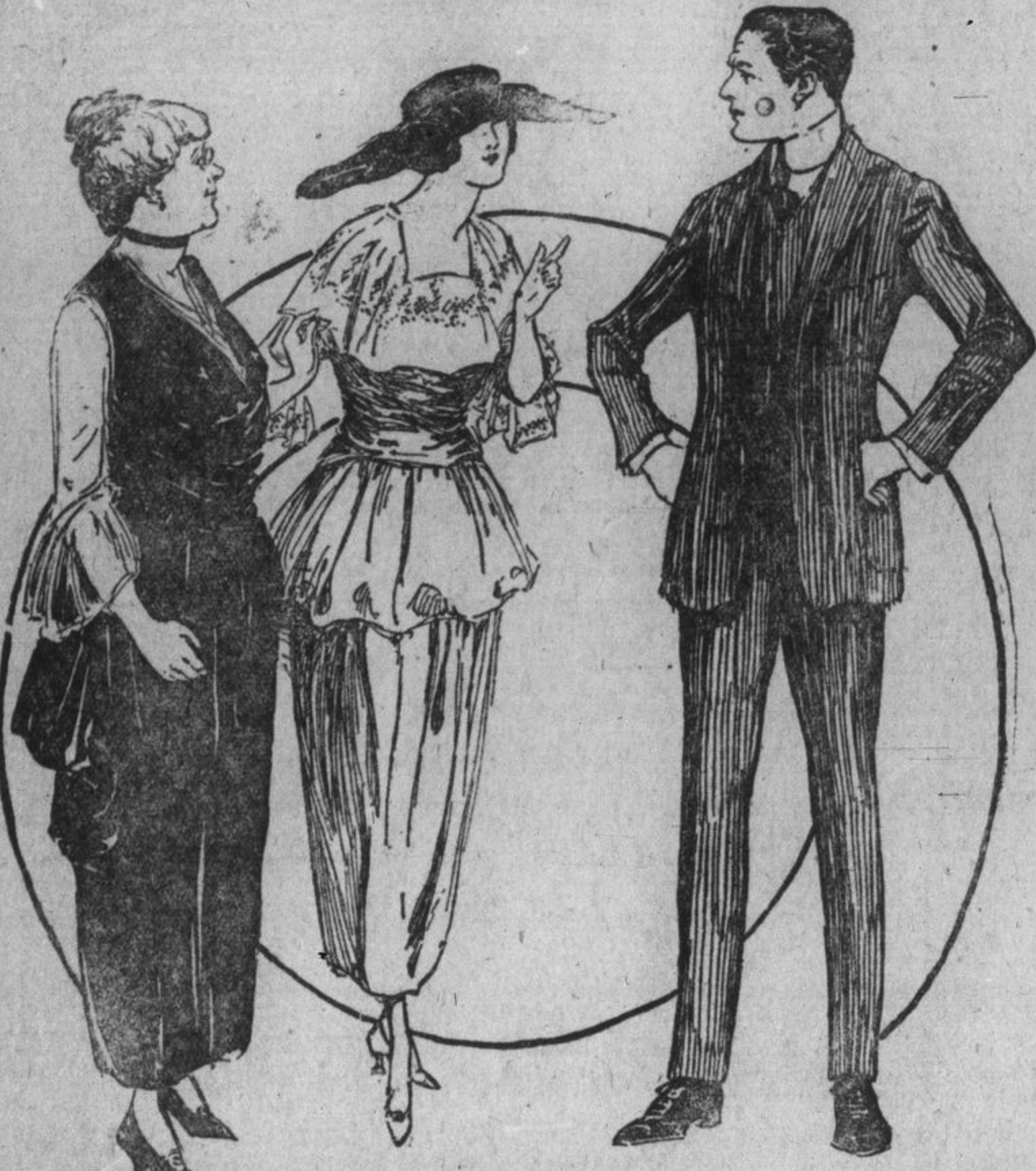


In the Realm of Women—Some Interesting Features

FEMINISMS

By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw

EVERY MISFORTUNE HAS ITS SILVER LINING.

Mrs. Sweet (most sweetly)—Oh, I'm so sorry you don't like my new hat. I bought it at a bargain so I can't exchange it. But, dear Jack, I want to square myself. You come with me to-morrow and I'll let you pick another just to suit you.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah M. Gibson

Helen's Punishment.
"Is it possible?" I said to myself, "that a woman can utterly forget the father of her children? Was it Ruth Gaylord's pride which was speaking when she said that she was glad to dismiss her husband from her household and her heart; that she did not want to divide the love of her children with anyone?"
Somehow I could conceive of a woman who, like Helen, could be so blinded by that magnetic attraction she called love, that she would forget the world, her duty to it; yes, even her duty to herself and follow where love called. But reason has always seemed to me to be the touchstone of maternal love.
As I had been lying there with the knowledge that my hope of the little new life I thought was coming to me, was dead, I knew that notwithstanding my grief, which had been great, I could not feel the same unreasonable reaction against Fate that I should have had if my husband had been taken away from me.

All at once there was a great constriction about my heart! My husband—what would I do if some woman should come to me in the same way that Helen Van Ness had gone to Ruth, and say:
"I want your husband. He doesn't love you any more! He loves me!"
Would I have stopped to consider the why or wherefore; would I have said: "They drifted into this without thinking!" I do not believe so!
Must Not Forget Duty.
I think I would fight for my own. He is mine. At one time, at least, he loved me. He has taken upon himself the responsibilities of marriage, and now at the mere entrance into his life of a lawless passion, he must not forget he has a duty to me and to my children. This is what I should have decreed had I been Ruth Gaylord. Others might think otherwise. I wonder.
Was Ruth a bigger and better woman than I? Or had she tired of Bob and his idiosyncrasies? It seemed

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to me, however, that no matter how much I had wished my husband away from me, and I acknowledged to myself that I had wished it many times in the last few months, the mere thought of his loving another woman would fan the affection that might have cooled into love's hottest flame.
"Ruth was wrong," I said to myself. "She should have told Helen, when Helen made the confession to her, that she would keep her husband against the world. I really think it would have been better for Helen in the end!"
Then my vagrant thoughts took up Helen's side of the matter, and I went back to her letter for a moment.
No Invitations Extended.
Continuing it read: "And, oh, Katherine, I almost believe that I have brought to Bobby the very thing from which I tried to save him! Bob's friends will not accept me. They invite him to luncheon at restaurants; they do not take him to their clubs. And since we have come here we have never been invited to the home of any of his friends. Even the women that I knew before my marriage to him pass me on the street unseeing or with the coldest of nods, as Alice did the other day."
"I try to make it up to Bob, and we lie to each other by saying that we do not care for society now, nor its edicts, when we have each other. Honestly, Katherine, I think that if we were on a desert island, Bob and I might be perfectly happy. But, living in a world of convention, whose unwritten laws are supported by punishments more severe than the breaking of those laws that were handed down from Mount Sinai on tables of stone, we find that we must perforce take our medicine, bitter as aloe though it may be."
"I am not asking your pity, my dear, nor the continuation of your friendship, but I want you to understand. I want you to have my side. I know I must cry 'pocari'—I acknowledge I have sinned, but perhaps like every other sinner, since the man who asked forgiveness of Him who died on the cross, I wish to evade my penalty."

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from under her by the speech of people. I knew I should be censured by my entire coterie of friends and acquaintances and yet after much thinking I came to the conclusion that I could not desert my friend in this tragic crisis of her life.
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To-morrow—Thoughts of Home.

Winifred Black

Writes About
A PRETTY NAUGHTY GIRL
Copyright, 1920, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

"And then," said the pretty little blonde, "I just sat right down on the floor of the motor car and screamed."
"Oh, I just simply screamed, and I wouldn't stop. No matter what they said or did, I wouldn't stop, and so they just had to turn around and take me home."
"And when I got home I was so mad about it that I shut myself up in my room and cried for two days, and I threw my dress pulling it off, and I threw my hat on the floor, and the puppy got hold of it—wasn't it terrible—it was a lovely new hat, and Daddy had just paid \$35 for it, too."
"Isn't it terrible to be so bad?"
One of the men in the room smiled a kind of sickly smile, and the other stared at her. The blonde was the pretty little blonde was astonished.
"You see, she thought they would be charmed."
She Cannot Understand.
Men always had been charmed when she talked, and she was, and what a temper she had, and how her Daddy had spoiled her, and how much money she spent just for nothing, and how she cried for days just for temper—and she couldn't understand these two men at all.
They looked as if they didn't like her—wasn't it odd?
But I could understand them.
Those two men were brought up in her part of the country where they spoil girls, and make selfish little pets of them, and flatter them and expect them to be helpless and unreasonable—but they've been away.
Oh, they've been a long ways away. To the Training Camp, first of all, and then to France, and then to the hospital—and things don't look the same to them since they came back.
They've seen pain and suffering and sacrifice.
They've seen devotion and love and generosity.
They've seen courage and quick wit and resourceful wisdom.
They've seen self-control and they know what it means.
Somebody don't think the little blonde girl is "cute" any more—they just think she's silly.
And neither of them would marry her, not if she got down on her knees and begged them.

Real Women Desired.
They want, not a silly little doll for a wife, but a deep-hearted, kind, loving, generous, reasonable woman.
And they're going to search through the world till they find her, too. I know it, because each of them have told me so.
Oh, we talk about strange things together—the men who've been overseas and I—things that we really mean.
Somebody says that are important parts of our lives.
We've got all through talking surface nonsense—unless we do it just for nonsense and for nothing else. We talk of real things and real people and real life, not life as it ought to be, but life as it is.
And, oh! I feel as if I've been eating caramel cake all my life, and somebody offered me a nice slice of plain, wholesome homemade bread, with good, homemade butter on it, and a cup of sweet, rich milk, just fresh from the spring house at the foot of the garden.
And the men seem to feel so, too. It's done that much for us, the war.
It has stripped the mask from the silly faces of foolish women and the cruel faces of selfish men—and I'm afraid the pretty little blonde and others like her aren't going to have so much fun "screaming" and crying and locking themselves up in their rooms and ruining their brand new hats, just to show how deliciously spoiled they are.
I think the little blonde herself is beginning to worry a little.
I wonder if she really is, or if I just imagine it.

Odd and Interesting Facts.
One of the most efficient wireless systems is the invention of Japanese.
Danish scientists have perfected a process for treating cheaper woods that makes them more durable, chemical action in 24 hours producing the effect of several years of drying.
An English inventor filters the scratching and metallic sounds from phonographic music by passing it through more than 60 feet of tin tubing filled with peas.
An automobile of the limousine type has been invented with a telescoping body that can be drawn out to afford more room when tourists wish to use it for camping.

Soldiers from the east tell some curious stories of camels' love for tobacco. Drummers and camel drivers are passionately addicted to the weed, and can be made to do almost anything under its influence. The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigarholder. This is inserted in the beast's mouth, the cigar being then lit and pressed into the hole. The camel immediately closes its eyes and puffs away through its mouth and nostrils till the cigar is entirely consumed. It seems to thoroughly enjoy the experience. Furthermore, the nicotine appears to exercise a stimulating and refreshing effect upon the animal, so that, though ready to fall asleep to drop from fatigue before its smokes, it will plod on for many more miles after it.

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KITCHEN ECONOMISE

By ISOBEL BRANDS
Of the Applecroft Experiment Station

How to Make Some "Fancy" Oyster Dishes.
Oysters, in some fancy form, are an ideal basis for the quick company luncheon, that midnight supper, or for that debatable meal—Sunday night supper. They can be prepared more quickly than any other fresh food, as they may be served either raw or with quick cooking. Here are a few suggestions for using oysters in unusual ways:
Double Crust Oyster Pie.
1 quart of oysters
2 cups of flour
1 cup of top milk
½ cup of shortening
2 tablespoons of cornstarch
½ teaspoonful of salt
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, and cut in shortening. Gradually add cold milk. Toss dough on floured board, cut in two parts and roll out. Place in two shallow, greased pans and bake for fifteen minutes in quick oven. Dissolve the cornstarch in

a little milk, gradually add rest of milk and cook with oysters and seasonings. Pour half of oyster mixture on one pie crust, cover with other, and pour the rest over top crust. Serve at once.
Another delicious oyster pie is made by using just one pie crust. Fill the baked pie crust with the creamed oysters as above. Cover with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt and two chopped, small, sour pickles. Bake in a moderate oven until meringue is browned.
Broiled Oysters.
Season large oysters with salt, pepper, dip in melted butter, then in cracker crumbs. Place on a greased broiler and broil for three or four minutes, turning frequently.
Serve on thin toast, buttered, garnished with slices of lemon. Or thicker bread may be toasted covered with minced bacon and the oysters served atop each slice.
Browned Oysters.
1 quart of oysters
5 tablespoonfuls of flour
3 tablespoonfuls of bacon fat
½ teaspoonful of salt
¼ teaspoonful of celery salt
¼ teaspoonful of pepper

1 teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
Cook oysters until ruffled, then drain from their juice. Melt fat, blend with flour and stir. Add oyster juice and stock or milk and mix well until a smooth, thick sauce is formed. Then add seasonings and oysters and cook a minute longer. Pour over toast or cracker.
This is easily prepared in a chafing dish.
Spiced Fried Oysters.
Make a dressing of 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar and 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, adding salt and pepper to taste. Place oysters in this and let stand for 10 minutes, covering each oyster well with the mixture. Drain oysters, roll in crumbs, beaten egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. The oysters should not be fried longer than one minute. Test the fat first to be sure that it is sufficiently hot, but not smoking, and do not fry more than 5 or 6 oysters at a time.
On Friday the death occurred of one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of South Elmsley, Mrs. Henry Joynt. Her demise was due to pneumonia; she had been ill for ten days. Deceased was in her seventy-ninth year.

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