By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

A new serial in which a girl's young love turned to bitterness because of the withfulness of her lover. Mrs. Batchelor writes an appealing story of Nancy Tathaway's disillusion, her unhappiness and the way in which she solves the problem of her life—and incidentally of another's life. This first chapter introduces you to Nancy and her innermost feelings.

CHAPTER I The Other Woman

NANCY'S one idea was to get away.

long as she lived. of there being such a thing. Who had invented the idea anyway? And her thoughts kept tumbling themselves in a orgy

self-loathing reason for it all

HAZEL DEYO

her thoughts insisted upon drifting back her thoughts insisted upon drifting back and dwelling on that night's happenings with a persistency over which she had always found hard to re-

sufficiently with useless remembering what did she have left? The certainty

hair and his blue eyes, those eyes that had looked into hers filled with passion. She shuddered when she remem-

bered the tight, possessive clasp of his arms about her, and her own shy re-sponse to his kisses. It filled her with ANCY'S one idea was to get away. shame now, shame that she had been so easily deceived, infinite shame that she had ignored the warnings of others that Alvin Reed could never settle down

or thought she had. HAZEL DEVO
It hardly seemed BATCHELOR
possible now as she looked back that she ever could have loved him. But she suffered because of him, suffered the hot anger of youth and the humiliation that a woman always feels when she has given her heart to a man who has proven unworthy.

Even now she hated to look back upon that night when all her dreams and illusions had been smashed. It had seemed as though in a saingle moment a veil had been torn from her eyes and she had hated as quickly as she had loved. But in spite of herself her thoughts insisted upon drifting back.

Of course, Alvin had come to her this say quickly saw her, gasped and drew quickly saw proper to speak to him first on the street or should he speak first? I do not know whether Harry likes me or not, but when he sees me on the street with other giris he will not speak but he will not speak first? I do not know whether Harry likes me or not, but when he sees me on the street with other giris he will not speak first? I do not know whether Harry likes me or not, but when he sees me on the street or should he speak first? I do not know whether Harry likes me or not, but when he sees me on the street with other giris he will not speak but he will not speak for him. If you are slightly acquainted with any fellow is my running after him. If you are slight

And after she had tortured herself sist. Namey, you know that I love you and no one else. Allela Ramsey means nothing to me, but you know yourself ill-bred.

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY



makes the difference in most cases be-

tween even right and wrong:

If the climate is hot, folks wear almost no clothing; but not for one moment do they mean to be vulgar or iodest. They are as innocent as little children, or playful kittens, and their minds are as pure. Clothing has their minds are as pure. Clothing has no significance to them, except as a who are sensible enough to make up thing of warmth in chilly weather, or

rnament. The savage who paints brilliant blue and red and yellow streaks up and down his face is trying to express war vic-The paint in itself is not a matter of wickedness. The Chinese husband who compels his wife to blacken her teeth thinks he is making her ugly so that other men will not admire her. In a crude way, the custom is aimed at morality, with the idea that married women should not be alluring to men outside their home. A black-toothed wife cannot do much vamping!

And so, in Puritan America, respectable women did not paint solely because fast women did! It had been a custom for women of the streets to try to make up to look pink-cheeked and alluring. and this decoration, therefore, and become associated with unsavory sides of life, with degradation and promise arms Naturally, when the sheltered lady of the nome, and oh, horrors, the innocent schoolgirl daughter, began copy the arts and tricks it was a litter of stock and worry, for it seemed to mean immoral tendencies.

I recall that when I was a college undergraduate in California a delightundergraduate in Cattoring a delight-ful middle-aged society woman of San Francisco, in entertaining my mother and me in her home, pulled out a drawer to her dressing-table filled with a complete "make-up" outfit, offering it to us as naturally as one would offer drink of water A box of pewder, a box of rouge, a lipstick, a rabbit's foot (the soft fur then in vogue, with which to blend in the range) were arranged with her perfume, etc. It shocked us. greatly, for we were provincial and rim and associated makeup with disreputable persons, just as most well-bred women did in those days.

Now, it is as common as it is to offer a visitor seap and hor water, with which to wash her hamis and face! In fact. any business is so exceptional as not to have some not powder, especially in summer, when one feels hot and per-spiring, the guest is really quite incensed and is glad to get away, where the may find creature comforts much for the complete reversal of cus-tom in a few years' time.

In metropolitan centers, powdering and some slight tauch of pank rouge are almost universal with all women from

sixteen to eight). And now let us look at the few who do not use muy cosmetics.

The hard worker, the poor woman with none of the tollet necessories that make for freedness and charact the farm woman who netually labors with her hands, these look old and weather-beaten at forty. We are familiar with the type it a wisp of hair, or her hair face, which is seamed and red, or a bit withered and wrinkled from outdoor exposure on the hair withered and wrinkled from outdoor exposure on the new of the type it and no countermenting for to do the seame and soften. "Nature" may be all very well for the fresh, pink-cheeked plane and red, which her hands to open porces and cleanse and soften. "Nature" may be all very well for the fresh, pink-cheeked plane and no countered in the bed and dressing-state bandled plane and their pool beauty specialists takes off many years of old age and sassistance given to mature by modern women and their pool beauty specialists takes off many years of old age and the provided for each solder. If "beauty is its own excuse" visit.

The guest-room in a small house out of two is thely to be a play-room when visitors are not expected. Before the guest arrives to be an autural beauty—but the wise, scientifies and the control beauty and the writing paper and enveloped provided for each sassistance given to mature by modern women and their pool beauty specialists takes off many years of old age and take off many years of old a The hard worker, the poor woman with none of the fullet necessories that

And so she had given him her promise and for a short time she had been blindly happy. Then had come the night when they had gone together to the Raymond dance. She even remembered the feeling of pride she had had in being seen with him at an affair of that kind. And then during the evening she had come upon him suddenly with Alicia Ramsey in his arms. His fair head was bent over her dark one. as tall and slender she leaned against him, giving herself up to the passion of his kisses. And Nancy had stood there

that all men were unworthy, and not to be trusted, the assurance that she would never in all her life give her love to another man. She even went further than that. She liked to think of breaking other men's hearts as Alvin Reed had broken hers.

How confident she had been when she had promised to marry him. She could see him now with his crisp blond hair and his blue eyes, those eyes that

Woman's Life and Love

ple do not penetrate the makeup. They do not know what it is that makes you charming; they only feel vaguely that you are agreeable to look at—and surely there is nothing degenerate or shocking in creating a soothing and pleasant impression on the eye of the beholder.

Now, I have spoken of the women who are sensible enough to make up who are sensible enough to make up ple do not penetrate the makeup. They

wisely and carefully. They have beautified the picture, not caricatured it Perhaps you have had a mental image all the time of some of the whitewashed. calcimined girls in the streets of our great cities, whose young faces are cov ered an inch deep with chalk, which obscures the texture of the skin entirely No vestige of a healthy, transparent surface is visible and the dead white is thick as the whitewashed side of a billboard. On each cheek is a circle of bright red that resembles nothing nat-ural. The thickness of the disguise the bright, pretty blushes suffusing the

check that once were so captivating. The nose being more protruding, bears the brunt of the whitewashing, and is the brunt of the whitewashing, and is unnaturally white, a ghastly sight, resembling the paint of a clown—which we all know tends to be humorous!

Cannot these foolish virgins see in their mirrors that they are travesties on youthful beauty? No; the eye of one who paints becomes jaundiced and allied to color it is according to the color of t dulled to color. It is an actual fact that one tends to put on more and more red by year, for one's eyes become accusby year, for one's eyes become accusfored a my wondering if you would help
tomed to the sight of the makeup, and
we do not get a fresh view of our own
faces. It is well, therefore, to err on
the other side, and try to use only the
faintest hit of nink in order to counterfaintest bit of pink, in order to counter-

WHAT'S WHAT



A HAT AND BAG TO MATCH ,

What to Do

By CYNTHIA

A Thunderbolt Falls

Dear Cynthia—The Bible says, "Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips." The immortal Shakespeare tells us that "there is not one wise man in twenty that will praise himself." Evidently "Mens Temporum" hasn't heard or read of these passages. His very appellation—Mens temporum, mind of the times—displays unheard-of egotism. And he knocks "The Plebe," a man with intellect, whose "unintelligible" epistle failed to show the manifestations of egotism of which "Mens Temporum" spoke. Then in the peroration of his dissertation he (Mens Temporum) "warns" "The Plebe," "a chambrosate effect upon my risibility."

Why I myself could easily defeat Mens

we'll go.

This letter it is a debate. If he doesn't believe it let him name a subject and we'll go.

THINDERBOLT.

Who Speaks First? Dear Cynthia—I am a reader of your column in the Evening Public Ledgen swaying in the doorway of the conservatory, unable to go backward or forward, her eyes rooted to the scene before her, till with a little cry Alicip saw her, gasped and drew qutckly saw her, gasped and drew qutckly saw her, in the scene to see her? I think he may think it am running after him. If you are HELENA.

You should not be so stiff about conventions. When you see a man yo know, of course, speak to him, and

Dear Cynthia—First impressions are always lasting, and after reading the letter written by "Reddy" to your col-umn we wish to say that he made a de-cidedly good impression by some of his

versa.

To prove our contention when we say that the boys prefer the paint and powder girls, take ourselves, for instance. Why, at a dance or party the Plain Janes like we were don't even get a look, while the big-timers seem to be the whole show.

As for the girls preferring one-button, high-cut suits, sailor-effect pants, bell cuffs and patent leather kicks, we'll say a great many of them do, just as a

Making Up Your Face

**PAINTED bussies, that's what they are; a few years ago, no respectable woman would have appeared on the streets rouged and powdered, and powdered, and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered with that of the city counts are a few years ago, no respectable woman would have appeared on the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered with that of the city counts are countred to the succession to hear the girls say, which Dick ones and the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered with that of the city counts are countred to the success of the same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets are same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets are same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the streets rouged and powdered. The same the streets are same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the streets are same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the street was a same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the street was a same the same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the same to us that one might as well use and powdered. The same the same to us that one might as well use and powdered with the follows prefer the powders the private secretary, and is in love early to the same the same to wome the same to us that one might as well as same their mutual trust and happiness. And, manlike, be thought that prime the same to same their mutual trust and happiness. And, manlike, be thought the private secretary, and is in love early the private secretary, and is

If, my dears, you have so little idea of responsibility in life that you ac-tually think you might as well be dead as not in style, Cynthia is very sor for you. Better stop and think a wh We are not put in this world only seek pleasure.

The Woman's Exchange

Try the Department Stores To the Editor of Woman's Page:

board. On each cheek is a circle of bright red that resembles nothing natural. The thickness of the disguise prevents the natural ebb and flow of the human blood, so that we nevermore see the bright, pretty blushes suffusing the

The department stores have teachers installed in their art needlework de-partments to teach just this kind of fancy work to customers who buy their

To the Editor of Wanca's Page: one tends to put on more and more red or blacken the eyes more thickly year of your column each evening and therefaintest bit of pink, in order to counterate the pailor of city living. The only excuse for making up is to add beauty, and overdoing it is to be repulsive or ridiculous. But, in itself, it has nothing to do with our moral character.

some pointers regarding the care of a fern? A K.
Ferns need a great deal of water.
Keep yours watered so that the ground is most, not wet, but moist, watering it every day, and once a week give it i every day, and once a week give it a regular bath. Set it in the tub and sprinkle each frond with water, so that it glistens and shines and is entirely free from dust and mud. Keep it in a place where it will get sun part of the day, but not all day long and not too hot. I am sure you will have success with it if you just remember these few important facts. You must have a very nice mother-in-law.

Using Cold Cream

To the Editor of Women's Page
Dear Madam—Kindly tell me how to
use a cleansing cream instead of soal)
as I have very tender skin. When is
the best time to use !!? Will it make
hair grow on the face." How should a
skin food cream be used? Will ice burt
the skin?
Rub the cream gently into your face,
allow it to stay a minute or two then

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Invisible Sailors By DADDY

> CHAPTER I The Wish Boat

DEGGY, Billy and Folly Wisher, the goblin, gazed in wonder at the pretty sailboat which had come at Peggy's wish to save them from the black Arrican savages. As for Flower of the Forest, the girl captive, and Youth of the Lion Heart, her chocolate-colored lever they were amonged at the way lover, they were amazed at the way they had been saved from Chief Mighty

The sailboat, after picking up the children, the goblin, the girl and the youth, headed out into the broad river. Behind arose a funny farewell chorus: "A-chew! A-chew! A-chew! A-chew! It was the savages sneezing over the red pepper Peggy had thrown into the fire built by Billy. Peggy still had a lot of red pepper left in her sack, but now it appeared she would not have to use it, for the sailboat was carrying them swiftly from the sneezing saythem swiftly from the sneezing sav

Between sneezes the savages shouted with rage as they saw the sailboat bearing away the girl and her chocolate-colored lover. Some of them threw their spears at the boat, only to lose the spears in the water. Others shot darts, but these also dropped harmlessly into the river without reaching the boat. The pretty craft sped on swiftly and soon left the savages out of sight.

Pages and Bills quickly noticed one

Suddenly what looked like a black rock rose out of the river ahead. As they gazed at this rock it opened up, and they saw it had a great red mouth

"Why, it is a hippopotamus," she cried, stumbling a bit over the big word.
"To be sure it is. Hippopotamus is

just the Greek way of saying river horse." laughed Folly Wisher.
They were headed hippopotamus. The pretty sailboat might be wrecked by crashing into it. might be wrecked by crashing into it. Billy saw the danger and leaped for the tiller to steer the sailboat away. As Billy laid his hand on the tiller a strange thing happened—he was pushed backward and sent numbling head over heels. At the same time the tiller moved sharply, and the boat slid safely by the huge river horse.

Billy was vexed as he picked himself up. "Who pushed me?" he demanded. Folly Wisher laughed.
"The steersman pushed you," he said.
"Don't you know better than to touch ar their mutual trust and happiness.
And, manlike, he thought that priming the measures would win Miss Mary grabbing the wheel on an automobile like to him.

when some one else is steering."
"I didn't see any steersman," de clared Billy, going back to the tiller.
"This boat is steering itself." Again Billy laid his hand on the tiller, and again he was given a push that sent

him tumbling on the deck.

"Ho, ho, ho! Didn't I tell you to keep away from that tiller?" laughed Folly Wisher. "The invisible sailors who are sailing this boat don't like to have persons bother them."

Billy and Peggy were astonished to hear Folly Wisher speak of invisible

sailors. "Oh, I'd like to see the invisible sailors." cried Peggy.

A QUIET LITTLE PERSON TAKES HOLD OF YOUR HEART

And When Summertime or Work or Economy Takes Her Out of Your Everyday Life You Feel Lost and Lonely

And with that strange nonchalance which seems to be part of the human nature, as you take her into your everyday life you forget your admiration for her and simply take her for granted.

She comes and goes with a dainty sort of thoughtfulness which thinks of nice things to do when you want nice things done without realizing it, and yet never intrudes with bothersome things when you don't want bothersome things done.

Her likes and dislikes seem to fit into

your own in a pleasing way that you accept as mildly surprising.

You discover that she loves dogs, that the ways of children amuse her, that she doesn't like to see a man smoke a stubby agar, that she has seen and likes to did associations with the chiest of the seen and likes to see a man smoke a stubby agar.

soon left the savages out of sight.

Peggy and Billy quickly noticed one very queer thing about the boat—it seemed to be sailing itself. No sailors were in sight to steer it nor to trim the sails. And yet the boat swept around the broad bends so skillfully and held to its course so truly they knew it couldn't be just drifting along.

Suddenly what looked like a black

THERE are all kinds of little quirks fact comes home to you. I and curves in the nature of this and they saw it had a great red mouth with huge teeth.

"Jimmety! What's that?" yelled Billy.

Folly Wisher laughed. "That is a But with it all she has such a demure of this friend that meet up with the curlicues to coming and going of Marilouise. Her fact highly.

But with it all she has such a demure quiet and dainty.

Billy.

Folly Wisher laughed. "That is a river horse." he answered. But Peggy remembered having seen a mouth like that before.

Then an offer comes along and she little ways have made.

Then an offer comes along and she little ways have made. Then an offer comes along and she little ways have made.

IT SOMETIMES happens that a quiet little person comes into the range of your acquaintance.

You like her right away, and as you come to know her better you are glad you liked her at first.

Then chance, or fate, or whatever you call it, brings you closer together, puts you in the same office, arranges for you to room at the same house, or brings her to live near you so that you see her every day.

And with that strange nonchalance the same for takes another position, summer comes along and she goes away, or a rent cheaper quarters.

And you realize not for the first time but more deeply than ever before what a large space in your life this little person has taken possession of.

There's a wide, airy, empty place doesn't seem to be anything to fill it up, to her, and when you have given a place of your heart to a friend you never quits get it back again.

ou don't want bothersome things that her likes and dislikes seem to fit into new experiences, meets new people and there is little to remind her of "old

But here at home there are the same

or to look out her window—and you feel a distinct lonely pang when this THERE'S no commotion about the





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NEMO GUARANTEE OVER ALL

Temerrow-A World Topples.

weakness-and it And this 'camsponsible for endcase of Mary Drew. into the conservatory his one thought and wish was for a reconciliation with PARIS SAYS FROCK, CAPE, SKIRT COSTUME



By CORINNE LOWE We find a beautiful costume from

Today we are showing a garment "Do you wish deliberately to ignore merge for afternoon wear, consisting all that has passed between us?" He of a frock that combines rust color thing the words at Mary, breathlessly. and gray Canton crepe and a cape of "Do you wish me to understand that the same material and cutried out in the same colors. The wrap is rust color, lined with the gray, and this lin
Mary inclined her head. It gave her ing shows the same claborate embroid- a queer, odd satisfaction to see the ery of rust color silk displayed on the whiteness of Dick's lips. Oh, he had

You roally must have something "matching" in these days to be really

smart. Your skirt and hat should be of the same material, your parasol and skirt, your sweater and stockings, or some two parts of your costume. Here is shown a hat and handbag of the same striped fancy silk, in orange and white. Just the thing for a summer day's shopping,

especially if you want to look well at lunch or tea afterward

AT 'CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

ticulate, and Dick was no exception. 'Mary, I can't go on like this-"Like what?" said Mary coolly, stepping from the sweet-scented dusk of the conservatory out into the lighted room beyond. "Mr. Calardin, what do you want with me?"

He faced her squarely, his boyish face very pale, but his eyes leveled di-"You know what I want, Mary-

you, and nothing else! I haven't Mary bit her lip to hide its trembling. "Changed? Ab, no, perhaps not! You should rather say you've ceased pretending! That's more like the

A finsh of anger-yes, and painwas glinting in her pretty, smoke-blue "Ceased pretending?" Dick was be-ldered. "Pretending what?" wildered. The glint remained in Mary's eyes as she made answer imperturbably : "Pretending that you ever cared for

me, if you want me to be specific!"
"But, Mary"—Dick took a step
toward her and held out his hand—
"Mary, I have always cared!" "Rubbish!" rejoined Mary tersely. Jealousy-the cause of deep unhappiness-had her in its grip now, and she was powerless to resist. "Mr. Calardin, I may as well tell you here and now that expressions of liking andand admiration don't mean a thing to me! They don't, indeed! Because I happen to know that there is nothing behind them-except the easy wish of a -a superficial man to flatter a girl who has aroused his-his fleeting admira-

Dick stared at her, astounded. This calm, self-possessed damsel, with her ready flow of words—she surely was ot Mary Drew, the girl he loved-and

wanted! He could not gauge the jealousy that spurred poor Mary on. He could not sauge the depth of her unhappiness. He ould only see a pretty, soft-lipped girl. hose appearance belted the cool words that she uttered—a girl who, apparenty, was bent on hurting him.

"Tell me-it isn't true that you've promised to marry Mr. Bellairs?' Dick strode forward and caught her by the His grlp was painful. But Mary idn't flinch. Nothing in the world didn't flinch. Nothing in the world could ever hurt her any more, she told

A demon of perversity urged her on. Of course Dick did not care for her. She could not hurt bim in his love. for love was non-existent. But she could hart him in his pride! She could show him that he did not count for anything in her young life . . .

Wounded vaulty could sting. She knew it.
"Why shouldn't I engage myself to any one I choose". Her soft lip curled. "And why should I inform you of the Dick dropped her arm and moved a

step away from her. He was white to the lips now, and the glint in her eyes was reflected in his own. Two could play at this cruel game * *