

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY



Highbrow Girls Seeking Work

WHEN you finish college you think you know everything. You are the most intelligent snob that is known. You shall **CULTURE** with capitals. If not with it. But just wait till you go seeking a job.

About the most surprising and enlightening thing that ever falls to womanhood is the realization of how unnecessary it is to the world of productiveness. She has been studied theories and languages and memorized facts of past dead ages, but there is not a creative thing in the world that she can do, nor a tangible product of her hand or brain that anybody wants. Her A. B. spells "a bore" to prospective employers!

OF COURSE! There are folks who go to college who do really prepare for something. But the university snob and the girl who takes pedology with a capital P, who school, is somewhat wretched. It is a right to be self-sufficient in an educated manner. A woman who enters the world as a young woman must know the value of her own resources. She must be able to take care of herself. She must be able to find her own way. She must be able to find her own work. She must be able to find her own life.

The college graduate who goes to work to earn her living, to help her family, to support herself, to find her own way, is a woman who has the right kind of education. She has the right kind of preparation. She has the right kind of training. She has the right kind of experience. She has the right kind of wisdom.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Blue-Eyed Vamp"
Better attend to high school now, dear, and let the stage take care of itself.

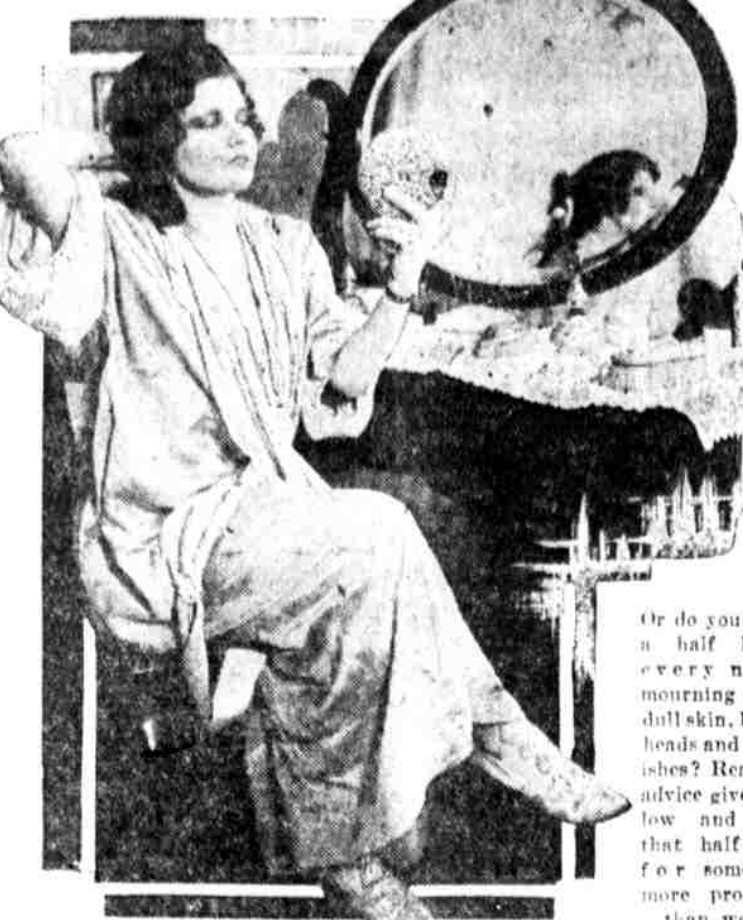
Go to Your Chaperon
Dear Cynthia: What you please tell me how you can help a fellow who is in a hole. I am a fellow who is in a hole. I am a fellow who is in a hole. I am a fellow who is in a hole. I am a fellow who is in a hole.

Tell Him the Truth
Dear Cynthia: I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens.

She's for Bobbing It
Dear Cynthia: I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens.

They Are Also Plump
Dear Cynthia: I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens. I am a girl in my teens.

IS YOUR COMPLEXION GOOD?



Then drink water from six to eight glasses a day. Drink a glass on arising, before retiring and between meals. Too much cannot be said of water drinking as first aid to a clear complexion.

It is necessary to keep the skin of the entire body clean with daily bathing. In order that the face be an index of cleanliness, to prevent blackheads it is necessary to scrub not only the face, but the entire body. Because the face is the most exposed part of the body it requires particular care.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

Her name is Lucille, I suppose. I suppose she is something like that. I suppose she is something like that. I suppose she is something like that. I suppose she is something like that. I suppose she is something like that.

Adventures With a Purse

THIS Adventure is intended strictly for mothers who love to dress their small children up in the kind of adorable frocks and smocks that are only to be found by careful looking. For it tells of a woman in this city who has the exclusive agency in Philadelphia for hand-made children's dresses that are copied from Paris models. I saw some of them, and I must say that I liked them. I couldn't begin to describe them to you. I shall simply tell you the address of this woman, and then if you want to see them for yourself you will be able to do so.

I suppose you know that you can buy lunch boxes for the girl or boy who carries a lunch that have room for a thermos bottle in the lid. But did you know that you can get them at one shop complete for \$2.95? This includes the tin, black-covered box for sandwiches and the thermos bottle tucked away in the lid. Such a box means, of course, that coffee, tea or milk can be conveniently carried, and kept from morning until luncheon time.

Read Your Character
By Diah Phillips
Low, Strong Voices
In a way it's a pity that the human ear is not more perfect, and completely standardized, so that everybody might hear exactly alike. There are, of course, as many differences as there are individuals, and these differences are not only noted and classified for comparison, according to a single standard, but are also noted and classified for comparison.

Tomorrow—The Full, Round, Strong Voice
The Question Corner
Today's Inquiries

1. What honor has come to ten American women sculptors?
2. How does a most decorative and original standing lamp serve two purposes?
3. When an ostrich feather has lost its curl, how can this be brought back again?
4. What is the romantic story attached to the song, "Annie Laurie"?
5. Should a long sleeve wish to be ultra-smart and hold the interest of all who might behold it, what rule may it follow?
6. Describe a hatpin that is in itself ornament enough for any hat.

Philadelphia

Atlantic City Baltimore
"MILLARDS"
The Shops of Sensible Prices
For Friday and Saturday Only—Specially Priced
For the Emissaries of Santa Claus
These garments still wear their original tags and are to be had for the week-end only at the prices advertised.
At \$25 A perfectly tailored frock of tricotine, embroidered with silk soutache, Navy and black. Regular price, \$39.75. At Both Shops.
At \$75 A coat of Pollyanna cloth, with fur collar. It has a blouse back and guaranteed silk lining. Regular price, \$89.75. At Both Shops.
At \$25 A semi-frocks of black Canton crepe and silk lace, with beaded girdle. For restaurant, theatre and dinner. Small sizes only. Regular price, \$50.00. At Both Shops.
"Say It with Blouses"
Clearance Sale for Southern Showing \$5.00
Also Imports and Reproductions at Half Price
127 PHILADELPHIA 1337
S. 13th St. AND Chestnut St.
Boardwalk Shop—Atlantic City—Brighton Block
Your Millard Cheere Avenue is Good at This Shop

The Girl Who Was Voted Most Beautiful Has Retired After Two Strenuous Years

She Realizes That the Fame of One Triumph Does Not Last Always—She Is Leaving Before She Has To

TWO years ago the seventeen-year-old daughter of a country lawyer in France sent her picture to a Paris newspaper, which was conducting a beauty contest. No doubt the fatal deed was done as much in a spirit of fun as anything else.

A good many entries in beauty contests are sent in that way. But this girl was not. She was voted the most beautiful woman in France.

At first, of course, she must have been delighted. But this girl was not. She was voted the most beautiful woman in France. She was voted the most beautiful woman in France. She was voted the most beautiful woman in France.

It was all very exciting and very thrilling, and the smiles that she cast with her flowers among the audience at the Folies Bergere when she was "the great actress" must have been very spontaneous and very sincere.

For a while she was seen everywhere, in her fashionable frocks and her beautiful looks. But there are too good things of which there are too much, the whole thing palled on her.

She became so well known and so popular that she could not shop or go to the theatre without the protection of gossips, a heavy veil and a squad of police. And so now she has retired, like a great actress, whose wonderful success has worn her out.

It MAY seem a shame to them, but it is a splendid thing for her to do; it shows more sense and strength of mind than most girls of that age would show under the circumstances.

To retire from her fame-seeking public life now when she is still fresh and young and her beauty will always remain in that condition in the memory of her countrymen, is a very wise move. As she says, beauty comes quickly to an end, and it must be the one great, ever-present dread in the life of a great beauty or a stage star to have that moment come when somebody will say, "It's a shame!"

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Who Are the Rich?
NOT in the long ago, but in this sentiment now he lives—this man whose story I would tell.

He had vast riches—as men know riches in these days—riches unto millions.

Before him breezings bowed and scraped, and at mention of his plethoric wealth, most hearts were awed.

They gazed him great, but who knows, when within the silence of the night, the line of gold was left behind, just what the still, small voice of his own soul named him?

Then came war, flung all around ruin—as men see ruin.

This man whom they called rich and great—very cared not for his name or fame, not for his gold or hebeast, in the maelstrom of the struggle, his worldly power was swept away.

He stood alone—alone with God; men did not understand—and called him poor?

So he went forth to serve. He was alone—alone with God! Then was he not alone, for all the Forces of the Mighty Universe were his to draw upon!

He heard the Voices of all Nature cry aloud, "What ye would keep, share ye with all!" And this man whom men called poor, a failure dead, went forth with greater majesty and might than ever had been his before.

No longer lauded by the heralds of earthly things, of strivings to be mightier than his fellows, his eyes were opened to the Light of Truth.

He gave good cheer and strength to those who went; he lent a supporting, lifting hand to those who faltered and fell.

Wherever he went, he left a sense of Peace and Joy; and strangers blessed his name, not least those who saw his wealth of gold was gone—this man of whom men said, "He lost his life!"

But in the silence of his loneliness, he hears his soul's voice say, "Who loved in service, none must have found riches." And in the Book of Life the great White Angel is writing, "This man is truly rich."

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOVE GRANT

THURSDAY—fatal day. "What a day!" I said to myself as I looked at my pocket money. "I don't know how it happened, but I've lost my money."

I had just come from the bank, where I had deposited my money. I had just come from the bank, where I had deposited my money. I had just come from the bank, where I had deposited my money.

He stared, and then he burst out laughing. "You've lost your money? You've lost your money? You've lost your money?"

"Yes, I have," I said, looking at him with a despairing expression.

"That's all right," he said, "I'll give you some more."

"But I don't want any more," I said, "I want my own money back."

"That's all right," he said, "I'll give you some more."

The Woman's Exchange

Usual Methods Fail
Dear Madam: I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem.

Announcing an Engagement
Dear Madam: I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECK

Dear Madam: I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem. I have a problem.

Mary Wilson Cooking School
241 S. 23d St.
Phone, Service 0733

Children Love
PUDDING
Desserts
Make a mound of Pudding of any of the eight flavors and serve it to those little angels. This is a little more than the usual. Make Vanilla Cream Vanilla. Rex Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Orange, Almond or Spicy.

At All Grocers, 10c
Frut Pudding Co., Baltimore, Md.

A Treat
Soft-Meated Ducks
33c lb.
At all our Meat Markets
AMERICAN