AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XIX—Tempting Firelight

WITH a faint, purring sound the big car swallowed up the winding road. Oh, that this glorious ride might never end!

They swept through a murky road. Dick turned the blazing headlights on. A great flood of electricity lit up the twining paths, the undergrowth. Small furry things went scampering across the fallen leaves. Bright, frightened eyes peeped out at this great juggernaut of man's invention.

MAY CHRISTIE

"I'd love to take you on a camping trip," said Dick. "Alaska, the Canadian Rockies—or maybe the Grand Canyon. Oh, it's wonderful out there!"

The heart of Mary leaped again. She felt all-primitive woman, ready to follow at her lord's command.

At last they came to their destination. They pulled up with a flourish before a riverside hotel. Its lights shone out in welcome.

And Dick helped Mary to descend. She stood and watched Dick to lock the car.

"Great heavens! The thing's bewitched!" He fumbled with his keys.

Then his eye traveled over the front portion of the car. He switched a light on and looked closer.

"Jehoshaphat! Gee whiz! How does it now?" He turned to Mary dismay. "I've taken the wrong car! The police'll certainly be after us!"

"The wrong car? The police? Why, what do you mean?" repeated Mary, blankly, staring up at Dick.

That young man was once more tinkering with the lock and key.

And then he climbed down to terra firma.

"A stiff. A lock! A simplexo!" he was muttering. "Oh, I could kick myself!"

"You mean that you've taken the wrong car?"

He nodded ruefully.

"Of all the dirtiest, queer coincidences, this beats everything!" He scratched his curly head. "Who'd have thought that another of these things—precisely like the one I drive—would be waiting outside that infernal club? Well, I'm blowed!"

"But we can't do anything, can we?" queried Mary, "except take it back?"

"The police'll probably be upon our track," commented Dick. "They'll be ringing up the police stations all round New York, bless their dear, officious hearts!"

Mary gave a tiny shudder. She saw herself figuring in the morning papers as "accomplice" to the theft. And even though they both were innocent—this moonlight escapade mightn't sound well in employers' ears. * * *

But, oh, what did it matter, anyhow? Mistakes would happen. And—she still had Dick!

"D'you think we ought to drive the thing right back?" Fervently she hoped his answer would be negative.

"Darned if I will. Why, Mary—" he caught her hands. "I've been looking forward to a glorious evening! Think of the time we wasted in that dance club, too. We've got to make up for it—or I'll be horribly disappointed! No—don't ask me to drive straight back. I won't go it. I utterly refuse to!"

Such boyish disappointment and chagrin lay in his tones that Mary really had to smile. She was glad, too, that the decision had been made. They would wait a bit, then motor back by moonlight. * * *

"How would it do to phone to town and explain just what happened?" She voiced the suggestion rather timidly. Dick seemed so all-sufficient.

"Bully idea! Curious how I didn't think of it. Come on inside, and we'll fix things up at once!"

They entered the hospitable doors of the club.

Dick decided that it wouldn't be expedient to inform the landlord of their plight. He contented himself with detaining a small boy to watch the car.

"I couldn't afford to lose the thing," he said to Mary, smiling. "And I can't look in for the key won't fit!"

A curtained lounge stood back from the wide hallway. It held old-fashioned prints and a great, glowing fire.

The lounge was empty.

Dick dragged forward two deep easy chairs into the radius of the blaze.

"We'll get thoroughly warmed up before we start our supper."

Tomorrow—A Man's Love.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

What Need for Further Warning?

A glance over one newspaper shows these headlines: "Gloomy Die at Sea in Double Shooting." "Forger's Bride Tries to End Life Here." "Bigamous Marriage Link in Sea Tragedy." In the same paper are the identical stories of two girls who stole the love of other women's husbands only to enjoy their turn at being cast aside.

Then we read of the acquittal of a woman on trial for her life for the murder of another woman's husband. The jury, after listening to her tale of misery, humiliation and abuse through the years which covered the stolen love, after seeing her for days pilloried on the rack—stripped of the last vestige of her womanhood, called a creature and a thing—decided, no doubt, that she had suffered enough, that she had paid.

And now this woman wants to be an evangelist, wants to go about telling her story to the world to warn other girls and prevent them from falling into the same way that set her feet on the path of misery and degradation.

The strange thing is that there should be any need for further warnings. Look again over those headlines from one day's news—how eloquently they shout the inevitable toll, the unceasing and relentless suction of the quicksands of deceit, the certain downfall of any hope for happiness that is built upon a rotten foundation.

Like the curse that followed and overtook the king of the stolen Rheingold, there can be no happy end to anything that is stolen, whether it be gold or love. The world is a small place when one wants to hide, and stolen love, even if it would otherwise endure, cannot bring happiness.

The certainty, the relentlessness of it, seems almost weird—uncanny. But it is so clear and logical. Every thief is sooner or later a jailbird—they all get caught. A honeymoon on stolen money must naturally end with prison bars between bride and bridegroom. The girl who gets happy, and as she thinks, love, through breaking up another woman's life should know that a man so easily lured from the woman to whom he owes love as well as respect and loyalty will not be more faithful to another. The girl who sees a man brutally humiliating the mother of his children must know that his honeyed times to her must sooner or later change to the same cannon fire. At best the girl who throws away her womanhood can expect no man's respect. She will be taken at her own valuation; and if that is to higher than the ground beneath she's few chances—she must know she will be stepped on.

It is all plain and logical as the three R's, but unreasonable as the forces of the cosmos. Everybody knows it—it's proven every day. What need, then, for further warning?

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

She Was Only Teasing

Dear Cynthia: This is the [illegible] time I am writing to you [illegible] would like you to answer this [illegible] possible. I work in a [illegible] and one day I was [illegible] When another girl came [illegible] said "Bill [illegible] made out of [illegible] know is [illegible]

BILL

"Blue Eyes"

A girl [illegible] describe the [illegible] would do well [illegible] such a person at [illegible] respect you and [illegible] his behavior.

If you post [illegible] and cannot get other [illegible] must stay on, but take [illegible] get another position [illegible] while only speak to the man [illegible] are obliged to [illegible] tolerate [illegible] for a [illegible] never [illegible]

About Smoking for Girls

Dear Cynthia: [illegible] girls? [illegible] habit? [illegible] smoked [illegible]

If you [illegible] Cynthia. [illegible] I do not [illegible] permit [illegible] or not [illegible] people who [illegible] ested.

Individuals [illegible] as to whether [illegible] them or not.

To "Afgar"

[illegible] and indeed the [illegible] was carefully and [illegible] shortly after [illegible] Father you love "the [illegible] for so, or you [illegible] about it all. As [illegible] to her smoking, [illegible] consider giving it up [illegible] While personally [illegible] to see women smoking [illegible] wrong [illegible] to take [illegible] angles [illegible]

[illegible] and the em- [illegible] if I solve it by a [illegible] and redeeming.

AUDREY.

[illegible] of color to the [illegible] remove the dye by [illegible] bicycle water.

Would Win Back Friendship

[illegible]

Now Don't Start on "Dope," Again

[illegible] take up too much of Cynthia's valuable space.

F. A. L. O.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

In the [illegible] attired for [illegible] dress and [illegible] trast to [illegible] she may [illegible] has dress [illegible] in a large [illegible] neither [illegible] out of [illegible]

Years ago [illegible] came into [illegible] what [illegible] fection of [illegible] wealthy [illegible] dressing [illegible] semi-nightgown [illegible] in cheap [illegible] rial, and wore [illegible] in small towns [illegible] tain section [illegible] women actually go [illegible] ping in hanging [illegible] use, are most unbecoming in every sense of the word.

DISCRIMINATION IN JEWELRY

Photos by Old Masters, Central News

You cannot be too careful about choosing the appropriate adornment for the time. A simple gold chain with a locket, or sautoir, is in better form for morning or formal occasions with a simple frock than a more elaborate necklace. But for afternoon or informal evening costume a string of pearls is in good taste. And, of course, in the evening, with a low-necked gown or dance frock, you may go as far as you like with your jewels—providing you don't want to go too far

The Woman's Exchange

To Mrs. C. H. H.

The material that you want is rubber tissue, which is purchased by the yard.

Easy to Fix

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have just bought a blue evening gown rather dressy and as I have a sensation about the size of a half dollar, would like to know some way to cover it becomingly.

MRS. M. G. B.

Put in short sleeves of bits of silver or spangled material. These will make the dress pretty, as well as accomplishing the purpose you want them for.

There Is a Way

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have written to you before and have received very favorable answers.

Will you kindly tell me how I can get chewing gum off a linen piece, which was put on accidentally by a hot iron?

BLUE EYES

[illegible] rather [illegible] of carbon tetrachloride to remove the spot, the damaged portion of the piece in a little of the lotion and then rub.

A Thoughtful Offer

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wonder if you could let me know of some one who would like to have a number of wash suits and some shoes for a little boy about two years old? Some have been outgrown by my boy. Too and yet have considerable wear in them. They would fit a child about [illegible] inches tall.

MRS. E. B. E.

[illegible] column readers [illegible] Page these and any [illegible] address so [illegible] stamped envelope [illegible] of Woman's Page.

You Can Do It

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you give me a list of [illegible] in this matter? [illegible] a bottle of ink [illegible] tablecover. Failing to remove the stain by soaking in milk, I tried [illegible] thing in blueing, as [illegible] and gray. Is there anything I can do to get an even color? [illegible] stain dyed a lighter shade.

[illegible] and the em- [illegible] if I solve it by a [illegible] and redeeming.

AUDREY.

[illegible] of color to the [illegible] remove the dye by [illegible] bicycle water.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. [illegible] which can [illegible] for the woman who [illegible] artist.
2. [illegible] charming for a [illegible] boudoir lamp, and [illegible] than the customary rose?
3. [illegible] good-looking dress [illegible] girl of eight [illegible] "for less"?
4. [illegible] a pretty and inexpensive fashion for the living-room lamp shade?
5. [illegible] should be combined with a [illegible] beauty attractive [illegible] for the baby, how can both [illegible] be carried out?
6. [illegible] which [illegible] and does not [illegible] on the tablecloth.

Saturday's Answers

1. The [illegible] position of police [illegible] by Mrs. Mary F. [illegible] the town of James- [illegible] as long ago as the year 1801.
2. For preparing apples for cooking a [illegible] device is made of a [illegible] piece of tin, with stakes, which is held by a handle on each side. [illegible] and quarters the apples at the same time.
3. [illegible] is a new material [illegible] that resembles serge.
4. [illegible] for table use has [illegible] improved by an [illegible] in its composition which prevents the shade from becoming [illegible].
5. [illegible] back, with wires to make it stand up, is the way a new [illegible] of organdie is shaped.
6. For the small girl, dark blue [illegible] with a big rolled collar makes a good rocking dress, which is trimmed with a bit of red smocking and round red buttons.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Frances Page wanted to be modern, and so she was earning a good salary writing a column for a newspaper, she insisted upon paying half the bills after she was married to Jerry. Jerry agree to think of his wife as another man and to treat her in accordance, and when the Harlowes moved into the same apartment house, his attitude toward Clarissa was such that it made Frances realize only too quickly the mistake she had made. It was then that she moved heaven and earth in an effort to be ultra feminine, but all to no purpose until, through neglect, she lost her position and became actually dependent upon her husband. Then Jerry deserted himself, but because she had failed, Frances was unhappy still. To further complicate matters, Clarissa began to be jealous of Jim's interest in Frances, and made a scene one evening when Jerry was out of town and Frances had been invited to go to dinner with Clarissa and Jim. Although Clarissa later apologized, Frances felt that it was the end of any attempt at friendship between them.

CHAPTER XLIX

Dreams Come True

FRANCES was so upset by what had happened at the Harlowes' that she did go over and stay with her mother until the day Jerry planned to return. That morning she went back to the apartment and found a pile of mail pushed under her door. It wasn't until she came across a long envelope with the name of an important magazine in the left hand corner that she remembered her story.

This was the story that she had sent out so confidently. In the excitement of what had happened since Jerry's departure she had almost forgotten about it, and certainly she hadn't looked for its return so soon.

She held the envelope in her hand for a moment, visualizing the rejection slip within. Somehow she could not bear to see that rejection slip; she felt as if it would stop forever any desire that she might have to write.

She hesitated a moment and then went deliberately to her bedroom, opened the bottom drawer of Jerry's chiffonier, and stowed the envelope and its contents away underneath a pile of underwear.

All that morning she tried not to think of the story. She tidied up the place, went out and bought fresh flowers, and finally as the time drew near for Jerry's return she forgot a little the ache in her heart, in the prospect of seeing him again.

Then there was his key in the lock, the thud of his suitcase as he dropped it on the floor and the close clasp of his arms about her.

Oh, it was wonderful to have him back, to [illegible] her face into his rough coat, to know that he loved her in spite of everything. Why was it that she could not be completely happy in their love for each other? Why wasn't she like other women whose husbands were sufficient for their happiness? Was it because [illegible] had been so sure of herself one time long ago? Was it because she had her ambition of having Jerry's love and her career work as well?

Two mornings later after Jerry had gone to his office, a special delivery letter came for Frances.

Her heart leaped as she saw again the name of the magazine that had rejected her story. What could it mean? Was there after all some mistake? With trembling fingers she tore open the envelope and drew out the enclosure and ran her eyes quickly over the typewritten line.

"My dear Mrs. Page:

"Three days ago we sent back to you the manuscript of your story, 'The Crossroads,' which as we told you we find is indeed a remarkable piece of work. We suggested in our letter to you that you make some slight alterations in the construction of the story, and inasmuch as we have heard no word from you we wondered if perhaps the manuscript could have gone astray. Will you communicate with us at your earliest convenience?

"Very truly yours,

"MARSHALL FORBES, Editor."

Frances felt suddenly that she must scream, that she must do something to give vent to her feelings. With the letter in her hand she rushed into the bedroom, jerked out the chiffonier drawer, and drew out the envelope.

Yes, there was her story and there was the letter, a wonderful, flattering kind of letter, filled with all manner of nice comments about her work. It couldn't be true! It simply wasn't possible that she, Frances Page, had written a story worthy of publication in the Scroll. And yet she held the tangible proof of it in black and white, right before her.

Tomorrow—At the Offices of the Scroll

What Colors Mean

Red and yellow, catch a fellow.
Blue and pink, he'll catch you.
Pink and blue, he'll be true.
Black and white, hold him tight.

White is the token of life, light, religious purity, innocence, faith and joy. In the United States that it means integrity of purpose; in the police service, in women, chastity; in the sick, humility; in grief, peace.

Following is the explanation of the colors, as used in the various decorations of the American houses:

East—Red; success, triumph.
North—Blue; food, trouble.
West—Black; death.
South—White; peace, happiness.
Above—Brown; unascertained propitious.
Blue—Sadness; melancholy, loneliness and chill.
Yellow—About the same as blue.

COLORS FOR THE MONTH

January, crimson.
February, heliotrope.
March, dark blue.
April, gray.
May, pink.
June, white.
July, light blue.
August, yellow.
September, lavender.
October, golden brown.
November, dark brown.
December, green.

To keep a new home new or to make an old home look new there's nothing like "LAVA-VAR."

It's so easy to apply, whether you are painting floors, furniture or other woodwork, and it dries over night.

Hard to scar or mar. Its smooth, hard, elastic surface resists hardest knocks and kicks, and even water won't turn it white.

At Your Dealer's
All Colors and Clear
Felton, Sibley & Co., Inc.
Philadelphia
Manufacturers of Colors, Paints and Varnishes since 1865
(21-7)

LAVA-VAR
Floor Finish
Dries Hard as Lava

STUDY YOUR STYLE AND DRESS UP TO IT

Many an Attractive Woman Has Been Spoiled by Her Failure to Wear Clothes That Bring Out Her Particular Charm

"IN BUYING your new outfit, remember that if you dress a part you will look that part," warns an adviser of girls on the matter of summer clothes. "Under the flippant hat is often a flippant mind. The public has come to believe it."

You know the story of the man who saw a gayly dressed girl ahead of him on the street, and hastening forward to catch a glimpse of the pretty face that he expected to see under the giddy hat, discovered his own grandmother.

Of course, the story was exaggerated, but it had its moral as well as its point. The girl or woman who doesn't study her own particular style until she knows just what will and what will not be becoming to her, is not going to make the most of her looks.

The tailor-made girl, for instance, who appears in a ruffled organdie blouse with a curled ostrich feather around her hat, a fancy suit and gaudy shoes looks like an exhibition in the sideshow who has got on the wrong platform.

You wonder how she can be comfortable herself.

AND then there's the quaint-looking little girl with naturally wavy hair who would look her demure part to perfection if her hair were piled up in a soft, loose knot, and her clothes were brown, tan, yellow and dark red.

She lets her hair swash down dejectedly on both sides of her face and twists it into a commonplace, unbecoming little round knot right at the back of her head.

And she wears dead old rose with a little touch of dull blue!

It isn't a question of expense or anything like that—she could get becoming clothes as inexpensively, perhaps less so, as she gets these things which take all the color out of her face and all the light out of her eyes.

She looks like an insignificant, ordinary, plain young woman.

Really, she is capable, attractive and just a bit whimsical.

She ought to play up her quaintness, but all she does is accentuate her plainness.

THEN there is the older woman whose charm lies in her smile, herself, her personality.

And it is all very charming.

Her clothes, if she were dressed by this clothes expert, would be merely a background for her, just simple, becoming, stylish things, with no particular feature about them except their perfect fit.

Her hats would be simple, almost severe affairs, and if she wore a veil, it would be a plain mesh, trimly pinned at the back of her head.

But, oh, how she does ruin that personality of hers!

It manages to emerge and you have to love her in spite of her "trimming," but you always see the trimming first. She wears fussy suits with cape collars, loosely bloused dresses with fluffy lace collars, belts that curve downward in the back!

And hats that are top-heavy!

And figured veils that smear tight across one part of her face and hang loose the rest of the way!

It's discouraging.

All that charm which might be brought out by contrast with the simplicity of her costume is almost overpowered by the medley of fussiness which she chooses to wear.

Your first impression should be "What a charming woman!"

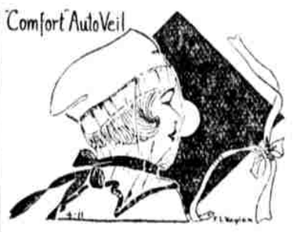
But, instead, you think, "What a dowdy-looking person!" and it is only as you get to know her that you realize the charm.

YOU can't be too careful about choosing your clothes; you can be too fussy, too finicky and too deeply interested—there are other worth-while subjects in the world.

But you cannot be too careful about searching out your good points, studying your own particular style and making your clothes fit your personality as well as your figure.

If you have any charm it will be emphasized; if you haven't, the proper clothes will help you acquire it.

Things You'll Love to Make



We all know how annoying it is to have one's hair flying about while motoring. This "COMFORT" AUTO VEIL will prevent any such discomfort. From the center of a piece of chiffon fine and one-half yards square, cut a circle eight inches in diameter. Make a bias casing around the circular opening and run a round elastic through it. The elastic should be six and one-half inches long. Bind the straight edges with velvet ribbon. To the center of one side, three inches from the edge, stitch a band of two-inch velvet ribbon. Make this band long enough to fit comfortably around your neck. Close it with a snap fastener. Finish at the back with loops and ends of the velvet. When ready to take a "spin" slip your "COMFORT" AUTO VEIL over your motor cap. The elastic will hold it firmly around the cap. Clasp the velvet band about your neck and you are ready to ride in comfort. FLORA

Adventures With a Purse

I KNOW where you can get the very nicest bath mats ever. They are made of some kind of Japanese matting or grass, and are decorated with borders of green or brown—a most effective design and pattern. Originally these mats were higher priced, but now they have been reduced to sixty-five cents and $1.50.

Over a year ago or perhaps longer than that there was a small shop here where were sold gowns and hats. The hats were my delight, for it seemed that there one could find smart hats of real individuality at fairly reasonable prices. Then for some unknown reason the hats went away and the shop was a gown shop exclusively. But now once more have the hats returned, and the assortment is as nice as ever. The prices range around $10 and $12. If you are willing to pay that much I would strongly advise your going in there.

Just a few days ago I found myself in town without a handkerchief. There was but one thing to do, and that was to buy an inexpensive one to tide me over. I dropped in a shop you probably are in every time you go in town, and saw some handkerchiefs of Belfast lawn for fifteen cents each. They have colored borders, with a pretty little design in the corner, and are mighty nice. And I find that they wash very well. They would make very satisfactory everyday handkerchiefs.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

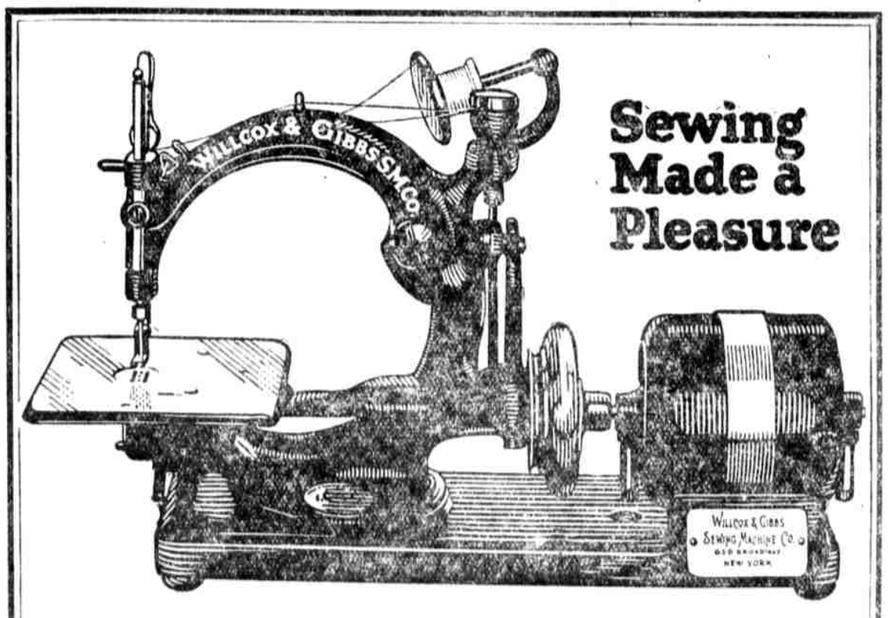
A National Wheat Day

Every day is a "national wheat day." Most people do not eat enough wheat—the food of health and strength. But be sure you eat the *whole* wheat.

Shredded Wheat

is 100 per cent whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It is a builder of muscle, brain and bone. Eaten with milk for breakfast it puts you "on your toes" for the day's work.

Delicious for any meal with berries or other fruits. Two biscuits make a nourishing meal.



Sewing Made a Pleasure

You can hear the clock tick while you sew

The silence of this machine is evidence of its perfect, fine construction. There is hardly even a hum as it runs. You can place it anywhere, carry it upstairs or down with one hand, use it wherever there is an electric light socket. It has *no bobbins to wind, no tensions to regulate*—sewing is at last a pure joy. And its stitches are as strong as three threads. Call and see it, or phone for a free demonstration at your home. Ask for the *Electric Automatic*. You can buy it on easy payments.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.

1709 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.

Telephone, Spruce 2192

COURTESY — SERVICE