# Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

## *Fifty-seven Varieties of Husbands: Idle and Good-for-Nothing*

THE town loafer and drunkard in any community is despised and shunned. Yet, by a strange anomaly, if he is presented on the stage he is beloved by thousands!

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Years ago Rip Van Winkle was immortalized by Joseph Jefferson, and millions of respectable, God-fearing persons who in real life would have shunned the reprobate like the plague, wept and smiled and condoned his failings. Recently a similar character has been presented in a play called "Lightnin'," which ran three years on Broadway without a pause. Literally millions of men and women flocked to see a disreputable, good-for-nothing husband, a liar and a drunkard, supported by his admirable and energetic and long-suffering wife, and shed tears when he experienced bad luck.

What the psychology is, I am at a loss to tell. However prone the female population is to condone a gay blade, a Don Juan, who lends a fast but fascinating existence, it never waxes sentimental over the shiftless, dirty, tobacco-chewing old soldier, in any town. Yet put him on the stage and let his wife turn him out of doors and there is not a dry eye in the house!

Perhaps it was largely the sweet personality of Joe Jefferson and his modern prototype, Frank Bacon, that captured the hearts of a vast populace and caused it to reverse all moral standards. When the martyr who was unfortunate enough to be the wife of "Lightnin' Bill" was divorcing him, as he deserved to be divorced, the audience almost rose en masse at his entrance wearing the G. A. R. uniform. Radiant, indeed, were the society matrons and debutantes in the boxes and gallery girls, and suburban families when the final curtain showed him again the recipient of love and protection. Not a woman in the audience, however, would have tolerated him as a husband!

Without being unduly intolerant, or a believer in Puritan stoning of one's fellowmen, I at least insist that one need not maintain a husband who has no virtues but a senile smile and an aptitude for sponging on his wife.

The world is full of women who are supporting their husbands. Some of them are heiresses of American multimilliona res that have purchased foreign nobemen. Others are janitresses and washerwomen who are laboring ten hours a day to earn food for their lazy spouses and ten children. Until recently many States in our enlightened republic have had laws permitting husbands to collect their wives' wages weekly! New York was a shining example of this chivalrous law. Of course, most men did not know the law existed, and decent men would not have availed themselves of it had they known; but there it was, for the advantage of the reprobates who beat up their wives every Saturday night, and took their wages from them, not by force, but by majesty of the law!

There is no reason why a wife should not support her husband, if she is strong and husky and he is an invalid, or if she is brilliant and possessed of a big earning capacity, and he is temporarily unemployed through some ill fortune. The only reason that society has decreed that family support is the male duty is that women presumably were bearing children, and the care of several young babies precluded them from earning a livelihood. When conditions are the reverse, the man is ill, or in trouble, any reasonable and affectionate wife is willing to meet the common expenses. But for a drunken, lying, shiftless spouse? Never!

Every town and village has a few examples of these male parasites, and the great cities have their quota of men living off women. It is usually such an apparent tragedy that the community sympathizes with the wife, and if she is very poor, women assist her with opportunities for work and with clothes for her children.

It is singular, however, that if the drunken loafer chanses to have a sense of humor, and amuses folks, or a weak, sad smile, and appeals to the sympathies, he is condoned a little, at least by his male contemporaries. The wife often is believed to be a scold or a shrew.

One fault begets another. Of course, if a wife is slaving until she is ready to drop into her grave, she is not a model of amiability. The poor are often irritable from sheer inability to endure any more.

History affords us the famous first loafer whose wife bore the reputation of being a scold, because she was so tired of having him hanging around doing nothing but asking questions. Socrates happened to be a genius, and as the literary and philosophical world decided that his "questionings" brought out some of the profoundest philosophy ever expressed, succeeding generations forgot his shortcomings and voted his wife Xantippe the most famous scold and nagger of history.

We would like to hear Xantippe's side! We suspect that she had to hustle in some way to support him in idleness, while he lay around the sunny marble walls of Athens, gazing at the blue ocean, and pestering his contemporaries with queries as to their viewpoints on politics and religion. Women did not have many avenues of livelihood in those days, unless they were slaves or hetersæ. But we feel sure poor Xantippe had to earn the living somehow, and that Socrates never came home on time to meals. Idle husbands may interest outsiders, but they are pretty hard to live with.

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### What to Say When Introduced

Dear Cynthia—I am a daily reader of your wonderful column. You have helped others and I feel that you can also help me. What is proper to say to a boy of seventeen when introduced (I am sixteen years old) and you are at a party? When going home what what should I say? What shall I say when I see him again at another party? What would be an interesting conversation to engage in with him and also other boys? I will be very grateful if you could answer these questions as soon as possible.

What would be a pretty way to refuse to dance when you are tired?

"ANGEL FACE."

There is not anything special to say, dear. Speak to a boy just as you would to any one else. Try to forget that you want to say something special and talk of whatever you think of. Simply say when introduced, "I am very glad to meet you."

### Have Plenty of Friends

Dear Cynthia—I am a boy of seventeen and about a year ago I met a girl and went to see her once a week. Recently when I went up to see her she told me going out to parties and dances, she would never get me anything and asked me why I did not get one real nice girl and settle down. At present my future is very uncertain and when I told her she said she would assist me in any way she could.

Now do you think she was right and should I take her advice and pick out one girl, meaning the one mentioned?

J. B. C.

You are entirely too young to be engaged and have no right to monopolize one girl's time unless you are engaged to her. The young girl is right in saying that a continual round of parties will not get you anywhere, but a party now and then will not hurt and you should have lots of girls for friends, not one only.

### Slams the Girls' Clothes

Dear Cynthia—I am a silent reader of your interesting column and Mrs. X. A. MSS. has forced me to interfere. Hoping this will not take up too much of your column.

I don't see how Mrs. X. A. MSS. can make such a statement. Yes, I am a dance fiend. I am a good modern and stage dancer. I have been going out with plenty of girls to dance, balls and cabarets. I am no wise guy. I don't think I know it all. When I go to a dance hall I am not particular as to whom I dance with.

I ask girls for a dance and 90 per cent of the times I get turned down by these unpainted, respectable dolls, so I am forced to get the painted-up dolls.

These unpainted dolls are not a bit sociable, and dance halls are made for pleasure and not for ornament. When you ask these girls for a dance they say—"I've promised, my feet ache, I am tired and I don't feel like dancing." But first they give you the once over and then they talk like that.

I am noted as a good dancer. If I am willing to take a chance on a cripple, why aren't others? You talk about Humpty-Dumpty suits, that's what men call style. If some of you girls would only know our opinion about some of your styles there would be an awful argument.

I. A. T.

### She Won't Save

Dear Cynthia—You have helped so many people before that I am writing to you for advice. I am a young man twenty-three years old and am engaged three months to a girl four years younger than myself. Now I love this girl very dearly and I know that she cares for me. Now, Cynthia, I am only a working fellow and don't make very big wages when I work. She is working steadily, making pretty good wages. I often tell her to save a little of her wages to help buy a home for us, but she does not try, telling me that it is the fellow's place to furnish the home. I told her we should both save for the future, but she does not make any attempt to do it. Now, I told this girl I would marry her in a year or so if I was in a position to do so, and she said she was willing. But Cynthia, I doubt if this girl is true to me, as she goes out pretty nearly every night and spends most of her money on clothes.

UNDECIDED.

You surely cannot mean that you have asked the girl you want to marry to save her money for your home?

No man should ever take that attitude with a girl. If she wants to help him and offers to, that is a different thing, but he should never expect it much less exact it.

# FOR THE GIRL WHO LIKES TO SEW

The autumn bride will probably want to make some of the dainty lingerie for her trousseau herself. There is a fascination about this kind of work that makes every girl long to be able to do fine sewing. Friends of the bride will also want to give her some hand-made garments to put in her chest. The petticoat slip shown in the picture is of crepe de chine and lace, to be worn under one of the straight waistless frocks that show the least little wrinkle or division in whatever is worn under them. Below are some hints that help with this kind of sewing.

FLESH color in crepe de chine is lovely and the trimming may be filet or valenciennes lace, with some hemstitching, picoting or hand embroidery—or a combination of these. Feather stitching also makes a lovely finish where hemming is used.

If the main seams are stitched on the machine, the felling should be done by hand. Where there is gathering there is nothing so lovely as making as narrow a rolled edge as possible and gathering this rolled edge, then whipping it by hand to the part to which it is to be attached. Always put lace on by hand, if an edging, holding the lace next to you and overhanding without trying to get any extra fullness in. The mere fact of holding it toward you in sewing on makes the right fullness.

Where insertion and edgings are to make a turn at a corner the lace can be mitered and hemmed down without cutting it away and seaming.

In hemstitching not more than three threads should be drawn, the work looking much daintier than where the space is wide.

In basting insertion on a curved outline the insertion should first be basted around the bottom or larger line of the curve. Then a thread should be pulled up in the opposite edge of the insertion, making it fit perfectly. This edge should be carefully basted to the cloth, being sure that the fullness does not bunch in any spot. The material is cut away on the wrong side, allowing about one-eighth inch margin—this, of course, after both edges of the insertion have been hemmed down to the material. Then this cut edge is rolled and hemmed.

A monogram or single initial embroidered on each garment is always liked, and it adds much to the beauty of the garment.

# Adventures With a Purse

NOW this tearoom is different again from any of the others I have told you about. There is a certain something about it, its air of quiet comfort, its nice old mahogany furniture, its broad, stately window, that will remind you of an old English inn. It is—what shall I say?—slightly more formal in its suggestion than the others I have told you about. Here you find a dignity and reserve well in keeping with this charming place. It, too, is just around the corner from the center of the city, and here you will find delightful lunches and dinners. If I remember correctly, the price for dinner is $1.50.

The woman who loves those handmade handkerchiefs with the colored threads pulled through them and the colorful designs in the corners is in more or less of a predicament if she is not skillful enough with her needle to make them herself. For at most shops they are quite expensive—anywhere from $2 to $2.75. But there is just one shop I know about in town that has a lovely assortment for $1.25 each. One that especially appealed to me has a bit of lace around a cluster of brightly colored flowers, and the result is the quaintest of old-fashioned corsage bouquets.

I saw something today one does not often see—a dainty square collar of madeira work. The material in the collar is a fine batiste and is finely scalloped and embroidered with delicate design. The surprising thing is that the collar was only $1. This is a special price, I understand.

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

## *Read Your Character*

*By Digby Phillips*

### Bulging Brow and Sloping Chin

This is a combination of character indications which is rather rare; also interesting.

It has been shown in previous articles that the forehead which slants backward indicates quickness and vigor of thought, combined with varying degrees of impatience and aggressiveness; whereas the forehead which is high and bulges somewhat denotes virtually the opposite thought tendencies. It indicates slower but deeper and more persistent mental processes, with an introspective rather than an objective trend.

Likewise you have read of the chin indications, which are illustrative more of those thought tendencies which are connected with or result in actions. The prominent chin indicates a personality slow to act, even though thoughts may be racing. The receding chin denotes a tendency to quick and impulsive action.

It is not hard to understand, therefore, that when you find the combination of the bulging brow and the receding chin you have found a person who will be interesting, if nothing else. Slow and sure of thought—impulsive and probably inaccurate of action—it's a combination likely to keep you guessing. Some people make mistakes, but never realize they've made them; but these people always think of the clever or the appropriate answer a couple of hours after the opportunity is past. But if you want to estimate the true worth of them, don't make the mistake of judging them by their manner or appearance or hasty actions. Judge rather by the evidences of their mature thought.

**Tomorrow—Vertical Handwriting**

# The Greatest Mystery to a Woman Is How Boys Ever Live to Grow Up

## *They Receive Blows That Would Seriously Harm Most Mortals. They Take Frightful Chances—And Get Away With It*

WOMAN, it is said, is the eternal mystery to every man.

This is rather difficult for the more deadly of the species to understand, sometimes; but when she knows just how simple and easy to fathom her sister is, having successfully established the bluff, she is not going to give it away at this late date.

But, be that as it may, there is a mystery to woman that is even greater than this one seems to be to man.

And that is how and why boys ever grow up; how they ever live long enough to become of age.

With each new invention of science the problem grows greater, the mystery deeper.

You see one, a boy of eight, starting out from his house in the city to go to the store for his mother.

He must go three blocks to get there, the first one trolleyless, the other two equipped with tracks and frequent cars.

He walks dutifully along the pavement for a whole block.

Then, reaching the first inch of trolley track, he veers sharply off the pavement, takes to the street and continues serenely down the exact middle of the car tracks.

AND it is utterly inconceivable that he should reach home on the return trip without meeting a friend of his own age.

It is equally inconceivable that they should part without first exchanging affectionate blows, and throwing each other down forcibly on the hard pavement, with thuds that sicken anybody within hearing distance.

Yet, they both survive and seem perfectly happy about it!

A boy can take chances that are only 2 per cent in his favor, and get away unharmed.

Two of them got into a car after playing football all afternoon, hot, tired, still in their muddy clothes.

There was engine trouble and it took a long time to fix it. While waiting for results they sat down on the curb, and at last, worn out with their efforts, stretched themselves flat out upon damp grass and cold pavement, until somebody came to help.

Most human beings would have caught pneumonia, or at least complained of a strange stiffness and cold in the back the next day.

But these, being boys, went blithely home in their mended car, and appeared for school next morning as well as ever.

THEY fall off high places, climb all over one another, skate on thin ice, dive into shallow water, travel in leaky boats and smoking cars, defy lightning, battle, murder and sudden death a thousand times a day—and get away with it.

Why is it? How can a mortal fall out of a tree, pitch headlong down a flight of stairs, get thumped mercilessly in the chest and live happily ever after?

How can a thing that has just stopped playing with fire engines an dchoo-choo cars go shouting down a hill on a sled, stop shouting for a minute when the sled hits a tree and sends him into the deep drift, then take up the shouts loudly and try it all over again?

Why is it that he can do this three and four times in a winter and manage to struggle through to voting age?

OH, WOMAN may be a mystery with her changeable mind, her unstable eyes, her butterfly heart.

But she'll never be so unfathomable as this vigorous, noisy, lovable little fiend who takes his life in his hands every time he gets awake, throws it carelessly away, and has it come grinning back to him with a handful of health that it has gathered on the way!

## *The Question Corner*

### Today's Inquiries

1. In Texas what is the surprising number of the farms operated by women?
2. How can new elastic be rapidly run through a piece of underwear?
3. What novel method do the Chinese use for removing ink stains from clothing?
4. Which State is called the Mother of Presidents?
5. On serge and Canton crepe alike, what makes a wonderfully effective sleeve?
6. What does a New York actress wear to take the place of an evening wrap?

### Yesterday's Answers

1. The novel custom of filling her pockets with bread, which she hands to every one she meets on her way to the church, is conformed to by many brides of Sweden; each piece disposed of is supposed to avert misfortune.
2. When fine lingerie is being laundered a few lumps of sugar dropped in the rinse water have the effect of starch and will enable one to iron it beautifully.
3. Use black oilcloth to make a striking-looking cover for the card table and paint a bright design in one corner.
4. The Koh-i-Noor is a Golconda diamond, valued at $625,000, which is one of the largest in the world and is now a crown jewel of England.
5. An effective collar for the winter coat is fashioned of the material with vertical bands of the fur set on and it fastens around the neck in choker style.
6. In a pretty overblouse of gray georgette a long collar that is caught together in front with buttons forms an unusual vest.

## *A Real Honeymoon*

In the Island of Rhodes honey is still a factor in the marriage rites. After the wedding the husband dips his finger in honey and traces a cross over the doorway of his home before the bride enters. Meanwhile the spectators cry out to the lady, "Be always good and sweet as is this honey."

Cream Vanilla
PUDDINE
One of Eight Flavors

# Autumn Weather Brings New Vegetables Which Mrs. Wilson Strongly Favors

## *Bread, Meat and Potatoes Should Have Brussels Sprouts, Onions, Spinach or Cauliflower Served With Them to Form Nourishing Diet*

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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WITH a keen hint of frosty days to come, the autumn market stalls are in a blaze of real glory with mother nature's offering of fruits and vegetables. Fresh country sausage is beginning to come in and the new buckwheat booms big in the offing. Plan to purchase a basket of apples this week. Can a few jars of apple sauce and then let the family have a real treat. This is the time to think about laying in a few bushels of potatoes for winter use.

Turnips, Brussels sprouts, onions, spinach, Swiss chard and cauliflower are to be found in the market during the fall and are rich in the lime, iron and other needed mineral salts or vitamines. These should be included in our daily diet to keep us physically fit.

A diet of just bread, meat and potatoes and gravy during the fall and winter will make Jack a dull boy, indeed, and will bring a host of ills that are peculiar to this season.

Even though the fresh vegetables are an additional and material increase in the cost of the table budget, now, for safety sake, rather economize on something else and have an abundance of them daily, particularly during the fall.

Serve creamed vegetables for the noon luncheon for the children during the week. They are healthful and satisfying.

Here is a suggestive Sunday menu for three meals:

**BREAKFAST**

Baked Apples
Sausage and Hot Cakes
Sirup Coffee

**DINNER**

Vegetable Soup
Home-Made Relish Celery
Roast Shoulder of Country Pork
Brown Gravy
Apple Sauce
Sweet Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Coleslaw
Apple Custard Pie Coffee

**SUPPER**

Potato, Celery and Nut Salad
Sliced Tomatoes Coleslaw
Apple Sauce with Sponge Cake Tea

The market basket will require:

*One basket of apples.*
*Celery.*
*Potatoes.*
*Turnips.*
*Green peppers.*
*Onions.*
*Sweet potatoes.*
*Cabbage.*
*Two bunches of soup greens.*
*Carrots.*
*Nuts.*
*Tomatoes.*
*Package of pancake flour.*
*Butter.*
*Eggs.*
*Seven and one half pounds shoulder of young country pork.*
*One pound of fresh country sausage.*

And usual weekly staples.

The shoulder of country pork can be served Brownsville style for Monday evening dinner—by cutting in thin slices from the left-over shoulder and dipping the slices in thin batter and frying until golden brown. Serve with gravy and baked apples. On Tuesday serve mince of roast pork, by cutting sufficient left-over roast pork in inch pieces and adding one cup of celery, cut in inch pieces and parboiled, and

*Two green peppers, minced fine.*
*One onion grated.*
*Two cups of thick cream sauce, well seasoned.*
*One-half cup of finely minced parsley.*

Heat to the scalding point and then serve on toast with slices of fried apples. Use the balance of the pork for potpie for Wednesday evening meal.

### Roast Shoulder of Pork

Have the butcher bone, roll and tie the shoulder and then wipe with a damp cloth and prepare the following filling:

Soak stale bread in cold water until soft and then turn in a cloth and squeeze dry. Rub through a sieve and then place in a bowl.

*Three cups of prepared bread.*
*One cup of finely chopped onions.*
*One and one-half cups of finely chopped green tops of celery.*
*One bunch of soup greens.*
*One teaspoon of salt.*
*One-half teaspoon of pepper.*
*One teaspoon of sage.*
*One-half teaspoon of thyme.*

Mix and then pack in the cut opening of the rolled shoulder of pork. Now add to the balance of filling

*One cup of flour.*
*Two teaspoons of baking powder.*

Mix well and then form into loaf shape and place in a pan with meat. Put three-quarters cup of flour into meat. Place in hot oven and as soon as it commences to brown reduce the heat to moderate oven and cook one-half hour per pound. Pork must be well cooked, and after this meat is rolled tightly it will require three and one-half hours in the oven. Baste frequently with boiling water.

### Apple Custard Pie

Line a pie plate with plain pastry and then place in a mixing bowl

*One and one-half cups of thick apple sauce sweetened to taste.*
*One cup of milk.*
*Yolks of two eggs.*
*Four tablespoons of flour.*
*One-half teaspoon of salt.*
*One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.*

Beat with dover egg beater to blend thoroughly and then turn in prepared pastry and bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes. Place the whites of eggs in a bowl and add two-thirds glass of apple jelly. Beat until mixture holds its shape. Pile on pie when cooked and brown lightly in hot oven.

### Potato Celery and Nut Salad

Boil seven medium-sized potatoes in their skins and then peel and cut in thin slices. Place in a bowl and add

*One and one-half cups of finely chopped celery.*
*Two cups of finely chopped nuts.*
*One large onion, grated.*
*One-half cup of finely minced parsley.*

Cover with dressing made as follows: Place in a saucepan:

*Three-fourths cup of water.*
*One-half cup of vinegar.*
*Four tablespoons of flour.*
*One teaspoon of mustard.*
*One teaspoon of sugar.*
*One teaspoon of salt.*
*One-half teaspoon of pepper.*

Stir to dissolve the flour and spice and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for six minutes and then add yolk of one egg and three tablespoons of dressing left from the sponge cooked for lemon pie. Just whipped egg and one little cupful of egg on dressing and use a double-service egg beater to blend. Whip hard and then pour salad and let cool and serve with crisp lettuce.

## *Remember Those Parties!*

The mysterious, shadowy one for grown-ups, called "THE VEIL OF MYSTERY," with its witches, its Gray Mystic, its unusual favors and its shaded lights.

The cunning little one just made for children at which "MOTHER GOOSE" will entertain her little guests and give them all kinds of interesting things to do like feeding Mother Hubbard's dog, and helping Little Jack Horner with his pie.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page for the details of these two parties for HALLOWEEN.

# *Just a Little Jet But So Effective*

By CORINNE LOWE

Lest we forget jet is certainly the recessional of the summer of 1921. The brilliant black trimming beloved of the last generation was never so much in favor as at the present time—a fact to which the late millinery and frocks testify abundantly.

However, there is little of our former jet technique evident in present modes. Gone are the stiff formations which made the chinsy ladies and elderly mamas of our mothers and grandmothers. Today we apply the trimming with great self-control.

The effectiveness of limitations are observed in the above little model of black and white checked taffeta combined with black of the same material. For the jet buttons—together with the vestee of white organdie extending down the front of the skirt—form just the right touch of ornamentation.

# The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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*Until Richard Blakeslee kidnapped Theodora Caldwell, because he did not want to give up his private secretary, Theo herself knew very little about love. She thought she loved Jimmy Bland, she was sure she wanted to marry him, but alone with Blakeslee on his private yacht, swept off her feet finally by his passionate love-making, she was conscious of his strength and of Jimmy's weakness. Nevertheless she remained loyal to Jimmy until when she returned to him he reviled her, and showed his real self. Hurt to the soul at the things he said, her pride rose in arms and erected a barrier between herself and Blakeslee, although she had broken her engagement and was quite free.*

### CHAPTER XLVII

### *"I Want to Meet Him!"*

THEO finally trusted herself to speak. "It's useless to bring that subject up again. We settled it once and for all, don't you remember?"

"You settled it, but if you think back you will remember that I refused definitely to give you up. When are you going to marry this man you say you have? Have you decided?"

"I—I——" Theo began miserably.

"Yes."

"I can't answer that. You have no right to ask me that question." Her head went up and her green eyes met his full.

"Will you give me one right?"

"If I can; what is it?"

"Let me meet this man. Let me see him. I want to know him. I want to see the man who can hold you like this, who can inspire a woman like you with the feeling you seem to have for him."

"Oh, no, no!" Theo's cry was involuntary. She thought of Jimmy as he really was, his shifting eyes, his weak mouth, and before her stood the man of her dreams, the king who, regardless of everything else, had succeeded in forcing his way to her, of dominating her entirely. She saw his granite face, the hard line of his jaw, his piercing dark eyes; she felt, in spite of the fact that she fought resolutely against the influence he exerted over her, the power that radiated from him. It filled her with sort of a exaltation, she felt a sense of personal pride that lifted her out of herself whenever she looked at him. She could not repress a shudder when she thought of the two men standing side by side. She did not want to go through the ordeal of comparing them, she could not bear that.

"Why do you shrink like that from the idea of having me meet him?" he persisted. "Are you afraid I won't think him worthy, are you?"

"There's no reason why you should meet him, and he wouldn't understand. Oh, please, please leave me alone. Haven't you done enough to hurt me? Don't you ever think of any one but yourself? Think of my side of it just once, try to imagine what I would like to do, and let me do it."

Theo hardly knew what she was saying, and she was conscious that her words were almost incoherent, but they brought to Richard's mind Gracia's words of last evening. His remark that he had never had time to play and her answer about the woman who could make him forget himself. Was he entirely selfish? Did he think only of himself? Did he love Theo enough to give her up to the man she loved, to watch her pass out of his life entirely without putting out a hand to stop her?

His senses cried no, but somewhere buried deep in him something cried yes. He did love her that much, but he had to be sure, he had to be certain that she loved this man, and that he was worthy of her.

He caught her suddenly by the shoulders and her heart died within her. If he crushed her suddenly in his arms, if he sought her lips with his demanding response, she felt suddenly that nothing else would matter. She would give in, she would surrender, and afterward when it was too late she would be sorry all her life.

She caught her underlip between her teeth in an effort to control the storm of emotion he aroused in her, but he did not draw her closer, he simply held her and his voice was very low when he spoke to her.

"Dear, I want you to be happy, more than anything else in the world I want that. But I love you too much to give you up to another man without seeing him, without measuring his worth."

Theo shook her head suddenly and he felt the shudder that passed through her. Then in the silence that had fallen between them, there came the jangling sound of the doorbell!

**(Tomorrow—Two Men and a Maid.)**

## *Things You'll Love to Make*

Here is a charming HAIR ORNAMENT FOR EVENING WEAR. It has something of the Russian effect. Cut a piece of black net the shape shown. Wire it on all edges. Bead it with iridescent and jet beads. Have a long tassel of the beads hanging at each side. Bend the net to fit the crown of your head. Join a beaded velvet band to the net, and have it close at one side with a snap fastener. This HAIR ORNAMENT FOR EVENING WEAR will look stunning with one of the new velvet evening gowns.

FLORA.

## *A Comfortable Bed*

The bed is the most important piece of furniture in a bedroom. Home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture recommends that if only a limited amount may be spent in furnishings, it is wise to economize elsewhere, so that a good mattress and springs may be purchased.

The mattress should first be protected by an unbleached muslin slip which can be washed occasionally. Next comes a lightweight quilted pad, also washable, for further protection and smoothness. This can be bought ready-made or made of muslin and cotton batting, or an old light-colored quilt or cotton blanket may be used.

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OPENING SALE The Junior Packing Co. 800 READING TERMINAL MARKET 12TH Street—Arch to Filbert OPENING SALE
Our Big Opening Sale Continues For Today and Saturday
Rump and Round STEAK or ROAST
Best Cuts of Rib Roast Pinbone Roast
20c lb.
Leg of Yearling LAMB
Boneless Bacon
Genuine Armour's Star Hams 23c lb. Whole or Cut
Best Half-Smoked Sausage
Rack Yearling Chops
Boneless Stewing Beef
15c lb.
Fresh Ground Hamburg
Fresh Spare Ribs
Best Loin Yearling Chops 25c lb.
Best Loin Veal Chops 25c lb.
Small Lean FRESH HAMS and SHOULDERS 20c lb.
Fresh Country SAUSAGE
All Other Fresh and Smoked Meats Sold at Proportionately Low Prices
DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS
Stalls 800 to 812 Reading Terminal Market
Open This Evening Until 9 P. M.—Closes Saturdays 5 P. M.