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HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 30--1915.

WAS DOUBLING UP ON LIFE

Small Girl's Unfortunate Remembrance of Mother's Remark Caused Embarrassment.

Col. George Harvey said at a banquet in his honor in New York:

"We editors like criticism, especially when it is of the very favorable kind that I've received this evening.

"But not all criticism is favorable, even for the most successful editors. A good many editors, in fact, often find themselves in the position of the rich old broker whose little grandniece said:

"'Uncle, how long do people live?'

"'The natural span of man's life,' the uncle answered, 'is, as the Good Book tells us, three score years and ten.'

"'Oh, then you'll live to be one hundred and forty, won't you uncle?'

"The old man looked around the room crowded with relatives and laughed heartily.

"'Why, no,' he said. 'Why, no. How do you make that out?'

"'Isn't it true, then,' said the little girl—'isn't it true what mamma says about you living a double life?'"—Washington Star.

Same Old Symptoms.

Hyker—What do you consider the one unfailing sign of spring?

Pyker—The delicious feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work.

The Test.

"Do you think Mr. Spooner's intentions are serious?" asked the girl's mother.

"I don't know yet, mamma," replied the girl. "I'm going down to the jeweler's this afternoon to have his ring appraised."

Safety First.

"How did the accident happen?"

"He got run over when he stopped to read a 'Safety First' sign."

About the only good thing some men have is a reputation for being bad.

BE KINDER TO YOURSELF

Women Are Often Victims of Nervousness Because They Don't Know How to Relax.

One of the important things to know in life, especially if you are a woman, is how to let yourself alone, writes Mary Carolyn Davies in the Mother's Magazine. The ability to relax, the art of being judiciously lazy, the tact to let herself alone has saved many a woman from a nervous breakdown. We all know the housewife who nags herself into such a state of conscientiousness that she cannot rest. If she lies down she is continually worrying herself with thoughts of the work that she is neglecting.

Much of the blame for this state of affairs lies at the doors of the mothers. The mistake is in their training of their children, especially their daughters. They are taught from earliest infancy to be kind to others, to bear with them, to forgive them, to help them; but from birth to death no one ever tells them to be kind, also, to themselves.

The woman who nags herself can make herself more miserable than anyone else possibly could. She can make her life more of a nightmare than any misfortune could possibly make it. If such women could learn to be kinder to themselves there is no doubt that their own lives would be lengthened; and not only that, but the lives of those with whom they come in close contact would be made far more pleasant.

What She Expected.

"Look at her," said the ironmonger, indicating a departing customer. "She sent her wringer here to be repaired. I promised it to her for this week, provided I could get a certain new part in time from the maker's. I couldn't get it. Now she wants me to pay a charwoman, who came unnecessarily, half a crown an' twopence for the clothes."

The ironmonger paused to breathe heavily.

"But that's not all. Her husband dines out on washdays, and as he dined out on a washday that wasn't a washday—you understand?—she says I ought to pay for his dinner. No, she doesn't ask anything else. And they call 'em the weaker sex."—London Tit-Bits.

A Greater Surprise.

"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all goin', too?"

"No, dear; you weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought: "Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

Keeping Up Appearances.

"What's the use of buying a fly swatter?" growled Mr. Cobbles. "A folded newspaper does well enough."

"Do you think I'm going to swat flies with a folded newspaper when there are visitors here, Henry Cobbles?" asked Mrs. Cobbles. "I should say not!"

Her Own Business.

A woman mounted the steps of the elevated station carrying an umbrella like a reversed saber. An attendant touched her lightly, saying:

"Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

"He's my husband!" she snapped, calmly.

Hopeless.

Maud—I said to Jack that I wasn't going to return his ring until I got one from another man.

Ethel—He told me he never expected to get it back.

Uncle Sam has one bank to every 9,700 people.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

On a Dark, Wintry Morning Warren Gets Up in a Surly, Irritable Mood

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Warren yawned, raised himself on his elbow, and stared at the small nickel clock that was half hidden by the thermo bottle.

Mabel H. Urner.

Leaning out of bed to move the bottle, with sleepy awkwardness he knocked off the tumbler beside it.

"Oh—oh!" as the crash awoke Helen. "What's that?"

"Smashed a glass."

"It's one of the good glasses, too," drowsily.

"Then why the devil do you put things so I can't see the clock?" settling down for another five minutes. "Hope you had enough air last night—this room's cold as Greenland."

Helen, who always got up and closed the windows, now with shivering reluctance slid out of bed. In her haste a fluttering curtain caught in the sash, and the icy wind blew mercilessly through her thin nightgown as she tried to free it. Then she stooped to turn on the heat, and then, chilled through, crept back into bed.

"No, you don't!" growled Warren. "Warm up on your own side."

A sound of water gurgling in the radiator, then a loud vicious thump. More gurgling, and more thumps.

"You didn't turn it on full—that's what makes that blasted noise!"

"I turned it on as far as it would go," dreading to get up again.

In the gray light of the winter morning, the room was dim and cheerless. Helen's head ached dully, and a feeling of utter dejection made her long to sink back into the oblivion of sleep.

The dining room clock struck the half-hour.

"I tell you, we've got to get to bed earlier," with a vicious jerk Warren threw back the bedclothes. "Tonight I'm going to turn in right after dinner."

This was one of Warren's stock resolutions. Yet even if they spent the evening at home he would always read until twelve.

"Oh, be careful of that broken glass!" warned Helen, as he lurched out of bed.

Thrusting his feet into his slippers, he slammed into the bathroom.

Helen still lay huddled in bed. Getting up was always hard, but getting up this dark, frosty morning was excruciating. Her whole body shrank from leaving the sheltering warmth of the bedclothes. As a rule she got up when Warren did, but sometimes she allowed herself the few extra moments until he stropped his razor. That was her ultimatum.

Zip-smish! The first stroke on the razor strop! With a heroic effect, Helen forced herself out of bed and ran into her room.

For a moment she crouched over the radiator. Then, turning on the light by her dresser, with numb fingers she thrust up her hair. By this time Warren was out of the bathroom.

As Helen went in the drenched shower-sheet was an accusing reminder. Warren's cold morning shower had always seemed a form of torture until she read of the "youth-preserving" virtues of the cold spray, and resolved to form the habit. For three mornings she had forced herself under the icy stream; then her courage had failed.

"Come here and look at this shirt!" called Warren angrily.

"In just a minute," gulping down a glass of water, an "internal morning bath" that Helen never omitted.

"You're to send nothing more to that laundry—understand?" throwing down his brushes, his hair sleek from the vigorous grooming.

Helen examined the torn neckband of the shirt on the bed.

"I can mend that, dear, so it'll not show."

"Yes; you fixed that plaited one, and my neck's raw yet. Call up that other laundry—the one we had last year."

"With a conciliatory "All right, dear," Helen hurried back to her room.

She finished dressing, then threw up the window, leaned out, and drew in ten long, deep breaths of the frosty air—another morning health-giving habit that Helen never neglected.

When she came into the dining room, Warren was at the table glancing over the war news. The deep, frowning lines between his eyes were the danger signals of a fault-finding and querulous mood.

The next half hour, until he left for the office, Helen knew would be a trying one. She must say nothing to irritate him, or he would go off in a temper that she would worry over for the rest of the day.

"See here, if it takes you so infernally long—why don't you get up in time?"

"I'm going to, dear. Hereafter, I'm going to get up and take a shower before you do."

"Huh!" contemptuously, "I'll believe that when I see it."

He ate his grapefruit in grumpy silence, the paper propped up before him. His cereal he pushed away with an irascible, "What's the matter with that cream? Looks like it's blued!"

"He didn't leave nothin' but milk this mornin', sir. That's the top of the bottle," volunteered Emma, as she came in with the bacon and eggs.

Helen poured the coffee and served Warren with two eggs and three pieces of bacon, and herself with one egg and two pieces of bacon.

"Why in thunder can't I ever get bacon cooked the way I want it? This stuff's burnt to a crisp," rapping it with his fork.

"Dear, she does cook yours less. That doesn't look very well done."

"You mean that's the way you want it—burnt to a shrivel. How much nourishment do you think's in that? If I didn't get a good square lunch—I'd not go far on this breakfast."

"Why, dear, you know I want you to have everything just as you want it."

"Huh, I know that bluff. You take mighty good care to have things your way. You want your bacon like dried chips, and your boiled eggs hard as bullets—so I've got to stand for the same kind of fodder."

Helen did not try to meet this tirade with argument. Instead she rang for the maid.

"Emma," as the girl came to the door, "after this don't cook any of the bacon so much. I'll take mine the same as Mr. Curtis. Cut it thicker and don't crisp it."

But even this effort at conciliation Warren ignored. Having gulped down his second cup of coffee, he took up his paper, pushed back his chair, and strode out into the hall.

For a moment Helen's hurt resentment kept her from running after him. He was getting into his overcoat. She heard the rattle of his cane as he took it from the rack—then the opening of the hall door.

"Warren!" She darted after him—but the door had closed.

Even then she felt he would come back to kiss her good-by, with an ironical, "Thought I'd gone, eh?"

The seconds passed. She opened the door. He was not standing before the elevator. The hall was empty.

"Shall I put this cloth in the wash, ma'am—or will it do for lunch?" as Helen, heartsick, passed the dining room.

"Yes—oh, no, it doesn't matter," running to the front room window.

A delivery boy with a basket, a couple of girls hurrying to work, a shambling old man in a wind-whipped, threadbare coat—except for these the street was empty. Warren had already turned the corner.

It was foolish to feel so wretched, she told herself with passionate reassurance. She had done nothing to irritate him. It was not her fault. She must not let this spoil her day.

But Helen had the feminine trait of magnifying the thing that distressed her by the simple process of brooding.

By noon she had visions of Warren leaving her altogether, and of herself facing a loveless and destitute old age. The impulse to "do something" to avert these threatening calamities was irresistible. She could no longer keep away from the phone. She must call him up before he went to lunch.

His stenographer answered.

"Yes, Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Curtis is right here. Just a moment!"

"Hello!" it was Warren's voice, curt and hurried.

"Oh, dear, I couldn't help calling you up," quiveringly. "I—I'm awfully sorry about that bacon."

"Eh, what's that?"

"I—I'm so sorry about the bacon."

"Talk up, I can't hear you," impatiently. "Wait a minute, Miss Middleton," to his stenographer, who was evidently typing. "Now, what is it?"

Something in the curt, matter-of-factness of his voice helped restore Helen's sense of proportion.

"Oh, I—I," floundering desperately for something to say, "I can't find the name of the laundry. I thought maybe you'd have it down there."

"Oh," in impatient disgust, "I can't bother about that now. Colonial—Cumberland, some such name. Look it up in the book. By the way, I met Stevens in the subway; they want us to come to dinner Thursday. See if I've got a clean white waistcoat."

Helen turned from the phone with a hysterical desire to laugh. Would she never learn? It was always like this—she was always anguishing over something to which Warren had not given a thought.

Did other women wear themselves out in just such futile hours of useless, youth-wasting worry? Were the peace of mind and happiness of other wives so pathetically dependent upon their husbands' moods? Or did she alone analyze and anguish over every trivial discord?

And So It Is.

"What do you consider the greatest human paradox?"

"A secret session of a woman's club."

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

Sure Thing.

Hostess—Sh! that's my neighbor's dog. Be careful what you say about that woman.

Fair Guest—Why that's silly. Dogs can't understand.

Hostess—No, but they carry tails.—Philadelphia Record.

Insulted the Mayor.

A company had opened a new swimming bath in the place, and as a compliment sent a free ticket to the mayor.

That worthy man was very pleased. But he began to wonder when another ticket arrived.

Sitting down, he wrote to the bath proprietors as follows:

"Gentlemen: Your first ticket I received as a compliment. Your second strikes me as being rather suggestive. If you send me a third I will take it as a personal insult."

Tough Luck.

"You remember that chap Jones who made a bet of ten thousand dollars that he would walk from San Francisco to New York without a cent in his pocket?"

"Yes. Did he win the bet?"

"Not quite. He got as far as Philadelphia, and there he was arrested as a vagrant and forced against his will to ride three blocks in a patrol wagon. That disqualified him."

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Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Revised.

"Is the futurist music you're playing?" inquired hubby as his wife pumped the pianola.

"No, dear; it's 'Home, Sweet Home,' but I think Bobby has been using it as a target for his air rifle."

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live. Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong.

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefitted by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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