

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

(By D. J. Walsh.)

GWEN was "up on her ear again," as Doug Gordon would have read his wife's thoughts. But this time she was keeping them to herself—hard as it was to keep anything from Doug. It all came from a little phrase that was ever on the tip of Doug's tongue. Coming four times in close succession, it had angered, Gwen to a stern resolution. First there was the mouse. Of course it was foolish for a grown person to scream and grasp Doug's arm when the tiny creature scurried from behind the broom. "If that isn't just like a woman!" Doug had exclaimed between bursts of laughter. That could have been forgiven. But when they settled down for the evening, Gwen with a piece of embroidery, Doug with the paper from which he read occasional bits, he mentioned Keats, and Gwen, intent on the redress she was embroidering, had said absent-mindedly, "What in the world are Keats?" He had doubled over with laughter and when he could speak he had said, "If that isn't just like a woman!" She was hurt and angry and wished she need not ask him for the money she must have if she were to go shopping as she had planned the next day. But at last she smothered her resentment and made her request. Doug was neither poor nor stingy, but he was old-fashioned, and there were certain formalities to be gone through with before he parted with half a hundred. "Why, I gave you 50 last week," he exclaimed. "You never blew that all in on one dress, did you? If that isn't just like a woman!" Gwen set her work basket on the table with some ungentleness and frowned out of the room, stamming the door behind her, but she did not get out quite soon enough to escape Doug's comment on this pet of hers: "Well, if that isn't just like a woman! Flying off the handle at nothing at all!" On one thing Gwen was determined. She would never again be like a woman! She stood before her mirror, studying the slight, girlish figure reflected therein. "Easy enough to look at," she commented, "in spite of near-red hair, a tip-tilted nose with a smudge of freckles, reddish-brown eyes, et cetera. As a whole you're not so bad for anybody who likes them that way, but you're femininity from the toes up. And you've got to become anything but 'just like a woman' to keep your own self-respect and Doug's. Heavens above, how he hates them! And yet he married one!" Doug breakfasted and lunched downtown, so Gwen had the day to plan her new role. She had found \$50 under her dresser tray that morning and had seized it with delight at the prospect of a morning's shopping—but then the thought intruded: "Just as any woman would be." So she tucked the \$50 into an envelope, wrote on the back of it, "Thanks, but I don't need it after all. I don't care to go shopping," and put it on Doug's chiffonier. She stifled a sigh as she turned away, but she also smiled with satisfaction as she thought: "At any rate that isn't what just any woman would do with \$50." That evening Doug came out of his room, a blank look on his broad, ruddy face, the envelope in his hand. He was in search of Gwen—she had not met him at the door as usual. (That was what all women did—met their husbands at the door, Gwen had reflected.) He found her in the kitchen. Just as he opened the door—as though at a signal—the mouse ran across the floor. Then he saw an amazing thing. Instead of screaming and running to him for protection, Gwen coolly went after the mouse in a fashion that was uncanny to him. He could not know that she was hoping it would get away and wondering whether she would drop dead if she had to pick it up. She had the little creature inescapably cornered, as she could not have done in a week of trying had she actually wanted to catch it. Blindly she seized it by the tail, ran to the outside door and buried the warm, furry thing from her. She was sick to the very pit of her stomach, but she refused to acknowledge any such womanish reaction. With head high she walked to the sink, washed her hands and began dishing up the supper. Doug had dropped into a chair speechless, and sat staring at her, the envelope with the rejected money clutched forgotten in his great hand. "You'll have to excuse me from eating dinner with you tonight, Doug," said Gwen, after the last dish had been placed upon the carefully set table. "I'm going to a lecture on the English poets. By the way, I've joined an afternoon class at the university." Doug said nothing. The women he knew always presided at the dinner table when the man of the house returned from his business. And they did not go to evening lectures without asking their husbands to go along. And they, being married, did not start to school again. His world had fallen to pieces. When Gwen returned late in the evening, rosy-cheeked and starry-eyed, Doug, with a something wistful in his blue eyes and a pensive sag to his

jolly mouth, held out the envelope with the fifty dollars to Gwen. "I want you to take this, Gwen, even if you don't need it just now. It'll come in handy later. I'd like for you to have it." Gwen stifled a yawn. "I doubt that I'll be needing it. While I was out this evening I stopped in at the Fantasy cafe. I'm going to do a cabaret stunt there every evening. I've not forgotten my stalling, nor my fancy dancing. And I'll get well paid for it." "Gwen." There was exasperation as well as anguish in Doug's deep voice. "You're my wife." "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," said Gwen. She had cherished this quotation from the lecture, knowing well that Doug would recognize it, and Shakespeare would even her up on the Keats break. "Do you mean that?" blurted out Doug, his ruddy face paling. Gwen merely shrugged her shoulders and walked out of the room. Going up the stairs she giggled. One day of her life had passed without hearing the hateful phrase. That day followed. Hardening herself, Gwen did everything that she hated and had not been accustomed to doing, while she denied herself every one of the soft, dainty, feminine ways that she delighted in. There were moments when Gwen craved with every fiber of her being to be "just a woman," doing all the delightful, sometimes foolish things that she had done before the reformation. Yet surely this course must change Doug's attitude toward women and must win his respect—and Doug's respect was worth something. She came from the cabaret one evening sick of soul. Two men had visually appraised her, and she wanted her good, devoted, honest Doug as she had never wanted him before. Just to be his wife seemed enough pay for this world and the world to come. She paused on the porch for a moment and looked into the living room, a charming room that was a reflection of her best home-loving self. But her thoughts were instantly diverted from the beauty of the room. There was Doug, crouched in the big chair with his head resting on the table. She had never before seen her upstanding husband in a dejected posture. She went to him quietly. "Are you sick, Doug?" she asked tenderly. He turned to her a face that confirmed her fears. It had lost its roundness, the eyes were tired and beared. "Yes, I am. Sick to the very heart of me," said Doug. "I can't figure out the trick fate has turned me. I married the most womanly bit of a girl I knew—the only kind I could admire or love, and here all in a flash she turns out to be exactly the other sort—the kind I can't stand—hard, like a man—makes her own living, I want a real woman that depends on her man and lets him do things for her." Gwen, shaking with laughter, sank into the big chair beside Doug. "Then why did you always say so scornfully, 'If that isn't just like a woman!'—as if a woman were fit only to be spat on. I could have howled every time you said it. And I got sick of being just like a woman that I made up my mind to be anything but—" "Then unmake your mind and be my own old girl again!" shouted Doug, drawing Gwen into the shelter of his arms. "I'll never say that again if it bothers you, but from me it's a sort of compliment, for you can't be too much of a woman to suit me. That's what I like about them—their little foolishnesses. What'd life be without them? I like the feeling that you're leaning hard on me. You're not just like a woman—you're just the woman for me."

Fine Grove Damaged by Reckless Tourists

Ancient mythologies tell of gods slain by their worshippers; and something of the kind is happening in the Big Tree grove of Mariposa county, Yosemite National park, where thousands of tourists are unconsciously destroying that which they come hundreds of miles to admire. At the request of the National Park Service, Dr. E. P. Meinecke, United States Forest service plant pathologist, has investigated the present status of the cherished Sequoias and has reached the conclusion that long-continued and heavy tramping of human feet has destroyed the root-endings and finer roots of many of the trees. Without these, of course, the trees are unable to absorb water and mineral nutrients from the soil. The rescue of Grizzly Giant, one of the finest big trees in existence, from a similar fate about twenty-five years ago is recalled. Trampling had destroyed its endings and friends of the tree were at a loss to know what to do. Finally it was suggested by George T. Harlow, at that time guardian of the grove, that the soil surrounding the tree be loosened somewhat and that additional soil be placed around the tree and over the roots to a height of three or four feet. The experiment, though ridiculed at the time, proved entirely successful and the old tree was restored to health. **Just Like Grown-Ups** Her mother was very proud of Betty's inclinations to save her pennies by placing them in a small bank on her dressing table. One day when a neighbor gave Betty a nickel, the mother said, in a self-conscious tone: "Tell Mrs. Taylor what you do with your money, dear." "Well," said young Betty, with a disarming smile, "sometimes I lose it."

Spring Ensemble Is in Limelight

Simple Lines Distinguish the Daytime Costume; Coats Plain in Color.

The daytime ensemble is interestingly combined. There is usually a coat of simple outline made in plain colors accompanied by a one or two piece dress showing contrasts in color combinations. Coats to accompany the lighter and less tailored suits and frocks for sports and general wear are usually made as a part of the ensemble or new type which is designed to create a comfortable feeling of warmth. Most of the new coats are in plain colors or mixtures. Kasha still retains its vogue for smartness. Wool jersey is particularly desirable. Some fabrics of this family use silk and wool mixtures and are embroidered in floss or metal threads. A striking novelty in fabrics for the youthful frock is of a woven combination of rayon and wool, and it gives a texture that is firm and easily cut to retain a smart silhouette. Flannel frocks of the simple type are put together in geometrical sections. This permits of a variety of shades that makes the frock an appealing part of an ensemble in which the coat is one-toned. Straightline coats that are worn open at the front will be much worn this spring. They show the dress worn beneath and create a smart silhouette. Alice White, featured "movie" actress in "Mad Hour," is seen wearing an ensemble of springtime inspiration.



"Movie" Actress Wears Ensemble of Springtime Inspiration.

It consists of a two-piece dress with a geometric design in black and white featured on the sand colored blouse. The skirt is done in sand colored kasha. A long coat that completes the ensemble is of sand kasha trimmed with tux at the cuffs.

Raincoats for Spring in Two Decided Styles

Raincoats to meet the showery spring days are made up in two decided styles, those favoring the style of sports togery and the others the feminine trends noted in the latest costumes to arrive from Paris. The beige gabardine coats in either lined or unlined models are being sought by the younger women. These are made in strict military fashion, with epaulets, buttons, belts at wrists and about the waist, and very deep trench pockets. The lines are decidedly swagger and the backs full and flaring. Next in importance as regards styling is the coat made of a smooth rubberized fabric in an eggshell color. This type of coat is truly a rain-fog garment, while the gabardine coats may be used also for motoring, boating and general utility wear. Some of the leading designers are using very lightweight tweeds for their new raincoats. These are entirely waterproofed and made up in sports styles with bone buttons and wide belts and finished with double ring buckles. The colors range from the light beige and gray tones to the deep plaids and mixtures.

Spring Fashion Hints of Interest to Women

"Crystal ornaments are enjoying an immense vogue, both the genuine cut from rock, crystal and imitations made of pressed glass," says Delineator, reporting the latest developments of the spring mode. "Agnes' chenille caps are not new, but their popularity grows continually," continues the fashion monthly. "Women have them in many different colors to match different costumes. Reptile skins are smarter now used as trimming than as entire shoes. The new note in evening sandals is the combination of several materials. Big chiffon handkerchiefs are revived for evening; sometimes they match the gown, sometimes the slippers." In the matter of spring clothing, Delineator, experts report: "Velveteen, a success of several seasons ago, will be worn again this spring. Black and white stand together at the head of the evening mode. With each side in its own right, they form a notable combination." Dried fruit, such as figs, apricots and stuffed prunes, or molasses candy, or honey may be used as after-meal sweets. They are all valuable for their mineral elements as well as their calories, and so have an advantage over the usual sugar candies. (By Children, the Magazine for Parents.)

Chic Afternoon Frock Worn by "Movie" Star



With the advent of more femininity in fashion, the one-piece frock is coming into its own again. An interesting exponent of the simpler type of "feminine" frock now coming to the fore so fast, is the chic afternoon gown such as is worn by Dorothy Sebastian, motion picture player featured in "Wyoming." It is of water blue chiffon, with the double cascade down the front and uneven hemline formed by a ruffle on the skirt. A belt of silver kid is worn at the hip tops. With this frock, Miss Sebastian wears a beige felt hat the same shade as the frock, and a string of crystal beads.

On Rearing Children from CRIB to COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of "CHILDREN, The Magazine for PARENTS"

Children need to be given responsibilities appropriate to their age and experience.

If you are not fortunate enough to have a tree in the backyard offering a stout limb for the support of a swing, a framework may be built so that the children need not miss what Stevenson calls, "the pleasant thing ever a child can do." Ready-made swings which fit on any doorway may be purchased for apartment use.

A cream soup is stimulating, appetizing and nutritious. It may be served as a course luncheon, or as a main dish for the child's dinner or supper.

Why not go out into the countryside with your boy or girl and see what is happening there? If you know for what to look you can make a walk a thrilling experience. Nature's immutable laws may be clearly seen in the world of out-of-doors. It is but a step to trace their application to our own lives.

If you contrast the emotions proper and necessary to a little boy of two with those proper and necessary to a young man of twenty-five, you will feel poignantly the changes—the almost complete reversal the boy must make. He must pass from the filial attitude to the parental, from irresponsibility to responsibility, from the attitude of taking to that of giving, from diffidence to self-confidence.

The Schick test is a skin test to determine whether or not a person is immune to diphtheria. The Dick test is a skin test to determine whether or not a person is immune to scarlet fever. Toxin-antitoxin is a mixture of diphtheria toxin and diphtheria antitoxin which, when injected, produces an immunity to diphtheria.

Poor foods or insufficient foods will probably not kill you, but they cheat you of good digestion and vitality. No care is too great to give to laying the foundations of child health and a good book on the stock invested in this way should go into milk and its refrigeration. It pays big interest, compounded three times daily, in health and happiness to the whole family.

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Harlequin On the skirt of a white chiffon dress is a wide band of strass embroidery and black velvet squares, from which it takes the title "Harlequin." The blouse is embroidered with strass in a swathed grille effect fastened with a crystal brooch.

Nature Bracelets France now sponsors the "Nature" bracelet—fashioned of rectangles of gold, silver or steel, two inches wide, with birds, beasts and flowers engraved on each.



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



FRED NIBLO
Photoplay Director, writes:

"To a moving picture director there is no comfort or luxury like a good cigarette. Such a cigarette I have found in 'The Lucky Strike'—and during the filming of big pictures like 'Ben Hur' I smoked 'Luckies' even while directing in the open air thousands of supernumeraries, and never once did I ever suffer from throat irritation."

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Belgium Guards Radium

Fear of bandits has caused Belgian interests, who own a large tract of radium-bearing rock in central Africa, to make special plans to guard the property. Armed sentries are on duty night and day, lines of tangled barbed wire have been placed around the district, and only a few persons besides those employed are permitted to handle the precious metal.

Perfection in Practice

Practice thyself even in the things which thou despairst of accomplishing. For even the left hand, which is ineffectual for all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more vigorously than the right hand; for it has been practiced in this.—Marcus Aurelius.

Woman in New Field

Although not yet old enough to vote, Miss Mable Weller, twenty-three, has passed examinations in London which make her the first woman qualified as a ship-broker in England. A ship-broker's duties require the negotiating of cargoes for steamers throughout the world, the bearing of responsibility for discharging of cargoes, the entering into arrangements with captains and crews of all nationalities and the employment of technical knowledge of all classes of ships and markets in the world. Miss Weller began her career in this man-directed field as a clerk in a London ship-broker's firm.

Obeded Orders

Mother (angrily)—Why did you eat the whole of that pie in the partry? Tommy—"Cause you told me once never to do things by halves.—Boston Transcript.

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