ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

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Dear Girls:—

This is just a little personal note to all my readers—to tell you that I am glad you like the column and to assure you that I am enjoying it very much myself. I have heard people sneer at columns such as ours, but that was because those people never realized that there are thousands of people who have no one to whom they may turn for advice; and because these scoffers did not know that even if one has plenty of advisers there are some things it is heaps easier to tell to a stranger. I know that three-quarters of my letters come just because I do not know the people who write or the circumstances which have caused them to seek advice.

But whatever your reason for writing, I am glad to do what I can, and I shall advise you to the best of my ability on whatever subject you choose to talk about. Your letters have to be forwarded to me and I find that quite a number have gone astray. Please write again, and mark your envelope very plainly, "To Rosalind, 515 Manning Chambers, Toronto."

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:—

I have seen your advice to girls and as I am in trouble and have no mother to turn to, I seek your advice. I am 16 years of age, and most people consider me pretty. I have a number of boy friends, one of whom I think a great deal of. He is very refined and gentlemanly and is nearly 18. A short time ago he proposed to me. I told him I would have to consider it. I really love him dearly and I am sure he loves me. Should I accept him? Of course we intend to wait a few years yet. Hoping to see my answer in the paper soon.

TESSIE.

Dear Tessie:—

I am so sorry there is no mother to talk it over with. Just look around, Tessie, and see if there isn't some dear, sympathetic friend that will give you just the helpful counsel you need. I am quite, quite sure you are too young to be engaged. Such an early engagement would cheat you out of years of good times and make you mature and settled far too soon. Boy friends are splendid things for girls to have and I am sure you could have plenty. Have jolly good fun with them all and get in with a good bunch of young folks who go out together. When you are 20 is plenty of time to think about "real proposals."

Write me again and tell me more about the young folks in the town.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:—

It is unusual for me to apply through these columns for any assistance, yet if any good can be rendered your favors will be much appreciated.

I am one of those young men who who has not to any extent courted the favors and company of young ladies, for one reason that under the present restricted social conventionality it is somewhat difficult to become introduced to a real nice young lady, more particularly as I am rooming out. A man who is refined and respectful will hardly converse with any girl unless he has been introduced or knows conditions are conducive. Also one may go to church like I do, but, as a rule, he invariably cannot tell who a certain young lady may be.

Could you in any way acquaint me with a young lady who is mutually inclined; prefer one about 25 or so, who is well educated, refined, and with some musical talent. I can give any particulars desirable and open to any enquiry necessary.

Your favors will be esteemed and kindly reply by next issue.

ENQUIRER.

Dear Enquirer:—

Now you have put me in a queer box! I am just aching to help you, to find some nice girl who is just in the same predicament as yourself, and to introduce you to each other that you may become friends. And how can I? Just as surely as I do that for you, a dozen others will ask that the same be done for them. And I cannot be sure that all are genuine, and the right kind of person to be introduced by letter to a nice girl. So there you are! I just have to leave it at that, Enquirer. There is a chance that the Right Girl may see your letter and write to me. Have you read Bertha Ruck's new book, "Sweethearts Unmet"? It deals with your very problem. Good luck!

ROSALIND.

"E. A. S." and "Jack Horner"—You did not give me your full name and address. I never publish these, but I expect them to be given me in every letter as evidence of good faith. Write again.

ROSALIND.

THE WRONG BIRD.

One of Booker Washington's best stories—a joke at the expense of his own race—is quoted in Frederick Lynch's "One Great Society." A negro was asked by a white citizen to supply his family with turkeys—tame ones, not wild, the latter being occasionally in the market. One week a member of the family found some shot in his portion of the bird. The turkey vendor was expostulated with, "You sent us a wild turkey this time; there were shot in it." The negro scratched his head.

"'Deed no', boss," he explained, "dat was a tame bird all right. Dat shot was meant for me."

Inner tubes for automobile tires are made by the yard, and at one large rubber factory in Ohio a gang of men in a callendering machine rolled cut 24,450 yards of tube stock during the month of February.

DEAR, dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the barn.
He promised to come with the horse and the cutter;
He must have been telling a yarn.
I've waited and waited--all ready, you see.
I wish that I knew what the matter could be.

Find Johnny and a friend. Lower side down, on jacket sleeve; upper side down, along arm.

Helps for the Housewife

Chop left-over beets and mix with half the same proportion of horseradish for a delicious relish to serve with fish or meat.

Any sliced cold meat may be transformed into an excellent hot dish by dipping the slices in egg and fine crumbs and browning in a little fat in the frying pan. Serve with tomato sauce, heated.

The centres of canned pears may be filled with chopped ginger and nuts for a quick, easy dessert.

Left-over spinach, finely chopped and added to thin, well seasoned white sauce, garnished with pieces of pimento, makes an attractive and delicious soup.

Economize on fuel by arranging to bake your entire meal in the oven, or to cook it all on top of the stove. Further fuel economy may be practised by cooking a steamed dessert over the boiling vegetables.

Better Brown Bread.

To avoid having a hole in the centre of your brown bread let the bread stand in the tins for twenty or thirty minutes before steaming.

Serving Fish.

Serve all short-grained fish by cutting them lengthwise. Use a wide silver fish knife, being careful not to break the bundles of flakes.

Moist Layer Cake.

The more butter you use in making a layer cake, and the less liquid other than beaten eggs the longer the cake will keep moist and fresh.

Mixing Fruit Cake.

When mixing fruit cake or other stiff dough, a lot of labor and time will be saved if you use your bread mixer. Also the dough will be much smoother.

Hot Mashed Potatoes.

A simple but effective way to keep mashed potatoes hot for the late dinner guest is to place the covered dish of potatoes in a larger dish of hot water and set on back of the stove.

Making Butter.

You will be surprised to see how much butter a few left-over bits of cream will yield if allowed to sour in a small bottle with a screw top and then shaken vigorously for a few minutes.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT.

They had been dining in state in the dining car. Husband, who is a teacher of English, was glad that little daughter had behaved so perfectly. Mother also was in a happy frame of mind. There were numerous other diners in the car, and the parents were proud of their child. Not a single thing had happened to mar the serenity of the occasion.

Finally the meal was over and they started to leave the car. Their way took them past all of the other tables. Suddenly the little girl felt impelled to ask a question.

"Mother," she called in a shrill voice, "aren't we going to wash the dishes?"

SHIFTING THE SCENERY.

Sir Harry Lauder golfs with more enthusiasm than skill, and one day on the links in Washington he was in unusually bad form.

At the fourth hole Sir Harry dislodged an unusually large sod. The sod rose up into the air and sailed like a great bird down the wind, and Sir Harry's caddy, watching it, said to his companion:

"Did you tell me that guy was an actor, Pete?"

"Sure, Bill," said the other caddy, a note of apology in his voice. "An actor—that's what they call him."

The first caddy took a thoughtful chew of tobacco.

"I'd call him a scene shifter," he said.

POEMS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

[William Ernest Henley was born in England about 1850. In 1888 he became editor of the Scots Observer, and in the same year published his first volume of poems, "A Book of Verses." He is a writer and a critic as well as a poet.]

INVICTUS.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How changed with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

—W. E. Henley.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson III. July 18.

DAVID SPARES SAUL'S LIFE.

Lesson—1 Eamuel 26. Printed Text—1 Sam. 26: 7-17, 21.

Golden Text—"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you" (Luke 6: 27).

Historical Setting.

Time—1065 B. C.. Place.—Hill of Hachilah.

Daily Readings.

Monday, July 12.—David Spares Saul's Life (1 Sam. 26: 1-12). Tuesday, July 13.—Saul at David's Mercy (1 Sam. 24: 1-12). Wednesday, July 14.—David Puts Saul to Shame (1 Sam. 24: 16-22). Thursday, July 15.—David Reproves Saul (1 Sam. 26: 13-25). Friday, July 16.—Love Your Enemies (Matt. 5: 38-48). Saturday, July 17.—Jesus and His Enemies (Matt. 26: 47-56. Sunday, July 18.—Vengeance is Mine (Rom. 12: 9-21).

Verse 7. After parting with Jonathan, David fled southward toward Philistia into enemy country. Saul was induced to pursue him. That Saul should pursue him the second time without reason was difficult for David to believe. He resolved to investigate. Abishai was David's nephew and a devoted follower. Abner was Saul's father's brother and commander-in-chief of Saul's army (1 Sam. 14: 50).

Verse 8. David was adventurous. He had opportunity to kill Saul, but refrained. Abishai wanted to make quick work of it and prove his loyalty to David. Friendship is powerful.

Verse 9. Abishai was religious in a fierce fashion; David in a manner more thoughtful.

Verse 10. David still respected Saul as king. The belief of the time was that the person of the anointed king was inviolable, that his welfare was in Jehovah's hands (1 Sam. 25: 38). The belief was that the king could not be injured with impunity.

Verse 11.—David was very careful to refrain from seeming to be Saul's usurper. Three times Saul had tried to kill David, but all the time David refrained from taking advantage of his popularity and overthrowing Saul. No traveler ventures upon the deserts without his water-jar.

Verse 12. Saul, as king of Israel, was "the very heart of the nation." David could have killed him, but did not. The opportunity may be interpreted as a test of David's character.

Verses 13, 14. As commander-in-chief it was Abner's duty to watch over and protect his king.

Verse 15. "The circumstances of David's having penetrated to the center of the encampment, through the circular rows of the sleeping soldiers, constituted the point of this sarcasm."

Verses 16, 17. Both Saul and David stamped their personalities upon the people. Every nation's leader does this to a certain extent. Israel's history is a history of monarchs, her ideals the ideals of her leaders.

Verse 21. "Nothing can be more full and ingenuous than this confession." Saul was fickle and insincere. He soon forgot his promise.

Illustrated Truth.

It is the opportunity to do wrong to our own advantage that tests the soul (v. 34).

Illustration.—It is a sign of nobility of character when one rises to the opportunity to do a meritorious thing. It is also a sign of nobility to refuse to stoop to the opportunity to do wrong. An old horseman was exhibiting a horse to a would-be purchaser. "You think he would make a safe driving horse?" questioned the latter. "Oh, yes. I have had the horse for a good while, and he has given me no trouble." "Then, that settles it," said the latter. The old horseman hesitated. "No, it doesn't," he admitted. "I wouldn't give any horse a certificate of good character till I had seen what he would do with a good chance to run."

Topics for Research and Discussion.

1. Saul Sound Asleep (vs. 7-11). 1. What became of David after he left Jonathan? 2. Why did Saul pursue David? 3. Who were Abishai and Abner? 4. Was David unfair in his attitude toward Saul?

2. David Very Much Awake (vs. 12-16). 5. What was David's plan in approaching Saul while the latter was asleep? 6. Why could Saul not succeed in capturing David?

3. Saul's Inconsistency (vs. 17-21). 7 Why was Saul sometimes for and sometimes against David?

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN

By ELINOR MURRAY

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BABY DISCIPLINE.

It is perfectly safe to say that every child will require punishment at some time. It is absolutely certain that some time, from some source, in some way, he will receive his share of the world's discipline. In babyhood it is light; later it is severe. In babyhood there are no bad habits to combat; later the habits are a part of the child. In babyhood the grief is soon forgotten; later, humiliation and resentment live in the heart, and often embitter the dearest ties. In view of these truths, the fact that we do not wish to punish the baby becomes the chief reason why we ought to discipline him. If we wait until we wish to punish him, our own motives are degrading. What should be educational becomes retaliation; and neither our judgment nor our justice is to be trusted.

There is nothing more beautiful than a baby just learning to talk and beginning to run about. He has so many charming ways, and each new accomplishment is so absorbingly interesting. At the very worst, his misdemeanors do not irritate us, and usually they are very funny.

It is far pleasanter and easier to divert the child's attention from wrongdoing than to take him seriously; and so, since there is no good stopping-place, he is coaxed and indulged until he is no longer a baby. Then we find that the habits that were amusing in the two-year-old cease to be funny at four or five, and at seven or eight they begin to be unendurable. It is a sad fact that punishment usually begins at an age when there should be no further occasion for it, and when it often does more harm than good. As the baby faults grow more and more irritating, the child himself grows less and less appealing. We can punish now, and we do. We are sure that "a child of his age ought to know better," though just why, it might be hard to explain. It is surely no fault of the child that seven-year-old naughtiness is less attractive than that of babyhood, and habit you know is a powerful antagonist.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

(From the Manufacturers' Record.)

If the policy adopted by Marshall Field & Co. of not only refusing to advertise in the Sunday papers, but of even lowering the curtains of their great show windows from Saturday night until Monday morning, in order that they might not be an advertisement of the firm, was generally carried into effect, what a marvelous change would take place throughout the country.

The Sunday newspaper is an overgrown production of late years. We believe that in its present size it is a distinct disadvantage to the best interests of the newspapers of the country. If modern conditions demand that the world shall on Sunday have some of the news of the preceding 24 hours, a condensed presentation through a Sunday morning paper would certainly be less objectionable than the stuff which is now furnished in Sunday papers, with their 30 and 40 and 50 and 60 pages of matter. It is very largely to the Sunday paper that the shortage of news paper is due, and we believe that the publishers of the great daily papers of the big cities of the country would be serving their own best interests and the country at large if they would reduce by one-half or two-thirds the size of their Sunday papers. And so far as advertising is concerned, we believe that the statement of Marshall Field & Co. as to their views in regard to the matter will awaken a widespread interest among many other business men.

THE TIME IS NIGH TO SWAT THE FLY

This Annual Pest Gives None a Rest

Soak Him Early, Soak Him Late, That's What Health Officials State

The season of the fly is here, the health officials say, in a bulletin on house flies. If you want to be a credit to your country, town and city, you will swat the little critter—swat him early, swat him late. For the house fly is a menace; he's not fit to be around, so the thing to do is swat him wherever he is found.

"Here's news about the house fly," remarked the City Ed. "Can't you boil it down and tell us what the health officials said?"

Oh, gentle reader, take the word of one who read the pamphlet through, the house fly never, never should associate with you, or with your kith and kin, your food, or anything that your's. So strive to see that he is killed or else kept out of doors.

If half the things they say are true—and who would dare to doubt 'em?—the other half don't matter; you don't need to know about 'em. Just think: A normal female fly thinks nothing, so they say, of laying eggs in wholesale lots, ten dozen in a day. These eggs hatch out in no time when the weather is warm, and five days after that the new born flies begin to swarm. And so it goes, more flies, more eggs, from April to September, till the total score gets higher than most mamma flies remember. The scientists, however, have it down in black and white and the figures as they foot 'em up are herewith brought to light.

Ten trillion flies, the records show, may spring from one fly's laying—which makes some crop, some family tree, some bunch, as goes the saying.

It Would Take Some Swat.

That isn't all. In forty days, the health sharps estimate, one fly would make 12,000,000 flies, 800 pounds by weight. To kill 800 pounds of flies—though believe it you may not—would take, the scientists assert, considerable swat. And as we're not all Babe Ruths or Ping Bodies with the bat, we will start our swatting early if we know what we are at.

Screens and poisons, traps and stickum (it is written), help a lot, but there's nothing so effective as the good old-fashioned swat.

For you can't reform the house fly; it's a thing that can't be done. All attempts have met with failure since the days of Babylon. Read your Bible; read how Moses walloped Pharaoh 'twixt the eyes with one plague upon another, worst of all the plague of flies. Read how flies made life a torture even in the Promised Land, bringing germs to countless thousands gathered in that happy strand. And there might have been more swatting if they'd had the proper club—as it was, they named the devil Lord of Flies, Beelzebub.

All of which you'll find recorded in the Health Board Bulletin. Buy it, steal it, get it, read it—and digest the facts therein. Then go out and swat the housefly, swat and show 'em you're no dub, for by swatting every housefly you will swat Beelzebub.

—F. W.

ALL ALIKE.

Lady Astor, the American M. P., told in London the other day a story about an anti-suffragist.

"Anti-suffragists are all alike," she said. "Once I was canvassing for signatures to a petition about Lord Milner, the viceroy to India at that time. When I called on Mr. Boggs, the grocer, he read the petition carefully, and then said:

"'Who is this here Milner, ma'am?'

"'Our Indian viceroy,' said I.

"'Wot's a viceroy?' said Mr. Boggs.

"'A pro-consul, you know.' And explained Lord Milner's position in detail.

"Mr. Boggs, satisfied, dipped his pen in the ink; then he looked up anxiously.

"'You're not lettin' the women sign this, are you?' he said.

"'Oh, no, indeed,' said I.

"'That's right,' said Mr. Boggs, as he slowly traced his signature. 'That's right, ma'am. Women don't know nothin' about these things.'"

They All Believe in Advertising

The wise manufacturer does. He has seen advertising make his factory grow from rear-attic to city-block dimensions.

The wise jobber does. Try to stock him on an unknown article and hear him say: "How about your advertising?"

The wise merchant does. He has seen the goods that moved slowly begin to move quickly when advertising brought the customers in legion.

The wise customer does. He has compared the safety, service and satisfaction found in advertised goods with the disappointments of unbranded, unknown articles.

You cannot help believing in advertising. You have had the same opportunity to compare and prove. Are you watching the columns of your newspaper for the myriad helpful suggestions the advertisements offer?