Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

(By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow)

You can't pitchfork a boy out of the 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. routine of commerce into the 5 a. m. to 9 p. m. routine of the army, keep him there for months, sending him perhaps into the roaring inferno of what was the west front, and then by pitchforking him back again expect him to slide into the old rut as if he had only been away on a vacation trip to some nearby resort.

After the first few weeks of home coming most of them will begin to show symptoms of temperament in one form or another.

Here, for instance, is a letter from a discharged soldier which, in its moody introspective tone, seems to me to reflect the state of mind of many of his comrades as they struggle with one question or another in adjusting themselves to the old environment.

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow," he writes, "I am twenty-nine years old and a discharged soldier.

"The trouble with me is this. I am restless, dissatisfied, lonely. I need and desire some real interest in life, but don't seem able to find any. I would also like true friends, but appear to have lost the faculty of making them. I feel that I am completely misunderstood; in fact, I don't entirely understand myself.

"Formerly, being endowed with a certain gift for sarcasm, I used to say rather sharp and cutting things about people; but, realizing that this was a fault, I have succeeded in overcoming it in my conversation. Strangely enough, though, in the days when I allowed my tongue to wag at will, I had friends, and my society was eagerly sought, whereas now when I join any company, I am merely tolerated, no more.

"I partly know the reason for this, or at least think I do. It is because, while talking to people, I cannot help analyzing them, and, after a few minutes, they begin to realize this, and grow stiff and resentful.

"The other day I spoke to my sister about the difficulty I was experiencing. 'You have known me all my life,' I said. 'You ought to be able to understand me. Can you tell me why it is I am so restless, and lonesome, and unhappy?'

"'Nobody could understand you,' she answered. 'I may have known you all your life, but I don't feel as if I knew you any better than if we had met only yesterday.'

"In reading your articles, though, Mrs. Woodrow, I have frequently been struck by your expertness in putting two and two together and appraising people from the manner in which they express themselves, so I have been wondering if possibly you might not be able to tell me something, which would serve to set me on the road to at least a normal contentment."

In this country at present I have no doubt there are thousands of his comrades, who, like this young soldier, are experiencing a feeling of loneliness and discontent. It could hardly be otherwise. Even a flower dragged up by the roots and transplanted for a time will not immediately flourish when returned to its original soil. Until the loam packs in around it and its tentacles take hold again, it will droop and wither.

None of these young men can possibly be the same that they were when they entered upon the great adventure; and they all must have something of that feeling of strangeness and uncertainty in reverting to their old interests and associations. This will vary according to the measure of their personal adaptability.

Besides, it is the spring when we all, discharged soldiers or not, feel somewhat that way—a bit irked by the daily task or duty, a bit on edge, a bit suspicious that the times are out of joint and that all is not right with the world, a bit inclined to believe that we are "not like other girls," and that those fine, true, sensitive natures of ours are strangely misunderstood.

So my correspondent, in diagnosing his case, wants to discount both these disturbing factors. As for his bad habit of obviously analyzing people while talking to them that is only another manifestation of the cynical turn of mind to which he used to give expression in sarcastic comment. If he could conquer it in one instance, he certainly ought to be able to in another.

Or, if he must analyze, let him train himself to look only for the good points of his acquaintances, rather than those which are repellant or ridiculous. No one will be offended at seeing his face light up with appreciation and pleasure as he talks to them.

And, as I say, we all have an attack of doldrums now and then, especially in the spring—an idea that life to us is a little shy of interest. The best cure that I know is to pitch in and do something with all your might.

This world is so constituted that there is hardly anything we can do alone. Other people are always brought in at some stage or another. And it is out of the mutual interests, mutual associations and mutual aims of a common task that friendships are formed.

THE NEEDLESS GRIEVANCE

Vicar—On strike again? What's the grievance this time?"

Striker—We don't rightly know yet. We're just waitin' to 'ear from headquarters. — London Saturday Journal.

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

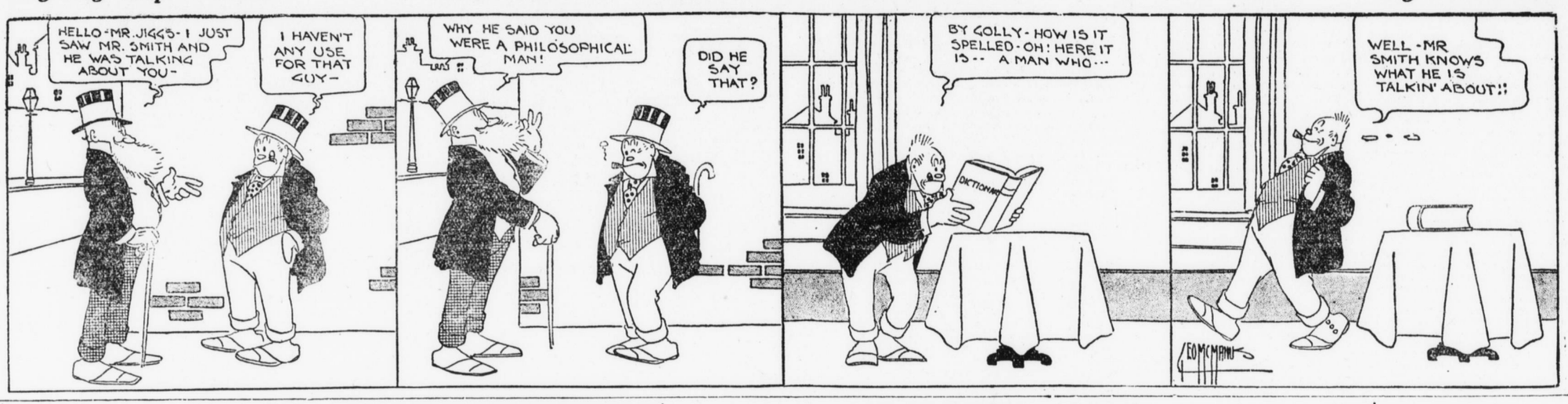
Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates.

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By McManus



THE HEART BREAKER

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER LXXVIII

(Copyright 1919, Star Company)

Weeks passed, and Harold Hilton lingered in Fairlands. Mildred reported that his departure for Canada was to be delayed for a while yet. He was a frequent caller at the Brent home, and Honora kept in Mildred's good graces by absenting herself at these visits. She would come into the drawing room, greet the caller, then plead some work that needed her attention and return to her own or Mrs. Higgins' room.

Once the housekeeper commented on this fact. "Don't you like Mildred's friend, my dear?" she asked.

"Yes—as far as I can judge he is a very nice fellow, although I cannot see that he is so fascinating as Milly thinks. But he is her friend, not mine. So I make myself popular by staying out of the way."

Mrs. Higgins raised her eyebrows doubtfully, but said nothing. She regretted Arthur's absence. She was sure that his friendship was a good thing for Honora.

For Arthur had been in camp for over a month. Honora seldom mentioned him to anyone except his mother, upon whom sh ecalled frequently and whose loneliness she tried to lessen. Had Arthur been at home she would have felt some hesitation in going so often to his house. As it was, she found a vague comfort in being with his mother.

Honora missed Arthur more than she would have thought possible. He wrote to her regularly—brief, friendly letters. For some reason—which she could not explain to herself—she did not mention these epistles to Mrs. Bruce. The parent also heard regularly from her young soldier.

The fact that Harold Hiltch was still lame made it all right for him to ask Mildred to go driving with him every Sunday. Seated in the rear of the big car that was driven by Mr. Hilton's chauffeur, the young people would take long jaunts. Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Hilton went with them; oftener they went alone.

At last came the day when Mildred told her sister that she was engaged to Harold Hilton.

"We do not want any one to know of it until he has written to his people in Canada," she said. "Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton are not a bit surprised."

Mildred in Love at Last

"They could hardly be," Honora rejoined smilingly. "I am very happy for you, little sister."

Then, timidly, she asked the question that she had asked Mildred about two other men.

"Dear, do you love him?"

"Indeed I do!" Mildred declared. "He is so clever and so brave and interesting."

"But do you love him?" Honora repeated.

"Why, of course!" Mildred exclaimed with her silvery laugh. "Do you suppose I would get engaged to him if I didn't?"

To which remark her sister thought it wiser to make no reply.

When he had been absent for two months Arthur Bruce came home on three days' leave. He spent a whole long afternoon with his mother; then, after dinner, came around to see Honora.

When the young couple were alone in the library the man informed the girl that this probably would be his last visit to Fairlands before he sailed overseas.

"It is likely that we will leave for France within a fortnight," he said. "That information is not official, but I think it is correct."

"Then," Honora moistened her lips to reply, "you have come home to bid your mother goodby."

"Yes," he said, "and to try to tell you how dearly I love you, Honora."

He was standing in front of her and held out his arms to her. She went to him and laid her head on his shoulder, and he gathered her to his breast. So sure was she of his love that she knew he felt for her a depth of affection such as he never felt for Mildred.

The next day was Sunday and Mildred, returning from a drive wiht her fiance, rushed to her sister's room to inform her that Harold was going to Canada in ten days and wanted her to go with him.

"It is all very sudden, you see," the girl said. "But his leg is much better and getting well quickly, and he may have to go to France again soon."

An Explanation

Then she hurried on to explain that they were to be married before his departure.

Honora listened as if stunned. She realized as never before how little she counted in Mildred's life.

Suddenly the younger girl seemed conscious of this thought.

"You know, of course, Honora, dear, that I shall miss you," she said. "But when Harold sails I will come back here to stay for awhile. You will be happy, any way, won't you? You are not losing all you love, now really."

Honora smiled. "I am not losing all I love, dear. For I love you—and, Milly, I am engaged to Arthur."

"Good!" Mildred kissed her quickly. "I do hope you will be happy. Do you know," with a giggle, "what that naughty Harold said when he proposed that we get married at once? He said that unless he had me tied fast to him by Church and State he would be afraid to leave me. Wasn't that funny? As if I could ever care for anybody but Harold!"

When Arthur came that night, Honora told him the news. "So you see you are all I really have, dear," she said as he bent to kiss her. "I shall just be living for the time when you'll come back." Then she smiled tremulously. "To keep up my courage I shall have to say often the words of the song:

"When you come back—and you will come back!"

"And, darling," he rejoined, taking her in his arms, "you must add—'The whole world will be waiting for you!' For you are my world!"

THE END.

Advice to the Lovelorn

WISHES TO WARN OLD SWEETHEART

Dear Miss Fairfax:

About a year ago I met a young lady at a dance and became engaged but the engagement was broken. I now hear from reliable sources that she is traveling around with a former business associate of mine, a man without self-respect.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I loved that girl dearly, in fact, still love her, and for her own sake would like to warn her of the present company she is keeping, as it will undoubtedly end in her ruin. Understand, I do not want to be a "knocker," or anything of that sort, but for her own protection should like to warn her. If you will suggest the honorable way, I shall appreciate it very much.

A. G. H.

If you are genuinely concerned about the company your former fiancee is keeping, you might talk to her father, brother, or some man relative. If the young lady is alone in the world, you might have a plain talk with the man you distrust, though, of course, this will take an immense amount of courage.

HAS INTRODUCED HER AS HIS WIFE

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am attending a business college where there are a number of young men, one of whom I have become greatly attached to. While he has never proposed to me, he has introduced me as his wife. Do you think he loves me, and is it proper for me to keep up the friendship? I am greatly in love with him so please give me your advice. SYLVIA.

It is very imprudent, to say the least, to permit any one to introduce you as his wife, and may result in all sorts of embarrassing complications later. As the young man has never told you that he cares about you, it would seem that you have very little to justify you in any hope of eventually marrying him.

ONLY SEVENTEEN

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am seventeen and have become acquainted with a young man five years older. He has taken me out to a party, to the theater, and has been to my home several times, on which occasions he brought his chum for my dearest girl friend. This my mother knows all about and does not object to, which surprised me, as she is very strict.

Recently my friend discovered that I was only seventeen, and he confessed he regarded me as at least nineteen. Since he has found out I am only seventeen he has neither written nor communicated with me. I wish to continue our friendship, as this young man is very refined, and also good company, but I fear if I phoned or wrote him it would seem too forward on my part. A. L.

Surely the crime of being only seventeen is very easily forgiven, and as your mother seems to have no objection to the acquaintance, why not invite him and the two other young people to your house some evening.

A Real Remedy For Falling Hair

Keeps Scalp Clean and Healthy —Prevents Dandruff

When your hair becomes faded, dry, streaked and scraggy, when it falls out badly and new hair cannot grow, the roots should be immediately vitalized and properly nourished. To do this quickly, safely and at little expense, there is nothing so effective as Parisian Sage (liquid form) which you can get at Kennedy's Drug Store and all good drug and toilet counters.

It's guaranteed to abolish dandruff—stop scalp itch and falling hair and promote a new growth or money refunded. It's in great demand by discriminating women because it makes the hair so soft, lustrous, easy to arrange attractively and appear much heavier than it really is.

A massage with Parisian sage is a real delight—easy to use, not sticky or greasy, and delicately perfumed—an antiseptic liquid free from dangerous ingredients and guaranteed not to color the hair or scalp. If you want good-looking hair and plenty of it by all means use Parisian sage—a little attention now insures beautiful hair for years to come.

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER CLXXXVIII.

Hardly had I persuaded Valerie Cosby to kep the blue robe she thought so gorgeous, when a second intruder burst into my apartment. This was a trim French maid, who came in declaring that she couldn't help it—they had 'phoned Monsieur from the office and he was going back to town, that he'd be right up and that the saints were her witnesses she was not to blame. All this in French—voluble, excited.

"You understand French, of course?" asked Valerie, turning to me with a slow smile that crinkled up her eyes at the corners and harrowed them to living, black-lashed slits. Then to the maid:

"It is very good, Helene, that Monsieur returns. Otherwise I might have been very lonely this evening. But surely you did not come down and leave Rammi?"

The last sentence was said so coldly, so accusingly, that the maid turned and dashed out, excusing herself all over again very volubly as before.

"You have a little"—I began.

"A little dog—very little—an Egyptian toy," interrupted Mrs. Cosby quickly. "Mr. Cosby calls him Rameses, and I made his name out of that—Rammi. It just suits. Rammi weighs only a pound, and he's so silky and white — like a tiny French poodle—a fairy one."

She was all eagnerness, as she had been over the robe, but soon she lapsed into her tone of thick, creamy indolence.

"I must go. Poor old Lane is always so cross if I'm not all dressed up when he comes. So I'll have to hurry out of these rags I traveled in, and make myself fine for him. He's such an old dear, isn't he "

"He's a wonderful man. Every one says so,' I agreed.

"Oh, yes. I'd never have married any but a big man—a power. I admire power. I wouldn't be the wife of a man who wasn't at the top—one of the leaders. He'll love you for spoiling me so. I do already!" And Mrs. Cosby added ingenuously, "But I'll expect you to keep it up."

Then she blew a kiss at me with the puffy, white fingers and hurried away without seeming to hurry at all.

It was time for me to pay Mrs. O'Callahan and hurry away in turn. For I also must be "fine" when my husband came home.

But all the way to the hotel and all the while I was dressing I was thinking uneasily of Valerie Cosby and the blue robe. I kept telling myself that I was glad to be rid of the robe at last, that I was glad I had pleased this beautiful, overdressed, over-sophisticated child, that I was sure I had done Jim a very good turn. But somehow that didn't settie my mind.

Now the blue robe was gone I began to regret it. Suddenly it seemed very desirable. To give away a possession so gorgeous when I hadn't any other pretty things, began to look silly. I wondered how I would explain to Tom Mason. After all, I had been very high-handed with property I'd never acknowledge was mine.

In the midst of my nervous cogitations in came Jim. I turned to him suddenly with a mischievous desire to know what he would say and do. And I began by blurting out:

"Jim, I'm rid of that blue robe of Tom Mason's at last."

"Rid of it?" said Jim in a puzzled tone that might have angered me if I'd stopped to let it. "Why did you take it out of Tom's apartment if you didn't want it? All you had to do was leave it there."

"I didn't bring it. I thought, of course, you'd pack it, Jim."

"Nope; I didn't. Probably old lady O'Callahan's the guilty party. What did you do to get 'rid' of it—give it to her?"

"I gave it to Valerie Cosby," I said, enjoying my effect to the utmost. "But I was thinking I wish I'd known."

"To Valerie Cosby? Quit stringing us, Anne, and tell a fellow what you feel like doing to-night that isn't too strenuous after a previous night's sleep that was three hours long."

"Let's have dinner up here," I suggested. "But first I'll tell you about Mrs. Cosby and the robe."

I plunged into my story and Jim listened in amazement and expanded to delight.

"By Jove, Anne, you are a good fellow!" he cried, coming over to seize both my hands in his and swing me around in a little triumphal dance. "If this doesn't get us in right with Lane Cosby, he has the blood of a fish—which he hasn't You might have worn that robe to the party yourself, you know—and now of course, Mrs. C. will deck herself out in it. We'll have to try to get you something just as handsome."

"What shall I wear, Jim?" I asked, delighted at his interest.

"Well, first we'll summon a waiter—and then we'll have a quiet little dinner at home like old times and talk it over. Does that suit you, Princess Anne?"

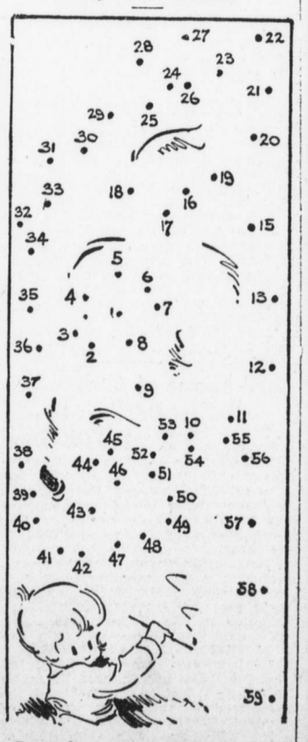
My face tingled at the old title, and when I put my hands up to my forehead, I could feel a little pulse thud-thudding very fast. After all, Jim is still my man, and no matter how he hurts me he can make me happy too.

"By Jove!" cried Jim suddenly. "I have it....Princess Anne—my lilac Princess. That's how you'll go—as the Lilac Lady. And no one at the party'll look sweeter."

Jim's "Lilac Lady." The old name . . . . The dear, dear name, brought me happiness after all.

(To Be Continued.)

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

Sugar Famine in Germany Perplexing to the Housewife

Berlin, May 6.—The sugar famine from which Germany is now suffering is a mystery perplexing German housewives, as sugar, owing to the beetroot industry, has been a common staple even during the war. Because of the sugar shortage, the nation's supply of marmalade seems to be completely exhausted.

Political and industrial disturbances are blamed for the restricted output of beet sugar. The factories have been shut down altogether or are running on short hours.

Large quantities of sugar are said to have disappeared mysteriously or to have been confiscated by local soldiers and workmens councils.

SILVER RESTRICTIONS REMOVED

Washington, May 6.—Restrictions on the export of silver and standardization of the price at $1.01½ per fine ounce were removed by the Federal Reserve Board thus in effect establishing a free market for silver in the United States and throughout the world. War time restrictions were imposed last August 15.

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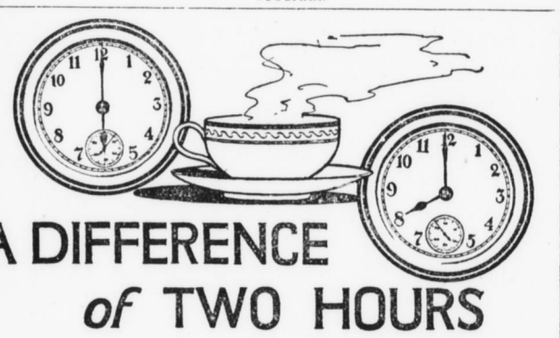


A DIFFERENCE of TWO HOURS

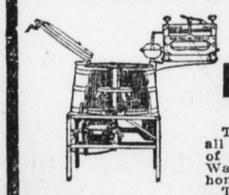
Tetley's Teas make all the difference between 6 o'clock and 8. Tired and out of sorts after the day's work, you determine not to budge from your easy chair all evening.

But after a steaming cup of Tetley's fragrant refreshing tea with your dinner, you'll go to that movie after all! There's a world of cheer in a cup of Tetley's.

Tetley's Teas are gathered from the world's finest tea gardens, and are skilfully blended. The closely sealed packages keep impurities *out* and strength and fragrance *in*.

Try some of Tetley's Orange Pekoe Tea today. You will like the deep color and cheering fragrance. It's *different!*

TETLEY'S TEA



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PRIMA — NUWAY

Think of it! Only $10 first payment. That's all you need to pay down and you get any one of these brand new, very latest model Electric Washers that you may select delivered to your home.

Then you can pay the balance in small easy monthly payments—30 days between each payment.

This Offer is Good Only Until May 11th.

But don't delay—don't wait until the big rush the last day. Get your request in to-day. Simply telephone us Bell 4554.

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