



Reading for Women and all the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am sixteen, but have the appearance of being much older. On my way to business in the morning I meet many friends whom I should like to invite to my house, but I cannot, as my family disapproves of men friends. I am forbidden to have even female friends.

My mother wants me to stay at home after work, and read a book or take a walk with her. But I have read till my eyes are tired and I don't mind taking a walk with her, but I want to go with young friends sometimes.

I have had one girl friend for a few years, but now I am forbidden to see even her. I stayed away from her for about three months, but I couldn't stand it any longer, I had to have someone of my own age, and now there is not a peaceful moment in the house.

I try to take my mother into my confidence but she won't listen. She is positive her way is right, but I feel as growing more and more apart each day. I hate to go against my mother's wishes, but I must have some innocent fun.

If I cannot have it at home, I must seek it elsewhere. And I find none hanging onto my mother's apron strings. I go out anyway (at least I get out by making excuses), and she has no idea where I go in the little time I am away, and I don't intend to tell her. There would be an argument if I did. I don't know whether I am doing the wrong thing or not, at least it seems to be the only thing to do, L. K.

I wonder if things at home can really be as bad as this poor child imagines. At sixteen, a disappointment such as having to stay away from the movies, or being obliged to wear last year's hat looms as big as a world calamity. Very young eyes see life only in the terms of delight or despair. They have not yet discovered the half-tones that are such a comfort to the thirties.

All the same, I should like to give this girl's letter to every mother—and father—of a daughter to read. Not that the girl has all my sympathy, for the mother is to be pitied, too. They are such miles apart, these two, occupying the closest of relationship. The girl has no idea of how young sixteen really is, and the mother fails to realize that sixteen has not to have more of an outlet for its animal spirits than reading a book or taking a sedate walk with an older person.

They Ought to "Get Together"
The mother has evidently forgot-

Bringing Up Father



ten the days of her own youth, or perhaps she was one of those who is described as "having an old head on young shoulders," which to me has always seemed a somewhat doubtful possession.

Normal youth overflows with riotous spirits, fun, noise and a deliciously humorous—to the rest of the world—sense of its own importance. In time, life takes a pruning knife to all these things—cuts them away ruthlessly. But it is a pity to lop them off too soon.

L. K. and her mother ought to "get together" and talk things out, without reservation, and then try to compromise their differences and come to some sort of mutual understanding.

The mother ought to be frank with her daughter in regard to the dangers that beset girls. And no prudish consideration on her part ought to keep her from telling her daughter the risk a girl runs who seeks her "fun" surreptitiously, as L. K. confesses doing.

A Dangerous Business
My correspondent does not say how she became acquainted with the "friends" whom she meets in the morning going to business. Are they former school-friends, neighborhood boys, boys connected with her church, boys she knows something about, or young men who smile one morning and feel sufficiently well acquainted to speak the next?

Nothing is more deadly dangerous than this habit of "picking up" promiscuous acquaintances. A girl of sixteen is too young to realize



LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow—I have been reading your articles and would greatly appreciate an answer to my problem. I am a young girl of sixteen and work a stenographer. I have a good home and parents, but I am not happy. I have two bad faults: One of them is that I very seldom get angry, but when I do it is not very pleasant to be around.

"The other is this: I am a pessimist, and the worst of it is that I know it. I am a strong-willed girl, and if I chose to become an optimist I could do so. But I see no reason to change.

"I get up in the morning, go to work, come home in the evening, and if I have a letter to write, I do it. Every single day is the same to me. I want the monotony of my daily routine changed. But how to change it, I do not know.

"I want excitement, I want something to contradict you. I am content with living. But I do not know what to do."

In other words, my dear, you do not want to be an oyster. And you are not a pessimist. You only imagine you are, because you are suffering from monotony. And monotony is a malady just as much as rheumatism and scarlet fever are maladies. Routine will wear upon certain natures to the extent that they will show symptoms of physical illness.

And, by the same token, there are other temperaments which love monotony and routine. They lean against it as against a wall. It is something stable and real to them, and it gives them a sense of security and peace.

As for your violent temper, that is merely a mental protest against your state of boredom. It is nature's way of establishing an equilibrium. If you went about seething with discontent and unhappy thoughts and always suppressed them the effect upon yourself would be worse than the effect of your tempers are upon others.

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A great many people will tell you that they have no special bent. But that is because they have listened more attentively to the opinions of other people regarding them than to the voices of their own souls. I don't believe in limitations. I have seen individuals transcend almost every possible limitation. I have seen persons rise above every handicap.

If a man without hands came to me and said, "All my life I have wanted to be an artist, but how is

possible for me to paint without hands?" I would say to him, "If the white flame of an unappeasable desire to be an artist burns within you, you will paint if you have to hold the brushes with your toes."

I have seen small gifts of various sorts handled with such patience, enthusiasm and skill, that they have won for their possessors more recognition and reward than that bestowed upon the competitors who had a far greater natural equipment.

My dear, drop the pessimism and rejoice over your good fortune. Just pause and consider your luck for a moment. You are young and healthy and intelligent. You have a happy home, and you are already able to earn your own living. The training which enables you to do so will be useful and valuable to you throughout your life. You have no responsibilities.

If you cared greatly for either your work or your music, it would be different. But it is evident that neither of them is to you a very intense or vital interest. To be healthy and happy we have got to really love whatever greatly occupies our attention and thought. We must be more interested in it than in anything else in the world.

Now you have plenty of time to give to the fascinating pursuit of deciding just what you want to make of yourself. Don't go about consulting your friends on the subject that they will show symptoms of physical illness.

And don't rush out of your comfortable home and well-paid work. Take lots of time. You can afford to give several years to it. Let the idea grow and allow it to be modified and changed by time and circumstances before you fully decide just what you want to do and to be.

Then, when the waves of indecision subside into the sea of calm, settled determination, go ahead and never mind the obstacles. See the goal ahead of you, and never see anything else.



Advice to the Lovelorn

HARD TO DECIDE
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a widower aged 35 years and have a boy and two girls ages 6, 8 and 10, respectively. I have become very much infatuated with a sweet and attractive girl aged 17 years, who appears to be in love with me. I have laid bare to her my entire family history, but in spite of my children and my age she persists. Do you believe her love merely a youthful fantasy or do you believe it will be stable and lasting love if marriage should result. Second, do you believe that the difference in ages would act as a barrier to a happy marriage?

C. J. R.

Of course, I who have seen neither you nor the girl can give only a general judgment as to her real feelings. My impression is that when a 17-year-old girl cares for a man who is likely to be an emotional, unbalanced and rather untrustworthy affair. Then when you add that the rest of the girl's affections are twice her age and has a child only seven years younger than the child who thinks she loves him—all looks as if the lasting quality of the girl's affection ought not to be counted on too much. It isn't the difference in ages that militates against the happiness of such a marriage—it is the difference in experience.

You are a mature man who has known youth and love and marriage and fatherhood with its responsibilities. She is a heart-broken child to whom love is a fanciful creation of dreams. Is it fair to trade on her emotions? Is it fair to give your child a mother so young? Can she understand your ambitions and share your enjoyments? Will you find pleasure in the things she does? Are there things that you can talk about together—be you congenial or must you rely on love making or stimulation of some sort to keep you contented with each other and happy together?

SOcial RELATIONS AND BUSINESS
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A girl in whom I am very much interested is employed in an office where I am, in a way, in charge. Now, she accepts my attentions that I pay her (and sometimes I even think she cares a little bit), but she has positively turned me down when I have asked her to go out with me. Because, she says, her principles won't allow her to go out with her employer.

I am admitting this girl very much for the reason that she has some fine principles, but it seems very hard on me that there should be a barrier between us. I wish you could say something that might make her relax a little.

"BOB."
On general principles, I agree with this girl. But I don't pay clerks for thinking people to apply general principles to specific situations. This girl wants to be a business woman and social life separate and so to protect herself from even the slightest suggestion of seeking favor of the head of her office. But if you are the fine, dignified, respectful chap I fancy, she can wait and give you a friendship with you, to disregard the way you happened to meet and be thankful that she did not pay a young fellow who appreciates her good points. Your own attitude of friendly, unpressuring kindness will convince her more than anything I can say that you are a friend worth having.

TOO YOUNG
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have a son seventeen years old infatuated with a girl of eighteen, whom he wants to marry. I have told him he is too young to know his own mind. I heard of the engagement through friends. I want to save him from himself. I have nothing against the young lady, who has left home and wants to marry right away.

F. M.
Of course he is too young and it is your task tactfully to prevent him from waiting. You must proceed cleverly.

CLIP THIS OUT
MAY COME HANDY

Tells how to take soreness from a corn and lift it right out.

Hospital records show that every time you cut a corn you invite lockjaw or blood poison, which is needless, says a Cincinnati authority, so tells you that a quarter ounce of a drug called freezezone can be applied at little cost from the drug store but is sufficient to rid one's foot of a very hard or soft corn or

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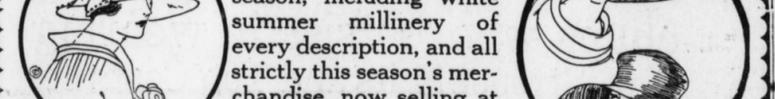
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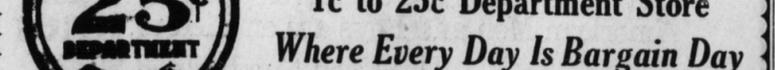
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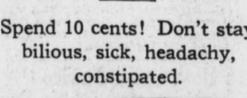
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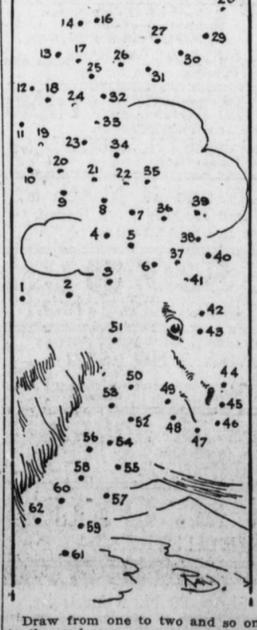
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