

"The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

Nancy Haveray, because she has found her lover unattractive, is distressed by all men and becomes a love coward. On the spur of the moment she accepts a mysterious offer to become governess to a little child in a lovely house on the coast of Massachusetts. She and Miss Henderson, the woman who engages her, arrive at Rock Haven late at night.

CHAPTER VII The Locked Door

AT THE Miss Henderson had left her, Nancy tiptoed to the door of the adjoining room, listened a moment, then turned the handle and went noiselessly in. The light from her own room streamed over the threshold, and Nancy could see quite plainly the slender little figure in the tiny white bed.

She seemed very small and slight and a quantity of heavy ruffled pillows were piled up behind her. She seemed so alone and so lonely, that Nancy's heart went out to the child. She hoped that Tris would like her, and drawing the covers up over her slender shoulders and arms, she went back to her room leaving the door open as Miss Henderson had requested. When Nancy was ready for bed she went to the window and her little white slip struck her full in the face and she shivered in her light clothing. The roar of the sea came up to her from some distance, and the ceaseless pounding of the breakers added to the little feeling of doubt that Nancy could not somehow shake off. Involuntarily she crossed over to the door to see if it were locked, but as she reached it the sound of voices drifted up to her from below. There was a soft, friendly voice, and then Miss Henderson's voice, but the man's voice answered her was evidently in a fearful rage, for although Nancy could not distinguish any words, his tones were stern and his temper plainly undisciplined.

Putting out her hand suddenly to turn the knob of her door, Nancy's eyes fell on the keyhole, and there was no key in it! A moment later when she tried the knob, the door seemed to rush from her hand to her heart, leaving her weak and staring on her feet. The door was locked, and that meant that some one had turned the key on the outside and that she was a prisoner in her room.

When her common sense reasserted itself, Nancy stood there a moment considering. She had a wild impulse to bang on the door until some one came. It was a wild and senseless idea, but in one's room, and the ominousness of it in connection with what Miss Henderson had told her struck cold terror to Nancy's heart.

Standing there in her thin night things she finally realized that she was cold. The room seemed to be filled with the cold, dank mist from the ocean, and to get away from it Nancy pressed shiveringly between the sheets. It seemed that she lay there a long time, but in reality it was only a very few moments, for she was suddenly fired and not even the strange happenings that had heralded her arrival could keep her awake for long. When she finally opened her eyes the sun was streaming through the open window, and out on the beach the sea no longer seethed and roared. It flung its waves up on the beach with a soft, caressing sound, and Nancy's somehow that it must be before noon.

Suddenly there was a sound from the next room, a rush of bare feet on the floor, and turning her head Nancy saw a slender white-robed figure standing in the doorway. In all her life Nancy never forgot the picture that little Tris Henderson made with the cold October sunlight touching her golden hair and her little white dress, her sporty face looking wistfully into Nancy's.

"You'll take cold, dear," Nancy called lightly, "come and get in bed with me."

And after a moment's hesitation Tris came slowly across the room and allowed Nancy to draw her into the bed. Nancy longed to discover that the child was unused to demonstrations of any kind. She had apparently never been loved as other children are loved, for she was shy before Nancy's advances.

Tomorrow—The Bruised Wrist

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Dear Cynthia—We are two girls, aged sixteen and seventeen. We have been invited on a picnic and we have never met the two boys we are going with. Are we doing wrong in going to a picnic with boys we have never met? Also, dear Cynthia, our mothers say we are too young to go on picnics with boys. Do you think we are?

SIXTEEN AND SEVENTEEN My dear young girls, why ask Cynthia if you are doing wrong? The answer is that it is not wrong if you do not think it is. How would the boys you have never met react if you go with them? If they are young men assigned to go with you by the business, there are things to be considered. Your mothers probably would not want you to go, and your mothers' dear girls is to obey them.

A Poor Suggestion Dear Cynthia—About a week ago you printed a letter from some one who had been left out in the cold asking how he can get acquainted with a few nice girls. The usual answer is to "ask your pastor to introduce you," but this plan isn't always practical, because, as I read, a number of the girls have their names engraved in the "book of gold." So perhaps a few tips from the only "out of town" lady will not be taken amiss.

About the time when I had just begun to write my column, I didn't know where or how to meet the boys, being a girl who is not a member of the church. I sat on the front porch waiting for some passing beauty to fall readily in love with me, and I was very disappointed. Finally I got tired of holding out my hand and decided to take matters into my own hands. I decided to be the master of my destiny, as they say in the ads of books on self-power.

I based my proposed system of conquest on that well-known adage, "Paint the white on the black." I had a friend who had just come from a party where she had met a very nice fellow. Well, I was fortunate in my suggestion, for the lady who had just been introduced to me by my friend, was a very nice girl. After that I never again sat on the porch waiting for some passing beauty to fall readily in love with me. I decided to take matters into my own hands. I decided to be the master of my destiny, as they say in the ads of books on self-power.

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DO YOU MAKE YOUR OWN COLLARS?



Showing wrong side of vest with first strip of lace, cut through center turned back ready to be rolled and hemmed.

Inexpensive, dainty neckwear can be made at home to add a finishing touch of fitness to the light summer frocks.

LACE and embroidery strips, medallions and oldings are set together ingeniously to form wonderful fronts to wear with sweaters, suit coats, and blouses. All of this work should be done by hand. The foundation is a sheer net, georgette or something sheer. First of all, the foundation material must be pressed so it is perfectly smooth. Then the medallion or insertion is fastened to this foundation. There is not the slightest pucker, either in it or the net underneath; using a fine thread and needle, the edge is sewed down everywhere. Of course, the smallest possible stitches must be taken, and the thread must not be pulled too tight.

The material is then cut away underneath, leaving a good eighth of an inch margin, which is rolled back and hemmed. Another way to finish the work on the underside is first to hem the material, leaving a good eighth of an inch margin, which is rolled back and hemmed. Another way to finish the work on the underside is first to hem the material, leaving a good eighth of an inch margin, which is rolled back and hemmed.

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The Woman's Exchange

Ink Stain on Silk Dear Madam—I accidentally spotted my pussy-willow taffeta skirt with ink in school and would like to take it out. Hearing about you, I thought I would try writing you this letter.

It is very difficult to find anything that can be used on silk to take out an ink stain. Oxalic acid is successful on some materials, but before you try it on your skirt, test it on the under side of the hem where it will not show. If you use it, be sure you have a saturated solution of the acid for a few minutes, then rinse or sponge off the material in your test you can safely move. If you use it, be sure you have a saturated solution of the acid for a few minutes, then rinse or sponge off the material in your test you can safely move.

Getting Married in Camden Dear Madam—Can a young lady and young man of age be married in Camden or any other city in New Jersey without having resided there for a certain length of time?

A marriage license is obtained on Saturday? If so, until what time? Is it necessary to have witnesses at the ceremony?

It is not necessary to be a resident of New Jersey in order to get a marriage license, but non-residents must obtain their license in the city or town where the ceremony is to be performed and witnesses must accompany them in any case. The offices are open on Saturday until noon. It is always necessary to have witnesses at a marriage ceremony. Philadelphia licenses are always published.

Wants Help for a Friend Dear Madam—I am a continuous reader of this column and this is the first time I ever wrote to this column. I am a young man and I am looking for a friend.

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The Word "Wonderful" Is Heard in All Kinds of Sentences Everywhere

AND as soon as you talk about "the youth of today," you've got them all going the opposite direction. "The youth of today," "well dressed young people only a few years out of school," "don't care to be singled out and addressed in reproachful terms." They don't mind being singled out, but this "reproachful terms stuff" is not for them, they beg to be excused every time.

No, you can't reform by talking against the thing you don't like; all you can do is try to invent some new words which will become more popular than "youth of today." And I wish you luck, for it really is deplorable the way we, in this world, today get hold of one word and use it for every occasion, no matter how big or how little.

WELL, she means that, and it's very good to get so much thrill from an unimportant thing like a new dress. There are so many girls in the world to whom another new dress is just like another piece of bread.

A boy comes home late at night from this same party and tells his parents that he had a wonderful time—first of all, he had a wonderful time. He has seemed all of "wonderful" to any one older, more experienced, more settled—or perhaps more "set"—but to him he has had a wonderful time. He doesn't ask anything better of life.

"I think you're wonderful," says an admiring friend simply, to the woman who has made over an old dress, baked her cakes turn out "sad," her voice and knees tremble, and her child is a spoiled lump.

Naturally she would feel full of wonder at the accomplishment of a woman who could do any of these things. "What a wonderful piece of machinery," she would say, "what a wonderful puppy, a wonderful sunset, such a wonderful day!" you hear it on all sides every day.

It is overdue, just like "cute," "darling" and "awfully," but it is better adapted to overdoing than any of these other words.

For to every one who uses this expression the blade of grass or the giant which is being described does for the moment, and can seem "wonderful." It is that a careful reading of the dictionary would not help us very much, I'm afraid.

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Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

On Getting Married life's riddle seems to me to be compromise—not compromising with one's conscience or principles, but compromising with our wild longings, and the extreme of impossible attainment. A man's opportunity, the only attitude that keeps a thinking person from going mad. Of course, a person who does not think of compromise as a nice little Pollyanna thing that everything is done and excellent, even although her mother died of starvation and her husband was killed at the height of his career, and her children were run over by an automobile.

If life gives us hard knocks, marriage is apt to be one of them. Vast numbers of modern persons condemn the institution as such, and are extremely cynical. Others try to bolster up and try to lure people into trying it, and then advocate that once in the door be firmly locked and no divorce be permitted to get one out of the prison.

"She didn't know when she was well off," declare hundreds of nature women in commenting on some girl who has been a matrimonial success. Perhaps she has wealthy parents and married poor. Or she may have had a good job and given it up to marry. The cynical attitude that marriage is a mistake is stupid and unnatural. Of course, love and marriage are desirable, just about the most desirable thing in life. The negative attitude that marriage brings all human experience, because it steps problems and complications and possible unhappiness, is outlandish. It is comparable to walking all your life because you fear that if you took a train you might get into a railroad accident. Of course, one must take chances always and all the time.

But that does not mean to jump into matrimony without any thought, advice or judgment. Of course, we should not let transient passion blind us to bad qualities that are apparent to any one who is not really taking advice—but you may be pretty sure that if two or more persons, unprejudiced, tell you that man is a hound or a natural fire chest, and it is no good, they are right and you are wrong and you will wreck your happiness by trying up to him.

We all want love and ideal companionship. There is nothing in life that is so much desired and so much sought after as love and ideal companionship. There is nothing in life that is so much desired and so much sought after as love and ideal companionship.

Write and tell Mrs. Cooley about your problems. She will be glad to take them up and discuss them in this column.

At Cupid's Call

By MAY CHRISTIE

My dear young girls, why ask Cynthia if you are doing wrong? The answer is that it is not wrong if you do not think it is. How would the boys you have never met react if you go with them? If they are young men assigned to go with you by the business, there are things to be considered. Your mothers probably would not want you to go, and your mothers' dear girls is to obey them.

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Advertisement for Adams Chiclets gum, featuring a large illustration of a woman's face and several packs of gum. Text includes: "ADAMS Chiclets THE ORIGINAL CANDY COATED GUM", "Philadelphia is fond of Adams Chiclets. It discovered them, for they originated right here, and now consumes more of them than any other city in the world.", "10 for 5¢", "PURE CHEWING GUM".