

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Do You Paralyze Him With Love?

IS IT possible for a wife to wreck her husband's career, and render him unfit to work, merely by loving him too much?



"Ah," you say, "that is the fussy, stupid, short-sighted little woman who clamors for attention and puts her own vanities above her husband's work."

YOU are mistaken. It was not that sort of wife at all. This one was big and generous. She worshipped her husband, and sacrificed her own career, giving all her talent and time to the efforts of bringing out his genius.

AND then there came a time when a marvelous psychological dawn dawned on her; she never would work so long as they lived together. This was not a selfish excuse for her to get away; it was not an imaginary, morbid, complicated fantasy such as I have seen Strindberg insist that their heroine feel. It was a plain, honest, common-sense actuality.

ALL this is in a rather wonderful new novel by a very charming young American, who was first introduced by this country till her first novel took London by storm.

The hope of this wife was old-fashioned enough; it was to have a home and babies and bring out the finest and highest in her man. But it failed.

She subordinated her own talents, but it was of no avail. He needed a less positive, energetic, and more "Eve, dear, don't work." Just be my wife! You're too dominant, too whirlwindy, too violent!

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

VIRGINIA gave the number of the grocery store's telephone number. Although there was not a sign of a warning of the happy honeymoon, it was a relief to know what to order for dinner.

"What have you got that is nice to-day?" she asked him, the usual thing. "Well, we have some nice sweet-breads," said the clerk.

"Oh, I'm crazy about them," she said finally, "but I don't believe I know how to cook them."

"Awfully easy," said the soothing voice. "No, I believe I'll play safety first," decided Virginia. "Send me up some of those lamb chops."

"Oh, I don't know how to say it by rounds. I guess we will have six nice ones, though."

"Six lamb chops?" repeated the voice. "Have you any nice eggplants?" asked Virginia.

you're going to eat. And I'm going to start right tomorrow doing my own shopping, and do it cash-and-carry."

Paul kissed the tip of her pretty nose. "We're learning. I'll say," he laughed cheerfully.

Tomorrow—"Paul Invests in Literature"

For Red Hands

The excessive redness of the hands, which makes the winter season unbearable for many girls, may be treated successfully with equal parts of glycerine and camellia oil.

The Baby's Room

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Those Who Advocate Kissing

The letters sent in to the column advocating promiscuous kissing will not be published, for the simple reason that promiscuous kissing, generally speaking, is wrong, and Cynthia refuses to encourage it by printing letters on the subject.

To "Anxious"

No one but a physician could answer your question. It's a little difficult to understand just what is wrong. Probably everything is right. Why not have a talk with your mother on the subject. Perhaps all the information you received is wrong.

Says All Girls Do It

Dear Cynthia—I should like to answer "H. E. Morse" on the subject of good-night kisses. I think it is not proper for a girl to kiss a fellow good night, but the majority of girls do it.

Willing to Spend Her Money

Dear Cynthia, I am a young man twenty-four years of age and considered good looking by all. I am looking for a rich girl, so now I have a boy friend help me spend my money. I will gladly do so as I am very willing. Would you please send your address in this column and I will call at your home and take you out for a swell time as I am sure I will be waiting patiently.

What Is Best to Do?

Dear Cynthia—Would appreciate your help on the following:

The other evening I attended a concert with the family and, of course, sat with them instead of with the "crowd," as I did when they weren't there.

Now, in the crowd there is one particular boy who seemed to single me out for all his attention, and I notice that he is very sensitive and inclined to jealousy.

CHAPTER XXV

Respite

WELL, he has been here to the start-upment. He has just gone. He sat opposite me in the chair that is Dane's favorite, and I hated it. I felt like a traitor to Dane, but what could I do?

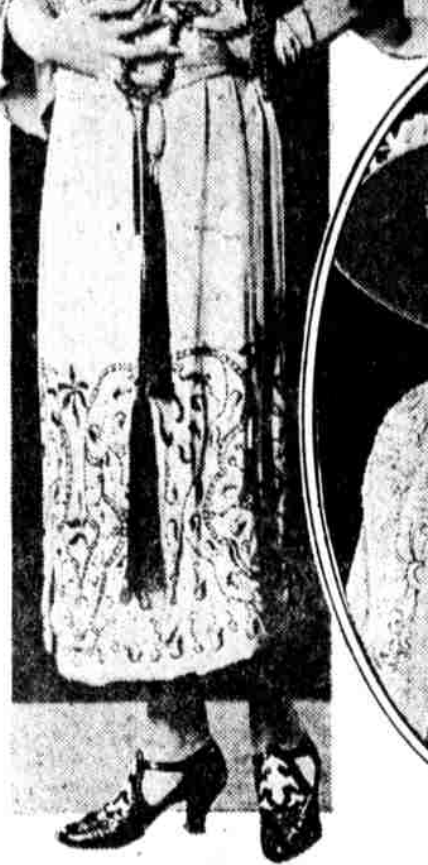
What's What

Within a few days, the national bird of America—which is not the eagle but the turkey—will grace many a Thanksgiving table.

Two Minutes of Optimism

Life Is Worth Living

A BUSY SEASON FOR BRAID



It splashes itself all over waists that would be very plain and prim without it, and turns them into quite dressy affairs.

There are a great many people who would like occasionally to see some of the foreign magazines, but do not know where they can be purchased.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

My letters, my poor little foolish letters in which I had told Cranford over and over how much I loved him, to be delivered into Dane's hands!

Those Big Rugs

For rugs which are too dirty or too big to be gone all over on the floor with a dry cleaner, make up a paste of soap and boiling water.

Things You'll Love to Make

Turkey Pen-Wiper

A useful little factor-dinner card is a TURKEY PEN-WIPER. Cut turkey shape out of light-weight felt.

Monday

is never a blue day when you've slept well on your Never Stretch mattress

DISTINCTIVE CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS with or without Personal Engraving

BURT & BURT 1001 CHESTNUT STREET

Had your iron today?

Eat more raisins

Adventures With a Purse

SHE has eighteen different colors—all of them exquisite. She opened the drawer for me to peep into, and there they lay, lavender candles, old gold, old blue, orchid, green—well—eighteen colors, as I have said. They are those rich, waxy-looking ones that are rounded, coming to a point at the tops.

There are a great many people who would like occasionally to see some of the foreign magazines, but do not know where they can be purchased.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. How can an inexpensive and attractive favor for each one at the Thanksgiving dinner table be made?

2. What makes a charming and acceptable gift for the new baby?

3. In the small house, how can an atmosphere of roominess be imparted?

4. Of the famous Elizabeths of history who was Elizabeth of Russia?

5. How is a quaint dress for the schoolgirl fashioned?

6. In what smart and easily renewable way does the woman who likes a touch of white put this on her dark serge frock?

Saturday's Answers

1. During the last quarter of a century, the average life of a woman has been lengthened four years.

2. A novel cheese-contractor which is most attractive as an ornament is molded into the shape of a pineapple.

3. For the woman who is making her Christmas presents, an out-of-the-ordinary bag for knitting or sewing that she can copy is made of an oblong piece of coarse twine, which has a border of wide hemstitching in colored wools and a handle of the wools twisted together.

4. St. Catherine was a Christian martyr who lived in Alexandria in the fourth century.

5. By means of wooden beads sewed here and there, in an all-over design, a number of soft-materials hats are made striking.

6. A quaint afternoon frock is fashioned of reddish-brown dyed into a one-piece style, which is charmingly finished with a square neck bordered with gray agnella and a girle made of twisted threads of a dull silver hue.

The Laugh of a Four-Year-Old Child Is Worth All the Work You Do for It

When You've Tried Everything With No Success You Finally Hit Upon the Foolish Thing That Will Bring It

IT'S SO foolish, the things they laugh at! And to think that once upon a time, back in those dark ages, that you can't remember, except vaguely, you used to laugh at the same ridiculous things.

For instance you take one of them, about four, and wedge it into the back seat of an automobile, between you and its mother.

The weather is cold, and you and mother think it would be wise to have a robe over your laps.

You pull it up and, of course, when it reaches your waist, it comes right to the chin of the important young person beside you.

So, with much fussing and patting and fixing, you tuck the robe around her shoulders and tell her to hold it in place with her chin.

She takes you seriously and gravely carries out your commission, doubling the top chin down upon the lower one, and she looks very sober in place.

And she would sit that way, uncomfortable, stiff, with her eyes necessarily fixed upon the back of the front seat for hours, if you didn't do something to change her position.

SO YOU begin an elaborate search for her hands.

They are nowhere to be found! Where can they be?

And the robe is dropped by a chin suddenly lifted in inquiry.

Four-year-old realizes that this isn't quite so serious as the keeping warm, so the one looks robe is placed.

There isn't a ripple on the surface of the blanket to show where those hands are, and you have to prod and probe and jab with your great big fingers in your effort to find her tiny ones.

And it makes her laugh and giggle until her feet stick the robe out in a point down around the level of your knees, and her eyes begin to start another hunt down there!

Why, that's more fun for her than anything you can remember has ever been for you!

REMARKS that you laugh at go right over her head as the game stops at last and you converse with her mother. "Funny things," like a dog and cat glaring at each other, which you pass on your ride, don't make her even smile.

"Why is the cat looking at him?" she asks solemnly. "What is the dog doing? What is he doing?"

It's all a great problem to be considered with knitted brows and serious mouth.

And then a squirrel runs across the road and is not seen at all by the person who would be most interested in him.

That's another problem. Why should he be out on the road? And where was he going? Why did he run? And did he know that we were going past? Did he come out of the woods? Well, why wasn't he in the trees? And so on.

The laugh seems to have been put aside permanently.

Try as you will, you can't get more than a puzzled quick smile, a long stolid gaze, or a swift, scornful glance.

EVEN the intriguing story of the cow that licked her calf down a high bank right into the creek—wasn't that awful!—doesn't bring you any luck.

"No," she replied matter-of-factly, when you ask the inevitable question about what she would do if she were the cow.

But then Mother gets out to make a call, and the car goes on down to the station to pick up Daddy.

That makes the two of you rattle around pretty much on the back seat, and when you come to the corner you let yourself go and bump into Four-Year-Old so that she falls over on the seat.

AND then the laugh comes shouting back in such a burst of gloe that you feel as if all your efforts had been worth while after all.

Isn't it foolish, the things they laugh at?

The Woman's Exchange

Sending Presents

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—The writer has just been in the hospital and desires to send two of the nurses gifts.

A box of writing paper is always a welcome gift, and either of these nurses would appreciate it. They have handkerchiefs and books to choose from. It is correct to put your address on the notes you send.

A Birthday Invitation

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know the proper way to write an invitation for a birthday (eighteen years) party?

Also is it proper to wear a veil in the evening?

Word your invitation in the formal way, as follows:

Miss A—S— Requests the pleasure of Miss S's company at a birthday party on Thursday, November the 25th, at eight o'clock.

R. S. V. P.

Or you can get printed invitations with blanks for the names and the time. No, a veil is not worn after 6 o'clock unless you have been traveling and have started earlier in the day with a veil on.

An Old Book for an Old Lady

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A writing trustee that you or some kind reader might help me in a long but unsuccessful search for a book by Mrs. Southworth called "The Fatal Marriage." It has long been out of print, but I thought it possible some kind reader might happen to have it. I am anxious to secure it for a very feeble, dear old lady who read the book in her girlhood and desires, oh, so much, to reread it. M. S. C.

Well, readers, surely we cannot disappoint this old lady. Stuck away somewhere in a far corner of your attic or storeroom there must be some old books that were your mother's or your grandmother's. Look them over and see if this is among them. And, Mrs. S., please send in your address, so that your letters or replies by telephone can be referred to you. I am sure we can find the book somewhere.

His Wife Bored Him!

He was forty-seven, she was past forty, but liked to look younger. Then enters—the other girl! Read about the problem in the new serial, "The Man Who Was Tired of His Wife."

BEGINS TOMORROW ON COMICS PAGE

Advertisement for Sun Sweet Prunes, featuring a large illustration of a prune carton and text: "in the new 2 lb. carton", "SUN SWEET PRUNES", "California Prune & Apricot Growers", "the handy way to buy them", "Compact, convenient, economical—the new two-pound carton of Sun Sweet Prunes. What if your pantry is small and crowded? No matter! There will always be room for this handy-sized package. For the family of two it is the ideal size; while the housewife who buys her staples in small quantities will be just as quick to appreciate its wonderful convenience. Ask your grocer for this two-pound carton of Sun Sweet Prunes and keep it handy in the pantry. California Prune & Apricot Growers Inc., San Jose, California, 11,000 grower-members. —your grocer has them"