

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

The Letter Writing Vice

By ADA PATTERSON.

In Brooklyn a married pair has separated and an engaged one has developed a frigidity that is first cousin to the mild weather (January weather) that swept this country. Because a fool girl wrote a fool letter.

There was a kiss behind the letter. But the kiss would have been harmless despite the spread and acceptance of the germ theory, had it not been for the letter that was as an echo of the kiss.

The wife of a music teacher, ridding his pockets of their impediments while she did the family mending, found, read and placed in a lock box in a safety deposit vault, this letter:

"I was surprised how willingly I gave my lips to you. If I continue to do so will not your wife become a fanatic? I thought of all these things while the wind howled."

The letter set the domestic wind howling. The music master's wife confronted him with a copy of the letter and with harsh words. He said, "I don't know what made her write it. What she refers to is a harmless little kiss of friendship."

But the music master's wife refused to "understand." Nor did the judge "understand." When he cast his spectacled glance over that letter he granted an order of separation with alimony. The music teacher will have to give more music lessons than before to pay the alimony.

The girl's family censured the music master's wife and the judge. It complained that she was ill. "All this nonsense has prostrated her. There is absolutely nothing in it." But the girl's fiancé ceased calling. The girl is reflecting upon the folly of sentimental letter writing.

The kiss was a mistake. The letter was a greater one. Some things are better forgotten, the sooner the better. And there is nothing that so emphasizes a mistake as a letter dwelling upon it. It is casting the die. It is an impression made in what is otherwise soft substance and might remain gritty and unimpressed. Many of the foolish letters to which impatient judges are forced to listen are written by women and begin with "I have just left you, but I must write you," and other inanities.

Men have more of restraint, more of worldly wisdom, in affairs of sentiment or of business. They are careful what they pen. A woman is so glib of what she writes as though some convenient wind would whisk it away to unknown quarters of the globe, instead of reaching a man's easily accessible pocket.

A girl told me of a sentimental scene with a man who professed ardent admiration for her. Yet the next day, having occasion to write her, he began the letter with "Dear Miss Blank" and ended it with, "Yours truly, William Brown."

"Fortunately she was a girl who thought her way through things. That letter checked her inclination to rush headlong into an ill-considered and dangerous love affair. The next time the man called she was out." And the next and the next. When he telephoned she gave him the absent treatment. She has married worthily and is glad that the chilling letter checked a srocco love affair in its beginning.

But she was wiser than most girls. Most of them would have attributed that glacial letter to the business habit. I know a girl who accepted a flirtatious man's excuse that he didn't write her because he is so used to dictating that he could not write letters. Some girls would have beseeched "Yours truly, William Brown," with tear wet epistle asking him why he was so cold!

A girl who shows discretion in buying a gown shows indiscretion in setting down her threat throbs in pen and ink for a careless or scornful man to read.

A girl who stands at the head of her class in school may be at the foot in common sense conduct of everyday affairs. Consider this Brooklyn girl. If she had told her mother she would have discharged the teacher and the silly affair would have ended. But she must write a letter! Beware the letter-writing vice! No, the term is not too harsh. A vice may be a defect, a blemish, a fault. Indiscreet letter writing is all these.

Advice to Lovelorn  
By Beatrice Fairfax

You May Accept Her Invitation.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: Two years ago while visiting a girl friend in the country I met a young man. He was very attentive to me and we corresponded after my return home. Each winter since then he has spent one week-end at my home. Lately he has been urging me to visit his home, and says he will have his sister write and invite me if I do not care to go on his invitation. Now the last time I visited the friend through whom I met him, his sister asked me to come and see her this winter. The man has never spoken of marriage to me, and though I would like to take the trip to visit his people, I do not want to do anything that would cause gossip—especially in view of the fact that our friendship may come to nothing.

The young man's attitude seems to indicate that he is deeply interested in you. It would be almost caddish of him to make so many advances unless he was very sure of his feelings. If his sister writes and extends the invitation for you to visit them, I think it would be in perfectly good taste for you to go. If the invitation comes from her no one will be able to discuss you in any way except a kindly one. After all, you are almost more open to criticism through having this man so frequent a visitor at your own home than you would be if you made a single visit to his sister.

Why Try to Forget Him?  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 years of age and about a year ago met a young man two years my senior, to whom I took a great liking. He showed me in every way that he liked my company, but never led me to believe that he had more than a friendship for me.  
To put him out of my mind I left the city for four weeks, but during that time thought of him more than ever. It is now about seven months since I last saw him, but it seems impossible to forget. Is this infatuation or love?  
Being an orphan and not having any one to go to, I will be governed by your advice.  
ANXIOUS.  
I think you are making a tragedy out of nothing. If there is no barrier between you, why do you not enjoy this man's friendship and wait to see into what it will develop? If there is some reason why he can never be anything to you, you must simply determine to forget him. The whole thing is probably neither infatuation nor love, but the lure of the forbidden. Contrary human nature has an unfortunate way of wanting what it can't have.

"Her Likeness" : Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service. : By Nell Brinkley



A girl who has so many wilful ways  
She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him,  
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,  
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,  
A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,  
And very far from angel yet, I trow;  
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human,  
Yet she's more lovable as simple woman  
Than anyone diviner that I know.  
—From the poem by Dinah Mulock.

Girls Who Make Mistake May Start Anew if They Have Courage

By ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

Copyright 1914, Ray Company.  
A well behaved and industrious young woman vanished from home, and after a week's absence wrote to her family saying, "Forget me."

These two words told the whole terrible story.

But they told something else besides—they told the unjust attitude of human beings who compose society toward an erring woman.

Had this young woman been a young man and committed the same sin, can we for one moment suppose that a letter would have been sent home to the waiting relatives?

Indeed, no. The young man would have gone back and his family would have fallen upon his neck with "no questions asked."

Just as this silent attitude toward the sinner is wrong, so is the cruelly severe attitude toward an erring girl a stumbling block in the way of humanity's evolution.

I wish every weak and foolish girl who has taken one wrong step and believes she must go on to the end of the highway, although she longs to turn back, would take courage and make the attempt right now before she passes another milestone.

The morgue and the potter's field and "the island" are filled with those who dared not turn back.

In the parks and on the streets you may meet blue-eyed old women in rags, begging pennies or passively. On some of these faces rests the lingering remnant of what once was beauty—the beauty which opened the door to temptation, perhaps.

And after they had started on the path they believed it was impossible to turn back.

Yet had they tried, what fate could have been more terrible than the one they found as they passed along the highway of folly?

A few years of fine apparel, and carriage, and wine suppers, and travel, and excitement, at the very best. Always the need of hiding the source of these luxuries from the world, always the need of lies, and pretence, and secrecy, or else the utter sinking of the whole moral nature in a brazen disregard of public opinion.

And each year seeing the physical charms fading, each year realizing the nearer approach of that awful time when neglect and insult must take the place of pursuit and flattery.

And then the depth of degradation with premature old age and poverty and loneliness and the fictitious excitement of drink as the only relief from despair.

There are hundreds of such old women in our great cities today—women who made one false step, perhaps with the idea of escaping drudgery; perhaps through lack of will power, and perhaps because of a misplaced trust. But whatever the cause, there must have been hours in the early part of the journey when each one of these women longed to turn back into the straight path and begin over.

And because she had been taught that nothing but death could remedy a woman's fall and that no amount of repentance or Christianity could gain her the respect of her fellow men, she dared not try.

Yet in our great cities, too, and in high places, in the church, and in society, women walk who have turned back and cast their follies behind them. There are good mothers and good wives who have built their own ladders upon which they climbed from error. The world offers better opportunities to women who reform in this age than ever before.

All occupations are open to them, and in distant states and far from old associations the woman who has the will and the desire strong enough may and can start on a new upward path. Self-

control, tears, sorrow, loneliness, hardships and misfortune will all be hers, yet are not these better companions for a few years than the inevitable results of a life of immorality and folly? The world is sure to despise her and shun her if she keeps on. . . she turns back now she can compel it after a time to respect the nobility of her life.

Do you want to begin anew?  
If you cannot find the way back alone there are sweet souls under Salvat Army uniforms ready to help you, and there are good women in edicts and lace who will answer if you call.

And after you have made up your mind to begin a new life, be careful and avoid confessions and confidences. Your past belongs to yourself and your God, your future to humanity. Walk an ascending path and keep aloof. You have as good a right to a future as a wife and mother as men have to be husbands and fathers, once you reform.

It is not an easy thing to do, but the life you are living is not an easy one and the future holds the certain drifting from boulevard to street, from fine apparel and carriages to rags and the begging of car fares and night lodgings, or the morgue and pauper's burial. Not one woman in 10,000 in your position ever saves a dollar of her ill-earned money for the certain day that she loses the physical charms that are her only hold on fortune.

Better face a few years of hardship now, in an effort to begin life anew, than to go on to hardships and horrors indescribable.

Do you think of yourself as a hopeless, blackened sinner? Think of yourself as a foolish, weak and mistaken woman, no more lost to hope than the 10,000 men who are received by the world and society in spite of past errors far deeper and darker than your own.

The loss of one virtue does not mean the extinction of all. The possession of one virtue does not mean the possession of all.

If you have fallen through one man's cruelty, or through an excess of love or intensity, or trust, you are simply a human being who has gone wrong through misdirected virtues.

You are like a plant that has become a weed through neglect of proper culture and care.

You are not as wicked in God's sight as the jealous, back-biting and mischief-making woman who ruins the happiness of all her associates by her evil-speaking tongue.

You are not as wicked in God's sight as the woman of fashion who marries a man she despises for the wealth he can give her and who hates her unborn child.

But your future will be more disastrous than that of either of these because of the rules of society, and you have no time to waste if you would start on the way of reform.

Get loose from all the associations which you are compelled to hide from the world. Seek some new place and scene and go to work and build up a good life for yourself.

We can be what we will to be.

In-Shoots

The stool pigeon is the cheapest of all conscientious crooks.

The morning after is also prolific with good resolutions.

It is not good for man to live alone, but it is less expensive, anyhow.

The man who is entirely satisfied is usually a tiresome companion.

The promoter often parts with money as rapidly as he accumulates it.

As a rule the people who suffer in silence have but light attacks of trouble.

It is better to hit the bull's-eye in a short sermon than to tire the stammer into repentance with a long one.

If you love music, there should be a Victrola in your home.

February Victor Records

include "Mother, a Word That Means the World to Me," and M'CORMACK'S rendition of "A Little Bit of Heaven." These are far and away the best issued in some time. Hear them at any of the Victor dealers mentioned in this advertisement.



All the world's best music to entertain you whenever and as often as you wish.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$400—at all Victor dealers.

Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden, N. J.



MICKEL'S NEBRASKA CYCLE CO.

15th and Harney Sts. Omaha, Neb.

334 Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Brandeis Stores

Victrola Department in the Pompeian Room

A. Hospe Co.

1513-15 Douglas St., OMAHA

And 407 West Broadway, COUNCIL BLUFFS