front depend strands of self-material fringed in brown and jade green. The sleeves are worthy of special mention.

The neckline developed here is found along with the V, the square, the round and the boat-shaped. All types are favored by the autumn modes.

Moire Ribbon Made Them What They Are Today

That is to say, it makes them interesting. The accordion-pleated white chiffon voile would be just a simple little dress if it were not for the hollow square of black moire ribbon forming wide panels and a straight neck line. The evening dress of black would be striking, with its trimming of jet and its bird of shaded mauve sequins, but not so arresting as the wide sash of mauve ribbon makes it. If your last year's frock seems rather scrubby, fix it up with moire ribbon arranged in any way that you like, and the dress will be as stylish as a new one.

Photos by Old Masters, Central News

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Theodora Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Blaud, and to her surprise is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, that she is going to be married, and because he feels that she has no rights aside from his wishes, he kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht, bound for a South American business trip. However, a broken propeller forces the yacht to make for port, but not before Blakeslee, using Theo for the first time as a woman instead of an office machine, falls in love with her. He is amazed at her refusal, for he has always had what he wanted out of life. But Theo is determined to remain true to Jimmy, in spite of her own feelings. When the yacht lands at Savannah, Ga., Theo escapes and takes the train for New York. But when Jimmy comes to see her he is furious and accuses her of having gone willingly.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Jimmy Backs Water

"SATISFIED?" he repeated, as though unable to take in the meaning of what she had just said. "Do you mean that? Is it the truth?"

Theo rose to her feet suddenly. Her green eyes were like little pools of ice and her soft face was set in hard lines.

"You wanted the truth. I asked you to give me a chance to explain and you refused to allow me to speak. If you loved me, Jimmy, if you had ever loved me you would have trusted me. At least you would have been willing to give me the benefit of the doubt. But since you've been here you've done nothing but denounce me, you haven't wanted to hear what I had to say, and now you accuse me of loving Richard Blakeslee. Well, I do love him, that's the truth, and you may as well know it. I never intended you to know. I came back to you as soon as I had a chance. I never went on that trip willingly, and the minute I saw a way clear to escape I came back. So much for that. Now I want you to leave me. I want you to go. I never want to see you again."

Jimmy had been thinking rapidly while Theo was speaking. He saw now that he had gone too far, and he did not believe for a minute that Theo was speaking the truth when she said she loved Richard Blakeslee. She had said that simply to save her pride, he was sure of that.

He began to back water rapidly.

"Theo, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lost my temper. But you will admit there was cause for it. I've hardly seen you in these last few nights. I haven't given you a chance to explain, but try to look at things from my standpoint."

"I did. I kept you always in mind. I intended to keep my promise to you, that's why I came back."

"And in spite of everything that's happened, I'm willing to take you back. That proves I love you; not many men would be willing to do that."

Theo stepped back and stared at him as though she couldn't believe her ears. What was Jimmy saying? What was he implying?

He hurried on.

"You know what every one will think when it is known that you were away on Richard Blakeslee's yacht alone with him. But if you tell me everything was all right I'll believe you; that's fair enough, isn't it?"

"You mean you'll marry me in spite of my damaged reputation, is that it?" Theo asked quietly. "You know I never thought of that. I never thought once, that you'd be doing me a favor in accepting me after what has happened."

Jimmy forced a laugh. He began to see in himself a rather magnanimous lover. He felt that Theo was impressed with his generosity, and he went on making matters gradually worse.

"Well, you know how the world looks at these things. You're not a child, and you ought to be able to see for yourself that Richard Blakeslee has seriously hurt you. But you haven't told me what happened. I want to know everything so as to be able to judge for myself."

Jimmy could not keep a certain pompous note out of his voice. For the first time he had the upper hand, and from now on in his relations with Theo he would keep it. Always before he had felt, in spite of himself, a certain strength about her that made him rely on her. Now, as she said, if he married her, he would be doing her a favor. She realized that, she had said so herself. Strange to say Jimmy did not perceive the irony of the situation, nor the sarcasm in Theo's voice as she had uttered those words.

(Tomorrow—Postponing the Issue.)

Baby Pillow Covers

Our baby had several lovely carriage pillow covers given to him, which we found difficult to launder well. No matter how carefully they were ironed, the madeira embroidery looked a bit pulled until we made a special ironing board to fit the pillows. All the pillow covers were regulation size for baby pillows, 12 by 13 inches. We took the cover of a packing box and had it sawed slightly smaller than the pillow covers, so it could easily be slipped in and out. This we covered as one does a full-sized ironing board. Now the covers look better than new when ironed.—Good Housekeeping.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"The Two Mules"

By DADDY

Jack and Janet are playing circus beside a river, when a real mule surprises them by doing the same tricks as Jointed Mule, their toy. The magic of a nap makes them understand the mule when he talks, and brings their circus toys to life.

CHAPTER III

How a Mule Grows

"HEE-HAW! Do you know who I am?" brayed the mule to Jack and Janet. The children were not yet over their surprise at the wonderful effects of the magic sleep—magic which made them understand mule talk, and which had brought their circus toys to life.

"No, we do not know who you are, but we would like to learn," said Janet finally.

"I am sure you are a trick mule," added Jack.

"To be sure I am a trick mule. I am Balky Sam, the trickiest trick mule you ever saw," said the Mule.

At that a faint braying came from the toy circus ring. It was Jointed Mule.

"Hee-haw! I am the trickiest trick mule in all the country," said Jointed Mule in a tiny toy bray. "My Master Jack said so, and Jack knows."

Balky Sam sat down and grinned. "But Jack has never seen all my tricks," he said. "I am the trickiest of all mules."

"You will have to prove that," said Jointed Mule in his tiny toy bray. He bristled up like a proud frog, and looked very funny arguing with such a big real mule as Balky Sam. "I challenge you to a duel with tricks."

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" laughed Balky Sam. "I accept your challenge."

Jack and Janet didn't know what to think of that. They had never heard of a duel with tricks. But Jack didn't think his toy mule would have much of a chance in a duel with a real mule.

"You are much too large to have a duel with tricks against such a tiny mule as Jointed Mule," said Jack.

"Hee-haw! That is right!" brayed Balky Sam. "Jointed Mule will have to get big and strong like me." He turned to Jointed Mule. "Hurry and grow up!" he said.

"How can he hurry and grow up?" demanded Jack. Balky Sam looked at Jack as if surprised at such a question.

"Why, how does a mule usually get big and strong?" demanded Balky Sam. That was a puzzler, but Jack soon thought of an answer.

"By eating lots of grass," he said.

"Hee-haw! To be sure," brayed Balky Sam. "That is the way I got big and strong. There is fine growing grass on this side of the fence. Come over here."

Jointed Mule was so small that he could creep right through the wire fence. He began to nibble the grass on Balky Sam's side, but though he ate fast he didn't seem to grow a bit.

"Hee-haw!" It will take me a long, long time to grow up this way," brayed Jointed Mule in his tiny toy bray.

"Hee-haw!" roared Balky Sam. "If you are as tricky a trick mule as you think you are, you would know that the way to grow up fast is by eating the grass around a fairy ring."

Balky Sam pranced around the meadow until he found a fairy ring. He called Jointed Mule to the ring, and Jointed Mule began to eat the grass around it.

At once Jointed Mule started to grow. He grew so fast he soon was as big as a dog. Then he became as big as a colt, and then he became as big as a regular-sized mule.

"Hee-haw! That is enough!" brayed Balky Sam, when Jointed Mule was as big as he was. "Now we can have our duel of tricks."

(What happened in the duel of tricks and the startling surprise every one got will be told tomorrow.)

Adventures With a Purse

IT IS a little early to tell you about anything for Halloween, I know, but my reason for writing about the aprons is that I was afraid that if I waited until later they might all be gone, as I am under the impression that there is only a limited supply. They are made of crepe paper, and in shape resemble the trim little aprons always worn by the best-regulated French maids on the stage. The apron itself is orange and black checked crepe paper, and is edged with a frill of orange paper. They are really very effective. The price is ten cents each.

I had never before seen the Japanese crepe petticoats, and thought that perhaps they might be new to you, too. They are made of the same kind of material as the kimonos, and are daintily embroidered in white sprays of flowers. They come in pink, an excellent shade of pale blue and in white. They fasten round the waist with a drawing string. Prices are $2.50 and $2.85.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601

The Whole World Needs More Nurses, but Girls Will Not Answer the Call

They Claim There Is Not Enough Money in the Work and Too Much Drudgery—Others Say It Is Their Selfishness

THE universal cry today is "More nurses! Why are there not more girls studying this great, noble and much-needed profession?"

And an article in one of the magazines gives four answers.

The first is the economic and social disadvantages of nursing; and the third is the spiritual lassitude of the young womanhood of today.

These are the two that interest us most. The other two are important, but only relatively so.

"Poor pay" is a good alibi that is used a great deal. A girl, the objectors claim, works like a slave for the years of her training, and gets $12 a month.

And she is very likely to have the humiliating experience of working for a social inferior, with no chance of getting glory for it.

These two reasons fit in very well with what is given as the third reason, the spiritual lassitude of young womanhood today.

The student nurse works hard, that is admitted by every one. But she gets good meals and a comfortable home (she must get them, they are required by law), and she needs few clothes except her uniform.

The stenographer who gets $15 or $18 a week has to spend some of it for carfare, some for lunches, a lot for clothes, and very often some for board. While she is learning in day or night school she doesn't earn a thing, unless she does it in some other kind of work.

AND almost any work, in fact, offers that "opportunity" of taking orders from a social inferior.

A girl cannot afford to be a snob if she wants to be a success.

There is no aristocracy in business except that of ability and success.

"But the long hours!" complained one girl. "You never get through in that work!"

On the contrary, you are relieved at regular and comfortable intervals. Even if they did want to work you to death, the doctors and head nurses know that this would be poor economy because you couldn't stand it.

And, anyhow, most of the girls who make this objection are the ones who are just crazy to get into the movies.

But they overlook the little fact that every motion-picture actress mentions in her interviews.

That little fact of starting work at 8:30 or 9 in the morning and keeping up until late at night to get one little action, one special lighting effect, one little moment of emotion correctly reproduced.

OH, IT all comes down to that one point—girls today don't want to be bothered with nursing—it's too much like work!

They can get a living without giving up very much of their pleasures and their leisure; the world owes it to them anyhow, and they can't see the sunny side of "shutting themselves away from everybody and giving up everything just for that!"

The average girl today is thoroughly selfish; there is no other word to use.

She wants what she wants when she wants it, and she gets it. Her own personal pleasure must not be interfered with.

Let the old world suffer; she's having a good time!

How did it happen? How did girls lose their gentleness, their warm-heartedness, their desire to help others?

Can't they get it back? Don't they want it back?

Why aren't there more nurses?

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Like everything else worth while, table-talk is not learned in a week, nor in a year. There is no better place than the family table for the daily practice of this most effective social accomplishment.

Children should be encouraged to speak of the interesting events of the day at school, or on the way between home and school. The parents and the older brothers and sisters may relate amusing anecdotes from their reading or from the interchange of talk with acquaintances during the day. In a house where table-talk is something brighter and better than complaints or gossip, the family is happier in health and in spirits, and the young people become proficient in a social art more generally appreciated than any other branch of music—for surely the human voice radiating humor is engaged in one of the most delightful forms of vocal music.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

The Procrastinating T

You've met lots of those people whose motto seems to be: "Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow."

People with impressive educations call this tendency "procrastination." Others call it laziness.

In reality it's a very human tendency. There's a little bit of it in all of us, and it gets either of the above names only when it is excessive.

There's a little element of laziness in it, but it is in far greater measure mere lack of self-discipline, for you'll often find it in people who really are not lazy at all, but who simply rebel at the idea that a thing ought to be done. If it made no difference whether it was done or not they would probably be interested sufficiently to do it. But the mere fact that it is expected of them, or that their own interest demands it, makes the little task distasteful to them, whether it is the paying of a bill, the writing of a letter or the calling of some one on the telephone.

The signal of this tendency, as handwriting reveals it, is in the crossing of the "t," like the signal of impatience. But, unlike the signal of impatience, all or the bulk of the cross-stroke is to the left of the stem of the letter.

So if you get a note from some one telling you he or she will call you on the telephone or meet you at a specified hour, and you see the "t"-crossings projecting to the left, do not be surprised if the telephone call is late or neglected, or the appointment not kept on time.

Tomorrow—Big Ear-Mounds

Harvest

This I believe: We tend to grow our dreams
No matter how remote fulfillment seems.

It matters not the drought or storm that yields
Small hope of promise for the harvest fields,

Have we the faith amid the parching heat
To glimpse the small, green blades upthrusting sweet,

And smile secure through driving winds and hail
In simple trust, too deep of root to fail?

Then I believe that somehow, soon or late,
There comes reward to dreamer-souls that wait;

To each who dared to hold the vision plain,
There dawn his golden fields of bending grain.

—Martha Haskell Clark, in Good Housekeeping.

Madam!

You should visit an Asco Store today. One of the many big values we are offering this week is:

Gold Seal Flour

And all Mill Brands

12-lb bag 59c

Look for this sign on the window:

AMERICAN STORES CO.

Whose fault is it when your husband is cross at breakfast?

If you hit your thumb with a hammer you wouldn't blame your thumb for hurting.

Then why blame your husband whose nerves may have been pounded by coffee, and whose rest probably has been broken by the irritation of the caffeine it contains?

If you stay awake half the night you don't feel any too cheerful.

The caffeine of coffee and the thein of tea are known drugs. If their use is persisted in, sooner or later the nervous system may give way.

Then you may have insomnia, or disturbed sleep. Your nerves and tissues will be robbed of that stability essential for normal and happy living.

You can avoid this possibility if you'll stop drinking tea and coffee and drink instead, rich, pleasing Postum.

Postum is the delicious cereal beverage with a coffee-like flavor. It affords the advantages of a hot drink, without the ill effects of tea or coffee.

Order Postum from your grocer today. Try it with the family for a few days, and see what a difference there'll be—how it will permit Nature to bring sound sleep and strong, sturdy, quiet nerves. Sold by grocers.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health
There's a Reason

Health Food That's Good

Every man will relish raisin pie for lunch, or toasted raisin bread for breakfast. Stewed raisins and cream make a delicious dish.

And each is an *invaluable* health-food, rich in the priceless food-iron which builds vitality in the blood.

Medicinal iron isn't as natural. Food-iron is easily absorbed and effective. You need but a small bit every day, yet that need is vital.

Instead of taking an old fashioned iron-tonic eat raisins every day, for

Raisins are the *Iron*-Food

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They are most delicious

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