

BRITISH DON'T LIKE SENDING OF SOLDIERS TO FAR AWAY LAND

BY MARY HENKE

Nothing the government here has done since the war closed has been more unpopular than its decision to keep a large body of troops in Mesopotamia.

Everybody knows that England is anxious about Mesopotamia because it has a lion's share in her oil wells, but people are not worrying about oil so much as they are about the fact that it is costing 40,000,000 pounds a year to keep troops there, while the government is unable to find any more money to build houses for the overcrowded nation. Hospitals are near bankruptcy, and taxation has almost reached the limit of forbearance.

Sending British troops to war with Turkey under cover of Greece, is also bitterly condemned, as an act done without consulting the nation or parliament. The troops who were dispatched to aid the Greek attack were chiefly men who had seen long service in France and it is felt that they have fought long enough for their country without being sent into a war that will be of no material benefit to England.

The decision to keep British troops in Persia to repel the Bolsheviks and Turks is another point for attack. No one has less delusions concerning his foreign policy than the Britisher himself. He acknowledges that his country "grabbed" most of her foreign possessions, but if he can help it she is not going to grab any more. After the abortive effort towards internationalism, the national instincts seem to be stronger everywhere than they were before. France is concerned entirely with her own interests and England has had enough of scattering her troops over the continent. She wants peace to come down and houses enough to live in decency, and all the war in the world "hang".

Lloyd George on Brink
Lloyd George's position seems truly precarious. He pleased the nation with his firm stand toward the Germans at Spa, but the many things he has done less pleasing overbalance that. His action with regard to the middle east seems absolutely without wisdom when one considers the tenor of the people. And everybody is sick of the uncertainty of prices.

They go up and down without reason, and without any effort of regulation on the part of the government. Rates and taxes, which every household has to pay along with his rent, rise with every variation of the wind. Ex-service men, too, cherish resentment against the premier for failing to act more towards betterment of employment conditions.

Still the little Welshman holds his place with remarkable tenacity and firmness. Abused by almost every newspaper in London, condemned for a policy or accused of lack of policy, he is still greater than any other man in England. If the government were broken I know of no other man who could fill his place as well. Of all the statesmen who were involved in the peace of Versailles, he alone stands where he did when the war ended. Some of his opponents declare that the handwriting is on the wall, but then they have been saying that for a long time.

Anglo-Saxon and Gallic friendship is based just now more on ceremony than substance. Englishmen who have visited France acknowledge that the French feel England to have had more than her share out of the war.

Want English Mandatories.
England got the colonies, the German fleet and all the desirable national assets, charge the French. France is struggling against ravished industry, weighty taxes, shattered farm lands and a greatly depleted currency. Conditions in England are bad enough, but they personify prosperity to the Frenchman—and he resents the fact that the English pound is worth twice as many francs as it was before the war. There has also been a journalistic propaganda in Paris against Lloyd George that has not been without effect. Civility is all one can expect in France, declared a traveler recently, and that applies to a certain degree to Americans as well as Englishmen. The feeling is based on doubt on the same reason, which a poor, harassed debt ridden laborer feels toward a prosperous neighbor who squanders his money. The Americans who go to France hardly felt the war, and most of them prospered by it. The Englishman does not have as much money but his attitude is that of one who saved France and the French army by coming over and doing their fighting for them. Under the circumstances one cannot be surprised that the French are merely polite to their guests. If it were any other nation, one would be surprised over that politeness.

What's in a Name

(Copyright)

MYRA

Taken from an evolutionary standpoint, Myra represents the eternal etymological question. It is said to mean "she who weeps" but where it comes from and how it reached its present form is clouded in mystery. The consensus of opinion seems to be that it comes from the word marah, meaning bitterness, which was then supplied to the bitter gum, myrrh. The same term was used to designate the brackish springs in the desert to which the desolate widow of Bethlehem referred when she cried "Call me not Naomi (pleasant), call me Marah (bitter)."

This is on the whole the most satisfactory derivation of Myra, sometimes referred to in the middle ages as Myrrh of the Sea. Myra was frequently used in the early days of Biblical history and the heritage of sorrow which the name suggests seems generally to have accompanied its progress. It has been a great English favorite and has likewise had widespread vogue in this country, its popularity, curiously enough, being confined largely to the south.

Yet, the emblem of sorrow, is Myra's talismanic gem, but by wearing it the ancients believed that she could escape her legacy of tears. It should be worn, however, against the flesh to insure its potency. Tuesday is Myra's lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

THEY CALL THIS FANCIFUL FROCK A SPORT OUTFIT



Sport clothes have been getting more elaborate every season, but this seems to be going a little too far—to call this a sport frock. It is fashioned of orange net over orange taffeta with a bold design on the skirt of purple, red and green futuristic cloth. The Russian blouse has a front and back panel of the same startling material. The hat is made of orange horsehair braid.

Mrs. Solomon Says—

Being the Confessions of The Seven-Hundredth Wife.
By Helen Rowland

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Lo, my Daughter, every day of the year a Bride cometh unto me for instruction, saying:

"Tell me, oh Mother, now that I have GOT this man, how shall I bind him unto me forever? For, alas, they have told me that an husband's heart must be stimulated, and his sentiment constantly inspired."

"Yes, they have said, that even in marriage, there is no such thing as perpetual emotion, and a 'permanent wave' of love!"

Yet, in all the days of my life, verily, no BRIDEGRROOM hath come unto me seeking instruction, concerning how to hold a WIFE'S love!

For, behold, every man contenteth himself with the fond delusion that a woman's heart, like unto a postage stamp, will "stay put" forever; and his mind is not troubled concerning how to keep young and bewitching for her delight.

Go to! Though a wife may gird herself in rubber and court slow starvation for the sake of her slenderness, what MAN resisteth the tempting potato, or denyeth himself the alluring rice-pudding, that he may preserve his waistline?

What man tighteneth his belt a single eyelet, that he may appear a "sylph" in his wife's eyes?

What man danceth gaily when his shoes pinch, and smilith when he suffereth from a tooth-ache, that he may seem always "sprightly and vivacious"?

What man shaveth twice a day, and covereth his face with scented talcum that he may be ALWAYS "kissable"?

What man wasteth his shekels upon fancy dressing-gowns and embroidered breakfast coats, and satin boudoir slippers, that he may be more alluring in his wife's sight?

What man steameth his face, and weareth a chin-strap and plucketh out his eyebrows, that he may resemble, forever, the "fresh young thing", whom his wife married?

What man rusheth for the looking-glass, putteth his back hair, and moisteneth his lips, at the sound of his wife's footsteps approaching?

Verily, verily, when thou beholdest a man whose boots and finger-nails are a shining light, thou wistest him down, "A Bachelor."

But a MARRIED MAN is known by the dullness of his shoes, and the wrinkles in his coat, and the bulging at the knees of his trousers, and the roughness of his Sunday morning chin.

For, upon six days of the week, he faceth the world and must shave; but upon the seventh, he faceth only his WIFE, and giveth his chin a rest.

And there is no fear in his heart that anything can mar his irresistible attraction or dim his fatal charm, while he possesseth 'beauties of the soul'!

Selah.

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The Diary of an Engaged Girl

By Phyllis Phillips

The day of days for Laura is drawing to a close. It is nearly midnight, and Laura and her Morgan are now one. That's a load off my mind, I can assure you. The crash will come in the morning, when Mother Edmunds receives the news by wire, and no doubt I shall come in for my full share of reproaches from all hands, but do I worry? Not me. I have helped a friend to achieve the thing she wants most in this world, and I am fairly glowing with pride and happiness in my share of the work.

Such a fluttery, joyous bride as Laura made. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the expression in her eyes, nor the radiance of her red lips, when, after the minister had proclaimed them man and wife, she lifted her face to Morgan for his kiss. And that kiss! It held all the love of all ages; all the desire of all lovers in its soft echo.

And then Morgan half carried his new bride from the room.

Everything went off as scheduled. At ten I met the pair at the Grand Central, armed with my sketch book and the smiling approbation of my chief still in my ears, for every man loves a romance, and this was one after his own heart. My sketches are to be out tomorrow night.

Laura looked lovely in a lavender linen dress and hat to match, and her eyes were so bright and so full of dreams, and maybe a few unshed tears so near to the eyes of every bride, but these only helped to give them a particularly misty and lupid look. Morgan was tall and proud, and also a bit nervous, though he showed it in his incessant pacing up and down at every station we stopped at.

Arrived at New Haven, we alighted and went to a restaurant and had a jolly lunch together. After this, we found the particular minister we were in search of, and presented him with our letter of introductions and our credentials. This done, we sat down and had a chat with the Right Reverend Jonathan Mercy, and found him to be most sympathetic with love and lovers. This was a pleasant discovery. After a little delay we filed into the chapel and the deed of deeds was done.

It's really quite terrifying, after all, to discover what a very short time it takes to make two people one—especially when one stops to consider how much longer it takes to make these two same people two again. I confess that the ceremony had a sobering effect on me, and I realized why so many girls hesitated right on the steps of the altar, so to speak, and all that.

Laura, poor little kid, was quite white and shaky, as she marched up to her place beside Morgan to be made his wife. I really couldn't help smiling a bit.

After that it was comparatively

smooth sailing, that is to say, before you could say Jack Robinson, Laura and Morgan were man and wife. It was sweetly mortifying after it was all over, to see how those two kids forgot me, or almost did. However, I understood, and forgave them. They seemed dazed at first, and then the realization that they actually belonged to each other swept over them, and they simply flew into each other's arms, wildly. That was some clutch, and kiss.

Of course, with my usual tact, I discovered that I simply had to make the next train back to town, and get my work done, etc.; anything to leave those two delirious love-birds alone. And after a fond farewell I beat it, got back to my office, sat down and had a good cry, which relieved my overwrought nerves, considerably; then turned to and sketched like all time for two hours. It was, take it all in all, Some Day!

(To be continued.)

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: When a young couple are at a dance and they go to the stand for refreshments, who should order his drink first, the boy or girl?

THANK YOU.

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In conventional places the man asks the girl and then gives the waiter the order for both. No conversation is carried on between the girl and the waiter.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl fourteen years of age, but look much older. I am going with a young man who thinks me sixteen. I am going to business college in the town in which

he lives and haven't told him where I live. I live in a very small town. Would it be proper to tell him I am sixteen and live in some large place? VELVA.

Do not lie about your age or your home town. You are making a wrong start in life to think you will gain anything by misrepresenting.

At the age of fourteen you are too

young to go with a young man. If you wait until you are older for that pleasure and consider your school work first, you will be thankful later. Talk frankly to your father and mother. Do not go with young men against their wishes or you will surely regret it.

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