

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Bachelor Bandits Prey on Women

MODERN girls are mercenary how about the men? The big cities are full of unattached bachelors...

(two or more generations of girls, sometimes going about with the daughters of former sweethearts. It usually is taken for granted that each succeeding generation will jolly them along, and make them welcome at the family fireside, or motor them to the local country club, never expecting them to pay the bills.)

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Married women give dinner parties or dances on a regular basis from out of town. Of course, they just must have some eligible men on hand. What matter if Mr. Handsome or Percy Tompador did eat Mrs. Smith's dinner all last season, and never showed her the least little courtesy in return, she can't leave the girl visitor to pine alone, or be bored with a lot of married men. And so once more the invitations come, and the bachelors reflect, "She cannot get along without me!"

Married couples enjoy social obligations. So do girls who have no obligations. They go to parties, to dinners, to the movies, to the theatre, to the club, to the hotel, and to the theatre, and in the last extremity, the gift of flowers or candy to a hostess is a graceful thing that causes her to feel appreciated, wholly beyond their monetary value. Why does not some feminine relative suggest this to the selfish, stingy and self-centered males?

Then they could bring toys to the children; but usually they are spending all their income on themselves. The younger men take girls to theatres and dine them, and strain their resources to give them good times. But they are at the mating age! It is no credit to a man in love that he "rushes" the lady of his heart, and lavishes gifts upon her. That is as natural as the brilliant plumage of the male bird, with which he struts about to captivate the female bird's eye and affection. We are not talking of a girl who is contentedly wooed, but the swarms of self-centered, unattached men who announce that they are "not the marrying kind."

Why should they be exempt from social courtesies and expenses that the over-burdened benedict is saddled with? All of us know of single men who go regularly to week-end parties in the country, and who have saved money for several days the latter part of each week. Yet they do not return the hospitality in town, but evidently regard their company as of such real value that it pays for itself. It is not their fault that we let them value themselves so highly?

But what can the poor girl do? She must have escorts and dance partners, and selfish ones if she cannot find dressed and affable, are better than none. We have said the great cities abound in these male remittance men, but, indeed, every small town has a few unattached bachelors who have been beau to

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Chauncey Depew Celebrates

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, arch generator of good cheer in the hearts and souls of humans, recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday. For far further back than we can remember, Mr. Depew has been dispensing optimism, wisdom, sane philosophy and happiness as naturally and as generously as Old Sol his light and warmth. He has perennially in the spring a younger in appearance, in manner and in spirit than he was a twelve-month younger.

"The world is a mighty good place to live in, and people, take them as they come, a mighty good sort to live with," is his conclusion after more than three and a half score years of active, intimate contact with all kinds and conditions of persons and things. Eighty-seven years behind him is merely a "pusher" toward Mr. Depew's great goal—the common law of life worth living, and the successful practice of the principles of perpetual youth.

"Keep in touch with the young," he says. "Join in their games. Be a feature in the dance; romp fastest and turn quickest in the Virginia reel or the country dance. Go up to the old college and light your pipe, and sing college songs. Take your children to the theatre and howl with them at the roaring farce, and laugh with them at the comedy, and cry with them at the tragedy. Be their confidant in their love affairs, and if they are not equal to it, write them love letters, and never stop writing some for yourself."

Here's looking at you, Chauncey. You love the world, which is one reason why the world loves you. And everybody wishes you the best of everything, and everything else you wish yourself.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Removing Shine To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you please tell me how I can remove the shine from a serge skirt?

An Interested Reader Spreading the shiny places with vinegar, and then press. When you do this, place a piece of muslin between the iron and the material.

Learning Telegraphy To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I would highly appreciate if you or one of your kind readers could tell me of a school where I can learn telegraphy.

A Daily Reader There are schools of this type listed in the business section of the telephone directory, under the heading "Schools." You could also gain knowledge of this by serving as a beginner in an operating position.

How to Find Them To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I would like to get a set consisting of nail-white polishing cream, cuticle remover, etc. Can you tell me of a good kind, not too expensive? Also a good facial soap?

Kitty. I cannot tell you either of these

things through the column, but at a drug store you will be able to have both recommended to you.

For the Skin To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you kindly print in your column a solution that will turn the skin a dark tan. A. E. L. It is not safe to use any formula to make the skin darker. I would advise you not to.

A Question of Etiquette To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me which is correct? By doing so it will help me to settle an argument. At a college dance (formal), who is supposed to shake hands first with the receiving party, the lady or her escort? The arch under which the receiving party stands is in this one particular case on the left side of the dance hall, and the lady is, of course, at the left of her escort in the "grand march."

ANXIOUS. The lady should speak to the receiving party first unless she is the hostess of the man and does not know the hostesses. In this case the man presents her then her escort. It is customary to have a grand march before speaking to the hostesses, the guest should settle an argument before she does so when they first enter the room.

Foreign Lands In Tyrol, before sowing his seed, a peasant sprinkles his field with small bits of charcoal, for good luck. The ancient Mexicans used to make idols of seeds and then eat them, so that they would be favored by the gods. This was especially done by them in ill health. In Bohemia it is considered lucky to have an aspen planted on the premises. In Albania, when the spring planting is finished, the farmer rubs the handle of his plow with earth, so that the wild swine will not dare to touch his crops.

A ONE-MAN WOMAN

By HAZEL DEVO BATHKLOP

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Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds, and Harriet, because she believes in his innocence, is determined to prove it to the world. She obtains a position with Barry's firm under a different name, and there attracts attention to her. Her husband, the son of the head of the firm, thinking that she may learn something from him, Harriet accepts a dinner invitation, and discovers soon afterward that Charley is falling in love with her. One night Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer, appears at Harriet's boarding house and warns her to leave Charley alone. A few minutes later Charley appears with a declaration of love.

A Dangerous Game

"MIRIAM, don't you care for me at all?"

Harriet was trying to think what to do. At that moment she was very near to throwing up the game. It seemed so useless to try to go on playing it, for she was no nearer to making a discovery of any kind than she had been in the beginning. Every impulse in her was crying out one thing, to tell Charley that she hated him, that she never wanted to see him again. But something told her to be cautious, to go on for just a little while longer. It was hard to give up now, to relinquish everything when she was virtually entrenched in her position.

"I don't know. How can I tell?" she faltered.

"You mean I've been too sudden?" he spoke eagerly.

She hesitated, not trusting her voice. He was exultant now. Harriet's hesitation meant just one thing to him. She was shy and he had frightened her. If he had been oblivious to her she would have known in a minute. He drew a long breath.

"That means I may hope, doesn't it?"

Harriet made no answer, but he was content. He could afford to wait, the reward was worth it, and he made no effort to press her further that night.

When they stood together in the dark hall, he leaned forward and gathered both her cold hands in his warm clasp. "I'll wait as long as you like, don't worry," he said, comfortingly, and it was a relief to her to feel his hand on her face. He was willing to be patient. He had never waited for anything in his life. Everything he had wanted was given to him within the minute he had expressed his wish for it.

He made no effort to touch her again, but she was allowing Charley to hope for the best. Harriet felt some-thing to do that in order to play to time.

As Harriet turned to go upstairs after the door had closed upon Charley, a door in the rear of the hall was opened suddenly, and Mrs. Baxter stood silhouetted in the light that streamed from the back parlor.

"Is that you, Miss Taylor?" she called, and Harriet fancied a disagreeable infection in her voice. She wondered if she had heard anything through the folding door, but she heard nothing from the front and back rooms.

"Yes, I'm just going up," she answered.

Mrs. Baxter stood still and stared after her, as Harriet began to climb the stairs, but she made no other remark and Harriet heard the door closed as she began the third flight.

If she should confide in some one. No one in the world had ever needed advice so badly as she did, and Barry's trial was coming up now in a very few days. She hesitated for a moment outside of May Watson's door, but shaking her head finally turned away. She must be brave and hope for the best. Sometimes when everything seemed darkest, she would say to herself, "I am not an unexpected source, and she must cling to this rather forlorn hope. But she dreaded going to work the next day. She dreaded seeing Charley and the accusing dark eyes of Lucy Pratt."

She tossed for a long time on her pillow, turning from side to side in an effort to find a cool spot. At last she finally popped asleep, she dreamed that Charley had given her a jade necklace, and that Lucy Pratt was making a terrible fuss in the office about it. She thought she would be favored by the gods, and the necklace still jumbled up in her thoughts. Could Charley have given that necklace to Lucy? The thought had suddenly occurred to her for the first time.

Tomorrow—The Blow Falls

Adventures With a Purse

DON'T care what the style may be, I like tricolette and usually manage to have at least one dress of it always ready to wear. It is so comfortable and makes up so well that I feel quite dressed up when attired in a dress of it. Time was when it was very expensive, but I have found some thirty-six-inch-wide for \$1.50 a yard. For the home dressmaker or the girl who has her clothes made it would be worth her while to buy some of this for the summer. It comes in various shades, from the palest of pink to the deepest of blues, and is heavily ribbed.

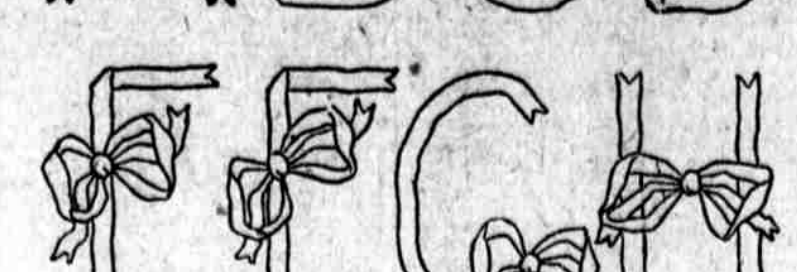
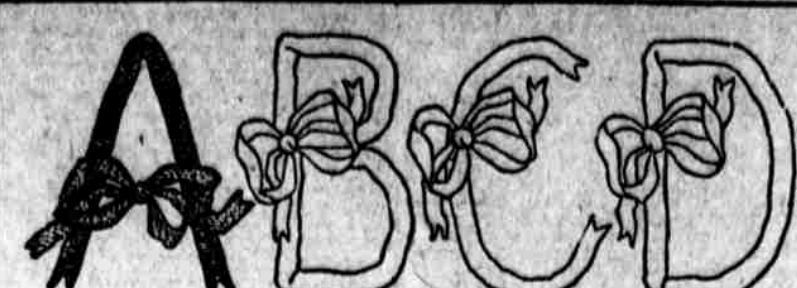
Silk underwear gives the wearer such a snug feeling. It is so like the feel of a soft silk, and I am always on the look-out for bargains that make it possible for me to keep fairly well stocked. One of the stores is selling underwear of that silk which is the ideal for the dressmaker for \$2.95, bloomers for \$3.95, and the combination suits for \$5.90. If these are carefully laundered they last much longer and the little trouble required to dip them in soap and press is soon forgotten when the undies are piled soft and pink in a faintly scented chest.

A penknife is like a great many other things—it may not be needed often, but when it is, it is very badly needed. Nearly every man has one tucked away in one of his many pockets, but a man is not always around when the need of a penknife arises, and so I usually try to have one with me. I saw some small gold-filled knives that would fit into the purse or handbag; they were priced at \$1.95, and would be nice for personal use or a graduation gift.

Things You'll Love to Make

Esquimaux Trimming If you are on the lookout for something new in smocks, make this one with its ESQUIMAUX TRIMMING. Two rows of tucks one-half inch deep cross the blouse, giving the yoke effect. Use wool of a deeper shade of color than that of the material of the blouse. Knot the end of the worsted. From the underside of the blouse bring it through to the right side, just under the tuck. Fasten it and cut it off so that it hangs one and one-half inches below the bottom of the tuck. Continue in this way to make little groups of five strands each; have the groups one inch apart. Under the second tuck alternate the spacing of the groups. This ESQUIMAUX TRIMMING makes a quaint and charming blouse or smock. FLORA.

A RIBBON ALPHABET



If you are searching for some distinctive new way of marking your linen, try these dainty letters

These ribbon initials are quite a little out of the ordinary, and will work up beautifully on many things. Transfer the letters to the material by first laying a piece of tissue paper over the letter and go over each part of it carefully with a sharp but soft pencil. Then lay the tissue paper you have worked on, pencil side down, on another piece of tissue and go over the process again.

Lay this second impression face side down on the material, pin it securely, and go over each line for the third time. The reason you have to do the work on both sides of the tissue is that if you used the first impression you made, the letter would be the wrong side around on the cloth.

The raised satin stitch is the handiest for these letters, and the first step is to use a running stitch on all outlines. The stitches can be quite long where the line is straight; but where there are curves they must be short. Of course, the stitches on the wrong side are tiny ones.

The next step is the padding, and this is done by using three or four strands of the floss and taking running stitches that are quite long on the right side and short on the under. Or you may fill in with a chain stitch. As you near the outline, make the filling less pronounced.

The embroidery is done with a finer floss than that used for the filling, and the stitches are always at right angles to the edge. Of course, this work is all done in a frame, and has to be done slowly, so as to have even-looking work. Where there are curves the stitches must be taken close together on the inside, and on the outer side there must be no spaces. Try to have them come just together. On the inside they must never lap.

AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bellairs' ward, Eve Rochester, has obtained a position through Julian Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick owns and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying in his country estate to do some work for him there.

"DON'T APOLOGIZE" CARRINGTON BELLAIRS repeated over and over the words he had spoken there. For Mary's little face bore such a startled look.

"I'm only went down to the library—I dropped my brooch—"

"I'm sorry," Mary whispered once again. "I know it's inexcusable of me to roam about the house at this hour—but I felt so worried—"

Carrington Bellairs lifted quizzical brows. She was making mountains out of a molehill. If he did speed odd. Maybe she had stolen downstairs for some assignment with that fool Calardin? But no. She was discreet—conventional.

Of course, when a woman was in love—she fervently hoped she did not care for Dick—but if she did, the whole affair might have gone to her head a little.

Carrington Bellairs was naturally of a suspicious nature of mind. But aloud he merely said:

"It's just a trifle late for chatting, so we'll leave that over till the morning. But might I ask you if you found your brooch?"

Mary shook her head.

"Well, that's a pity. No doubt it'll turn up in the morning," said the man. A cynical little smile hovered about his lips.

"Good-night!" said Mary softly, still embarrassed over this unexpected meeting. She hurried to the corridor to her room, slipped in and closed the door behind her, locking it. Oh, what a fool she had been to run the risk of such an encounter! Carrington Bellairs had looked at her as though she had had some hidden motive in her downstairs rambling. She almost felt she hated him for his censorious eyes.

But pretty soon she was in bed and

Tomorrow—"We Belong"

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Answers "Waiting" No, dear, do not ask the young man to call. He has made no advances to you and would probably think you very forward.

Want to Find Chivalrous Man Dear Cynthia—We are two respectable girls, bookworms, and we are in a large office. We would like to know where are the chivalrous men of old? Every day we see something of the young men of today and the harm they do. Please let us know where we can meet some wholesome young men who respect good girls.

We are both blondes and full of fun, always ready for a good time. TILLIE AND BETTY.

Cynthia is sorry, but she cannot bring about introductions through the column.

Writes to "Bronco Bill"

Dear Cynthia—By glancing at the signature "Bronco Bill" I thought you were some desperate hero, but by reading your letter I saw that you are desperately in love.

I am using rouge and powder and have a friend who loves me as much as you do. I am not "cheesy" and doesn't think me the only one, for I know that he can attract other girls.

I am considered one of the most respectable girls of the town, and a good chance of going out with a nice young man, why I'm sure to take it. For all girls are alike, unless there's an exception. And you had better keep an eye on your friend, too, if he doesn't know you will be jilted. How about it? Time for such "soft stuff" after you are snuggled up in bed.

Give me a fellow, not a bottle of mulligan. CINDERELLA.

Thinks the Boys Are to Blame

Dear Cynthia—"Happy Jack's" letter interested me very much. I agree with him when he says that the majority of the boys are to blame for the clothes and make-up, are disgusting.

I myself go to the public dances, but that does not necessarily mean I keep an eye on them. I never dress in the extreme. Any girl can acquire style and chic, yet not be conspicuous to the public.

After all I think that boys are to blame, at least a great number, and when they take the girls out, make fools of them and pretend to admire their make-up, they are just as guilty as the girls themselves. This would eventually bring these girls to their senses.

I greatly admire your taste, Jack, in respect to girls. You're on the right road, and if there were more fellows with your ideals there would be a sensible girl. ETHEL.

In Defense of Women

Dear Cynthia—Woman was created to be a type. Each one should have a distinctive individuality. To give up to-day, we will say the girls of average intelligence, are unoriginal. They seem to be content to follow the crowd, and they express themselves in terms of other people's minds, and a lack of responsibility makes them lead up to the deplorable condition. Home is not a symbol of principle and good citizenship; there is no idea of permanence, and the old-fashioned order can only be maintained by the women of the world.

Yet new women are free to alter these conditions. Are they going to stop and think how to change things for the better? I think they will. For here women who have done their duty as citizens of the Republic will lead and, in the chaotic state of a society that is tragically inconsequential will disappear and in their order of an older and more cultured society will reappear.

The old-fashioned order can only, however, lead in so far as it is good. The pettiness and snobbishness can return. How could it, in this modern world, which has only lately emerged from a baptism of fire, in which old-fashioned ideas were ruthlessly torn down and modern foundations laid which changed the principles of every man?

The old-fashioned girl will never wholly return. Her narrow viewpoint would bore us. Her virtues will return, and that virtue will make this age one of hope and strength and noble activity, if we have a kindly understanding and love for every one. CHARMIDES.

Tomorrow—"We Belong"

TO LACK A GREAT DESIRE IS TO LACK PERSPECTIVE

If You Are Contented and Smug About the Little Daily Life You Lead You Grow Narrow—Don't Be Ashamed of Your Wanderlust

THE wanderlust is here again. While spring was coming on, reaching out reluctantly to summer, but clinging to winter's hand all the time, it was easy to "stay put."

The one idea was to get all the flowers out, decide what to wear each day and provide something to get into as soon as the warm weather really came to stay.

But now things are settled and that restless feeling is beginning to make itself known once more. You pass the station platform and see a much-labeled trunk unloaded from a wagon, and your thoughts go leaping off to some far-away place.

Your car crosses a little river, lying calmly in the midst of greenness, turning and twisting its blue trail through the country. The sun catches a glimpse of itself in a tiny ripple on the serene surface and you feel yourself involuntarily bracing against the rise and fall of a little boat that skims along and takes you straight into the heart of summer.

Oh, what you'd give to be in that sturdy little boat right this minute!

YOU get into a train to take your silly little trip past dirty streets, between factories, through dingy tunnels, close to advertising signs and the glare of the city. You are in a train that skims along and takes you straight into the heart of summer.

There is a diner on that train and you can see people sitting at those fascinating little tables, looking out at you as you sit by, as if you were the interesting object.

No doubt the animals at the Zoo feel that way about sightseers! There are sleeping cars, Pullmans with little screens in the windows—any of those observation platforms at the tail end of the train.

What scenes that car has out in half, what romance it carries with it, what spirit it arouses! But your busy little local train whizzes along as if there were a mere prosaic train of cars that it is leaving behind and pretty soon you arrive at your own pretty, homey little station.

YOU feel as if you had stepped down from one of the planets when your feet touch the commonplace boards of the platform.

You come down to solid, practical earth with a dull thud and wonder, after all, whether it wouldn't be nicer just to be smug, complacent, satisfied with your own little lot and life. But it wouldn't be.

Discontent is not a state of mind to be cultivated. It is a state of mind to be avoided. But, if you are content with a narrow little existence of getting up, doing your daily work and going back to bed again, you get narrow; you lose your perspective.

To have no long-desired wish, no far-distant goal, is to have no purpose, no aim in life.

Saturday's Answers

1. A light blue silk shade, the top of which is embroidered in pink dots, has sides of the silk with an uneven row of tassels in the pink hanging over it.

2. Linoleum makes a top for the kitchen table which is quite as satisfactory as oilcloth and more durable.

3. Paint the bread box dull blue with pink and yellow flowers on the front if it must be kept in a conspicuous place in the pantry.

4. "A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power."—from "Dianna of the Crossways," by George Meredith.

5. In applying rouge to the lips, be careful to touch only the center of the lips and not the sides, in order to prevent an ugly, smeared appearance.

6. The tops of worn-out white silk stockings can be saved and used to patch small worn places on white silk underwear.

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