Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

This Is Paul's Day: He Has Bad Luck

"LUNCH, old kid?"

Paul turned to eye his friend and office confidant, little Jimmy Hazzard, with a whimsical glance.

"You're a meal shark," said Paul, grinning.

Jimmie Hazzard shrugged and batted his innocent blue eyes. The cherubic smile that had made him the beloved vagabond of the office broadened.

"Aw, forget it; you ain't so much to the bad, old sport."

He flipped a coin in the air, caught it with deftness born of long experience as it spun, and slapped his hand down upon Paul's desk-blotter.

"I match you," he said in a brusque, business-like way.

Paul drew out a coin and repeated his friend's performance.

They withdrew their hands at the same moment, each man sweeping the two coins that lay side by side upon the desk-blotter with a glance, each feigned to be casual. But, in reality, there was a little flash of excitement in both men's eyes.

"Well, hard luck, kid," said little Jimmie Hazzard lightly, as he returned his coin to his pocket.

They went off to luncheon, and for the first time since he had arrived at the manly estate of long trousers and a starched collar, Paul was conscious of a slight uneasiness, following his innocent and certainly inexpensive gaming.

The check for the two luncheons was only $1.45, which, with a fifteen-cent tip to the red-cheeked waitress, was no financial disaster.

Paul figured it all out upon his versatile desk-blotter.

He remembered having read something, somewhere, some time, that the law of averages always works out to the same end in a "square game." He tried to throw off the feeling that to match for the cost of luncheons was not economically wise.

"Shucks," he exclaimed to himself, angrily, "I keep on this way and I'll be a regular old woman."

His spirits brightened, and he went homeward with a light step and his accustomed good-natured smile, coming upon Virginia on the veranda.

"What's the grand idea of waiting outdoors for me, honey?" he smiled, as she offered her enticing lips for the usual kiss.

"Oh, Miss Furber and Mrs. Collison were just here, dearest, and I was waving good-by," she laughed. "They're the limit."

"Who's the limit?"

"Fannie Collison and Mildred Furber! They've gone mad over bridge," Virginia giggled. "They've won a little money this afternoon, and the two dear sillies dropped in here as they were driving past in Millie's electric to say 'hello,' and incidentally to boast foolishly about winning some money at Helen Gardner's bridge tea this afternoon."

"Probably didn't win much," muttered Paul, oddly.

"Mildred won eleven dollars and forty cents," said Virginia with a sudden argumentative tone.

"At bridge?"

"Yep."

"That's common gambling," said Paul, sourly. "I don't think women ought to play—for money."

"Well, dearest," said Virginia suddenly, "they only do it for fun; just to be good fellows."

"But it's gambling just the same, and—"

"But you said you liked to see girls be good sports, like that, and—"

"I don't like gambling," said Paul shortly.

And as he gave his hair a hurried slap with the military brushes that Virginia had won at the church bazaar on the wheel of fortune he indulged in some pretty straight thinking.

"I'm off that stuff," he said to himself gravely.

Tomorrow—Lace Hosiery

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

A Philosopher

Dear Cynthia—Please print this to a "Little Bluebird." I'm sorry, "Bluebird," but did not have the chance to answer your letter until now. Let's call it square on both sides.

If the girl you mentioned knew about the boy and what he said of her, she is very foolish to go with him, and should let him know it.

The girl I like seems very hard to find (according to letters), so I must be lucky to know one. I like a good pal to go around with. They are not difficult to find. Treat a girl respectfully and she will meet you half way, my motto.

A kiss is only a kiss; never be anything else but a kiss. It doesn't mean anything. Yet just a kiss depends who gives it sometimes lands in the divorce courts and flings wrecked souls against the rocks of unhappiness. G. C. F.

Shall He Give Her a Ring?

Dear Cynthia—Once again, after quite a relapse, I am coming to you for advice and also to answer one of your other friends. First I am sure if Miss 1921 had thought before she wrote her letter it would not have been published. In other words it's censored.

Now for a little of your helpful advice. I have been going with a very respectable young lady for about four months. My best chum has a two-month start on me with the same girl. Now here is the problem: I am in a position to get this girl a diamond ring for a Christmas present, and I know she would be glad to get it, as she has spoken of it to me on more than one occasion.

On the other hand would it be a proper gift? I am afraid it will cause too much talk.

A WEST PHILADELPHIA ATHLETE

Unless you ask this girl to marry you do not give her a ring. Nice girls do not accept jewelry, especially rings, from men unless they have consented to marry them, or have been friends a very much longer time than four months.

Is He Too Young to Visit Girls?

Dear Cynthia—I am coming to you for the first time for advice which you or your kind readers may be willing to give me.

I am a boy of seventeen and considered good looking by all of my friends.

About a month ago I was introduced to a girl of sixteen. Now my problem is this. How can I get better acquainted with this girl? My mother does not allow me to be running around with the girls (as mother expresses it) and says I am too young. How old should a boy be before going out with the girls and having girl friends? I told mother I was introduced to the girl. Should I introduce her to my mother? Would it be all right to take a walk on Sunday afternoons with this girl?

SEVENTEEN.

Your mother probably has good reasons for wishing you not to call on girls, but usually it is better for boys and girls of sixteen to be friends, it gives them both a more normal point of view. Can you not join in some games together, such as tennis, or hockey? Boys and girls often play matches that way, or skate in the winter time. It's better to join in with others, than to begin calling on one girl only. Ask your mother about a Sunday afternoon walk.

Shall He Ask Her?

Dear Cynthia—After taking considerable interest in your daily column, I am about to ask you a very important question, if you will allow me space. I am a young man of twenty-five years of age and have been engaged to a girl whom I love most of all. We were to get married December last, but lack of funds held us back. I then lost track of this girl until four months later, when I found her in Atlantic City keeping lively company with another fellow. I started out to find her and brought her back with me to the city. Now I am back where I was; she wishes me to marry, Cynthia, but I am afraid of her, although I love her, nothing but love. I have since our return from the shore found her out with half a dozen fellows. I believe to be foreigners, and still I hold my temper against her. We are both employed now and I see this girl regularly and she always gives me her word of honor. Cynthia dear, tell me, won't you, what shall I do, as I love only this one girl? Will wait to hear a kind answer from you.

CHARLIE.

If you are not engaged to the girl there is no reason why she should not go out with other men and boys. If you love her, ask her to marry you, and if you do not want to marry her, let her go her way.

HER "AFTERNOON DRESS"

The kind of thing she can wear for either afternoon or evening, of soft georgette, with a pointed apron on the skirt and made with the straight neckline and armholes. The sleeves are not so very obvious that they make the dress too stiff for evening, but they are not too high and inconspicuous for the afternoon teas which the schoolgirl must go to now and then during the year. The edging of armholes and neck is especially charming in its daintiness and simplicity.

Photo by Old Masters, Central News

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women, and that he is looking to her to exert an influence over his little butterfly sister, Julie. Julie has fallen in love with a man much older than herself, and driven into a corner, she tells her mother that she has met this man through Hawthorne. Shortly after this, Hawthorne sees Cranford Blake, the man from the past, at a hotel, and the next morning he calls her up on the telephone and demands to see her. She hangs up the receiver while he is speaking, but is sorry afterward because it has simply meant a postponement of the issue.

CHAPTER XXII

Deception

THE minute I met Dane, the fact bore in on me with crushing force that I was deceiving him. It spoiled my whole-hearted pleasure at seeing him; it crept with insidious fingers into my thoughts all during the evening. I had a sense of unworthiness, and I realized that I should never be happy again while this thing was hanging over me.

I slept badly and awoke the next morning with a sense of oppression. At first I could not remember why I felt so miserable, and then memory reasserted itself, and I knew.

During breakfast I was very quiet. Dane looked at me keenly when he rose to leave for the office, and as I stood for a moment in the circle of his arm he tipped my head back and looked into my eyes very searchingly.

"You seem pale and quiet, dear."

"I didn't sleep well."

"Does your head still ache?"

"No."

If he had known at that moment what I was thinking what would have been his own thoughts? My one prayer was that he would leave before the telephone rang. It had been my thought all through breakfast, and it seemed as though he had lingered unusually long on this of all mornings.

Finally he was gone. A little sob rose in my throat as the door closed behind him, and I went into the library to await the ring of the telephone.

The minutes passed and nothing happened. Ten o'clock, 10:30, 11 o'clock!

The suspense was growing almost unbearable.

Martha had told me that she had given him my message, and he had said that he would call in the morning. Was he purposely making me wait like this? It would be just like him. He had no pity in his heart. With women he was entirely unscrupulous. He had no tenderness, no sentiment, none of the finer feelings. As I sat there I could feel it in my heart to pity the woman who might love him. He would take everything and give nothing, that was his way.

The sudden ring of the telephone brought me to my feet, and hastily I took the receiver off the hook.

"Hello." I fought to keep my voice calm and controlled. There must be no show of fear today. I must keep myself in hand.

"Hello, Hawthorne darling." The gay young voice at the other end of the wire was Julie's. "Come out to lunch with me, won't you? I have the most beautiful surprise for you."

I heard myself responding eagerly to Julie's mood. Of course, I would go. It would do me good.

But when I rang off and went to my room to dress, I found myself listening for the telephone bell. If he called I would see him this afternoon some time. But he did not call, although I did not leave the house until nearly 1 o'clock.

I was to meet Julie at 1:30 at one of the famous restaurants on Fifth avenue, and as I walked along my thoughts went back to the surprise she had for me. What could it be? And then I realized that the strain of the past few days had relegated Julie to the back of my mind. I hadn't given a thought to Julie's affairs, and it occurred to me suddenly that she might have done something foolish.

It was with this thought that I turned off Fifth avenue, climbed the steps of the restaurant and entered the lobby.

Tomorrow—"A Terrible Shock"

For Chapped Hands

Heavy gloves or a muff will do much to prevent chapped hands in cold weather. Another aid is the use of a good cold cream at night, just before retiring. Rub the cream well into the skin, especially about the finger nails—and after this dust with talcum powder, to form a thick covering for the hands and prevent the cream from being rubbed off on the bedclothes. In the morning the skin will be soft and pliant. In case the hands are badly chapped old gloves should be worn at night, and a quantity of cream left on the hands to be absorbed.

The cold-cream treatment for the lips and face should consist in rubbing the cream well into the face before going out into the cold. Dust over with powder, and be careful, above all, to dry the hands and face thoroughly after washing. Women at home suffer much from chapped hands because of rushing outdoors while the hands are still damp from dishwashing.

A little bran or oatmeal in the water has a softening effect. It makes the skin velvety. Almond meal is also excellent for this purpose. Equal parts of camphor and glycerin for skins that can stand the glycerin is a good remedy for chapped hands, face and lips.

Adventures With a Purse

GUESS what—I have discovered another tearoom! I must confess I thought that I had unearthed all the quaint little tea rooms in the center of the city. But no, here is another one that I know definitely you will like. I could tell you of its English atmosphere, of the bright red brick fireplaces, of the back room with its low ceiling and beams and its suggestion of the English sitting room of a novel. But instead I shall tell you that here may be purchased for the surprising price of fifty cents the best cream chicken with bread and butter and potatoes I most ever had. All the food is good, in fact, and the prices more reasonable than in many of the other places I have found. I understand, too, that the dinners are excellent. Oh, you will like this quaint little place and the queer old house.

This powder box is the sort of novelty you like to have in the guest room. It is one that would make an unusual and welcome Christmas gift, and it is one that is both artistic and useful. It is made of china, and is the figure of a woman with long, rounded skirts. Colorful little sprays of flowers are sprinkled over her gown, and in her hand she carries a bouquet. She is one of those old-fashioned short-waisted and long-skirted creatures that are so picturesque. Taking her by the waist, you lift her up, and underneath her is a round jar for powder and powder puff. You can buy her for $3.75.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 5000 or Main 1001 between the hours of 9 and 5.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

In these times of widespread unemployment, every advertisement for "Help Wanted" receives hundreds of answers. The advertiser classifies these by process of elimination. For instance, if he has a preference for neatness, legibility and clearness of expression, he will discard all the reply-letters which are slovenly in appearance, scribbled with a pencil or a bad pen and expressed in awkward phrases.

A letter applying for a position should state the writer's qualifications clearly. If references are required, these should be named, or it may be stated that references will be given in an interview. In these times, it is advisable to leave the question of salary to the employer. The applicant must not be too timid about stating his qualifications for the job advertised. This is one occasion when it is wise policy to "put all the goods in the window," since the advertiser has no other means of learning the stock-in-trade of the applicant.

The Young Father With His Child Never Has Any Poems Written About Him

But He Makes Quite as Lovely a Picture as a Young Mother When He Gathers His Baby Into His Arms and Talks to Him

MOTHERHOOD is, of course, the most beautiful thing in the world. And young motherhood is so touchingly beautiful that we are certain to go into a certain amount of ecstasy over it at some time in our lives.

There is something so appealing in the picture of a young woman, so recently just a grown-up child herself, bending with solicitous care and that indescribable love over a baby of her own.

She is that same girl who used to go with you to a football game and yell herself hoarse; she would probably do the same thing again, if she could find a place to "park" that precious baby who takes so much of her time.

But there's a difference in her face now, a changed expression, greater depth of feeling and understanding.

And so we love to see young motherhood, and we think poems, and get ourselves all exalted over the beauty of it.

BUT we never give young fatherhood the credit it should have.

It is a very lovely thing to see the boy who never had a serious thought in his life except winning the football game which that young girl yelled herself hoarse over transformed into a large piece of tenderness with gentle big hands and a rumbly soft voice.

He may lose his temper and his patience in a ferocious way during the day at his work, but when he gets home at night and lifts a small wriggling person up to his shoulder he is entirely different.

The patience with which he makes a game out of taking off shoes and stockings, unfastening buttons and slipping ridiculously small garments off a ridiculously adorably small body, so that the owner of the clothes and the body won't realize that she is being put to bed.

The gentleness with which he tempers all his movements in carrying the baby about, or holding those tiny hands that make his own look so huge.

And the tenderness which softens his voice and makes his amusement wobble a little as he succeeds in bringing a delighted peal of laughter from the child!

IS THIS man who sits calmly in a chair and lets a young Indian made of springs and energy muss up his hair and bat him about the same one who jumped all over an office boy this morning for being fresh?

And is this comforting, consoling person who gathers a sad little mourner into his arms and hugs him back to smiles again the young man who argues so lightly and cleverly with you about professional baseball and the latest musical comedy?

We are apt to get a bit misty-eyed and fatuous when we see the young mother in her absorbed love for her child.

But the young father, with his proud masculine virility submerged under his strong, tender affection, reading without a trace of self-consciousness out of a childish picture book to the enthralled young listener on his lap, makes a picture that is quite as touching and appealing as any young mother who ever graced the front of a magazine cover.

AND he changes his thoughts almost as much as she does.

There used to be a boy who was so much of a child himself that children embarrassed him.

Babies were just something that you looked at and said, "Isn't he a cute little fellow?" and then got away from as soon as possible.

But now he has two of his own, and there isn't a child of an age which corresponds to the age of his own that he misses as he walks along the street.

"That's a nice little girl," he'll say, or "There's a fine-looking boy."

Give Young Father credit—he loves his baby, too!

Tiptoe for Warmth

There are a couple of exercises that the cold-footed may do for immediate relief. The tiptoeing exercise—which is nothing more than walking on tiptoes around your room, gradually increasing the speed as you go—should be done just before hopping into bed. The stationary running may either precede or follow the tiptoe exercise. The former exercise is tiring, and I should advise you to do it not more than two minutes at first. The movement is the same as an ordinary running movement, except that you stand in one spot instead of covering any ground.

A "Girl" Graduate

Probably the oldest "schoolgirl" in America is Mrs. Amy Davis Winship, who at ninety years of age completed the recent summer course at the University of Wisconsin. Mrs. Winship, who is the mother of one of the faculty members of the Wisconsin University, has been a student at various institutions of learning since 1909, when she entered college at the age of seventy-nine.

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Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

How They Succeeded

"It doesn't seem fair," Dorothy said to her father's friend who was a theatrical manager. "There's Della Robbia. She is no older than I am, she is not a beauty, and I can't see what she has on me. Yet she is a famous star on Broadway, spending her life accepting flowers and diamond dog collars, acting a thrilling part and bowing to applause, while I stay at home and live a humdrum life. Tell me, how did she get there?"

And the great man good-naturedly told her.

"Della had three years at a dramatic school with courses on the side in voice culture and physical control. Then she had two or three years in stock out West—the hardest kind of work, but excellent training. She has studied every department of stage technic and supervises the designing of her costumes. Her time off stage is spent in continuing these studies, not, as you seem to think, in choosing diamond dog collars. Yes, Della is a hard worker and she knows her job."

And Dorothy, being honest, admitted, "You make me feel pretty small."

Yet every day we meet people who point discontentedly to what others have and say, "It doesn't seem fair."

These "lucky" people do not seem to be better endowed than we, and yet they have gone so much further. How did they do it?

"How did that girl in Jane's class," Jane's mother wants to know, "get that wonderful appointment at the high school, while Jane, who has just as good a brain, must take kindergarten work for a year?"

You might explain that while Jane was dancing through her second "season" the other girl was at home day and night, plugging away to get extra credits.

"How," the same woman wants to know, "did the Fowlers manage to get so rich while we have hardly enough to keep up appearances? Tom Fowler's natural gifts are certainly no greater than Jack's. In fact, when they were at college together, Jack came out ahead of him. It doesn't seem fair that Tom and Helen Fowler should have everything come to them, while we have nothing. How did they do it?"

And here you might remind her of all those early years, and how, while she and Jack were running around, "keeping up appearances" and living right up to the limit of their income, Tom Fowler was working nights, how his wife economized to be able to save, how she inspired him and was satisfied for years to lead an apparently dull life—and how, through hard work and the money they had accumulated Tom finally got his chance and took it.

You might tell her that that is the way it is always done—by just going ahead and doing it, by hard work and sacrifice to reach one's goal.

The good things in this world do not fall into anybody's lap. They are in a cash price market—the same to all. And though some people who have attained may not seem to have greater ability, may indeed have no greater natural gifts than others who have failed, we may be pretty sure that there is one advantage they did have—the willingness to work for what they wanted. And we may be sure, too, that they did not achieve through "luck" or by any but the time-worn road of sincere and unmitigated effort, of hard work and perseverance.

The Woman's Exchange

To "Perplexed"

A physician can tell you what to do for this condition. By all means consult one for while it may be nothing serious it may be something that needs attention immediately.

About Syndicates

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please tell me the address of a syndicate to which I can send short stories? Also, are you paid for them?

A READER.

If you will send a stamped, addressed envelope I shall be very glad to mail you a list of syndicates to which you can send your stories. Yes, you are always paid for them if they are accepted.

To Remove Paint From a Wall

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know how I can extract paint from a wall which I would like to paper now, it having had two coats of paint. Also, which is correct, "I am going on a party" or "I am going to a party?"

MRS. G. B.

Turpentine will take off the paint, although it will require a good deal of effort to remove two coats.

If you are going to a party, that is an affair which some one is giving either at home or at some specified place, it is correct to say, "I am going to a party." When you use the other expression, you mean that you are going with a crowd to the theatre, to a hotel to dine or dance, on a motor ride, or something that you can call a "party." But it is not a specific place, a specific entertainment and there is no specific host or hostess. It is just "going on a party."

A Remedy for Moths

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—You have helped so many people, and so I now come to you for help also.

We are greatly troubled in our house with the moths. Many valuable articles have been spoiled. I have tried many things, but they do not seem to help. Can you please tell me what to do about this?

R. G.

First take everything out of the closets and brush them thoroughly, looking into all crevices of each garment, such as seams, pleats or trimming, to see that there is no trace of the moths left. Then hang the clothes outdoors while you go over the closets carefully and thoroughly with strong soapsuds. Then sprinkle cedar chips or camphor, if you don't mind the smell, all over the closets before putting the clothes back. You should have no further trouble with the moths. When putting things away for a season wrap them in several thicknesses of newspaper, with some cedar shavings spread about inside, so that the moths will not want to get in, even if they can work their way through the papers.

MORE ABOUT MEASUREMENTS

SLEEVE measures are among the most important to be taken, and many women can remember having such close-fitting sleeves that it was next to impossible to move the arm.

Fold the arm across the waist and a little toward the front, then take the outside length measure. For this outside length not the seam, but the longest length measure from the shoulder point, where the shoulder seam ends, to the point of the elbow bone; then continue the measure down to the wrist bone.

For the inside seam measure the arm is held down easily at the side, and the measure held with the thumb well up under the arm at the front, where the seam comes; then carry the measure down to the elbow, crook the arm to see that the exact elbow point is reached, write down the number of inches and then carry the measure down to the wrist.

There are four measures to be taken around the arm. First, put the tape measure around the upper arm, way up at the armhole, and hold around loosely, letting it come about one inch below the shoulder point. The elbow measure is taken by putting the tape around the elbow, being sure it covers the middle bone; then crook the arm and see what the measure is. If there is any trouble about a sleeve's fitting between the elbow and wrist, take what is called a forearm measure by placing the measure about the arm about two inches below the elbow on the outside. Crook the arm so as to get the largest size.

The wrist measure is taken around the wrist, and to make a sleeve large enough to go over the hand, take the measure tight around the hand, across the knuckles, letting the measure go over the thumb also. The upper arm measure described above hardly ever is needed except in drafting, but it is not a bad idea to know how to take it.

The waist measure is taken close around the waist over a dress skirt band. The hip measure is taken from four to seven inches below the waist, depending on the size of the person, and the length measures are taken from the bottom of the waist in the middle front, middle back and over each hip to the floor. Sometimes none of these length measures are the same, and in finishing a skirt any number of inches up from the floor, you will have the correct floor measures for a guide, and in that way will get your skirt an even length.

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Olive oil for gloss
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Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

Keeps your hair healthy

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out.

The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

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