For the WOMAN WHO THINKS and FEELS

Reflection

A GREAT source of enjoyment is reflection. What a blessed privilege to creep away from sordid, everyday happenings and relive the pleasant experiences of yesterday! We forget entirely any unhappiness of the present, lost in the land of sweet memories. Indulge any inclination to gaze into the mirror of the past. See the beautiful experiences truthfully reflected there, softened and mellowed by the gentle hand of Time.

Through association an article, printed upon this page, may open the floodgates of memory. If so, it has served its purpose well.

We desire to appeal to the deeper, richer elements of thought which make a personality worth while. Our aim is to satisfy the craving of all types of humanity, whether the effervescent humorist or the wisest of sages.

To meet adequately your needs is the goal we desire to reach. Any suggestions which make this possible will be welcomed.

Do not show any hesitancy about making your wants known; we court your interest and shall endeavor to satisfy all demands made of this section.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither;
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendor
All over the surface shine?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then wart the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself looked bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

—Thomas Moore.

Love's Rude Awakening

WHEN Daisy Grace McGuire had passed her fifteenth birthday she felt that, after the manner of certain golden-haired, azure-eyed heroines, whose marvelous, paper-covered careers she had pursued with breathless interest, the time was drawing near when she must surely "meet her fate."

If Daisy Grace had been a normal, everyday, outdoor girl, she never would have stopped to consider whether or not there was any such thing as "meeting her fate." But for the last two years Daisy Grace had assiduously cultivated the society of "Bonnybel, the beautiful mill hand"; "Dimpled Dotty, the deputy's darling," and countless other ill-starred damsels, who had been, figuratively, knocked down and sat upon by that same relentless fate.

Therefore, she felt that somewhere in the wide, wide world the sad sweetness of "a love more bitter than death" awaited her. She felt that she would dare all "for love's dear sake," and she longed for the day to come when she should "read life's meaning" in her lover's eyes.

But of all the paper-novel heroines beloved by Daisy Grace, Claribel ranked first. She had made Claribel's acquaintance in the first novel she had ever read, and neither Bonnybel nor Dimpled Dotty, nor any of her kind, could dim the lustre of "Little Claribel, the sweetheart of a noble lord," or arouse quite the same admiration in the youthful breast of Daisy Grace.

In fact, after weeping over the woes of the unfortunate Claribel, she ceased to be Daisy Grace, became Claribel Marchmont, and went to school consciously smoothing her curls and wondering if it were possible that any of the A class boys could be her "fate."

Before dismissal that night, however, she had reluctantly admitted to herself that the A class boys were not in the least "fateful," and she had consoled herself with the thought that possibly her "life's star" might be waiting for her outside. He did not materialize either that day or the next. Yet Daisy Grace never for a moment doubted his coming, and read and reread Little Claribel until she had a far more comprehensive idea of her idol's moods and tenses than she had of her lessons. But as she grew in knowledge of "white-hot flames of passionate pain," "souls that awaken at love's call," and "strangers today, but lovers tomorrow," her inclination for study declined and at 15 she was considered the dullest girl in her class.

That fact, however, did not worry Daisy Grace. She had matters of greater importance to consider. Her skirts had been lengthened and she now rolled her hair in a soft knot at the back of her neck. She was a little girl no longer; Claribel had just passed her fifteenth birthday when she had eloped with the "noble lord." Yes; it was time for Daisy Grace's destiny, too, to be fulfilled.

The first time she saw him he was standing on the corner below the high school waiting for a car. He was very tall and very noble. He had piercing black eyes and a firm, sad mouth. He looked down at Daisy Grace with a grave, penetrating gaze and her foolish little heart pounded like a triphammer, as she gave him one long, shy glance from her blue eyes. Then her lashes dropped in the most approved Claribel manner, for had she not earnestly practiced this preliminary before her mirror against the time of her need? Then she walked slowly on.

To her intense disappointment, he neither spoke nor hurried after her, as Claribel's lord had done; but Daisy comforted herself with the reflection that perhaps he had been "struck dumb at sight of her radiant beauty." She recalled one novel where some such thing had happened.

Two days later she again saw him on the same corner. Daisy Grace passed by in a flutter. This time she gave him a tiny little smile of encouragement. He did not return it, but looked at her so intently that, according to Claribel, "she felt herself being drawn toward him on love's mysterious tide." Beyond that one look, he made no sign, and, somewhat anxious, Daisy Grace hurried home to consult Claribel.

She found that "he could not yet realize the glory of his new-found love," and this explanation did much to comfort her.

It was a week before she saw her idol again. The car had stopped at the corner and he and another man were just boarding it. Daisy Grace was desperate. If he did not know where she lived or anything about her, how could he "pour out his heart to her"? She had 10 cents in her little chain purse. Quick as a flash she ran up the car steps after him, and sank into the seat behind him, just as the conductor rang the bell. He had not seen her, and was talking busily to the other man.

Daisy Grace strained her ears to hear his beloved voice.

"I tell you, Walters," said her undadorer, "I think the way some mothers bring up their girls is an outrage. Why, some of these little 15-year-old girls have no sense of modesty. Twice while I've stood on the corner waiting for a car a forward little miss has deliberately tried to attract my attention. If I thought that MY daughter would ever do any such thing, I believe I'd lock her up on bread and water until she came to her senses."

"And you'd be justified," was the answer. "A whole lot of these brazen youngsters ought to be severely disciplined and taught the rudiments of modesty and self-respect. This girl you speak of is a fair example—"

But Daisy Grace waited to hear no more. Like a flash she slid out of her seat and reached the door, unseen by the two men.

Choking down her sobs, she rushed down the steps the instant the car stopped and set out with all speed for home.

"Hateful things!" she breathed, the tears chasing each other down her rounded cheeks. "I'm not forward. I am modest. I thought he was my fate. Claribel—"

She stopped short, drew a deep breath, then said with spiteful emphasis: "Claribel makes me sick. I'll go straight home and tear her all up, and I shall never read another novel again as long as I live. Only, I must say, right now, before I destroy Claribel forever, that 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'"

To the Teacher

A TEACHER who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and form. For what is the result of all these, except what we know as well without them, that the human figure pre-eminently and peculiarly is made in the image and likeness of God?—Goethe.

The Young Man's Fancy

IN THE spring, you know, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. He finds that something in the air has given Angela bluer eyes or more golden hair or whiter skin. He never was troubled about this before; but he finds that he must needs worship at Angela's feet, and it depends greatly upon his training whether our love-sick youth will stay there or regain a common-sensible equilibrium.

All mothers dread the first attack of a young man's fancy. It has to come to nearly every youth, and it should be faced bravely and intelligently. There are several deities to which the young man will turn his adoring eyes.

First, there is the little girl, his own age, who lives across the street. There will be efforts on the boy's part to wear hosiery to match her hair ribbons. If you are quick of eye, you will find that he is wearing a very girly ring on his little finger. His college hatband has disappeared. It is decorating the trophy corner in Angela's room, or it may be encircling her sailor hat.

If the boy has a watch, you will find a carefully cut-out disk of paper, on which his dearly beloved's face has been snapped. Ah, these are happy days!

Love stories, over which the youth has scornfully laughed and branded as rot or truck, are no longer uninteresting. The adventurous or scientific novel is placed on the shelf. Boy is beginning to enjoy a thumping love tale.

The young man's fancy, when captured by a good, innocent young girl, is perfectly safe. She will probably encourage his worship, add to her spoils, make him very happy by coquetting with him and very jealous by pursuing the same method with a hated rival. But in the main he comes through the experience unharmed and the wiser. Mothers ought to sympathize, encourage frank confidences and be on hand to comfort the heart that is broken beyond repair. Never, never should a young man be laughed at or ridiculed by the members of his family. Oh, the harm that has been done by the jest of an older one, who has forgotten his own salad days when he was green in judgment!

Sometimes a young man's fancy will take a peculiar turn toward an older woman. It may be the big sister of his chum. Again, it may be the young married woman visiting his cousin Bess. Or, alas! it may be a ruthless and fascinating widow! Any one of these is sufficient to swamp the youth.

The older sister probably tolerates him and teaches him much of the older woman's ways. She is of incalculable benefit to him. He grows under her mature direction. He masters the little amenities of older life and strives hard toward the ideal of men in her class. At her feet he worships and allows her to laugh at him. He tries so hard to be older! If possible, he cultivates a dear little eyebrow on his lip. He reads her favorite authors and grows from a clumsy, awkward boy into a semi-civilized young man of society. And

it is good for him. Let us hope that the youth strikes the right elder sister.

But, oh, what a man of the world our youth is if he turns his fancy toward a married woman! The very impossibility of his case is enough to

inspire any of the poets. Her husband is living and she loves him devotedly. Think, then, of the awful fate of the boy who loves one who cannot return his affection! Oh, the misery, the pathos, the tragedy of unrequited love! Our youth mopes and grows pale; he takes to the woods and spends hours alone, wishing for the death of the Obstacle. His appetite fails and his secret feeds on his good temper and his damask cheek. He gloats over his misery and wouldn't have things changed for the world. If he be a mute, inglorious Byron, or Keats, or Shelley, he writes poetry and sends love letters, unsigned, to his fair one. Then, one day, the Married One leaves the town and the youth must choose between life and death. Life is very strong, and wins out.

Let us pray that a young man, at the spring, be not taken seriously by a heartless, worldly woman, who sees a game worth playing in the youth's efforts. Many are the ruthless women who deliberately shatter the lives of young men.

It may be for the gratification of vanity that an older woman will deliberately ensnare a foolish youth. It is exercising a power over a human being, and who does not like to feel the joy of molding another destiny?

This game between pitifully unmatched opponents may be played for a pastime, or, alas! it may be planned to get the money that the young man will some day have. May fate protect our youth from the modern vampire!

One thing is certain: the youth at this time will take himself seriously. You may be sure that to him he is experiencing the greatest thing in life. It is for parents to realize his state of mind, his temperament and his general strength of character. At the turning point, the revulsion of feeling, let there be a loving reception for the experienced one from the ones who should mean most—mother and father.

And—he will get over it.

BARBARA LEE.

APRIL FOOL

'O, talk not to me of a name old in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory.'"

THE words, declaimed with true Byronic fervor, came from the kitchen, where Ollie was washing the dishes. They struck painfully on Stella's ear; they coincided so exactly with the bitter thought that had just entered her mind.

The thought had come in a delayed letter, forwarded from the dead-letter office—a valentine, to be precise—which had reached her a month and a half too late, because the schoolboy sender had thought fit to harass an innocent government by writing the address in rebus form. It was a comic valentine, one of the penny variety, obviously sent by a mischievous and disrespectful pupil. Under a portrait that was certainly a libel, it said:

OLD MAID SCHOOLTEACHER
You think you are still young and pretty, no doubt,
But the victims you teach have soon found you out;
Go home and study to be up to date,
And stop smearing your face with powder and paint.

All nonsense, of course—viciously crude as to rhyme and meter, ridiculous in implication, for the indignant pink in Stella's cheeks had come to her from nature. Yet, in spite of all that, the cruel, silly words cut deep—it was the first time in her life that any one had implied to Stella that she was not "still young and pretty."

Now, as she gathered her books and papers before starting out for school, she was mercilessly reviewing her contemporaries of fifteen years before. Vera—she was married and had four children. Dell—she was a doctor, with the big, successful practice that comes only from years of effort. Bob—he was cashier of a downtown bank—married, a widower and married again. Ted—hardly could she bring herself to think of that dear memory; it was twelve

years now since they had heaped earth on his grave, and the echo had not left her heart.

"Cousin Stella," called Ollie's voice suddenly from the kitchen, "did mamma tell you I was going to the Henleys' dance, after all?"

"Are you?" answered Stella, forcing her voice into a semblance of cheer.

"Yes, I'm going to wear my pink; she thinks it's good enough. And who do you think is going to take me? That fellow I met at Dot's—Sedley Haines. Didn't you know his brother once—the one that died?"

"Yes, Ollie," said Stella, steadily. "His oldest brother."

(Ah, no one had known, no one had ever suspected! And now it was the baby, little Sedley, who was big and handsome and strong and looked smilingly into girls' faces with wonderful brown eyes.)

"It's a big family," responded Ollie, inconsequently. "He's the kind of fellow I like."

Stella's books all dropped to the floor and had to be picked up, slowly and carefully, until the tears were gone from her eyes and the tightness from her throat. It was her youth that had died with Ted Haines, and she had never known it.

"They knew not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell—"

came from the kitchen. Ollie was just at the age to be madly smitten with the poetry of Byron.

When she came in to bring her cousin the neatly tied little package of lunch, she found Stella standing before the mirror, her eyes strained on what she found there.

"What are you looking for, Cousin Stella—a ghost?" laughed Ollie.

"Gray hairs," said Stella, laconically.

"Well, there aren't any, so put on your hat and forget it. What's this piece of paper you dropped?"

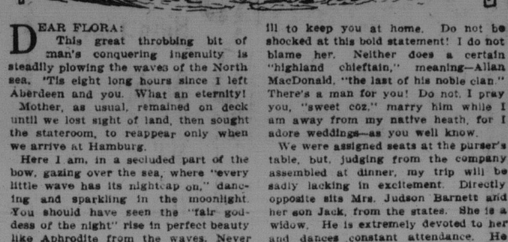
Stella seized the valentine fiercely and thrust it inside her waist. "A message from the dead," she smiled, with trembling lips.

"Sure, from the dead-letter office," retorted Ollie, delighted at her wit, as she held her cousin's coat for her. "Oh, Cousin Stella, do you know what day it is? You and your gray hairs! You got April fooled, all right!"

"April fool, indeed!" answered Stella, kissing Ollie sadly on the forehead; and, her books under her arm, she started for school.

ALICE MARTIN.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON



DEAR FLORA:

This great throbbing bit of man's conquering ingenuity is steadily plowing the waves of the North sea. 'Tis eight long hours since I left Aberdeen and you. What an eternity!

Mother, as usual, remained on deck until we lost sight of land, then sought the stateroom, to reappear only when we arrive at Hamburg.

Here I am, in a secluded part of the bow, gazing over the sea, where "every little wave has its nightcap on," dancing and sparkling in the moonlight. You should have seen the "fair goddess of the night" rise in perfect beauty like Aphrodite from the waves. Never have I witnessed such a marvelous night! A smaller liner passed us an hour since and appeared like a phantom ship, with each mast, rope and spar bathed in moonlight and silhouetted against the starlit sky.

How proud I am of our long northern twilights! They are the calm "rest period" between the glaring brightness of day and the inky blackness of midnight. It is half-past 10 o'clock, but I can plainly see the finely-written pages of your first "steamer letter." How kind and thoughtful you are!

I laughed till the tears came when I read the wise sage's advice. The contents of the box are equally appreciated; the books are lovely. I am munching the "sweets" now.

When you rushed down the gangway, after the last bell sounded, a great flood of loneliness filled the "inner shrine." I watched your dear face gradually fade from my sight, and then realized that half I intended to say remained unuttered. Here you will probably recall that a certain well-worn road is paved with "good intentions." Forget this, however, and know, if a kind fairy would grant me one wish (you will note that I am not greedy), it would be for you to come with me "globe trotting."

Why, oh, why did Aunt Ellen select such an inopportune occasion for her yearly attack of "nerves"? I dislike to accuse her of base selfishness, but really, dear "coz," she became conveniently ill to keep you at home. Do not be shocked at this bold statement! I do not blame her. Neither does a certain "highland chieftain," meaning—Allan MacDonald, "the last of his noble clan." There's a man for you! Do not, I pray you, "sweet coz," marry him while I am away from my native heath, for I adore weddings—as you well know.

We were assigned seats at the purser's table, but, judging from the company assembled at dinner, my trip will be sadly lacking in excitement. Directly opposite sits Mrs. Judson Barnett and her son Jack, from the states. She is a widow. He is extremely devoted to her and dances constant attendance. He scarcely noticed me, and as a result my pride has had rather a severe shock. If first impressions are not deceiving, he might prove very congenial. His face is—well, rather interesting, expressive to the extreme—but perplexing.

Next to me is seated Mr. Arthur Lloyd-Jones, whom I have good reason to remember eternally. He clumsily deposited the contents of a relish dish in the lap of my new blue frock. You see, we ran into a high wind and the Glasgow forgot her dignity and careened from side to side, selecting the psychological moment when Mr. Lloyd-Jones passed the chowchow. Of course, his apologies were profuse, but mother never can forgive him.

The moon is sinking and I just discovered a fellow-passenger on the other side of the smokestack. The young American also evidently admires a sea of moonlight.

An Hour Later

Forgive me, dear, but I just couldn't write after he asked permission to chat awhile. I found him not a bit disappointing, even if he did use the moon as a subject to converse upon. Dear old moon! She is the presiding genius of many an enjoyable experience. He asked me to promenade tomorrow morning. The moon, sinking at that moment, hid from him my look of elation. Flora, dear, he must have "noticed" me, after all.

Write immediately to your affectionate cousin,

JEAN DOUGLAS.

The Amateur

"DEAR," the Amateur said, "at last my chance has come. I am to play the leading part in a real play, produced by the Comedy Club. Think of it, an amateur playing a big lead!

"Oh! I shall show you that my ambition to become an actor is a just one. I tell you, Girl, I KNOW," he spoke with conviction, "that I have talent."

"My Amateur!" she stroked his hand lovingly. "I shall be very proud of your success. In fact, I am always proud of you." She looked with adoration upon his dark, handsome face. "I wish I could do something to help you." She smiled wistfully. "But if thinking success can bring it, it's yours already."

"You dear winsome Girl!" He rose and drew her to him. "I'm lucky to have your love, and as soon as I become a real actor we can be married."

"I'm glad!" For a minute she rested her head on his shoulder, nestling close.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to see you again until the night of the play." He held her at arm's length, "You understand, don't you? We rehearse every evening, and of course I can't give up at the office yet, so my days are also full. But I won't love you any less because I don't see you. You believe that?"

"Yes," she nodded, "but I shall miss you."

"Two weeks will pass quickly, and I shall send you a box for the performance. * * * It's only right," he added, proudly, "that the fiancee of the star should be conspicuous."

"Good luck to the Amateur!" she laughed happily, kissing him goodnight.

After the Amateur had gone the Girl sat thinking, trying to find some way to help him.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "The Man can do something. I will ask him to accompany me to the play. He and I will go alone, as no one else, not even father, could understand my nervousness during his performance."

Before retiring the Girl wrote a note to the Man, telling him what she wanted him to do for the Amateur for her sake. * * * The Man received and answered the note the following day, accepting the invitation.

As the Man's car drew up to the entrance of the theater the Girl laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Suppose he should not make good?" Her voice quivered. "Then, you—you—"

"Dear Girl," the Man spoke reassuringly, "I will make full allowances for the Amateur, because you love him so dearly."

The curtain was up when they took their seats in the left stage box. The Amateur was on, but didn't see them, as his back was toward their box.

It was not until the big scene in the second act that the Amateur was able to look for the Girl. * * * He had the center, and for a moment his glance wandered over the footlights, then rested upon the left box, where, sitting well forward and close to the Man, whose arm encircled her chair, was the Girl. * * * All the pent-up love of her nature was in her eyes when they met his, but, looking swiftly from her, he caught the Man's eye, and a sudden spasm of jealousy shot through him.

"There he was working with all his strength to win success for her," he thought viciously, "and she sat calmly by, not reveling in his triumph, but obviously enjoying the companionship of another man, and a handsome one at that!"

The girl smiled the winsome little smile that he loved, and blew him a kiss, but they were unheeded by the fierce anger that raged in his soul against the Man, who with perfect repose watched his every move.

"I hate him!" he thought. "He's taking her from me! I hate him! I hate him!" And unconscious of his part he tore wildly across the stage, until when quite close to the box his cue came. He gasped, stuttered, but his mind was a blank; all thought of lines had gone. He stared helplessly at the girl, and in the surge of his emotions even the voice of the prompter was drowned.

The Leading Lady came to his assistance as best she could, but his climax was pitiably weak and the denouement a hopeless failure.

At the fall of the curtain the girl turned to the Man with tears in her eyes, and a half sob escaped when she tried to speak.

He wrapped her cloak about her, and in the rush of conversation they slipped out unnoticed.

She cried softly all the way home, and it was not until she was saying goodnight that she had the courage to ask the Man what he thought of the Amateur's work.

"I thought in the first act he had some of the 'stuff' in him but—well, he lacks control, and I don't believe he can ever be anything but an amateur. I'm sorry, for your sake."

Shortly after the departure of the Man the Amateur arrived.

He came as one ashamed, hesitating on the threshold; then with a trace of his old pride, he suddenly took her in his arms.

Gently she pushed him from her. "Why did you fail?" she asked.

"Because," he answered simply, "I was jealous. Can you forgive me? For a minute I hated him, for I thought he had stolen you from me. Who is he?"

"Don't you know?" Surprise was in every word. "Why, he is THE Man of all the theatrical world, the one manager they all strive to act before. I have always known him, and he would have given—"

"Girl! Do you mean that I had a chance with him? That he might have placed me?"

"Yes; but now he says you're only an amateur, and I know he's right. I could have forgiven the failure, and might have loved you more for it, but not the jealousy. I'm a woman, and I know happiness never lies along the road of jealousy and suspicion. You see, my Amateur, it takes only a little thing to kill a woman's love, and yet it's harder to kill than a man's, but when it dies, it's quite as dead."

"Girl! Girl!" he cried. "I didn't know! Give me another chance. I'll be different! Oh, forgive me and let me try again! I can't give you up so easily—"

"Perhaps some day, when you have learned to play your part well," she said sadly; yet in her words he detected a ray of hope.

"I shall study faithfully." Reverently he took her hand. The door banged softly, and the Girl was alone.

"And he will," she said slowly, "for I believe in him."