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Have Faith and Jump.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, the English author, gave an inspiring bit of advice to Americans at a dinner in New York the other night.

"You are at the commencement," he said, "of a period of new and vigorous art. You have material here in America for painters and singers, for drama and story, that would drive us in England crazy. You must, you simply must, paint, and tell of this amazing America in terms of revelation and beauty. Have faith and jump!"

That would make a fine motto for present-day America, in all lines of effort, political and economic as well as artistic: "Have faith and jump!"

The big Americans of the past, of every sort, have done that very thing. Our two authors generally considered the greatest, Emerson and Whitman, were striking examples of this. They launched forth regardless of the path of old-world precedent, seeking to express the soul of America in their own way, as they understood it. Their work towers far above that of others who, lacking this supreme faith, felt obliged to go to Europe for theme or inspiration. It has been so with most of the minor writers who have had any considerable success. It is so with the painters, sculptors and musicians who have won distinction abroad; for Europe does not like slavish imitation—it seeks and praises originality and sincerity.

Our great business men have been even more conspicuous followers of this rule. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Fields, Gould, Morgan, Hill, Harrison and the rest, all have plunged in and tackled the new problems of the new world in a new way and won. So have the great inventors. Edison is simply a big man chuck full of American qualities—and faith in these qualities.

A German League of Nations.

THE Germans, too, have their league of nations plan. In view of present interest in the plan worked out by the allied representatives at Paris, it is interesting to compare the program set forth by Matthias Erzberger, in a book printed last September and now translated into English.

Erzberger, it will be remembered, is the man who headed the delegation sent recently by the new German government to make Foch modify the allies' armistice terms, and who came back to Weimer shivering from the shock he got.

This German plan, as might have been expected, contemplates a league with Germany at the head of it—a scheme smeared all over with the old, arrogant Prussianism.

The league is to consist of Germany, Great Britain, France, America and Russia, and such other nations as they may admit. Italy and Japan are barred arbitrarily. The most Prussian thing about it is the naive proposal that the five powers named shall preside over the sessions of the league for one year each, in the alphabetical order of their names—not in the German language, but in French. Inasmuch as the French name for Germany is "Allemagne" that would of course give Germany control during the first year.

On the whole, it is just as well that Germany was thoroughly licked right after the publication of that ambitious project, but it certainly isn't as bad as it would be if formulated by Zreberger.

PUTTING IN THE PUNCH.

By PEPS.

BY the way, shotshy rhymes with Trotsky.

—

HAVING beaten the swords into plowshares we are soon to beat the gin mills into breakfast food factories.

—

THE first thing the Bolsheviki do is to destroy the newspapers and churches. They then think they are perfectly safe.

—

THE next war will be conducted by use of germs and typewriters. Bugologists and stenographers attention! Guide right! March!

—

WE cannot understand why some loud mouthed persons can even tolerate a soap box.

—

A MAN calls his wife Marine because the marines are the first to fight.

—

AFTER all the conscientious objectors and other disloyalists are suitably rewarded by orders from Washington perhaps something worth while will be done for the fellows who went to war, or started.

—

BOLSHEVIKS are looking for trouble in this country, whereas they can easily find lots of it in Russia without even looking. Why are they not invited to go to Russia?

—

THEY may sign a peace pact with the Huns if they will but the noise of the "drive" will remain with us still.

—

IN other words, the firing line has nothing on the dotted line.

—

OVER in Berlin peace is shell.

WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING.

Before entering the army this rookie was a peaceful lad, but rising at 5:15 went against his principles. On this particular morning, as he fell in line by the light of the full moon, his bunkie heard him mutter:

"It's clear to me now. Why didn't I think of that long ago?"

"What's clear to you now?" asked his puzzled bunkie.

"The reasons why all the great battles begin at daybreak is because when a fellow has to get up at that time of day he feels in the mood for fighting."

—

Uncle Windsor was a good old darky and wise as the proverbial serpent. A favorite he was with the marster, who loved to slip down to Unc Windsor's cabin and talk with him, as he sat before his last, tapping away at his trade of shoemaker. One night the marster dropped in unexpectedly. Windsor was tapping away as usual, but he kept glancing uneasily at a pot hanging on the crane in the big fireplace. The more the pot bubbled and sizzled the more Windsor hammered and the funnier grew the tales he told.

"Somebody's been making off with my suckling pigs at a great rate," grumbled the marster.

Unc Windsor tapped away sympathetically and changed the subject to the weather.

By and by the water all boiled out of the pot and there was a bad smell of scorching meat.

"I'll just put more water in the pot," said the marster, accommodatingly, and before old Windsor could stop him off came the lid.

"Wait, marster, wait," he hollered. "'Fore you look in I jest wants to tell you he mought er turned to pig sense, but dat sho wuz 'possum what went in de pot."

WAR'S TRAGIC AFTERMATH.

A modest soldier, back from war picks up a magazine and sees his wife who had not received her allotments from him, has been earning her living by posing for corset advertisements.

—

A disembarking captain is met by only one messenger with the following note: "Dear George—Sorry, cannot meet you, but am enjoying winter sports in the Adirondacks. Do hurry up. All the men say I am the best winter sport here. Kate."

—

Private Buck, who has always been billeted in haylofts, dugouts or cattle cars, finds he is slated to address the Gothic society of his home town on "Beauties of the Interiors of French Chateaux."

—

A wounded sergeant returns to his pacifist birthplace and, seeing it gayly decorated, supposes it has changed its sentiments and is celebrating his homecoming. But he finds it is welcoming a native conscientious objector, just honorably discharged from Leavenworth prison.

—

A soldier who had been reported killed returns to find his wife married to another man. He takes it very philosophically, having wedded a French girl in a moment of forgetfulness.

—

Corporal Thirst, who has faithfully kept a promise to his sweetheart not to take a drink until his return to the United States, disembarks July 2, 1919.

Rippling Rhymes

LONESOME.

By WALT MASON (Copyright 1919)

I'm lonesome when the winter ends; the winter takes away my friends, by twos and threes and scores; they live through summer, spring and fall, but winter comes, with bier and pall, and stops their earthly chores. Methinks this winter was the worst that ever happened, last and first, it filled so many graves; a hundred friends have gone to sleep in couches narrow, cold, and deep, out where the brown grass waves. A hundred dear old friends are gone; no more they'll gossip on the lawn, or in the Blue Front store; I'm lonesome—for old friends I yearn, I look for them at every turn, but see my friends no more. An old gent cannot make new friends, as down the sunset slope he wends, with halting steps and slow; the more the bells of evening ring, the more his soul's affections cling to friends of long ago. The winter bore my friends away; I lost a comrade every day, and some days two or three; I wonder why death's angel comes, to steal my friends, with muffled drums, and why he sidesteps me?

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT When Son Comes Home

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THE young man who is making his own way in the world and had to leave home and mother to do it came in to tell us all about it the other evening.

"Whew!" said the young man, throwing himself into a chair and spreading his feet at really a very unconventional angle. "Whew! Do let me sprawl. I've been sitting up straight as a dart so long I must sprawl or die.

"Been home on a visit," the young man continued. "I read a tale about the old home and the old mother, and got so homesick I couldn't stand it another minute. So I got a leave of absence, paid for my room two weeks ahead, locked up my bureau and started.

"When I got home there were Mother and Aunt Sallie, and Uncle Robert and Miss Mary, the sweet woman from the next door, who helped to bring me up—all down at the station to meet me.

"We rode up in the carriage, and I never was so glad I'd come anywhere in all my life. Uncle Robert reproved me for giving the porter a quarter for carrying my bag to the carryall. Mother told me how to sit down and Aunt Sallie asked me where I got my gloves and how much they cost before we got home, and—whoopee! I loved it all.

Ghosts of the Past

"It was great for two or three days, and then I happened to meet a fellow I knew at school down at the postoffice. He walked up home with me and we talked over old times and new ones, and I liked him and asked him to stay to dinner. And he didn't stay, and I wondered why.

"When he'd gone, Mother looked at me as if I'd poisoned the cat.

"'Son,' she said, 'what can you see in that common Smith boy? Why, his grandfather never came to this house in his life!'

"'Poor grandpa!' said I. 'He missed it, didn't he, Mother?'

"But mother didn't laugh—she shook her head. And Uncle Robert sighed and Aunt Sallie looked as if she were going to cry.

"That was the beginning. Everybody was somebody on account of some old fellow who'd been dead a half-century, and nobody was anybody for himself.

"You couldn't think for yourself. The 'Eldreds always thought so and so,' and as you were an Eldred you had to think that way or make Mother cry.

"One day after I'd made Mother cry twice and had Aunt Sallie shut up in her bedroom too mad to trust herself to come out for half a day, and I declared I didn't know what in the world was the matter, I sent myself a telegram, and when it was delivered I kissed Aunt Sallie good-by, and told Mother I'd come soon again, and came back to a man's world."

I looked at the young man who is making his own way in the world—and a clever, courageous, honest way it is, too—and laughed, and I thought of his mother and wanted to cry.

Back to Reality

And yet I can't quite blame the young man for wanting to live in the real world where people do real things instead of talking about things other people did or tried to do some weary time ago—the real world, the man's world, the places where a man is himself, where all the real things happen, and happen today, and where Uncle Robert and Cousin Dick and Grandfather Lewis haven't a thing in the world to do with the kind of human being the young man makes of himself.

I wonder if it isn't the very best kind of world for him to choose for the place in which to make his way.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW PHASE OF

REVELATIONS of A WIFE

The News That Dicky's Letter Brought to Madge.

SWEETHEART wife—"

This was the salutation of the long expected letter from Dicky which finally materialized wonderfully in an envelope bulky enough to satisfy the most avid correspondent. And its coming seemed timed for my especial benefit, as it arrived in the late mail one afternoon after I had come home from school.

I had torn it open feverishly, seen the blessed loving words before I thought of Dicky's anxiously waiting old mother upstairs. For a selfish second or two I struggled with the impulse to read my letter before sharing it with her, then decency triumphed, and I sped upstairs to her room. But as I opened the door noiselessly I saw that she was sound asleep, and I tiptoed down to my own room with a clear conscience, locked the door and gave myself up to an orgy of epistolary happiness.

"I hope you didn't have very many days of suspense before you got my cable," the letter began abruptly in Dicky's characteristic fashion. "But judging from the inquiries that were floating around here, somebody somewhere was worried. I seemed to be an object of interest to various and sundry officials in the good old U. S. A., especially to our friends of the secret service. How about it, old girl? Did you have the sleuths on my trail?"

I paused for an instant's grateful appreciation of the "sleuths" to whom Dicky had referred with mocking nonchalance. But for their work I would have had days of suspense indeed.

Madge Is Bewildered.

"Well, it's all over now, and I'm practically unhurt, nothing the matter with me but a wound in my left arm—isn't that the wonderful luck, sweetheart? If it had been my right I wouldn't be singing this tune. Don't get hectic notions now. The left arm will be all right eventually, but it will take quite a spell, and there's a little spring halt in the muscles that would play hob with the illustrating game this year if my right arm had been the unlucky member. And I am sure anxious to get a pencil into my hands once more.

"How about it little wife? Wouldn't you like some real frivolly new evening togs and get out with Friend Husband for an evening 'among 'em?' Well, the first check I get we're going to squander just that way, so don't purse up your pretty mouth for any economical protests—they won't go with yours truly."

I caught my breath with bewildering suffocating joy. Surely these sentences—so like Dicky's conversation that I could almost hear his beloved voice uttering them—could only mean one thing, that he was coming home soon. I hurriedly ran my eye over the rest of the page, but found no further confirmation of my ecstatic guess. Instead, he switched abruptly to the story of his flight and disappearance, for which I had so long waited.

A Changed Harry.

"It's up to me, I suppose, to give you a full account of my little trip into No Man's Land, and its sequel. It's something I don't like to talk about, something I hope I can forget. Poor old Harry! It's a darn shame he had to be the goat. I feel guilty, somehow, about him, and yet I couldn't have done anything different as I see. But I shan't have a good night's sleep the rest of my life until I find out whether he went West and how."

The letter dropped from my hands, suddenly grown nerveless, into my lap. "Poor old Harry!" "Had to be the goat!" "Whether he went West!" The slangy expressive phrases beat upon my brain. I felt that some strange upsetting revelation concerning the man I had so dreaded awaited me in the yet unread pages of my husband's letter, and for a moment I lacked courage to read.

"There's one thing sure," the letter ran on, when I finally took it up again, "whatever freak old Harry took when I was flying at Mineola, he certainly made up for it a thousand times over this trip. He's been changed queerly since he came over here anyway—for the first time I've thought of him as getting old—and he seemed to have lost a lot of his old pep. But in lots of ways, the best ones, he was the same old lad I'd palled with so long back home, and we sure had some good times together in the intervals of the more serious business over here.

"There seemed to be just one thought in his mind, to get into the most dangerous spot he could find at every opportunity. If I didn't know him to be anything in the world but morbid, I would have thought he was trying to strike a short cut to the Never Never Land. But I fancy it was just his natural born recklessness and restlessness. At any rate, ambulance work—and the Lord knows that's dangerous enough—was too tame for him, and he spent all his spare time and pulled all the wires he could to learn the mechanical end of the air game.

"Of course it was simply nuts to him—Harry always could take the most complicated machine on earth to pieces and put it together again, and so it was easy to give him a chance to go up with me, especially as the lad who usually accompanied me got knocked out with the flu the day before that last flight of mine."

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

We are two girls of 16. We are always together, and both have many girl friends, but we want some good, true boy friends. We don't want any lovers, you understand, just friends.

We go to parties, socials and C. E. meetings, but we always come home by ourselves. None of the boys ever ask to take us home as they do the other girls. It hurts our feelings and makes us think that we are not wanted. We are not very bashful.

Now, dear Annie Laurie, please tell us what to do to win some boy friends. UNHAPPY GIRLS.

UNHAPPY GIRLS: You are young to be worrying about escorts. Why not wait until you're a little older, and at present content yourselves with the company of girls. You will really find them more satisfactory friends at your age, my dears.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

INFORMATION

What are known as Chinese almond cakes are made from the flour of the edible kernel of a variety of peach.

—

In some parts of Siberia milk is frozen and sold in brick form, and soup frozen into balls is sold to travelers to take on sledge journeys.

—

Mrs. Amy Otto of San Francisco, having obtained a second divorce, will now receive $60 a month alimony—$30 from her first husband and $30 from her second.

—

An inventor has equipped a parachute with hand-operated propellers on the theory that a user can guide his descent thereby.

—

Instead of an inner tube, a new punctureless automobile tire has a removable rubber core that is solid except for cup shaped air spaces at each side to afford resiliency.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How to Walk Correctly and Avoid Flat Feet

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

DR. HIRSHBERG

A SORE FOOT, fallen arches, corns, bunions, callous, hammer toe, ingrowing nails and weak feet are sources of much worldly mischief.

A man with an ache, be it ever so small, is a man deprived of his efficiency, happiness, full earning capacity, hopefulness and cheer. The anguish, trivial or extensive, will irritate his poise, his intellectual equilibrium, his equable judgment and good temper.

Until a pain is removed he will not be near his best, physically or consciously. Plainly, any one who submits stoically or otherwise to badly fitting shoes or to painful conditions of the extremities need not expect to be more than an average merchant, clerk, doctor, lawyer, salesman or what not.

To be a first-class, eminent or distinguished individual in your occupation or profession, to rise above your class and to elevate yourself high above the average, even the pettiest pain or trouble should be relieved in the quickest possible moment.

Points to Remember.

Injuries of the feet and lower extremities tolerated far too long a time, by some persons, are the direct sources of many evils.

A mild degree of flat foot is often not recognized by the victim, therefore a print of the feet ought to be made at least twice a year to determine if there are fallen arches.

Muscular agility, hikes with the weight of the skeleton thrown forward on the ball of the feet, dancing on the toes, tiptoe walks, running and jumping will all help to tighten the tendons and tune up the arch muscles.

Man has a most elastic pedal machine. Unhappily the 26 bones with their innumerable cables and chains too often are maltreated by being incarcerated in tight compartments worse than prison cells.

Use Front of Foot.

The foot is really like an iron tripod, except that the heel is a thicker element than the big toe and the little toe, the other two "legs of the tripod.

The weight of the erect figure should be balanced more or less equally on these three points. Two-thirds of each "Falstaff lording the earth as he walks along" should fall forward upon the little toe, the big toe and the ball of the toes between. The truth is, however, that many individuals carelessly or because they are fat or stand or walk too long, allow their weight to fall upon the heel.

The heel is bigger and heavier in more directions than the rest of the anatomy of the foot. Consequently, in faulty habits of standing or walking you are apt to fall into the error of putting the heel down too often or keeping it down too long or permitting your avoirdupois to rest not wisely but too well upon it.

The evident purpose of the upright attitude is then defeated. You must remedy this to prevent or to cure flat foot, fallen arches and tired feet. The front of the foot at the toes is the place to throw your weight, and it cannot be practised or repeated too often.

Answers to Health Questions

S. L. Q—Kindly advise me what to do for scars left from pimples.

2—Kindly advise me what to do to make eyebrows heavier.

A—Time is a great healer of these. Sunlight, bathing and massage with the use of harmless face powders may help to hide them.

2—Cocoa butter, electricity, a little of ½ dram tincture of capsicum vaseline to an ounce of white vaseline or ammonia liniment massaged into the eyebrows may help the growth.

• • •

F. E. A—If you will explain your case more fully I will be glad to answer your question.

• • •

I. M. W. Q—Kindly advise me what to do for an atrophied bust.

A—Massage is usually harmless if done with something mildly antiseptic, but a doctor's advice is first needed.

W. O. Q—Kindly advise me what to do for varicose veins.

A—Varicose veins come from a great many different causes, and it would depend largely upon the cause whether they would come back. Generally an operation gets rid of them.

• • •

MISS A. B. Q—What is likely to be the effect upon a nervous person taking salt?

A—Too much salt may injure the kidneys. This means you need to eat fruits, vegetables, cereals and drink plenty of water.

• • •

I. R. Q—Kindly advise me what to do for chapped hands.

A—Apply a little rosewater and glycerine to your hands.

• • •

E. V. C. Q—Kindly advise me what to do for gray hair.

A—Massage your hair with firm fingers, and then apply a little of the following:

Terebene	1 dram
Sulphur	1 dram
Borax	1 dram
Aniseed oil or mineral oil	8 ounces

• • •

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

Simple Ways to Keep Your Blonde Hair Light

By LUCREZIA BORI

The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

LUCREZIA BORI

BLONDE hair is very lovely, reflecting as it does the glints of gold in sunshine and the gleam of artificial light. Blonde girls and women should value the possession of light hair, which if well-kept and becomingly dressed, is always a mark of great beauty.

Blonde hair is sometimes difficult to keep light. Sunshine is a great natural bleach for blonde hair, at the same time being very beneficial to the scalp.

If your hair is inclined to darken you should sun it as often as you can conveniently do so.

Sage, tar soap and oily tonics tend to darken light hair. The application of an egg shampoo if the yolk is used will also tend to have the effect of darkening blonde hair.

A teaspoonful of salts of tartar and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice added to the last rinsing water for light hair will help it keep its color and brightness.

A piece of washing soda, the size of your thumb nail, mixed into a jelly of white castile soap and used twice a month as a shampoo will be found beneficial in keeping your hair light and fluffy.

A shampoo for blondes that is said to be harmless and which will brighten the color of light hair is made of equal parts of honey and rhubarb stalks steeped in three parts of white wine.

Massage This In.

Let these ingredients stand for 24 hours after slowly steeping. Then strain it and use the liquid as a lotion, wetting your entire hair. Massage this liquid gently into your hair, wipe it off with a soft towel and allow it to dry on your hair.

An inclination to be oily is a great detriment to the beauty of blonde hair. Oil robs the strands of their lustre and makes them look dull and dark. By all means keep your hair from appearing oily. Its fluffy lightness is the chief charm of blonde hair.

The following is an excellent shampoo for blonde hair. It is said to make it light and fluffy:

Bay rum	1 quart
Alcohol	¼ pint
Water	¼ pint
Tincture of cantharides	½ ounce
Carbonate of ammonia	¼ ounce
Carbonate of potash	¼ ounce

Way to Compound.

Dissolve the carbonates in water, mix the other ingredients, and add all together, agitating thoroughly. Use this lotion from a flask or dropper as you can sprinkle it thoroughly over your scalp. Part your hair with the fingers of one hand while you sprinkle with the other. In this way you will be sure to wet your scalp as well as your hair. Massage your scalp thoroughly and let the liquid dry in your hair.

Another good way of applying a hair tonic is to pour a small quantity into a saucer. Part your hair in spaces of two inches and apply the tonic to your scalp with small bits of absorbent cotton, using only a few pieces of cotton for each application. In this way you will not waste your tonic.

Blonde hair that has a tendency to become gray prematurely may be benefited by the following solution of iron:

Citrate of iron	2 drams
Nux vomica	2 drams
Cocoanut oil	1½ ounces
Bay rum	2 ounces

This tonic should be applied about once a week.