

THE LOVE COWARDS
By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR
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A new serial in which a girl's young love turned to bitterness because of the unfaithfulness of her lover. Mrs. Batchelor writes an appealing story of Nancy Hathaway'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. She wanted to bury herself in the wilderness where she would never see another man as long as she lived.
Love! She scoffed at the idea of there being such a thing as a girl who had invented the idea anyway? And her thoughts kept tumbling about themselves in a veritable orgy of self-lamenting and disgust.
Of course, the reason for it, she thought, was that she had loved him. And she had loved him so much that she had given her heart to a man who she had never known she could love. But she had given her heart to a man who she had never known she could love. But she had given her heart to a man who she had never known she could love.
Nancy had loved him. And she had loved him so much that she had given her heart to a man who she had never known she could love. But she had given her heart to a man who she had never known she could love.

Please Tell Me What to Do
By CYNTHIA

A Thunderbolt Falls
Dear Cynthia—The Bible says, "Let another man realize that and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips." The immortal Shakespeare tells us that these things will come in twenty that will please himself." Evidently "Mens Temporum" hasn't heard of these things, for he writes a dissertation—Mens temporum, mind of the times—displays unlearned erudition and shows the manifestations of epigrams of what Mens Temporum signifies.
Then in the peroration of his dissertation he (Mens Temporum) warns: "The Pious" a chambermaid effect upon my stability.
Why I myself could easily defeat Mens Temporum in a debate. If he doesn't believe, let him name the subject and we'll go.
THUNDERBOLT.

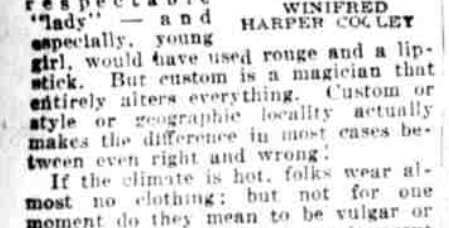
Who Speaks First?
Dear Cynthia—I am a reader of your column in the Evening Public Ledger, and I thought you would advise me. I am in love with a fellow called Harry, and I love him dearly. I do not know whether he loves me or not. I am a very good friend of his sister, and so you think it proper to go to her house to see her. I think he may think I am slightly acquainted with any fellow, it is 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 girls he will not speak, but he will if I am alone. Some of the girls near me have a club, and we intend to have a party. They are going to invite their boyfriends. I think I should invite Harry. When I go to see his sister at night he always stays at home, but if she goes to a party, he never stays at home. I would like to see the answer to this as soon as possible.
HELLENA.

Tomorrow—"So This is the End!"
Dear Cynthia—You know that I love you and no one else. Alvin Ramsey means nothing to me, but you know yourself how she is, and the way she gets around you. Why, at a dance or party the Plain Jane like we were don't even get a look, while the big-timers seem to be in the whole show.
To prove our contention when we say that the boys prefer the plain and powder girls, take yourselves for an example. Why, at a dance or party the Plain Jane like we were don't even get a look, while the big-timers seem to be in the whole show.

Woman's Life and Love
By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Making Up Your Face
PAINTED faces, that's what they are; a few years ago, no respectable woman would have appeared on the streets rouged and powdered. About eleven years ago, however, and reformers in the meantime, probably three or four daughters were making up their faces, and filling their vanity cases.
It is quite true that even a decade ago, ten little years, no girl would have used rouge and a lipstick. But custom is a matter that changes, and custom is a thing that custom is a matter that changes, and custom is a matter that changes.
The savage who paints brilliant blue and red and yellow streaks up and down his face is trying to express war victory. The point in itself is not a matter of wickedness. This naive 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 that married women should not be allowing to roam outside their home. A black-toothed wife cannot do much wrong!
And so, in Puritan America, respectable women did not paint. Custom is a matter that changes, and custom is a matter that changes, and custom is a matter that changes.

being; then ugliness and the beginning of nature's decay are their own excuses for artificial means of prolonging youth and charm.
Contrast the worn and parchment-yellow face of the woman who does not even use a dash of delicate perfume powder with that of her city cousin who is so carefully but tastefully made up. The former looks ten or fifteen years older and far less attractive. If both are good, sweet, kindly women, their morals differ not the slightest, simply because one woman has become worldly and sophisticated enough to know how to enhance her natural beauty.
Look about you. You can see these contrasts constantly. People, men and women both, will say to you, "How fresh and pretty you look today; you must be taking life easy." Yet you may be working very hard. It is simply that you take good care of your complexion. Keep clean, use cold cream at night and a little delicate white and pink powder. The vast majority of neoplates 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 eyes of the beholder.
Now, I have spoken of the women who are sensible enough to make up wisely and carefully. They have beautiful faces, and their eyes are big and bright. Perhaps you have had a mental image all the time of some of the whitewashed, rascally girls in the streets of your great cities, whose young faces are covered with an inch-deep white chalk, which obscures the texture of the skin entirely. No vestige of a healthy, transparent surface is visible and the dead white is thick in some places, and so thin in others. The thickness of the disguise prevents the natural ebb and flow of the human blood, so that the complexion is bright, pretty, blushing sufficing the cheek that once were so captivating. The nose being more protruding, bears 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 mirror, that they are travelers on youthful beauty? No; the eye of one who paints becomes jaundiced and dulled to color. It is an actual fact that one tends to put on more and more red, when the eyes more thickly yearn by year, for one's eyes become accustomed to the sight of the makeup, and so do not get a fresh glow of our own color. It is well, therefore, to go to the other side, and try to use only the faintest bit of pink, in order to counteract the pallor of city living. The only excuse for making up is to add beauty, and, in doing so, to be regular and religious. But, in itself, it has nothing to do with our moral character.



WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

WHAT'S WHAT
By HELEN DEWIE
Now, it is as common as it is to offer a visitor soap and hot water, with which, if any hostess is an exceptional one, she may add some extra soap, especially in summer, when one feels hot and perspiring, the guest is really quite interested in the soap and hot water. So much for the complete reversal of custom in a few years' time.
In metropolitan centers, powdering and some slight touch of rouge are almost universal with all women from sixteen to eighty.
And now let us look at the few who do not use any cosmetics. These are the hard workers, the poor women with none of the toilet necessities that make for freshness and charm; the farm women who actually labor with their hands, these look old and weather-beaten at forty. We are familiar with the type; a wild hair, or her hair pulled back tight and plain from her face, which is tanned and red, or a bit withered and wrinkled from outdoor exposure and no counteracting hot cloths, cold-cream messages or stoup applications and astringents to open pores and cleanse and soften. "Nature" may be all very well for the fresh, pink-checked young girl, or the curly-haired, red-checked matron, who changes to be a natural beauty, but the wise, scientific assistance given to nature by modern women and their paid beauty specialists takes off many years of old age and causes pleasure to its own excuser. If "beauty is its own excuse

The Woman's Exchange
Try the Department Stores
To the Editor of Women's Page:
Dear Madam—Would you be so kind as to advise me where I can buy a hat and bag to match?
I have been married a little over two years, and my husband has presented me with a beautiful fur coat and a fine hat. I am sure I can find some place for you if you let me know about it.
MRS. W. B.

About the Care of a Fern
To the Editor of Women's Page:
Dear Madam—I am a constant reader of your column and I am writing to you because I am wondering if you would mind me on the question I am about to ask you. I have a beautiful fern plant, and I am sure I can find some place for you if you let me know about it.
MRS. W. B.

Using Cold Cream
To the Editor of Women's Page:
Dear Madam—Kindly tell me how to use a cleaning cream instead of soap as it is very tender on skin. What is the best time to use it? Will it make hair grow on the face? How should a skin cream be used? Will it help the skin?
J. M.

A HAT AND BAG TO MATCH



Courtesy J. A. Miel, Inc.

AT CUPID'S CALL
By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clerks.
Dick Calaridin, Bellairs' ward, one of the big-time characters, 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 she has her eye on him as well as on Julian, Bellairs' son who is in the employ of a country estate to do some work for him there.
"I HAVEN'T CHANGED"
No emotion plays a more powerful part in the history of human lives than jealousy.
In almost every case the jealous woman is more to be pitied than the man. In jealousy, pride steps in to incline the heart of her or she is feeling.
Jealousy is a weakness—here it is a weakness that must be hidden.
And this "emotional" is responsible for—MAY CHRISTIE.
less misery. It "worked" now in the case of Mary Drew.

Paris Says Frock, Cape, Skirt Costume
By CORINNE LOWE
We find a beautiful costume from Premet, with cape and skirt of white satin—embellished each by black tulle and loops of black satin—lined with a gabardine costume from some other Paris designer representing in the lining of the cape the same silk which trims the frock.
Today we are showing a garment made for afternoon wear, consisting of a frock that combines rust color and gray Canton crepe and a cape of the same material and carried out in the same colors. The rust is rust color, lined with the gray, and this lining shows the same elaborate embroidery of rust color silk displayed on the panels of the frock. The scarf ends of that smart, feminine color are distinguished by the same embroidery.



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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES
The Inevitable Sailors
By DADDY

CHAPTER I
The Wish Boat
PEGGY, Billy and Folly Wisner, the goblin, gazed in wonder at the pretty sailboat which had come at Peggy's call to save them from the black bird's can savages. As for Flower of the Forest, the girl captive, and Youth of the Lion Heart, her chocolate-colored lover, they were amazed at the way they had been saved from Chief Migtly Spear.
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 Bellairs had thrown into the river with 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 savages.
Between sneezes the savages shouted with rage as they saw the sailboat bearing away the girl and her chocolate-colored lover. Some of them throw 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.
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 firmly they knew it couldn't be just drifting along.
Suddenly what looked like a black rock rose out of the river ahead. As they gazed at this rock it opened, and they saw it had a great red mouth with huge teeth.
"Jimmey! What's that?" yelled Billy.
Folly Wisner laughed. "That is a river horse." He answered, but Peggy remembered having seen a mouth like that before.
"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 Wisner.
They were headed straight for the hippopotamus. The pretty sailboat might be wrecked by crashing into it, but they saw the danger and prepared 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 tumbling 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.
"The steersman pushed you," he said.
"Don't you know better than to touch the tiller of a boat when a sailor is in charge of it? That is as bad as grabbing the wheel on an automobile when some one else is steering." declared 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 ground.
"Ho, ho, ho! Didn't I tell you to keep away from that tiller?" laughed Folly Wisner. "The invisible sailors who are sailing this boat don't like to have persons bother them."
Billy and Peggy were astonished to hear Folly Wisner speak of invisible sailors.
"Oh, I'd like to see the invisible sailors," cried Peggy.

TOMORROW—"So This is the End!"
Dear Cynthia—You know that I love you and no one else. Alvin Ramsey means nothing to me, but you know yourself how she is, and the way she gets around you. Why, at a dance or party the Plain Jane like we were don't even get a look, while the big-timers seem to be in the whole show.
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