# Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

## Is Romance Waning?

"HOW about it," I asked the Show Girl, "is romance waning?"

"I'll say it is!" she replied promptly. "You see, it's this way: The average girl gets so many [illegible] from the average man that she simply can't idealize any [illegible] any more. Money is the only thing that [illegible] by you, and you just have to get some [illegible] sense knocked [illegible] to you [illegible] time [illegible] twenty-five."

"But [illegible] woman [illegible] thing [illegible] Married W[illegible]

"You [illegible] home and [illegible] come from [illegible] moonlight [illegible] aren't worth [illegible] modern girl is [illegible] nice home and [illegible] up-to-date [illegible] who comes [illegible] out having [illegible] hot jimmy—"

"How can [illegible]" sighed the [illegible] the only thing [illegible] be bought. It's [illegible] year of [illegible] twenty years [illegible]

"One year is [illegible] believe me, and [illegible] that! When romance [illegible] window, and you wake up [illegible] a poor sort you're tied to [illegible] probably he's not even [illegible] what are you goin' to do?"

"How about careers? Is the modern girl satisfied with work, and [illegible] and financial independence?" we put in hastily.

"Piffle." "A pose!" "A temporary makeshift." "No, it's her salvation." "Only a bluff till she lands a [illegible]," they all shouted at once.

"I think it's like this," insisted the Thoughtful Wife. "Girls are lots more independent than their grandmothers were. They don't need men every moment in life, and it's fine that they have education and resources, and travel and congenial work and their own money. They are more versatile and touch life on more sides than in the past. Their opportunities round them out, and develop them. But however full they may think their life is, it seldom is complete and satisfactory. They can't get away from the eternal hope that a Wonderman is waiting for them, and that a romantic ideal love is just around the corner, ready to envelop them [illegible] flame! This [illegible] opportunity [illegible]

[illegible]

# AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

## Dinner for Two

M[illegible]

[illegible]

## Adventures With a Purse

T[illegible]

[illegible] adage that "He [illegible] because there are [illegible] price are $10.75 and $22.75.

My eye met a perfect riot of color, and as I approached the counter I saw

Tomorrow—At Work

## Things You'll Love to Make

[illegible] FILET INITIALED GUEST TOWELS [illegible]

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### Let Him Alone

[illegible]

KITTY AND SNOOKY

[illegible]

### Thanks Cynthia

[illegible]

TRYING TO BE BOTH

### "Soldier" Admires "Peachie"

[illegible]

A SOLDIER

### Calls Them "Goops"

[illegible]

### Of Course, Talk to Her

[illegible]

### Take a Deep Breath, Then Read

[illegible] Kensington [illegible]

SOPHIST

## Exquisite Hand-Work Trims Orange Tulle

By CORINNE LOWE

The hand-tulled dress! Never was tulle more popular for the little dancing frock that every woman needs for wear at [illegible] country club, and never was the tulle more embellished by little [illegible] of hand work, embroidery, [illegible] flowers and what not.

Above we are showing one of the dance frocks designed by Callot, and shown by one of our leading New York specialty shops. It is in shades of orange tulle, and the charming irregularity of the tulle is set off with silver and gold lace repeated on the corsage. Here the hand work comes in through roses of yellow silk punctuating the lace on the skirt and catching the surplice lines of the drapery.

This lace-bordered drapery of tulle hangs only from the left shoulder. The wide girdle is of moire ribbon.

## Making More Money

House Moving

[illegible]

It was about five years ago that Miss Masterson, of St. Louis, came to the conclusion that here was a field which [illegible] of invading a sphere in which her knowledge of the proper arrangement of furniture and the hanging of pictures would be of immense [illegible]

[illegible]

# A ONE-MAN WOMAN

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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*Barry Neil was sent to prison for embezzling funds, but Harriet, his wife, because she believed in his innocence, determined to prove it to the world. She obtained a position in Barry's office under a different name, and there attracted the attention of Charlie Harmon, the son of the head of the firm. Charlie took Harriet home from the office one rainy night, and she promised to go to dinner with him because she did not want to incur his enmity.*

### CHAPTER XIX

## At the Purple Grill

CHARLIE saw immediately that Harriet was frightened, that she resented the tight clasp of his fingers on her arm. He knew that he would have to proceed slowly with this girl, and it only made him the more interested. He was so confident that before long she would be hanging on his every word, that, in his own way of putting it, he was willing to give her all the rope she wanted.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked as the taxi darted out into the brilliant lights of Broadway. "I thought I would leave the place entirely to you." He watched her face as he spoke and smiled to himself. Her soft lips were parted as she leaned forward to look out of the window. Harriet knew nothing at all of the night life on the gayest street in the world. She and Barry had never had enough money to dine out at even the simplest restaurant, and in spite of her reason for dining with Charlie Harmon, the excitement of it was in her blood, it was all so novel and strange.

"Wherever you say," she said smiling and sinking back into her corner. "It's all new and exciting to me."

"Don't they have any white lights in Chicago?" Charlie asked idly after he had given the taxi driver orders to drive to the Purple Grill.

"In Chicago?" Harriet wrinkled her brows.

"Yes, one of the girls told me you came from there."

Harriet flushed to the roots of her hair and stammered out quickly, "Oh, I wasn't thinking. Yes, I suppose they do, but nothing like this, of course. I lived a very quiet life there."

He was looking at her out of the corners of his eyes. Charlie was quick to notice things and Harriet's confusion had not escaped him.

"Not hiding from the police or anything like that, are you?" he asked, lightly enough.

Harriet's heart almost stopped, and she was thankful for the friendly darkness that hid the telltale expression on her face. But almost instantly her common sense asserted itself. He was just teasing her, for, of course, he could not really know anything about the truth.

"I hope you're not used to befriending desperate females and taking them to dinner," she said pertly. And his laugh reassured her. But she was furious with herself for forgetting that she was supposed to have come from Chicago. She must be on guard constantly, she realized that. She wouldn't make a mistake like that again.

The taxi drew up before a brightly lighted entrance, and Charley, getting out first, assisted Harriet.

She waited, feeling rather awkward and embarrassed while he paid the bill, and then he piloted her into a mirrored hall, thickly carpeted and crowded with people passing to and fro. Harriet had never seen such beautiful women and such wonderful clothes. She began to feel that her own things were very cheap and common. Many of the women were in evening dress, and those who were not wore the smartest of street costumes. She wished vaguely that she had suggested a quiet place, but she knew nothing of hotels and restaurants, and had hesitated about stating a preference.

But Harriet was a thoroughbred, and although it was agony to follow the [illegible] head waiter across a polished dance floor to a small wall table at the other end of the room, she accomplished it with her head held high, even as if she wore the most exquisite gown in the room, than as if she were horribly conscious of her old blue coat and her plain little sailor hat.

Tomorrow—Charley Progresses

## WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Invitations to class-day exercises are sent out two or three weeks in advance of the commencement date. Intimate friends are asked to luncheon, and cards for the "Prom" or class dance may be included. If the academy or college is a considerable distance from the home town, relatives and local friends who may be sending "graduation gifts" should dispatch these early, so that the packages may not arrive "after the fair."

Only members of the family or family friends send gifts of jewelry to a girl graduate. Flowers, books, paper-cutters, silver pencils, etc., are always in good taste. A young man who is receiving his degree has more latitude in accepting tokens of more intrinsic value, such as a gold fountain pen or cuff links. The right sort of books are always appreciated. Congratulations may be sent with or without gifts. Presents are by no means obligatory on these occasions, but people who accept invitations usually make some sort of return either in entertainment or by sending an appropriate gift to the graduate.

### The Question Corner

**Today's Inquiries**

1. What illustration of the brilliancy of modern women is shown by the experience of Dr. Louise McIlroy, of London, England?
2. How is a newly invented bathing cap made to fit any size head?
3. When using ultramarine bluing in balls for laundry work, what should be done to prevent large particles from streaking the clothes?
4. Is it correct for a girl to call up a man to whom she is not engaged at his fraternity house?
5. Describe a chic little fancy apron for the bride's kitchen shower.
6. What new fad for neckwear makes a dainty finish for a dark street dress?

**Saturday's Answers**

1. A pasteboard box covered with flowered paper is a decorative as well as useful container for storing away furs and winter clothes.
2. When there are several children and only one desk in a nursery, a good provision for the inevitable rainy day is a wooden chair with one large arm to be used like a table.
3. A convenient and pretty jewel box of tortoise shell is round and flat with a high, fancy handle and a gold hinge on the lid.
4. The garnet stands for constancy, and preserves health and joy.
5. A striking silk shade of plain material has a panel in front and back, of figured material like the hangings of the room, or has one figure appliqued on the plain silk.
6. A charming, inexpensive bedspread for the child's room is made of unbleached muslin with an edge of crocheted yarn.

# HAS YOUR WHITE FLOWER TURNED BROWN ON EDGES?

### A Carnation Lasts Only Twenty-four Hours When It Is Worn for Mother's Day, but Its Significance Can Be Kept Fresh All Year

OUR hearts went out in sympathy yesterday to some of the wearers of the white carnation, for they were observing Mother's Day in honor of a tender memory.

But there were others who had no right to wear that flower, because they wore it just because it was "being done," just as they wore a poinsettia at Christmas and a daffodil at Easter.

If there was any love or gratitude or honor behind their pinning on of that symbol, it did not last longer than the day.

Their devotion was like that of the man who calls his wife "honey" in a purring voice in public, and then throws her across the room when they get home.

For today you might go into the home of one of these Mother's Day observers and find the filial manner thrown away with the carnation.

"Oh, mother, let me alone!" she might be saying peevishly. "You don't know about these things and I do. People have changed since your time, you know. I wish you wouldn't always be thinking I'm your age!"

"Mother gets on my nerves so," another one would exclaim. "She's always wanting to help me with things, and I know so much better than she does."

"It's just selfishness on mother's part," declares a third, "that she won't let me go on the stage. I'm her only daughter, and she just can't bear it, she says. She never will let me do what I want to."

Haven't you heard them?

Each one is a direct wound to the mother, whose greatest happiness is in the pleasure and welfare of her children, whose wisdom needs no modernizing, who couldn't be selfish if she tried.

Yet out comes the white carnation each year on Mother's Day, as proudly as if its wearer were like all those others who have "the best mother that anybody ever had."

IT IS a lie to wear this symbol of love and gratitude and honor on one day, if you make these remarks and allow these feelings on other days.

It would be far better to let Mother's Day go by unnoticed than to observe it on the front of your coat and not in your heart.

It would be better anyhow to ignore the day utterly, if you are going to let one day, "twenty-four little hours" suffice for your devotion to your mother.

Why, she has given you all her days from the time you were born; you never can repay her for all the love and care she has lavished upon you.

It makes no difference how many children there are, Mother always seems to be able to give all of her heart to each one.

She doesn't want to be repaid for it; she doesn't think of it in those terms at all.

But if you are going to love her and be loyal to her for one little day after the lifetime of them which she has given to you, you are not worthy of her.

YOUR white carnation must fade, it must droop, lose its fragrance and get brown on the edges.

Let it go—it's only one flower and it has served its purpose.

But look to that devotion in your heart. Don't let that fade; keep it always fresh; nourish and cherish it so that it can never droop or turn brown on the edges.

Mother's Day is over—but the object of it will be here all the rest of the year.

She isn't a holiday, to be celebrated and crossed off the calendar, or a custom to be observed and forgotten.

She's Mother.

Wait till you have a daughter of your own—then you'll understand.

# THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

### For Dining Room Table

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—In what novel and inexpensive way can a cover be made for a square dining room table, to be put on when not using the table?

A READER.

A very attractive thing for the table is two long, narrow "runners" of linen or unbleached muslin. They are laid on so that they cross each other. Each one is button-hole stitched in blue, or some color, around its edges, and has fringe on the two narrow ends. With a small bowl of flowers in the center, the effect is charming.

### For the Skin

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I have never written to your splendid column before, but hope you will give my letter consideration.

Will you kindly advise me of a good way to massage the face? How often it should be done? Also, is washing the face with milk very good for a skin that is inclined to contract blackheads and pimples?

E. S. B.

You can massage the face every evening with a good facial soap, using a firm but gentle outward circular motion. Apply cold cream then in the morning. This is also going to help the condition of your skin. Steaming is good for the blackheads, too. Bathing with milk will not have any direct effect, but it will make the skin softer and smoother. Be careful of the foods you eat. The rich, fried ones are bad for you. And too many sweets are often the cause of trouble with the skin. See that you get fresh air and drink a good deal of water also.

### Banishing Insects

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Can you tell me how I can get rid of some small bugs with which I have been bothered in September until cold weather for the last two summers?

They are about an eighth of an inch long or a little longer and have a hard crust on top under which are small wings, which enable them to fly a couple of feet. They were on one window in my kitchen last September, and I also found some in a cupboard where I [illegible] rice, beans, macaroni, etc.

They were not there in the early morning nor after 5 or 6 o'clock at night. The first I would see of them would be crawling up the window. I put insect powder around and went over the window with coal oil, but nothing seemed to do any good until a cold night killed them. I have lived in this house several years, and summer before last was the first I saw of them. I have no other insects of any kind, and these are only on that one window and in my cupboard.

Can you tell me what they are and what I can do to rid my house of them? I will be very thankful if you can help in any way.

G. B. P.

Keep the cracks in the window all filled with plaster of paris, which will poison these peculiar bugs. Pyrethrum powder is also effective.


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