

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

Dealing With the Outlawed Grudge

By ADA PATTERSON.

"I've just had a new experience," said a woman I know. "I have forgiven somebody."

She didn't mean it quite literally. Few weigh their statements as carefully as she did their sugar or coffee or flour. If they did there would be fewer troubles in the world, fewer heart aches. The number of tragedies would be reduced. What she meant, as I was later to learn, was this. She had been summoned to the sick bed of a woman whom for years she had disliked. The woman had been unkind to her, had been unkind. It was ever warranted in departing so far from the doctrine of our Sunday school days as to hold resentments, the woman who told me of her "novel" experience, had reason for her resentment.

But the years had gone in their steady, relentless march. They had done their inevitable work. They had wrought change. The woman who had been unkind, unkind, met one reverse after another. Poor, crippled, ill, she sent for the woman whom in prosperous times she had wronged and asked her to forgive her.

"She was so helpless and wretched that I said to her, 'Let us forgive all but the present,'" said the woman who told me the story, which was a degree of forgiveness—all, perhaps, that we might expect from the circumstances. Then she spoke a big truth. "After all, it was fifteen years ago that she served me that mean trick. Even grudges are outlawed by time."

True, mightily true, that is. To be outlawed, in legal sense, is to be deprived of the benefit or protection of the law. Debts are outlawed after a period. In New York the debt upon which no payment has been made in six years is no longer a debt. It has been cancelled by time. The law assumes that if anyone owed you a debt and you had been a creditor so long that you had secured no part of it in six years, you didn't deserve to be paid.

Marriage can be outlawed by time. If John Smith vanished in 1900, it is assumed in 1916 that, tidings from him being lacking, he is dead. And Mrs. John Smith has a right to marry again. If Enoch Arden was gone for ten years it would be assumed that he was dead, as if he had come sniping around his successor's home. He was an outlawed spouse! Matrimony, speaking the law, had slain him.

If time outlaws debts and husbands, it should outlaw grudges. The affront offered us six years ago is no longer a living thing. It is dead, slain by time. That wrong of ten years ago is dead, as dead as the vanished husband who has no right to maintain against his successor!

Prudence says: "But character repeats itself. A man's acts show the trend of his character. What he has done at one time he may repeat. Beware! That worldly wisdom: It is common sense! Nevertheless, character can change. Often under the dawning of a strong will and of altered standards, it does. We may review the follies of other years with shame, recall its sins with disgust and repentance! Such changes may be taking place in your enemy. May have taken place! While it is the part of prudence to remember that a wrong was done, and guard against its repetition, there is a time, too, to say as the woman did, to her prostrate, perhaps, dying enemy: "Time outlaws grudges. Let us forget everything but the present!"

Caution is a godly quality in the warfare of life. But it is well, too, to remember that there comes a state of utter helplessness, of the veriest poverty, to our enemy, to ourselves. It is death—and the preparation for that time is peace!

Above my desk are the words of one who has gone: "There isn't time enough for bitterness. The end comes too soon." And one still wiser wrote: "In a world where death is, there is no room for hate!"

Advice to Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax

You Must Be Brave. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and was married when 18. My husband has proved most contemptible. He is now in a foreign land, has not contributed to my support for three years and only occasionally writes. Despite this fact, I am daily writing him letters appealing him to return. My letters are either unanswered or else my pleas ignored. Since he has gone my life has been dreary. I cannot concentrate my mind on my work. I became so discouraged that I was compelled to give it up. I am at a loss to know what to do. I am attractive and have done everything in my power to hold him. I cannot understand his indifference.

My dear Miss Fairfax, I feel that there are other women in my terrible position. Won't you kindly advise me what to do? A DEPENDENT GIRL.

I am sure your own inner consciousness must tell you that all of the "staying and striving to win back the love of the man who has deserted you will wreck your health and happiness. You have said that your husband is "the most contemptible of men." The fact that you can call him so bitter a name proves that your love for him is waning. Evidently your respect for him is gone, and so will your own self-respect unless you make a definite stand against the cruel fascination that still holds you to an undeserving wretch. Your sternness of will must determine your salvation. Make up your mind to take a definite stand and put the man out of your life. Write and tell him that your patience is at an end and then force yourself into work and use equal strength to hold your mind centered absolutely on success in the line you choose.

It Should Stop Immediately. Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you believe a married man can be sincere in his love for a woman not his wife? A divorce cannot be obtained, as he hasn't any grounds. Should an affair like this stop? I am still young. We both love each other dearly, and to break our friendship would make us both very unhappy.

A man who sincerely loves a girl will not put her in a position where the world can judge her harshly. And when a married man is seen about with a young girl constantly her reputation suffers greatly. An affair like this should stop at once. You will get over longing for the man with the man you like. You are in love far more quickly than you can recover from the harm that will be done your reputation if you continue going about with him.

Narcisse!

By NELL BRINKLEY

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That isn't her name—a girl I know who is very like other girls in that she does not go by her real name; it is never to herself or the people who know her—Narcisse, the feminine of Narcissus. But I and Jack and Jill know that her secret name is really that! Narcissus was the lovely boy—the Young Greek God who found his face one day by chance reflected in a still woodland pool, and, enamored of its surprising beauty, hung all day and many days after above the image in the water, worshipping, dreaming, lost in his own beauty, until one day he drooped and died—he had been there so long; and some one remembered the story and told it to some one else—and it is just as plain as the nose on your face clear down to us!

Well—this is Narcisse! Are you maybe possessed of the secret name Narcisse? Do you dream all day on your own face and the wonders that you are made of? Do you dream on you yourself and the perfect arch of brows that descended from your great-grandmother, and the white breadth of your forehead and the gold of the curls that lie on it? Sometimes it is good to remember that we "are fearfully and wonderfully made" (how much more if we are beautiful!)

It is good sometimes to search your face closely—for the soul lies behind—but that's not lingering above your image until for lack of the bread of self-forgetfulness, like the beautiful Greek boy, you droop and die. Bend above your mirror, all you will, Narcisse, but keep the dreams out of your eyes while you gaze—search your eyes for things other than color—ask the pretty face that looks back a few alert, plain questions, and beg that it answer back in truth.

"Have I good stuff behind my curls?" "Do my eyes lie or look straight and true?" "Do I 'cut dates'—one for another that comes later and is more fun—and fib with a deft tongue?"

"Do I smile at strangers and go softly—and shout at my own mother at home?"

"Do I borrow small bits from my friends and forget to pay back?"

"Do I see lovely things around me often enough and forget to snort and snarl?" You didn't know a pretty girl could snort and snarl, did you?—but she can!

Put your face close, Narcisse, alias Babette, and cross-question the eyes that look so bluely back. It's good for the soul.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Treatment of Cancer

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

PART I.

For the cure of cancer, which has escaped early detection and reached a fairly advanced development there is still hope. But here, as elsewhere, speed, i. e. the sense of urgency, is the essence of contrast. The main question to be considered is not so much the size, or painfulness, or even the extent of the growth—except in the most deplorably advanced stages—but how many of the seed or spore cells have been formed and how far they have traveled in the body along the lines of the lymphatics and of the blood vessels.

This is what makes some of our greatest puzzles and our most pitiful disappointments. One comparatively small and almost painless growth may have run to seed early and scattered its spores half over the body, and its removal will do no good whatever in the long run.

While another huge, ragged, ulcerated mass, causing agonies of pain, may have, so to speak, turned its claws inward, discharging its spores into its own interior, and its removal with an inch or two of sound tissue on all sides and a careful cleaning up of the lymphatic chains in the neighborhood may result in a permanent cure.

readily accessible for removal, the chances are decidedly favorable for a successful operation. It is of course obvious that the removal of a clear and well developed cancer must include not merely the tumor itself, but a sufficiently large margin of healthy tissue upon all three sides of it to include any seed cells which may have migrated out into the tissues around; and also a careful examination and, if necessary, removal of the lymphatic chains and lymph glands which surround it, or drain the area.

The prospects of successful removal, of course, vary considerably with the position and the kind of cancer. Speaking again broadly and on an average, cancer of the lip and tongue, if the fissure or ulcer be less than an inch in extent, and the glands of the floor of the mouth and of the neck are not involved, has about 75 per cent prospects of success—that is, about three to one.

Cancer of the breast, where the lump is no bigger than a pigeon's egg, has a slightly better prospect, running as high as 80 to 85 per cent, or nearly five to one in favor of no return.

Cancer of the uterus or rectum, both of which escape early detection and spread up the lymphatic more easily, has a less encouraging prospect, scarcely more than 30 per cent, or one chance in three, while cancer of the stomach, intestines or liver has not much more than a 10 to 20 per cent chance of successful removal.

It should, however, be borne in mind that operations are often justifiable even in well advanced cases of cancer, not merely as taking the only chance for saving the patient's life, even though that be a slender one, but also for the sake of relieving pain and making the future course of the disease more tolerable.

The reason for this is that cancers on or near the surface of the body, where most primary cancers begin, are usually painful, often excruciatingly so, in the earlier stages; while, on the other hand, secondary or daughter cancers, forming from seed cells floated into the internal organs, such as the liver, the lung, the kidney, or even the heart and the brain, are, for the most part, comparatively painless, certainly much less painful than the original or surface growth.

The Baby and Its Relatives

"How beautiful for you to have your mother with you now that you have two babies!" I remember saying once to a young married friend of mine. She stared at me curiously and did not reply. I had a feeling that somehow I had said the wrong thing, though for years I did not find out why.

Presumably, at the advent of the first new baby, the parents' relatives are invaluable assistants, whether they live in the house or merely come to dinner on Sundays. In plain, cold fact they are often the greatest hindrance a young mother has to contend with in the proper adjustment of her home to the new baby.

The dullest imagination can picture the inevitable conflict of opinion and practice between the daughter or daughter-in-law and the woman whose family has reached maturity. The methods of the latter appear to be fully justified by results. The former has no specific warrant for the stand she endeavors to take, except the printed book of rules which have been urged upon her by doctor and nurse. She has to grope her way toward skillful baby management, watching anxiously, trying each step of the way, buoyed up only by the conviction that science and hospital regime advocate the newer way. Physically she is not quite herself for some months. No matter how strong her will or how unshakable her determination, a persistent mother-in-law will either ultimately succeed in interfering with her schedule or cause her untold irritation and agony of mind in the meantime. I use "mother-in-law" advisedly. A daughter with her own parent has more chance of carrying her point than with her husband's mother.

In the first place she has been used to "managing mother;" in the second, a slight element of placating, or deferring to, one's husband's mother, is unavoidable. Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones asked to be waited on by some particular sales-

An Editorial for Women An Agreeable Personality

By DOROTHY DIX.

If I could give just one piece of advice to any boy or girl starting out in life it would be this: Cultivate a pleasing personality. Avoid acquiring peculiarities and prejudices. Learn how to make yourself agreeable to those with whom you are thrown in contact.

Believe me, the gentle art of knowing how to rub the fur the right way, so that people will purr under your hand instead of wanting to scratch and bite you, is an accomplishment that will bring money in the bank to any young person, and that will carry him or her farther toward success than any other one quality. For people will do things for us because they like us that they will not do for us because it is our right.

Success or failure in life, happiness or misery, is determined by an agreeable personality far other than we realize. I know a woman who is a cracker-jack stenographer. She is highly educated, her spelling is always above, her penmanship perfect. In addition she is faithful, reliable and industrious, but she's eternally out of a job because she is about as pleasant to have around an office as a porcupine.

She cannot refrain from correcting her employer's every slip of grammar, and from making all sorts of sharp, cutting, sarcastic speeches, and as the result any man would rather put up with less competent work from some girl who was amiable and agreeable to have about.

Nor is this an isolated case, or a peculiarity confined to the feminine sex. Every day you will hear employers saying, "Oh, Jones is a good worker, and a fine bookkeeper, or clerk, or salesman, but he's so grouchy, or high-tempered, or quarrelsome that I just wouldn't worry with him any longer, and I let him go."

And on the other hand the ability to get along with people, and to make oneself agreeable keeps many an indifferent man and woman in their jobs. The thing that sends the figures up on a pay envelope is the popularity of the clerk. It's when Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones asked to be waited on by some particular sales-

man or woman that the salespeople begin to be of value to their employers. The thing that makes matrimony a success or failure is also an agreeable personality.

A man may have a thousand weaknesses, but if he is tender and affectionate, and bright and cheery, his wife and children will love him and be happy, and a woman may be as full of faults as an egg is of meat, and if she is sweet tempered and warm-hearted, and gay and tender, her family will adore her.

Whenever you see old people who are kindly and gentle and tolerant you will find that youth is only too glad to pay reverence and attention to them. The most popular person that I know, the one most deluged with invitations, is an old man who has nothing to give to those he visits but the charm of his society and the garnered wisdom of his many years.

And so I would say to every girl and boy starting out in life that the most important lesson they can possibly learn is how to get along with people, how to say and do the agreeable and tactful things, how to acquire the fine art of making friends instead of enemies. And the secret of it all is to treat other people as you would like to be treated yourself, to say to other people the kind of things you would enjoy hearing yourself, and to follow the photographer's rule, "to look pleasant."

Household Suggestions

Steep used tea leaves for twenty minutes in a pail, then strain and use the liquid for cleaning paint, oilcloth, mirrors and similar things.

If new boots or shoes will not polish, rub over with half a lemon, and leave till thoroughly dry. Apply this once or twice if necessary.

When a wax candle is too large large for the holder, the end should be held in hot water until it is soft. It can then be pressed into shape to fit the hole and there will be no waste of wax, as in the case of shaving slices off the end of a candle.

Advertisement for Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. The Food Drink Without a Fault. Made of high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended and manufactured by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals; it is absolutely pure and wholesome, and its flavor is delicious, the natural flavor of the cocoa bean. The genuine bears this trade-mark, and is made only by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. DORCHESTER, MASS. Established 1780.

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