

Read for Women and all the family



By McManus

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Bringing Up Father

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

If you see a homely girl look positively pretty, and walk as if she were a goddess, and a deeper, sweeter note creeps into her voice—it's because she is in love.

And if you see a young man striding along as if he owned the earth and had a mortgage on heaven, it is for the same reason.

Both have a touch of the divine madness that while it lasts takes this gray old world—racked with war, pestilence, poverty and death—and covers it with the glory of the rainbow.

Love is a miracle that reveals the promised land—just beyond our grasp. Do we ever reach it? That interesting question the poets, philosophers, the man that mends our boots, the king, the bishop and the chambermaid, have been discussing since Adam and Eve were evicted from paradise. And the last word has not yet been said.

Since man began to set down his first conscious thoughts by scratching flat stones with sharp ones, we have had symbols and pictures—writing that speaks for the strongest human emotions. No doubt love was the inspiration of the first debating society. The worthies of Thebes, Tyre or Babylon had interesting things to say about the tender passion, and they wanted an audience.

What the Poets Say

Solomon, if he has not been magnified, may be regarded as an authority on the subject. He said: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And again: "Love is as strong as death; jealousy is as cruel as the grave." And Shakespeare, who wrote some of the most exquisite love poems in our language, is of the opinion that "The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact."

Dozens of quotations might be given to prove that love is a kind of rapture, almost beyond the power of the human will. Frail creatures are caught up in this over-

powering current and swept along like seaweed in the wash of the tide.

This beautiful and rapturous state of mind, in which lovers live, throws the work-a-day world out of joint, for the time being, and is the cause of the constant quarrels and misunderstandings. The victims of the divine madness never quite see things at their face value, everything, especially the beloved, looms through a magnifying or a diminishing glass.

Nothing is as it seems—molehills are mountains, an admiring glance appears to be a frown of disapproval. A calm reply to a question may indicate indifference or hatred—nothing is too exaggerated for the victim of mischievous Cupid.

The world looks on amused; the tragedies of lovers are comedies for the onlookers who have forgotten all about the time they were victims of the divine madness.

More than half the letters that come to me on the subject of lovers' quarrels contain nothing more than: "I said 'Good evening' to her, and she answered, in a cool, far-away tone.

"I don't know what she can be mad about."

Too Perturbed to Answer

Now, the poor lover could not be expected to know that "she" prayed in her best, had been linger-



ing where he would get a chance to say "Good evening" to her, for an hour or half, or even longer. And that when he finally arrived on the scene, she was so perturbed and anxious, so fearful that he would not come at all to say that momentous "Good evening," that sheer terror kept her almost dumb.

"Blamed if I can understand girls," he probably said, and then rapped his hat down over his ears and went off with his rage.

And she went home and took off the pretty gown and spring hat that had failed so utterly to do all the things she had planned and went till her eyes were swollen and her nose red.

A very charming girl, of my acquaintance, once saw a man with whom she was in love buying flowers.

He had never sent her flowers, or paid her any attention at all, and forthwith my young friend decided that her heart was broken and that she would do something utterly remarkable. She decided to go to Honolula and nurse lepers—that being the most sacrificial thing of which she was capable.

She packed and packed a suitcase, deciding to visit a married sister in an adjacent city, till her plans were made. She felt that any fate worse than the one she was seeing the man to whom she had given her love in vain.

Lepers Would Be Unpleasant

At her sister's house, new aspects of her case arose. She was the only daughter at home; if she did anything as drastic as nursing lepers it would make endless talk. Besides, the more she thought of it, the more unpleasant lepers seemed. So she decided to immolate herself in another way. She would give up party frocks, pretty slippers, do her hair unbecomingly, join a college settlement and be an angel to the unfortunate.

She returned home and on the hall table the first thing that met her eyes was the box, full of withered roses, but bearing the man's card and an invitation to go to a dance with him.

Later, he confessed that he thought of doing some pretty desperate things when he got no answer to his invitation and no acknowledgement of his frowns. They are both comfortable middle-aged people now, married and with two sons in the Army in France. How far off the divine madness must seem to them both.

Despite the fact that Shakespeare said: "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them—but not for love," quite a goodly number have married and are owing to unrequited affection. And girls without number have "ended it all" owing to some foolish lovers' quarrel, when a little talking, if it would have solved everything.

Talk it out, to some trustworthy friend, but be sure of the friend before you give your confidence. And don't quarrel irrevocably unless some big issue is involved; don't let imaginary looks and fancied cool greetings cause a separation. If you are in love, you are looking at life through a prism, and nothing appears natural.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"My dear Mrs. Woodrow: There isn't a single soul I know of whom I can ask advice, so may I take the liberty of asking you? By the paper and the type you will probably guess that I am in an office, and you will immediately tell me that I should try to work up to be a secretary, etc. Well, I am a secretary.

"But that is neither here nor there. What I want to ask you about is this: What is one to do with a lot of surplus energy? I am nineteen, young and full of life. Ever since I was a child I have wanted to do things; nothing in particular, but just something exciting and adventurous. That is why I used my energy in such a way at high school that I was almost expelled several times. And now I don't know what to do. I am always waiting for adventures to come—and they don't.

"Being young, I love to dance, and I don't know any young men to go to dances with. I have been living in New York a long time, and the average young men that I meet at parties and dances bore me to death.

"I wish I were a boy, then I'd enlist. That is one adventure. Or I would travel from one country to another until I saw the world. Won't you please tell me what to do. I want something exciting."

It's delightful to get a letter of this kind. It's like a fresh breeze blowing from the woods. It is typical of others I've been receiving lately. It looks as if now, when so many of the barbed-wire fences that have stood between woman and opportunity are down, that girls feel more than they have ever done the call to more varied and various occupations.

"What is one to do with a lot of surplus energy?" Use it, my dear; expend it. Don't try to bottle it up. Anyway, there is no such thing as "surplus energy." You probably mean that you have more vitality, more will, more imagination and brains than most people with whom you come in contact. The gods have been good to you. And as for adventures, there may be a little lull in them just now; you don't believe in them, and you don't want them from the door. You are the sort of a young woman who, if the sea were calm, would rock the boat to make it wobble. Adventures are to the adventurous. Your little plaint is humorously pathetic. "And now I don't know what to do."

The cry of your soul is for action. From a child you have longed to do things exciting and mischievous; and no doubt everyone about you at home and at school had his or her best to repress and discourage and uproot that tendency. It is the popular idea of education—to put individuals into the academic mill and turn out nonentities.

But how can I, not knowing your qualifications, give you any advice that amounts to anything? However, I can and do encourage you.

How do you like the idea of being a farmer's wife? You might join the Woman's Land Army. That is the great adventure for girls just now. They are taking it up eagerly. It has direct branches all over the country, and is organizing more. It sends out units of women wherever they are required. When these units are composed of those who have had no previous experience, they are under the charge of a leader who has had agricultural training and who instructs them in their tasks.

The Land Army will not accept the services of any girl under eighteen years, and she must sign for three months. The wages paid are fifteen dollars a month, with living expenses, and woolen shirts and overalls are provided if desired.

Most of the work done by these women on the farms is of the lighter sort, but some especially strong girls are doing all the work usually allotted to men and are enthusiastic over it.

The number of successful women farmers is increasing every day. They show something of a tendency to specialize. For instance, one woman has prospered with a goat farm, and another has a flourishing five thousand acre hog farm, her Poland-China hogs taking one prize after another.

There is an adventure for your summer's vacation. Maud Muller are very up-to-date, and who knows, the "Judge" may again ride slowly down the lane, "and draw his bridle in the shade of the apple trees to greet the maid." I hope he will; it would add a romantic zest to the hay-raking.

But whether you go on the land or not, it's foolish for one of your temperament to keep pottering on at an un congenial occupation.

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THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"Dear, ought you to get up?" "Sure! It will do me good to talk and forget my misery."

"But Warren, you know you hardly slept any last night."

"And I won't sleep any to-night if I don't stir around some this afternoon," returned Warren testily. "I could have put them off," Helen went on, "only it seemed so late to call up this morning."

Warren was getting into his light spring suit and was selecting his tie with careful deliberation. Helen watched him as she began to get into her own clothes. It seemed incredible that he would feel like making the effort to get dressed. Last night he had had quite a fever and had been really ill.

She followed him out into the living room and saw him comfortably settled in the chaise longue before she went back to finish her dressing. "I'm sure you will be glad to stay out here, Warren?" she said finally.

"Yes; what's the matter with you, anyway—don't you want me?"

At 3:30 the door bell rang and Helen who had been sitting in an easy chair near Warren, looked up quickly.

"There they are now, how do you feel dear?"

"All right," he returned shortly, and then Helen went into the hall to see her guests and for a time there was confused chatter from the other room as they removed their wraps. When Helen, followed by Warren's direction, "and I'm sure we've tired Mr. Curtis with our talk. But then," she went on with supreme egotism, "no doubt it will do Helen good to get his mind off himself."

Warren was irritable and cantankerous, although his rising temperature offered a good excuse. "Good Lord, what empty-headed little fools, and what an afternoon for a woman of your boasted mentality," he snarled.

Helen stung to response at his injustice, said quickly: "Warren, how unfair you are: it was an unavoidable visit and one that was unnecessary for you to share."

"To Be Continued"

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The United States Food Administration urges you to make cottage cheese of any extra milk which you may have, and the United States Department of Agriculture says that all sorts of interesting things can be done with cottage cheese. It furnishes the following receipts to prove it. Receipts from the United States Department of Agriculture.

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1 tablespoon finely chopped onion.
2 tablespoons savory fat.
1/2 teaspoon soda.
1 cup cottage cheese.
1/2 cup cooked rice.
1 tablespoon milk.
1/2 cup wheatless bread crumbs.
1/2 cup coarsely chopped peanut meats.
1/2 teaspoon powdered sage.
1/2 teaspoon thyme.
1 teaspoon pepper.

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DID HE TELL THE TRUTH?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 19 and in love with a man 21, and was sure of his love for me, up to the time when I asked him to call at my home one evening. He replied that he was very sorry, but he could not come late and could not possibly come.

That same evening I happened to be visiting a friend, who lives opposite him, and on my way, saw him talking to some men. This was in the early part of the evening, and he called him, but he told me he was busy.

Since then, Miss Fairfax, I have treated him very coolly—and he has likewise adopted the same attitude toward me when we meet, merely "siding the time of day."

Don't you think I was entitled to an explanation? My friends say that I did not give him a chance to explain; that I should have treated him just as I did before this happened and given him a chance to explain—and that treating him indifferently, after being so friendly with him, made him think that had ceased to care for him. As I know your ability, Miss Fairfax, I am depending on you to advise me as to how I really am very fond of him.

L. R.

You made a mistake, when you friend told you he would be busy on a certain evening, in attempting to call on you, by his indifference, by calling him coolly, you have hardly given him a fair chance of explaining things. Your letter would indicate that you are of a rather exacting disposition, and that this young man had business or not, you were obliged to accept his explanation, that he could not come late and could not possibly come. On the other hand, if he had been very much broken up over your not giving him a chance to give you another chance. I wonder if you have been showing your affection for him too plainly by trying to give him a girl to do. I don't believe I'd take the affair too seriously; probably both of you are very much in love, more so than a passing fancy. You might, in the meantime, meet him again somewhere and not treat him so coolly and give him a chance to explain.

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