

Marrying for Fear of Being an Old Maid

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young woman, who is earning a good salary with a better one in sight, writes me that her parents consider it a disgrace for a girl to be an old maid, and that they continually urge her to marry anybody she can get in order to be able to write "Mrs." before her name.

The girl does not want to marry unless she can better her condition in life, nor does she wish to marry without love. None of us, however, can shake off the superstitions that are bred in us, and the more we are taught at our mother's knee, and so she wants to know if it is a reflection on a girl and a humiliation to her family for her to be an old maid, and if she had better marry any sort of a stick of a man than to remain single.

No. A thousand times no. The poorest trade that any girl ever makes is when she exchanges a sixty-dollar job for a forty-dollar husband, and nothing on earth can justify such folly except for a woman to be so madly in love she has taken leave of her senses. That any girl should make such a bad bargain when she's not in love and merely for the sake of being married is a piece of idiocy that would be past belief if we didn't see it done so often.

Nobody will deny that a happy marriage is the most blissful estate in the world, but there can be no happy marriage in which the woman does not love, admire and respect the man to whom she is married. Nor is there any happiness in a marriage in which the husband is not able to support the home in decent comfort.

For a woman to be married to a man whom she does not love and honor spells misery for her. For her to be married to a man who cannot make a comfortable living means wretchedness. There is no other slave of earth who works so hard as the wife of a very poor man. The girl who works in factory, or store, or office has her hours of labor



determined by law, beyond which the most cruel taskmaster cannot drive her. She has her pay envelope at the end of the week, and, generally speaking, she has no anxieties beyond providing for herself.

The poor wife and mother toils from dawn until far into the night at tasks that are never done. She receives no pay for what she does, and she has her heart continually torn to pieces with anguish over the deprivation her children must suffer, and the fear that the time will come when she will not be able to even give them bread.

Nothing but an overwhelming passion for some man that makes a woman feel that she would rather starve and slave at his side than to ride in automobiles and feast on terrapin and champagne away from him should tempt a girl to give up a good position in the business world to marry a man who is making less than she does. A great love can glid the hardest lot, but without love the sacrifices a poor man's wife must make eat into her very soul, and make her curse the day she was fool enough to marry him.

It is a cruel thing that parents should be willing to jeopardize a daughter's happiness by urging marriage on her, but they do. If the girl is dependent on them it leaves her in a peculiarly helpless position, but when the daughter is a working girl, who earns her own living, she has a perfect right to tell them that as long as they do not have to support her she will do as she pleases in the matter.

We do not stop to consider the significance of the thing morally, but this is the first generation of really virtuous women the world has ever known, because for the first time in the history of the world women have been able to marry for love alone, and not forced to marry for a home, and between the woman who marries just to get some man to provide her with food, and raiment, and shelter, and the woman of the street, there is no whit of difference.

If a girl can marry well, if she can marry the man of her heart, and the man with whom she can take an upward step in the world, by all means let her enter the holy estate. But to marry when she doesn't love and just any sort of a make-shift of a man just to be married, and to keep from being an old maid, is not only a crime, it means the wreck of all happiness in her life.

"Ware My Heart!"

By Nell Brinkley
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Watch where you step and dance lightly, oh, girl who dances all the strange, and queer, and lovely, and amazing things christened musical, tongue-tickling names from South America—for my heart is there, right there, on the boards at your feet. Tennis girls and gran'mother girls, and girls who dive and ride—my eyes get a fishy blankness whenever I turn to you—for your candles fade and die beside the lightening of the dancing girl with her feet of blowing thistle-seed, her arms like blowing foam, her face like a happy flower! Oh, tread lighter than if you were dancing on the icing of a lemon pie, for there's my heart—at your slipper-tip!—NELL BRINKLEY.

What is the Color of Your Eyes?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Black, blue, brown, gray or hazel; granted they are one of these colors so far as your mirror discloses, are they not also another color which is not always apparent on the surface?

Are they not sometimes, not often, but just sometimes, a little green?

Deny it and you deny that there is any jealousy in your makeup, proclaiming at the same time that you have a heart that is encrusted in snow and hung in icicles. And you deceive no one, for every one knows that the little green-eyed god has at some time occupied a shrine in every human heart.

It is second nature to love, and it is

third nature to be jealous. It is the part of wisdom to conceal this jealousy, but the beginners at the game, those who take love most seriously, and who regard it not as an incident in life, but all of life itself, are never wise in playing their parts. They love without restraint, they are just as uncontrolled in the fear, hatred and resentment of jealousy. The man and woman who are jealous and show it, defeat their own happiness, but the objects of their adoration and suspicion have the satisfaction of knowing it is not a love that has bloomed before.

A young girl writes me that she has every assurance of her sweetheart's love, but—

"There is a girl that cares a lot for him and she puts herself on him every time she sees him, and if we are at a party she hangs around him so that I never can have a pleasant conversation with him. He says he doesn't care for her, but I hear he is at her house when not at mine."

Another girl tells a story of jealousy as follows:

"He admits he writes to her, but says he never goes to see her. I scold him about it all the time. He calls on me every night in the week but one, and I am very suspicious. Do you think he goes to see her the right he is not with me?"

Another girl, with as convincing proof of her sweetheart's love, wants to know how she can find out what he does the two evenings a week he is not with her. "It would break my heart," she writes, "to find he calls another girl."

The writers of these letters are very, very young. If they were older they would know that no man's love is held by nagging; they would have learned that jealousy is a flattery a lover soon repents. Pleased at first because of its display, since it shows the girl loves him, he grows very angry when it exhibits itself in nagging, suspicion and distrust, and if he is as wise as his fathers he transfers his heart to a harbor of love that is more peaceful.

It is third nature to be jealous, but it is possible to get such control of this very human weakness that it takes to itself all the strength of indifference. The lover is longest the lover who is kept guessing; he is truest who has the girl to win, and every mark of jealousy is proof that she is already won and regards him as such a prize she loses all pride in her desire to keep him.

Green eyes, girls, are never the eyes that keep a lover.

Boy or Girl? Great Question!



This brings to many minds an old and tried family remedy—an external application known as "Mother's Friend." During the period of expectancy it is applied to the abdominal muscles and is designed to soothe the intricate network of nerves involved. In this manner it has such a splendid influence as to justify its use in all cases of coming motherhood. It has been generally recommended for years and years and those who have used it speak in highest praise of the immense relief it affords. Particularly do those knowing mothers speak of the absence of morning sickness, absence of strain on the ligaments and freedom from those many other distresses which are usually looked forward to with so much concern.

There is no question but what "Mother's Friend" has a marked tendency to relieve the mind and this of itself in addition to the physical relief has given it a very wide popularity among women. It is absolutely safe to use, renders the skin pliable, is refreshing in its nature and is composed of those emollients best suited to thoroughly lubricate the nerves, muscles, tendons and ligaments involved.

You can obtain "Mother's Friend" at almost any drug store.

It is prepared only by Bradfield Regulator Co., 391 Lazar St., Atlanta, Ga.

Russian Customs Contrasted with Those of English

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Everyday chapter, "Silhouettes of Everyday Life," is in Madame Jarintsoff's recent book, "Russia, the Country of Extremes." In it the author, who has visited much in England, tells of the dissimilarity between certain Russian and English customs.

Very frankly she criticizes the carelessness of Russian parents in not teaching children how to behave at the table, and she considers that English writers who have visited Russia have been generous in "not having mentioned our manners at the table."

Although the Russians learn good manners with the natural growth of politeness and good taste, there exists nothing like the English code of manners at the table which children are so carefully taught.

For instance, the reader is surprised to learn that "no Russian has ever heard that drinking tea from a spoon or leaving the spoon in the cup is bad manners, and he does not pay the slightest attention to the relative position of his cup and his plate at the table." Furthermore, it is startling to be told that "he uses the butter knife for buttering his own slice of bread, after which he puts it back as innocent of his crime as an angel."

The author says that she can well imagine that English readers will be shocked at these descriptions of conduct at the table and of other things, which she very delightfully acknowledges, "for upon the nerves of even us Russians when we have lived in England for some time."

Although she hopes that her book makes it clear that universal respect for women is expressed in many ways in Russia, she observes that boys and men have not learned to get up and open a door for a lady simply because she is a woman, nor are children taught to stand aside to let ladies or visitors pass through a doorway first.

Our customers are, as a rule, the same

as in England and it strikes us as peculiar that among Russians, when at dinner, the men when they have finished a course, often "get up and take a walk up and down the room." Another thing is that when dinner is over it is not customary in Russia for the women to return to the drawing room and leave the men, but all stay and talk as much as they wish.

Madame Jarintsoff tells of some of the polite customs among Russians which mean much to them by way of consideration and good taste. They never finish a meal without saying "Thank you" to the hostess. They always greet every one in a room or when meeting them first in the course of the day, and when saying goodbye or leaving a room they do not ignore any one of those present. While she admits that politeness in this is perhaps overdone, it is better than coldness or discourtesy.

As a final summing up of contrasts in manners the author cannot resist a playful little thrust when she writes, "We never touch lam with a knife—it sets our teeth on edge." And she is positive that "indigestion," as a topic of conversation, is relegated from Russian dining or drawing rooms. When she first came to England, she admits that she blushed each time at the sound of that word.

Russian boys and girls, she tells us, are gifted and clever but often lazy, self-willed, offhand and noisy to an extent that would upset and English household. Even at the risk of offending her own compatriots she states that their children are spoiled, while English children seem "born with perfect manners."

The things which strikes the attention of a visitor to Russia—that is, before the sudden war brought its changes—are the safety, the pleasure seeking, the chic of smart society, the open-hearted hospitality, the general interest in education, art, science, dancing and talking—talking unreservedly of everything under the sun, except the weather.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I was reading a book last night which was called Grate Lines from the Poets, and I saw a line which said

I herd like the eternal Sussurus of the sea.

& I said to Pa, what is a sussurus.

I don't know until you tell me how it is used, sed Pa, & the way it is spelled. Then I spelled sussurus for Pa & sed Sussurus of the sea.

Oh, I see, sed Pa, of the sea, or, in other words, of the ocean. What was the name of the man which rote the lines? sed Pa.

His name was Bliss Carman, I told Pa. Now what does Sussurus of the Sea mean?

I take it that is sum kind of a fish, Pa sed, like a sucker or a shark. Now that I think of it, sed Pa, there is a fish down in the South Sea islands which is called a sussurus. It is good to eat & has a savage nature.

You don't say so, sed Ma.

Oh, yes, sed Pa, I remember in the old days we used to catch quite a lot of them. They bit on a spoon, the same as a mackerel. The plural is sussari, Pa sed.

You don't know what you are saying, sed Ma. How often have I told you not to fill up little Bobbie's bed with a lot of nonsense like that. I think from looking at the poem that sussurus must mean something like the word Murruring or sobbing of the sea, or something like that. It couldn't mean a fish anyway, Ma sed, because, it says The Eternal Sussurus & a fish can't be eternal.

I don't see why not, sed Pa. Suckers are eternal & suckers are fish. Wen one sucker dies another is born, which is the same as eternal, & I suppose that when one sussurus breathes its last thru its worn old gills another sussurus is born, or maybe two sussuri, Pa sed.

You are foolish tonight, sed Ma. Why do you try to explain big words that yos do not know?

Why does a poet dare to use a word that little Bobbie doesn't know the meaning of? sed Pa. If Bliss Carman ment murrur, why didnt he say murrur? Mister Shakespeare never used the word sussurus, Pa sed. Neether did Lord Byron or George Cohan. They used words that even little Bobbie cud understand, & that is the true test of a riter.

I think it is a hurtful poem, sed Ma. It means so much that the common mind cannot understand it. It leent yure fault, dear husband, sed Ma. If you have a common mind. It sounds like a butful line to me.

You are just like the rest of the wimmen that reads poetry, sed Pa. Do you remember the other nite yure friend Miss Berenice Bunkington red them lines of her poem

The room swam with a strange perfum & then I knew that Swoon of Doom? Didnt you all say that Swoon of Doom was a butful frase? sed Pa.

It is, sed Ma.

All rite, sed Pa, then I throw up my hands. It is.

Do You Know That

In Los Angeles there is the smallest horse in the world. It is twenty-two and a half inches high, seven years old, and weighs seventy pounds with its shoes on.

According to a report of the director of the United States bureau of census, 26,345,236 miles of telephone line were in use in the United States during 1912. This represents an increase of 33.3 per cent during the decade. The estimated number of messages for the year was 13,735,638,245.

The African possessions and protectorates of the European powers now at war are more than three times as large as all of Europe now engaged in hostilities. The largest individual holder of African territory is France, with 3,812,000 square miles, more than 1,900,000 of which is the Sahara desert. England controls 3,618,345 square miles; Belgium, with the Congo as its sole possession, 802,000 square miles, and Germans, 1,965,083 square miles.

HOW PARIS STYLES MAKE MUCH HAIR FROM LITTLE

You have noticed the prevailing hair styles, which are Parisian, make it impossible to use false hair because of the simple lines which conform to the natural shape of the head. It therefore becomes necessary to make your own hair look as heavy as possible. This is not a difficult task if you are careful to keep it perfectly clean. In washing the hair it is not advisable to use a make-shift, but always use a preparation made for shampooing only. You can enjoy the best that is known for about three cents a shampoo by getting a package of cantrox from your druggist; dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready. After its use the hair dries rapidly with uniform color. Dandruff, scurf and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its luster and softness will also delight you, while the stimulated scalp gains the health which insures hair growth.—Advertisement.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

To Prevent Blushing.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old and have an annoying habit of blushing. I go out to business and meet many people and still sometimes I'll sit in the house for days for fear I might meet somebody. Even in the house when I talk to my brother I blush. If you could please write how to prevent it, I'll be grateful to you for the rest of my days. From a discouraged Brooklyn girl.

T. B.

My dear girl, there is no sweeter, more modest sign of youth than the blush. I know of no cure for it, but age and sophistication. Do not be discouraged about the mantling red that colors your face so prettily. Go out and enjoy yourself and rest assured that every time you blush some one admires your girlish sweetness. A blush always suggests dawn flushing the sky. Maybe some day you will wish you could color up as prettily as you do now.

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