Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Should a Wife Work for Wages?

MOST people nowadays in America, France and England have accepted the fact of woman's entry into the business world. Of course, there are all sorts of conservative mental reservations. Englishmen and Frenchmen particularly would add, "If she has to," meaning if her family is poor. There still are thousands of British old maids who do nothing in the world but stay around their fathers' houses and ornament garden parties. They try to conceal the fact that no man has asked them to wed. Poor things; that does not imply necessarily that they are without charm, for there simply are not enough men to go round! British younger sons migrate to the colonies, and even before the war had killed off the blood of the nation, taking the choicest males and leaving the physically unfit to perpetuate the race, as war always does—even to this, England normally had a million more women than men. Think of it—with the best intentions, men can marry but one woman, and a million British girls forever must remain unwed. Yet all the while, snobbish ideals prevent girls going into trade if their parents have any sort of comfortable income. And so they rust.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

In France the "lady" does not work. To be sure, the shopkeeping class works efficiently, and girls retain all their chic when in business and professions.

In America (and more or less, just recently, elsewhere), however, the fact of single women earning their living is now regarded with complacency. Parents and friends, even if they once opposed the girl's taking up a career, show pride in her success. Of course, they prefer her to do something extremely "feminine," but in any event she is respected for her achievement, if she "gets away with it."

But when a wife works—ah, that is different! Almost universally she is censured and frowned upon. Her husband bears a certain obloquy; he is regarded as a man who either is unable or unwilling to support his wife. Or if it is well known that neither of these accusations possibly can be made, he is pitied, as one who has a headstrong and eccentric spouse.

Now, in spite of all past traditions, and customs, thousands of married women are laboring in business and professions for regular salaries, and yet homes do not go to smash. The entire system of male support of the family was based on the primitive distribution of labor, in times when conditions were wholly unlike anything existing today. Tribes that ceased wandering and settled on permanent ground left the women to do the agricultural work and cooking, the weaving and pottery, along with baby-tending, while the adult males went forth to battle and to hunt game. Even the squaw, however, was far more economically independent than the modern city wife, in hotels and non-housekeeping apartments, who contributes nothing whatever to the support of herself or in any way does creative work. The Indian did basket-weaving, and made costumes and beadwork, and pottery and rugs and blankets, as well as cooking for her family; she certainly earned her board!

Civilized families who were pioneers divided the tasks as indoor and outdoor ones, along the same lines, the woman doing the washing and ironing, cooking, sewing and baby-tending, while the man did the wood-chopping, the house-building, the plowing. The Pilgrim mother certainly earned her board also!

But modern life, as we have said repeatedly, has taken away woman's ancient industries—her tasks are lightened almost to nothingness. Often she has no children at all. Yet, she and her man trot along blissfully, keeping up the tradition that he should do all the work, and she should reap all the benefits of idleness!

There is no logical reason why any healthy adult woman should be supported by any one, unless she is caring for young children, or maintaining a large home by her own labor.

The thin excuse of "looking after" a home which is really cared for by servants cannot cover the truth that the "housekeeper" does not keep the house! One sees innumerable fat, well-groomed women idling their lives away, supported by husbands, to whom they give nothing but their society. If that is an economic factor, one may say that the men also give the wives their society, in addition to all the support.

Many women go into the commercial world for the reasons above; they are conscientious, and see no sense in preying upon their overworked husbands. They have supported themselves before marrying, and do not wish to throw over their work merely because they have met and married a man they loved. Until babies come they feel that their lives will be suddenly idle, and often babies never do come.

Other women labor because they have great gifts, which they have spent thousands of dollars in developing, and an earning capacity rare it would be cruel to annul. It may be they have talents in music or some of the arts, or have finally made a name for themselves which has monetary value. To state arbitrarily that a woman shall cease being an architect or singer or church organist or sculptor merely because she is a wife, is to put a premium on spinsterhood, for many a girl loves her profession dearly, and will not renounce it for the work of kitchenmaid.

These, it may be argued, are the rare and exceptional women. Folks always expect a few geniuses to go on with their life work, even when making a change in their domestic status—but the average, garden variety of girl is only too glad to quit her salaried job to be a man's darling.

Again, the absurd confusion of sentiment with finance. Just because a young man falls in love he does not cease all human activities and throw over his job. If he did he would starve and lose the respect of the whole world. Why then should a woman, because of sentimental emotions that arrive in her life, give up all her intellectual and financial activities? It is the old background of baby-bearing that sapped a woman's physical life and rendered her incapable of outside labor which prejudices the public. Until she has babies, however, she is not just a female, but is a human being, with all the activities of her brothers.

Extreme feminists claim that even a mother often does better to pursue her profession and make money, if she is gifted, securing with the large added income an expert baby nurse or trained kindergartner to give the little one a high-grade care she herself cannot. All women are not natural mothers just because they bear children!

This, however, is debatable, whereas the proposition that every other adult should contribute active labor to society is not. The childless woman surely should work.

There is still another reason why married woman work for pay: the double income is so desirable. Many a young couple could marry years before they do if the girl went on with her task and brought in the welcome pay envelope. Strange how strong is custom; it never seems to occur to the couple, longing to marry, yet grieving over the boy's small income, that this solution is possible! They wait year after year, dreaming of that possible "raise" that will make marriage a reality.

It is time for men and women to think independently, and act as they feel is right. It is a brave man who risks having his friends think him incompetent or lazy because he "lets" his wife work. There are, however, a growing number who take the commonsense attitude that her career is as important as theirs, and that they would rather brave the unkind criticisms of conservatives than hamper her in her own development.

The double salary is indeed a joy, and many young professional people are able to maintain a charming home, travel and have innumerable pleasures on his and her salary which they never could indulge in on his alone.

The Woman's Exchange

Wants to Get Thin Soon

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Seeing that you give advice to every one, I thought I would ask you for some advice. I am a minor, but am very, very fat. Can you please tell me what to eat and what exercises to take in order to lose about twenty pounds of my flesh in as short a time as possible? IMPATIENCE.

Give up fattening foods like potatoes, rice and starchy foods of that kind, candy and rich foods, and do not drink milk if you are accustomed to it, unless you are not eating anything else. Swim, play tennis and basketball, dance and walk in order to help the reducing along.

Twine Handbags

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please let me know what I can make out of twine? I have so many spools of different shades. A FRIEND.

The other day I saw the prettiest handbag and asked the lady carrying it how she made it. She replied, "With twine"—so this is just the thing for you to do. Use a crochet stitch, putting on fifty, and make the bag like a square envelope, narrowing the point which turns over as much as you wish. A long crocheted string for a handle; little woolen roses of various colors make the bag very, very artistic.

Wardrobe for New York Visit

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am past seventeen and stout, and expect to spend a week in New York with some friends during the middle of August, and I am very much puzzled as to what clothes would be appropriate.

Therefore, will you kindly let me know through your wonderful column what to take with me?

I was considering making a panne velvet suit upon my return, and would like to know whether I should have it made now and take it with me. I have no other suit that I can take.

ANXIOUS-TO-APPEAR-RIGHT.

A suit is always practical to wear in a city, but a panne velvet one would be more comfortable for the early fall, I think. A cool crepe dress for the street, an afternoon and informal evening frock, sport clothes or ginghams for morning wear and your wardrobe will be complete for the visit to New York. You will not miss your suit.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

There are many outbreaks of "incompatibility of temperament" which never reach the divorce courts. Sometimes a man and wife forget themselves so far as to lose control of temper in the presence of a guest. When this happens, the well-bred visitor tries to ignore the quarrel, becoming so absorbed in a book or in a letter as apparently not to notice the explosion of anger. If the strife continues, the thing to do is to withdraw as quietly as possible from the place of contention.

A visitor worthy of the proverbial salt of hospitality never mentions any unpleasantness heard or seen in the house where he or she has been a guest. It is difficult to have ears and not hear discords, to have eyes and not see "scenes," but it is easy for a thoroughbred to bury all these impressions so that not by word or look will any evidence of them be revealed by the treachery of carrying tales outside of the house, the secrets of which should be held sacred by an honorable guest.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What remarkable experience is Mrs. William Smith, of New Jersey, going through at the age of eighty-four?
2. In a green kitchen, what kind of paper edging would be pretty for the shelves of the dresser?
3. To those who suffer from seasickness what new style of steamer berth will be a welcome relief?
4. For what reason is Rachel Donelson a famous name?
5. Describe the latest fad in Paris slippers.
6. How is a striking white costume fashioned for early fall wear?

Yesterday's Answers

1. After coming in from bathing, shake talcum powder plentifully into and over your bathing cap to prolong its life.
2. If a shirtwaist box is pushed against the high footboard of a bed and covered with cretonne and piled with cushions, it can be made into a comfortable seat with a back.
3. Japanese rattan furniture is the best for a porch that is occasionally exposed to the rain, since a wetting helps rather than harms it.
4. Mrs. Martha Skelton was a widow who became the wife of Thomas Jefferson.
5. An interesting new sleeve on a fall frock of silk and chiffon is a short, close affair of silk, with a long, loose bell sleeve of the chiffon hanging from it.
6. A piquant new headdress for evening wear is fashioned out of maline in the shape of a visor, with flower petals forming the band which encircles the head.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Owl"

Sorry, "Owl," but as it is all guesswork, you'll forgive Cynthia for not printing it.

Does Not Encourage Acting

Blue Eyes—Cynthia is sorry she cannot make your letter out very clearly. All she gathers is that you are lonely and want to go into the movies.

Unless you have a most remarkable talent, better let the movies alone.

Conveys Further Advice to Girls

Dear Cynthia—It well that these poor, foolish girls have such as you for a confidant and adviser. They always have my sympathy because so many of them lack the true spirit of womanly virtue. Please say to "Troubled" never for any reason or any conditions permit a young man to kiss her unless she is engaged to him, and always remember that this pledge is in the sight of God the real marriage vow. Also, say to "Would Marry in Elkton" to shun it as you would a viper in your path. The really best plan to be married is in the bride's church-home; and then get together in one church so that in time to come you may be one in both your church and earthly home. Why should you wish to keep it out of the papers? Why should not all of your dear friends know about it at once? Any young man who requests the girl of his choice to marry him, without first asking the father for his daughter, is a despicable coward and never should have a dear girl in his keeping. To be a husband, he must first be a man—and marry in a manly way. DAVID L. W.

Does Not Meet Right Kind

Dear Cynthia—This is my first letter to you, but I have often read the letters and the good advice you give in answer to them. But, dear Cynthia, I am very lonely and discouraged because it seems that I cannot find any friends. I am a girl of nineteen years old, I dress well, my looks are passable, I have a good home and a wonderful mother. Is it because I am not a so-called big timer that I cannot find congenial friends? I like good times also, like dancing, but I could never be a big-timer; that kind of sport does not appeal to me. I have had the company of young men, but they don't seem to be the right kind. I tried to be congenial, but I guess I do not appeal to them. I guess it is because I will not allow them to become too familiar with me.

I hope this letter isn't too long, and I thank you for any advice you may give. LONESOME.

You have not met the right kind of boys. Has not your mother friends of her age who have sons or nephews or cousins of your age? Ask her to give you a little party and invite these young men and you will soon have the right kind of friends.

To "Lieda Elizabeth"

My dear, suppose, when you were tiny, and fractious, and hungry, and cross, and crying in the night, your mother had said: "That child yells so, and when she is not yelling has to be watched so much I don't think I can stand it. I've been tied down for three or four years unable to go out unless I take her, too, because she's too little to leave. I love her; just the thought, 'My baby!' fills me with happiness, but this constant care is too much. I think I'll just leave home; I feel I am justified." Tell me what would you have thought when you grew old enough to know of that mother? And now that your mother, who did so much for you, is older and her nerves have for several years gotten the better of her, you think you'll leave.

The selfishness of youth is remarkable. There cannot be contention if there is no one to contend with. You would find if you did not notice the nervousness and did not get impatient yourself things would soon be better. Try it.

We Apologize

Dear Cynthia—
Greetings and apologies,
My Lady of Solace.
I come to thee in anger
Righteous anger at one
Who purloins my name
To write to thee.

As "De Jure" I waged
Many a verbal battle
Ofttimes with credit;
And now cometh a stranger
Who would claim my laurels,
Who signs "De Jure."

Question well this usurper,
Oh, Fair One.
Whence he cometh
And why.
For I alone
Would stand or fall
As DE JURE.

Cynthia had her doubts, De Jure, about the letter signed in your name, and one in answer to it. The best way to find out seemed to be to print it. It did not sound like you. Perhaps we'll hear from another source.

CHARMING COSTUME OF SPANISH INFLUENCE

By CORINNE LOWE

Take your hat out on a leash. Tether it to your costume by means of a long lace scarf. That was the millinery propaganda of "The Drags," that smartest of races which preludes the Grand Prix.

According to report the fashionable Parisiennes wore on that day small hats and large hats trimmed with scarfs of lace which often went around under the chin or else floated back over one shoulder. Chantilly was the prime favorite, and this Spanish lace gained its most spectacular effect when affixed to a high comb at the back of the hat, from which point it officiated exactly like a mantilla.

The scarfed millinery is only one more testimony to the popularity of lace, a popularity which has manifested itself impartially in almost every type of costume. For the cape backs and sleeves now so prominent in the style world lace is especially esteemed, and in the above model we find this feature worked out in lace dyed to match the veile of the frock. The lace panels correspond in color.

An attractive detail of this little afternoon dress is the soft folds radiating diagonally from the white satin collar.

HOW TO COVER LAMPSHADES

New coverings make an old lampshade look new and festive, and the work goes quickly and easily as soon as you get the hang of it. Above are several different styles

CHOOSING the shape and size of frame and the colors and materials to be used is about as hard as the work. There are so many colors, materials and trimmings one has difficulty sometimes making a decision; but the stores always will show the colors over a light bulb, so one can be certain of the effect.

The wire frame is covered with ribbon tightly wound on both the perpendicular and horizontal wires. This ribbon gives something to sew to later. Cut a piece of the ribbon, making it three times the length of the wire to be wound—this is easier to handle than the bolt—slip it through at the top where the round and length wires meet, and tie in a hard knot, leaving a tiny end. Then begin to wind, folding the end in, and when the end of the wire is reached turn in the ribbon and fasten with silk twist.

If the outside is to have a cover that is put on plain—not plaited—the lining is put in first. Lay it on the inside of the frame, holding it in place around the top with pins, clip around the circle at the top, and cut away, leaving a good half inch margin above the wire it is to be sewed to. Sew all around to the top wire, letting the raw edge go toward the right side. Then stretch the silk on smoothly, sticking pins in at close intervals all around the wire at the bottom. The same width margin is allowed here, allowing it to go toward the right side. The outside materials are put on in the same manner.

Where plaited georgette is to be used, the lining is put in last. For a twenty-six inch shade, five widths of georgette are allowed; for smaller sizes four widths are enough. These must be cut by a thread and seamed together. The upper edge is turned in and gathered—using a long and short stitch. Take these stitches so the long one will stand up on the right side when the thread is pulled up. Do not take too long stitches, and keep them as even as possible.

When ready to put on the frame, the georgette is sewed over and over to the frame between each long stitch. It is a particular piece of work, laying the plaits at the bottom. Each stitch at the top is accounted for around the bottom; and no sewing is done until every plait has been pinned to the frame.

Where the frame has a deep cuff this is covered before putting the rest on; but where it is only one inch deep, the top covering is brought down over the little cuff.

Gold or silver or other fancy braids are used for finishing around the top and bottom, and the straight frames usually have a deep fringe.

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Theodora Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Bland and to her surprise is not quite happy about it. She even hates to give up her work as private secretary for Richard Blakeslee.

CHAPTER III

The Date Is Set

IN SPITE of herself Theo went through that first day after her engagement to Jimmy with a little dread of seeing him again. She tried to laugh at herself for this feeling, but it persisted in spite of everything she did, and it was because she realized the unfairness of her attitude that she made up her mind to be nicer than ever to Jimmy when he came to see her that night.

He arrived at the house early and, as usual, seemed tired and out of sorts. He had an idea that he was being imposed upon at the office and that the life of a working man with responsibilities was no easy one. Involuntarily Theo's mind flew to Richard Blakeslee, and her lip curled. The next minute she was ashamed of herself, and tried to make up for it by being as sweetly sympathetic as possible.

She was rewarded for her efforts, for Jimmy slowly responded.

"Everything will be different when we're married," he said finally, "and by the way, Theo, there's no necessity for waiting, is there? Let's make it soon."

Theo started. Why did that feeling of revolt leap suddenly into her heart? Why had she a desire to postpone the event for the present? It was all wrong, for, of course, she wanted to marry Jimmy, and if she wanted to marry him why not now as well as any time later?

Impulsively, and to punish herself for her doubt, she responded quickly. "Of course there's no need of waiting. I'll marry you whenever you say."

"In a month?" he asked eagerly.

She nodded slowly, but there was no thrilling leap of the heart at the suddenness of it; she was willing because it was Jimmy, that was all.

He got up quickly and came over to where she was sitting in a corner of the couch. "Theo," he said suddenly, "you don't know how I'm depending on you." He leaned his head against her shoulder as if he were tired, and again Theo had a strong impulse. She wanted to turn and shake him into action. She wanted him to need her, but in a different way. She wanted him to crush her in his arms, to tell her how he adored her. She had no idea where these vagrant thoughts of hers came from, but something about Jimmy's complacency irritated her strongly. She sat there stroking his hair, and he was content, until finally he sat up quickly to say, "You'll tell old Blakeslee tomorrow that you're leaving?"

"Yes."

"I've been thinking it over and I've decided that you're right. It wouldn't do to have you keep on with your work, and I'm glad you decided against it. I bet old Blakeslee will be surprised when he hears the news. What do you say?"

"I wish you wouldn't speak of him like that," Theo said suddenly.

Jimmy stared at her. "Why not? What's wrong with it?"

"Well, he's not old, for one thing, and it doesn't sound right for another. He's splendid, and I've been proud to work for him."

"Yes, he's splendid and cuts a dash because he's at the top and is used to having his own way. He's the kind of a man who keeps men like me down. I have no use for them. Just because they have money and power they think they can do anything. Well, he'll find he'll have to get along without you, and, believe me, it won't be easy. Secretaries like you aren't grown on bushes, and he's smart enough to know it."

Theodora laughed at Jimmy's tirade. "Nonsense! He probably doesn't even know what I look like."

"Perhaps not, but he knows how you work, and this time I'll have my inning and get the best of one of those men that think they own the earth. This time I win, eh, Theo?"

But the smile that Theo gave him was forced.

(Tomorrow—"I'm Going to Be Married!")

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Smile It

"I WOULD give a million dollars," Ogden Armour is reported to have said, "for Charley Schwab's smile."

And the great meat magnate probably considered it cheap at double the price!

"The voice with the smile," says the telephone company, "wins."

If you don't believe it, try to get a number with a voice without a smile!

It is smiles that get business, smiles that get numbers, smiles that keep the sun of human kindness shining, smiles that keep homes contented, smiles that preserve the music and the poetry in life.

If you've got anything to say—smile it!

Every once in a while we run into one of life's squalls.

The ship careens precariously and things get mighty black.

Then somebody smiles, keeps smiling; and after a time we begin to see sunrays and sunbeams penetrating the storm, growing wider and wider, stronger and stronger, dissipating the storm, displacing the storm, suddenly flooding the gloom with radiance and restoring light and hope.

If you've got anything to say—smile it!

You can't hurt the man who smiles, you can't rile him, unman him, unseat him; you may check him, but you can never wreck him.

No cloud can be heavy enough, no drudgery monotonous enough, no night dark enough but the smiler's smiles light up a rift and coax back gladness, beauty, sympathy and humanity, disintegrating grief.

Vanderbilt, Barnum, Curran, Bunyan, Franklin, Watt, Newton, Garfield, Washburn, Roosevelt, Michael Angelo—practically every face in the honor gallery of history, of science, commerce, art, literature, statesmanship—of ACCOMPLISHMENT—is a face that smiles.

Grumpy, dreary, surly faces simply exude ill-nature, ill-health and failure.

Cheery, sunny, smiling faces radiate good nature, good health and success.

If you've got anything to say or do—SMILE IT!

Jaeger catalogue fully describes all styles. Shop by mail

Children's Coats

Smart little polo coats of pure, soft Camel's Hair for boys and girls. They may be had in several weights and various styles, in sizes 1 to 16 years.

Priced from $16.00 upwards, according to weight and size.

Jaeger Woolware (Pronounced Yay-ger) 100% VIRGIN WOOL

Now at our new address Chestnut, cor. of 17th St.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Bobby Bouncer

By DADDY

Jack and Janet fall asleep after bouncing Jack's rubber ball into a tree. The ball, which Jack calls Bobby Bouncer, jumps out of the tree, bumping Jack and Janet on the head. Each bump makes them shorter and fatter, until they are as short as dolls and as round as toy balloons.

CHAPTER III

Bobby Bouncer Has Fun

BOBBY BOUNCER, the rubber ball, laughed when he saw how small and round he had made Jack and Janet by bouncing on their heads.

"I can squash you as flat as a pancake," he boasted from his perch in the tree, his round face grinning as though he thought he had played a great joke on the children.

Jack or Janet didn't know whether it was a joke or not. They were much surprised to find themselves as short as dolls and as round as toy balloons. But it was rather fun, too. Jack looked so roly-poly comical to Janet she couldn't help smiling at him, and Janet looked so roly-poly comical to Jack he couldn't help smiling at her. So in a few minutes all three were having a grinning party—Jack, Janet and Bobby Bouncer. Bobby Bouncer's grin was the widest of all, which wasn't strange, because he was rubber and could stretch his grin further than Jack or Janet.

"Would you like me to squash you as flat as pancakes?" asked Bobby Bouncer, getting ready to jump from the tree. No, Jack and Janet did not want to be squashed as flat as pancakes. They were squashed as flat as they wanted to be.

"Hide!" whispered Jack to Janet, and he pushed her beneath a row of blooming asters.

Down jumped Bobby Bouncer. He hit on an aster bloom. It bent beneath him, and so, instead of bouncing back into the tree as he expected to do, he rolled upon the sidewalk.

This was Jack's chance to catch Bobby Bouncer.

"I've got you," he shouted, and with Janet he rushed at Bobby Bouncer. But Bobby Bouncer went scurrying across the sidewalk. Jack and Janet were astonished to see that Bobby Bouncer, instead of being all head, as a rubber ball usually is, had a pair of very spry legs.

"Catch me! Catch me!" laughed Bobby Bouncer, dodging back and forth. Jack grabbed at him.

"I've got you," cried Jack, trying to seize Bobby Bouncer. But he found he couldn't seize Bobby. There was nothing to seize except Bobby Bouncer's round rubber head, and Jack's hand, which was now small, couldn't hang on to that.

"Ho! ho! I fooled you, didn't I," laughed Bobby Bouncer. "Ho! ho! ho! It's fun playing tag with folks who can't catch you." Bobby Bouncer tried to tease Jack by jumping in front of him. Jack didn't like to be teased, and when he saw he couldn't hang on to Bobby Bouncer, he did the next best thing—he gave Bobby a push and sent Bobby tumbling on his nose.

But Bobby didn't stay on his nose an instant. He kept right on turning over, just like a circus acrobat in a somersault, and came upon his feet.

"Push me again. That's fun," taunted Bobby Bouncer, grinning gleefully. Janet gave him a shove. Over went Bobby Bouncer on his ear, and over and over, but he came on his feet, grinning and jolly.

Now Bobby Bouncer began to run away down the walk.

"I haven't any more time now to play tag with you," he shouted. I have an engagement with the Pastry Cook of Toyville."

"Don't go without helping us get back to boy and girl size," cried Jack, who didn't know what in the world he and Janet would do if they had to stay small.

"I can't help you now," laughed Bobby Bouncer. "The Pastry Cook will not wait after 4 o'clock."

Jack and Janet didn't know what else to do, so they chased after him.

Women's Statistics

One out of every twenty-five farms in the United States is operated by a woman.

American women paid $8,000,000 for hair nets last year.

One-fifth of all the women paying a Federal income tax reside in New York City.

It Isn't Safe for Elsie to Plan; Somebody Else Always Gets the Result

Every Time She Thinks Up Something Nice That Might Happen to Her It Happens to One of Her Friends

"EVERY time I plan something awfully nice for myself," said Elsie drearily, "you know, when I think up something awfully nice that I'd love to have happen to me, why, then, it happens to somebody else!"

Have you ever had this discouraging experience?

Elsie dreams some dreams about how she'd like to be "where she ain't," and then she thinks along these lines:

"Wouldn't it be great if Joe would call up tonight and say, "Ted and Jane are going to take mother and me up to that place on the river that we talked about the other day, remember? And we want you to go along. Saturday, starting about 12:30, get up there in time for a swim before dinner. Stay over Sunday, have a big time, come down Sunday by moonlight. Will you go?"

She walks along the hot city street thinking this, planning to wear her brown dress in the car, taking along the light blue for evening and a waist and skirt and sweater for Sunday.

Would she need a hat? Well, if she wore the panama in the car it might look rather queer with the brown dress, but still nobody would see and then it would do for anything; yes, that would be best.

Shoes—they make a bag so heavy, and with a bathing suit, too.

"LOOK out, lady!"

She looks up, startled, as the shout reaches her, dodges a car and pulls her hat down to prevent the swearing truck driver from seeing her snicker.

Why will they always glare silent curses after the innocent dreamer who crosses the street too slowly and up-in-the-airly to be out of their way by the time the policeman has turned his semaphore?

For a time Elsie's dream is shattered after this little experience and embarrassed confusion takes its place.

You feel so foolish, so stupid, so Cousin-Maria-from-the-country, when you walk blindly out into the traffic and have to be yelled at!

Still, now and then the idea comes back during the days that follow.

She sees herself arriving tired of the car and dusty at the inn which Joe says is so attractive at that place up the river.

She feels the refreshing coolness of the swim after the long trip. She imagines the delicious dinner, the becoming light blue and all that.

Every time the telephone rings she controls herself with an effort to be casual as she answers.

And it's for somebody else every time.

SATURDAY arrives, Sunday goes—and Monday night Joe calls up. "Gee, we had a great trip yesterday; went up to that little place up the river, remember, I told you about? Oh, it was great!"

How she hates Joe! How she detests life in general! All that fun gone to waste.

That's the way it always is with Elsie; but she goes right on making lovely plans for herself.

SOME day it will work out right. It does sometimes. It is never quite like the dream plan, but near enough to be satisfactory, and enough nicer to make up for all the lost, strayed and stolen plans that you have ever made.

And when it does come, how much more glorious and surprising it is than if it always happened just as you wanted it to!

Adventures With a Purse

MABEL has bought a new gas stove and is wondering how she will keep it absolutely new and clean. Her other one would collect rust, despite the fact that she rubbed and cleaned religiously. The new stove stood in its corner, all bright and shiny, and Mabel groaned as she thought of the inevitable rust that would soon mar its polished surfaces. So I told her of something I had found while adventuring, and she almost hugged the stove. A few drops of liquid applied to the polished places of the gas or kitchen stove, and also to the kitchen utensils, will remove rust and the kitchen will fairly shine. It is but thirty-five cents a bottle, and a little bit goes a long way.

An extra umbrella is a very excellent thing to have about, and as I was badly in need of one I went peering into all the umbrella shops and department stores. To be sure, I wanted the best, but I also did not wish to spend very much for it. I came across a counter with some real bargains, and immediately bought one for myself and sent one home to Margaret. There were several styles, but I bought a deep purple silk one. The handle is brown leather and has a loop strap to slip over the wrist. It has the smart stub point that has been so greatly in favor and was priced at $6.50.

If you wish to win the heart of a little boy or girl, buy for that small person a wooden toy dog I have seen. Quite large in size, he has jointed legs, which makes it possible to bend the dog in any number of positions. He sits on his hind legs and begs or will perch on his front legs, with the hind fellows dragging after him. And, best of all, the cover on his back lifts off and has a compartment in which may be tucked some candy. The dog is priced at $2.50 and would make a jolly play fellow.

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

Cheaper Tapestry

The problem of how tapestry may be woven by machine has at last been solved by a French inventor. Lace machines and Jacquard looms have brought the cost of these products within the reach of the moderately well-to-do, but tapestry has always been a hand product and too costly for the average home. The machine imitates the movements of the hand weaver exactly and will weave tapestries up to thirty square yards in size.—Popular Science.

Things You'll Love to Make

While crocheting is so popular make a CROCHETED SILK LAMPSHADE. Crochet a filet insertion two inches wide that will fit around the top of a silk-covered wire shade. Leave drop-stitching enough to reach within three inches of the bottom edge of the shade. Then crochet a three-inch filet insertion to fit the bottom circumference of the shade. Finish the edge with a narrow scallop. Made of silk of a color to match the color scheme of the boudoir, with a contrasting color silk under it, this CROCHETED SILK LAMPSHADE makes a stunning gift. FLORA.

It stays fresh longer

Victor Bread

Big Loaf 6c

At all our Stores

AMERICAN STORES CO.

Tired and Nervous—from the Lack of Sleep? Do You Know the Reason Why?

Sleep time is the time when the reconstructive processes in your body are busiest—turning food into blood, and nerve tissue, and living cells.

That's the reason why lack of sleep makes you irritable, inefficient and nervous; and why you lack "punch" when you don't get a proper amount of the right kind of sleep.

It has been the experience of many that the cup of tea or coffee, taken at meal-time, robs them of sleep.

In Gould and Pyle's Cyclopedia of Medicine and Surgery you'll find that "caffein is a rapidly acting stimulant to the brain and spinal cord, quickens the action of the heart, and raises blood pressure."

This makes it a very good medicine if prescribed by a doctor for cases of collapse, when a patient needs to have his system abnormally forced into activity. But caffeine is not good for people whose systems don't need to be drugged.

So if you don't get your proper sleep at night, it may be because you are being kept awake by tea or coffee.

Stop tea and coffee for awhile and drink Postum—the delicious cereal beverage.

Postum is a pure cereal product, and contains no harmful element whatsoever. Your first taste of Postum will surprise and please you. Many people prefer the flavor of Postum to that of coffee.

Order Postum from your grocer today. Drink this hot, refreshing beverage in place of tea or coffee for ten days, and see what a wonderful difference it will make in the way you feel.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.