

THE PRICE OF THE WOMAN IS THE MAN

As old as humanity itself is the story of Marian Lambert and Will Orpet being told in the columns of every newspaper in the United States, the old story of human frailty, repeated every day of the world, though it does not always end in suicide or murder, as the tragedy of these two young students in Waukegan, Illinois.

Six months ago, not one of their friends would have predicted the calamity that was to follow. It was all so insidious, as such things are. And little did Marian Lambert and Will Orpet realize the full frightfulness of the situation they were in the very act of creating.

Was not life made for living?—they asked of themselves. How beautiful the day—how lovely the night. There was an intoxicating odor of lilacs in the air. The grass was so green. The birds were twittering; all nature was happy; why were not they?

God gave them their passions and desires, and surely youth and love were sufficient justification. Caught in a Niagara of feeling, they silenced the promptings of their better judgment, of their consciences which told them unmistakably what is right and what is wrong—I say "they" because the responsibility in such instances rests about evenly upon the man and woman,—and they were carried far beyond their depth.

Suddenly, Marian Lambert realized that she had embarked upon a dangerous voyage. She had set sail upon a great sea, not knowing whither she was bound, nor if there was a port where she could find safety.

How perilous was that voyage, the whole world knows.

Who can tell how many are the forces that entered into the undoing of unfortunate Marian Lambert. There may have been something abnormal in her nature or defective in her training. Perhaps it was a foolish book, or a careless remark dropped by some thoughtless elder that put the coping-tone upon her faltering decision. Young girls who are debating so perilous a step are only too eager for any kind of encouragement. Everything they read, everything they hear, they interpret to their own liking. There is no telling how many girls have found the last note of approval in Robert W. Chambers' novel, "The Common Law." There is no telling how many are now devouring Elinor Glyn's "The Career of Katherine Bush" with the same ideas and impulses. Books like these are dangerous because they fail to carry their stories to a logical ending—and that ending which is not so easily brushed aside in real life is that you can not offend the moral law without paying a price—it may be in one coin, it may be in another, but you must—there is no escape.

Marian Lambert paid heavily because she defied that strongest instinct of mankind which is to defend her virtue at all costs. She has lost her life and plunged her family in terrible despair.

Will Orpet was paid grievously, and may pay more grievously still, because he was not man enough to protect Marian Lambert in the first place or to stand by her in the second.

All the blame, however, does not rest upon their two young heads. At society's door we must lay a measure of culpability.

The breathless pace of our lives when the ever needs of man are reckoned as nothing more than the shifting of the sands of time; the perpetual strain of incessant and restless activity; the insatiable demands of our ever increasing material needs, the breaking down of many of the conventions, formerly observed among young men and women, and the fact that the whole world is keyed to the sex question—all these factors had their inevitable bearing.

In the face of these influences which surround every girl just as they surrounded Marian Lambert, they need more than ever before to preserve a feeling of self-reverence. Girls must not hold themselves lightly or cheaply. When they find themselves longing for "freedom" they must remember that really free people are those who are capable of self-discipline; that the forms to which society asks them to subscribe embody the wisdom and experience of ages; that, in short, it is impossible for us to satisfy all our personal desires without bringing us into conflict with a deeper social life.

For society says, and rightly, too, that the price of the woman is the man.

Will Orpet was not willing to pay that price—and now he is paying one far greater.—Edith C. Johnson, in The Oklahoma City Oklahoman.

MODERN MIRACLES

Is there a miracle mentioned anywhere in sacred or profane history comparable with that which enabled Bell, the inventor, to stand at a telephone instrument in New York and make a speech which was heard simultaneously by over 5,000 people in eight cities ranging from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Boston to Atlanta? Incidentally the auditors heard "Dixie" played in Atlanta and "Yankee Doodle" played in Boston. The improvements in the long distance telephone will enable Chauncey M. Depew in New York city to

SOME BASEBALL STARS



THE FARM AND SMALL TOWN FURNISH BEST MATERIAL FOR BIG LEAGUE TIMBER.

Looking over the roster of the big league ball teams you will find names after names of men who only recently were boys on the farm or in the village or small town. On the other hand, surprisingly few hall from the big cities. And yet, this is not so surprising after all. Even laying aside our knowledge of the big part that the so-called country boy has always played in the great affairs of business and the nation, the country is the place to lay the foundation necessary for athletes.

The photographs shown are familiar to all lovers of the great National game. In addition to their being representatives of their type in the baseball world, all of these stalwart athletes are great endorsers of that beverage you know and like so well—Coca-Cola.

Short Histories of the Players.

JONES, Fielder Allison, Manager of St. Louis Browns. Born August 13, 1871, at Shingle House, Pa. Last season he came within one-half game of winning Federal League pennant, finishing nearer the top than any team in major leagues since the Browns in 1889.

He says Coca-Cola is his favorite beverage.

ALEXANDER, Grover Cleveland, Pitcher Philadelphia Nationals. Born in St. Paul, Nebraska, February 26, 1887, and lives on a farm there now.

Alexander is one of the greatest pitchers in the game today, being practically responsible for the Philadelphia National League team winning the pennant last year. Drafted by Philadelphia in Aug-

ust, 1910, with whom he has since played. He warmly endorses Coca-Cola as a drink for athletes.

DOYLE, Lawrence, Captain New York National League Club. Born at Caseyville, Ill., July 31, 1886. Second baseman.

He has played with the New York Nationals since 1907, and was appointed Captain in 1912, which position he has since held with them. Leading hitter of the National League for the season of 1915. Like all the best of them he is a staunch believer in Coca-Cola.

There is, by the way, a wonderful similarity between the origin of these ball players and that of the beverage which they endorse. Coca-Cola might be called an agricultural drink, both from the materials it is made of and because of its great popularity in the country as well as in the city. For Coca-Cola, if ever there was a natural, wholesome beverage, is such—it itself is a gift from Nature. Made from Nature's pure water, flavored with the juices of fine fruits and things that grow and sweetened with Nature's purest, finest sugar—and please particularly remember this last—Coca-Cola contains no artificial sweetening matter but just the best of pure cane sugar. It is this fine combination that gives Coca-Cola its deliciousness of flavor, its distinctively refreshing and thirst-quenching qualities and great wholesomeness. That's why ball players, athletes, fans—all classes and kinds of men and women drink and endorse Coca-Cola. Drink a glass or a bottle and you will be just as enthusiastic about it.

THE TWO PRAYERS

A youth stood with uplifted arms and faced the rising sun, "O God," he prayed, with earnest eyes, "ere my short day be done, O God of power, grant me power! O God of strength, grant me strength To forge my way to fame, to claim a conqueror's crown at length, Till when death's shadow creeps a-near, my name may show on high Peerless amid earth's mightiest— then I could gayly die!"

A man, still strong, but tanned by care, by tempering sorrow tried, Knelt, ere he slept, in humbleness, a spirit purified. "Grant, God of Love," he murmured low, "grant me the power to love, The power to lighten tired hearts, the power cold hearts to move, The sense compassionate, and ere my working soul takes flight, Let me forget myself, to wake unstartled by thy light." —Selected.

"PREPAREDNESS" ADVOCATES FAIL TO ENLIST

"A preparedness parade indicates the amount of sentiment that the preparedness movement inspires," says the Baltimore Star, "but it is the enlistments that give a practical light on the subject." The Star must have had in mind the preparedness parade of 100,000 people in New York city and the thirty-seven enlistments from the entire state of New York.—Herald-Courier.



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