Society

ALL a bride's pretty things, her flat silver is the most dear to her art—the most constantly used and the most difficult to replace. A nd set can never have the same sentiment attached to it. So it rticularly unkind, in fact, supercriminal, of burglars to steal it. he plight of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Davis, who returned to their me in Dundee Wednesday night about 9:30, to find the front door pen and every last piece of flat silver gone.

urglars had made their entrance at the rear of the house and ently spent a good deal of their valuable time forcing the lock erious-looking black box which they found carefully stowed at must have been their disgust when they found it contained microscope and a number of his glass slides.

d Mrs. Davis were married last June and all their friends will what beautiful wedding presents they received. The flat silver Lansdowne pattern and each piece was monogrammed. Mrs. especially fond of it, for it was the gift of her brother, Louis and Mrs. Davis have been in their new home only a few he sad event may be a warning to young married couples to sets of padlocks for their doors, and nice, cheerful iron bars indows, unless they want to try temporarily partaking of their tin knives and forks.

k and Jill

y lady love so fair," to the kitchen, "what is ly night banquet going to getting as hungry as a that golf game this after-

ing very healthy, dearest," ill. "I know it will be both of us!"

suspiciously. There of cooking beef, but queer vegetable smell. n't quite like that word ," honey," said Jack as he through the swinging door. ur food is healthy. Who has aking complaints?"

you, darling. You're the best d thing in the world about my ts at cooking. But I've got a se for you. Now, do be pa-"

ck sniffed again and was not re-ired.

He turned back into the living om and inhaled a little nicotine om his good old brier pipe to as-suage the pangs of beef steak yearning.

Soon Jill was ready, however, and he sat down to the table with expectant look.

"You forgot the buttter, darling. I'll get it for you," he said rising gallantly. "And there's no ice water."

"Quite right, sweetheart. I bought a book on scientific dietetics today and am cooking accordingly."

"Die at what-icks?"

"The science of culinary efficiency, dear. Proper blood-building, tissue-feeding victuals, based on the latest things in science."

Jill assumed what she felt sure was a very scientific air, as she glanced at the curious mixtures on the plates before her.

Jack was astounded and, for a change, had no repartee.

"You see, dear. At this time of the year one should eschew meat.

"I'd rather chew it, honey girl. I'm starved and I am too healthy to risk taking chances with these scientific preparations."

"Jack, if you love me at all," and Jill began to look piteous, "you will at least give this system a trial. It has been used for thousands of years in the orient, and it is said that it will prolong human life at least 10 to 15 years."

"Who on earth would want to live so long—in the orient?"

"Now you are ridiculing me," pouted Jill. "I want us both to live longer for each other."

"All right, honey. What do I get to eat from now until I can hunt my lunchroom restaurant in the city?"

"Well, tonight, we have specially prepared soy beans and a vegetable salad, with a very scientific substitute for coffee. No buttter, milk or any other animal product, including meat. There's a hundred times the nourishment."

"All right, darling. I'll take a chance at any kind of death once!"

And so they dined on a strictly vegetarian diet. Jack was delighted when the meal was over, but neither he nor Jill felt as though they had over-eaten.

Jack went out to smoke his pipe in the quiet streets of the suburban village, as he told Jill.

Before they went to sleep, Jack heard a little sigh.

"Hungry?" he asked, with a chuckle.

"No! I intend trying this system out for a week."

"I hope we live until next Saturday, dear."

Sunday morning came, another eggless, meatless, milkless, fatless, coffeeless meal. Jack seemed resigned to his fate, but Jill grew increasingly nervous.

"Oh, Jack, I'm afraid that we've made an awful mistake trusting too much to science," she told him as they walked home from church. "There's not a bit of meat in the house and now it's Sunday. And I'm getting weak. What shall we do?"

"I absolutely refuse to go out to dinner or to eat anything what we already have in the house. It's a sin to buy anything on Sunday!"

"Even at the village delicatessen store?" and her eyes were pleading.

Jack shook his head resolutely.

But as Jill dismally started to prepare some more strange vegetable dishes Jack came up from the cool basement with some bundles in his arms.

"Honey, I thought that we might have company who wouldn't sympathize with our vegetarian plans. So, here's a steak and some eggs, and some chops and some butter and some layer cake and some coffee and other things. I bought at the grocery store last night just before they closed."

Jill beamed, and Jack continued with a triumphant grin:

"Of course you don't want any and I don't. But hadn't we better invite some company in, so they won't spoil?"

Jill gave a determined shake of the head.

"There are two good reasons, dear why they won't spoil—you and—me!"

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Alpha Pi Omega.

Alpha Pi Omega club of Central High school entertained at an Orpheum party Thursday afternoon for their pledges who are: Hazel Tatman, Nancy Simson, Evelyn Lowe, Dorothy Jones, Frances Wilson and Bonnie Rugg.

HAIR'S HIDDEN BEAUTY is brought to light by Wyeth's Sulfur Shampoo.—Advertisement.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by
BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Engagement Ring.

Does good form require that an engaged man present his fiancee with a diamond engagement ring.

To be sure, most men in this country do present their fiancee with some sort of betrothal ring and when they can afford it it usually is a diamond ring, simply because diamonds are associated in most girls' minds with engagements. But the young woman ought to be consulted as to her choice in the matter. Many girls nowadays—when girls are given to having original ideas on so many subjects—profess a dislike for the conventional engagement ring simply because it is so usual. Of late years the diamond circlet has been in high favor, and sometimes a young woman prefers her favorite stone—an emerald, ruby, or sapphire, or even a pearl or opal—either alone or set with diamonds, to any plain diamond setting in the world. It is the young woman who has to wear the ring and the considerate young man suits her taste rather than his own in selecting it.

The only hard and fast rule there need be about engagement rings is that their value should be proportionate with the financial position of those who buy them. A young man with enough money to do so would be regarded as selfish if he did not give his fiancee any engagement ring, but, on the other hand, a young woman, knowing her fiance had many responsibilities and little money, would be extremely inconsiderate if she permitted him to make much of an expenditure in this way.

Young women sometimes differentiate between a "ring engagement" and an ordinary engagement, with the absurd notion that where there is no ring engagement obligations are less binding. Of course, this is silly.

Lonsome Girl: I do not get correspondents for my readers, as you know from my columns. I am sorry when people take the attitude that the whole world is a little bit wrong. The world is just what it is, whether we like the climate and surroundings here or not. The really big question is, are we going to conduct ourselves "courageously to the end," leaving the world a little better than we found it, or shall we sit down and wail about the things we don't like? Everyone has the privilege of making a choice.

Lonesome Baby: I have such confidence in you that I am sure you can get rid of this objectionable fellow if you really wish to.

Marcia L.: Talk to your mother about it.

Luncheon for Mrs. Bain.

Miss Ophelia Hayden was hostess Thursday at luncheon at her home for Mrs. Kremer Bain of Boone Terre, Mo., who is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Woodard.

Bridge Club.

Mrs. G. E. Corey was hostess at luncheon Thursday noon at the Athletic club to her bridge club of eight. Tables were set for the game following the luncheon.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of
"REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

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The Request Jim Made of Madge

There was something so final about Jim's attitude as he sat facing me and told me of his determination to go away and leave Katie to the "other man," that for a shocked second or two I had no words to answer him. Before I could collect my wits enough to expostulate with him he had begun speaking again.

"I've planned it all out," he said. "I'm not leaving you folks in any lurch, because Jerry Ticer is just crazy to work here for you, and while he's kinda flighty, Jerry is, yet he's a good worker, and I think you'll get along just fine.

He awkwardly lugged a buckskin pouch from his pocket, took from it a roll of bills and counted off several which he held out to me.

"I just got 'em from the bank today," he explained. "I can't give 'em to Katie. In the first place, the way she feels now, she'd pitch 'em right back into my face, and in the second place, I don't believe it would be right to give her a lot of money all at once. But I thought if you'd take 'em, ma'am, and give 'em to her a little at a time as she needs 'em, I'd feel better about her. That'll last till I get work, and then I'll send you some for her every month."

Madge Makes a Promise.

"When do you plan to go, Jim?"

I asked the question quietly, acquiescently, for I saw that in his present mood words from anyone would be worse than useless. Besides, he evidently did not intend to go out of our lives altogether, and he had gained sufficient control over himself so that I no longer dreaded any insane outbreak of jealousy from him. Perhaps, I told myself, with an irritated remembrance of Katie's sullen indifference to Jim's point of view, his going away might not be the worst thing in the world for my tempestuous little maid. That Jim loved her loyally, devotedly, even, in a sense, humbly, I knew, and I guessed also that she received his devotion very much as a matter of course. His absence might teach her a salutary lesson.

Jim hesitated at my question, looking at me appealingly.

"I'd like to tell you, Mrs. Graham, and I want to give you my address, but—"

"I will not tell Katie anything you tell me until you give me permission," I assured him quickly.

"Well, then, I'm going tonight. I've just waited for you to come home so as to get away. Nobody guesses a thing, except Jerry Ticer, and him I told that I was going away on a little excursion I didn't want my wife to know about, and that I wanted him to stay until I got back. He won't say nothin', because he thinks it's a good joke, and he likes the idea of working here. And my address will be Marvin for awhile. I can make good money till winter on the fishing boats, and nobody there will think anything strange about my leaving home for awhile. The men mostly have to go different places. I wouldn't like to have it get around here, either, that I'd left Katie, for—"

"Nothing Will Happen."

"You haven't," I interrupted firmly. "I know that as well as you do. I know something else, too, which you will learn, and that is, Katie's love and truth to you. There is no other man. I am sure of it. But I think it is all right for you to go away for awhile, and I will take good care of Katie until you come back again."

He rose, swallowed hard two or three times, and made a queer, awkward bow.

"Thank you, ma'am. I know that. Good-bye," he said huskily.

I put out my hand, grasping his heartily.

"Good-bye, Jim." The next minute I stood alone in the kitchen, listening to his heavy retreating footsteps, wondering if I had, after all, done right in letting him go with so little protest.

Mother Graham came to the door as I stood there, and gave a melodramatic little "st!" I beckoned her to enter, advanced to meet her.

"Is he gone?" she whispered.

"Very much so," I returned in a low voice, for I did not know how near Katie might be.

"Katie came downstairs just after Jim called you out here," Mother Graham went on, "and I had Mrs. Underwood take her into the library. She doesn't know you were talking to Jim."

"That is fine, mother. Thank you," I said, and her withered cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"Isn't it about time you were going?" she asked anxiously, and I consulted my wrist watch.

"Very nearly," I returned. "I'll go to Lillian now."

She plucked me by the sleeve as I passed, and when I looked at her I found that her face was pale and worried.

"Don't go into any danger," she faltered. "I couldn't bear it if anything should heppen to you, Margaret."

"Nothing will happen," I said reassuringly, as I stooped and kissed her with the warm little feeling at my heart which her rare expressions of affection never fail to bring to me.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Are You a "Good Fellow" at Home?

Do you carry your good fellowship home with you or do you leave it with your bunch of cronies?

Do you spend a dollar freely with your friends, even more than that gladly—but when it comes to a like amount for your wife you grumble and object?

Why should you desire to be considered a good fellow with the bunch and have so little desire to be a good fellow to your wife?

How can you expect your wife is going to keep on scrubbing and washing and ironing and doing other work in your home if you foolishly spend every week as much as it would cost her to have help?

Such a realization is not going to set well with her you may be sure, and there will come a time when she will rebel—and she has a perfect right to resent it.

Most men who are close and stingy about their homes are free with their money outside where it brings them personal pleasure, and when the fellows slap them on the back and make a few complimentary remarks.

Most men spend too much on themselves.

It is likely you do, and if your wife did as much foolishly, you would raise a rumpus about it. Isn't this true?

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ADVERTISEMENT

WOMAN'S COMPLEX LIFE

Woman's complex life with its multitudinous calls is given as the reason for many a nervous breakdown. Home work, social obligations, dressmaking and the care of children keep the 20th century woman in a whirlwind of activity until headaches develop, backache, nervousness and oftentimes more serious ills which are peculiar to her sex alone. Such women should not despair, but be guided by the letters so often published in this paper from women who have been in just such conditions, but who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This is a root and herb medicine that contains no drugs and can be taken in safety by any woman.

CHAPTER VI.

Picking Currants.

If there was one sort of work that Johnnie Green had always disliked more than another, it was picking currants. Of course he didn't object to strolling up to a currant bush and taking a few currants for his own use, on the spot. What he hated was having to fill pail after pail full of currants for his mother to make jelly and jam.

It was queer. He certainly liked jelly. And he liked jam. But he had never found currant picking anything but dull. He always groaned aloud when his mother told

"It sounds as if the barn was falling down."

him that the currants were ripe anough to be picked. And he always had a dozen reasons why he couldn't pick them just then.

Now, however, currant picking didn't seem such a bore to Johnnie. When his mother announced at the supper table one evening that Johnnie would have to begin picking currants right after breakfast the next morning he didn't make a single objection. And he had intended to go swimming the next day!

"I think—" Johnnie remarked—"I think some of the boys would like to help. After supper I'll ride Twinkeheels over the hill and ask the boys to pick currants with me in the morning.

Farmer Green and his wife listened to this speech with amazement.

"I never heard of a boy that liked to pick currants,' said Johnnie's father. "Still, you can try if you want to."

"Come home before it gets dark," said his mother.

"Look out for that pony" Farmer Green exclaimed. "I don't know what's come over him. I stepped into his stall today and he kicked at me. I've never known him to do that before."

Johnnie Green promised to be careful, and to come home early. Having important business on his hands, he hurried away without a second piece of cake. And that was a most unusual oversight on his part.

In the morning three boys appeared before Johnnie had finished his breakfast. Though they had already eaten theirs, they accepted Mrs. Green's invitation to sit at the table and have some griddle cakes and maple syrup.

"If you boys are going to pick currants you'll want a good, big breakfast," she told them.

There was no doubt that they agreed with her.

"If they're as lively at picking as they are at eating, you'll have all the currants in the kitchen by noon," Farmer Green remarked to his wife with a laugh as the boys trooped off toward the barn with their tin pails.

A few minutes later a noise as of terrific pounding reached the ears of Farmer Green as he stood talking with his wife.

"What's that?" he muttered. "It sounds as if the barn was falling

He ran out of doors. The racket came from the barn. There was no doubt of that. And he could hear Spot barking.

Farmer Green hurried across the yard. Somehow he guessed that Johnnie and his helpers had a hand in whatever was going on. Farmer Green did not run toward the broad front door of the barn. Instead he circled to the back of the barn and peeped around the corner. What he saw caused him no great surprise.

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Society for Relief of Disabled.

The Society for the Relief of the Disabled will hold its annual luncheon and business meeting Friday, 12:30 p. m., at the Athletic club.

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The Fashion
111 SOUTH 16TH STREET

ACROSS FROM HAYDEN'S

"Oh, Hateful, Haughty America!"

Professing to work for the peace of the World, America invited the nations to the Washington Conference, where she has "tricked them one and all." This scathing reproach of the Tokyo **Yorodzu** gives the intensive form of a feeling of disillusion about the Washington Conference that is revealed in some sections of the Japanese press. "Hateful and haughty," indeed, is America, the Tokyo **Yorodzu** says, picturing Uncle Sam as "an international boor" toward whom "we entertain a grudge" and "have no reason to show good will." Going further, this newspaper adds, "limitation of armaments may be a step toward peace," but "a peace thus brought about is a peace without liberty, a slavish peace. Do the Japanese people wish for such slavish peace, after Japan has been kicked and trampled down by America? We are firmly resolved to reject such a slavish peace."

But not all Japan is so disgruntled with the Washington Conference, as we may judge from the widely circulated and influential Tokyo **Jiji**, which says: "We should congratulate ourselves on the success of the Washington Conference. It will not be too much to call this success a great undertaking to save the world. We therefore express our undivided sense of congratulation and at the same time thank the government authorities at home and abroad for their efforts to bring about the success." For more news of Japanese opinions regarding the Washington Conference, read the article, "Oh, Hateful, Haughty America," in THE LITERARY DIGEST this week.

Other vivid, accurate, timely reflections in text and picture of what the world is thinking and doing, as mirrored by the press of all countries, and given in THE LITERARY DIGEST ths week, January 28th, are:

France's New Leader Germany's Implacable Foe

Under the Leadership of Raymond Poincaire, Who Has Always Insisted That Germany Must Pay to the Last Penny, "France Is Going to be Heard and Listened to Instead of Being Told What She Must Do," Declares a Paris Paper.

French Chagrin at Washington
Henry Ford's Bid for Muscle Shoals
What Hays Can Do for the Movies
Senator Newberry's Innocence
The Missing Link Still Missing
China and the Pacific Pact
Our War With the Insects
Throwing a Scare into France
The Slaughters in Asia Minor
The Difficulties Along the Congo
Art and the New Silver Dollar
Reviews of New Books
Topics of the Day
Investments and Finance

Many Interesting Illustrations and Humorous Cartoons

Read This Issue — **GOING TO BUILD?** — Read This Issue

THE LITERARY DIGEST is recognized as a national information bureau for those who need building equipment and those who seek knowledge of building materials and communication with engineers, architects, etc.

There is a wealth of information to be gathered by reading the advertisements in this number. You will find several kinds of roofing advertised, industrial piping, paints and varnishes, window screens, steel products, a substitute for plaster for walls, ceilings and partitions, lighting fixtures, terra cotta, brick and stucco, heating and plumbing equipment, etc.

Throughout the year those who read the advertising pages of THE LITERARY DIGEST are given the widest choice and the most complete knowledge of the important materials that enter building construction.

January 28th Number on Sale To-day — 10 Cents — At All News-dealers

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