Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Marrying Out of Your Class

THRILLS were furnished New York newspapers readers recently, when a millionaire's daughter married a policeman! He was of the mounted police in Central Park, those who are picked not for their pugilistic qualities, like men in the tough districts, but for their physique and equestrian talents.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Of course he was handsome, and all the girls who read of the romance, begun on the bridle-path, and ending on the bridal path, undoubtedly declared that they "didn't blame her a bit!"

What if her family did live in a Fifth avenue mansion and have a country home on Long Island, and a winter palace in Florida, and a yacht somewhere else; a girl wants something in life besides luxury, and a handsome policeman is better than a decrepit pork packer!

Heiresses always are eloping with their chauffeurs, since the latters' uniforms have been tailored so alluringly, and the fact that a year or so afterward the couple often figure in the divorce courts, does not dampen the sentimental enthusiasm of young fools who still dream of that ideal mating.

We have no way of ascertaining the proportion of marriages of this sort that turn out happily, but we can be sure of one thing: it takes more strength of character and loyalty and persistence and common sense to remain in such a hymeneal bond, than in the common garden variety of marriage.

The reason is that everything is pulling the couple apart! They have nothing in common except their mutual attraction. Their early education and environment have been wholly different; the ideals instilled into them different. Their relatives and friends will not mingle. It is probable that all of her relations are fighting the match, and doing everything in their power to undermine her love and loyalty. Usually, her parents at once suggest an annulment of the legal tie, and make strong efforts to physically separate the two young lovers! Cruel and immoral as this parental conduct looks to outsiders, it usually has the effect of undermining the will of the girl, who doubtless has been more or less spoiled, and dominated by her wealthy mother and father.

Vital indeed must be the love-lore to withstand the onslaught of many strong wills. Fascinating indeed must be the young husband to combat the pressure of social dogma. For to claim that America has no caste system is absurd! We talk democracy, but we do not practice it.

How do the average housekeepers speak of their washerwomen, or personal maids; or how do the presidents of banks regard the scrubwomen or elevator girls of their office buildings? What would the big corporation lawyer say if his daughter married the son of the furnace stoker? What a frantic struggle ensues when a young son weds a chorus girl; or even, in some cases, a stenographer in dad's office!

It is the part of common sense to mate according to nature. Happy are the pairs who retain their mutual infatuation through a long lifetime of wedded bliss, and fine are the children that come at love's behest. But artificial standards are so prevalent in all walks of society that it is difficult for any boy or girl to step down from his or her own class and form a permanent alliance.

It is easier to step up than down! Americans are noted for being adaptable, and the ease with which American girls have graced European titles, and acted as if to the manner born, has astounded Europeans with their centuries of set traditions.

One of the reasons militating against the mixed social marriage is that, outside of love itself, there are so many elements that enter into marriage; any couple should have hundreds of tastes and interests in common! The millionaire girl is accustomed to people who talk expertly of grand opera, of the horse, of intimate news of friends in Newport or at Palm Beach. Dramatic criticism, and European gossip, sophisticated discussion of drawing-room scandals, or the latest art exhibit or problem play, of fashionable modistes, and Batik, or free verse, form her atmosphere.

The policeman may be handsome and fine and normal, and love the horseback riding and the great outdoors, but that is their only point of contact—that and their romance. How long can daily routine be maintained happily, with so few things to talk about? When the novelty and glamour wear off of the honeymoon, will the bride reflect that, after all, a man in her own set would have been more companionable? Will the bridegroom feel a shock at the inability of his bride to adapt herself to the practical world, and her lack of culinary talent?

There are two entirely different problems. If the girl herself is independently rich, the question is simpler than if she loses all by wedding a poor man! In the former case the couple may enjoy all of the comforts and luxuries that the girl's money can buy, and if there does not come up any sordid argument or recrimination, due to his living partially on her income, the man may achieve some personal success denied him in his more restricted life—and all go well. Happy the couple who together accomplish this miracle, and can say to the worldly parents that fought the match, "We told you so!"

But the bride who renounces a vast fortune and really gets down to the job of being a poor man's wife has a tragic fate in store. Domestic drudgery is seldom welcomed by one used to luxury, and love would have to be ideal indeed to illuminate sordid poverty!

A ONE-MAN WOMAN

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

Barry Neil was sent to prison for embezzling funds, and Harriet, his wife, because she believed in his innocence, determined to prove it to the world. She obtained a position under a nom de plume in Barry's office and there attracted the attention of Charles Harmon, the son of the head of the firm.

CHAPTER XVII

A Dinner Invitation

WHEN they had almost reached their destination, Charlie, who had been thinking rapidly, turned to Harriet.

"Won't you let me take you to some quiet place for dinner?"

"Oh, no thank you," she returned quickly. "I couldn't really."

He was wise enough not to press her. Time enough for her to come to her senses, he reasoned to himself, and he was certain she would. And so he merely said:

"It isn't a very good evening and I'm afraid you got pretty wet before I rescued you."

His air of quiet courtesy went far toward reassuring Harriet. He had made no attempt to be other than friendly toward her and she was deeply grateful for what he had done. Besides, the thought had suddenly occurred to her that it would not do to make an enemy of Charlie Harmon. Handled carefully, he would make a wonderful ally and she might be able to discover something important through talking with him. And so, when the taxi stopped before the gloomy boarding house on Fifty-seventh street and Charlie stood bareheaded in the rain to help her out, she smiled up at him.

"I don't know how I can ever thank you enough."

"You can do that by agreeing to have dinner with me some evening. We can go to some quiet place if you prefer it, and perhaps take in a show afterward." His tone was eager, but he looked so boyish standing there with the rain streaming down on him that somehow Harriet forgot to be wary.

"Thank you," she said shyly, "that sounds very nice. But, please don't stand here, you're getting very wet. Thank you again for your kindness." And she ran lightly up the stone steps and rang the bell.

Annie, the slatternly maid, opened the door and at the sound of a motor before the door peered beyond Harriet into the wet darkness. Her eyes widened as she saw the taxi drive off and she looked at Harriet with new respect.

"They're all in the dining room," she whispered hoarsely. "There's creamed salmon. I'll save you a nice big piece with lots of sauce."

Harriet smiled at her and climbed up the three flights of stairs to slip out of her wet things. The dreariness of the house oppressed her more than ever in contrast with the thought of dining out somewhere with Charley Harmon. If she had chosen to do so, at that very minute she might have been in the midst of shaded lights, soft music and appetizing food.

Afterward she went up to May Watson's room, which was slightly larger than hers, and curled up on the bed for a talk.

May was very systematic and was arranging her budget for the week. She had six little envelopes and a certain amount of money was placed in each one. These envelopes were labeled clothes, board, laundry and so forth, and May looked very serious as she counted out the right amount for each.

"What's this I hear about your coming home in a taxi tonight?" she asked finally looking up at Harriet suddenly. "Annie waylaid me in the hall to tell me about it."

Harriet explained and her tone was casual. May Watson, looking at her closely, wondered how long she would retain this cool attitude toward men who admired her. Harriet was very lovely to look at and a boarding house does not offer much in the way of home atmosphere.

Tomorrow—"Harriet Yields"

For May Days

Photo by Old Masters, Central News

Straight lines are emphasized in this street frock of navy blue silk crepe, with its stripes of glistening beads. Where the beads stop going down, panels of the crepe take up the movement and carry it too far—so far that they have to be looped—up and fastened underneath the hem.

Many Years Ago

In 1872 Miss Alice Webber was elected enrolling clerk of the Minnesota Senate, but hearing that some who voted for her were sorry for it, she promptly resigned her position and was promptly re-elected by a much larger majority than before.

The Question Corner

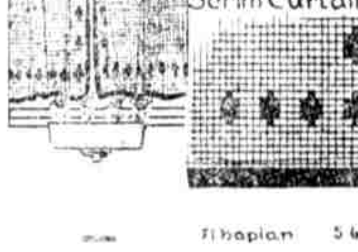
Today's Inquiries

1. In what difficult and interesting work has Miss Anne Smith, of Scranton, Pa., been specializing for the last two years?
2. Describe a convenient new knife for preparing grapefruit and oranges.
3. In what amusing way is a comfortable chair for the nursery made?
4. What is the superstition about the topaz?
5. How does a dainty crepe de chine nightgown carry out the trend of the times in color?
6. To protect stockings from being worn through by the clasps of long garters what can be fastened to the tops?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Modern business education in [illegible] is gradually bringing about a change of costume for the women, since the wide sleeves of the kimono get in the way of a busy stenographer.
2. The stenciled oilcloth dolly has been enlarged to a cloth for a [illegible] table, which will save laundry work for the summer camper or bungalow dweller.
3. The turquoise is the symbol of [illegible] when it is given by loving hands brings happiness and good [illegible].
4. Black chairs and flower boxes [illegible] on the terrace porch with a [illegible] of the chairs [illegible] with red designed cretonne and the boxes decorated with roses.
5. A lovely couch blanket for the little baby is made of softest pink swansdown, edged with a ruffle of doubled pink crepe de chine.
6. The [illegible] "fascinator," or openwork knitted scarf, has come back [illegible] with the use of [illegible] for knitting.

Things You'll Love to Make



EMBROIDERED SCRIM CURTAINS are [illegible] and inexpensive at the same time. Make the curtains of any [illegible] scrim. Face the edges with colored cotton crepe [illegible] the color scheme of [illegible]. With mercerized silk thread [illegible] small figures in [illegible] or to form a border [illegible] the figures [illegible] and under the [illegible]. You will find these EMBROIDERED SCRIM CURTAINS [illegible] and practical for the [illegible].

FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Two Silly Little Girls

Dear Cynthia—We are hoping to read our little speech in your paper soon, so we decide to drop a line to the dear public after hearing all the old hens cackle about reforming the modern girl of today.

We are two good-looking girls of eighteen, blessed with wondrous figures and, therefore, have not the least trouble attracting the so-called man of today. Of course, we paint, powder, smoke, drink (when we can get it) and shimmy and toddle, and we enjoy it. The hemales want girls full of pep and nifty dresses, so we always aim to please the dear men.

Do you think it is wrong for girls to smoke and drink? You know, one only lives a short while, and the bad get as much credit as the good in this world.

TWO COLLINGSWOOD JAZZERS.

While it is not sinful to smoke or take a drink, young girls make a grave mistake in so doing. For no matter how temperate they are in these matters, they go against convention very openly and gain a reputation for being fast which is very hard to outlive. It is a pity you have no higher ideals, my dears. In fact, you think you are rather smart, don't you?

Kensington Writes to Sparkler

Dear Cynthia—So "Sparkler" is going to tell "Mr. 24" on me, eh? Hope he's a nice little feller with an "elastic" disposition and rubber soles, not to mention a chest expansion like a full-grown, made-in-America clothes pin. Do you wonder at my taste? You shouldn't, my dear "Sparkler." Does every one like "to lick" the peewee guy? But this knowledge didn't come easily. Oh, dear, no. It was fought for and hard won in the "knicker days." Shortening a stanza, yours truly, through no fault of his own, was the smallest kid in the club. Enough said. My, how those boxing gloves did fly. Every one seemed to have wings on it like an eagle, and the "accent features of a mule." Yep, and—and many a time I took a roll, too. Needless to add, some fond ambitions went "bloole-blooie." Having before given up all hopes of becoming a Robinson Crusoe or a Jesse James, I had to now undergo the fearful heart-rending agony of passing up the brilliant halo of a John L. Sullivan life. Still, do any of us poor unfortunates ever reach the golden summit of our childhood dreams? Not many, I'll gamble. But sh— the curtain rises, the orchestra plays and now we'll have a solo from Mr. 24.

KENSINGTON.

Objects to Helping Mother

Dear Cynthia—Please publish this in answer to "Mother's Darling."

"Mother's Darling," I am not saying that I disagree with you as to the girls between fourteen and sixteen doing too much powdering and painting. "Some of them do." I am fifteen, I do powder, nor am I ashamed of it. But I do disagree with you when you say they should stay at home and help their mothers. It is very well for you to talk, for as you said, you work, and therefore you do not do housework, and you are only seventeen. What did you do when you were fifteen? Do housework? More than likely not. I don't see why girls must do housework. I am waiting for the day when I can work, but when that day comes I promise you that I shall not censure those that do not do housework.

Speak up every one. Tell us what you think.

COLLETTE.

My dear little girl, why should a girl not help her mother? What argument have you against her doing so? Not one that will stand fire, for every daughter should help her mother and if that mother does housework a girl of fifteen should certainly help her.

Asks Men to Take Stand

Dear Cynthia—Have just finished reading your column for today and "Perplexed's" letter has expressed my opinion so fully I just had to answer him and tell him a few things he has overlooked.

First, the girls of today are just what the dear boys have made them to a great degree. You see, my friend, girls always did dress for the attention of the opposite sex, and the papers say that there will be more June brides this year than for years back. So you see they are succeeding in their endeavor, and it also proves the girls still think of homes and happiness.

But still we all agree that girls of today are disgusting in their make up. I hate to admit it as I am a young girl, but I have not found a man in all my acquaintances who is not attracted by the painted dolls. I have talked to many who express opinions similar to yours, but they all enjoy taking these dolls out for a good time.

What do you expect us few girls to do who want to be real, to sit back and be called slow, until you fellows have had your good times and are ready to marry, and then accept you with open arms. Now understand me, I'm not speaking for the girls in general at all. But if a majority of the men of today really wanted what you seem to, we would find a great change in our girls.

Here's hoping you find your ideal and that we will hear from you again.

"JUST EIGHTEEN."

There lies the whole matter in a nutshell. If the men really feel as they write why have they not the courage of their convictions? If they would seek out the quiet, well-dressed girls at parties for their partners and would not ignore them and go after the underdressed, over-painted girl, the nicer girls would not feel that they must compete with those who do these things or be wall flowers.

But let us hope this vulgar dancing, overpainting age is but a phase and they will soon turn to better things. Those of us who can help to the better things should do so and time will bring better standards. The more we get away from the years of the war the better things will be. For while not the direct cause of a certain laxity in morals, the war did let down many bars of convention.

ON EVERY SIXTH OF MAY THEY USED TO HAVE A PICNIC

And It Was the Best Day of All the Year for Six Little Girls. But Now They've Grown Distressingly Up and Everything Is Changed

IT WAS on the 6th of May that they always used to go on their all-day picnic.

They piled into a huge wagon drawn by two horses, and they had boxes and baskets of all descriptions and sizes, carrying sandwiches, cakes, olives, pickles, jam, crackers, pillows, carriage blankets and everything that anybody could possibly need for a day's trip.

How they sang as they rolled along through that beautiful country!

College songs, popular airs, "John Brown's Body," camp meeting songs—they even went so far as to give all the school and college cheers they could think of, and some that nobody had ever dreamed of!

It was a glorious trip.

And there was always one place where they stopped at an inn to get ginger ale, sarsaparilla, root beer and grape juice.

The proprietor knew them all and was ready for them every year, for he knew they would be coming along round about 11 o'clock in the morning to get their provisions.

This was pretty near the picnic place, and it would only be about fifteen more minutes before they would reach a certain place in the road where they all fell out and carried boxes, baskets, bottles and bundles down a steep, rocky path.

And there they were!

IT WASN'T a regular picnic place with benches and tables and signs about not throwing paper around or anything like that.

No, indeed; it was a little circular gully which seemed to have been dropped there just for their own particular benefit.

There were trees thickly scattered about the hillsides that bordered it, and rocks jutting out comfortably over a little stream that hurried through it busily.

The blankets were spread out on the comfortable rocks, the pillows dropped wherever the earth caught them and the lunch placed in a cool nook, just made for it, near the water.

Then off came shoes and stockings, up went gingham dresses and linen skirts, and in splashed six or seven eager little girls to the busy stream, just where it lingered for a moment to make a convenient pool.

It was deep enough for little girls to swim in, and in the afternoon there would be a fine frolic, but before lunch the grownups on the rocks under the trees absolutely forbade anything but wading.

HOW they did eat, sitting there with nothing but the "boiling" of the stream and the woodsy sounds of birds and bees and little bumpy "flying bugs" to remind them that they were still part of the world!

No water was ever more wonderful to swim in, no sunset was ever more gorgeous, as it filled all the horizon on the homeward trip, no moon ever greeted a happier, tireder, sleepier, hoarser crowd of home-comers than on the sixth day of May in those good old days.

It has been so long ago. Most of them would have to bring husbands along now, and one or two would have a little toddler to guide down the rocky path.

The occupants of the car, not wagon, might feel self-conscious about making the welkin ring with their songs and cheers now; the little pool would seem pretty small and shallow in comparison with the Atlantic ocean—and who knows—perhaps the exclusive little picnic paradise has been discovered.

IT WOULD probably be a hungry, exhausted, disgusted crowd of grownups who would climb into a car at the end of such a day, now, and ignoring the sunset drive grouchily home—and groan because the moon might shine in the windows and keep them awake!

Why do we have to grow up?

Adventures With a Purse

I HAVE had occasion to shop about for silk undervests lately, so I can now speak as one who has learned from experience. Well, then, I have been here and about, and have priced vests at this shop and at that, but after all my investigations I think those for $2.25 are the best value.

"What else should I tell 'em about?" I asked Dorothea. "How about that stunning lace we saw?" she prompted obligingly. So here goes—one shop has some lovely lace forty inches wide, and in almost all the colors you can imagine. It is not exactly a net, and it is not exactly an all-over lace pattern, but a kind of combination of the two. If you have looked around you will know that lace dresses are very popular. And here is your opportunity to have one for a much lower price than you would pay for a readymade dress. These patterns cost anywhere from $2.50 to $3.25 a yard, and are very effective.

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

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

There are two accepted ways of eating fresh strawberries. The usual way is to serve them already hulled and sugared, with plain cream in small jugs to use with them or not, according to taste. For more festive occasions, whipped cream and powdered sugar are accompaniments, or a sauce of cream flavored with crushed strawberries and sugar.

The other method of serving and eating strawberries is called "au naturel." Some French epicures believe that this is the only way to preserve the true flavor of the berries, which, when served au naturel, must be perfect and unhulled. No cream or other sauce is used; instead, a little dish of sugar is placed beside the dish of whole strawberries. The spoon is dispensed with, as each berry is taken by the little stem attached to the hull, then dipped in the sugar and eaten from the fingers.

AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Suspense!

THEN she removed her damp suit and shoes, took off her hat and wrapped herself in a thick, quilted dressing gown. She removed the pins from the masses of her early hair and started to brush it out—for her head ached just a trifle, and the brushing eased it.

MAY CHRISTIE

Then she turned the gas up higher and surveyed her reflection in the greenish looking-glass.

[illegible] cheapness of the [illegible] Mary's beauty. Tired [illegible] pointed as she was, it [illegible] at her!

Over her shoulders [illegible] hair, a mass of silken [illegible] broken curls. Like [illegible] framed the [illegible] face.

Her smoke-blue [illegible] murky [illegible] their depths, the [illegible] against her cheeks.

And Mary's mouth was [illegible] and sweetness. No mean [illegible] to mar [illegible].

"Cheer up [illegible]," Mary to the pretty image [illegible] though you aren't going [illegible] ought to be [illegible] whole world [illegible]—you have [illegible] tales are [illegible]."

Down [illegible] the phone bell rang [illegible]. And Mary [illegible].

Was [illegible]?

It still rang [illegible].

Oh [illegible].

But [illegible] wire [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible].

Mary [illegible] shoulders [illegible] she [illegible] bell [illegible].

She [illegible] it to her [illegible].

"Hello! [illegible]"

No answer.

"Hello!" [illegible]

Silence [illegible].

She'd [illegible] Dick. [illegible]

The [illegible] she started [illegible] there. At the other end of it romance was surely waiting, longing.

"Hello! Hello!" A plaintive note crept into her voice—impatience, too.

No answer.

[illegible] she hated Mr. Edison, the inventor of [illegible] maddening [illegible]. Thousands of other people—[illegible]—hung on each day at the end of the elusive wire!

[illegible] I speak a moment to Miss Mary Drew?" The words, faint, but sweet as [illegible]—percolated into Mary's ear. She recognized the speaker.

"I'm Mary Drew—right here at the telephone," she joyously responded.

"Fine! This is Dick Catlin! Phoning from the railway station. Yes, in New York."

His voice trickled to a whisper, then it faded.

"Hello! Hello! Yes, Dick." Mary strained [illegible].

No sound.

"Dick—[illegible] Dick!"

The wire was silent as the grave.

Coming [illegible]—wasn't any use! Mary jerked the hook impatiently.

"Operator! [illegible] cut us off!"

No answer.

Then, at last, a faint, [illegible] sound [illegible] at this crucial moment [illegible] maid-of-all-work came staggering through the hallway with a [illegible]. She stabbed as she passed the telephone, slipped, and the scuttle and its contents flew with [illegible]. The noise of [illegible] deadened every other sound!

"Sure [illegible] I'm sorry! I'm a [illegible]." She scrambled to collect [illegible] talking [illegible].

Poor Mary [illegible] at the telephone!

"[illegible] I can't [illegible]"

[illegible] operator's [illegible]

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] cut us off!"

[illegible]

Tomorrow—The Phone Fiend.

For the Bride

[illegible]

Have you a "scratched-up" floor at home? Perhaps it has had hard usage. The floor will "come back smiling" if you varnish it with "LAVA-VAR."

"LAVA-VAR" resists wear, scratches and digs. It's tough, elastic, waterproof. Dries over night. Never turns white. *At Your Dealer's. All Colors and Clear.*

FELTON, SIBLEY & CO., Inc., Philadelphia

Manufacturers [illegible]

"Save the surface and you save all"

LAVA-VAR Floor Finish

"Dries Hard as Lava"

Charge Accounts Solicited

Mawson & DeMany

1215 Chestnut Street

Semi-Annual Clearance

Entire Stock

Trimmed Hats

At One Half Price

THIS announcement heralds the most important event of the season. It embraces only our own fine stock of beautiful, distinctive and strikingly original millinery.

Here is your opportunity to purchase a Hat of any fashionable shape, style or color.

64 Hats formerly priced 5.00 now 2.50
121 Hats formerly priced 8.50 now 4.25
94 Hats formerly priced 10.00 now 5.00
100 Hats formerly priced 15.00 now 7.50
75 Hats formerly priced 18.50 now 9.25
50 Hats formerly priced 25.00 now 12.50

Mid-Summer Hats, 5.00

Regularly Ten Dollars!

Purchasing Agents' Orders Accepted

The GOLD MEDAL MILK SUPPLEE

PRIVATE BRAND BRICK *for this week end will be*

Macaroon and Orange Ice Cream

Development of Domestic Markets

is discussed in *The Girard Letter* for May. Other articles are: "Industrial Philadelphia—The Tobacco Industry"; and "Philadelphia's Modernized Water Front."

Upon request the Company will be glad to place on the mailing list, without charge, anyone desiring to receive this and subsequent issues of *The Girard Letter*.

GIRARD TRUST COMPANY

Broad & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia

G

ABBOTTS CREAM BUTTERMILK

Most Buttermilk has a sour, fermented taste. Abbotts Cream Buttermilk has a fresh, clean flavor because it is made scientifically—and also made fresh every day. Not only is it a most satisfying drink, but one that makes you healthy and keeps you so.

Phone Us to Deliver a Bottle Tomorrow—Baring 205

Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.

31st and Chestnut Both Phones

Atlantic City Pleasantville Wildwood Ocean City

Frock Fashions for the Summer

Smart—Beautiful—Different

$25

Styles removed from the rank and file. The reproductions and adaptations of costly Paris originals. In organdie, embroidered Swiss, gingham and voile. Some are every stitch hand made—From Paris, of course. $25.

Millinery Clearance

Prices Now $10 and $15

Were $15 to $25

FreDeMan

1302 Walnut Street

Sewing Made a Pleasure

No Bobbin!

You never have to stop to bother with a bobbin on this finely built *Electric Automatic* sewing machine. And there are no tensions to adjust. It's a joy to own this silent, steady machine made by Willcox & Gibbs—which sews a seam as strong as three threads. Call and see it, or phone for a home demonstration. Easy payments.

Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co.

1709 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Telephone: Spruce 2192

COURTESY SERVICE