

# Fashions -:- Health Hints -:- Woman's Work -:- Household Topics

## Only Real Test of Christianity

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

"What is the true meaning of the phrase, 'A good Christian'?" Does that only apply to a believer in Christ?

"Couldn't a person be called a good Christian, be he Jew or Gentile, if he is pious, charitable, good at heart, etc.?" By replying you will more than oblige one that is anxious.

A fact frequently forgotten is that Christ was only the name of the Great Teacher who taught love and unselfishness for a "creed."

He gave no name to His philosophy. It is virtually the same religion which has been the central thought of every great religion the world has ever known.

Any careful student of the older religions of the human race can prove this by a little research and study.

Robbed of their cruder and more barbaric features, all religions have taught that love of the Creator and one's fellow men and unselfishness and morality were necessary to salvation.

Christ, the last and greatest of all the teachers, simplified these truths and impregnated them with His own wonderful personality.

Much of His teaching was done by parables, and when He found His audience ignorant and skeptical He resorted to working miracles merely to attract their attention and to lead them to listen to higher truths.

The world has called the philosophy which He taught "Christianity." Clergymen and translators have perverted much of His teaching, and distorted many of His meanings.

The generally accepted idea of the term "Christian" is one who believes Christ to be born of an immaculate conception, and to be the only being ever so born, and to demand that belief from each soul before it can be "saved." That is the orthodox Christian.

But Christ himself would, if upon earth, most assuredly call many great and beautiful souls who existed before Him "Christians"—since they followed after love, truth, unselfishness and morality.

I have known Buddhists, Brahmins and Jews who lived lives as nearly ideally unselfish as is possible in the body of clay; and I am sure the gentle and unselfish Christ would class them among His "Christians" were He here with us. It was the spirit, not the letter, of faith that He stood for. He knew that He was absolutely unselfish and that He had only universal good at heart and, because of this, that He and the Father were one; therefore, He said, "I am the way."

Only by the way of absolute unselfishness of life can we be "saved" from the sure punishment which unselfishness always brings. It has been truly said, "We are punished by our sins, not because of them." They are our "hell-fire," to which we supply the bismuth.

"The way" to salvation lies in dropping them, growing out of them and believing in unselfishness and love—the attributes of Christ.

Whoever possesses these attributes and lives that life is a "Christian." Not an orthodox Christian, to whom a clergyman or priest would administer the sacrament, maybe, but a Christian whom Christ would accept.

To love your Creator with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself, to do good to those who despitefully use you—that is to—e—a "Christian," no matter whether Jew, Pagan or Gentile.

## Grace Darling Talks to Girls

The Charming Young American Moving Picture Star Begins a Series of Heart-to-Heart Articles.

By GRACE DARLING.

One of the questions that girls discuss when they are having a cup of tea together and talking their real thoughts out is: "How can a girl tell when she is really in love, forever and ever, with a man, or whether she has merely a passing fancy for him?"

We girls don't know any certain, sure way to tell near love from real love, and the pity of the thing is that no one in the world seems wise enough to devise any infallible test for affection that will enable us to diagnose our symptoms—to find out whether we have got an incurable case of heart throbs or merely a passing indisposition that we will recover from in a week or two without its leaving a single scratch behind.

So far as I have been able to tell from my limited observation, the only way to tell which is true love and which is false (love is about the same as the way to tell mushrooms from toadstools. Try it, and if you survive it was the real thing. And there you are, as Mr. Henry James would say.)

But how can a girl tell whether she is in love or not? If she goes by the novels and the plays, she has wonderful thrills, and she grows hot and cold when she hears his footsteps coming, and when he is out of sight the whole world is a bleak desert and she takes no interest in her clothes or her looks or amusements.

Perhaps girls did use to feel that way when they were in love when they were poor, sickly, neurotic Lydia Languish kind of creatures, who fainted at the sight of a mouse. But I don't believe that any healthy modern girl has any of those symptoms of heart affection, no matter how much she is in love. She has to devise some new test of love.

I think it's a pretty good test that a girl is in love when she gets to the place where she would just rather sit up and listen to some particular man talk than to do anything else in the world—when she thinks it's more exciting to hear him tell about what he did when he was a little boy with pale-green freckles, and used to carry angle worms in his pockets than to go to see the most exciting play in town.

As long as a girl doesn't care particularly for a man, she wants him to do something to amuse her—to take her about to places—and so when she develops the stay-at-home symptoms, things are getting serious with her.

Another sign that a girl is falling in love is when she begins to make a man economize, and suggest going to the movies instead of to the opera, and having sandwiches at home instead of dinner at a restaurant. It shows that she is beginning to think that perhaps she is going to have an interest in his pocketbook.

Still another sign is when a girl begins all of a sudden to grow domestic, and take an interest in cooking, and new recipes and the "cut of butcher's meat." When you find yourself just naturally gravitating toward the kitchen, girls, watch your step, for you're on the verge of plunging into matrimony.

Finally—and this is the real test of love, I think—note whether you are really chums with the man or not, and lay particular stress on whether he bores you when you have unlimited doses of his society.

A poet said that unless you could muse all day on an absent face not to think you were in love. But absence is no test. Any of us can imagine ourselves in love with an individual of whom we see very little, but it takes the real bona fide, blown-in-the-glass brand, of affection to enable us to see a romantic halo about the man who is always on the spot. But, after all, there are no infallible tests of love—which is one of the things that makes the love game the blizest gamble in the world.



A New and Fetching Pose of Grace Darling.

## Marriage as a Crucible

By DOBOTHY DIX.

A Boston woman thinks that much matrimonial infelicity would be prevented if all young couples who are contemplating entering the holy estate would be compelled to go before a commission to make satisfactory replies to a number of queries that she suggests. Among these leading questions that she would put to the matrimonial candidates is this:

"How long have you known each other?"

I wonder what the right answer to that conundrum is.

A man and a woman who had never been married might say an hour—a day—a week—a year—ten years, according to whatever they were romantic and impulsive or matter-of-fact and prudent.

But those who have been married have found out from their own personal experience that it doesn't make a particle of difference how much or how little previous acquaintance you have had with the party of the other part before you were married to the said party of the other part, because you never know him or her until after you are married, and then it's too late.

The truth is that matrimony is one of the crucial experiences of life that bring out the best and the worst that is in us, and none of us knows until we have been through it just how close we, or another, can come to the angels, and how near we can descend to the brute. Therefore, before marriage we not only unconsciously deceive our husbands or wives, but we are totally ignorant of our own potentialities.

To a certain degree marriage develops whatever is the leading characteristic of the individual, so that it may be said that what a man or woman is before marriage he or she will be after marriage, only more so.

Thus, the girl who is given to making sarcastic and biting speeches before marriage is pretty apt to develop into a shrew after marriage and the man who is bossy as a superior is likely to be a tyrannical husband, while he who is close in the courting days may be counted on to keep a padlock on his pocketbook in domestic life.

So far as these characteristics go, something may be said in favor of marrying only those whom you have known long enough to observe their tricks and their manners, and draw deductions therefrom.

In the lottery of marriage, however, there are no rules for playing the game so as to win. They are all exceptions, and wedlock just as often changes a person's characteristics as it intensifies them. All of us know men who have married poor girls who were noted for their thrift and domestic traits, hoping thereby to get economical helpmates, but the minute these models of economy and

industry were married they became extravagant and lazy.

We also know girls who were frivolous and fashionable and extravagant, and who everybody predicted would ruin their husbands, metamorphosed by the marriage ceremony from butterflies into household drabs, and who were ever after the best cooks and managers in the community.

Sometimes, too, a man who is hard and stony to all the world is tenderness and generosity itself to his wife, while he who is most admired by the outside world for his virtues, is cruel and unkind to his own family—which all goes to show that you never can tell what sort of a wife or husband any woman or man will make. Marriage is the acid test of character.

and until it is applied there is no knowing what is pinchbeck and what pure gold, and by the time you have made your test it's too late for anything but Reno or making the best of your bargain.

Strictly Accurate.

An agent, approaching a house, met a little boy at the gate and asked: "Is your mother home?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, politely. The agent walked across the long lawn and, after rapping several times without receiving an answer, returned to the youth, saying: "I thought you said your mother was at home?" "Yes, sir," she is," replied the boy. "But I have rapped several times without receiving an answer."

"That may be, sir," said the boy. "I don't live here."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine

Holds a prominent place in Domestic Economy

It contains every element of nutrition found in the best creamery butter and costs about one-third less.

It is economical in price.

It keeps sweet longer than butter and takes less in cooking.

—It is economical to use.

True Domestic Economy calls for the constant use of Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine.

Order a pound carton of your dealer today.

Made only by Swift & Company U. S. A.



## The War and the Birth Rate

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.  
PART I.

At first sight, the question, Can men be killed more rapidly by machinery than by hand? would seem to have only one possible answer.

The horrible "curtain of fire" which can be poured into and stretched over the hostile trenches, until every square foot of the ground has been smashed and pulverized as if by gigantic trip-hammers, would seem to spell absolute annihilation for every living thing that falls under its deadly shadow.

The literal tons of both ammunition and explosive projectiles fired in the course of a single day's battle; the significant fact, for instance, that a modern army requires at least one double-track railroad in perfect working order and run to its full train capacity to supply it with ammunition alone, would look as if the slaughter produced by this avalanche of metal would exceed anything ever dreamed of before.

But when we come down to the actual cold figures of killed and wounded we find ourselves most happily disappointed in this shuddering expectation.

With all its thunder and sputter and scientific frightfulness, the death storm which is now raging half over the world is not killing any larger percentage of the men on the firing line than did the cruder and simpler methods of fifty or a hundred years ago, and far less than those of two or three hundred years ago.

Of course, the returns are still far from complete, and none of the belligerents are, to say the least of it, overstating their losses, but slaughter by tens of thousands has become such a commonplace that most of the war departments have become calloused and post their list of casualties almost as coolly and as much a matter of course as if they were base ball scores or stock market quotations.

The latest compilation from all official sources on both sides, corrected and checked by experts according to the known probabilities, shows a total of lives lost, killed outright, of something like a million and three-quarters.

This is enough to stagger belief and defy realization in the mass, but the warring nations claim to have over 30,000,000 men actually in the field, and as this demon's game has disgraced the earth seventeen months and long ago celebrated its first birthday in hell, this makes only a loss of about 6 per cent per annum, only a little higher than that of our own civil war, so that the risk to the individual soldier is scarcely more than that it was at Gettysburg or Antietam.

So far as we are able to see at present the individual soldier's chances of being killed are about the same in this war as they were in the civil war, and a little greater than they were in the Franco-Prussian or the Russo-Japanese and the Boer wars, all of which averaged about 4 per cent per annum.

As to the prospects of this war's effects upon the future of the nations involved, the mathematical probabilities are in one sense reassuring although in another disquieting.

Even adding 50 per cent for good measure to the known casualties and making the loss of the five greatest nations involved 1,500,000 a year, this actually represents only one-fifth of the babies born during that period! And after deducting deaths for the year, the net gain of these 350,000,000 of people would be in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 souls, or 30 per cent more than the number lost in battle.

To put it in a little different way, the slaughter, horrible as it sounds, is only about four times as great as the normal death rate for adult males in the countries concerned during the same period.

## In-Shoots

In times of trouble sympathy is apt to be inquisitive.

Safety first is another name for the exercise of common sense.

When you want a man's real opinion of you, provoke him to anger.

It must make a poor cuss feel proud to be used for \$50,000 damages.

Of course the low-necked gown always looks better on the other man's wife.

Some of these matrimonial combinations convince us that love must at least have been very near-sighted.

## Dangers of Love-Making

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A little while ago a letter came to me which both amused and hurt me. It read something like this:

"I am in love with a young man whose feeling for me is, I fear, nothing more than a passing fancy. But I care for him so much that I will be willing to take almost any chance to win him, and yet when he wants to kiss me and says that there is no harm in a little love-making, something stops me."

"Please tell me what to do. Don't say what you think you ought to say because it sounds well, but what you honestly would do if you were a girl like me."

Now, it happens that what I would do if I were that girl and had the background of sane judgment her letter indicates, and what I think I ought to say, are one and the same thing.

When a man tells a girl there is no harm in a little love-making, he is trying to save his conscience and to convince himself as well as her. Love is either a sacred or profane emotion—a big thing or a trifle. And no modern sophistry about it can lead us away from that. No psychology or psychoanalysis or other product of modern thought can swing us away from the fact that modesty is modesty, that dignity is dignity, and that self-respect is self-respect.

The girl who lets a man kiss her lightly, in response to the emotion of the moment, because he is a man and she is a girl and the fact that kindles a "flare of feeling," cheapens herself in that man's eyes and makes herself seem to him unworthy of a fine and serious love. And so it will be as long as the world lasts and human nature is human nature. A man may want very much to kiss a girl for whom he has a passing fancy and may fairly fight for his desire, but once he has had it the desire is satisfied and automatically it destroys itself. This is, of course, the case of passing fancy which my correspondent describes.

True love is a different thing. It declares itself honestly for what it is, and it doesn't have to talk about "a little harmless love-making," because it is above making cheap love. Since it feels true love, it is big and fine and staunch and sturdy.

"A little harmless love-making" gen-

erally conducts business under such cheap and undignified names as "spooning," "mushing" and other equally repellent terms. And there is no way of getting away from the fact that it is harmful to dignity and self-respect and all the dictates of decency.

That is not too strong a term to use, for whoever cheapens what ought to be splendid and pure and fine is actually throwing aside all and with deep and reverent emotion. On the other hand, there is cheap feeling, expending itself standards of decency.

There is no such thing as "a little harmless love-making." On the one hand, there is true love, big and unafraid, expressing itself sacrificially where it chooses and expressing itself lavishly. It flazes up like a sky-rocket, and there is nothing else. "Passing fancy" is a delicate way of describing it. It is a thing of the air and it disappears into thin air. Real love has roots and substance.

The girl who accepts the cheap tribute of a man's passing fancy lowers her standards and his. She grasps at air and has nothing.

This is not the conventional advice of an older woman to a young girl. It is a statement of what every woman knows deep in her heart of hearts.

## Co-Eds in Training

The honor system has been put into effect among the women of the Wisconsin State university's coed athletic teams. Here are some of the rules:

Live at the training table.

Must not go to more than one dancing party a week.

Nothing to be eaten between meals except fruit, plain ice cream, crackers, white or graham, milk.

Must not eat hot breads, biscuits, tea, coffee, cake or any rich pastry.

Must not spoon.

Must not eat more than one pound of candy a week.

Must cut out dormitory rarebits.

Must turn in at 10 o'clock each night.

Must take one hour of exercise each day, in addition to the regular training period.

If the girls should be tempted and fall, they must report their violation of the rules to the physical director. The rules do not prescribe whether the coed athlete will, upon such name her partner.

**Ripe Juicy, Sweet Delicious Tender Healthful Seedless Sunkist Oranges California**

Order a dozen or a box today. Serve this healthful fruit at every meal.

All first-class dealers now have a plentiful supply. Save Sunkist tissue wrappers for beautiful silverware.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE  
Co-operative—San Joaquin  
Eastern Headquarters: 135 N. Clark Street, Chicago

**Armour's Glendale OLEOMARGARINE**

is a food of unsurpassed purity. Every step in its manufacture is under the watchful eye of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Leading domestic science schools in America, and others who teach scientific cookery, demand economy with excellence and insist upon Glendale.

Spread it on thick—the price permits it. If your dealer does not have it, phone us his name.

ARMOUR'S COMPANY  
ROBT. BUDAYE, Mgr.  
1312 and Jones Bldg.  
Douglas 1055.  
This is an Armour Oval Label Store near you.

Any food product that bears the Armour Oval Label is our best.

**Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS**

The Oval Label also identifies  
Star Stockinet Ham  
Star Bacon  
"Simon Pure" Leaf Lard  
Armour's Grape Juice  
Cloverbloom Butter  
And over 100 *different* Foods.