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tient - Address

North 2087

Interesting Stories of Life's Perplexities

PROBLEMS OF EVERYDAY LIFE

Helpful Hints for Those Who Are Willing to Learn

Chaperoning "
"Toung Love"

little sprays of pink and white blossoms

that made her look the very incarna-

tion of Spring. She was such a joyous

irresponsible spirit that I became slight-

time we arrived at the hall where the

reception was to be held I had begun

Just as we set foot on the stairs,

Constance seized my arm in a convul-

rather to enjoy myself.

the Clover Club through two weeks of, to me, unhallowed nare, the very sound of the word sent the cold chills over me. No more such thankless tasks should be mine. The united kingdom of youth could cavort through the world unchaperoned for all I cared, I would hob-nob with my own friends and give "sweet sixteen" and her monstrous selfishness a wide berth. But when I made these laudable resolves I had not reckoned on Constance, my seventeen-year-old niece, and when she danced into my apartment ahead of her mother, my only sister, one night, in all the radiance of her very pink and white beauty, I felt my heart warm toward her for her youth's sake in spite of my deeprooted sense of injury against her kind.

"I'm sorry, Janet, to bother you," my sister said, depreciatingly after we had exchanged greetings, "but I am going to New York next week and won't be back in time to attend the dancing school reception given by Constance's class. So I thought-that is-I wonder if you would mind looking after Constance." I actually felt the cold gleam that appeared in my eye at my sister's audacious request and I set my lips so firmly that Constance exclaimed that she just knew I wouldn't "stand for it," and her mother reproved her sharply for using slang and looked anxiously at my darkening brow. In the end they prevailed and, weak

woman that I am, I consented to play propriety, while Constance displayed what a year of terpsichorean art had done for her. I argued within myself after they had gone that chaperoning Constance would be entirely different from chaperoning those young vandals, "The Clover Club," of whose doings I have held forth elsewhere, and my prediction was destined to be only too true. T had been arranged that I was to go from my office, for I am a business woman, to Constance's home and have dinner there, and spend the night with a view to looking youthful, I wore

had hissed so venomously. It also dawned upon me that I was fated to cope with a situation that the average Peace Society would have abandoned in despair. I was firmly convinced of it when a little later Constance said haughtily as we left the dressing room "I hope, Aunt Janet, that you are on my side instead of some other person's here to-night."

"What is the trouble between you and Edgar?" I asked bluntly, but received no answer save a toss of Constance's blond head and the emphatic response that he was too rude and ungentlemanly to notice, and that all the girls had sworn to "cut him dead" all evening, just because she, Constance,

BUT what did he do?" I persisted, but was silenced by the enigmatic reply that there "were some hurts too deep for v.ords." Constance took pains to warn me that if I were too friendly with the enemy "the girls wouldn't this terrible threat I determined to shun the detrimental society of Edgar but I had no more than set foot inside the hall, when he rushed forward to meet me, welcoming me as though I were his last hope on earth. I turned sive grip and hissed: "The idea of him half fearfully to see how Constance

pening to glance at Constance, I re- cold horror of one who knows the sure frained from speech. The stony expres- fruits of such indiscretion. I decided sion on her face would have put a seif- my best course lay in allowing the boy respecting Gorgon to shame, and I to bask in my favor at least long enough knew in a flash that Edgar was the to learn what the awful deed was that mysterious him over whom Constance had caused him to be cast into outer darkness. He straightened up, however, and looked like an offended young statue when I sought to discover the nature of his crime. He said darkly that the less a fellow believed in women, the better off he was. They were all cruel and deceitful. Of course he excluded me politely from this sweeping condemnation by explaining elaborately that "present company was always excepted," still I felt myself a pariah along with the rest of the world of perfidious femininity. S the evening progressed my sym-

A pathy grew strong towards the boyish transgressor. Outside myself, he hadn't a friend at that reception. He was ignored as absolutely as though he had been a criminal." He was the recipient of enough icy stares to freeze his very marrow bones, forever and a day. Through it all he clung to me like a drowning sailor until many pairs of girlish eyes were leveled at me in cold disapproval. Things reached a climax when the

Paul Jones was danced. Edgar, unable to fairly implored me to be his partner in this rollicking romp. With a sensation of reckless bravado I marched out to the middle of the floor on his arm and joined the dancers. I grieve I was summarily danced off in another



being here, after what he said." I rubbed my injured arm and inquired into the cause of it all, only to be answered by: "I won't speak to him, and I'll tell the girls of the sorority not to dance was taking this, in time to see her direction. This was delivering the there after the reception. The car- with him, too." By this time we had dance off on the arm of a youth who crowning snub with a vengeance and riage was to call for us at eight o'clock reached the head of the stairs and had claimed her for a waltz. She after the triumphant avengers had finand the reception was to begin at half Edgar Bayne, a good-looking boy of glared balefully at the tabooed Edgar ished the dance and rushed in a body for ped forward and shook hands with Poor, ostracized Edgar conducted me secured his hat and coat and stalked a very simple frock of black messaline, me. He looked so unusually solemn to a seat at one side of the room, and gloomily home. Before he went he began to pay me devoted attentions, stopped for a moment to earnestly astainty butterfly in her gown of pink his lugubrious countenance, when hap- a proceeding that filled me with the sure me that I was the right sort and

Many Pairs of Girlish Eyes Were Leveled at Me Disapprovingly

me until after the last waltz was over Then she approached me gingerly and said in zero tones: "Are you ready to

decided it was time for explanations and said with far more sternness than I felt: "I want you to tell me why you behaved so badly to Edgar to-night. you treated him shamefully. What terrible thing has he done? He is too nice a boy to be made miserable by a crowd of cruel, frivolous girls." Constance had the grace to blush

slightly at this arraignment. She regarded me sulkily for a moment, then in a sudden burst of offended dignity the truth came out. This was Edgar's heinous crime. He had ventured to upbraid the little lady for deliberately betaking herself to a sorority meeting without leaving a word of excuse when he had had an engagement of a week's standing with her to call on her on that particular night. He had called and been disappointed to the point of veyation therefore on meeting her in the street next day he had according to her version, "said perfectly mean sarcastic things" to her:

"I don't blame him in the least," was my unfeeling comment. "It would serve you right if he never noticed you again." To my surprise no indignant defense of herself followed my remarks although Constance prepared for bed with an expression of tragic resignation to Fate on her baby face that was in finitely diverting, to me at least. Just as I was dropping off to sleep I heard a still small voice say in a tender tone that left no doubt in my mind concerning the outcome: "Poor, dear Edgar."

MILLINERY TIPS

Hats with the whole brims completely covered with maline, sometimes plaited, Hats with tulle bows.

nowever-all of tulle. Roses, large and small, arranged flat

Flat tailored bows of moire ribbon Crowns covered with black velvetthis a very new wrinkle indeed and

heralded as straight from Paris. Charming affairs with Tam O'Shanter rowns of flowered crepes or silks. Many hats faced with soft shell pink r delicate blue silk.

Many flat trimmings.

And the poke and picturesque shapes Shirring and cordings, too, arranged flat upon the brims.
Streamers of velvet or sather ribbons

WITH Constance I was in deep dis-Cultivate a Voice That Charms

By Olive Lang

NCE upon a time there was a girl who undertook to make ner voice over.

Sue had listened with horror to the NCE upon a time there was a

voices of the women around her. She made up her mind that whatever charms nature had denied her, no one should hear from her lips the harsh, strident, high-pitched tones that jar the atmosphere around every gathering of American women.

She had no particular gift in the way of a voice herself. But with Shakespeare's admonition for a text-"that excellent thing in woman, a voice that ever gentle, soft and low"- she deliberately set to work to mellow, soften, refine and make musical her speaking

Tre result of her experiment is that 'that girl with the beautiful voice." Strangers stop to listen when she speaks. Her voice has become a more nagnetic charm than even a pretty face might have been. It has attracted toward her friends and acquaintances worth having.

that she set about making over her voice with any such purpose.

She has simply made the most of her brought its own reward. And the point of this article is that

any woman might do the same with I wish I could convince her of that!

I wish I could make her realize the magic influence of a clear, musical

Probably more men have fallen honestly in love with a beautiful voice than with even a beautiful face. And with reason. For a pretty face may mean no more than physical perfection, while a beautiful voice is nearly always an index to mind and heart.

A plain woman can become perfectly charming the minute she begins to speak, if she has cultivated her voice. Given the choice, a wise woman would take a homely face with a beautiful voice, rather than a perfect face with a harsh and unlovely voice.

ET me repeat that this wonderworking voice is not, as many imagine, a miraculous gift. It can be acquired, as it was in the case of the young woman cited above. It takes pains and practice. And I may say that it

Perhaps the greatest trouble with the average woman is that she does not realize how unlovely her voice is. Its defects are so familiar to her own ears

A long procession of travelers, with Mr. Henry James and Mr. William tired of teiling us how much lovelier our English cousin's voice is. Not every Englishwoman, indeed, is blessed with a particularly musical voice. But their enunciation is so correct and their tone so soft and low, that it is nearly always a pleasure to listen to them speaking. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the most middle-class Eng. lish child speaks more pleasingly than the average American girl or woman.

Then it slurs many words which our youngest English cousin has been taught

from childhood to pronounce perfect-

And, finally, it has often a disagreeable nasal twang.

Now how to correct these very bad faults which give our national feminine voice such an odious reputation, and which prevent us from being as charming and attractive as we ought to be:-Surely the easiest fault for a woman

to correct in her speaking voice is its unnecessary loudness. A stranger to our land, moving about our streets, restaurants and public conveyances, might suppose us a half-deaf nation, from the superfluous shoutings with which many of we women address each other. The affairs of Tom, Dick and Harry, or more often, of Jane, Maud and Susie, are cried aloud, that all who

It is true our cities are full of noises. But it would be better to remain mute among those noises than to grow a speaking voice that must scream even

in the silent places. By keeping a persistent watch over the loud voice it can be toned down. I should counsel any woman who wishes to perform the miracle of chang-

ing her voice from harshness to softness, from loudness to lowness, from discord to music-I should counsel her .takes a certain disposition of mind. to practice all these things I have sug-

The Girl Who Plays Golf With-Throwing Over Invitation out a Caddie

THLETICS almost invariably involve expense, and any suggestion for reducing this must be ned by the girl of moderate allowance or income. While compromises and makeshifts in a game may not meet the permit a girl to indulge in a sport or any form of athletics that would otherwise be impossible to her, they cannot be condemned. On the contrary the girl should be on the alert to devise them. Golf must be ranked among the games expensive to play. Carfare to the links, tuying and losing of the small white balls, bags, clubs, caddies, all these items mount to a formidable sum, "I have to give up playing golf," sighed a young athlete, on her way home from the park links. "It is eating such big holes into my monthly allowance."

"Don't do that," advised her companion. "Try my plan of playing without a caddle to reduce expenses. Though that was not the reason I started it. When I came out to play last September, right after the schools had reopened, I used to be annoyed because there never was the sign of a caddie around. The school buildings had swallowed up everyone, and I could not wait until late afternoon, when they were free to play. So I discarded my bag as unnecessarily heavy to carry, reduce the number of clubs I used to four, and sometimes, using my brassy to drive

with, I got them down to three, and attreed off independent of caddle's help.
"It was hard work at first, naturally, f'llowing the flight of my ball with my untrained eyes. But after I lost a couple of balls through my failure to send still after I struck them and watch until they fell to the ground, I became e clever as any caddie in locating

"And really, it is no great hardship to carry a few clubs and lay them down when you take your stroke. We are getting too dependent on having everything made easy for us anyway. Of course, I may not be able to play perfect, scientific golf, but my score compares well with good players, and my form is quite good. What I may lose in power o centration on the playing alone, I make up in being able to afford to come out and practice oftener. Especially in seasons when caddies are not available."

The girl who follows this plan must bear in mind one essential. She will be strongly tempted, to lift her eyes from the ball before her club has hit it, so anxious will she be not to lose sight of where the ball will travel. She must battle against this tendency. If she allows it to become a habit her game is ruined. She cannot make a successful player without keeping her eye fixed on that important little sphere. If she de cides to play without a caddie, this is a ardinal principle for her to remem

By Mrs. Edward Bunson Clark N WHAT do you think that a of the moment and then perhaps some-

in society most depends. "That is rather a difficult question to answer off hand." I replied. "So many things, some of them quite small things, affect one's prospects socially that I can't help you much unless you are more explicit. Just what's the trouble?" My niece hesitated, blushed a little and finally declared that she had been simply asking for information. At which very obvious prevarication I

could not help but laugh. "No one at your age," said I, "ever asks for information without expecting to make some use of it. Was it being left out of the house party at Mrs. Kent's that is troubling you?"

"I don't see why she couldn't have asked me as well as the Nelson girls or Madge Smith and her cousin." "It seems to me I remember a certain young lady who threw over a luncheon engagement at the last moment

because something more attractive offered." I said. "Am I mistaken in thinking that an incident of the sort occurred last Spring?" "It's true that I did send Mrs. Nelson a note regretting that I would be unable to come after I had accepted the

week before. But what could I do? I just couldn't miss that auto trip to Tuxedo." "And yet you wonder why Mrs. Nelson

leaves you out of her house party! I would put your state of mind down to the conceit of youth if it wasn't for the fact that I have often seen elderly people just as great sinners in this respect and quite as oblivious of any but their own side of the question. Do you think it is an easy matter for a hostess to fill in a vacant seat at a tea table at the last moment when she receives at the eleventh hour a note or telephone message, 'So sorry, but I find it is impossible to come,' and knows by the flimsiness of the excuse that she has been thrown over for a later invitation that seemed more al-"I didn't suppose she would care. She

can find plenty of girls to go to her "And also to her house parties, it

"If I'd supposed for one moment that she was ever going to give such a perfectly gorgeous party as this one I'd have gone to ten luncheons if she had

T HAT'S exactly the point of view I'm finding fault with. Has old fashioned courtesy and consideration fo other people gone entirely out of date? The young people of to-day are much too careless in their acceptance of invitations, They accept them on the apur

thing else comes along that they prefer doing and they decline the first invitation at the last minute, thus arousing an antagonism that cannot help but effect their social career, Naturally one has preferences. But if one wants to be popular socially it is a very dangerous thing to play fast and loose with invitations. It is an easy matter to decline an invitation in the first place. And no hostess has a right to resent a courteous regret promptly sent, but a regret that arrives at the last moment is another matter entirely. A young friend of yours said to me one day that she always accepted every invitation that came along, and then picked out those that she preferred, throwing over the others. Some of the young people who heard her say this no doubt thought it was a very clever thing to do, but I can tell you that this girl is laying up a good stock of unpopularity for herself. Neither courtesy or consideration for others justifies the course she is taking and in the long run the supremely selfish person is bound to be unpopular. If she would make up her mind to decline such invitations she does not think she would enjoy as soon as they are presented to her she would be much better liked and at the same time please

you do not like. Mother always makes me accept all Aunt Mary's invitations for 'the credit of the family,' as she

says." "Of course, there are always 'duty' invitations that any person who is not utterly selfish is bound to accept and to enjoy too if that is possible or politely pretend to do so if it isn't."

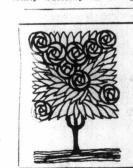
"How about the invitations that are fired at one over the telephone? I can never think of polite excuses on the cept weakly and then ignominiously crawl out of the dilemma any way I

"The best advice I can give you in think quickly and decline definitely if it is a thing you do not care to do. If you cannot think of any other excuse you can always have an engagement, cultivate your mind by reading a good

"Another thing that makes some girls unpopular is that they do not observe the courtesies of conversation, but this for we all share it more or less."

PICNIC PROPORTIONS

Twenty pounds of cake is sufficient for 100 people, 24 Jemons will make lemonade for 50 people, 2 pounds of sugar being used for 24 jemons; 20 gallons of milk for 200 people, and 1 gallon of tot great foll 50 people.



With this article, by Louise D. Mitchell, who is widely known in

the fields of art and literature, we

will present a new department to our readers, in which the various

statues and paintings, often seen though but little understood, will

ERHAPS not three persons out

of ten can go into any public

park or museum and tell the

me or history of as many pieces of

atuary or the same number of paint-

iks, which they see and admire there.

he cultivation of a knowledge of art,

even as rudimentary as that mentioned

above where a mere acquaintance may

be all that can be claimed, is really

essential if the individual sightseer

would be lifted above the stigma of

And aside even from that is the added

pleasure her knowledge will give to any

one with whom she may be visiting the

different museums in her own and dis-

tant cities. "Oh, that is so-and-so, by

so-and-so," is her easy, gracious, and

valuable response to the question put

to her, which will certainly increase her

charm in the eyes of her less well-

informed companion while there springs

up in her own heart the delight of

seeing an old, perhaps loved, acquaint-

ance in the painting or statuary before

Who has not seen and wondered a

little over the history of the victory of

Samothrace (pronounced sam-o-thra-se),

which she has come upon perhaps a

score of times in actual fact or in

name of an island in the northern part

of the Aegean Sea. Its chief character-

istic in those days was that it was

known for its peculiar style of worship

of certain divinities, concerning whom

very little is known to us to-day, but

Which in those days gave to the island

kind of sacred personality which

total ignorance.

photograph?

Do You Know This Statue?

By Louise D. Mitchell

esteem by all who knew of it. in a sea-fight off Salamis, in Cyprus.

the event. The monument represents the marble prow of a ship with this emblem of victory placed upon it. to us-The Victory of Samothrace,

standard. To really enjoy sculpture one should try at least to understand it -- to look at it, as far as possible, from the sculptor's point of view. To note the grace and ease of the effect of the arrangement of drapery, if there is any, to judge how true to life the subject itself is, and how well it represents the sculptor's ideas for it. In all painting or



caused it to be held in reverential Island of Samothrace to commemorate

N 306 B. C., Demetrius, called the "Taker of Cities," because of his many victories, defeated Ptolemy I of Egypt And either Demetrius, or his father, Antigonus, in thanksgiving for this hard-fought victory, set up this monument in a temple or sanctuary on the

Thus the name by which it is known Although we see in the statue of today, as the accompanying illustration will show, merely an incomplete fragment of the whole, the statue, which

Samothrace

was reproduced in those ancient days on the coins of Demetrius, showed the figure of a goddess, blowing a trumpet and holding in her left hand a naval

> you to-day, in many pieces of ancient sculpture, if you but knew the date thereof and the progress made in the art up to that period would cause you to gaze in awe at the marvel of the genius portrayed in the crude material UNFORTUNATELY, ancient art can-not always be attributed to any one sculptor and the credit of the work be given to him, nor can we even learn the particular school to which it may have belonged, for the lapse of centuries has forced him into oblivion although his work can live and speak to us for him to-day.

The figure of the Victory of Samothrace wonderfully well symbolizes the triumph of that great event of ages ago. The poise of the figure, bending slightly forward, with that irresistible strength of a confident rapidly advancing body; the flowing draperies, fluttering in the wind as she moves swiftly forward, and the great wings seeming to beat the air about her, appear to add speed to the ship upon which she is borne along. The splendid activity of the whole noble form so well expresses the invincible strength of the conqueror, that now, centuries afterwards, we feel its inspiring beauty and

are thrilled by it.

sculpture we must not forget to take

into consideration the actual develop-

ment of art at that period and judge

What may seem like an absurdity to

its merits therefrom.

SUGGESTION FOR THE BOYS OF THE FAMILY

for kindling, buy packing boxes from the grocer for three or four cents apiece. Have the boy take them to pleces and saw the boards into short lengths.