

Why Our Little Girls Run Away from Home

By Winifred Black

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THE Kermess was over, the May festival was done and there wasn't going to be another thing to do till the Feast of the Roses in June—so the little 14-year-old girl ran away from home. She couldn't stand it another day. It was so dull. She had a good home with a devoted mother and a father who smiled at her slightest word.

She had a pretty room of her own all furnished daintily in her own particular color. She had a closet full of pretty dresses and a bureau full of dainty fluffs and ruffles. There were a dozen brand new hair ribbons in the top drawer; there were a truly gold locket and chain and a bracelet and three or four rings and some little fancy pins in her Japanese jewel box of enamel.

This happened in Chicago. And the same week a little girl in New Orleans ran away; she's been disoriented and lonely ever since the Mardi Gras. And out in San Francisco a pretty little girl was so bored after the May Day festival was over that she ran away, too.

They all came back, poor little things, drooping and crushed and half-broken-hearted; they all came back—safe—by some miracle. How They Went Home. The little Chicago girl went as far as Indianapolis, and there a man stared at her in the street and she began to cry and some one took her to the police station, and they telegraphed her father and he came and took his little girl home—to be bored again.

The little New Orleans girl found her way to an up river steamer and got aboard somehow, alone. The negro stewardess thought there was something peculiar about her, and the gangplank hadn't been up for half an hour before the whole story was out. At the next landing the little girl gave a cry of delight, for there on the wharf was her big brother, very pale and stern, but her big brother just the same, and she was so glad to see him that she cried and laughed all in the same breath.

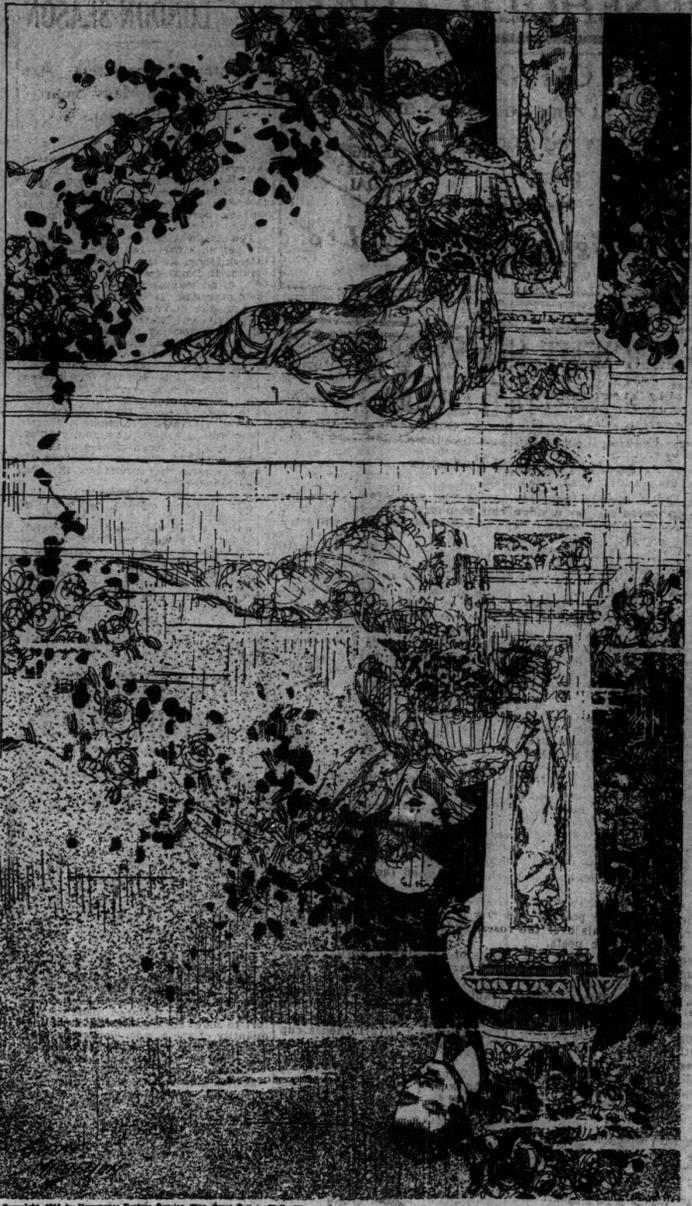
The little San Francisco girl didn't get very far either, poor, pretty, frightened little thing. She came home with her father and her sister, and there was a great welcome for her and she said she would never go out into the wide world again—never, never. I wonder if any of the parents of any of these children have thrown away any of the photographs of the little girl in fancy dress. It is a terrible thing to go to school and wear an everyday middie suit with your hair in a braid, when you've been Columbine at a flower carnival, and had everybody staring at you in your gorgeous dress.

And how foolish grown people are to think that they can "boos" a wegdron creature who has ridden through the public streets on a public foot, with her soft hair down around her face, and her pretty ankles showing. How pretty they are, the fiestas and the water carnivals and the flower fetes and the school dances and the street parades, how gay they make life for us these days. In a Perpetual Festival. Why, it's like living in a perpetual festival. How sweet they look, the young women in their beautiful soft dresses, and the little girls, all in pink and fat blue and clear yellow, all clad in silk and crowned with flowers—why, they are like visions of delight!

Who can look at them without a thrill of real pleasure? And yet, somehow, I wonder if it is quite the thing to put the little creatures on exhibition so freely and so often. Don't you remember how you felt when the last day of school was over in the old times? You made wreaths for days, you hung mottoes for hours; you practised your little speech of welcome for weeks, and when it was all over how dull and stupid and prosaic the everyday world looked to you. Don't you remember? I was Queen of the May once at a little Sunday school picnic. I think my dress was too short and I know my white slippers were too big, for they kept falling off just in the most important part of the proceedings; but it took me weeks to get over the affair.

George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson—what in the world did I care who was President when the war of the revolution began? Why should I care for such mere prosaic details? I, the Queen of the May, who had had my picture in the county paper and three lines about me right under it! Sweet, sweet, sweet—how sweet they are, the little girls, when we let them stay little girls. I wonder if we aren't going to do it any more!

REFLECTIONS By Michelson



Nothing suggests reflections like a pretty pool. You think of all sorts of curious, romantic, impossible and perhaps possible things while you look into its cool green depths. Down under the azure reflections of the sky YOUR reflections carry you in search of images you might never think of looking for anywhere else in the world. And the odd thing is that unless you lean very far over you can't see yourself and you can't see what is BEHIND you. Ah! this is part of the wonder and fantasy of reflections. Sometimes the two kinds of reflections tell the same story. But you have to be very wise and very adroit to find this out. Turning your head VERY quickly might answer the same purpose.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What "In-Thinking" Is; How It Affects Every One

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

AH, the evils of this day! Ah, the terrible times! Have you heard these expressions recently? Do you know the anti-vice societies and the uplifters? Do they say these things? Most certainly they do, but these words were just translated from a "newspaper" between 5500 and 11,900 years old. In other words, Assyrian bricks, just unearthed in Babylon's old neighborhood. The cuneiform inscriptions printed upon clay "newspapers" and brick-like moulds speak of ethics, smoking, vice and drinking just as the in-thinkers do today.

Set me down as an optimist and a happy pessimist, in the fashion of Brand Whitlock, on the social evil. The unhappy women must not have things done to them, but for them. The woman hunt and the various white slave laws are unchristian, unjust and impossible. They are the outcome of the uplifter, which will now be described as in-thinking. In-thinking is a malady which is epidemic at present. Among its pernicious activities and militant symptoms is a pathological concern with other people's behavior. Not conduct, mark you, but behavior—an entirely different thing.

When suffragettes concern themselves with cigarette smoking, liquor drinking, the behavior of husbands toward their wives, the men and religion forward movement, hygiene, etc., they are in-thinking instead of attending strictly to the business in hand to obtain logically what they properly deserve, namely, votes for women. When sincere Sunday school superintendents who are simultaneously in the coffee, tea, or grocery business advocate the immorality of booze and rum, they are, so to speak, mixing their religious metaphor and suffering with the Jean of Arc delusion of in-thinking.

In-thinking, like ingrowing toenails, is just as malodorous under any other name. Sometimes it passes muster for "nerves," sometimes for "a great benefactor," again for "uplifting," "forward looking," "attention to the public weal," and the like. Actually it is an endemic American ailment properly called "in-thinking" or "the man hunt," "the woman hunt," the self-appointment and personal glorification of the in-thinkers versus the multitude of thinkers.

In sooth, it is about time that this unbecome and flap-doodle of amphibian-blooded persons be lagged and labelled by its true, pathological and anti-physiological name. It is high time that the modern Sardanapalus and Maids of Orleans be called, not tenderly but truly, by their self-deceiving first names. A FROWSY household reflects discredit on the housewife. The maid who admits the visitor is as subtle an indication of the thoroughness of the home as are the cleanliness, order and cheerfulness of the front hall.

In the average home, where only one maid is kept and she is a maid-of-all-work, there is not the opportunity for trim and attractive livery as where there are more maids; but even with the one, there is no excuse for her being untidy or dressed in a nondescript costume of pied shirt waist and woollen skirt with an apron of uncertain style. There are establishments in all large cities where special attention is given to service in the kitchen, and if the housekeeper does not care to attend personally to the maid's clothes, she may send her there with the assurance that she will be correctly outfitted. The morning dress of the houseworker should be of chambray or seersucker in some shade of gray which blends with the two colors most chosen, although there is a shade of light tan, almost the shade that is known as "natural," that is permissible. There should be a turned over collar, white and a generous apron with bristles of white lawn which reach almost to the hem of the dress. The cap should be of muslin pinned toward the front of the head.

Where one maid is kept this dress is seldom changed for luncheon, but there is a distinct apron which is neither so enveloping or so plain. It reaches about to the knees, is of finer material and has more elaboration. And if the housewife is a good finish. The cap should be of muslin pinned toward the front of the head. Where one maid is kept this dress is seldom changed for luncheon, but there is a distinct apron which is neither so enveloping or so plain. It reaches about to the knees, is of finer material and has more elaboration. And if the housewife is a good finish.

Dear Annie Laurie: I am a young man of 30 and once had a friend who was dearly in love with me. A few months ago I met her acquainted with a boy friend of mine, and she fell in love with him at first sight. It doesn't seem to care for me any more. What can I do to regain her affection? I am very unhappy. L. E. S. O. you're 30, are you, and your friend was once dearly in love with you, and now she's in love with a boy friend of yours. Dear me, how tragic! How old is this "boy," is or what? Why didn't your friend choose a man that fell in love with while she was about 17? What can you do to regain her affection? How in the world can I tell? I don't even know whether the lady is fair or dark, grave or gay, clever or stupid. Why don't you try the old, old plan? You meet some one and fall in love, head over heels in love, at first sight. Let your friend know about it, by so

Answers to Health Questions

LODINE—How can I be rid of bad body odors? If you will apply borax acid water and from time to time use diluted vinegar and a mixture of a teaspoonful and a half of formalin to a pint of water, you will lose it. E. E. H.—When is it most beneficial to take milk of magnesia? Whenever you can, take a glass of milk with two teaspoonfuls in it. It may also be taken a tablespoonful at a time morning, noon and night, before meals. L. C.—Please let me know a good simple remedy for dry dandruff and how to use it? Is castor oil good to cleanse the scalp? Castor oil is good and may be combined in this ointment for the dandruff: Resorcin 30 grains. Salicylic acid 30 grains. Sulfur linn 4 drams. Castor oil 4 ounces. Oil theobromin 3 drams.

Useful Hints for the Housewife By Ann Marie Lloyd

Where there are two maids, there is not the slightest excuse, save that of ignorance or carelessness, for not having them as neatly and correctly garbed. Also, there is opportunity to have the "second maid" dressed in the fainter fashion than the one whose duties include kitchen work. Besides, there are little distinctions of cap and apron which belong to the station. White is preferred as the uniform for nurses. There is a very wide linen that comes for sheeting that is practical if one buys the material by the yard and has the dresses made. The apron should be long, with a bib and tied with wide strings.

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Advice to Girls By ANNIE LAURIE

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Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Farbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 90. Nature's Age Wall. "MOTHER," said I one evening in her sitting room, "why do women fuss so much more over age than men do?" "Well," said mother, thoughtfully, "custom has built up some age conventions that are a little unfair. That I imagine is the chief reason."

"Unfair!" said I. "How? We all grow old alike. We all wrinkle and lose our teeth and eyesight and our hair grows gray. Indeed, in some ways the woman has much the better time of it. I should say, for, with advancing years, all sorts of privileges come to her. Her family, particularly if she has daughters, spare her many things, whereas the man keeps his nose to the grindstone until he dies."

"The unfairness comes," said mother, "in a great many different ways. There are utterly different standards of youth for men and women, seek to ignore them as we will. A man of 38 is frequently called a young man. A woman of 38 is rarely called a young woman. A man's physical appearance is judged with absolute disregard of his years. Not so the woman. There is always present the notion of what she must have been in her youth. If she is still handsome at 50, you'll hear the comment: 'What a stunning girl she's been in her time!' With the man, the comment is merely: 'He's a mighty handsome fellow.' Nobody bothers about what he has been. They take him for what he is."



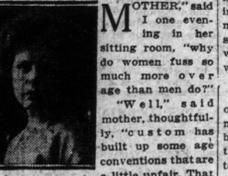
The Good Night Story

The Crystal Ball :: By VERNON MERRY

A WITCH once had three sons, but she did not trust them, fearing they would rob her of her power. So she turned the oldest into an eagle and the second into a whale. The youngest ran away from home. During his travels he learned that in a castle, called the Castle of the Golden Sun, there lived a beautiful Princess under the spell of a sorcerer, and he longed to set her free.

For many long days and nights he wandered through the forests and over the mountains, and it was not until he was almost exhausted that he saw on a mountain side a castle that shone like gold. Through many great rooms he went seeking the Princess, to find at last an old, old woman. "I am the King's daughter," she told him, the tears running down her cheeks, "but I am under a terrible spell. You must climb to the top of this mountain," she explained, "and there kill a wild buffalo. Then destroy a phoenix which will rise out of his body. In it you will see a red-hot egg. Break this, and, instead of the yolk, there will be a crystal ball. If you take this ball to the sorcerer, his power will end."

The youth soon found the buffalo and, after a terrible fight, it lay dead. At once the fiery bird flew from the body and would have escaped had not the boy's oldest brother, the eagle, drove the bird toward the sea. Then he so wounded the phoenix that it dropped the egg, which fell upon a fisherman's hut and set it on fire. Had not the second brother, the whale, spouted up a large column of water the hut would have been destroyed. Then the young man hastened to the sorcerer and held the ball before him. "You are now the King of the Castle," the wicked man cried. The young man returned to the castle and found the Princess restored to her beauty. With joyful hearts they pledged their love.



LEONA DALRYMPLE

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