

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Woman Who Loves But Does Not Work

Do you know a girl who loves but does not work? Or, are you one who works but does not love? Or, do you do neither? Or, are you one of the blessed ones who have a man who loves you as well as you love him, and who has a career, filled with love and labor?

In many times and climes there have been women who were set aside merely for love. They had no existence in the world but in the emotional one. They were supposed to exist solely as a source for MAN. Some religions have taught this to whole peoples, and the female residents of entire countries have accepted the gospel of inferiority and subservience to man.

Love is a matter of emotion, sentiment. When will we cease mixing it with housekeeping? Industry in or out of the home is the perfect type of this conscience, of temperance. But love is a volatile, delicate perfume that cannot be captured and forced into a bottle.

There are, of course, thousands of domestic women, and in a large number who really do live for love. They are engaged in husband and babies, and do not broaden their horizon to include the wider problems of the world. There are girls who never marry, who labor in shops and factories, or are prominent doctors or teachers or artists.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that women are divided into the two classes—those who merely love and those who contribute to the world, and those who are economic laborers, but spinsters, knowing the excitement of the big world's struggle, and triumph and independent money, but not the excitement of domestic life.

There was a farmer who had got tired of his farm. He had been born on the farm, had played there with the young boys, scared the chickens, driven the cows in from the field, worn out the "old scrawny" horse, explored the lake, smelled the nectar and ambrosia of the meadows, and suffered in the "little red schoolhouse."

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A ONE-MAN WOMAN THIS IS EASY TO MAKE

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

Betty Nell is arrested for coquetting funds, and Harriet, his wife, because she believes in his innocence, is determined to prove it to the world. She obtains a position with Harry's name, and there attracts the attention of Charles Harmon, the son of the head of the firm.

Harriet, not knowing what to do, allows him to hope. The next day she writes Harry a work letter. Harriet is seen and recognized by Sadie Howard, a girl from the tenement where she and Harry had lived together.

Sadie bursts into the kitchen of the little flat, her face alight with excitement. "How do you do, Harry?" she says, stirring some concoction on the range, turned as her daughter entered and stood still with her mouth open as she saw Sadie's face.

Harry, who was sitting at the table, looked up at her with a broken-down cough reading a book, Sam, the eldest, had not come in from work as yet, but Mr. Howard, in his shirt sleeves, was reading the paper.

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"THE BOSS" DECLARES THAT WOMEN ARE TEMPERAMENTAL

And With One Accord We Rise in Indignation to Tell Him Men Are Much More So and With Less Reason

"OH, SHE doesn't know what she wants!" exclaimed "the boss." "You never can depend on women. They go off the handle so easily. Temperamental, entirely too temperamental."

Yes, indeed, give him the smooth, even-tempered man every time. There are lots of women who would like to have smooth, even-tempered men in their offices, too.

They could get along beautifully, without the periodical fits of crankiness in which nearly every man indulges now and then.

Indulgence is a good word—he need not do it if he didn't want to. Of course, there are some women of whom you have to say, now and then, "Look out for her—she's on the war-path this morning."

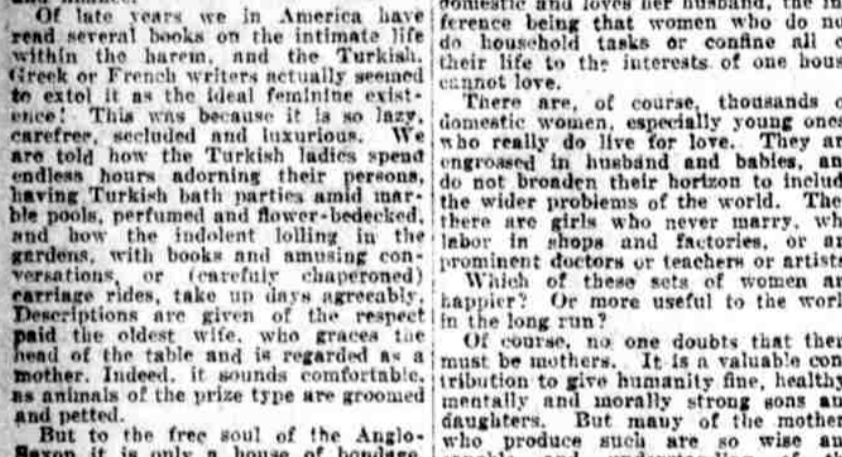
But she gets over it after a while—or else she explains why it is. "Watch out!" the word goes away! "He's got one of those things! Don't go near him!"

Everybody whispers when he is near. Everybody trembles with dread of the moment when he will enter the door.

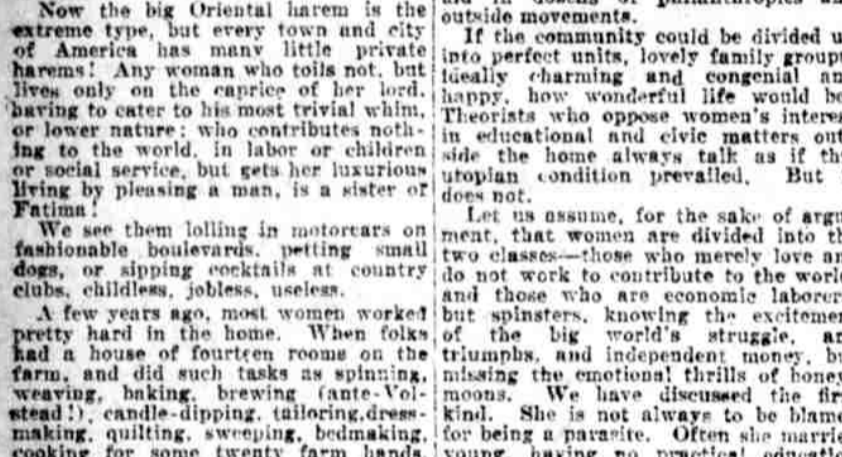
AND WHY? A Nobody ever finds out what is wrong with a man. The work may be going along smoothly, even better than usual, when this thunder cloud blows in.

It is probably nothing more dreadful than a disagreement with "the wife," a collar that is too high, or one that has a rough place on the edge.

Or he may have started eating deviled crabs a little too early. And all this turmoil and fuss in the office is caused by some little personal affair like that.



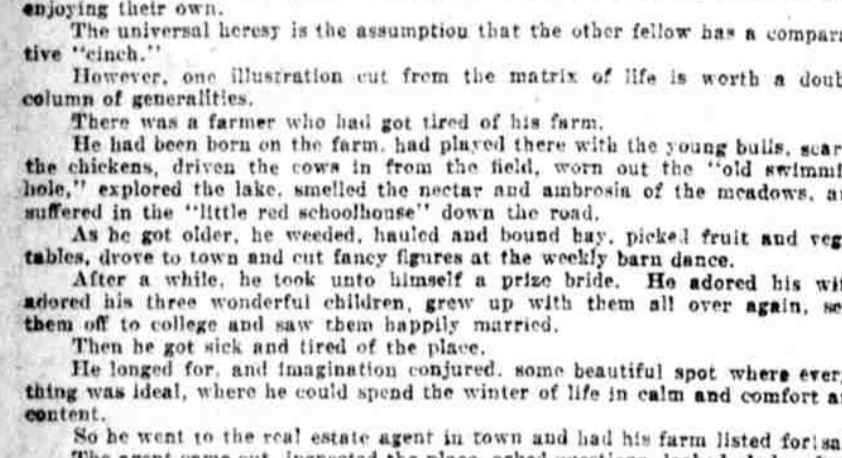
A chic little bendover cap, or, if you prefer, an easily adjusted kerchief to wear over your rubber bathing cap.



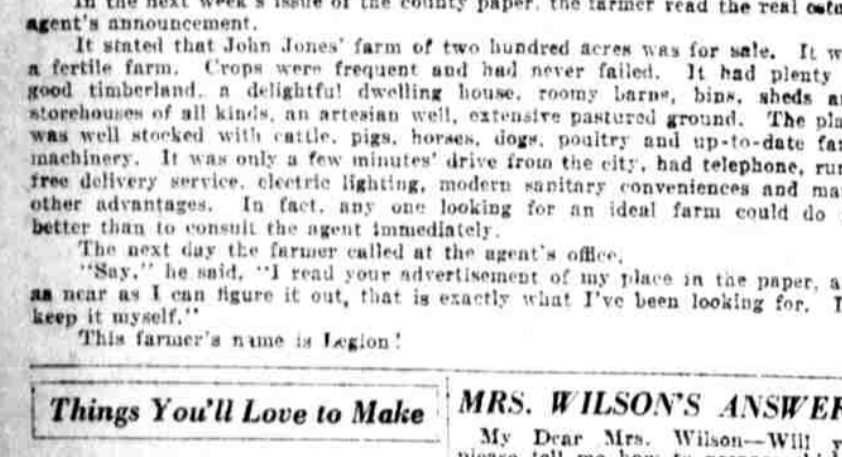
A loop. The opposite end is gathered one-half inch from the edge, and a large button, which has been covered with the silk, is set into this gathered end, so the gathered end sits up around the button.



The cap is put on with the button part right over the middle of the forehead, and the ends hanging down behind. Cross the ends in the back, bring them up around to the top of the head, and slip the cord rings over the button.



The split and of this cap has each section gathered up to a small cord, which is the first sewed together to form a loop.



A PIECE of silk twenty-five inches wide and twenty-eight inches long is required. Fold it through the middle on the length, and cut from one raw edge up to a distance of fifteen inches on the fold.



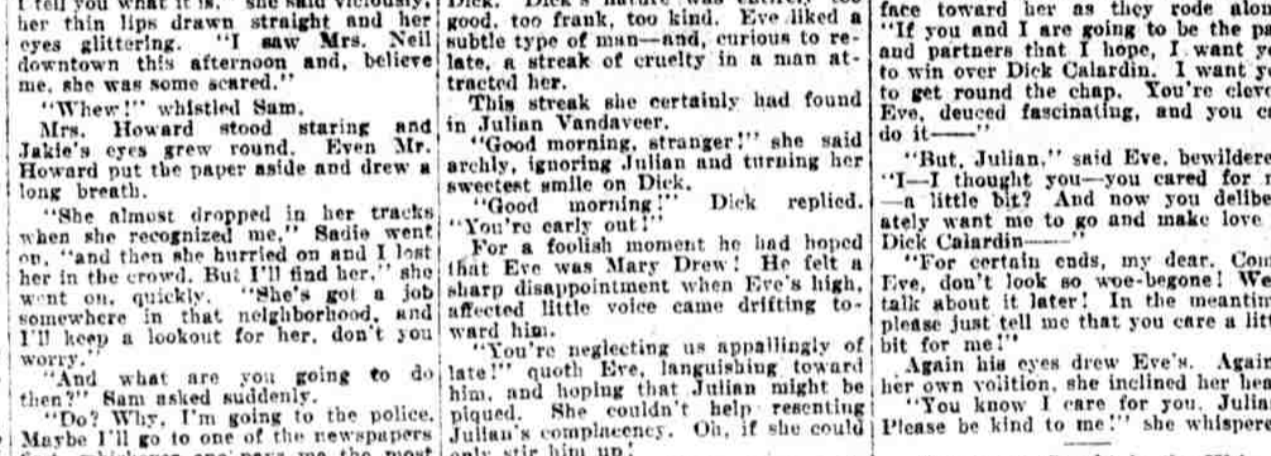
Turn both sides of the cut place down as narrow hems as you can, running them off to nothing where the slit ends, and finish with tiny feather stitching.



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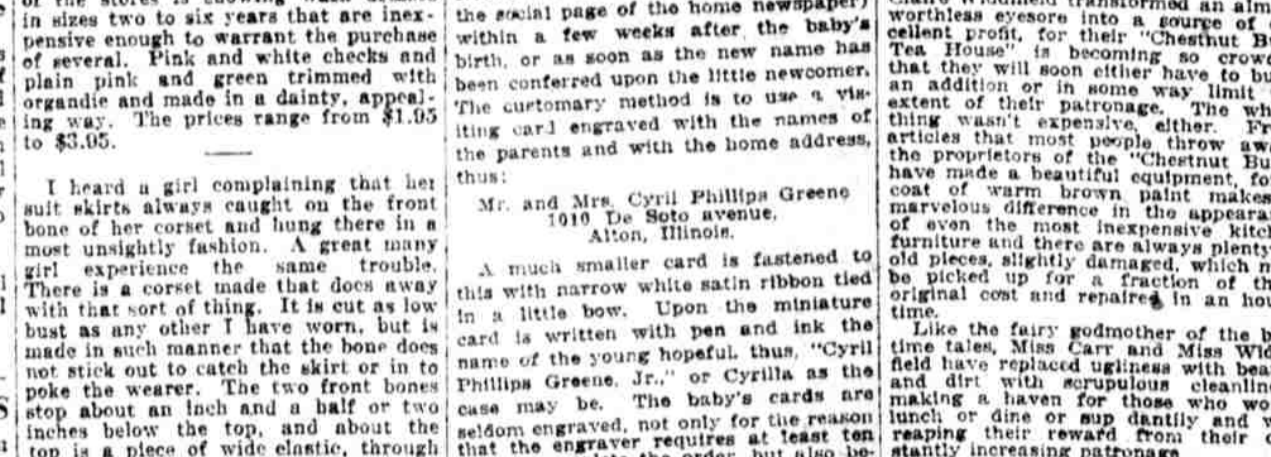
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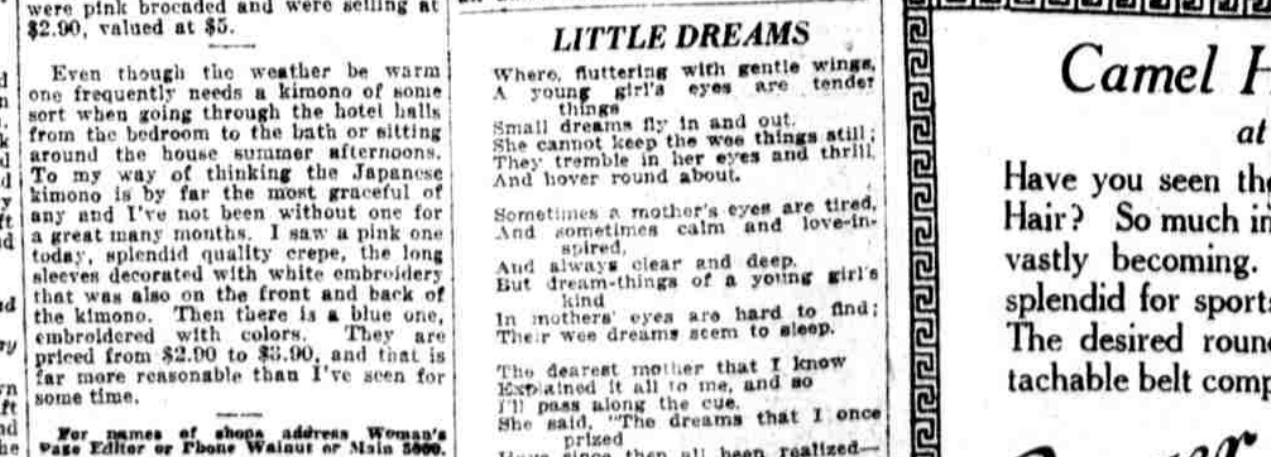
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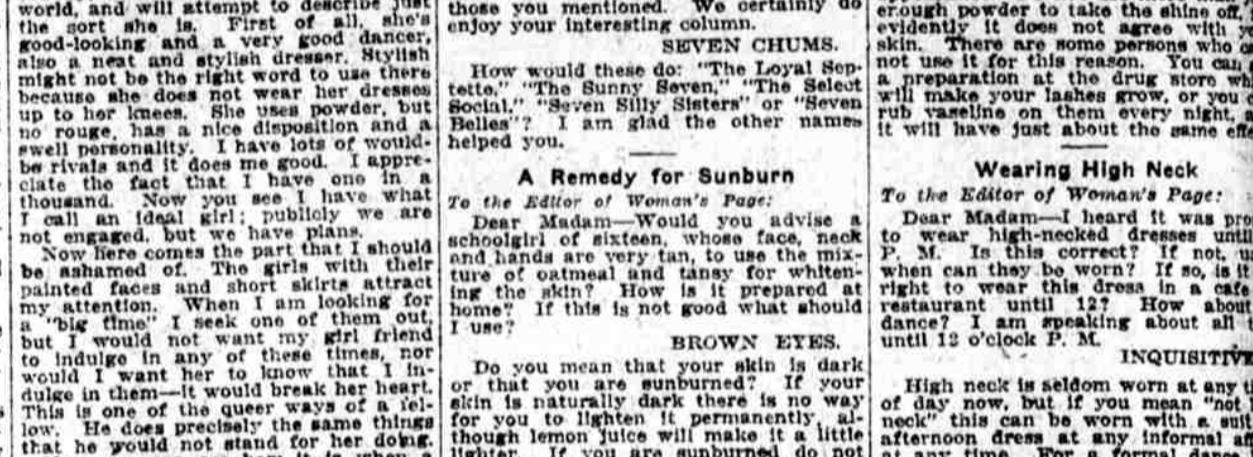
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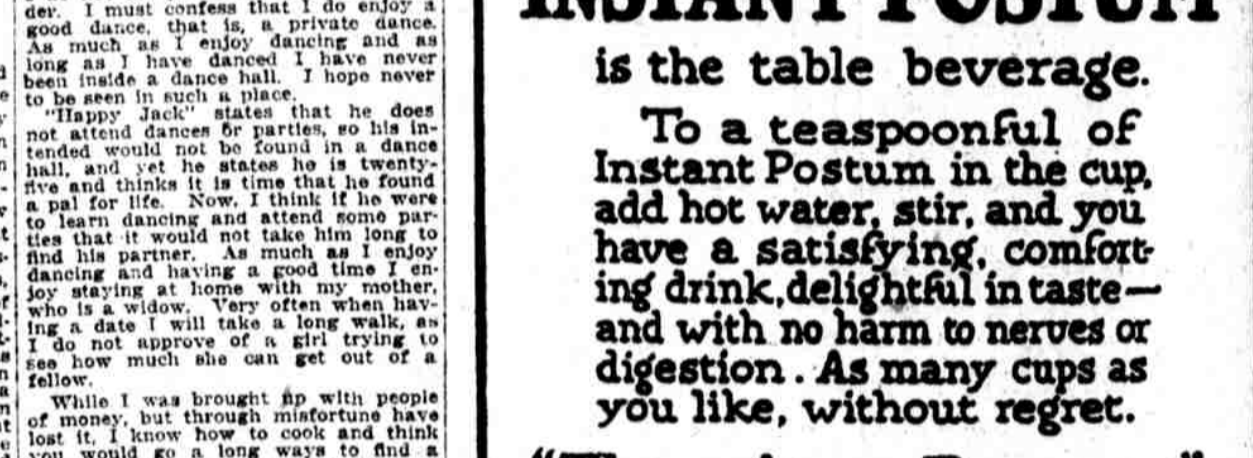
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AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drees is Carrington Bellairs' niece, and is in love with Dick, the son of her uncle. Dick is a very handsome young man, and Mary is a very beautiful girl.

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

A Club Within a Club

Dear Madam—We are seven girls who have formed a club, and we are looking for more members. We are interested in all things that concern women.

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Wearing High Neck

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I heard it was proper to wear high-necked dresses until P. M. Is this correct? If not, until when can they be worn? It is right to wear this dress in a cafe or restaurant until 12. How about a dance? I am speaking about all the time 12 o'clock P. M.

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Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

It is trite but right that most of us do not know when we are well off. I lend an ear to those among us who are supposed to be most favored or most fortunate, and they will tell you a tale of woe as long as the road from Dan to Beersheba and as long as the road from Dan to Beersheba.

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WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECK

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Almost as Easy as Wishing

Your breakfast cup is ready without trouble or delay when

INSTANT POSTUM is the table beverage. To a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in the cup, add hot water, stir, and you have a satisfying, comforting drink, delightful in taste—and with no harm to nerves or digestion. As many cups as you like, without regret.

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Things You'll Love to Make

Sealing Wax Flowers.

Prepare the chicken fricasse and the chicken and noodle soup. Mince very fine four ounces of salt pork, and then brown in a saucpan and add the onions. Cook slowly and then add the well-drained noodles. Cook very slowly for one-half hour and then lift the prepared noodles to a hot dish and cover with crumbs, made as follows:

LITTLE DREAMS

Where, fluttering with gentle wings, A young dreamer's eyes are tender things.

Small dreams fly in and out. They tremble in her eyes and thrill. And hover round about. Sometimes a mother's eyes are tired, And sometimes calm and loving— And always clear and deep. But dream-things of a young girl's. In mother's eyes are hard to find; Their woe dreams seem to sleep.

Camel Hair Slip-ons

at \$10.00

Have you seen the new slip-ons in Camel Hair? So much in vogue because they are vastly becoming. Light, closely woven, splendid for sports or general wear. The desired round neck and narrow detachable belt complete their trim smartness.

See the issue of February 23 for paper pot recipe.

For names of home address Woman's Page Editor or Phone 1000 or Miss...

Other Hand-made Dresses, 24.75 & 29.75. Don't fail to see these Artistic and Exclusive Creations. 115-117-119 So. 9th Street.