Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Are Women Trivial?

"WOMEN are only for lighter moments of relaxation, for sweet dalliance, for amusement and trivial pastime; never to be taken seriously; they have no minds."

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

That sums up the regard men universally had for us until recent years. We were at one and the same time forced back into dark ages of learning or intellectual achievement, and jeered at because we did not produce masterpieces in art, music and literature! We were dancing girls to parade our physical charms before men, whether kings in biblical narratives or travelers visiting the geisha houses of Japan, on pleasure bent.

Even many very modern men, who are products of universities and have no fundamental objection to their sisters atending college or going in for economic independence, nourish a deep-rooted belief that most women are trivial and light-headed. Any group of men, they declare, will talk of some external subjects, if only crops or baseball or local politics. But any collection of women will earnestly go into the cut of their clothes, or their own servant problems, or their own babies' diseases. Is this so?

Is it impossible to interest the average woman in the great world problems? Or in abstract philosophy? Or the speculations of the few deep thinkers on life and death, and heredity and immortality? Are women more personal than men? The average women than the average men?

Attend a card party in a small town. It is perfectly true that the guests do not show any knowledge of the Irish question or the Russian situation. Nor do they speak of the latest book of Shaw, or Einstein's theory of relativity. The women vividly and breathlessly take up the fashion changes and devote some time to the shortcomings and frequent goings of their maids. The ailments of the children and matters domestic and personal are their chief concern.

But how about the men? Do not they talk interminably of business—their own business—and of golf—their own recreation—and of the gossip of the local man's world?

Main street is peopled by male idlers and self-interested men, mortals quite as well as female ones. Provincialism knows no sex.

I know a man who is highly educated and very charming. He looks upon his fellow-mortals with a kindly, tolerant eye. He never would deny to women any educational or professional privileges, and is delighted when they write good books, or paint miniatures, or land some prize in the political or business world. Yet he is profoundly cynical as to their seriousness. He sometimes will drop a skeptical remark about the uselessness of giving the higher education to girls. When feminists exclaim in horror at his medieval sentiments, he retorts that he does not for a moment object to girls having the chance at education, but that it only means that it is a sheer waste, as women do nothing but get married and slink back into triviality, abandoning the world of creative art. They—with a few brilliant exceptions—are hopelessly trivial!

Of course, you are an exception, if he is talking to you.

Now, this man is one of the best. There are men who deny the right to women to prove that they have profound thoughts. There are those who coolly assert that the divine plan ordained that women exist merely to cater to men and that they must remain trivial. Mr. S—— only says sadly that they are!

The vast number of human beings likes to take life easy. Few Napoleons and Edisons are willing to slave twenty and sleep but four hours a night. Few flesh-and-blood persons struggle on against every handicap, laboring from dawn till midnight, and conquer obstacles and change the shape of the world. Few women have labored thus and scaled the mountain-peaks, because fewer have had the chance.

Then, too, it was so discouraging to battle against public opinion. No one wants to be thought contemptible and unwomanly. When Rousseau, the renowned educator, said that as women were created solely to amuse men, they should be educated only with this in view, it must have been rather discouraging to the brilliant French women who led conversation in salons with a wit and cleverness never equaled.

When we think of the millions of women in business, it does seem that our conversation cannot be wholly trivial. In one trade, in which perhaps you have not thought of women as prominent, that of hotel managing, there were 14,235 running such hostelries in America at the last census, that of 1910. And feminine restaurant-keepers numbered 10,516. That is, nearly 25,000 women were executives of public hotels and eating-places. By this time, the number must have doubled. It is probable that they have something to talk about besides the fact that skirts are being worn short this season.

When we listen to the chatter of the myriads of girls in the great office buildings, it is quite true that we find them talking of dress and beaux and swimming and vacations, but so are the young men of equal age and status. Their talk is of the eternal ball game, and the prize fight and all of the light themes of youth. What really is surprising, often, is the serious and technical conversations one hears from young woman of business offices, as they sit in tea-rooms or summer gardens. They are not trying to impress any bosses, but are earnestly discussing some of the day's business happenings or some phase of the work that they think could be improved.

Yes, femininity is trivial, in the great mass, for all folks are not celebrities or geniuses. Perhaps we must grudgingly admit that womankind is a bit more trivial than mankind, taking in the millions who are without responsibility because they are comfortably supported by husbands. But we are catching up very rapidly, and our interests are broadening amazingly. Since the war we are unwilling to creep back into our chrysalis.

Feminine and masculine nature is not so different as old-fashioned folks think.

A character in one of George Eliot's novels long ago (Mrs. Poyser) declared: "I ain't a-denyin' as women is foolish; the Lord Almighty made 'em so, to match the men!"

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 happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, that she is leaving her job in order to be married, and he refuses to let her go. They have a battle of words, and Theo apparently wins out, but then the unexpected happens and Blakeslee kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht. Of course she is furious, and then because there is nothing else to do, she decides to refuse to work and to pretend she is merely a guest.

CHAPTER XI

Theo, the Woman

NOW a woman who is worthy the name of woman can feel imperceptibly the change in a man's attitude toward her; and so it was with Theo. That momentary lightening of Richard Blakeslee's face, his start as he had glimpsed her, gave her confidence in herself. It was with a certain air of assurance that she rose slowly to her feet prepared to play the game for all it was worth.

She was no longer Miss Caldwell, the private secretary; she was a guest, and her strange clothes and the sense of luxury lapping her about, all served to help her and give her a feeling of power.

The dining salon with its round table set for two, its shining glass and silver and shaded lights, was an ideal setting, and with her sense of playing a fascinating game Theo was quite unself-conscious. They were waited on deftly by two immaculate stewards, and Theo ate strange and delicious food with a sense of being in a dream, of acting a part in a play. She had a certain air of diablerie about her, a droop of the eyelashes, a quick movement of her mouth, a way of saying unexpected things, that her present environment seemed to bring out in her, and when across the dessert she looked straight into Richard Blakeslee's eyes and said nonchalantly: "You thought of everything, didn't you, Mr. Blakeslee? I feel as if I had suddenly been given a fairy godmother," she had the satisfaction of seeing his dark face flush.

"Perhaps that is a new role for you," she added, with a soft little laugh.

"Mrs. Breen helped me," he returned with that sudden flashing smile of his that somehow softened the sternness of his features. "I thought of her as soon as I decided what I wanted to do."

"And as usual you were successful," Theo said softly. "You had your way. You see, I have known you so long that I really ought to know your methods, but I'm really not to be blamed for walking into the trap this time."

He found his eyes wandering to the light on her hair and abruptly pulled himself up. "Tomorrow we'll begin work," he said evenly. "I've had a typewriter installed, and we'll pull things together a bit, so as to get the thing well in hand."

"Work?" she questioned; her voice was very soft and held a note of surprise in it.

"Why, yes," he snapped.

"Oh, but Mr. Blakeslee, I'm not your private secretary any longer. Have you forgotten that I resigned?"

He stared at her in blank amazement, and met a pair of amused greenish-gray eyes black lashed. Her head was tilted back slightly and her soft white chin was mutinous.

At that moment a steward entered the salon with a shining silver tray, on which were tiny cups in blue enameled holders.

"Coffee, sir?"

"May we have it on deck?" Theo asked suddenly, as though she had been accustomed all her life to traveling on private yachts, and accepting the homage of men like Richard Blakeslee. Somewhere she had read something of the kind in a book, and her air of elaborate carelessness was quite perfect, inasmuch as she accompanied the request with a deliberate movement from her place, as though, of course, he would be only too glad to do exactly as she wished.

They did not look at him, but her heart was exulting. She had made the first move in the game, and she had a good chance to win out. If she did it would be the first time that Richard Blakeslee had ever been beaten.

Tomorrow—"A Sudden Reaction."

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Some girls, unaccustomed to social usages, and with no other motive than a good-hearted, if mistaken, idea of hospitality, do not hesitate to ask young men to visit them at their homes, even though they may have met these men but two or three times in mixed company. The average young man requires no "encouragement" of this sort, and may misunderstand it; no girl can afford to seem to pursue a man. If a young man is really anxious to become better acquainted with a girl he will find it easy enough to follow the conventional way of paying his respects to her mother first.

A young girl should never write to young men inviting them to call on her. She may ask the mother's permission to do it, or she may wait for the more Conservative time, in no instance infringing upon the prerogatives usurp the pres[illegible]

Lace Chiffon Frock Draped Over Satin

By CORINNE LOWE

It was some seasons ago that we changed the glass of fashion to the glaze of fashion, and still the rage for waxed and polished surfaces goes on. Of cire braids and ribbons we see more than ever on the early fall frocks of Poiret twill and gabardine. And the cire laces which Callot, in particular, launched so enthusiastically last spring, will probably pass from the experimental stage this autumn.

The fact of it is that lace has been the subject of much laboratory work on the part of the designers. Not only do we find its surface glazed, but that glaze is sometimes carried out in the jeweled tints of the Chinese lacquer work that has taken such a hold upon the imagination of the dress smiths.

In the accompanying model we encounter lace au naturel, a form persevering through all recent experiments. It is used to drape a frock of apricot chiffon which, in turn, veils a foundation of apricot satin. The popular cape effect is exploited, and the low girdle is formed of three strands of coral

Using Soap Scraps

Save all odds and ends of toilet soap of every description. When enough has accumulated, grate in very small pieces and put through the food-chopper, using the medium cutter first, and then the fine cutter. To one cupful of this granulated soap add one and a half cupfuls of cornmeal and put through the food chopper again until reduced to a coarse meal. This may be facilitated by rubbing between the hands to loosen the particles. When all will pass readily through a meal sieve add one ounce of olive oil to each two and a half cupfuls of the soap and cornmeal mixture. Blend thoroughly. An ordinary fruit jar with the rubber ring in place makes a good container. A quantity of this soap powder kept on the kitchen sink or in the bathroom will be found invaluable for cleansing very soiled hands and keeping them soft and smooth, besides being perfectly harmless and costing next to nothing.—Good Housekeeping.

Table Oilcloth

To make table oilcloth more satisfactory and durable, clean it well and rub it occasionally with liquid wax, always polishing well afterward. It will be easy to keep clean, and its lifetime will be prolonged indefinitely. In polishing it use a soft cloth or a piece of flannel and an iron, using the former as a polisher.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Temptation"

No, do not go anywhere with a married man, whether his wife approves or not. It's a dangerous pastime, and no girl should do so.

Says "Brown Eyes" Is Too Young

Dear Cynthia—Kindly say to "Anxious Brown Eyes" for me that she is entirely too young in mind to have young men's company. Yes, even that of boys, except as little play fellows. "Brown Eyes" belongs very properly to the kindergarten class; does not seem to have the least idea of that which is becoming to a young woman. One step in the wrong direction soon is followed by the second, then the third, fourth, etc., until the final one is reached. No! Emphatically no—no young woman should kiss or permit a young man to kiss her until she was engaged to be married and understood what that solemn bond meant. "Anxious Blue Eyes" and all other eyes, take notice.

DAVID L. W.

Family Opposes Match

Dear Cynthia—I have a sweetheart I love dearly and he loves me, but my folks dislike him and they mistreat me all the time. I cannot part with him, for his love is in my heart. He will not come over to my house because they dislike him. He told me he will not be ready to marry me until two or three years, and he tells me, "Dear, how can you wait for me that long and be home, suffering for me all the time?" I am eighteen years old, he is nineteen years old. He was my first real love and I cannot part with him. His folks tell him he is too young. I am always working and when I go home my folks are very mean to me. Just for my brothers he does not like to come to my house.

I loved him before, then my folks found out and they told me I should not speak to him or else they would mistreat me. I did not speak to my honey for ten months. Then he would come in the place where I work, so that is how we speak again. He is so good I cannot help loving him. Well, he always tries to do anything to please me. But he is disgusted with the way my folks treat me and he told me to drop the matter. When he told me that I cried for many hours. So please tell me what to do. The only place I have to speak to him is where I work. I am waiting patiently for an answer as soon as possible, for it is very disagreeable at home. I cannot go out to movies with him or walk with him.

BRIGHT EYES OF LOVE.

The young man is right. Better not be engaged to him until you are older if the family opposes you so. It is a mistake to meet clandestinely. Be friends when you happen to meet, and if in two or three years you find you still love each other marry then, when you will both be of age.

Father Objects to Marriage

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl nineteen years old and engaged to be married. I have some money in the bank and my fiance has a very good position and a large bank account. I know that he could support me very readily. He comes of a very good family, and I have known him for years.

Now here comes my problem. We both love each other dearly. My mother is glad that I have chosen such a fine man for a husband. But my father insists that I do not marry him. My mother and I have both argued with him to tell us reasons why he doesn't like George. All he says in return is that it will be better if I don't marry him. My nerves are completely on end and I don't know what I shall do if I don't get some advice.

Should I take mother's advice and marry George, or should I do as my father says and break the engagement. The latter I would dread to do, as I see no reason except my father's. My father and I do not get along very well together, so do you think that would have anything to do with it?

If the readers would give me any advice on the matter I would appreciate it very much. Thank you, Cynthia, for giving me all this valuable space.

DISTRACTED.

If your father refuses to give any reason for not wishing you to marry, it would not be fair to your fiance or to yourself to break the engagement. Tell your father unless he will give you a good, honest reason for his refusal you will marry the man you love.

Make It Do Double Work

What a cozy, comfortable window seat! And what a useful one! Its upholstery matches the color scheme of the room, with contrasting pillows to add bright touches, and the sateen, silk, plush or cretonne curtains which hang down over its edge cover a multitude of things. A place for your favorite books, a place for shoes, a place for your best hat and extra room for any odd or end you want to put there are arranged beneath the wooden seat. Any carpenter could fix this up for you, or, if you are clever with saw and hammer, you could do it yourself

Prepare For Triple Holiday Early; A Complete Menu Given by Mrs. Wilson

Some Recipes for Champagne Sauce and Ginger Layer Cake Are Especially Appetizing—Try Them and See

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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LABOR DAY is the closing of the summer season and vacations are usually over by this time. This triple holiday, coming just before the autumn harvest, is an ideal time for family outings. If you are living in the country, near the shore or even near a park, by all means take full advantage of this last summer holiday.

Here is a suggestive menu from Friday night to Tuesday morning:

FRIDAY EVENING DINNER

Pickled Onions Radishes
Baked Stuffed Peppers Cheese Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Corn on Cob
Coleslaw
Baked Apples Tea

SATURDAY BREAKFAST

Grapes
Grilled Ham with Saute Egg
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Cornbread Coffee

LUNCHEON

Salmon Salad Saratoga Potato Chips
Sliced Tomatoes
Grapes Tea

DINNER

Tomato Canape Young Onions
Baked Ham, Champagne Style
Baked Potatoes Lima Beans
Lettuce
Ginger Layer Cake Apple Sauce
Coffee

SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST

Cantaloupe
Spanish Omelet Creamed Potatoes
Toast Radishes Coffee

DINNER

Clear Tomato Soup
Home-Made Pickles Chilled Cucumbers
Grilled Ham Fried Chicken
Cream Gravy
Boiled Rice String Beans
Tomato Salad
Sponge Cake Apple Sauce Coffee

SUPPER

Cold Cuts of Ham Potato Salad
Sliced Tomatoes
Ginger Layer Cake Grapes Tea

MONDAY BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Minced Ham and Green Pepper Omelet
Lyonnaise Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes
Bread Butter Coffee

LUNCHEON

Ham Sandwiches Sliced Tomatoes
Cup Custards Cocoa

DINNER

Cheese Toast
Radishes Chilled Cucumbers
Baked Tomatoes with Grilled Ham
Mashed Potatoes Succotash
Lettuce
Apple Sauce Sponge Cake Coffee

The market basket will require

One ten-pound basket of grapes,
One-half basket of apples,
One-quarter basket of potatoes,
One-quarter basket of tomatoes,
Three cantaloupes,
Onions,
Radishes,
Young onions or scallions,
Cucumbers,
Corn,
Lima beans,
String beans,
Green peppers,
Lettuce,
Parsley,
Garlic,
Rice,
Nine-pound baby pig ham,
Small frying chicken about one and three-quarters pounds,
Eggs,

And the usual weekly staples.

Market early on Friday morning and then place the ham on to cook early in the afternoon.

To Boil Ham

Wash the ham well in warm water and then place in a large pot with sufficient water to cover. Bring to a boil, then place on the simmering burner and cook slowly, allowing one-half hour per pound. Let cool in water over night and in the morning lift, remove the fat and cut sufficient ham for breakfast in thin slices. Place the following mixture on the ham and bake in a hot oven just in time for dinner:

Two-thirds cup of brown sugar,
One teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-half teaspoon of allspice,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-quarter teaspoon of cloves.

Mix and then score the fat in the top of the ham and pat in the sugar mixture. Baste while cooking with

One cup of water,
One cup of vinegar.

To Make Champagne Sauce

Place in a saucepan

One-half cup of vinegar,
Three-quarters cup of water,
Three tablespoons of cornstarch.

Dissolve the starch, then bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Add

One-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg.

Ginger Layer Cake

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of brown sugar,
Three-quarters cup of molasses,
Seven tablespoons of shortening,
One egg.

Cream well and then add

Three cups of sifted flour,
Two level tablespoons of baking powder,
One-half level teaspoon of salt,
One level teaspoon of ginger,
One level teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-half level teaspoon of allspice,
One-half level teaspoon of cloves,
One cup of cold coffee.

Beat to a smooth batter and bake in two well-greased and floured deep layer-cake pans in a moderate oven. When cold spread with jelly and put together. Now cover the top of cake with icing made as follows:

One-half cup of confectioner's sugar,
One tablespoon of lemon juice.

Spread over the cake.

Bake cakes on Friday afternoon. Boil sufficient potatoes for salad and for frying and when cold place in the lower compartment of the icebox.

Use soft tomatoes for the soup and use a little water in which the ham was cooked.

To grill ham, cut thin and then brown quickly in skillet with little melted ham fat. Use the rough and ragged portions of the ham for minced ham and pepper omelet.

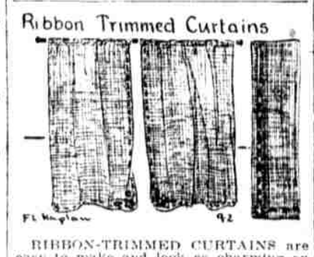
To stuff peppers and tomatoes, mince about one-half cup of ham fat and cook slowly in skillet and add

Two cups of prepared bread,
One-half cup of finely chopped onions,
One teaspoon of poultry seasoning.

Cook slowly and turn frequently. Cool and when ready to use fill the peppers. Add three hard-boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve. Season to taste and place in baking pan. Add one-half cup of water to prevent the skins bursting. Bake in moderate oven for one-half hour. Lay thin slice of ham on top of each pepper and tomatoes about five minutes before removing from the oven.

Things You'll Love to Make

Ribbon Trimmed Curtains



RIBBON-TRIMMED CURTAINS are easy to make and look so charming on bedroom windows. Make simple curtains of voile or marquisette. Draw sufficient threads to have the hemstitching three-eighths inch wide. Make double hemstitching. Use one-fourth inch ribbon of a color to harmonize with the color scheme of the room. Run the ribbon through the hemstitching on the side and bottom. Finish the corner with a flower made of loops of the ribbon. These RIBBON-TRIMMED CURTAINS are lovely in their simplicity. FLORA.

Another Week-End cut in price of Butter

Louella REGISTERED

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Sold in our Stores only

AMERICAN STORES CO.

Adventures With a Purse

EACH season increases the number of women who are making their own clothes, and it's really astonishing to look about and see the many smart dresses which were made at home at very little cost. Some girls I know have agreed to make all their winter clothes themselves, and twice a week they get together and, while sewing industriously, they discuss the various fall styles which have been displayed in the stores and shop windows. The wise men tell us that we are in for a long and bitter cold winter, and so these girls are making several heavy dresses. One of the shops is selling all-wool serge, fifty-two inches wide, for $1.48 a yard. It comes in dark blue and brown and one of the girls is planning to buy a brown dress and trim it with tan broadcloth.

If it's a small boy, he wants to dress like his daddy, and if it's an older son, well, he just must have the same things the other fellows have, and it keeps Mother busy keeping peace all around. Of late the silver belt buckle has been accepted as "quite the thing," but it is expensive. But today I saw a display of silver belt buckles, bearing the "sterling" mark, for twenty-nine cents and fifty-nine cents. Initials were cut in the center and I'm sure that the masculine members of your family would welcome one of these as a present.

September means chilly evenings when one cannot sit on the porch without a wrap of some kind. One of the stores is selling the large woolen scarfs that are so popular for $5.95. There was one of blue, with a darker blue border around the edge of the scarf, the pockets and belts. Another was a combination of tan and brown, and both were very effective.

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

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

No. 41—Large Handwriting

Conformations of bodily structure and physical features are not the only signs by which character tendencies may be judged. The scientific character analyst can tell almost as much about a person's character by a mere inspection of handwriting as by observation of the person himself.

Of course judgment becomes more difficult where there is a deliberate attempt on the part of the subject to deceive, much more difficult than in cases where the person can actually be observed. Still, no matter how the subject tries to avoid it, guiding clues are unconsciously embodied in his or her writing.

Take as an example the person who habitually writes a large hand, and for some particular purpose writes a small one for the inspection. It may fool the analyst. But the chances are that the latter will run across some other characteristics that contradict the small writing and start him on the right track.

But what does large handwriting indicate?

Paradoxically, it indicates an appreciation of that which is small and dainty. It indicates that the writer is quick at observing details, and inclined to take big meanings from little things. It indicates in addition a tendency to be self-centered and tenacious of opinion. Such persons like to have things their own way, and are likely to be overly concerned when they are unable to.

Tomorrow—Big and Small Hips.

The Woman's Exchange

Black Silk Braid Fashionable

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there anything that can be done to take "shine" off black shirts? Also, can black silk braid be used for trimming a skirt?

N. G. F.

Vinegar has been the time-honored remedy for "shiny" cloth skirts. Sponge the material with the vinegar and press it on the wrong side.

Black silk braid will be the correct trimming for this year and can be used very well on skirts.

Too Young for Night School

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I will be fifteen years old in December. I am working and go to continuation school in the winter. What I want to know is, if I can go to night school. Must I be sixteen years old? Please tell me the name of some night schools

MISS WANTS-TO-LEARN-MORE.

Yes, you are too young to go to night school. You will have to wait until you are sixteen, unless you can make special arrangements. Call the Board of Education, Spruce 1940, to find out where to go to see about this. All the business schools have night classes; you can find the list of them in the business directory of the telephone book, under "Schools and Colleges."

September Maid of Honor

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl of fifteen years of age, five feet seven inches tall, light complexioned and light brown hair and weigh 111 pounds.

Now I am to be maid of honor (the wedding will take place in September) and don't know what to wear. What style dress would be suitable to wear and how should I wear my hair and what kind of hat? HAZEL EYES.

Of course, it depends upon what time of day the wedding will take place. If it is an afternoon wedding, a light silk or organdie dress in any color, as blue, burnt orange or champagne, would make a striking contrast with the bride's white dress. Have it made in a simple and graceful way and wear a hat made of the same material or else one of black tulle or lace. Arrange your hair in the way you have been accustomed to do it, for it will be much more natural and becoming.

Everywhere You Go in Summertime You Hear Children Cry for "Daddy!"

Vacation Is His Time to Rest and Play and Every Child From the Baby to the Young Man Shouts for Him

WELL, Daddy's time is about over now for another year.

He has been very busy.

Not with business; no, indeed.

This has been his time to "rest."

He has had a month, three weeks, two weeks, a week or a few days' vacation, and he has been spending them with his family.

But, from the 1st of June the universal cry of seashore, country, mountains and home has been "Daddy!"

In baby silvertones, in shrill treble, in uncertain contralto, in sweet soprano and the deep bass or shallow tenor of seventeen, the name has sounded eternally, incessantly.

"DADDY!" purrs the baby, fondling his fishy clothes upon his return, late for dinner.

"Daddy!" shrieks the eight-year-old, rushing into the bathhouse. "Daddy!"

"What?" shouts Daddy, sticking his head out of the door in alarm. "What's happened?"

"Oh!" says Eight Years calmly, upon seeing him. "I was afraid you'd gone—why, gimme a quarter, will you? They're goin' t' the movies."

And Daddy, recovering with rage from his limp fear that the baby has fallen off the boardwalk or strolled out into the ocean, gives him the quarter.

"Daddy, Daddy!" call more eight and nine year olds into another ear. "Will you make us a swing today? You promised!"

"SAY, dad," remarks fourteen in conventional excitement, "Y'oughta seen that baby dive today. Gee whiz!"

"Oh, Alfred!" rebukes mother, "can't you talk better than that?"

"Uh-huh," replied Alfred, "but say, Dad, what'll we do after lunch? Go fishin' 'r stick around here and swim later?"

No more delightful drifting into after-lunch sleep for Daddy. He's on vacation now and this "Sunday stuff" doesn't go.

"DADDY!" sings Nancy, dancing up to him. "We want to have a hay ride—could we, Daddy? And will you and mother chaperon if I get up the party? Will you, Daddy, please?"

And Daddy makes arrangements for the wagon, pays for the hay, engages the driver and goes down to the village to buy the horns.

In fact—well, it sort of reminds him of the hay rides they used to have, and it seems like old times, being pulled along by horses and singing that way.

"DAD," his oldest son informs him, "we're going to run over to the Mountain House to the dance tonight, and I said I'd get our car. See, Jim can't get his because his Dad wants to use it. So I said I'd get ours. And I've got on your pumps—well, mine are busted and I can't dance in those brown things and I got the white ones wet this afternoon when we went overboard out of the canoe."

Dad takes no part in this conversation beyond a grunt now and then.

It is disconcerting to have a worldly-wise toddler grow so tall that you have to look up at him, and so old that he tells you instead of asking you.

ALL the rest of the year is mother's, and she answers questions, gives permission, hears confidences, joins entertainments and receives advice about what to wear.

But that time in summer belongs to Daddy, that is his vacation from the cares and worries of business.

It is up to him to "play," and the fields and woods and streets and beach re-echo with the universal summer cry of "*Daddy!*"

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a striking, realistic poster designed by a New York artist for advertising purposes.
2. In a girl's or boy's room what novelty makes a very artistic shade for an electric light?
3. What is a neat and useful way of saving the postal cards received during the summer?
4. When reference is made to "cutting the Gordian knot" what is meant?
5. By what method can insertion be put into a dress in half the usual time?
6. How is a pretty linen blouse with Peter Pan collar trimmed?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mrs. J. B. Newman, of Washington, D. C., has been appointed to the interesting and responsible task of helping to draft new banking laws for Cuba.
2. A new type of flypaper which can easily be opened without getting the hands sticky is a narrow strip, coiled into a cube, with a hook by which to grasp it, pull it up and hang it in the room.
3. Instead of small tacks which are often unsatisfactory, use adhesive tape to fasten a shade which has come off its roller.
4. "Crocodile tears" are insincere ones, the significance being that a crocodile sheds tears as it eats its victim.
5. Ribbons of a contrasting color run through embroidered eyelets in the side of a short jacket will attach it in a decorative way to the foundation of the dress it forms.
6. A stylish taffeta street dress is trimmed with rows of narrow brocaded velvet.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Meet and Greet—A Gypsy Slogan

THEY had just returned from their vacations, and the glint of gladness and rejuvenation and re-youthified energy and vitality and enthusiasm was in their eyes and bearing and handclasp.

"How are you?" one asked. "You're looking fine."

"First rate—you're looking fine and dandy yourself," replied the other; "where were you all these years?"

Soon they were wrapt in each other's joys, jokes, disappointments and antics that sensible humans indulge during vacations—reliefs, reactions and exhausts of over-conventionalized, under-exercised lives.

Before their vacations they had exchanged scarcely a perfunctory "good morning," infrequently a careless, unknowing nod—seldom a word of cheer or sympathy.

Now it was all changed.

They spoke about the office, about their play, about their work, about the Bolsheviki, about the mountains, about the seashore, about the weather, about the heather, about the old year and about the new year, about everything and nothing.

And as they talked they discovered they could like each other, these quondam strangers, who before the summer, though they brushed elbows in the same establishment, exchanged hardly half a dozen words in as many weeks.

After that they smiled at one another, occasionally lunched together, soon pooled their ideas, discussed their purposes and their plans, increased their store of knowledge and method.

Slowly but inevitably it showed in their work. Returns grew, progress could not but accrue, things went well, the vacation had had its humanizing influence.

"Meet and greet"—it is one of the oldest gypsy mottoes—the gypsy's tent door is always open to the wanderer.

There are few finer, sounder slogans, few whose practice would do more to warm and cheer and inspire in this workaday, frequently needlessly cold world.

No extra cost; no extra words; all extra quality. Instead of saying "corn flakes" say—

Post Toasties —best corn flakes

It's an extraordinary fact that this extra precaution is usually followed by particular people.

SPESHUL

if any of yer want to remembur that jelly layer cake that yu used to fill up on when yer was a kid jest hand yer grocer six cents fer a *Jelly Junior* TASTYKAKE.

it's no wunder the bakery's busy.

Yours truly,
TASTY