The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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This is the first installment of the story of a girl who becomes engaged to the wrong man, and who doesn't feel quite right about it. Many a girl has this disturbing experience, and the working out of the problem, as well as the unexpected and exciting events which take place, will prove deeply interesting, written as they are in Mrs. Batchelor's most vivid and realistic style.

CHAPTER I

Theodora's Promise

AFTER it was all over Theodora had a sense of disappointment that she somehow could not quite understand.

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Certainly she wasn't at all sure of what she had expected, for, of course, she had known for a long time that Jimmy was going to ask her to marry him. They had known each other for four years, and during all that time Jimmy had always come to her with his troubles. He depended on her. Over and over again he had told her that, and this sense of need had aroused all the maternal feeling buried deep in every woman, so that Theodora had come to let Jimmy lean on her more and more.

But now that she had promised to marry him, why did she feel as if she had expected more from the man she was to choose from all the world? Was it because Jimmy's proposal had been lacking in fire. Had he stressed too much the fact that he needed her?

But, then, that was absurd. Theodora wanted him to need her, she was proud of the fact. And yet that nagging little doubt remained to tantalize her, and she was angry with herself for feeling that way about it.

As far as she could understand this feeling was due in part to the fact that she felt no different than she had earlier in the evening. Nothing was changed, everything was terribly and unromantically the same, and why? Theo had somehow imagined that an engagement changed everything, that the whole world was different. But here she was, half an hour after Jimmy had asked her to marry him, and she felt no different. Her heart did not beat any the faster, nor did her pulses leap at the memory of the things he had whispered to her. This was not at all the kind of love one read about in books; there was no wild thrill about it, just a steady acceptance of things that had nothing at all ecstatic about it.

"What is the matter with me? What on earth do I expect?" Theo asked herself over and over. "The trouble with me is that I've been expecting a story book kind of an engagement, and this is real life. I'm not a child. I ought to know whether I love Jimmy or not. And I do love him. I want to marry him, he needs me!"

Always it came back to that. Jimmy needed her and Theo never stopped to probe deeper and to ask herself whether or not she needed him. But the fact remained just the same that she did not think of Jimmy with any kind of a thrill, and even though she scoffed at herself she was vaguely disappointed.

Of course, she had been surprised when Jimmy had suggested that she keep on with her work.

"I just thought you might like the extra money," he had said rather lamely when he saw the expression in her eyes. "Of course, I want you to do exactly as you think best; you know what I make, and, of course, we'll have to be careful, it isn't so much."

"I'll make it go just as far as I can," Theo had hastened to say, but in spite of herself a little gand had assailed her. Was Jimmy disappointed because she had been willing to give up her work? Was it the extra money he had counted on? She wondered. Of course, his salary was not very large, but she felt she could manage. To tell the truth, she had never even thought of keeping on with her work. If she did that, she wouldn't be able to make the kind of home for Jimmy that he needed. But he had been disappointed, she was sure of that; evidently he thought her foolish to give up her salary when they would have so little to manage with. In the darkness Theo's cheeks flushed and her slim fingers tightened till the nails cut into the palms. Surely Jimmy wanted to take care of her, there wasn't any question of that! And yet there had been that moment when Jimmy's face had mirrored surprise and disappointment and, try as she would, Theo could not banish the memory of it from her mind.

Tomorrow—"Theo's Job"

How to Put Up Pickles and Relishes For the Winter by Mrs. Wilson's Rules

Use Only the Best Cider Vinegar and Dairy Salt—Delicious Recipes for Sweet and Sour Pickles and Chowchow

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE green, succulent cucumber provides material for the delectable pickles and relishes for the coming winter months. Before giving you the various recipes I desire to impress upon you very plainly that the use of various drugs or chemicals to preserve the pickles is not only a breach of the food and drug laws, but also it may cause serious illness. Do not use any preserving powder, alum or other drugs to make the pickles green or crisp. You can make the most delicious crisp pickles and relishes by just following the rules given here.

Before attempting to make the pickles and relishes, the cucumbers must be cured and it is upon this fact that the real delectable flavor of the pickle depends. When placing the cucumber in the brine, sort the cucumbers for size. Keep each lot together. Use earthenware crocks that have lids than can be sealed or wooden pails with covers. Usually the hardware merchant has an assortment of small wooden kegs for pickles.

The crocks, kegs and pails must be antiseptically clean. If you have used them before, just wash with plenty of soap water and then rinse well with cold water and scald thoroughly with plenty of boiling water. Drain and then place in the sun.

Make a brine of twenty-five pounds of salt to every fifty quarts of water. Divide in the same proportion for small lots. The size of the utensil used to hold the pickles will determine the amount of brine needed.

Bring the cucumbers fresh from the garden and do not wash or wine, but just pack in rows in the brine and allow them to stand in this for about fifteen days. Remove and then wash the cucumbers and scrub and rinse the crock with boiling water. Now the cucumbers are ready to use in the various assortments of pickles.

Sweet Mixed Pickles

Select twenty-five small three and four inch cucumbers. Both the plain and large burr gherkins may be used. Place the pickles in the crock and cover each layer with leaves from the grapevine. When the crock is full, cover with brine. Turn a plate or wooden cover that will fit inside the jar over the cucumbers and then place a weight on the same. A large clean stone or two bricks are best. Let stand for about twelve to fifteen days, depending upon the scum which gathers on top. Do not disturb this scum; if thick and well covered take out the cucumbers on the twelfth day; if not, then let them remain for fifteen days. Now wash the cucumbers and let them drain. Place in a porcelain-lined or enameled preserving kettle

Three quarts of best cider vinegar,
Two pounds of brown sugar,
One-half cup of salt,
One-half cup of celery seed,
Two-thirds cup of mustard seed,
Four pieces of ginger root,
Two pieces of stick cinnamon, broken in pieces,
One-half cup of Worcestershire sauce,
One tablespoon of cayenne pepper.

Bring to a boil and then cook for fifteen minutes. Add one large head of cauliflower, cut in pieces of suitable size and parboiled until nearly tender. Drain well. Also add one quart of pickling onions, peeled and cooked until tender and drained well. Add the prepared cucumbers. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Fill into all-glass jars and then fill to overflowing with the spiced vinegar. Adjust the rubber and lid and seal securely. Now place the jars in water bath and have the water just to the neck of the jar. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Remove and let cool, then dip the tops of the jars in melted paraffin.

Sour Pickles

Brine twenty-five cucumbers for fifteen days then wash, place in a preserving kettle and add sufficient sharp cider vinegar to cover the cucumbers to one-half of their depth in the preserving kettle. Now add

One quart of boiling water,
One ounce of celery seed,
One ounce of mustard seed,
Two ounces of ginger root,
Piece of horseradish root.

Heat to the boiling point and then add

One dozen small dried pepper pods,
One cup of pickling spices.

Boil for five minutes, then fill into all-glass fruit jars and fill to cover with the vinegar. Just before sealing add two tablespoons of best salad oil. Adjust the rubber and lid and seal securely.

Dip the tops of jars in melted paraffin.

Dill Pickles

Prepare twenty-five medium-sized cucumbers in brine as directed in sweet mixed pickles, then wash. Now prepare a brine as follows: One quart of salt to five quarts of water. Boil and cool. Pack the cucumbers in a stone crock with lid that will fit. Place between each layer, dill and handful of pickling spices. Pack the cucumbers in the crock to within four inches of the top. Now cover with the prepared brine and have the brine at least three inches above the top layer of the pickles. Let the pickles stand six days. Now pour over this a coating of paraffin, making the wax about three-quarters inch thick. Do not have the wax boiling, only just hot enough to melt. If the crock has a lid that sits inside a rim, just place on the lid and run sufficient melted paraffin to seal around the edge. If the lid closes with a beveled edge, make fuller earth and water to form a dough. Place around the edge in form of a putty and then set the lid in and push closely together. Place a light weight on top until earth dries.

The crock must be placed in a secure, cool place before this finishing process. You may fill the pickles into half gallon and gallon size all-glass fruit jars and seal securely, instead of using the crocks. Either way they must be sealed airtight after the sixth day. These dill pickles will be found to be delicious when they are opened.

Chowchow

Prepare fifteen pickles in brine, then wash and cut in pieces. Place in a preserving kettle and add

One quart of small white onions, parboiled,
One quart of string beans, cut in two-inch pieces,
One medium-sized head of cauliflower,
One dozen dried red pepper pods, cut in bits,.

Cook the string beans until nearly tender and cut the cauliflower into pieces of suitable size and cook until nearly tender before adding to the mixture. Add the prepared cucumbers and sufficient strong cider vinegar to cover the mixture two-thirds of depth in preserving kettle. Now place in a small saucepan

One quart of water,
One-quarter pound of mustard,
Two level tablespoons of turmeric,
One ounce of celery seed,
Two ounces of mustard seed,
One-half level teaspoon of allspice,
One level teaspoon of ginger,
One level tablespoon of white pepper,
Two level tablespoons of cayenne pepper,
One cup of brown sugar,
One-half cup of Worcestershire sauce,
One and one-half cup of flour,
One-quarter cup of salt.

Stir with a wire spoon to dissolve the flour. Bring to a boil and cook slowly for ten minutes. Now add to the pickles in the preserving kettle. Stir with a large wooden spoon or stick and heat the mixture. While stirring to the boiling point, boil for fifteen minutes and then fill into all-glass jars. Pour two tablespoons of best salad oil over the chow chow and adjust the rubber and lid and seal securely. Dip the tops of jars in melted paraffin.

Use only the best cider vinegar. Distilled or manufactured vinegar will not do and it is often the cause of failure. Use only the best grade of dairy or pickling salt; table salt will not do—it contains starch to make it free-flowing and this will cause the pickles to spoil.

All-glass jars or bottles with corks must be used. Jars with metal tops are frequently the cause of dangerous poisoning and frequently death. Be particular and be careful and you are sure to have success with your pickling.

A Soap Sculptor

A new medium in which sculptors can work has been discovered by Miss Anne Hershey, a student at Mount Holyoke College. Miss Hershey works in common white soap.

Miss Hershey's only modeling tool is a nail file. With the pointed end she does the finer work, while the cutting away of the soap in getting the general outline of the figure is done with the broad, flat end. The soap models have been successfully used in making castings of plaster, the mold leaving them unharmed.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Brown Eyes"

Very glad to have helped you, dear, and will always be glad to do so.

To "Appreciative"

You seem to be able to handle your own affairs very well from your accounts. The affairs do not strike Cynthia as very creditable. You have no business making love to girls promiscuously, whether they encourage you or not, especially as you have told Cynthia several times that you sincerely still love another girl.

Very Happy Since Married

Dear Cynthia—Will you please print this letter to "Dora"? "Dora," you are very wrong when you say your good times end when you marry. I am only seventeen, but I have been married one year. I have never had a better time than since I am married. Life is just what you make it, Cynthia is right, you have a different outlook on everything when you have some one else to consider. Of course, you cannot run around with every Tom, Dick and Harry. The trouble with most of the young couples today is they think when they get married if everything does not go right—why, they can get a divorce! Am I right, Cynthia? My husband is ten years older than I am. If a girl gets married young and marries a fellow her own age it is very seldom that things go right, as a fellow of that age considers no one but himself.

I hope I have not taken up too much of your space, Cynthia. DOLLY.

Arraigns the Jazz Lizards

Dear Cynthia—I wonder if you could answer this question for me. Why is it that whenever a fellow takes you out he always asks for a goodnight kiss? If you refuse, you are a poor sport, and if you don't, you are not fit company for his sister. What is wrong with the young men of today? Here's what's wrong:

They are just dance-hall-jazz-crazed-vaselined-haired johnnies.

Not many of them can hold a good responsible position, so they borrow a half from mother and go to some dance hall, and they spend the whole evening there, inhaling that thick warm air and jazzing around until they can hardly stand another minute. They haven't a thought for the future, all they think of is the present dance.

I was wondering if some of your male readers could tell me why they always ask for a goodnight kiss and why they all like dancing so much.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG.

Would Meet Nice Girls

Dear Cynthia—I am always interested in your column and believe you and generous readers may be able to give me some light to my case.

I am a student from the Orient, considered to be highly educated, smart and sociable. I am a good dancer. I used to attend parties and would take girls out to shows and dances. There is no doubt that all American girls are very charming and pleasant to meet. But it seems to me that they keep on being nice to you as long as you are with them and showing them good times. As soon as they go home they seem to have cast you out of their minds entirely. Is it justifiable in me to remark that all American girls are alike, fickle and frivolous? Or is it just because I have not got into the right circle? Being so far away from home, naturally I long for company and sincere friendship in this country. But from my experience I am very much disappointed to find that most of the girls here are not like their Oriental sisters in their sincerity and earnestness. I have been constantly on the lookout for a nice girl as a pal and friend, one who is sincere and earnest and does not entertain any prejudice against a foreigner. For two years I have never met one. I would appreciate it very much if you would kindly advire me how and where to meet one of them.

"FOREIGNER."

No, all American girls are not fickle. You will find all types here, just as you will find all types in every country and speaking every language. Do you go to the clubs for the foreign students out at the University? You will find charming older women there, who will see that you meet the nicest girls, who will be polite and kind and good friends, I am sure.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

No. 31.—Long Fingers

Long fingers are not the marks of a "practical" person. Nor are they the marks of the man or woman particularly suited to hard physical work or strain.

Unless you find their indications overbalanced by other characteristics, you are safe in assuming that the long-fingered person is a dreamer, sensitive both in feelings and appreciation.

Long fingers are, in short (if the pun may be pardoned), the outward and unconcealable sign of an inward artistic temperament. If you know somebody with long fingers, just check this up against their temperaments as revealed to you in ordinary association.

It matters not whether they paint pictures, go on the stage and take their acting seriously, or whether they are architects or even advertising men, you will find that they have little inclination toward order, that they chafe under the restraints of discipline. They want to follow the flights of their own fancies.

It is well that all people in the world haven't long fingers, but the world is decidedly better off for having a certain number of them, for their flights of fancy often make them pioneers in many fields where the stolid, unimaginative individual with a practical turn of mind would not be likely to blaze any trail.

The typical long finger is smooth and tapering, smaller at the tip than at the base. If knuckles are large, it's an entirely different type of finger, indicating other mental traits, which will be discussed in a later article.

Tomorrow—Love Lips

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

It is good for the individual to have a hobby, but in social life the perpetual hobby-rider is an unmitigated bore. The woman with a fad is the worst offender. Her particular hobby may be a food-fad, a political measure, adoration of dogs and cats, dress reform or "uplift." Wherever she happens to be she inflicts on all hearers her opinions about mastication, the "poor working girl," the Smith-Towner bill, bloomers, anti-vivisection—whatever her special obsession may be. Oddly enough, such a woman never by any chance is a faddist on the proper rearing of children or the proper care of the household.

It is bad form as well as bad sense to exploit fads at a social gathering. Table talk should be light, pleasant and rational. Every one must be prepared to talk or to be talked to on any subject of general interest. The woman who cannot speak of anything but her own fad should betake herself to the lecture platform, or should remain at home to write a pamphlet about her hobby.

WOULD YOU DARE DO THIS?

Or would you be ashamed to, on account of your ugly finger nails? Below a girl who reshaped her nails tells how she did it

SOME girls seem to be born with nails that always look well on comparatively little care; others require constant attention; again, others have to begin with a regular corrective system and work determinedly and religiously at them.

Maybe you never thought that the shape of the finger tips and the nails could be changed from unattractive appendages into things of real beauty, but they can. I have just seen a concrete instance of it.

A year ago a girl was complaining of the shape of her nails. Her hands are plump, the nails were short, and the cuticle grew carelessly around the nails until the half moon was anything but that. While always clean and neat, her hands were not the least bit good-looking. But she presented a pair of lovely hands at ten the other day.

"I always hated my hands," she said, "but I used to think it was one of the things wished upon one and over which one had no control.

"One day I just made up my mind I was going to experiment myself. It happened I was due for a manicure and consequently my nails were a little longer than usual.

"I had a pair of sewing scissors about four-inch size, of extra good quality. One blade was rounded at the end, the other pointed, which I found in my experimenting of great help, for the rounded end prevented their slipping in too far.

"First I cut my nails away down deep in on the sides as though they were a piece of wood; then I soaked them in warm soap water. Then with the orange stick under the nail at the edges I pulled back all the cuticle and proud flesh around there, and with the same scissors I cut away to my heart's content all the cuticle as deep down as I could all the way round to get an oval, but immediately saturated them well with cuticle cream, padding it well in with the orange stick. Then I filed them, getting the tips of the nails to suit the line of the oval.

"I worked on them every single day for three weeks, and, believe me, I suffered more than I would have in a more virtuous cause. After a few times I began to see a gleam of hope, and so persisted. My fingers used to be sore after cutting down into the flesh, and sometimes I even had to dip them into hot water to take the pain out, but I'd withdraw them and soak them in the cuticle cream. At the end of six months I had completely changed my nails from short, stubby curl-back nails to these"—they were extremely shapely

"I know there's been a great deal of objection to cutting the cuticle, but it worked out in my case, which isn't so exceptional, for I see a lot of women with short, stubby hands which I know could be changed.

"After I had cut the clear oval out on my nails I trusted to the orange stick for pushing the skin back.

"The best thing to keep in mind is a complete oval from the base of the nail to tip; cut for that. At the sides of the nails comes the most trouble, naturally, for the nail grows right into the flesh there."

If one girl could do that with a shapeless hand to begin with, what would just ordinary care do for a shapely hand or just a little extra care do for any hand?

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Playtime

FORTUNATE indeed is the man who, at this season of the year, can leave his desk and enjoy the summer, or a portion of it, in the country.

The country in summer!

What a relief to be done for a while with the heavy atmosphere of commerce; to be away from paved, crowded, monotonous thoroughfares, to be free of the smoky, smudgy, stifling, clanging city!

Lives there the man with soul so dead who does not thrill at the thought of the country in summer!—the country where he can regard with unconcealed scorn and pity the villain who invented stiff collars to chafe the neck; and stiff cuffs to scrape the wrists; and shined shoes, and starched shirts, and creased trousers, and all the rest of the fetters of foolish fussiness that waste the temper and empty the purse.

The country in summer!—beautiful vacation time, fruit time, harvest time, playtime! Time for reaping health, and calm, and contentment; time for living simply, and sweetly, and wholesomely; time for bathing in new interests and fresh enchantments, and renewing the joys and zests of boyhood days.

Once more birds sing, and rustling, falling leaves fill the air with red and green and gold; we poke our fingers in the soft, clean soil and drink deep of the odor of clover and sweet-smelling grass as we rest our eyes on endless vistas of growing green and violet haze.

And in the evening, when the sun sets, comes the voice of the country, sweet and soothing as becomes the loving lullaby of Mother Nature, inspiring introspection and retrospection.

And we have a little misgiving as we recall that the years are passing swiftly by and that we must think and plan, and work and accomplish, while the years are young and the sinews strong, or we ourselves will be harvested by the great reaper before there is any fruition of our hopes or our ambitions.

The Woman's Exchange

To Keep Angora From Flying

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly tell me what to do in order to keep angora from falling out. J. A. D.

There is nothing to stop angora entirely from falling out. But washing does stop the excessive flying about that it does when first new. It mats it down more and tangles the ends a little.

A Cooking Question

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me through your helpful column how to convert cucumbers into pickles, also when is the correct time to pick cucumbers? READER.

Mrs. Wilson gives some excellent recipes in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER of August 20. If you should want further information, write to her in charge of the paper, for she is an expert in the line.

For a September Wedding

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am going to be married in September. It is to be a quiet, informal affair. I am going to wear white canton crepe. What would you suggest for the maid of honor and bridesmaid to wear? A READER.

Any color in canton crepe which is most becoming to the maid of honor would be effective and pretty for your wedding. Yellow and tan or pink and brown are always pretty for a fall wedding.

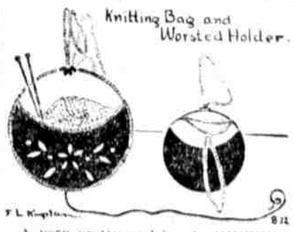
Wants Black Lashes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I will appreciate it very much if you could kindly help me with this: Every morning I wake up with lines under my eyes and keep them most all day. Also, how to make blonde eyelashes black. Please tell me how I can get rid of the lines and make my eyelashes black. MRS. H.

Your eyes must be strained or tired, so I should advise you to bathe them with salt water, get a great deal of sleep, eat nourishing food at regular times and get yourself in good physical trim. If the lines continue to appear consult a physician.

Things You'll Love to Make



A very pretty and handy KNITTING BAG AND WORSTED HOLDER is shown today. Cut two circles of silk, cloth, velvet or cretonne of a bright hue. Each circle should be twelve inches in diameter. Stitch the circles together to form a bag, with an opening at the top large enough through which to pass a ball or two of worsted. Line this bag with a nice plain silk. Cut a piece of black patent leather or a good quality of black oilcloth to fit on the bag as shown. Finish the edges of the bag and the top of the patent leather with silk cord or ribbon. Make an eyelet at the bottom center of the bag. Place your worsted into the bag proper, bring the end down through the eyelet, carry your knitting in the front patent leather pocket. You will appreciate your KNITTING BAG AND WORSTED HOLDER because your ball of worsted will never drop out. FLORA.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Bobby Bouncer

By DADDY

CHAPTER I

Jack and Janet

JACK and Janet were playing catch with Jack's new rubber ball.

It was a jolly ball, with brightly painted face and a friendly grin from ear to ear. Jack had named his ball Bobby Bouncer, because that name seemed just to fit it.

"Let us see how high Bobby Bouncer can bounce," cried Jack. He threw Bobby Bouncer down on the hard sidewalk. Up bounced the ball almost to the trees. Down it came lightly into Janet's outstretched hands.

Janet looked at the ball's jolly face, and it seemed to her that Bobby Bouncer's painted grin was a bit twisted.

"I wonder if Bobby Bouncer likes to be bounced," she said. Janet was so kindhearted she didn't like to hurt anything, not even a rubber ball.

"Of course Bobby Bouncer likes to be bounced," answered Jack. "That is what rubber balls are made for. Bounce him back to me."

Now as Janet caught Bobby Bouncer she was sure the friendly grin was twisted.

"Poor Bobby Bouncer!" she said in pity. Then, instead of bouncing the ball back, she tossed it to Jack. It was only a gentle toss, but even so the ball bounded out of Jack's hands and bumped him smartly on the nose.

"Ouch!" said Jack, and his smile became as twisted as Bobby Bouncer's grin. Only now Bobby Bouncer's grin wasn't twisted. It seemed to Janet to be filled with glee.

"Just for that I will give Bobby Bouncer a big bounce," said Jack. Before he bounced the ball he whirled his arm around and around and chanted a little rhyme:

"Bobby Bouncer, bounce so high
That you'll bounce up to the sky!"

With that Jack flung Bobby Bouncer down with all his might. Bobby Bouncer thudded on the walk and then bounced up, up far above Jack's head, right into the branches of a tree. And there Bobby Bouncer caught in a crotch between two branches and stuck. Its jolly face seemed to grin down at Jack with special glee, just as if it were making fun of him.

"Oh, isn't that cute of Bobby Bouncer to stay in the tree so you can't bounce him," laughed Janet.

"I'll get Bobby Bouncer out of that in a jiffy," said Jack. With that he threw sticks and stones at the ball, but he couldn't bring Bobby Bouncer down. Neither could Jack climb the tree, for the trunks was tall and thick.

"I know what I'll do—I'll call Perky Squirrel and have him throw Bobby Bouncer down to me."

So Jack called to Perky Squirrel, but Perky was having a game of tag high in the branches with his cousin Fuzzy Tail, and paid no attention to Jack's calls.

"Well," said Jack, sitting down on the grass, "I guess the only thing to do is to wait until Perky Squirrel gets through that game of tag. When he comes down he will knock Bobby Bouncer out of the tree, and we can play ball again."

Janet sat down beside Jack, and they watched Perky Squirrel and Fuzzy Tail play tag. And as they watched the squirrels, Bobby Bouncer seemed to watch them, grinning more broadly than ever.

Jack and Janet found it hard to watch sitting up, so they lay on their backs. Presently their eyes blinked drowsily and before they knew it they were snoozing.

Then something very strange happened to them, something that made Bobby Bouncer's grin broader than before. What it was will be told tomorrow.

Adventures With a Purse

I HEARD a man boasting that except for an occasional headache he was never sick. But what havoc with one's nerves and disposition the occasional headache can play! Tiny dancing demons who tap, tap with a hammer, making the temples throb and the head nearly fall apart! A great many people do not like to take headache remedies because of the injurious ingredients in them, and will suffer for hours at a time with the never-ending throbbing. There comes a liquid preparation which is the most soothing thing of which I know for that pain in the head. If some is rubbed on the forehead and you rest for ten or fifteen minutes, the pain is greatly relieved, if not entirely removed. Sometimes it is not always possible to lie down. I have even rubbed some of this on my head and continued working and found relief. Cooling, soothing and pleasant and is priced from fifty cents a bottle to $3.50.

Silk pongee is always accepted as good taste and has for years been the vogue for summer apparel. One of the shops is having an end-of-the-season sale of suits and I saw one of tan silk pongee for $15. The coat was belted in at the waist, had pearl buttons down the front and quite fair-sized pockets. To finish these warm days and as a start for next spring, one of the suits would be a very wise buy.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000, or Main 1601.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. As a pleasing contrast to outside curtains of soft tan, what startling finish can be used on window curtains of creamy scrim?
2. What use can be made of the drawn-work top of a pin-cushion cover, when a tray is substituted for the cushion?
3. How should the girl with a heavy chin wear her hair, in order to give her face a softer, more feminine look?
4. Why is the name of Mrs. Martha Custis famous in history?
5. In what way is a pair of straps over the shoulders of a child's dress made to do double duty?
6. How is a dainty slip-on sweater finished around the neck?

Saturday's Answers

1. In a room that is lighted by one window opposite a door, the charming old English custom of stretching a panel of glazed chintz taut in each door panel will add light as well as decoration.
2. When making a bouquet of flowers in a garden where there is a grape arbor, make a convenient holder by wrapping a grape leaf cornucopia fashion about the stems and securing it with a twig.
3. A bath brush which serves two purposes is attached to a length of rubber tubing and is perforated so that it acts as a sprinkler.
4. A strong solution of sodium sulfocylate will take dye stains out of white silk or wool.
5. A piquant new sweater is knitted in an openwork stitch, with short sleeves and high neck, with a crocheted Peter Pan collar and turnback cuffs of white.
6. When there is no lace to be found suitable for edging white collar and cuffs on a colored frock, a bias edging of the material itself is always appropriate and pretty.

A Sensible Aviatrix Has Grown Tired of Being Thought "Different"

She Declares That a Real Woman Is Always Modest and Womanly and Her Excellence in Her Line Should Not Affect Her

"WHY," asks Ruth Law, the aviatrix, "do men and women alike take it for granted that a girl who flies an airplane must be a giant and always rough, mannish and a little bit wild?"

Ruth Law has grown tired of being considered an oddity. She insists that she is just like other women, only she does the thing she likes best and is most interested in.

No doubt there are many women, celebrities in their line, who feel just as she does.

They don't feel any different from other women; they wear their hair in the same general style; they try to dress as much like other women, as far as up-to-dateness is concerned, as possible, and if you should see them on the street with other women you would see nothing unusual about them at all.

Suppose, for instance, you yourself, from your own even plane of life, should find that you could paint a better picture, sing a better song, write a better story, play a better game of tennis or fly a better airplane than the other girls you know.

Suppose you went on and on until your name became, like Ruth Law's, a name that everybody knew as soon as it was mentioned.

WOULD you feel any different from the same Mary Smith that used to walk down the street with the girls and hope that one of them would treat?

Wouldn't you be surprised, rather annoyed, and even a little hurt, if somebody with whom you had become rather friendly without exchanging names, should give a surprised gasp when she heard who you were, exclaiming, "Oh, I thought you were so different!"

Admiration is always gratifying. Applause is always music in the ears of women who have worked hard to earn it.

But there's a limit to everything.

Any woman, if she has any womanliness in her, gets sick and tired of adoration.

There are times when the actress would give anything to be able to walk down a city street without being recognized or surrounded by admirers.

And although the athlete may find pleasure in being looked up to, she doesn't like to be considered "different."

So many questionable qualities can be thought into that word "different."

"I HAVE met many of the girls who have excelled in their particular lines of endeavor," says Ruth Law, "and they are never unusual, either in their looks or behavior.

"The so-called mannish woman is a pest, and as far as I have been able to observe, she never accomplishes anything further than strutting around looking important and doing nothing."

Did you think Ruth Law was mannish? Now you know that she cannot be, if this is her opinion of the mannish woman.

Is there anybody, anyhow, who really likes a mannish woman? You can admire her looks, her style and her skill in athletics if she has any.

But being a woman and aping a man makes her an insincere, unwomanly kind of person that you can scarcely respect.

SHE may wear her tailor-made suits, her high collars and striking ties because they are becoming; she may have her cigarette case monogrammed because it is modern, but she has acquired her swagger, her swank and her harsh, deep voice because she thinks they make her more like a man.

They don't; they merely make her less like a woman. Nine times out of ten it is not athletic skill that she exploits. It is herself.

"The real women," Ruth Law thinks, "are always modest and womanly, regardless of their occupation, and an aviatrix is no exception to the rule."

A woman who has not allowed fame to turn her head is refreshing, though.

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Just Girl Problems

AND now it is the stepmother!

I wonder that I have not thought to take up that ancient trial before this. But perhaps I thought that, like the mother-in-law joke, it was exaggerated.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

But one of our readers asks my advice on her sorrowful problem. She has been motherless since she was six, and now is almost twenty. She has tried to be gracious and awaken love, but her stepmother is unkind, and she can "no longer suffer in silence."

It is openly hinted that she marry and go away. She has several young men admirers and the stepmother seems to think that any one of them would do. The girl is sure that she has not yet met a man she cares for, and that it would not be agreeable to marry one of her present friends. But she cannot endure the irritation of living with a woman who does not want her and says so openly. It seems to her an insolvable problem. What shall she do? She sees no way in which to turn. Shall she marry the first man who asks her—just to get away from home?

Decidedly not! It is suicidal to marry unless one feels a great urge, and is certain that the finest man in the world has appeared and that to lose him would be a calamity. Even as the result of tremendous love affairs, disaster sometimes comes; but if our judgment is at fault, at least we have acted according to nature, and not chosen to sell ourselves to a man as a means of escape from home.

One should not jump from the frying pan into the fire. No matter how unhappy a parent's home is, a girl always can regard it with some serenity, because she knows she can get away. But marriage is a very binding tie, and there is no hell like being held in the vise of a loveless marriage. Then, indeed, a wife feels that she is in a cage, and paces up and down, and shakes the bars impotently, for divorce is not as easy as preachers shout, but a complicated, expensive process.

The surprising thing about our young friend's problem is that she seems to think the only alternative to enduring her stepmother is to get married. Why on earth does not she go to work? There is no excuse for a girl nearly twenty sitting around home idle. We cannot see why she has not prepared herself all these years, when she knew she was unhappy at home. It is not expensive or difficult to get a business education. If she is ordinarily bright, a six months' course in a commercial college will give her enough stenography and typing to begin a career of independence. Stenographers since the war command large salaries. As fast as the good stenographer proves herself a bit higher than the common run, her salary increases. One hears continually of salaries ranging from $25 to $50 a week.

Surely if a girl's father knows that she is anxious to be self-supporting and rid him of the burden of her board and clothes, for life, he will provide her with the funds for a simple business course. Or she can borrow money of some relative and pay it back gradually out of her earnings.

If one only clerks in a store, she can live somehow, and be independent, and eventually climb into something higher. She may have a taste for millinery, and learn designing. Or if she has no talent at all she may have a good face or figure, and be model for hats or suits and cloaks. Girls get about $30 a week for this work.

Surely she has no compunction about leaving home. There is nothing disreputable in these days about marching out of the parents' home and living alone, even if the personal relations are normal. I know of one charming musician who is a "model daughter," and whose parents are rich and adore her as their only child. She deliberately took a studio and went into spinster's quarters, feeling that she wanted her own life.

Some folks may call it selfish, but they would not criticize a son who went to a fraternity house or hotel. Another girl only nineteen, with a beautiful mother who was a widow and all alone, simply could not endure friction and went into a flat with some college girls, sharing the work and expenses. The mother had given her beautiful clothes and a thousand-dollar piano, but the girl wanted independence.

Why does not this girl leave her stepmother and go to work? She will just begin to live when she has tasted independence, and felt the joy of her own pay envelop and latchkey; and she will develop initiative rapidly, so that a year from now she will marvel that she ever hesitated, and considered sneaking into a man's home, to get supported!

When the right husband arrives she will be more than thankful she did not marry the wrong one.

The next problem really is very simple, and I think the only reason the girl worries is that she is over-conscientious. To know our shortcomings is to conquer them.

Miss X is engaged to a physician, but is alarmed because her education has not been equal to his. She wonders if he will tire of her and be ashamed of her deficiencies. She has good looks and hopes they will help to hold him.

Good looks alone will not; but the fact that she realizes that education is important ought to keep her alive and vital. Men are not choosing wives for mere academic ability any more than they did in old days, but there is a certain comradeship that comes from having interests in common. This girl rather pathetically asks if she cannot make up for lack of collegiate training by reading constantly. Of course she will want to keep up with such reading as her husband and friends enjoy, and doubtless she will join some woman's club, and come in contact with bright, helpful women who are taking an active part in local matters.

Marry him, of course, and catch up with him in general culture, as you can, but be sure to be a good pal, a good "sport" (in the best sense), and a charming, broad, fine individual, and no one will ask to see your college diploma!

Most university women nowadays take up scholastic work either to be an efficient wage-earner or to be of value in some line of social service. They are not merely accumulating vast stores of dead languages, or piling up a mass of heterogeneous facts.

Don't confuse the new methods with the old methods of making Corn Flakes. Ask your grocer for—

Post Toasties

best corn flakes

Just saying "corn flakes" may not get you Post Toasties. Take no chances. Say Post Toasties.