

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

A PRISONER OF WAR

By Will Nies

Revelations of a Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

Is Dicky Really Jealous?

HAD I dropped a bomb shell into the middle of the dinner table, around which the Underwoods, Draper, Dicky and I were gathered, I do not think it would have caused more astonishment than did the little quotation I had recklessly cast at Harry Underwood in returning his railway.

The sight of Grace Draper and my husband in intimate, low-toned conversation, coupled with the knowledge of Dicky's undue interest in the girl, had saddened me. At just that psychological moment Harry Underwood had uttered some nonsense about being my partner in manufacturing a steamed clam dressing I had concocted, and I had responded audaciously in the refrain of a popular song: "To the end of the world with you."

I suppose in my excitement I must have pitched my voice higher and louder than is usual with me. At any rate, I was terrified at the sound of my own voice. It seemed to my imagination as if I had blown a trumpet and the sound had paralyzed the diners.

Dicky turned around as if he had been shot and stared open-mouthed at me. Miss Draper looked mildly astonished, and I fancied there was a bit of malice in the wondering look she bestowed upon me.

Lillian's eyes twinkled with an approving amusement that reassured me. Only her husband presented an absolutely unmoved exterior, although I knew that really he was the most astonished of any one at the dinner table.

"That's a bargain," he said gaily, "remember I have your p-r-r-omise."

The words were light enough, the expression on his face was one of careless banter, but I had an uncomfortable little feeling that behind the badinage lurked an indefinable sinister something which I always felt menacing when in this man's presence.

And indeed, that had given birth to the rash words I had uttered.

Dicky is Puzzled.

But Dicky's attitude during the rest of the dinner made me wonder if, perhaps, I had not struck the right way of dealing with him after all. He was plainly puzzled.

I have always been quiet and reserved, and have guarded my own dignity closely. He has heard me express my dislike of Harry Underwood, and must have guessed my resentment of the man's burlesque air of devotion to me so that the sound of my voice in a bit of vulgar repartee addressed to his friend must have startled him.

Of course, he took no open notice of the incident, but there was no more absorption in Miss Draper's fascinations. Seated between her and Lillian Underwood he divided his remarks and attentions impartially between them for the rest of the meal. Every little while he cast a furtive glance in my direction, which would have greatly amused me if the receipt of it had not meant so much to me emotionally.

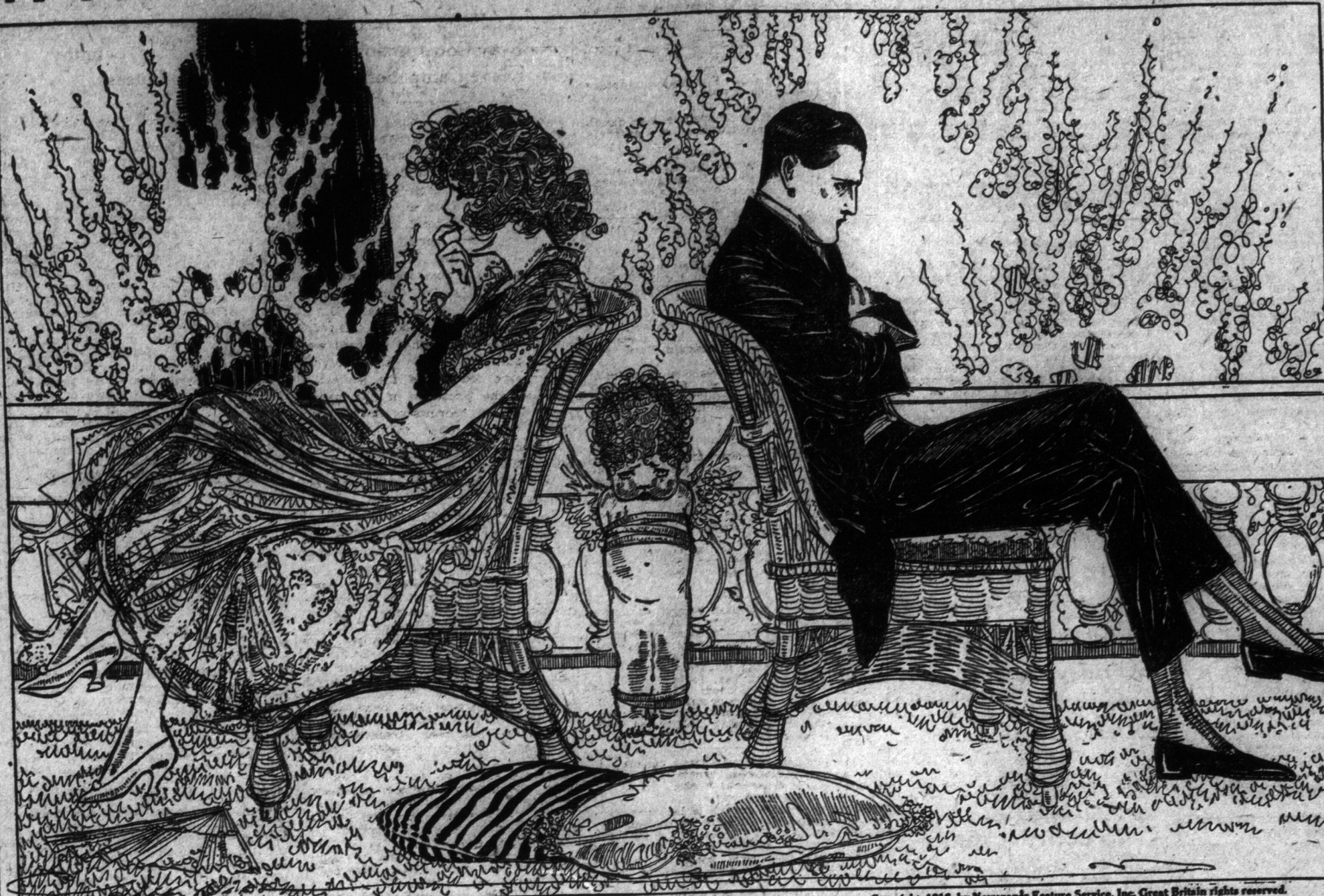
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Besides, I knew that Lillian would approve any action of mine calculated to distract Dicky's attention from his beautiful model.

I made no further godless speeches, but I purposely made my manner toward Harry Underwood more friendly than I had ever before.

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FAMILIAR scene, isn't it? Of course, you and YOUR sweetheart never have such "spats," but you've seen lots of OTHER couples with wrinkled brows, tightly pressed lips and eyes that stare straight ahead in stubborn unresponsiveness, haven't you? Yes, indeed, all TOO often!

There's a strange silence also—the stillness that falls just after a battle—a throb-

bing, thrilling "I won't give in" silence that wrings the heart and pounds in the ears and, sometimes, actually is seen rolling down flushed cheeks. Strange, isn't it, that neither side ever wins—but ALWAYS loses? The greatest sufferer is Cupid—poor chap, a prisoner of war, his hands are tied and his heart is breaking. TAKE WARNING! Release him quickly, or else love dies.

WINIFRED BLACK ABOUT Life's Cross Roads

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A CLERGYMAN who made the startling out-into-the-world address a while ago before a big class of graduates in a school of technology, said that every man finds himself with two tendencies—the one childish, the other manly; the one coarse, the other fine; the one temporal, the other eternal, and he added:

"Your life will be controlled by one or the other, or you will vacillate hopelessly between them."

Of course, you and I have thought many a time of the two ways we talked and wrote about when we graduated—the Up-Road and the Down-Road. But I wondered when I read it if the way the good man put the idea wouldn't appeal strongly enough to those young men, trained in the art of mechanics, to hold their attention that day—and, perhaps, some more days, too.

"Your life will be controlled by one or the other, or you will vacillate hopelessly between them."

It has a definite meaning to me. To any one who can describe the workings of a steam engine, or tell why the electric lights won't light when you push the button, or draw the plans for a new house and get the inches and fractions of an inch to come out even and neat as they should, it must have a very exact and accurate meaning.

"Give Me Bill."

The graduates know all about what "controlled" means—even I know that certain levers control the workings of certain machines and that switches can control electric wires as well as boys. And I've heard of stop-cocks and pulleys and that a compass can be on a ship or on a drawing board, and that magnets can keep bits of steel vacillating. But I'd better not tell what I know—some graduate will see how very little it is and be tempted to laugh.

Don't smile—not for a few years—at my little stock of technical knowledge, young Mr. Graduate. Don't smile, but think seriously about the two ways.

On the very same page where I read about your having finished your school work and being ready to help the world to grow and prosper I saw that an old mother had gone before the prison commission to beg that her son William might be let out on parole. William had killed his brother

John because John had tried to get him to take the manly way—not to spend his health and his time at the corner saloon. William chose to be controlled by the childish pole of the world's axis, so he killed his brother, like Cain of old, to settle the argument.

"I can never get John back, but you can give me Bill," said the old mother. "I've felt like I wanted to come before this commission on my knees and ask for my boy." And then the story told how the people standing near her sobbed. I wonder why?

Was it because they felt and to see such an old woman begging the world to give her boy another chance to choose his road? Or did they sob because they were elderly people and they doubted Bill's ability to keep even vacillatingly near a road that would lead to happiness for the mother whose life's journey, with all its thorns and heart-aches, would soon be done?

It's hard to tell. At least, I'm thankful I was not on that commission to have to say "Yes" or "No" to that poor old woman.

Read the Signs.

What about those "tendencies" to be manly or childish? The speaker mentioned? Did he mean that when we're born we lean one way or the other, and that it all depends upon ourselves, when we are old enough to leave school, to decide whether we'll keep on leaning toward darkness or turn toward the sunshine and grow—or, having a leaning toward the light, lean even further and be really successful?

Or—but, oh! it's too very complicated when you get to thinking about the ways of your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather, and just how much of an excuse they furnish for what you do.

If we're born healthy like John and Bill, it doesn't take a technical education to make us see the two ways to go or to help us to decide which one is better—even if it leads to death.

If the commission lets Bill out on parole I wonder what he'll do, don't you?

It's very hard for a man who's been in prison to get work and hold it. And the neighbors will talk a good deal, though they did sign the petition to please his old mother. And it's much easier to be a little boy than it is to be a man, isn't it, now?

I wonder if the mother remembers the time she first noticed Bill wanted to be a little boy all his life? Perhaps she thinks she can make a man of him now, just as she could have then if she hadn't loved to see him "Keep his baby ways."

What a lot of things there are in the world to start us wondering, aren't there?

Of course, there are all the big wonders we read about every morning and pack away neatly in our minds. But I was thinking of the little bits of news—not really news at all, I suppose—just "things."

A young bachelor was so desperate that he wrote to the mayor of the city the other day, so I read, and asked him to help him find a wife:

"She must be a widow—plain, young and jolly. No old maids need write—I hate them," so he wrote. He also stated that he was thirty and that he wanted his wife to be "sweet, slow, responsive—and jolly."

He insisted she must be jolly. That set me to wondering whether he was one of the men who was controlled by the manly spirit I'd been reading about, and had decided he could and would be the grown-up member of the family. Or was he so delightfully childish that he couldn't endure to have any one about who was not jolly in season and out, like himself?

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: We are two young girls, 15 and 19, and we are keeping steady company with two young men, 20 and 21. We love them dearly and are sure they love us, although they have never told us so. How shall we encourage them? We have given up our other beaux for them.

Also, is it proper for the gentleman to kiss the young lady good night upon returning from a party if they are not engaged?

S. AND E. You are indeed unwise. You are dear girls, to have given up all your other friends for these two unless you are engaged. You ought to have all the good times you can while

you are young. I don't mean, of course, that you ought to be out every night, but that you ought to have several good friends if you care for good times. It is considered distinctly improper for a young man to kiss a young woman unless they are engaged. Kisses are for relatives and sweethearts, and a man has not the right to call a woman his sweetheart unless they are engaged.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: Some time ago a young man friend of mine asked to keep company with me, but I felt that I did not care enough for him, and so refused. Since then I have learned to love him very much, and regret that I refused. Please advise me what to do to win him back.

LONESOME. I would advise you to be patient, little girl, and if you like him he is sure to notice it and he will begin to offer his attentions again. But dear child, don't agree to give any one all of your time unless there is a definite engagement. It is very unwise to devote all of your time to any one boy no matter how much you like him.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

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Today's Fashion



A Novel Feathered Petticoat.

THE feathered petticoat has become a necessity. Skirts must be particularly those of dance frocks made of tulle or lace. Beneath such diaphanous gowns must be worn a petticoat slip of the daintiest type. Finest Swiss embroidery, nouncing, with deep, pointed scallops, is combined with plain white Swiss to fashion this charming slip. The wide flounce on the petticoat is edged with lace insertion and a narrow frill to match. The cambric is trimmed to correspond. The waist band is formed of beading through which is threaded a row of feathering and pale pink ribbon. The same trimming heads the flounce.

How "Built-Ins" Help to Make a House a Home

By ISOBEL BRANDS

ONE of the occasional labor-savers around the home is the little article of furniture or of equipment that is "built-in" instead of being a movable object. It is said sometimes that the flat-dwelling percentage of our population does not care about going to the trouble of "building in" pieces in a house which is not owned, but it is true that more and more flat dwellers especially are using built-in pieces.

The built-in bookcase, china closet and even sideboard are today no more uncommon than the built-in sink or refrigerator, and in many respects this is distinctly a wise move. Of course, it may happen occasionally that the bookcase the owner has had built into it may not be the kind of bookcase we would have selected had we owned instead of only rented the house.

It is usually observed that even these built-in pieces, though not of the very best quality, last longer than the movable ones, and that they are moved in by the new tenant from some other apartment. Incident ally, there is far less wear and tear on

furniture that is permanently built in a room and not moved about from place to place.

The built-in piece of furniture is decidedly to be encouraged, and if we can't build in all the additions we would like in our home there are, nevertheless, many little built-ins that we can install without much expense, and which will add considerably to the comfort of the household and many times to the beauty of the room.

One or two shelves built over the radiator are a simple and inexpensive addition, and a great improvement to most rooms. An unobtrusive colored curtain suspended from the lower shelf will conceal the radiator—which is never a thing of beauty in itself—and will give the radiator corner the appearance of a book corner instead.

Then there is a little built-in object that will delight the heart of the small daughter who yearns to have a dressing table like mamma's, and who cannot reach high enough to see into a mirror to be sure that she's neat and presentable. This is a simple wooden shelf raised about two feet from the floor. Cover it with a bit of pink tulle or other opaque cotton material, and gather it at the sides so that loose folds hang from the table to the floor all the way round. These folds

can be nailed to the board by brass thumb tacks, and it will look very attractive indeed.

On top of this miniature dressing table little daughter can keep her box of ribbons, her comb and brush, her nail file, button hook and other little toilet articles. And if a small mirror is hung over the table she will have a miniature copy of mamma's bureau—and it will cost very little.

Another little "built-in" that is a great convenience is the shoeholder in the bottom of the clothing closet. This is simply a board about 10 inches wide nailed diagonally from the side of the wall to the floor. About four inches from the top of the board a narrow strip is nailed. Shoes are put on this inclined board and held in place by the heel catching on the narrow strip.

There is a new "built-in" for the bathroom and kitchen that is an advance in cleanliness. This is the new type soap-holder which is one piece of thick porcelain ware cemented into a recess made in the wall. The detached soapdish invariably permits soap or suds to trickle all over. But this new soapdish retains the soap and suds, and as there are no separate parts or cracks, nothing can leak and the dish is cleaned easily and quickly and always looks neat.

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