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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1920.

From The Argus of March 24, 1920—

"The Argus henceforth will be conducted as an independent newspaper, unbiased by partisan ties, free and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare."

Three years ago today your country was at war. Today there is peace over the land. That is something to be thankful for.

Turkey sold at 6 cents a pound in Rock Island 25 years ago. But the 6 cents was about as hard to get as is the 60 cents this year.

That bunch of youngsters that robbed the Burlington mail train at Council Bluffs a few weeks ago made the James Boys look like Sunday school picnic ping pong players.

Fitzmorris, the new Chicago chief of police, is making a splendid start in his drive against crime, but before we permamently plume him it would be wisdom to wait and see what sort of finisher he is.

Applause and Hisses.

Have you a right to applaud at the theatre or lecture?

Assuredly.

Why have you?

Because the actor or speaker likes it. It helps the performance.

Because the management likes it. It helps business.

Have you a right to hiss the actor or speaker?

Theoretically, yes, but do you?

The right to express approval carries with it the right to express disapproval.

Why don't you?

Is it because you have sympathy and forbearance?

Is it because of your innate courtesy and politeness?

Maybe you think so. But just as soon as you are out of the theatre and some one asks your opinion of the "show," you say "rotten."

Not much courtesy in that? Not much courage either. Why not tell the actor to his face what you think? Why not hiss?

Well, the management doesn't like it. It hurts business. Therefore you would be ejected, or arrested for causing a disturbance.

You argue that you caused no disturbance, that the actor caused the disturbance. The show was so bad it disturbed you, causing you to hiss.

Sounds good, but perhaps you're wrong.

When you applaud, you express approval and the atmosphere remains peaceful.

When you hiss, you express violent disapproval and the violent disapproval is apt to express itself in violence.

If your hissing starts the whole audience to hissing, the mob psychology is such that the actors may be attacked and the theatre wrecked.

That's why hissing is discouraged. It is more than discourteous. It is dangerous. It is like saying "Sic 'em!" to a dog. Sounds like it, too.

That's why you applaud, but you don't hiss.

On Being a Gentleman.

What is a gentleman? asks a newspaper of its women readers.

The women agree that a gentleman must be kind, considerate, honorable, truthful, respectable, intelligent and possess all other standard virtues.

The true nature of a gentleman has been under discussion for some 2,400 years. In the fifth century B. C., the Chinese philosopher Confucius was asked by his disciple, Tzu-kung: "What is gentleman?"

And Confucius replied: "A gentleman puts words into deeds and suits what he says to the deed. He is broad and fair. The vulgar are biased and petty."

Also, said Confucius, a gentleman is a good sport, or, in the words of the philosopher: "A gentleman has no rivalries—except, perhaps in archery; and then, throughout the struggle, he is still the gentleman."

Furthermore, we are told by Confucius, a gentleman "has no likes and no dislikes below heaven. He follows right. Gentlemen trust in justice; the vulgar trust in favor."

Upon being questioned further by the persistent Tzu-kung, Confucius replied: "A gentleman considers what is right: the vulgar consider what will pay. A gentleman wishes to be slow to speak and quick to act. He helps the needy; he does not swell riches."

However, the Puritan fathers had an altogether different conception of a gentleman. Confucius held a gentleman to be one who trusts in justice and not in favor, but the Puritans granted "gentlemen" special privileges under the law.

Thus, a code of statutes enacted in Massachusetts in 1641, provided as follows:

"No man shall be beaten with above 40 stripes, nor shall any true gentleman, nor any man equal to a gentleman, be punished with whipping unless his crime be very shameful."

It appears, therefore, that being a gentleman in Massachusetts was a condition of life, rather than of character. The Chinese definition is the better. And, by the way, how many gentlemen would still be considered such, if the Confucian specifications were strictly applied?

Morals and the Stage.

The Chicago Church Federation has protested against the appearance with the Chicago Opera company of a Russian singer because of his admitted immoral private life. The action of the federation has raised widespread public discussion, and some of the nation's serious thinkers have expressed themselves.

The vocalist around whom the present storm has been raised has boasted in the public prints of his conquests, and his brazen admissions have been avidly devoured by our best people. He has been living for several years with a woman not his wife and makes no concealment of the fact, assuming the position that an artist is not supposed to be moral.

The 10 commandments were not written for the guidance of any particular class of humans. It was never intended that the stage artist should be exempted from their observance.

Of course the singer against whom the federation has aimed its campaign is in the wrong, but he isn't the first stage person who has won fame and dollars in the United States by his loose mode of living and the flaunting of his immoral notions through the public prints. Those of the present generation can recall the names of several men and women of the stage who have reaped rich harvests not because of their talents, but because of notoriety they gained through escapades that should have caused decent people to turn away from them instead of towards them.

The stage will always be what the people demand it to be. So will singers and actors. Only when folks who patronize the theatre demand the same certificate of respectability from the stage performers as they do from their neighbors will they have it.

THANKSGIVING.

Now, the folks that I'm addressing
Are the ones who always say
That they haven't got one blessing
To be thankful for today;
Who're continually howling
That the world has gone to pot
And are whining, wailing, growling
'Bout the things they haven't got.

Are you troubled with neurosis?
Have you water on the knee,
Or arterio-sclerosis
Or the deadly old TB?
Have you got the "yeller janders"
Or malaria and chills?
Have you fistula or glanders—
Or a thousand other ills?

Were you recently arrested
For some theft, or other crime,
And has justice just requested
That you do a little time?
Have you any of the hateful
Things I've mentioned in my list?
No? Well, gosh! why not be grateful
And give thanks for what you've missed!

DO you know what a kiss really is? Let Prof. Edouard Malespine of Paree tell you: "It is the union of two lips with simultaneously a myriad of sentiments and sensations—love, desire, fear, respect, pursuit, abandonment." You might try analyzing your next kiss to locate the dominant sentiment or sensation therein.

A KISS, says the professor, can be very disagreeable if it is cold. The lips should be warm to get the full value of the sensation. Possibly that explains why we never cared to kiss a poodle dog.

One Should Be Careful to Put 'Em Out Before Falling Asleep.

(From the Reynolds Press).

Miss Elizabeth Strachan of Matherville, a helper in the home of Will Curtis of Bowling, is confined to her bed with a severely burned arm and shoulder. She was awakened by smoke and flames in her room at 1:30 on Saturday morning. Her screams brought a quick response from Mrs. Curtis and husband, who threw the burning bed clothing out of a window and so saved the house from destruction. The cause of the near tragedy is not known.

WHEELING, W. VA., society buds are wearing "spiral puttee" hosiery made up in cloth of many colors. Now each girl will have two more good excuses for keeping him waiting. (And of course he will have two good excuses for waiting).

LOST—Saturday noon at Main and Adams street, one pink and one tan lady's waist.—Peoria Star.

Who was wearing it at the time—the pink or the tan lady?

SH! DON'T GIVE US AWAY LIKE THAT.

Sir: Shouldn't there be a comma after "Coffees" and aren't the words "at daily" superfluous? Hoping you are the same.

—PETER.

**"Finest Green Coffees Roasted
Customers Each Day at
Daily Makes More Satisfied
Our Stores."**

PETER also must be reprimanded for failing to credit the journal printing his "roasted customers" wheeze.

TAKE WARNING—The party who knocks on people's doors and not making themselves known had better stop and save themselves funeral expense.—Monmouth Atlas.

"Somebody is gettin' dam' tired of somethin'"—what?

"THE evening," says the Dubuque Times-Journal, "was spent in dancing and relating reminiscences of Dubuque in former days."

Why not reminisce a bit about the future?

AND what are we thankful for? Why, the same thing you are.

We've reached the end of the colyum.

R. E. M'G.

HEALTH TALKS
BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.
NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Heaters and Ventilation.

A reader asks whether it would be unhealthful to use gas stoves in various rooms for heating purposes (owing to the coal situation) and keep a window down an inch in each such room in lieu of pipe connection with the flue or chimney of the house.

It would be very unhealthful to depend on any such uncertain means of ventilation. The window would not be kept open if the weather became very cold.

Any known fuel burning in a room to produce heat must produce carbon dioxide gas. That gas is the same as the burnt air given off from the lungs of man and animals. Within all ordinary limits carbon dioxide gas in the atmosphere of the diving room or sleeping room is of no consequence; even what we call involuntary ventilation, the seepage of air through the various cracks and crevices about doors and windows, serves to keep the proportion of oxygen and carbon dioxide gas about right, provided only the respiration of persons in the room is using up the oxygen and producing carbon dioxide. But when you use a stove burning coal, wood, kerosene, gas or gasoline, ventilation must be freely provided lest harmful effects ensue. An oil lamp burning in a room uses up as much oxygen and produces as much carbon dioxide as six or eight persons would. A heating stove is equivalent to a large crowd of people in the room. Whether any smoke or any odor is produced or not, it is of the utmost hygienic importance that every such heater should have direct pipe connections with the flue or chimney to carry off the carbon dioxide. Carbon dioxide is not poisonous. But it may accumulate in sufficient proportion to crowd out the oxygen. That is how it produces its deleterious effects. Carbon dioxide is odorless. Therefore, it is no criterion of hygienic perfection if the heater without flue connection happens to give off no appreciable odor.

It is difficult to determine whether the impairment of health suffered by so many housewives and others confined through the winter in rooms heated with stoves without stovepipes is due entirely to insufficient oxygen (too much carbon dioxide in the air) or whether it may be in part caused by the escape of carbon MON-oxide into the room. This latter gas is a powerful poison, accountable for many sudden deaths, as about closed garages, the Monoxide gas being given off in the automobile exhaust. Minute quantities of it in an atmosphere may produce strange and bizarre effects, and probably do explain much of the anemia and "tired feeling" and "run down condition" and imaginary "liver trouble" which so many women develop after a few months of confinement in rooms without proper ventilation. Carbon MONoxide may be given off from any fire, from any kind of fuel, if the drafts do not admit sufficient air.

Sallow skin, headaches, backaches, impaired appetite, impaired digestion, melancholy and anemia are familiar effects of mild, frequent or prolonged carbon Monoxide poisoning.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The Childless Marriage.

Can you tell why so many women married for years remain childless?

F. M. T.

Answer—Various defects of development and of physical education, various disease conditions of the wife. In at least half of all such cases the sterility is the husband's.

Sugar on the Cereal.

Some physicians allow only one teaspoonful of sugar on the oatmeal taken at breakfast by a child. Others allow all the child desires—which, in our household, is about four heaping teaspoonfuls. Please give me your advice about this.

G. G.

Answer—I'd allow the average healthy child all the sugar he likes on his oatmeal. In the case of the child with digestive difficulty, anemia, finical appetite, an excess of sugars and starches in the diet is often an important factor, and in that case the amount of sugar allowed should be restricted, in order to preserve or encourage an appetite for other kinds of food. Children over five years of age should be encouraged to satisfy the natural craving for sugar with a liberal amount of fruits.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters).

Q. What are some of the highest priced sugars? H. W.

A. There are several rare sugars used in the detection of diseases for which high prices are asked. Dulcitol for instance, is worth about $375 a pound. Mannose, mannite, oxylose, inulin, aribinose, levulose and raffinose are all bacteriological sugars whose prices range in dollars rather than cents, and which are sold by the ounce more often than by the pound.

Q. What is the distance between the home plate and the pitcher's box and has this distance been lengthened since the game was first played? C. Z.

A. The distance is now 60 feet 6 inches from the pitcher's box to the plate. At first the "thrower," as he was then called, stood 35 feet from the plate.

Q. How many cases did the national war labor board handle and how many decisions did it render? A. M. P.

A. The report of the secretary states that the board received and passed upon 1,245 controversies; a total of 520 findings were made; 391 complaints were dismissed; 315 referred to other boards, or adjustment agencies; and a few remained on the docket.

Q. Are the skins of the ordinary mole valuable for their furs? G. I. T.

A. The biological survey says that the fur of the mole found in the northwestern part of this country is superior to that of the Scotch mole which is generally used for fur garments. These rodents destroy crops and should be killed, while their pelts have recently brought from 60 to 70 cents apiece.

Q. How much corn was harvested in the United States during the year 1919? I. M. C.

A. Almost three million bushels of corn were harvested in this country in 1919.

Q. What is the cost to keep the League of Nations functioning? M. E. K.

A. The budget approved by the council of the League of Nations for the next year calls for the sum of $400,000 monthly.

Q. How much did it cost the United States a day for the war? H. H.

A. It cost this country about $24,000,000 a day for the time it was engaged in the world war.

Q. Why do some leaves turn yellow and some red in the fall? J. D. S.

A. The colors of the leaves in the fall depend upon the chemical contents of the tree. When the leaves begin to turn this is a sign that they are returning to the body of the tree any food matter contained in them. All that remains in the cell cavities of the leaf is a watery substance in which a few oil globules and crystals and a small number of yellow, strongly refractive bodies can be seen. This gives the yellow color. In some trees there is more sugar in the leaf than readily goes back into the trunk of the tree. This gives the red color.

Frederic Haskin's Letter
(Special Correspondence of The Argus).

The Artist in the Movies.

Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 24.—A brand-new planet has recently appeared among movie constellations in the form of the Artist. He represents the latest attempt of movie magnates to raise the production of moving pictures from an industry to an art.

From now on we can look gratefully forward to pictorial effects on the screen as well as human interest ones, for the Artist is going to have his say, as well as the director, the star and the author. Already the coast studios are becoming fairly well populated with artists of repute, including Paul Chalfin, the decorator, Penryn Stanlaws, the illustrator, and Joseph Urban, the scenic designer.

Although it seldom gets credit for it, the moving picture industry is acutely aware of its own short comings. It knows that it is primarily a commercial activity, in which popular appeal is more important than quality, but it sincerely endeavors to be as artistic as possible. It has traveled a long way since the days of two and three-reelers, but it is not satisfied to stop. It is ready with its public to take the next step, which is more artistic lighting and setting.

In the early days of the industry it was the company alone that mattered. People went to see a "Biograph" or a "Universal" without paying any special attention to the stars. But as the old guard companies disbanded, the stars became the chief attraction. Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Maurice Costello and W. S. Hart were followed to whatever theatres booked them. Then the public and the producers simultaneously discovered that the featuring of their favorite star did not necessarily mean a well-told story, and then confidence shifted to the director. But even a renowned director did not seem to insure a good story, so the vogue changed to popular writers. The day of the author has been long, but the movies are now restlessly seeking—perhaps once more with their public—something better. The notion seems to be gaining that perhaps more effective pictures could be made if the depicting of human emotions from the pictorial angle were given more expert supervision.

In other words, the industry is on the point of timidly deciding that it is ready for the revolutionary ideas and methods that Gordon Craig and Adolph Appia have introduced in the theatre. It will be cautious, of course, but there is a strong movement for placing the entire process of picture production under the control of the artist.

According to Wilfred Buckland, who is in charge of the setting at the Famous Player studios at Hollywood, this is merely the next logical step. In his opinion, the realistic background cannot last much longer. "The building of read interiors," he says, "has already been carried as far as possible. Now for emotions and moods. The tendency is to get away from the strictly photographic end of it, and to deal in atmosphere rather than actualities.

"In painting a picture an artist does not paint a real house, reproducing every minute detail. That sort of thing belongs to the old and now despised photographic school of art. He paints in something to give tone to the figure. The great secret of art, as Whisler said, is knowing what to leave out. Every once in awhile you get a shock by discovering a picture in which the director has shown signs of an artistic conscience. But the majority of moving pictures are still far behind commercial photography, which is becoming less and less photographic, while most of the advertisements in the back pages of our magazines are more artistic than the average movie."

This is a particularly interesting admission on the part of Mr. Buckland, because he was perhaps the first to introduce the Belasco school of realism on the screen. He was Mr. Belasco's assistant for several years during which time he developed stage realism to its full height. In producing "The Easiest Way" for the theatre, several years ago, for instance, Mr. Buckland rented the room a chorus girl had had on Forty-seventh street in New York, took a scenic artist over, and made a sketch of everything in it. It was reproduced in exact detail in that play.

"Yes," said he ruminatively, as he sat in his queer little office up under the roof of the studio buildings. "Gordon Craig and I were school boys together. We grew up and started out in our profession about the same time, but Gordon has followed the progressive road, while I have stuck to the old one."

How Sets Are Made.

But this is merely an example of Mr. Buckland's whimsical modesty, for on his own road his achievements have been noteworthy, also, and it is quite evident that once authorized it would not take him long to leap from realism to moods and emotions, too. As it is, he is contributing some very artistic sets and lighting to the Famous Players pictures.

When a story is to be photographed it is handed to him for the arrangement of its background. He reads it to get an idea of what the people arel ike and what their surroundings should be. In this he is assisted by a research staff—one of the most valuable assets of moving picture studios these days—which has a large library of its own. If the story takes place in South Africa the researches are depended upon to get the correct details, including what the people use, the little, personal things they carry, and their peculiar customs. This is done in the case of every foreign background, and Mr. Buckland has suggested that it might even be extended for a few American settings which are often foreign, apparently, to directors.

With this report in hand, sketches are made of the required sets and turned over to a force of architectural draftsmen in the next room. Every house must be laid out exactly as in an architectural office. When the plans are completed they go to the studio workshop—a huge one employing dozens of workmen—just as the plans of a house go to a contractor. The plans are frequently restudied and corrected so that the director will know how they look before they are built. Consequently, when they are completed no changes have to be made—a very important precaution in an industry which loses tremendous sums of money if its stars and directors are held up in their work.

When the house is built, Mr. Buckland descends from his roof and goes over the scene; directs the painting and interior decorations, sometimes in consultation with the director, and proceeds to have it furnished like a real house. In a surprisingly short time after he gets a story you can walk into the room where the heroine is supposed to live—stairs, hallways, French doors, window draperies and everything. If the house is the interior of some exterior already photographed, great care must be taken to get the dimensions exactly right. Sometimes, if you are like us, you see some very queer discrepancies on the screen, such as colonial facades with interior round rooms, but we are sure that they do not come from this studio.

When all is set, the director and the stars come along. The characters are grouped and photographed just as if they were real people in a real house. Under the circumstances, however, the director of the sets never knows what the director of the stars is going to do. A backbround may be studied and erected with the greatest care only to be disregarded entirely or changed about, usually for the worse, in accordance with the director's point of view.

Here at this studio you can walk through whole streets hurriedly erected on its broad acres for one lone picture. There are English churches, Italian villas, Fifth avenue palaces and peasant cottages, some of them quite complete and others in the process of construction. In one part of the studio is a large tank, which takes on a different setting every other day or so. Sometimes it is a jungle swamp, surrounded by thick tropical underbrush containing real monkeys and parrots, and again it is a cool, placid lake in a millionaire's garden, or along the terrace of a fashionable summer hotel.

Everything is reproduced in precise detail. Not long ago, the scene called for was a waterfront in Hongkong. The research staff was put to work uncovering details about Hongkong and photographs of its streets, and in a few days the set department had an exact duplicate of the waterfront along the very versatile tank. At the last moment, however, a couple of Orientals are dispatched to obtain a supply of Chinese signs for the various smal shops represented.

About this time a Chinese diplomat visited the studio on his way through California. With great pride, the set department led him to the newly constructer waterfront and asked him what he thought of it. The diplomat bowed politely and said he thought it was very nice. Seeing that he smiled, however, the set artists pressed him for a criticism. "Well," he said at length, "I did not know there were so many shoe stores in Hongkong." And here it was revealed that all of the signs in the shops were shoe signs.

With a background of moods and emotions, of course, all such discrepancies would be severely eliminated.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

LITTLE MOTHER.

By Phyllis West.

(Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

There was a long branch of the daffiest of pussy willows hanging over the river. It tempted the woman whose arms were already full to overflowing. "Oh, well," she smiled whimsically, "I'll pick you; but you are positively the last, you beautiful pussies! I must fly back to town at once, for my day off is nearly at an end."

She tucked the prize in the midst of its competitors for softness and downiness and hurried back to the road, where a broad field spread before her. In its fresh greenness—for tiny shoots of color were peeping through the drabness of winter grays—it suggested a short, attractive cut to the depot. Sarah gazed at the dusty road, at the rising slope—and succumbed.

Just over the crest of the hill, under a spreading linden tree, the stranger discovered the little mother. The dearest old lady she had ever seen, in a soft lavender silk, and white hair that formed a halo around a sweet, childish face, was down on her hands and knees conversing with an inquisitive robin. At Sarah's approach the bird flew away and the woman lifted her head. She smiled, as if not in the least disturbed by the stranger's presence, and stated mischievously, "I've run away."

There was a look in her eyes which aroused Sarah's professional interest. She darted to her side, fingers rapidly feeling the pulse that came very slowly, very irregularly.

"Why did you run away?" she asked.

"I get so tired of being watched. It's really quite a lark, escaping from Lorrin. He takes such care of me that I can hardly wink without his knowing it. Oh," she added hastily, "you mustn't think I don't like it. I do, and Lorrin is the best son that woman ever had; but days off are nice sometimes."

"They certainly are."

"Did you run away, too?"

"I did. The bustle of the city gets on my nerves, and every little while I run away for a breath of luscious country air. But you—Mr. Lorrin will be anxious."

"He'll find me soon. Don't go. I want you to meet him. Yes, you must, because I've decided that you must marry him."

"Marriage isn't for me, little mother," remonstrated Sarah. "I'm a doctor, with hundreds of calls for my time and energy. I haven't time for love."

"Make time, then. Here's Lorrin now," cried the old lady as a heavily-built man, with a good face drawn with anxiety, rushed toward them. "Lorrin, my dear, meet your fiancee."

The son shook Sarah's hand in a straightforward way. He showed neither embarrassment nor amusement at the startling news. Turning to his mother, he gathered the featherweight in his arms.

"You are very naughty. We shall have to punish you for running away," he said very seriously. "You know that I have been very much frightened."

"I don't like my nurse. She isn't pretty, and her fingers are too long and pointed," quoted the old lady in such a childish way that Sarah could not keep back the smile. "I want Miss Doctor here to take care of me. I will have her, Lorrin. You can tell Dr. Mace that I am through with him. And oh, my dears, it will be such a good chance for you both to fall in love."

The man turned gravely to Sarah, who could visualize the crimson patches on her cheeks. "Are you a physician?"

"Yes, I practice in the city."

"Could you—would you attend my mother? We would pay you well."

"Money is no consideration. I am really needed."

"Any more than here? Believe me, I wouldn't ask you unless I felt the case urgent. We humor her in everything."

"Of course they do," reiterated the little mothr. "Lorrin, I'm ready to go mome."

The big man bore his fragile burden beyond the lindens and up the broad path to the magnificent house arched over with pines. Sarah followed, remembering the feeble pulse, the blue lips, and the pathetic dullness of the eyes that once were bright. The memory of that, and the tenderness of the man for his little mother detained her until the son came to her.

"I'm Lorrin Hood," he introduced himself. "There is no need to explain about my mother. You must have seen that her days are numbered. Could you not help us to care for her these last few days?"

"She expects us to get married," suggested Sarah, her eyes twinkling. "Will that be a part of the agreement?"

"We won't be so hard on you. In fact, mother is like a child. She will probably have forgotten that idea when she awakes."

But the little mother didn't. With all the perverseness of youth she insisted that her son and the doctor spend the afternoons in each others' company. So the glorious spring days, filled with promises of sunshine and flowering brilliancy passed. They took long strolls together, hunting for Mayflowers, searching for bobolinks' nests, paddling down the river chasing tadpoles, returning to the little mother, who eagerly welcomed them.

"Go plan your wedding day," she suggested one rose-perfumed day, waving them through the French doors that opened onto the lawn. "June is the time for weddings, don't you think, Lorrin?"

"Well—why not?" the man asked as he and Sarah turned away from the house.

"You really mean—?"

"Marriage, yes, I do."

"But there are lots of reasons why we shouldn't be married."

"Are there, dear? I am really very much in love with you. No, it isn't merely suggestion. When I think of losing both you and the little mother life looks black indeed. Men are helpless creatures at best, and I—oh, Sarah, couldn't we really take the little mother's advice and be married?"

She was finally convinced, the two L's, Love and Lorrin, overpowering every objection. Hand in hand they crossed the green sward, but they did not need to tell the news. Little mother seized their hands and placing one in the other covered them both with her own tiny palm.

"It is not good for man or woman to live alone," she stated. "You have thought me very childish, son, but I have in reality been very wise. Neither of you would take the time to look for a mate, so you needed to have one thrust upon you. I had almost given up hope of finding the right person, but not quite." Then her eye grew more serious. "Oh, my dear children, you have made me very happy. God bless you;" and in the next breath she chuckled, "Shall it be a June wedding?"

"Yes, little mother," and the lovers knelt for her benediction.

TIMES CHANGE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25. — Phil Glassman would be willing for Lew Tendler to meet Leonard in New York for a $50,000 purse. Phil and Lew once sold newspapers in Philly. But times have changed and so have purses.

Heart & Home Problems
by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a married man 27 years of age and have been married five years. When I married my wife I loved her dearly, but in the last two years I have lost all my love for her.

Ever since we have been married she has been jealous if I go out and stay until 9, 10 or 11 o'clock. She accuses me of being out with other girls, which is not true.

I work every day in the factory. Don't you think that a man should have a night or two off in a week. She wants me to stay at home with her all the time.

I have told her time and again to take some time off for herself once in a while. She will go to town with me and if we meet a girl or a lady friend that I know and she speaks to me, after we get home she will accuse me being too friendly with her. When I go out I spend my time at a pool room or bowling alley.

We own our home and we have two of the dearest little children. The proposition I put to my wife is to let me take my evening or two off in a week and she can do the same. I also offered to take her to places of amusement, but she will not agree on any of these points.

I will ask you for your most thoughtful advice, as I am on the verge of giving up. H. R. G.

There are very few women in the world who can appreciate the good points of a pool room. Since I am a woman myself I share in the aversion our sex has to that particular kind of amusement.

It does seem to me that it would be better if your wife let you have more freedom. I cannot see that one night a week in a pool room or bowling alley would make any difference one way or another.

When a man marries he ought to realize that he is giving up the freedom of his bachelor days. It is as much his duty to stay at home evenings with the children as his wife's. Besides, if there is not enough money to meet the needs at home, the man is taking more than his share if he smokes or spends it on amusement when his wife is economizing in every way and making a little go a long way.

Both you and your wife are wrong. The more you try to see her point of view, the more apt she will be to see yours.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 21 years old. I met a boy of the same age at a dance who wanted to take me home. He kissed me several times without asking me. He has never come since, but seems very nice when I meet him. Do you think he cares for me?

BLUE EYES.

The young man does not care for you. He lost his respect for you when he found you were so free with your kisses.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

BY DR. JAMES I. VANCY.
(Founder of Inter-Church World Movement and Chairman Federal Council of Churches of America.)

question: What is a Christian? as there are zones of life.

Nationally, a Christian is a citizen of a nation in which Christianity is the majority religion.

Theologically, a Christian is one who accepts the dogmas built on the teachings of Jesus.

Philosophically, a Christian is one who assents to that conception of life promoted and expounded by Christ and His apostles.

Intellectually, a Christian is one who believes in the historic Christ without necessarily yielding his life to Christ's control.

Ethically, a Christian is one who accepts Christ's code of morals without thereby subscribing to His creed.

Ecclesiastically, a Christian is one who is a member in good and regular standing in some Christian church.

Evangelically, a Christian is one who claims to have undergone the spiritual change known as regeneration and who adheres to the Christian doctrine of the atonement.

Experimentally, a Christian is one who comes to know Christ in the inner processes of the soul, having believed on Him with the heart as well as the head, and who daily strives to embody Christ's precepts in his life.

Practically, Christian is one who attempts to apply the teachings of Jesus to real life.

Savingly and Scripturally, a Christian is one who "confesses with his mouth the Lord Jesus," and believes is his heart that God has raised Him from the dead."

And so there are all kinds of Christians. The word has widened out.

It is hard today to go anywhere, to do anything, to think any thought, to read any book, to make any plan, to start any movement, without running into the Man of Galilee. The world is saturated with the influence of the gentle Nazarene. He is the unavoidable Christ.