Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

This is the story she writes to me:

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow: I was married when I was twenty, and have never known one happy day since I am twenty-seven now. When I first met my husband, he seldom worked. I tried to help him in every way, (and when we were married I furnished our home. I also kept on working, while he did nothing, knowing that I would support him. When I was a girl I was very philanthropic and being brought up that way I thought it my duty to him."

I will break off my correspondent's narrative here to say that the bother with most of us and the fruitful source of many of our troubles is that we think with our hearts and not with our heads. Good judgment arises from a combination of the two. No faculty was given us to remain unused. Having minds, we were intended to think with them, and to think to some purpose in the direction of our affairs.

This girl, naturally kind-hearted and sympathetic, was trained in the belief that she must always be helping others, which is right in principle. But there's a sane way to apply the principle and a foolish and suicidal way. And right here we come back to the old question. Am I my brother's keeper? I am not; no one is. A higher, greater, more omniscient power is his keeper and mine. I am here to aid and encourage him in assisting himself; that is all.

This woman's husband needed no assistance. He needed a hard jolt. He needed to be awakened to the fact that he was a cur to ask a woman to marry him and then allow her to work to support him while he loafed.

And she, meaning to be kind and helpful, was merely encouraging him in his worthless, shiftless habits and his determination to benefit by the labor of someone else.

Suppose a mother was so anxious to save her baby suffering that she would carry it continually in her arms instead of letting it stand alone and have many a tumble learning to walk and many loud wails because it fell and bumped its nose? Would the child thank her when it came to years of discretion? Does this man thank his wife for her sacrifices? Far from it.

Her letter goes on:

"After three years a child was born. I could not go out to work, so I had to take work in the house. I also kept a few roomers who were friends of my husband's. When the child was two years old I put him in charge of a woman and went back to business. But things got steadily worse, and I was forced to leave my husband and board with my child in order to support the little one.

"After a year my husband came and asked me to take him back, claiming that he had changed; so I gave him another chance. He was worse than ever, and again I had to leave him for the child's sake.

"He now threatens to take my child from me by force, saying that he will make his friends say that I am immoral. He says dreadful things to me which shock me. I work very hard for my living and try to be a true mother to my child. He doesn't give even one cent to its support. But even so, he will not stay away. I am earning $18 a week and can take care of myself and the child.

"As I am all alone and have no one to ask advice of, I ask you pitifully to please advise me what to do. Can he take my child from me? I have no knowledge of the laws and know no one to ask about them. My child is the only thing I live for, and it would cause me great pain to have him taken from me."

If the facts are correctly stated in this letter—and it bears every mark of sincerity—I can say most emphatically that the husband cannot take the child. The wife has nothing whatever to fear from him. Legally he has not a leg to stand on.

On the contrary, it is he who should be afraid. His wife could sue him for the support of herself and the child, and he could be put in jail if he did not pay the amount decided upon by the court. She would also in view of the facts be able to secure a legal separation from him, together with the custody of the child.

The law is very reluctant in any case to take a child from its mother. It is only when she is proven to be an unfit guardian for it and unable to give it proper care that this is ever done.

There could be no question of such a thing in this case, where for years a woman has by her own exertions supported not only herself and her child, but a worthless husband as well.

She should refuse to be either bullied or threatened or bothered by him any longer.

Bringing Up Father

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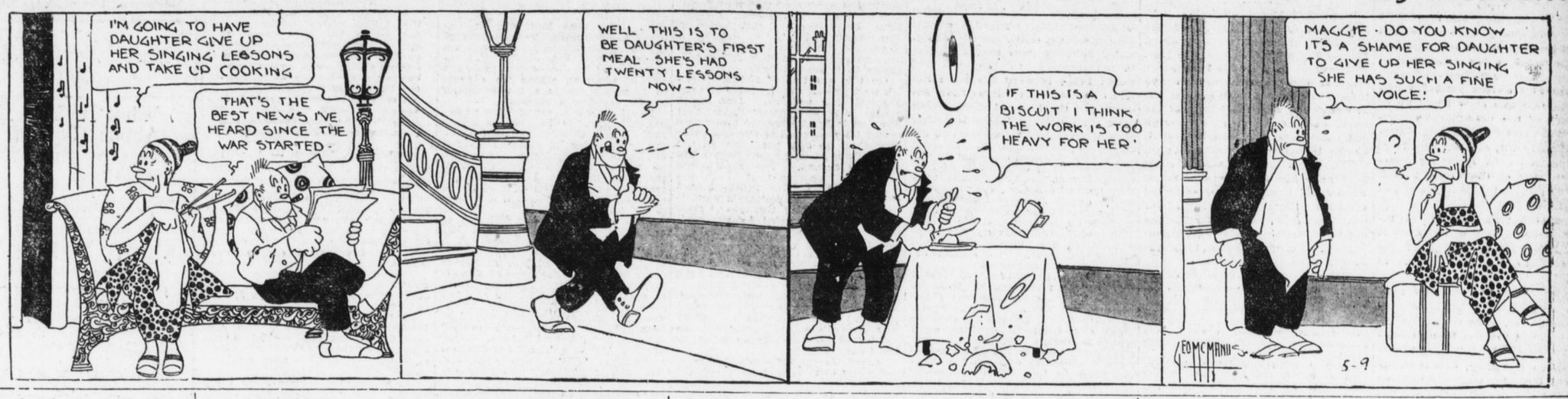
By McManus



"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

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

Decides to Fight It Out

It had occurred to me during the day that the amount demanded was so fabulous that I might have signed the order without any danger of its ever being paid, but the idea of this man, who had claimed to be befriending me, endeavoring to make capital out of my plight galled me so that I was determined not to give in to him whether I could do so in safety or not.

"No, Huyliger," I replied, "I have decided to get along as best I can without any further assistance from you. I shall see that you are reasonably paid for what you have done, but I will not accept any further assistance from you at any price, and what is more, I want you to return to me at once all the photographs and other papers and belongings of mine which I turned over to you a day or two ago."

"I'm sorry about that, O'Brien," he retored, with a show of apparent sincerity, "but that is something I cannot do."

"If you don't give me back those papers at once," I replied hotly, "I will take steps to get them, and damned quick, too."

"I don't know just what you could do, O'Brien," he declared coolly, "but, as a matter of fact, the papers and pictures you refer to are out of the country. I could not give them back to you if I wanted to."

Something told me the man was lying.

"See here, Huyliger," I threatened, advancing towards him, putting my hand on his shoulder and looking him straight in the eye, "I want those papers, and I want them here before midnight to-night. If I don't get them I shall sleep in this place just once more and then, at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, I shall go to the German authorities, give myself up, show them the passport that you fixed for me, tell them how I got it, and explain everything."

A Threat for a Threat

Huyliger paled. We had no lights in the house, but we were standing near a landing at the time and the moonlight was streaming through a stained glass window.

The Belgian turned on his heel and started to go down the stairs.

"Mind you," I called after him, "I shall wait for you till the city clock strikes twelve, and if you don't show up with those papers by that time, the next time you will see me is when you confront me before the German authorities! I am a desperate man, Huyliger, and I mean every word I say."

He let himself out of the door and I sat on the top stair and wondered just what he would do. Would he try to steal a march on me and get in a first word to the authorities so that my story would be discredited when I put it to them?

Of course, my threat to give myself up to the Huns was a pure bluff. While I had no desire to lose the papers which Huyliger had and which included the map of the last resting place of my poor chum Raney I certainly had no intention of cutting off my nose to spite my chin by surrendering to the Germans. I would have been shot, as sure as fate, for after all I had been able to observe behind the German lines I would be regarded as a spy and treated as such.

At the same time I thought I detected a yellow streak in Huyliger, and I figured that he would not want to take the risk of carrying out my threat even though he believed there was a small chance of my doing so. If I did, he would undoubtedly share my fate, and the pictures and papers he had of mine were really of no use to him, and I have never been able to ascertain why it was he wished to retain them unless they contained something—some information about me—which accounted for his complete change of attitude towards me in the first place and he wanted the papers as evidence to account to his superiors and associates for his conduct toward me.

A Strange Turn of Affairs

When he first told me that the plan of placing me in a convent disguised as a priest had been abandoned, he explained it by saying that the Cardinal had issued orders to the priests to help no more fugitives, and I have since wondered whether there was anything in my papers which had turned him against me and led him to forsake me after all he had promised to do for me.

For perhaps two hours I sat on that staircase musing about the peculiar turn in my affairs, when the front door opened and Huyliger ascended the stairs.

"I have brought you such of your belongings as I still had, O'Brein," he said softly. "The rest, as I told you, I cannot give you. They are no longer in my possession."

I looked through the little bunch he handed me. It included my identification disk, most of the papers I valued, and perhaps half of the photographs.

"I don't know what your object is in retaining the rest of my pictures, Huyliger," I replied, "but, as a matter of fact, the ones that are missing were only of ssentimental value to me and you are welcome to them if you want them. We'll call it a beat."

I don't know whether he understood the idiom, but he sat down on the stairs just below me and cogitated for a few moments.

Professes His Regrets

"O'Brien," he started finally, "I'm sorry things have gone the way they have. I feel sorry for you and I would really like to help you. I don't suppose you will believe me, but the matter of the order which I asked you to sign was not of my doing. However, we won't go into that. The proposition was made to you and you turned it down and that's an end of it.

"At the same time, I hate to leave you to your own resources and I am going to make one more suggestion to you for your own good. I have another plan to get you into Holland and if you will go with me to another house I will introduce you to a man who I think will be in a position to help you."

"How many millions of pounds will he want for his trouble?" I asked, sarcastically.

"You can arrange that when you see him. Will you go?"

I suspected there was something fishy about the proposition, but I felt that I could take care of myself and decided to see the thing through. I knew Huyliger would not dare to deliver me to the authorities because of the fact that I had the telltale passport, which would be his deathknell as well as my own.

Accordingly, I said I would be quite willing to go with him whenever he was ready, and he suggested that we go the next evening.

I pointed out to him that I was entirely without food and asked him whether he could not arrange to bring or send me something to eat while I remained in the house.

Left Without Any Food

"I'm sorry, O'Brien," he replied, "but I'm afraid you'll have to get along as best you can. When I brought you your breakfast this morning I took a desperate chance. If I had been discovered by one of the German soldiers entering this house with food in my possession, I would not have only paid the penalty myself, but you would have been discovered too. It is too dangerous a proposition. Why don't you go out by yourself and buy your food at the stores? That would give you confidence and you'll need plenty of it when you continue your journey to the border."

There was a good deal of truth in what he said and I really could not blame him for not wanting to take any chances to help me in view of the relations between us.

"Very well," I said. "I've gone without food for many hours at a time before and I suppose I shall be able to do so again. I shall look for you to-morrow evening."

The next evening he came and I accompanied him to another house not very far from the one in which I had been staying and not unlike it in appearance. It, too, was a substantial dwellinghouse which had been untenanted since the beginning save perhaps for such occasional visits as Huyliger and his associates made to it.

Huyliger let himself in and conducted me to a room on the second floor, where he introduced me to two men. One, I could readily see by the resemblance, was his own brother. The other was a stranger.

Defies Three of Them

Very briefly they explained to me that they had procured another passport for me—a genuine one—whic hwould prove far more effective in helping to get me to the frontier than the counterfeit one they had manufactured for me.

I think I saw through their game right at the start, but I listened patiently to what they had to say.

"Of course, you will have to return to us the passport we gave you before we can give you the real one," said Huyliger's brother.

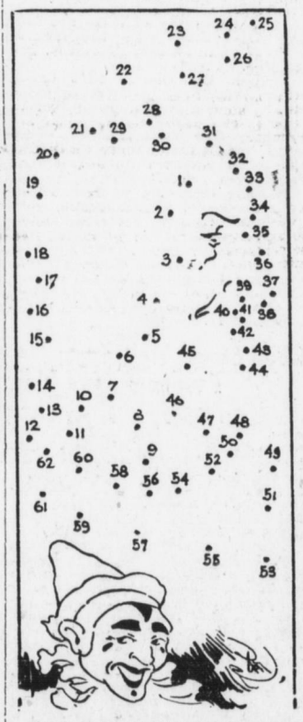
"I haven't the slightest objection," I replied, "if the new passport is all you claim for it. Will you let me see it?"

There was considerable hesitation on the part of Huyliger's brother and the other chap at this.

"Why, I don't think that's necessary at all, Mr. O'Brien," said the former. "You give us the old passport and we will be glad to give you the new one for it. Isn't that fair enough?"

(To Be Continued)

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

COLLARS COMMAND ATTENTION

The outstanding feature of this biege voile frock is the large round collar with ends plaited and slipped under the belt. Frills of accordion plaited net outline the collar and trim the deep cuffs. The vest is tucked as is also the skirt, tucks being one of the most fashionable forms of decoration for soft materials. If preferred, the collar may be finished with deep ends falling over the belt. Medium size requires 5 yards 40-inch material.

Pictorial Review Waist No. 7737. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 20 cents. Skirt No. 7735. Sizes, 24 to 32 inches waist. Price, 20 cents.

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STOMACH TROUBLES ARE DUE TO ACIDITY

Tells Safe, Certain, Speedy Relief For Acid Indigestion

So-called stomach troubles, such as indigestion, gas, sourness, stomachache and inability to retain food are in probably nine cases out of ten, simply evidence that excessive secretion of acid is taking place in the stomach, causing the formation of gas and acid indigestion.

Gas distends the stomach and causes that full, oppressive, burning feeling sometimes known as heartburn, while the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The trouble lies entirely in the excess development or secretion of acid.

To stop or prevent this souring of the food contents of the stomach and to neutralize the acid, and make it bland and harmless, a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia, a good and effective corrector of acid stomach, should be taken in a quarter of a glass of hot or cold water after eating or whenever gas, sourness or acidity is felt. This sweetens the stomach and neutralizes the acidity in a few moments and is a perfectly harmless and inexpensive remedy to use.

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"There were nights when the slightest noise would awaken me—the closing of the door or the flapping of the window shade. I was nervous to an extreme.

"Another distressing effect of my illness was that I lost control of my bowels at times. Sometimes it seemed as though there was no feeling in my lower limbs. I couldn't kneel down without grasping hold of something to keep from falling.

"One of my parishioners recommended DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS to me. I thank God I found this remedy for I really believe I should have died had I not found it. My strength has been restored and I feel ten years younger."

Rev. Powell's case is but one of thousands of similar cases that have been helped by Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Tablets. These tablets, which are designed to help the sick, half sick, worn out and nervous, can be purchased at any drug store. Price sixty cents; Special Strength (stronger and more active) ninety cents.—Advertisement.

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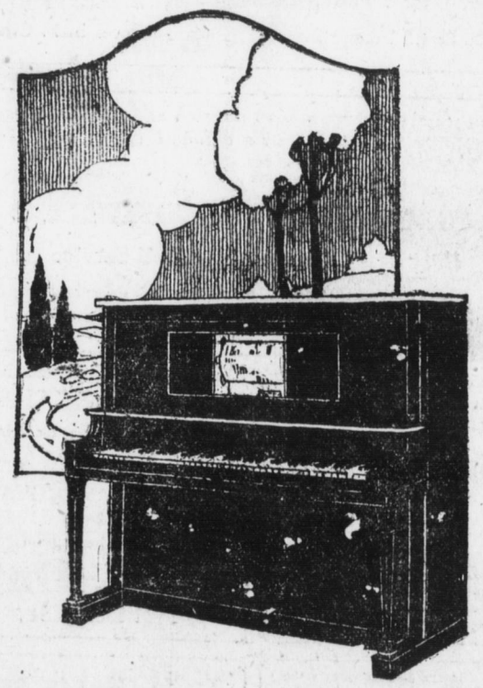

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