

Reading for Women and a Little Family



Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW
 'Twixt Love and Duty! That is the hard choice that many a man and woman have had to make. But the choice between Lack of Love and Duty—or rather, between the claims of a love that is dead and a duty which one's inclination beckons—is sometimes an even harder one. For as the correspondent who has submitted a problem of the sort to me says: "When a woman really to do a thing very badly, she is quite apt to twist facts into reasons for doing that thing."

It is a nice point in casuistry that she raises, a situation peculiarly of the present, and illuminatingly suggestive of the part which the war has changed and entered into all our lives.

"I am a woman of twenty-five," she writes, "married eight years ago to a man who holds a responsible position, and who is also very well educated. We ran away and were married while I was at school and he in college. Very shortly afterward I found out that I had made a mistake, that I did not and never could love him. Yet he was and is a good man. I separated from him within a year, but I have not since his earnest request, returned to him. He made my life so miserable beginning with the day that I went back simply for the sake of peace, and have stayed ever since, although I have never been happy. I have earned a part of my living throughout the war had not come up, we would have gone on in the same way to the end of the chapter, like many another mismatched couple who present to the world a semblance of congeniality.

"But the war came, I did my bit by working for the Red Cross and by sending things to friends of ours in the service. Also I urged my husband to enlist. He is within the draft limits, physically fit, and I am able to support myself. There is no valid reason why he should not give his services. But he refuses, saying that he will not go as a private because he has been accustomed to managing several hundred men, and will not submit himself to the authority of an officer who probably knows less than himself. He insists that he could not bear separation from me.

"I have felt, though, that if he had really wanted to go and had tried to do so, I would have been glad to exempt him by declaring myself a dependent upon him. I would have had him react for him and might even have come to care for him a little.

"Now I myself have the opportunity to enter a hospital as a nurse, or rather to train for nursing. The work is hard, I know, but I am eager to undertake it and to have a vocation in that direction. Ought I to leave my husband and do this? That is the question which is troubling me.

"It is a serious step, I realize, especially when it may result in destroying his present usefulness. When I left him before, he seemed to let

Bringing Up Father



A CHILDREN'S DAY STORY

By Violet Hollar Bolan
 It was a hot, sultry night in June; in an attic 'way up' in a tall tenement house, on a rude bed, tossed in a corner, lay a tiny boy. The atmosphere was stifling, and his poor emaciated form, in which the breath of life barely lingered, was shaken by dry, tearless sobs. Presently, summoning all the strength left in his frail body, he subdued his passionate weeping and gasped, "Totty, Totty. Instantly, a tousled little golden head was raised from the side of the bed, and a very dirty and tear-stained little girl's face appeared in view.

"What, Bro'r Tim?" lisped a baby voice, and a dirty little hand carressed the poor pale face.

"Oh, Totty, Bro'r Tim's afraid he's goin' to leave you, and to-morrow's Children's Day at the Mission an' I had my piece to speak all down so fine, even sick as I be I can say it all."

"And the poor halting voice trailed on, sometimes barely audible.

"Suffer little children—come unto Me—and forbid them not—for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

A holy silence pervaded the bare, cheerless room, and then again the dying voice began:

"Suffer—little—children—to—come—unto—me—I'm—comin',—dear—Jesus—I'm—comin',—and the poor, weak arms were raised toward Heaven.

Then a look of agony came into the great blue eyes, and he almost wailed:

"Oh, but Totty—who'll take care of Totty?"

Unnoticed by the two children, the door had been quietly opened, and the beloved mission teacher stood close by, just in time to answer this dying plea.

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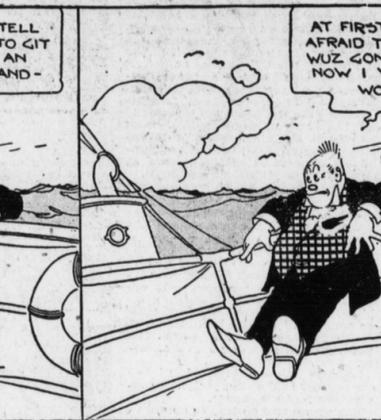
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AMERICAN TROOPS IN FRANCE



Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
 DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
 While visiting in Los Angeles I met a certain prominent actor as the result of a casual accident. He is in town now and has written me asking permission to call.

My family seems to be of divided opinion in regard to this. Your decision will settle the matter.

N. V. R.

Of course your people are not hesitating to let this man call because he is an actor. All the foolish old prejudices against "players" that a puritanical and ignorant world once held have, in the light of greater knowledge, perished utterly. In every walk of life, in every profession, there are people who discredit whatsoever they touch. But the stage is so conspicuous for its generous well doing and for its growing culture that it stands to-day as one of the professions which we as a nation are proud to join our President in honoring.

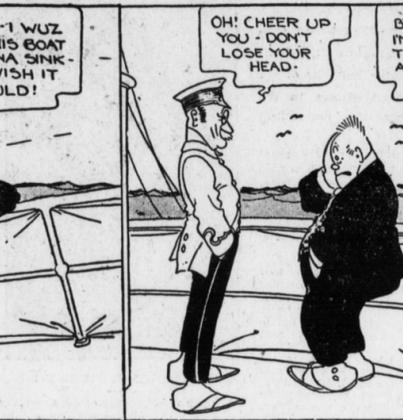
I suppose you know of its wonderful record in war work. Now that is disposed of! There follows a question of how you should treat this man and what kind of an individual he is. I fancy a dignified gentleman with a knowledge of his profession and his writing you a note instead of seizing upon the hasty modern method of telephoning me is so favorable. So I say: Have him as a guest at your home, treat your own people to meet him—and then base your future friendship upon what he reveals of himself in your home.

STOP WORRYING
 I am engaged to and deeply in love with a young man, who, I know, in turn, loves me. Recently, however, he put his votaries on institutional schedules! Analyze what you did and you see at once that the theater as a sort of farewell before starting for France. Some people criticize me for being so "theatrical" and I do not believe he still cares. Did I do anything wrong?

Don't let evil-minded busybodies annoy you for another second. Love is not built upon money, nor yet put its votaries on institutional schedules! Analyze what you did and you see at once that the theater as a sort of farewell before starting for France. Some people criticize me for being so "theatrical" and I do not believe he still cares. Did I do anything wrong?

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YOUR SKIN DISEASE MEANS BAD BLOOD



Is Positive Warning Your Blood Needs Purifying.

When you see a person with clear skin, flushed with the color to perfect health, you will notice that the skin is smooth and free from blemishes. There are no pimples, blotches, humors. It will be true of the face and true of the body. It is a sure indication that rich red blood is coursing through the veins. It means that the blood is full of red corpuscles. It would be able to throw off a minor ailment immediately, and be in much better shape to successfully combat any of the more serious and stubborn diseases, which we are all liable to.

For the same reason that healthy, clear skin is an indication of strong, pure blood, blotchy and pimply skin is an indication of a disordered condition of the blood.

Improper eating and drinking, intemperate habits, or unwise treatment of simple infections, cause the blood to deteriorate, producing effete matter which acts as poisons and the circulation carries these poisons to the various tissues, especially the skin. Then the blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and other skin eruptions of various kinds.

Eczema usually appears with a slight redness of the skin, fol-

GO AFTER THAT SKIN TROUBLE WITH POSLAM



Those Pimples may be easily banished. It may not be necessary longer to endure that Rash. There may be no need for Eczema's awful itching to cause you distress—try Poslam.

Poslam is safe. It is able to better your skin's condition. It is "ready when you are."

Once see its work. You will never think of using anything else to heal your skin. Absolutely harmless always.

Sold everywhere. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 243 West 47th St., New York City.

Urge your skin to become clearer, fairer, healthier by the use of Poslam Soap, the tonic soap for the skin—Advertisement.

Soldier Gets Five Years For Threat to Desert

Anniston, Ala.—For having made "contemptuous and disrespectful remarks" about "The Star-Spangled Banner" as it was being played, and for having declared he would "desert the United States army and join the Germans if he ever reached the battlefields of France," Private Abe Kellen, Company B, One Hundred and Fourth Ammunition Train, Camp McClellan, was sentenced to five years at hard labor by general court-martial.

In addition he forfeits all pay and is dishonorably discharged from the army.

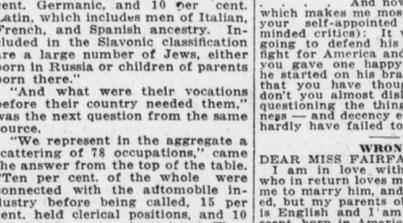
The findings of the general court-martial have been reviewed and approved by General Morton, commanding officer there.

Salad Dressing with Chives

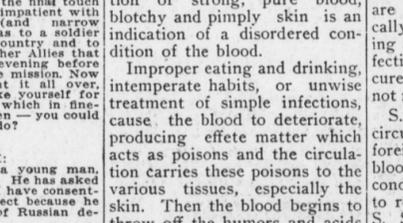
1 tablespoon vinegar
 3 tablespoons Mazola
 1 hard boiled egg
 1/2 cup paprika
 1/2 cup onion
 1 teaspoon minced Chives
 1 teaspoon salt

Mix Mazola, seasonings and vinegar thoroughly with Dover egg, beaten, as for French dressing; then add egg and chives chopped fine—beaten until thoroughly mixed. If chives are not obtainable, the onion salt may be used instead, leaving out the salt.

Daily Dot Puzzle



OVER THE TOP



Snap—Vim—Vigor—Energy—Bravery—and nerves of steel are required to go "over the top" on the fighting front. Good red blood and an active liver are needed to face the enemy. Not only is this true of the soldiers at the front, but our folks must have energy to fight the battle of life, right here at home. It is not on the battlefields alone that this war is being fought. It is waged in the factory, in the workshop, on the farm, and in the home, as truly as in the trenches. The pale-checked woman at home, as well as the workman in the shop, feels that lack of snap and energy which rich-red blood should bring. They both need iron in their blood.

The blood lacks tone—perhaps the red-blood corpuscles are lacking. If one lacks the energy to walk in the open, or to work, if he or she feels enervated, limp, worn out before the day is half done, it's time to take a blood-maker and tonic—a tablet which has just the right combination of iron and herbal extracts to bring "pep," vim, vitality and vigor to you. This latest product, which the best science and skill could evolve, called "Iron-tic," is the result of the experiments of a dozen medical men associated with Dr. Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, in Buffalo, N. Y. If you want to try these "Iron-tic" tablets, send 10 cents to the above address for trial package, but almost every druggist can sell you Dr. Pierce's Ironic Tablets at sixty cents a vial. They make pure rich-blood. Start to-day.

Mazola—the oil from Corn—makes a salad dressing as fine as you ever tasted

SMOOTH, savory and easier to mix than olive oil, Mazola gives a delicious flavor to all salad dressings.

And coming from wholesome Indian Corn it meets the instinctive demand for a salad and cooking oil which is derived from an edible source.

Mazola also makes better fried and sautéed foods—and makes them easier to digest.

Cooks them quickly and thoroughly—keeps them free from greasiness and sogginess.

Wonderful economy in Mazola, too—not one single drop is wasted as it can be used over and over again because it never carries odors or flavors.

For sale in pints, quarts, half gallons and gallons. For greater economy buy the large sizes.

There is a valuable Cook Book for Mazola users. It shows you how to fry, saute, make dressings and sauces more delicious, make light, digestible pastry. Should be in every home. Send for it or ask your grocer. FREE.

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Selling Representative—National Starch Co., 135 South 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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CROUP

Spasmodic croup is usually relieved with one application of

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Patience

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
 For six weeks I have been acquainted with a young man, whom I have learned to love. This man, although he says he cares, does about as other young women and boasts of his good times to me.

Would I be being right by asking him just how he feels toward me, as the suspense of learning the truth is becoming unbearable?

W. G.

It is easy enough for a man to say he cares for a girl, but merely saying that is not true friendship. If you ask him just what his feelings are, my dear, he may tell you merely what is romantic nature suggests. Use your logic instead. If he has very little spare time and spends part of it with other friends, evidently you are not necessary to him. Perhaps he likes to tell you about these good times just to impress you. Don't be jealous or demand any explanations from him. Just regard him for the present as a pleasant acquaintance, and try by good nature and tact and sweetness to make yourself really appealing to him. Demanding won't get you anything, but winning and earning will.

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