Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Fifty-seven Varieties of Husbands: The Human Dynamo

A TREMENDOUS driving force, killing off himself and every one in his household—that is one man I know. He is extremely "good," no one could be kindlier in intent, but he possesses a mania for work which will probably end his life in its prime and land his wife in a sanatorium.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"American hustle," I suppose folks would call it. Certainly, it is unknown to the Old World. In Europe and England men of business and professional classes, even down to clerks, stop for afternoon tea. Also in Canada this is the custom. It seems effeminate to our men, and it makes them irritable, just as they are about to close a big deal, for which they have traveled several thousand miles, to have all operations suspended, for the simple reason that 4 o'clock of an afternoon is reached. To have tea appear in a lawyer's office, when no women are in sight, surely is an old experience; but the calm, lymphatic Canadian of the far Northwest, for instance, refuses to discuss any dull business matter till he has made himself more calm by tea and, perhaps, a cigar, sandwiches or little cakes.

Abroad the men close up shop and stroll on the boulevards. It is true they do not make as many millions per capita as American men do, but they certainly are very entertaining to women, and enjoy life in a full and complete sense themselves. Our men slave madly and then die and leave a fortune to their widow, who promptly buys a foreign nobleman!

Many of our American dramas revolve about the modern rich man, who is killing himself in Wall street, presumably to pay the bills of a violently extravagant and selfish family, and who comes home dead tired, only to find the wife and grown children hitting it up at country clubs or the opera, the servants away, and no one to give him a hot supper and a loving welcome. However true this is to high-class American domestic life, the part which depicts the restless energy of the typical successful man is accurate. We suspect that his abnormal activities are due primarily to his own superhuman energy and ambition, and only incidentally to the extravagance of Friend Wife; but in any case, he makes a most unsatisfactory husband. No woman wants to dwell with a human dynamo.

The young husband I first mentioned is not a multi-millionaire, nor on the road to being one. The young husband is a loving and unselfish father, in a suburb, who has a monomania for work. Something in his imagination has terrorized him regarding the future. He feels that he must make hay while the sun shines, or his family will starve. He happens to be versatile, and tries to use all his talents, at the expense of his health. After working hard all day at a salaried job, he has studied four hours an evening for several years at a profession. Not content with that, he labors hard at music, and picks up money on the side, leading a band. Everything is grist that comes to his mill, and his activities are limited only by the twenty-four hours of each day. He says that he sleeps but four hours each night. Some one told him that Napoleon and Edison managed on that amount.

Nature gave him a fine, strong body and a number of talents. His physique has borne up under this abnormal strain for some years, and he is killing himself as surely as though he were taking a slow, insidious poison. His eyes already have a wild, eccentric light.

Now, this man is a fine, upright, unselfish soul, but do you suppose for one moment that his wife gets any pleasure out of his society? I am certain that she is a lonely woman. If she has any real maternal love for the poor fellow (and we all love with a deeply maternal passion, at least after we have been married a few years), she is worried almost to death over his obstinate slavery. One can see her trying gently and in a tactful, sweet manner to lure him into occasional little relaxations and social pleasures. She knows that his nerves are at the breaking point and that any nagging would finish him; but she tries to make her suggestions appeal to him.

In vain, he doggedly sticks to his self-fold tasks, until she might as well not have any husband at all. He is deadly serious. It is as if he were running a race with death. One can so imagine a man whose doctor had told him secretly that he had but a year to live, and he must get his financial affairs in shape, so that his family would not perish.

He is utterly without humor, or the gambling spirit, that trusts a bit to luck, and makes a few pleasures by the way. His wife must at times reach the limit of her endurance, when patience ceases to be a virtue. Her existence is deadly and monotonous. She must feel cheated out of the joys of comradeship. There is no use in meditating constantly on his excessive goodness in slaving just for her and the two children; human nature demands joy and frivolity!

All life is rushing by, to be sure, but not in the sense that Mr. M—— believes. It is Youth and Love and Joy that are passing along, waiting for his beckoning hand. He tries to be a perfect husband, but he is a most unsatisfactory one.

You may say that it is the economic conditions, the terrible jungle of finance, in which men must claw each other in order to survive—that compels a man to pass up all the sweetness and light, and keep his nose to the grindstone, lest he and his loved ones die of starvation. Conditions are very bad, it is true—but that man is burning his candle at both ends, and soon his life force will pass out, with a last despairing flicker. Perhaps his wife's second husband will live on his savings!

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Prophets "Without Honor"

HUMAN nature does not change very much.

It is recorded of Christ that "when he began to preach His fellow townsmen were astonished."

The surprise found utterance in a question.

"Is not this the carpenter?" they exclaimed.

What, in other words, is a carpenter doing teaching? His task is to work with his hands!

They recognized that what He taught was wisdom, they wondered where He acquired it.

They did not fail to see the greatness of His deeds; they were unable to explain how a hard worker could accomplish them.

Thinking a carpenter ought to be a carpenter and nothing else, unable to explain how He acquired His wisdom or performed His "mighty works," those fellow townsfolk of Christ were "offended in Him."

In such an atmosphere the Master found that He himself was affected by their attitude toward Him, and "could there do no mighty work."

"A prophet," said He on that occasion, "is not without honor, save in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house."

What was true in the days of the Testaments is still very much true today.

What we think of men and women in our community—the people in our employ—the children in our household—helps them or hinders them—expands them or limits them.

It is just possible, perhaps probable, that in our community or circle are those "in whom we are offended" because we do not understand them; think them presumptious, maybe; or because we ourselves by our criticism and unbelief have clipped their wings and nullified their influence.

Let us be square, tolerant and broadminded toward even the most unpretentious among us—who knows but some day a great man will be grateful that our attitude when he was young enabled him to do a "mighty work"!

The Woman's Exchange

Send a Self-Addressed Envelope

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am going to entertain at a Halloween party and I shall be very grateful if you would tell me how to decorate the house and table inexpensively.

What refreshments would be appropriate? B. G. B.

If you want the regular party, there is all printed invitations, decorations and refreshments for Halloween, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I will mail it to you. But if you want decorations that can be got up quickly and easily, get autumn leaves, wild flowers and some pumpkin lanterns which are sold at 50c to $1 and ten cent store. Arrange them around the room in which you are going to have the party and make a centerpiece for the table of a larger pumpkin. Cider, doughnuts, nuts and apples are the regulation Halloween refreshments.

Decorations for Halloween

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I, like many others, am coming to you for help. The class of the high school is going to give a masked social, which is to be held in two large rooms of a hall. The class colors are brown and gold. Which would be more appropriate to decorate the rooms in, our colors or Halloween? Can you describe some unusual yet attractive way to decorate the rooms? Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated. T. R. H.

If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope I shall be glad to send you some special decorations and suggestions for a party for Halloween. Instead of using your school colors, use orange paper which is decorated with black cats, owls, cut out the leaves and pumpkins and hang across the room. Have some real cats, owls and wherever [illegible] and gather huge bunches of wild flowers to hang in the corners. You could have brown and gold in the leaves and flowers, and the other color be orange in Halloween black and orange. Hang orange cheesecloth or hang marigolds at the windows—if there are not too many. If so, hang the cloth wherever it seems appropriate and paste black witches, cats, bats and owls on them as a border. Have pumpkin lanterns over some of the electric lights and fasten two with funny faces together with an orange crepe paper hood to make other shadows to vary the decorations. Shields made of orange paper with black silhouettes pasted on the front would also be appropriate. I hope your party will be a great success.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Snub Noses.

Since people can't help snub noses, [illegible]

[illegible] the chances are that they are not thinking of us, or being in the real, honest-to-goodness snub nose fashion, rather of what passes for it in our crude society.

So far as the real snub nose is concerned, not even a mother could say that it was a sign of her child, be it girl or boy. The real snub nose is considerably more snubbed than the one we ordinarily designate as snub.

It indicates an elemental nature, both temperamentally and mentally. It does not, as a rule, go with marked mental attainments. Its possessors are no fools, to have so obvious tastes, but when faced with study, they take it as they do most everything else, in a very literal sense.

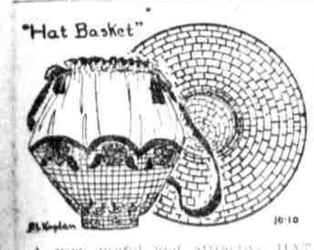
Sculptors, straightforwardness and nature are the keynotes of their characters, and you will do well if you do not rely upon them for highbrow results in any task that requires imagination or foresight.

For the rest, they may be active or passive, imitative or thoughtful, irritable or amiable, whimsical or steady, as may be indicated by the many other characteristics by which, in combination with their snub noses, you should form your opinion of things.

Tomorrow—Hairy Hands

Things You'll Love to Make

"Hat Basket"



A very useful and attractive HAT BASKET can be made from your discarded braided basket-weave or crinkle straw hat. Cut the outer edge into large scallops (six inches across the widest part makes a good size). Wire these scallops with fairly soft wire. Then bind them with bias bands of silk, cretonne or satin, or with velvet or ribbon. If you are handy with needle and brush, paint the flowers on the outside as shown. Otherwise applique them in silk or cut them from cretonne, or you can even embroider them in worsteds. Line the hat with silk or cretonne. Make a three-inch heading at the top. Run ribbon through a casing. Bend the hat into the shape you want and you will be delighted with your beautiful HAT BASKET. FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

About Bobbed Hair

Dear Cynthia—We are two girls eighteen years of age and are coming to you for advice on bobbed hair. We are 5 feet 2 inches tall and not so wonderfullooking. We both want to have our hair bobbed, but both our parents think it isn't nice. We both have boy friends, and one then thinks bobbed hair is cute and the other says it makes a girl look common. What we want to know from your male readers is, Do the fellows like bobbed hair or don't they?

We are anxiously waiting for a reply, so please, Cynthia, let us see this letter very soon. TWO BOBBING MAIDS.

If your parents do not approve, that settles the question for you; don't do it.

Wants to Win Him Back

Dear Cynthia—I have been reading the woman's page in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for many months, and find your column most interesting, as it has solved many difficulties for me. But here is one which has not been solved, and it means so much to me.

I am a girl sixteen years old, tall, dark haired. I am in love with a fellow. This fellow and myself went together for three months, then he went with another girl friend of mine that I travel with a lot. She likes him; so do I, but he does not like me very much, although he speaks and oftentimes we have fun. Please help me win him back. ETHEL.

Appear indifferent to him, and his comings and goings and you will probably pique his curiosity and attract him again.

Wants More Pleasure

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of eighteen years of age and I go to night school three times a week, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

I have a stepmother. She allows me one night a week for pleasure and also Sunday. I keep steady company with a young man. He often asks me to make an engagement on another night. I do not like to tell him I cannot go out.

Would like to know how to get more pleasure and if a girl of eighteen can leave her parents without their consent. BETTY.

Three nights a week at school, two at home and two for going out or entertaining your fiance at home seem to Cynthia a wise and reasonable distribution of time for a young girl of eighteen.

Asks Suggestions for Presents

Dear Cynthia—Please let me know through your columns what in your estimation would be a proper yet a gift of value to give a young lady you are not yet engaged to but with whom you have been going steadily for almost a year. Now, Cynthia, don't say flowers, candy or stationery; this gift is to be a Christmas present and I would like it to be one of value. Also is it proper to give a gift on New Year's Day; if so, what? Also what is proper for same young lady as a birthday gift? GOOD-HEARTED.

Better find out if the young lady will accept something of more value. You know her well, why not ask her jokingly to mention several things she'd like to have for Christmas, then take your choice? Send her flowers on New Year's Day. For Christmas or birthday a pretty pin, a chain bracelet, a silk umbrella or a pretty handbag would make a nice present.

What Shall He Do?

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man slightly past the voting age and have been keeping company with a girl my own age for the past two years. Although not formally engaged, we are planning ahead for the future.

I wish your advice in this matter through your column.

My future as it looks to me now is very uncertain. On account of conditions at home I am unable to make very much progress along the financial line and sometimes get so discouraged I feel like breaking the relationship between us and just being friends. Although I think the world of the girl, I also think of her future and do not want to be a stumbling block in her path.

Should I go on in this way, maybe in the end it will be a waste of her time, as something may turn up that will make it impossible for me to marry for a few years at least or should I explain things to the girl, telling her I can't go on like this any longer? TROUBLED.

You should certainly tell the girl all about your circumstances and tell her that you feel you have no right to ask her to wait so long a time for you and you want her to feel free to break with you if she sees fit. Do not end the understanding yourself, let her do it if it is to be done. A man should never break an engagement.

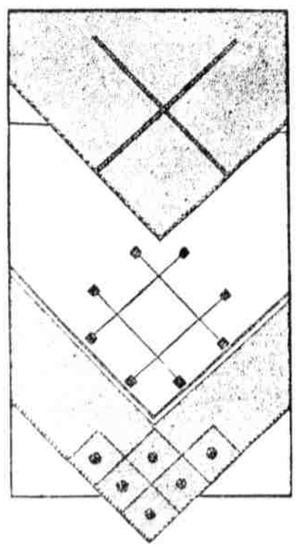
Parties for Halloween

For grown-ups there is "The Veil of Mystery," with all kinds of spooks and secrets and a guessing contest and a big joke when the lights are turned up.

For little boys and little girls Mother Goose is giving a party which she will attend herself. It has the goosiest games and the cutest decorations that little people will just love.

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page for the details of invitations, decorations, stunts, refreshments and favors for these two parties.

Handkerchief Corners



You had better start now to make them for Christmas presents. Everybody likes to receive them and they are such nice fancy work. The top handkerchief shown here was made of lavender linen, with rolled edges cross-stitched in black. Three threads were drawn each way in one corner and both sides hemstitched in black to make the decoration. The second one was white with hemstitched edge and four crossed lines in rose thread, with small padded squares. No. 3 was dark blue linen worked in white, with the rolled cross-stitched edge and a corner of crossed lines in a white outline stitch, inclosing white roses.

YOUR DRESS FOR THE SEASON

Of course you may have more than one, but the majority of us have what we call "my silk dress," which does duty for card parties, matinees, and general Sunday best all winter. This one is of canton crepe with something new in the way of arranging beads for trimming. The double bands are unusual. Silver ribbons to match the steel beads are tied about the cuffs

Photo by Old Masters, Central News

Mrs. Wilson Tells Housewives The Old Chef's Tasty Suggestions

Long Experience Finds Out Many Secrets of Flavoring and Combinations of Foods That Make Ordinary Dishes Different

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE old chef says that when cooking cereals, if just half of the amount you intend to use is added to boiling water, and the mixture beaten well for a few minutes, with an egg beater, it will prevent lumping and improve the flavor very much; then add balance of cereal and cook in usual manner.

Try adding a cup of thick apple sauce to breakfast cereal just before serving. This also gives additional flavor to pancakes and waffle batters. Add one cup of thick unsweetened apple sauce to the batter when ready to cook.

Try This Very Tasty Dish

Wash and place in a saucepan two pounds of pig knuckles and cover with boiling water. Cook until very tender, so that the bones may easily be removed. Let cool and then remove the bones and boil the liquid to reduce it to a little more than half. Add to the reduced liquid

Two tablespoons of gelatin which has been soaked in four tablespoons of cold water,
One-half cup of sharp cider vinegar,
One onion, grated,
One green pepper, minced fine,
One tablespoon of mustard seed,
One teaspoon of celery seed,
The pigs' knuckles with bones removed,
Two level teaspoons of salt,
One level teaspoon of pepper.

Turn into a china bowl and place in icebox. Chill and then cut in thin slices and serve on lettuce.

To extract every drop of juice from the lemon, cover the lemon for five minutes with boiling water, roll until quite soft, then ream out the juice.

Mush That Has a Different Flavor

Fried mush with bacon makes a tasty breakfast dish. To prepare the mush, place in a saucepan

Three pints of water,
Two teaspoons of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One-half teaspoon of thyme,
One large onion, grated,
Two ounces of finely shredded dried beef.

Bring to a boil and add slowly two cups of fine cornmeal. Stir constantly and cook until the mixture will hold a spoon upright. Then rinse a loaf-shaped pan and pour in the mixture. Let stand overnight and in the morning cut in half-inch slices. Cut each slice in half and then dip in flour and brown nicely. Serve with crisp slice of bacon.

Often the housewife has an opportunity to purchase a large bunch of celery at a moderate cost. Figure to use every bit of the celery in the following manner:

Usually the large bunches contain twelve stalks and the smaller ones from four to six stalks. Use the tender inside branches for the table. Make them crisp by placing on ice or in ice cold water.

Celery au Gratin

Cleanse the coarse outside branches and cut in inch pieces. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and then place in a baking dish and add

One large onion, minced fine,
One large green pepper, minced fine,
One cup of coarse bread crumbs,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
Four slices of bacon, minced fine and browned before adding,
One and one-half cups of cream sauce.

Mix, spread the top smoothly and cover with fine breadcrumbs and two tablespoons of grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Celery, tripe and oysters is a real old-time dish. Mince fine half a pound of cooked tripe and cover with boiling water. Cook for fifteen minutes and then drain and look over twenty-five oysters. See that they are free from bits of shell. Drain and parboil.

Place the tripe and oysters in a saucepan and add one cup of celery cut in inch pieces and parboiled and

One green pepper, minced fine,
One onion, grated,
Two tablespoons of finely minced parsley,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
Two cups of thick cream sauce,
Two tablespoons of butter.

Heat slowly to the boiling point and then serve in soup plate on a slice of toast. Garnish with a little hard-boiled egg which has been rubbed through a sieve.

Carefully save all the green and white top leaves of the celery. Spread on a clean paper in a warm place to dry. Rub between the hands to powder and sift through a coarse sieve. Fill into fruit jars and label and use in sauces, gravies, salad dressings, soups and salad to impart the delicate and delicious celery flavor.

Try This Entree of Vegetable

Pare and dice

Three carrots,
Three turnips,
Five onions,
Two stalks of celery.

Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and then place fine four slices of bacon. Brown nicely and add to the cooked vegetables with

One-half cup of finely minced parsley,
Fat left from cooking bacon,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
Two cups of thick cream sauce,
One-half cup of grated cheese.

Heat to the boiling point and then serve in a soup plate on a thick slice of toast.

Scotch Mist

Slice six slices of bread and cut each slice in quarters. Place in a shallow baking dish and then place in a bowl

One and one-half cups of milk,
Three eggs,
Three onions, grated,
Two tablespoons of parsley,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of white pepper,
One cup of grated cheese.

Beat to blend thoroughly and then pour over the bread and bake in a slow oven for thirty-five minutes.

Try This Cereal Pudding

Place in a deep bowl

One and one-half cups of left-over cold cooked breakfast cereal,
One cup of bread crumbs,
Two cups of finely chopped apples,
One cup of thick apple sauce,
One cup of milk,
Six well-beaten eggs,
One cup of brown sugar,
One cup of seeded raisins,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
Three tablespoons of melted butter.

Mix well and then turn into baking dish and cover and set in a pan of warm water. Bake for forty-five minutes in a slow oven and serve with treacle sauce.

Treacle Sauce

Place in a saucepan

One cup of syrup,
One and one-half cups of water,
Four tablespoons of cornstarch,
One-half cup of cocoa.

Stir to dissolve and then bring to boil and cook slowly for ten minutes. Now add

One half teaspoon of cinnamon,
One teaspoon of vanilla.

Heat and serve hot over pudding.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The Indian Summer walking party affords a delightful diversion for a Saturday or Sunday afternoon outing, or for an evening when the "hunter's moon" of October illumines every path with almost the effect of daylight.

From four to ten couples assemble. The man in the lead times the stops, and at the end of every ten or fifteen minutes he calls "Halt!" and the whole party must stop walking and talking. Then the leading man goes down to the end of the line, while all the other men move forward one step. Thus there is a change of partners at every halt. The walker whose talk has been interrupted must continue the conversation with the new partner and so on until the home or other goal for refreshments is reached.

The walking party is an excellent means of entertaining new or mixed acquaintances, as the rapid changes allow no one to become bored.

Adventures With a Purse

IF YOU like to embroider, and if your baby has a room to himself, or if you have a friend whose baby has its very own room, you will be interested in these sets. The set includes a bedspread, a pillow cover and a bureau scarf of linen crash. Each is stamped with a design and figures of a little boy and girl. And with each comes a square of pink-and-white gingham, which is, if you please, the little boy and girl. These you cut out and applique on. You have no idea what a quaint set this makes for the nursery. There is a sample quilt already made up so that you can get an idea of how nicely it makes up. The spread is $1, pillow cover and scarf each fifty cents.

"You have no idea how many washcloths I sell," she explained to me. But when I saw them I could readily appreciate that she must sell countless numbers of them, for they are so attractive. Some of them have sprays and baskets of flowers embroidered in the corners. Others have an initial with some cross-stitch embroidery around them. The wash cloths themselves are of good quality, and the bit of handwork in colors makes them most attractive. And you may say what you like, but nice wash cloths do add to the appearance of the spick-and-span white bathroom. The prices are fifty-five cents.

If you have small fingers, and if you want a little chased silver ring to wear as a guard with your platinum ring, I know where you can buy one in sterling silver for fifty cents. They remind one of the platinum wedding rings. It just so happens that the shop has only the smaller-sized ones just now, for they have been very well liked, and all the others have been sold.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1661

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In order to earn her living, what domestic occupation has a certain woman in England been engaged in for forty years?
2. When one has sheets of different sizes, describe an easy method of telling "which is which" when they are folded.
3. How is a charmingly unusual tray fashioned?
4. What does the old-fashioned expression "under the rose" signify?
5. In what way are a great number of the new evening dresses made?
6. Describe a coquettish chiffon sleeve that is a deceiving length.

Saturday's Answers

1. Nine thousand is the astonishing number of scrubwomen that are required to keep New York office buildings clean.
2. By using it as a pad for the ironing board, a blanket that has worn very thin can be put to excellent use.
3. In order to insure perfect matching of stockings, after they have been washed, it is an excellent thing to sew with colored embroidery thread small, distinguishing marks on each one, using a different mark for every pair.
4. A good method of cleaning a piece of jet is to use a piece of cotton, moistened with a little good oil, and then polish with an old white kid glove.
5. For carrying a few coins, a tiny bag, crocheted with henna-colored silk and trimmed with steel beads, is extremely smart.
6. An inserted side piece of white broadcloth, extending from the neck to the hem, is an unexpected trimming found on a dress of dark serge.

Mrs. Wilson's Answers

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Would you please tell me what vegetables should be put in boiling water to cook and which in cold water? MRS. C. M.

Cook all vegetables in boiling water; to place them in cold water and heat to boiling point not only causes the valuable food element to dissolve from the foods and become a part of the water in which the vegetables are cooked, but this method also permits the essential flavoring to become dissipated and therefore lost. Prepare the vegetables and cover with boiling water and cook until tender, then drain, season and dress as desired.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give a recipe for making grape jelly and quince jam? Mrs. H.

Grape Jelly

Stem grapes and wash, drain well. Now place in a preserving kettle and add one and a half cups of water for every pound of grapes weighed after stemming. Bring slowly to boiling point, mashing well with wire potato masher; cook until the grapes are soft, then cool, and turn in a jelly bag to let drip. Measure the juice and return to the preserving kettle. Boil for twelve minutes and then add three-quarters of a cup of sugar for every cup of juice. Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil. Cook twelve minutes, pour in sterilized glasses. Cool and seal with paraffin.

Use the pulp left in the jelly bag for making grape butter.

Rub the pulp through the sieve and measure, place in the preserving kettle, and add two-thirds cup of sugar for every cup of the grape pulp. Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring slowly to a boil. Cook until thick like jam. Store like jelly.

Quince Jam

Cut the quinces in small pieces and barely cover with cold water. Cook slowly until the quinces are very soft; then turn in a fine sieve and rub the pulp through. Measure the pulp and juice and return to the preserving kettle. Add two-thirds cup to every cup of the pulp; stir to dissolve the sugar, then cook slowly until thick like jam. Store in the usual manner for jellies.

Lenox China
for Wedding Gifts
Wright Tyndale & van Roden
1212 Chestnut Street

An Old-Fashioned Garret Brings Visions of Rainy Days Spent There

This Wonderful Playroom and Treasure House Has Gone Out of Style With the Children Who Used to Love It So

THE old house in the country had so many possibilities that they fell in love with it as soon as they saw it, and now they are having fun fixing it up.

It is more than a hundred years old, with fireplaces, low ceilings, quaint windows, and the winding stairways that make old-fashioned houses so charming.

If the first floor is pleasing, the second floor is more so, with its low windowsills affording a comfortable place to sit and gaze over the fields of grass, dried to an orange color, to the trees of a woods that is all glorious with red and copper and gold.

There are three little steps down into one room, a marvelous linen closet, suggestive of crocks filled with ginger cookies, hidden away from prying eyes and eager fingers—and a mysterious door that seems to beckon and whisper of romance and secret things.

For it opens on the steps going up to the garret!

Oh, that wonderful storehouse of forbidden treasures, old forgotten toys, queer, useless things, "dress-up" clothes and dreams!

On rainy days, to steal up those steps, with a handful of those stolen ginger cookies, a book, perhaps a doll or two, and a headful of dreams!

THE air castles that have been built in garrets! The princesses that have lived there, the grand ladies who have fallen over their long skirts strutting about under the roof.

The secrets that have been told, that have been discovered, that have been betrayed, in that great room with its sloping sides, while the rain poured down, blurring the window panes and closing out the view.

The troubles that have been confided to the musty trunks and old pieces of furniture up there, the sorrows that have been sobbed out under cover of the noise of the downpour on the roof.

What a story a garret could tell what visions it brings, even now with a new history just beginning to unfold itself!

THERE are so few real garrets nowadays.

In modern houses we have storerooms, practical, unromantic things, with no room to play in, no shadows to stimulate the imagination—and another room right next door.

Or else we live in apartments and store our left-over things, very scanty and uninteresting, in a place especially made for them in the basement.

Or else we live in a house that is slightly small for us, and we have to double up on the rooms as it is, without taking one of them for a storeroom.

And nobody wants to play there anyhow.

We build for speed, space and specifications now.

There is no waste room, no nooks and crannies, and no possible hint or suspicion of a secret passage—that always probable, always mysterious, always alluring possibility of an old-fashioned house.

AND there wouldn't be much time to use a garret if we had one.

Distances are not so great as they used to be, a rainy day does not mean a day at home because it is impossible to get to school, or an afternoon in the house because it is unpleasant to go out in the rain.

Trolleys, automobiles, paved streets, motion-picture theatres and playrooms have changed all that.

Anyhow, we don't go in for building castles and acting parts and discovering secrets as we used to.

Such things are much too childish for us nowadays, and too slow.

OLD-FASHIONED garrets are rare in these days.

But not quite so rare as children who could spend a whole day playing in them, or dreaming in them.

All that kind of thing has gone out of style now.

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 to be married and because he feels she has no rights aside from his wishes, he kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht bound for a South American business trip. After two days at sea the propeller shaft breaks, and they are forced to make for shore, but not before Blakeslee, seeing Theo for the first time as a woman instead of an office machine, falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. He is amazed at her refusal, for he has always had what he wanted out of life. But Theo is determined to be faithful to Jimmy in spite of the fact that Blakeslee's high-handed methods have won her love. When the yacht lands at Savannah she escapes and takes a train for New York. But when she sees Jimmy she finds him willing to believe the worst of the situation. They quarrel, and Theo sends him away.

CHAPTER XLIII

An Implied Lie

WHEN Richard Blakeslee reached the hotel on the evening that Theo escaped and took the train for New York, Mrs. Breen met him in the lobby.

"Where is Miss Caldwell?" he asked quickly.

"Gone!" was Miss Breen's reply.

"Gone; what do you mean?"

"Just that Mr. Blakeslee. We reached the hotel, and I went to register as you told me to. When I turned around, Miss Caldwell had disappeared."

With an exclamation, Richard Blakeslee turned away, turned away so quickly that he did not see the malicious gleam that appeared suddenly in Mrs. Breen's light blue eyes. When he turned back a moment later the gleam had disappeared and she was once more her usual self, quiet and respectful.

"She had no money!" he exclaimed. "Not a cent. I had decided not to pay her until we reached New York. I wanted to take care of her until then, to see her back safely."

"I don't think I'd worry about her, Mr. Blakeslee; it's not as though she couldn't look out for herself. Miss Caldwell is a very independent young woman, she'll manage somehow; it isn't as though she had lived a sheltered existence."

He looked at her then and under his keen scrutiny a dull flush crept up into her cheeks.

"I hope you don't think I've said more than I should have, sir; it was merely to relieve your mind so that you wouldn't worry about her."

"Worry; how can I help worrying!" he snapped, in his characteristic way. "A girl like that without money, and in a strange city; it's incredible. If anything happens to her——"

He broke off. If anything happened to Theo! The thought was horrible. Never to see her again, and to know that she had come to harm through his deliberate determination to have his own way. For the first time since he had known the girl he thought of her side of the question. She was engaged to be married; she wanted to get back to her lover, and he had refused to give her the money to take her there. No wonder she hadn't waited; a girl like that would wait for no man; she would go where her heart prompted her to go, no matter what dangers she might have to encounter on the way.

But Theo alone in Savannah, without money! What could she do; how could she escape? The thought occurred to him that she might have had some money with her, and he turned again to Mrs. Breen. He was utterly oblivious of the fact that they were standing in the crowded lobby of the hotel, that people were passing and staring at them curiously; he thought of no one but Theo, not even of himself.

"Perhaps she had some money; do you know whether she did or not?" he rasped out.

"I'm not sure, but I think she had some," Mrs. Breen returned.

"Enough for railroad fare?"

"Well, it seems to me, Mr. Blakeslee, that she must have had enough, or she wouldn't have run off like that."

He nodded. The thought was comforting and Theo had common sense. She was no wishy-washy, bread-and-butter type of girl. No, she was anything but that. What a mate she would make for a man; for him, for he had sworn to have her.

"All right," and he nodded brusquely to Mrs. Breen; a nod of dismissal. She turned away, glad that he had not questioned her any further. She was glad she had given Theo the money to get away. Once in New York with the man she had promised to marry the danger to Richard Blakeslee would be over. Some day he would thank her for what she had done; some day when this infatuation of his was a thing of the past.

Tomorrow—"A Gay Intruder"

Children Love
PUDDINE
Desserts

Had your iron today?
Eat more raisins

Any time you've an appetite to trade for delight, just call for
Post Toasties
—best corn flakes
No need to accept any but the best in corn flakes if you speak the name, "Post Toasties."