

# FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS AND FEELS

## TO OUR MOTHERS

IT JUST happens that there are on this page two or three appeals to the mother heart that throbs in woman's breast. Therefore, because our readers are either mothers or daughters, this day's offering should hold your interest.

"Babyhood" strikes the chords in every woman's heart and awakens melodies too deep for words. Then, when baby has grown into romping, rollicking childhood, his play and its restriction are given a hearing.

When that child of yours reaches womanhood, she may marry. Now Barbara Lee discusses the subject from the point of view of buying a title, but there can be read something between the lines. The subject has a broader implication than you at first might think. It is the loveless union that kills, and this topic should appeal to both married and single ones in our thinking ranks.

To all women the rainbow of optimism promises much more than the faded gold of its base. The way itself is bright and reflects the happiness of a sunshiny nature.

There's a story here of love and faith. It is here because there isn't a woman who will not enjoy it. And, to round up our page, the business girl is advised by one who knows.

Our light has been concentrated this week on the mother love, with its hopes and fears. Read the page. It will brighten the day for you.



## FOR SALE-A TITLE

I OFTEN wonder just what is the attraction in the coronet of a duchess or of a marquise. Of course, the jeweled crown in itself is very, very pretty; but why the shameful trading of happiness, backed by papa's millions, for a man whose recommendations tend toward hills, a shady past and a very uncertain future?

Ever a year or young, independent, charming woman forget the land of the free and the home of the brave, and leave fond families, who are happy in the knowledge that Marianna is now "My Lady"—as if she were not to the manner born always!—and that the scion of an old, dilapidated family in one of the two-by-four provinces of a European country has condescended to choose her from the score of offerings.

Never mind about the fact that there isn't any bath-room in the castle of the titled husband; don't for one minute think of estates mortgaged up to the top—and then some; put away all thought of a difference in nationality, interests, moral standards. Marianna's won a title, and hurrah for the nobility!

First in this peaceable war of the pen, let me recall to your mind the fact that one titled being in England, I believe, can really trace his ancestry to the eleventh century. What the wars of the roses did not destroy the plagues of the following years pretty nearly wiped out of the peirage. As for William the Conqueror—may he be held responsible for none of the fine specimens of manhood who shake his banner before the eyes of a successful magnate! Poor William! He was bad enough anyhow, without these added insults and injuries.

How often have you heard of a brilliant young thing, with orchids at \$2 each and champagne at 2 cents per bubble, and have seen the pretty, fresh girl, that typified our country at its sweetest and best, leaning on the arm of a titled foreign husband! The creditors of the aforesaid husband are tactful enough to remain in the background. They generally allow a few weeks to pass before they present their bills. At least, they conceal a vulgar haste. You see, the groom-to-be has cornered the market in expedition. With efficient promptness and dispatch, he usually remembers that a little matter of vulgar money must be settled. For shame!

Is it possible that our women are deceived about this? Do you really think that Marianna believes her count to be in love with her? The wife-beating procliv-

ities of a few of our girls' husbands have grown to alarming proportions of late. An irate noble, when an independent woman refuses to pay for bills contracted in dishonor, has refused to club his better half into a submissive check-signing attitude. We are filled with pity for the broken-hearted wife; we are enthusiastic when strong-minded father takes the next liner over to bring back his daughter—who has a title, mark you, and can sit number fourteen from the head of the table at state dinners. We weep at the thought of the ruined life that has had a bitter experience with the despicable but noble husband.

Is a portrait gallery of "my husband's ancestors" worth a longing for home and mother? Can the fact that there's an old, tatty piece of armor in the oak hall counterbalance the knowledge that a dissipated, brutal wreck of a man is sitting at the other end of a table—when he has nothing more exciting to do? Do you think that real love haggles over a marriage portion, even if the estates have gone to smash and a few hundred thousand will put them in good condition, etc., etc.?

I rejoiced the other day at the news of a strong-minded and heavy-footed father's indignation when his "grit" daughter did not meet with the approval of the man with the coat-of-arms. The old-fashioned but effective application of force was possibly a surprise to the titled fortune hunter. Usually the reception is more cordial. I was proud that one son of the soil, who had attained greatness in the land through his own efforts, was able to give back a betrothal ring and to take back his girl. His daughter will love him the more for it.

There are honorable lords and dukes and barons, but they are not buying their wives and hurling the fact of inferior birth at their life companions. We know of a few nobles who are marly, gentle and high principled, and who are capable of loving—yes, even women who have money and a good, plain name. We cannot deny that love stories are sometimes international, and that the divine spark knows no boundary lines. But when a dissolute, dishonorable title is offered to young heiresses, "going to the highest bidder," then, indeed, a dollar mark's a dollar mark! Our Marianna, who leaves her home for the castle in the air has bartered herself to the disgrace of womankind.

We feel righteously amazed that this condition obtains. We shrug our shoulders when the titled plunger sails away with his bride. And then, in the rush of affairs in this busy country, we forget until the next international alliance of European family and western money is sounded through golden trumpets.

It is my fervent wish that dad still takes his daily walk and retains a sufficient muscular co-ordination to stop signing checks, look at the impudent snigger, listen just enough to be gentlemanly and to press the button in order that the titled remnant of a shady family be ushered quickly out of his office.

For sale—a title. Who wants it? Going, going, gone!—to the bow-wow, but with no sweet woman tagged and bound to its end!

BARBARA LEE.



## A TALK WITH STENOGRAPHERS



THE opportunities for women in the business world today are better than ever before. If women are to succeed in their efforts and undertakings in fields hitherto new, it will be necessary for them to give much more attention to fitting themselves for the positions they aim to fill than has heretofore been done.

The young girl of the present time has much to learn before she can be considered a "valuable" first-class asset to up-to-date business men. It requires study along many lines and the application of both tact and common sense to fill successfully even the position of stenographer with a big, busy concern of these days.

Besides the necessary attention to mental training and equipment for a business vocation a young woman should give careful consideration to her appearance and deportment. The quietly and tastefully attired woman is more to be commended. Dignity in manners and dress is invaluable and acts as a safeguard against many temptations surrounding the unprotected young woman in the business world. A slipshod, jaunty air, slangy conversation and an abundance of false hair, cheap jewelry and fancy clothes are to be deplored at all times, but especially in business.

As one who has had many years' experience, who worked up well toward the top of the ladder by close application and integrity of purpose, let me introduce a few of the vexations that beset the beginner who starts out to be a stenographer.

In the matter of dictation alone one hears much adverse criticism, to the effect that "the average stenographer does not know anything." This sweeping assertion is made quite frequently by a particular type of man, and, indeed, to the tried and experienced stenographer, it sometimes seems to contain a deal of truth. In fact, it is often a matter of wonder to her just why these disgruntled and much troubled dictators prefer to employ an incompetent stenographer when they might get one who is efficient and able by being fairly reasonable and paying a living wage.

By this is meant, having some consideration for the person who sits at the typewriter; dictating calmly and working systematically in the morning hours when possible, instead of expecting her to be a "machine" that will work indefinitely without rest or "oilings."

Fortunately the season stenographer has met with many fine and noble men in business, who believe in "a square deal" for the stenographer. Otherwise she might feel like volunteering, with an equal show of truth, that "the average dictator is a selfish, ill-mannered individual who usually has some of the following customs:

He probably has the habit of walking up and down the room while dictating so that the stenographer often loses much of what he says. The request to repeat is treated as a nuisance, and he struggles on, trying to guess at the small words he has swallowed as he strides about the office. Often this inconsiderate dictator will dictate at a pace equal to a cigar between his lips as he talks.

If he has not the walking habit, he loves to sit with his back to the stenographer, smoking, as he whirls around in a swivel chair, or trying to deceive himself by looking at the stenographer's desk. Meanwhile the stenographer is desperately trying to ascertain whether he said "an" or "and," "it" or

"It," "in" or "on," etc., to the end of the dictation. And if asked to read it back instantly, she is in great doubt as to the sense of what she has taken. If she is a seasoned stenographer and has poise, she can supply the sense and make it go. But it is just such experiences as these that are the undoing of the "novice" of whom there is expected so much.

There is another type of dictator, such a trial to both the tried and the untried stenographer, namely, the man who does not know what he wants to say. He launches out well with: "I am in receipt of your favor of the first instant and in reply would say—" then a dead stop. Every idea seems to have left his head. He founders round for words, beginning over and over, changing and repeating, until it is all a hopeless tangle. When he can go no further, in desperation he shouts: "Read that back to me!" and as the stenographer's page shows mostly an indistinguishable mass of scratches, insertions and corrections, it is impossible to get hold of anything with sense enough to read back. Unless she is experienced, it will be "all up with her" for most dictators, whether they be men or women, seem to consider it the easiest thing in the world to read back one's notes instantaneously.

Very few people will admit that they dictated what the stenographer reads back to them. It is, of course, probable that she makes a mistake. She may have misunderstood, even under the best conditions; but it is also probable that the dictator used a wrong word. No one is infallible. A good way for a man who thinks he never makes a mistake in dictation is to dictate into a phonograph.

But, if it be done with complaints, there are in business a great many generous, reasonable men for whom it is a joy and an education to assist in their pay an equivalent in money for services rendered. They do not strive to get a worker for their office, but they do not then complain because "she does not know anything." One does not buy a \$10 suit and expect it to look and wear equal to a \$50 suit. It has been said that we get what we pay for. This is not always true, but in stenography it mostly is. A good stenographer is worthy of her hire. She should not be scolded, but she should be encouraged. It should give some thought to his dictation, his articulation; and if he will talk about the office and do all sorts of things while dictating, he might at least turn his face to the stenographer and talk plainly.

The stenographer who has found a position where the dictator systematizes his work, doing all he can in the morning hours, except when it is necessary; who faces the stenographer when she dictates, though she is not looking at the time if he desires, and who knows what he wants to say, and says it plainly and clearly, about the work that is a delight and a source of satisfaction to herself and to her employer. Life takes on a new aspect and when work is a pleasure to the employee, the employer has found an invaluable asset. RACHEL WEST CLEMENT.

## BABYHOOD

WHAT is the little one thinking about? Very wonderful things, no doubt! Unwritten history! Unfathomable mystery! Yet he laughs and cries and eats and drinks. And chuckles and crows and nods and winks. As if his head were as full of kinks and curious riddles as any spinster's. Warped by colic, and wet by tears. Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears. And his nephew will lose two years. And he'll never know Where the summers go— He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

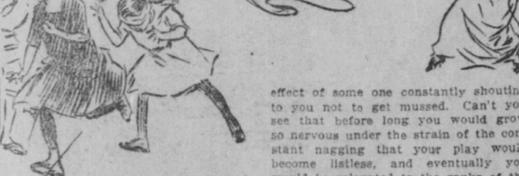
Who can tell what a baby thinks? Who can follow the gossamer links By which the manikin feels his way Out from the shore of the great unknown, Blind, and walling, and alone.

Out from the shore of the unknown sea, Tossing in pitiful agony— Of the unknown sea, that reels and rolls, Specked with the bark of little souls— Barks that were launched on the other side, And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes? What does he think of his mother's hair? What of the cradle-roof that flies Forward and backward through the air? What does he think of his mother's breast— Hair and beautiful, smooth and white, Seeking it ever with fresh delight— Cup of his life and couch of his rest? What does he think when his play world becomes leafless, and eventually you Deep where the heart throbs sink and swell Softly sinking, never cast, tell, Though she murmurs the words Of all the birds— Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep! I can see the shadow creep Over his eyes, in soft eclipse, Over his brow, and over his lips, Out to his little finger tips, Down he goes! Down he goes! See! He is hushed in sweet repose. J. G. Holland.

## RESTRICTING THE CHILD'S PLAY



HAVE you ever noticed that some children are active and holstered, others are quiet and gentle? Have you ever thought why this is? It occurred to you that the rough-and-tumble boys and girls, too, for that matter—are invariably healthier than the children who shrink from vigorous sport and play?

In the suburbs, where the children spend much of their time out of doors, observe, if you will, the youngsters at their play. By their shouts and their activities you can pick out the well-poised, robust children from those that are pale and nervous. Almost always you find that the girls who are referred to as "tomboys" have bright eyes and rosy cheeks, while the "perfect little ladies" are listless and thin-blooded.

Further observation, particularly in reference to the extent to which the children's play is regulated by their elders, will convince you that the mothers and fathers are largely responsible for the sort of children they rear—or, to put it in Rooseveltian terms, whether they are "strenuous" or "mollycoddlers."

A child in normal health has the inclination to romp and race and yell with the most holstered of his companions. From this it might be inferred that all quiet children must be ill. As a matter of fact, if the children's health is unimpaired it will be found that any tendency to withdraw from the lively play of his companions is traceable to a fear of parental displeasure or chastisement.

"Billy, don't run so fast! Billy, do you hear me? It is too warm for running. Do play quietly!"

"Alice, stop climbing over that fence! Come to me. Your sash is crooked."

"John, be careful of that stick. You'll hurt some one with it."

Is it any wonder that children become disgusted when continuously warned by such exhibitions of petty meddling in their play? Such annoying interference to the child's mind, with its quick recognition of justice, is entirely unnecessary. The child is almost sure to resent such intrusions. And the parents, with no sense of fairness, are bound to consider that the child is impudent. And the usual consequence is that the little one is punished for the other children for a day or so!

If parents would only realize that most children are able to take care of themselves in their play, that there is little danger of injury, and that parental interference is entirely unnecessary, there would not be so many irritable and nervous little patients for the doctors to treat.

Fancy yourself as an energetic youth, engrossed in the thinking of his own business. A thrill of the depressing



effect of some one constantly shouting to you not to get mugged. Can't you see that before long you would grow so nervous under the strain of the constant nagging that your play world would become listless, and eventually you would be relegated to the ranks of the "sissies," who view the game from a distance?

Recall your own childhood days. Didn't the pastimes and games fraught with the greatest dangers cause you the wildest happiness? Don't you remember the exultation you felt, though your heart pounded from fear, when you climbed out one foot further on the limb of some friendly tree?

My favorite tree was a young horse-chestnut. I can recollect how glad I was that it stood around the corner from our house and beyond the warning voice that I feared would shout, "Don't fall!" I never told my mother of my exploits for fear she would have forbidden them. But I never fell from it, and I did have some of the happiest times of my girlhood, skinning my legs up that horsechestnut tree.

I have a little girl of my own now. My neighbors are aghast, I fear, at the things I allow her to do. Fence climbing is one of her joys. Jumping up and down on the mattress of her bed is another form of youthful dissipation in which she delights. But, you see, she is only 5. The fence is still standing in the garden, and after three years of what I would call "hard wear," the mattress retains all its former virtues. Childhood is but another name for playtime. In the name of happiness, do not restrict a natural activity of your little one! ANNA DIECK ISRAEL.

## THE SIDETRACK

THE Sidetrack coughed slightly and adjusted his glasses.

"Really, Jane," he said, apologetically, "don't you think that's a bit unusual? I don't feel as if I ought to be—advise you: It oughtn't to be up to me." (The Sidetrack always grew excited and slangy together.)

"You've got to!" retorted Jane, promptly. Her voice was steady and almost gay, but her gray eyes were restless and a turned away from the tickets when he came. That's Armand, you know. Then he said—the need of me was with him now night and day; he had thought of all my life here. But then he thought—sometimes he had seen a light in my eyes that was meant for him. Oh, I don't know what else—it makes a big difference when the man's right with you on the spot."

"Look here, Wilson," Jane turned suddenly, picked up a letter from the table and handed it to him. "This is what David wrote this morning. This is what started it. Then, after I got Armand's message, I—sent for you." Her voice broke a little. "You always were my play brother, Wilson mine!"

"Do you want me to read this?" "Out loud," said Jane, and her voice had a metallic ring.

"Dearest and best of Jane," began the Sidetrack. "The time has come, too. I've found gold, Jane mine, and now for the delights of the higher civilization. Do you know what makes the higher civilization, my friend? It is books and music and art and the rush of the gold-polished city, and all these incarnate in the woman who masters more than any of them. Oh, Jane, dear, I can't talk; I can only get down on my figurative knees, 200 miles away, and beg that I may come home to you! 'On desperate seas long wont to roam'—do you wonder that I grow incoherent? I am going to fill the rest of this letter with the only thing that I care about on earth—except that you should care about it, too. This is it: Darling, I love you, darling, I love you, darling, I—"

"Oh, come now. I can't read any more of this," expostulated the Sidetrack, "it isn't fair to old Dave, and it's hardly very nice for me."

"There isn't any more," said Jane. Her face was turned away now, and how I felt after it, Wilson, I wanted to go right out to Dave—to tell him to come home—to me. I started—look what I wrote him. And Jane smoothed a crumpled mass and read:

"Come home, David, come home and we'll talk things over. My brain's in a whirl, but I—"

"I was starting to say 'I care, too,' and I thought I did; and then Armand came."

"Just what did he say?" asked the Sidetrack. His voice had taken on that calmly authoritative tone that made the judges hate and fear him.

"He told me—he was going to leave New York. He said—well, so far as I remember," and Jane laughed—a laugh just a bit queer on the edges—"he said that he'd never thought I was anything but a good friend of his until he bought his ticket, and then it came over him that he must buy one for me, too—must have me with him. He brought the tickets when he came. That's Armand, you know. Then he said—the need of me was with him now night and day; he had thought of all my life here. But then he thought—sometimes he had seen a light in my eyes that was meant for him. Oh, I don't know what else—it makes a big difference when the man's right with you on the spot."

"The half-supercilious dark eyes, with the sweetness in their depths; the smile that lighted up his face like sunshine on the meadows." The Sidetrack's eyes passed quickly over the one by it—marked in large letters, "Yours always, Wilson."

"Well," said Jane. She sat now leaning forward, her hands clasped tightly on her lap, the gray eyes raised to his.

"David's a dear," said the Sidetrack, slowly. "He's just a boy, but he's the cleanest, cleverest, finest boy I know. And Armand—Armand's going to be a great man some day, with this factory investigation work of his and all that. But—"

He stopped suddenly, his eyes riveted on Jane's hands. The long fingers, the violinist's fingers, were unadorned—except that in the little finger of the left hand was a ring—a ring a little too large for it. "The Sidetrack knew that ruby," he had given it to Jane for her birthday in July—"freedom from love's anxiety, it meant. Well, he would give her that, too!—and his heart bounded at this new courage. He leaned forward and took the hand in his.

"Bibi," he continued, "you, Jane, dear, are not in love with either of them. You don't want to run Broadway with Dave or vegetate in Georgia with Armand. You want—"

He took a long breath and plunged in.

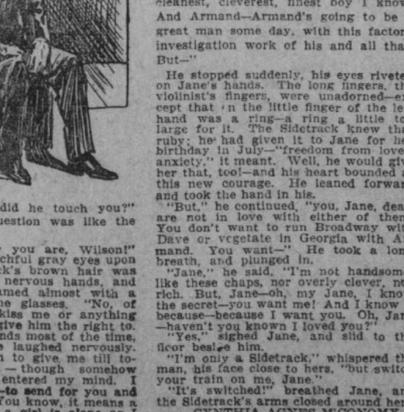
"Jane," he said, "I'm not handsome, like these chaps, nor overly clever, nor rich. But, Jane—oh, my Jane, I know the secret—you want me! And I know it because—because I want you. Oh, Jane—haven't you known I loved you?"

"Yes," sighed Jane, and slid to the floor beside him.

"I'm only a Sidetrack," whispered the man, his face close to hers. "But switch your train on me, Jane."

"It's switched!" breathed Jane, and the Sidetrack's arms closed around her.

CYNTHIA AGNES MCCORMY.



## THE RAINBOW OF OPTIMISM

THE kind of sunshine that counts in this world is the kind that breaks right out while the rain is falling and the clouds lowering and creates a shimmering rainbow color over every outlook. Not the kind of sunshine that beams in the easy, self-satisfied smile of the possessor, which rings truly enough in his voice when he says, "Cheer up, I don't mind the world such a bad place," but which does not do much to scatter the gloom from the darkened life of a more unfortunate comrade, who probably just at that period is finding the world, if not such a bad one, at least a very sad one, and who is not in any mood to profit by another's active life, perfect digestion and generally bright outlook on life.

The man, or woman either, who makes the old world not only bearable, but pleasant, is the one who is most delightful, is the one who absolutely and completely forgets self and all selfish interests in the charitable thought for another's suffering and trouble; who not only refrains from gushing forth often untimely sympathy, but sends right through the blackness of the gathering clouds a bright shaft of sunshine in the practice of the kind of optimism that counts. Such a one is not only welcome, but desired and sought, for her name is not legion.

An illustration of practical optimism was actively carried out in the experience of a friend recently bereaved. Two interested and well-wishing neighbors called upon her during the preparations for the funeral. The first laid upon her neck and wept copiously—this performance repeated at intervals during the day. The second, with one arm around the hand, one steady look of silent but true sympathy, disappeared from view, to emerge in the midst of the work to be done. There were meals to prepare—life had to be sustained; rooms to be set in order; mourning to be made. Did she think of home or self? No; zealously, tirelessly she labored, coloring everything she touched with the golden halo of real, practical sympathy—optimistic sunshine.

John and the children, to be sure, were neglected for the time being, but

their lives were tranquil and untroubled with grief. They could manage for a day or two, and manage they did, knowing full well that the wife and mother was scattering real love in her tireless labor for a neighbor; was spinning wonderful colors across her darkened horizon. She knew the secret of loving, helpful service—the real value of practical optimism—labor love in her own home; she had been unfortunate in having much fitness among her children; her husband on a new expedient able to do much to help; and, burdened beyond endurance, the prospects were very dark.

Several women from a neighboring church called at the house, offered verbal words of sympathy, even made contributions toward the rent; one there was, however, who came in, talked over the situation in a clear, practical, bright manner, inspiring confidence and raising the spirits of the depressed family by her glad optimistic outlook. With no money of her own to assist, she flew to a wealthy friend, laid the situation before her and entreated her to pay the rent. She did not cease her efforts with this, however; for five months she labored in her mission of love. Employment of a light nature was found for two of the children; sewing trade was drummed up for the mother; in short, the family were not only set upon their feet again and in a position to continue to help themselves, but she had given them such a taste of the real joy for practical and generous sympathy that their simple life was forever brightened.

Life is full of golden opportunities for the development of this spirit, and hundreds are availing themselves of them every day; but the army is not large enough yet to win, and the call is out for more. Let us all strive to be of help to our neighbors. The real rainbow of optimism spans humanity's horizon, spreading the glowing colors of love and harmony over the drab everyday existence until it fairly shines; the outlook is different and life seems worth while.

FLORA DEWITT.

## Napoleon's Ancestors

ON THE paternal side he was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Florence. Civil dissension occasioned many of the noble families to emigrate from time to time, among whom was the ancestor of that branch of the Bonaparte family from which Napoleon was descended.

When the island of Corsica became subject to France, Carlo Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, whose profession was the law, was chosen to represent the nobility of the island. He afterwards received the appointment of "procureur de roi," or king's attorney general, at Ajaccio. Napoleon was educated at the Ecole Royale Militaire at Paris, an institution founded by Louis XV for the education of the sons of noble families with small fortunes, or the military service; and his eldest sister was educated at the academy of St. Cyr, which was a foundation for the education of young ladies of noble family.

On the maternal side the descent of Bonaparte is still more distinguished. The family of Ramolino, to which his mother, Madame Bonaparte, belonged, is one of the most ancient in the republic of Genoa, and allied not only to all the principal families of that republic, but to the families of most of the great potentates of Europe.