

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Love Doctor

LOVE is ailing; it is on the point of dying; what shall the young married couple do?—Call a love specialist!



WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

How many tragedies have been averted; how many heartbreaks could have been spared; how many disrupted homes, or needless divorces prevented...

masculine trait and that such idiosyncrasies simply must be ignored. She sums up the chief crises of the genus male something like this: All husbands are unemotional, easy-going, seemingly indifferent to tears, bored with hearing the state of one's health...

Nearly every one over thirty sighs "If I could just live my life over again, I would avoid such misery I would avoid such common sense into my silly, passionate mind and tell me that every one has similar experiences and the world will not again fall into chaos just because of our foolish quarrel."

the foregoing universal male brutalities are thoroughly understood by the young wife and she has been commiserated but urged to endure them in the interests of the home as a unit in society, she feels much more normal and, in time, may even be cajoled into laughing and agreeing that "they" though men be, "are not so bad."

Perhaps each woman does not have the same experiences, but they are rather similar the world over. Allowing for the fact that the world is never so much alike in their reactions toward life, just as men are. There are certain sex characteristics which made Kipling say "The Colonel's could have had the benefit of expert wisdom."

It always has been claimed that women did not stand by each other, but were invariably deadly rivals. We doubt this, however, even in those times when they had not caught the modern vision of comradeship. In the barren, they are sisters in deceit. In the hard world of struggle, they are fellow conspirators in getting money out of the "earning" sex.

Men have had sex solidarity for countless ages. They are notorious for "standing by each other" in lying for one another, taking one another out of scrapes. Taking a friend home when drunk always has been a code of honor with them, or telling lies to his wife to bolster up his story or alibi. The reason, deep down in their consciences, is that the time might come when they, too, might need a pal to sponsor them with the "unreasonable sex."

It might be and then again it might not. "I'm very well, thanks," he extended a chilly hand to Miss Eve. "Where are you going?" "Nowhere in particular," said that damned untruthfully, hoping that Dick might quickly take her to the walk alone!

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Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Just for Fun

THEY tell me this story is old, which, if it were true, would to my mind, in this particular instance, mean that it has soaked in the rarifying flavor of time, and which, if it is not true, is a powerful reason for now exposing it to the spotlight of publicity, so as to incur the inevitable attack of temporary good humor. And if this makes the majority of us smiling and happier for at least a short while, then it is well worth its length and breadth in gold.

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The Negro servant said: "Oh, everything be alright, sah, only de dog, de poor dog, he died."

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"That's too bad," said the master, "how did the dog die?"

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"How did he die?" "Oh, he was burned to death, sah."

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"I'm sorry to hear that. And how did it happen?"

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"Well, you see, sah, de dog was in de barn when de barn burned down, and he couldn't get out in time, and he burned to death."

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"The barn burned down, did you say? I didn't know that—how did that happen?"

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"Oh, didn't you know, sah? Dat am a sad story. De house done burn down and de barn done burn down, and de dog was in de barn, and de dog burned to death."

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"Oh—that's the way it happened—but how did the house catch fire?"

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"Dat happened dis way, sah. One of de candles from yo mother-in-law's wake done set fire to one of de curtains of de house, and de house burned down, and de barn ketch fire and burned down, and de dog was in de barn, and when de barn burned down, de dog burned up."

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"My mother-in-law's wake? What do you mean? What wake?"

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"No—how did my mother-in-law die?"

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"Shock!"

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"Shock from what?"

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"Oh—yo wife, sah—de madam—she done run away wif de chauffeur, sah, and de candles set fire to de curtains of de house, and de house burned down, and de barn ketch fire from de house, and de dog was in de barn, and de dog burned to death, sah, see?"

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A ONE-MAN WOMAN

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds, and Harriet, his wife, in order to prove his innocence, obtains a position in his office under an assumed name. Charley Harmon, the son of the boss of the firm, greets his attentions on her, and Harriet soon discovers that Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer, is in love with Charley herself. In the meantime Harriet can do nothing in the office. She is discouraged when one night she encounters Sadie Howard, a girl from the tenement where she and Barry lived. Sadie recognizes her, and is determined to give her over to the police, when Charley happens along and carries Harriet off to her room. Sadie, angry and frustrated, carries her story to the Evening Star, which sends Larry Donahue, a young reporter, to "find the woman." He took out the offices of Harmon Graves where he is received by Charley Harmon.

The Result of a Lie

CHARLEY stood as if turned to stone, the words echoing over and over in his brain.

"Have you a stenographer named Miriam in this office?"

It seemed years before he answered, but in reality it was only a few moments, and if Larry noticed any hesitation he gave no sign of it. Charley's first instinct was to protect Miriam, he knew he must do this at any cost and he answered the question with a light laugh.

"Why, no, I don't believe we have. I know all of the girls here, we don't employ many. If you don't mind my asking, what is your business?"

"I'm very well, thanks," he extended a chilly hand to Miss Eve. "Where are you going?" "Nowhere in particular," said that damned untruthfully, hoping that Dick might quickly take her to the walk alone!

"That's sure isn't necessary," commented Dick. "Where's all your usual retinue?"

"Oh, one likes to rusticate in the country on occasion." Into her voice she forced two languid glances.

"I hope you're coming round to dinner this evening. Oh, by the way, I quite forgot to call you up about it. Carrington is particularly keen for you to come."

"I'm afraid that I shall be unable," "Oh, please!" said Eve, a world of feeling in her manner. She moved a little closer to the young man. "It's so dreary at the White Lodge, to keep on being looked forward to, to keep on being disappointed. Don't disappoint us, please."

"Dick's thoughts were all on Mary Drew. He wanted just one glimpse of Mary. He had not slept all night for thinking of her."

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THESE FROCKS TRIM THEMSELVES



By CORINNE LOWE

Trimmings are "self-made" this year, and the dressiest way to adorn a frock is to take some of the material of it and puff it up into crisp flowers. The handkerchief linen model for the girl of six to sixteen has flowers of this kind arranged in orderly rows on the hem. And the other frock, which is of organdy, has wild roses scattered all over its skirt and here and there on its bodice. So if you have a plain dress which needs fancying—this is the easiest way to do it.

AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellair's private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bellair's secretary, 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 at his country estate to do some work for him there.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"A Discouraged Fiancee"

It seems to Cynthia that you made a mistake not to explain why you looked coldly at him. You had a reason for it and a good one, too. A man who is berate and inconsiderate before marriage will not improve after it. Unless the continual quarreling is stopped it would be better to break now than be unhappy after marriage.

A Fine Specimen

Dear Cynthia—After being an on-looker for several years, I now desire to enroll in the ranks as a contributor to your column.

I would like to ask "Blue Eyes" and the other girls who have found it so difficult a problem to find a decent man in this world what they think of a fellow—

Who learns from the work of other people who cares nothing of color or creed, but judges people by what they are? Who has never taken a girl out except for the purpose of enjoying her company?

Who has never expected or taken even a good-night kiss?

Who has actually lifted a girl from disgrace, after teaching her the value of decency and who in his life has a happily married bride, no one knowing her secret except the two of them?

Who has mingled the lowest and the best and today realizes that the only girl that ever appreciated him is the girl that found him in his company, and not want them. They want the fellow who when he takes a girl home loves her.

Who intends some day to marry a girl, good all through, and who has been so fair in his life that on his twenty-fifth birthday he can still say he will give her (whoever she might happen to be) as much as she expects.

"QUIET."

Let us hope the girls will appreciate this good young fellow, and that he will continue to help others and keep fine and true himself.

One of the 'Awfullest' You Ever Read

Dear Cynthia—When I want to, I can make myself just as unintelligible as the next fellow. For proof of the truth of the following dissertation (on dietitians), so as to get the result desired I took the liberty of blending and imitating the inimitable letters of various of our two intellectual, Sophist and McWhiskerys.

(Note—Any reader able to make heads or tails of this article is entitled to a beautiful Indian rubber mackerel.)

Save only the brochure-like spectacle of a matrimonial man with a constitutional snifter of shandy gaddled beneath his hatches attempting to stand off the assembling cyclone of matrimonial Baron Munchausen to make his floating into the love nest at two of the clock antimeridian against the constitutional whilst the queen regnant flutters around him with a heavy caudaceous clutched tightly in her talon, threatening to put the poor puff on the coil and put him in drydock for skunked sunsets, nothing can have such a chambrasse effect on my ribbiability as the witnessing of a flock of ignoramuses smiting their blooming livers in ecnomicum of some loracut squig (which in the argot of the bench means gas monkey) who has just passed off an air-strutting stuff of grape graphic flappoodle masked under a veneer of tepiduous words and chirological phrases (whatever they are) which neither they nor the animated bellows can understand, and so, indeed, since the acrid flaming vapors first ebbed out of the etheric mists and parked their gloriously feruginous beams upon this abstrusulated sperule, the fake facades have been shell-gaming humankind and drawing pecked halls while the ventro fascia (along for genuine articles) rust on the shelf with the Yuletide weeds; and though such childish purity exerts the one pined by Kant, I rein in the roguistically disdainful squint in the general direction of the dead-headers, with the accompanying observation, "He, he," on recalling that globose sentiment of Homer's: "To back into the wrong path is human; to forgive dumbness, divine."

"THE PLEBE"

"I must explain to Dick that I don't care one bit for Carrington Bellair. That silly love scene yesterday was entirely of Mr. Bellair's own making. Surely Dick will understand! And, oh, I'll tell him about that hateful girl, Kyrle, and he's sure to arrange to take me right away—about—just he and I—married—and so happy!"

Mary's thoughts were veritable sunbeams lighting up her lonely path. She reached the Barley Mow at last. From the roadside she could see one end of the interior of the coffee room.

She lifted up her eyes in happy anticipation. Would Dick be there?

He was! And he was not alone! Leaning across the table and smiling straight into his apparently contented, satisfied young face was that arch-siren, Eve Rochester!

But Dick Calardin did not notice the omission.

Tomorrow—Love's Cruelty.

"I'm very well, thanks," he extended a chilly hand to Miss Eve. "Where are you going?" "Nowhere in particular," said that damned untruthfully, hoping that Dick might quickly take her to the walk alone!

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BEWARE THE RUMOR HOUND! HE BARKS WITHOUT CAUSE

Hearsay, Repeated Before It Has Been Proved or Even Investigated, Spreads Trouble Everywhere—Whole Factory Alarmed Over Nothing

"WELL, I hear that everybody is to be cut down 10 per cent beginning the 1st of July."

The remark was made with nonchalant despair by a member of the mail-order department just before lunch time.

"Oh, no! Are you sure? Where did you hear it? Do you really mean it?"

"Sure, I mean it. I heard it just now when I was up in the eighth floor. Miss Jones was talking to the old man about it."

"What did she say?"

"Just that," was the laconic reply. "He was saying something just as I came along. I couldn't hear what that was, and then she said 'Oh, I think you fool, they're all to be reduced 10 per cent, and nobody gets enough even now.' And he said, 'Well, it's too bad, but I guess we can't do anything about it.'"

"Isn't he mean?" said one of the girls, angrily.

NOBODY enjoyed lunch very much that day and work was slack and disinterested all afternoon.

The news had spread all over the building by the time the closing gong sounded, and little groups of angry, worried, discouraged workers hurried off together.

Families in all parts of the city were made nervous and unhappy at the news that night.

And so it went on until Friday—pay-day.

An indignant, reluctant line formed before the desk, as usual, and before one-quarter of it had reached the window looked at an envelope and turned away relief began to run down the ranks like a squall of wind over a placid lake.

"I WASN'T cut down," "Neither was I," "Neither was I," "Why, I wasn't either," "Maybe they aren't going to do it."

On Saturday morning somebody screwed up the courage to ask Miss Jones what she had meant.

And Miss Jones replied indignantly, "Why, the supplies department is going to cut down 10 per cent on all the or-

ders for stationery because they say we waste so much—and you know we have the hardest time getting enough even now! It's awful!" to death. All that excitement over something that didn't concern any of them, and wasn't so very serious, anyhow! That's what a rumor can do.

NO RUMOR was ever born with feet to stand on; it is always a wobbly little thing with nothing but a fish tail to float along with.

Conjecture and "I guess," "I'll just bet" and "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if" give it the only strength it ever has; they prop it up and carry it along until it reaches huge proportions and frightens everybody to death.

But as soon as somebody begins probing, trying to find out what it stands on, it flops over and is trampled down, never waits to have his suspicions proved before he states them as facts.

Pin him down before you believe him and get worried; make sure that he knows what he is talking about before you accept his statements.

And be careful that you never start trouble yourself by repeating something that you are "almost sure" is true.