Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"Go and Sin No More"

WE HAVE said that it is possible today for the girl who has followed the dissipated or fast life, or her who has been seduced and abandoned, to "come back," to re-establish herself and lead a happy and useful existence.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

It is not true perhaps that large numbers of "fallen" women do this. Everything is against it. Society in general, while not persecuting them to the grave, as in past centuries, does make it extremely difficult and treat them with contempt and scorn. The vast numbers of girls who are inmates of institutions which are trying to rescue the poor unfortunates are recruited from the domestic servant class.

THE conditions surrounding servants, the long hours and unpleasant servility, and crowded room with no privacy and refinement, tend to cause them to revolt. In factories, girls have regular hours and no unpleasant surveillance of their personal lives, but there they find other dangers, for they are overworked and weary, and are herded in with hundreds or thousands of men, some of whom perhaps wait for them after the whistle blows. The young folks cannot afford to marry, and so, in large numbers, they form illicit unions, and are sordid and miserable. All these things are known by a large number of investigators everywhere. There is no general solution, so long as poverty and crowded conditions exist.

In cities, too, girls are a prey to foremen and those who have their financial fate in their keeping.

Knowing all this, as we should know it, how outrageous in us, the comfortable, protected women, to disdain or persecute our forlorn sisters.

THE broad-minded, deep-hearted Christ exclaimed to the harlot, "Go and sin no more!" yet millions of His ostensible followers have made it a point and a virtue to hound down the girls who have slipped into the wretched path so miscalled the "easiest way!"

A recent novel portrays exquisitely a girl who "comes back." She is in Spain, but it is the same everywhere. Dulce is as sweet as a flower. She has drifted into the sunny streets of her Spanish town because of poverty and a love of life. She trips along the Primrose Path, with no one to guide or counsel her, a lovely, loving little creature in her teens, yet wholly "on her own." And then one day she meets a high-class man from America, and loves him adoringly. He leaves Spain and her after a week, but a transformation has been wrought in her character. She now regards her former careless, carefree life as a Trudge Market, where she sold her wares, body and soul, by trudging the street drearily.

She has a spiritual awakening, and entirely of her own initiative, determines she will lead a life of purity and usefulness, and achieve some success and do some active good, in order to pay back to "society" that which she has taken from it by leading a disordered life.

SHE calls it "The Great Way" (that is the name of the book), and this seems a sort of symbol of our journey through life. The great way is life's highway, along which all of us travel in gay mood or somber, being helpful or destructive.

Dulce meets some wonderful women friends, and the author seems to make a point of the marvelous helpfulness of women to their sisters who have been in the mire—a new note in fiction, which we hope is founded on truth.

Poor little Dulce will not accept money from these women even for music lessons when she knows that she has a great voice and will become famous. She has a streak of fanaticism that insists that she begin at the very bottom and struggle even up from starvation. This seems to us a strained and exaggerated puritanical attitude, for surely she would have had sufficient hard work and discipline just in her labor itself, during the long years of effort, without setting herself such a fearful task as manual labor. But this heroine triumphs, becomes a celebrated singer and does a beautiful thing. It is not every poor girl who reforms that can become rich and happy and famous, but it is possible to go and sin no more if all of us will offer the helping hand.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

He Is Perfection

Dear Cynthia—Please let me have a little advice. I am a young man nineteen years of age and know I am beautiful. Everything about me seems to be just perfect. I just can't help liking myself. Every time I go to a party I hear the girls remark, "Isn't he nice?" It seems, though, that even the fellows flatter me. You would think, in a case like this, that the fellows wouldn't make friends with me, but I have such a wonderful personality that they just can't help liking me.

Now, Cynthia, what I want to know is: Do you think I should give myself or my parents the credit of this bringing up? I would like to hear from some of the readers of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER and know their opinion also.

HANDSOME.

Do not think of sharing the credit with any one. Doubtless all your perfections are due to your own sweet self.

Has Two Sides, She Says

Dear Cynthia—Do you think there can ever be a girl with two very different personalities, though to herself it seems that she is at all times the same? Yet here is a very perplexing situation.

I am a Jewess, and when I am with non-Jews of almost any age up to forty-five I am told over and over again of my charming personality. I have had several proposals of marriage from them, some of them having quite a high station in life, too. While I am not in the least narrow-minded, I do believe that true marital happiness comes only to those who are united by one faith.

Now, on the other hand, when I am with men of my own faith I do not seem to have much attraction for them. While a few admire me, very, very few have me on.

To myself I am quite certain that I am never different, but I must be, because the contrast is so striking. At times it seems to me impossible that a whole class of one kind should love me so wholeheartedly and another hardly feel interested in me at all. They call me sweet and dear and pretty, but that is as far as their attention goes. I am twenty, speak quite intelligently on most any subject, dance a bit, sing a bit, etc., have the average amount of good looks, am always at my ease, and there you are. (Please do not think me conceited by the above. On the contrary, I feel very much humbled.) Naturally, this condition worries me not a little, for while I in my innermost heart love every one, Jew and Gentile alike, I must never make my parents, whom I love dearly, unhappy.

MAE.

Perhaps you have been going so much with Gentiles your own people feel that you are different. If you do not intend to marry any of all these men who have proposed to you, why not see less of them all and more of your own people?

He Interferes Gravely

Dear Cynthia—I am acquainted with you, therefore I know that you can help me.

There is a fellow who lives next door to me who has caused me a great deal of trouble. Although he does not love me, he is insanely jealous of me. It seems impossible, but it is true. I cannot understand his actions, as I am positive that he does not care for me.

About five months ago I met B, a fellow whom I fell in love with. Our feelings were mutual and he called on me often until just recently, when his visits ceased suddenly. As I could find no reason for his actions, I called him on the phone and asked him. He told me that S (the fellow from next door) had warned him to stop calling on me. Asking him what S said about me, B answered that he could not tell me, as he gave his word of honor to S that he would not tell me.

And, Cynthia, there were several other fellows who used to call on me and take me out whose visits also stopped suddenly. I called each of them up and they all give the same answer, that they gave their word not to tell me.

B assured me that S did not take anything bad about me, but he gave him a good reason why he thought it right for him not to see me. I was positive that I had done nothing wrong, therefore I went to S and demanded an explanation. We quarreled and all he would say that everything he had done was for my good. I vowed that I would never again speak to him as long as I lived, and I mean to stick to that promise.

What can I do, Cynthia? I want B back, as I love him, and I am certain that he cares for me, too. I do not care about the other fellows, but I want B back.

BUDDIES.

If your father is living go straight to him about it and ask him to demand an explanation of this man. If not your father, your nearest male relative. Such conduct is clearly libelous and inexcusable, and if it is not stopped, do not hesitate to go to law about it.

EGYPT AND OLDEN TIMES

Photo from Wide World Photos.

The land of the Nile furnished the motif for the bands of beaded trimming which form the points on this evening gown, also the wide girdle and the side panels. But it was the industry of grandmother's time which produced this warm, soft "shawl," with its splashy decoration of brilliant flowers and its intricate fringe. Shawls of all kinds are in style this year

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne refuses to marry Nick Tracy because she does not love him.

CHAPTER II
Repression

NICK did not say anything more to Carol for some time. In his own mind he had his campaign all planned out. He wanted to give her time to have confidence in him, and so he went back to their easy-going friendship.

For a time Carol was diffident. She watched for a return of the emotion she had roused in Nick the day he had asked her to marry him, and she did not take him back on the old grounds until she felt sure of him. But Nick knew that she was waiting for him to break over the traces, and although it took every bit of self-control that he had in his make-up, he gave her friendship and nothing more. Until finally the memory of that day faded out of Carol's mind, and she forgot to be cautious.

They were together a great deal, so often in fact, that when they were alone together, Nick found that it took all of his strength to keep from making love to her.

He wanted her so much, and after all, his love had all of the elements of hot-heady youth. There was nothing of the ascetic about Nick. But it was a strain to keep such a tight rein on himself. When Carol danced with him the blood mounted to his head so fast that it almost blinded him.

He could see the curve of her throat and neck; strands of her hair, faintly fragrant, brushed his lips. Sometimes when quite unconscious of the emotion she was causing she would lift her head suddenly to toss him some gay, careless remark, he would look straight into the blue of her eyes, and the impulse to tighten his arm about her was irresistible.

But he would resist back the forbidden thought and respond easily and lightly in the mood of the moment. And all the while he thought that because Carol was with him so often, because she seemed to like him better than any one else, she was learning to care. When he asked her again to marry him, he would be quite sure that she had ceased to be afraid of him, and Nick had no doubt that that time would come, if he were patient and bided his time.

But if Carol thought that Nick, having despaired of winning her love had willingly gone back to the old terms of their friendship, no one else thought so.

Every one who knew them, knew of Nick's love for her. Mrs. Rathbourne knew it and spoke of it to her husband.

"It would be the best thing in the world for Carol if she married Nick Tracy. He's so much in love with her that I don't see how he manages to conceal it so well, and yet Carol never seems to notice anything. She's a very strange girl. I don't pretend to understand her."

"Nick is evidently hoping that things will turn out all right," returned Carol's father.

"Yes, and they won't, not if I know Carol. She doesn't know the meaning of love. She's absolutely cold, and if it weren't for the fact that I hate to interfere, I'd tell her that she oughtn't to keep Nick dancing attention on her constantly if she doesn't care for him that way."

But Mrs. Rathbourne did not speak to Carol. She kept silent for the same reason that other people kept silent. There was something about Carol that did not invite confidences, and even the girls she knew carefully avoided mentioning Nick Tracy's name in her presence excepting in the most casual way.

So that the weeks passed, and when Nick asked Carol a second time to marry him, he did not do it impetuously. He kept the passion out of his voice, and the eagerness out of his words. He wanted Carol to feel that she could trust him, and that he would never take more than she had to give.

Tomorrow—The Second Proposal

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Santa Claus' Sister

By DADDY

(Jack and Janet and Dame Instinct search for a summer bird that sings spring songs in the wintry woods. They come upon a cottage where they find Little Curly-Head, who has been overlooked by Santa Claus.)

CHAPTER II
Dame Instinct's Story

JACK and Janet stared in surprise at Dame Instinct.

"Are you really Santa Claus' sister?" asked Janet.

"Hush!" warned Dame Instinct, placing her finger on her lips. "I am Santa Claus' sister, but I don't want Little Curly-Head to know my secret just yet."

Little Curly-Head was looking wonderingly at them through the log-cabin window.

"Who are you?" asked Curly-Head. "And why have you come here?"

"We are friends," said Dame Instinct, "and we have come to tell you a story."

"Goody!" cried Little Curly-Head. "I like stories—fairy stories—but Santa Claus didn't come to our cabin this year, and so I did not get any books for Christmas. What is your story about?

"It is about Santa Claus," said Dame Instinct. "Do you want to know why he didn't come to your cabin this year?"

"Yes, I would like to know," said Curly-Head. "I cried on Christmas morning when I found my stocking empty. I had asked Santa Claus to bring me a sweet-singing bird."

"He had a sweet-singing bird for some little girl," said Dame Instinct, "for I heard it singing in his house just before Christmas. 'Whom is that sweet-singing bird for?' I asked him. 'It is for Little Curly-Head, who helps her mother wash the dishes and keep the house tidy,' Santa Claus told me."

Little Curly-Head's eyes sparkled when she heard that.

"Why, my name is Little Curly-Head," she cried. "Perhaps the bird was for me."

"To be sure it was," said Dame Instinct. "And Santa Claus started for your house bright and early on Christmas Eve.

"On the way, however, he drove his reindeer over a large city, dropping toys as he went. Of a sudden he heard a sobbing. Who could be sobbing on Christmas Eve?

"Santa Claus held his reindeer and looked down into the houses below. You know Santa Claus can see through roofs and walls just like other folks can look through glass, and he can go through roofs and walls just as easily as he can look through them.

"Finally he saw who was sobbing. It was a motherless little sick girl who lived in an attic room. She was sobbing because her father had to leave her alone all day while he worked, and she felt very ill and unhappy."

"Oh, the poor, poor motherless girl," broke in Little Curly-Head.

"Yes, that is what Santa Claus thought," said Dame Instinct.

"'If I only had a bird to keep me company,' sobbed the motherless girl, 'it wouldn't be so dismal in this attic.'

"Now Santa Claus had only one bird, the bird he meant for you," went on Dame Instinct, looking into Curly-Head's soft eyes. "What would you have done if you had been in his place?"

Little Curly-Head opened her eyes wide as she thought the matter over. "Well, I have my dear mother," she said slowly. "And I have a warm home, even though it is only a log cabin. And I have plenty to eat and I am not sick. I do not need the bird so much as that poor, sick, motherless girl. I would have given her the bird if I had been Santa Claus."

"And that is just what Santa Claus did," said Dame Instinct. "And he didn't have time to go back for another bird and that is why you got none this Christmas this year."

"Oh, I am glad, glad," said Little Curly-Head.

"And you are going to be gladder," said Dame Instinct.

(What Dame Instinct meant when she said that will be told tomorrow.)

The Young 'Flapper' Had to Be Tamed Out of Her Imperious, Selfish Ways

Her Father Thought It Was His Clever Thought That Did It, but It Was Something Bigger Than That Which Trained Her

IT WAS a most entertaining play and the "flapper" was very pretty.

But the story it told and the things it made you think about were still more interesting.

For the "flapper" was just at that age which, nowadays, imagines itself ruler of the world and all its people, and her parents don't know what to do with her.

She laughed at her "old-fashioned" mother; she lifted a cold, haughty shoulder at her father when he issued his commands, and informed him that the gentlemen with whom she associated did not speak to her in that tone.

But a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," in which a young actor friend of "Father's" took part, gave him an idea.

And he begged the actor to take over the job of "taming" the supercilious, high-handed young person.

The actor had little luck at first; he was treated coldly and insultingly.

But gradually he wove his way, helped by a suggestion from Father about his "past," and Ethel fell pettishly in love with him.

IT WAS only when the taming was complete and she obeyed her father without question or attempt at defiance that she realized how much she cared.

Then, after a final tantrum, which was in the nature of a clear-up shower, she sent the actor from the house, but called him back when she saw that he was actually going.

It wasn't the man who tamed her. It was her love for him.

That was something over which she had absolutely no control.

She could ignore or laugh at her mother's limp, discouraged attempts at discipline; she could defy or pet her doting father into silence and everybody else stood by and let her spoil herself.

And until that strong feeling began to take hold on her, she rode roughshod over the young actor's pride, too.

But it was too big for her. She couldn't face it down; she couldn't deny its existence; she couldn't close her heart to it.

AND therein lies the secret of any successful training or teaching.

You have to convince your child or your pupil that you are better than she is, that you know more about your subject than she does, or else you have to impress her with the idea that boys always hold over each other "I can lick you!"

If for one moment you let her see that she has impressed you, you will lose a certain amount of power over her—that is, of course, if she is a high-handed young person like Ethel.

It is the something bigger than herself that she cannot either control or impress with her loveliness or her tantrums that will finally "tame" her.

And tame her completely.

IT WILL not be an intermittent softness that will come over her; it will be lasting, for it will have come from the overpowering of her stubborn young will.

The Father in the play didn't know that it was something bigger than his will or his strategy which had taken such hold on his little daughter; he took all the credit to himself.

But it was because she couldn't understand the love she felt for her new "victim," couldn't deny it, and couldn't withstand it that she forgot all about herself and her bewitching charms and her imperious ways.

She became just a little, troubled, worried, obedient girl.

THAT come-down is bound to come some time to everybody who sets herself up on a pinnacle of self-sufficiency.

And not everybody is so lucky as Ethel, who was glad that since she had to be tamed, her father had chosen "him" to do the taming!

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Great Silence

SHE smiled bravely across the breakfast table, but, somehow, Paul's eyes were averted.

He was going to New York for the firm.

"You'll be sure to be at the station on time?" he finally asked her tenderly.

"Why, you goose, of course I'll be there on time. It is you who must watch your step. Don't wait till the last moment before you leave the office, dear. I want ten minutes to say good-by to you."

"Gosh, Virgie, one would think I was going to Labrador and never coming back for a year."

She smiled over at him with fresh tenderness, but with the hint of raillery in her voice.

"Lots of men go to New York, and never come back, you know."

They laughed together.

"I'll stay only a week," he promised.

"But wait till you see the gay, bright lights of Broadway," said Virginia. "Perhaps you'll stay two weeks."

"Not on your life."

"All the glitter of the theaters and the grand hotels and the—Paul!"

She stopped abruptly and her eyes were serious.

"Paul, don't you go and fall in now, will you? And be careful of what you eat. I wonder if the drinking water is all right there?"

Paul shrugged impatiently.

"Heavens, Virginia. I'm not a baby," he grunted. "I guess I can manage to look out for myself."

"But it is so awful to be ill and away from home."

"Yes," he almost sneered. "As if I would be ill. Bet!"

He kissed her three times as he went off to the office, and to her it seemed an eon till she saw him again, as he sprang jauntily into the waiting room of the station.

How proud she was of him!

Going to New York for his firm.

He seemed embarrassed as he kissed her in farewell at the gate and almost roughly squeezed her.

Then:

"Well, good-by, dear. I'll stay there only a week."

"But you must have a good time. Paul honey. See something of the gay thing—on Broadway," she added mischievously.

The gateman warned of the departure of the train.

"Good-by, darlin'," he said for the last time.

"Good-by."

And the long, heavy train moved, as if reluctant, out of the station.

She stood there and watched until it disappeared into the canyon of wholesale houses down the track—toward New York.

There was some of the contagion of her husband's excitement in her own being as she went home.

But all this fled as she stood upon the threshold of their little home.

How quiet it seemed.

She plunged into the duties of the day, but paused frequently to stop and think. How lonely the clock on the kitchen shelf ticked.

How strange everything seemed. It was the first separation in the first year.

It was the great silence.

Tomorrow—The Adventurer

The Woman's Exchange

A Small Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me whether it is proper to seat guests at a table when serving refreshments at a small gathering? What would be appropriate to serve at little expense? There will be twelve of us, but the dancing space is limited.

CECILIA P.

You do not have to seat your guests at a table unless you want to serve a hot chocolate, sandwiches, iced cake, mixed nuts or nut, fruit and cheese, and salted nuts.

To Clean Tapestry

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please advise me how to clean the tapestry on my furniture?

You can dry-clean this with cornmeal or fuller's earth, though the

Making Dress New

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me how to make my dress new? I am enclosing a few samples of my dress. It is a blue serge and I have only worn it a few times. The sleeves are worn out and the skirt is badly frayed after and worn.

[illegible]

Send for List

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young girl living in a small town and I want to earn money in my spare time. Can you tell me of some good place where I could obtain a list of concerns that want people to do this work? I am five feet five inches. Is this too tall for a girl of fifteen? How old should I be?

[illegible]

SALOME.

[illegible]

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

When dining in a restaurant or hotel or at a house where there is paid service, it is not good form, for a guest to stoop and pick up a napkin, fork or other table accessory accidentally dropped on the floor. In a public dining room he may call the waiter's attention to the fallen article, and ask for a clean fork or napkin, as the case may be.

If he is a guest at a private house where no help is kept, he should allow the host to replace the object dropped but should never permit a woman to do this office for him. There need be no fuss about it, neither apology nor reassurance. All these trifling table accidents are to be passed over as quickly as possible, as that is one need, and any awkward pause or other embarrassment, and the best way for the hostess to do this is to step on some lady making a fuss over it, to make a "boner" of herself in any other fashion.

[illegible] take care that all particles of food are brushed off when you are finished.

[illegible]

A Striking Panel on Robin's Egg Blue Gown

By CORINNE LOWE

Once there was a girl who married in her teens—thirteen. Thereupon she cut out announcements as follows: "Married after a lingering girlhood."

It is a delightful phrase, and it always comes to mind when looking at the wide-skirted dance frocks. These frocks are the property of youth. One might be well, but one should never be bouffant after a lingering girlhood. And the fact is established that in fashionable circles it is only the debutante who selects these picturesque modes. She wears them chiefly in taffeta of bright tone trimmed usually with gold ribbon, gold lace, or multitudinous ruffles of tulle.

The above model of taffeta is in the robin's egg blue which vies with turquoise as a favorite for the taffeta dance frock. It is distinguished by trimming of shirred bands of self-material extending in front to the hem of the skirt. This prolonged V is, by the way, found on many of the smart new frocks of various types.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe an attractively unique calendar which any girl could make for herself, to be used during the coming year.
2. How is a convenient ash tray fashioned to fit into a variety of places?
3. In what way can the noise and clatter of putting away the silver and cutlery after each meal be avoided?
4. Who invented the nest thimble, and what was it originally named?
5. To give an effective touch to a white dress, beaded in crystal, what sort of girdle is used?
6. Describe a new trimming that appears to charming advantage on a large hat of black velvet.

Yesterday's Answers

1. Seventy-five steps a minute are said to be the average walking pace of a healthy woman.
2. A new binding achieves the out-of-the-ordinary by being in the shape of a small, round box, made of strips of blue and black leather interwoven, and having a "seat" of blue satin about it—cover and a linked handle.
3. When the fancy lining of one's coat wears out across the back, and it is impossible to match it, it can be mended by taking a piece that will not be noticed from the sleeve lining below the elbow, which can be replaced with plain material.
4. The honeymoon originated from the ancient custom of drinking a wine made of honey for thirty days after a wedding.
5. A striking-looking pair of sports stockings are of a brown and blue heather mixture with blue clocks.
6. Dalsies made of white buttons with yellow thread forming their centers and tiny, spray-like leaves of green zephyr form the easy yet quaintly different embroidery for the yoke of a child's dress.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

The Ear for Music

The story is told of an old English divine, famous as a composer of church music, that he could hardly tell the difference between "God Save the King" and "Kilkarney" when he heard them.

That is quite possible. In fact, it is by no means a rare phenomenon. Some people have what might be called a "mathematical" sense of music. They are often pianists of no mean skill, but they "can't play without their notes." You've met lots of them. You wouldn't say that they had no ear for music, yet it is a fact that they do not possess the facility that some others do of coming home from a show and humming or thinking off on the piano most of the melodies they have heard.

You don't say that they haven't a musical ear, because it does not occur to you that a musical ear is quite distinct from the ability to enjoy, and actually to revel in music. But it is though it does not occur to us because good of us have a little bit of both qualities.

But the sign of the "musical ear" is not in the ear at all. It's not even a question of the ear, but of the development of a certain brain center about half way up the forehead near the external angle of the eye. Whenever you find this spot well developed you find a person who has that ability to remember tunes easily, and to play by ear. And notwithstanding the case of the English divine, the overwhelming majority of those whom we call "musicians" have this bump.

Tomorrow—Fluctuating Letters

Things You'll Love to Make

It is a joy to make a chic COAT DRESS FROM AN OLD FROCK. Remove the collar or any other trimming from your old frock. Cut the neckline according to the latest straight across line style. Cut away a nine-inch wide strip up the middle of the skirt and bodice. Also slit each sleeve up to the elbow. Set a panel of striped or plaid silk or cloth into the front of the frock. Cut a triangle of the material of the frock to fit the length of the bodice, and to reach across the panel. Line it with the plaid or striped material. Stitch it to one side of the panel; fasten it to the other side with a large button. Set a plaited piece into each sleeve. Finish this stunning COAT DRESS FROM OLD FROCK with braid or ribbon.

FLORA.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

SOAP

1

Wen things get deeply its time for soap
Weather man or beest or clothes.
Its a grate satisfaction to have it ev-
round
But not in your eyes or nose.

2

No matter wat shape of soap you use,
Weather round or oblong or square,
The best time to rub it on you
Is wen your skin is bare.

3

Some soap smells better than other
And vice virtue some smells werse,
But taking it all together
Its a blessing instead of a curse.

4

No matter how bewtifill soap looks
Its useless unless it makes lather,
And wile some fokes prefer just to use
it,
Witc others theres nuthing they'd
druther.

5

Most gerls would use it oftener if they
had time to
Wile boys would use it even less if they
could.
Proving soap is one of the objects
Not used ware they'd do the most
good.

6

Soap comes all different colors
Sutch as yello, green and red.
And the way to stay clean the longest
Is to use it and get rite into bed.

Get Good Light

Are sink, stove, worktable and other important parts of your kitchen well lighted? Every kitchen needs good artificial lighting, as well as plenty of daylight and sun, during some part of the day. Dark, gloomy kitchens may often be transformed into cheerful workrooms by cutting an additional window or even by painting walls and woodwork a color that reflects rather than absorbs light. Reflectors behind wall lamps and lights help in throwing light where it is most needed, the United States Department of Agriculture finds.

In Three Wars

Mrs. Charlotte Lampanius, a ninety-five-year-old woman of Centralia, Wash., is the mother of a Civil War veteran, grandmother of a Spanish War veteran and great-grandmother of five World War veterans.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Your Mind Your Castle

FOR thousands of years men have sought retreats for themselves—houses in the country, seashore and mountains, where, for a short time at least, they could "get away from things" and enjoy the blessings of solitude.

"And this," says Marcus Aurelius, "is altogether a mark of the most common sort of man, for it is in thy power whenever thou wilt choose to retire into thyself."

I think that what Marcus Aurelius meant was that every man's mind is his castle.

For nowhere can a man retire with more quiet, more freedom from trouble than into his own soul.

In this little kingdom of his own every man is "master of the realm, lord of all he surveys."

In the secure dominion of his own mind he can conjure what he will, hold communion with his thoughts, and so look after the interior decorations, fittings and finishings that the whole will be a pleasing ensemble; and coming into it from the external world of restless reality, he will pass at once into a state of perfect tranquillity.

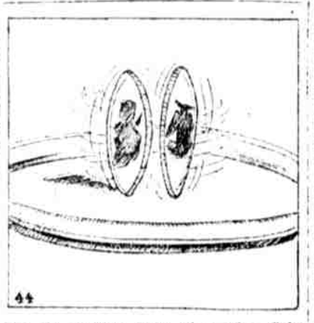
Psychologists tell us, and we cannot doubt, that we see for the most part what we mind to see; we hear what we mind to hear; we taste what we mind to taste; we feel what we mind to feel; we imagine what we mind to imagine; we remember what we mind to remember; we think, do, act and react, for the most part, as we mind to.

In short, it is the mind that has or may be made to have the controlling influence over the body, sensibility, conduct and intellect.

So we can make our mind our retreat, the little territory of our own to which we can retire for solitude.

And if we have a mind to, we can make it like the promontory, against which the waves outside continually break, but which stands firm and tames the fury of the waters all around it.

After-Dinner Tricks



No. 44—To See Both Sides of a Coin at Once

How can you actually see both sides of a coin at once, that is, without using a mirror?

Simply spin the coin on a plate, and if you watch it carefully, both sides can be seen at the same time, when the coin begins to slow down.

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Be Exclusive

Is your kitchen used chiefly for the preparation of food, or is it a combination cook room, laundry, wash room, passageway and dining room? It is better to use the kitchen only as a place for preparing and, if necessary, serving food. This is more sanitary and permits more compact and convenient arrangement of equipment, the United States Department of Agriculture believes. Laundry, wash room and general storage rooms are sometimes combined and used as a place for men and children coming in from out of doors to leave work clothes and muddy boots and rubbers.

Using Starch

Garments wrung very dry before starching will be stiffer than wetter ones. Stiff-bosomed shirts should not be starched too far down nor pleated bosoms too stiff, else they will bunch up in wear, look clumsy and feel uncomfortable. If one is starched too far down, the lower part may be moistened enough to render it pliable.

A Big Task

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