Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

What Do Men Want?

THE billboards have been advertising a motion picture of this title. It certainly sounds exciting, and could we be brought to believe the photoplay would give us an adequate answer, we would rush to the cinema with bated breath, although we never attend the "movies" unless drugged and dragged in by the hair.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The question of the centuries: What do men want?

It is said they desire beauty. Certainly they have molded the styles and customs and superstitions for lo these many eons, to enhance feminine loveliness. But the moment they themselves acquired the paragon of pulchritude, they were wont to wantonly destroy the beauty, so that no other man might gaze upon it. Thus did the Chinese blacken the married woman's teeth so that they would look hideous to all men; and the ancient Jews caused the wives' heads to be shaved, so that they could not ensnare men in the Delilah beauty of waving tresses.

But while husbands were busying themselves in making married women hideous, how must they themselves have suffered in their esthetic senses! Surely it was worse for them than for the women, for the men were compelled to gaze at the shaved head and blackened teeth, for the rest of their lives!

MEN cannot, then, be said to want beauty above all else. In these cases, they wanted exclusive ownership.

"They want affection, appreciation, flattery, responsiveness," says the tactful woman who spends twenty-four hours a day catering to her lord.

"Feed the brutes," declares the practical housekeeper.

"I think they want to be understood," sighs the bride, sentimentally.

"If women really understood them, they wouldn't marry them!" retorted the cynical widow. "It is our ignorance that makes us fall for them."

"I think what men really want is fine companionship, a wife that's a good sport, always ready to go on a long trip at a moment's notice, not one who whines and sets up obstacles and has to fuss and plan."

"They want the clinging vine, believe me; no man wants an intellectual equal—or superior."

"NONSENSE; I know many couples who adore each other, yet the wife is brilliant and popular, and the man is tremendously proud of her attainments."

"They always want a good housekeeper."

"No, in these complicated days of high expenses, many city men are glad to live in tiny suites or studios, and be quite chummy and Bohemian, and I know dozens who desire their wives to run about with them, and minimize all the domestic duties almost to nothingness."

"Every man wants a woman who will make a perfect mother."

"Then they take a funny way of showing it! Look at the sickly, inefficient, ignorant girls they pick out, or the frivolous, selfish butterflies who are atrocious parents. When a man is under the hypnotism of a stunning woman, passion sways him, not the calm, reasoned desire for a fireside and a group of ideal children, wonderfully brought up by a mother who has studied dietetics!"

"MODERN men want a woman who is a credit to them, and shines before others." "Yes, and politicians want one who can jolly the constituents, and other kinds want wives who will make a showing to impress creditors, and some men want us cold and dignified and narrow and intolerant toward our sister woman and others criticize us for being narrow, and insist that we be broad and big and take on some of the formerly called masculine virtues, big-heartedness and generosity."

"Oh, dear, it certainly is hard to discover what men do want! Perhaps they don't know themselves and perhaps they want one kind of woman in youth and another kind in maturity, or one kind when in one mood and a totally different type when in an opposite mood. How can we be a thousand kinds of women in one, just to suit their changing desires?"

"I KINDA think I have the solution," ventured a mouselike, quiet little woman, as if she were a sphinx. "Do tell us, what the dear things desire."

"Well—I think they just—want what they want, when they want it."

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Poison!

"IS TRUXLER still with the firm?" inquired Virginia.

Paul shot her a glance almost hostile.

"Truxler? Yes, he's still at the office." He paused. "Why?"

"Oh, I never hear you mention him any more. And you used to speak of him so often."

Paul grunted.

"Aren't you still good friends?" she asked idly.

"I have no use for that chap any more," said Paul gruffly.

"You used to like him."

"Truxler's poison," said Paul shortly. "He's as poison as rat paste."

Virginia was startled. This was not like Paul.

"Poison?" she repeated, in wonder.

"Yes. Or maybe I've changed. Before I was married, the kind of philosophy Truxler packs around in his head seemed to be pretty straight to me. I didn't understand how poison he was till—well, till lately."

"Why, what in the world do you mean? I thought you admired him."

"Truxler's poison. Truxler, you know, is married. Been married five years or so. Got a youngster—a little girl, I think."

Virginia waited for this new serious Paul to expand. Her curiosity was aroused.

"Truxler believes in what the poor fool calls man's natural independence. He's a chump—the worse kind of a chump."

"Man's natural independence?"

"Yes, that's what the poor fool calls it. What he means is, that it's his idea that a man has a natural right to run at large, raise the deuce in general—and carry an easy conscience. He has friends—the kind he'd not like to have his wife know about. Goodness know, I'm no saint. I can cuss as well as the next one when I get started, and I have been known to sit in on a poker game till 4 A. M., usually $20 or so to the bad; and—well, I guess I've sown my share of wild oats. But, somehow I can't stomach Truxler's poison now. It seemed a fine, beautiful theory to me—once. That's before we were married. I didn't even question the right or wrong of his ideas till—till lately. And lately I've begun to be bored with Truxler. There are some chaps who pretend to believe in the double standard of morality, but they're fooling themselves. They don't believe in anything of the kind. They talk cheap. As a matter of fact, though, they have a whale of a lot of respect for their women folks and they are decent chaps."

Somehow Virginia's heart warmed to her big boyish husband in his hot indignation.

"But Truxler's different. He really believes that rot. He boasts that if his wife even looked sideways at another man, he'd shoot her. But he boasts, also, in the same breath that he has a right to women friends; it's a 'man's natural right'—the privilege of the stronger sex. Faugh! The fellow makes me ill. If he talked that stuff and didn't believe it, he'd be merely a fool. But as it is—well, Truxler's just poison—rat poison."

Virginia dropped the embroidery hoop at her feet and leaned forward. She placed a slender hand upon his sleeve and pressed his arm.

"Paul, dear," she said softly, "I think you're the cleanest fellow in the world. You're a darling and I'm an awfully lucky girl."

He flushed.

"Aw! * * *" he stammered. Then he looked at her quizzically. "A man usually thinks as I do, Virginia, darlin'. Men are a darned sight cleaner and finer, inside, than you think they are. The trouble is, a fellow hates to talk about such things for fear somebody will think he's a blamed prig, or a goo-goo, or a psalm singer. Fact is, out of all the chaps I know, Truxler's the only one who really believes in the double standard. And the poor idiot doesn't know what he's missing."

"Missing?"

"Of course * * * The dube-ile hasn't the two most valuable possessions of life. They're——"

"I know," interrupted Virginia quickly. "Self-respect and——"

"The trust of a good woman!" said Paul soberly.

Tomorrow—Greeting the Day

The Woman's Exchange

All About Reducing

"A Constant Reader," "Bright Eyes," H. D., Mrs. W. and T. F. have all written to know about reducing. As their letters are all on the same subject, I am going to answer them all at once. Exercise and diet for everybody. Leg exercises or dancing, playing basketball or walking a regular distance every day will reduce the legs and hips. But if you go on eating fattening foods the result will be just the opposite. Exercise develops muscles and takes off superfluous fat. But, of course, as soon as your muscles are well developed you are ready to use any extra food that is in you to build up more fat of the firm hard, healthy kind. That is why exercises are good for both thin people and fat ones. But while the thin ones should eat more while they are exercising, the fat ones should eat less of fattening foods, like eggs, milk, potatoes and so on. And in order to be sure that you are not going to hurt yourself by this treatment, consult your physician to see whether your system will stand it or not first.

"A Constant Reader" will find the use of lemon juice on a cream that is made to take off freckles very helpful. "Bright Eyes" will have to give up some of her sweets. You cannot break up any habit until you put your mind on it and decide to stop. Do not use any medicine, T. J., without consulting a physician about it. You might do yourself grave injury.

Brother-in-Law as Boarder

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am coming to you for advice. At present we are in apartments three rooms and bath, just my husband, baby and myself. Now my husband's brother wants to come to the city and board with us. How much do you think we should charge him? I don't want to ask too much, but still I want to clear myself.

I am afraid we won't be as happy afterward because his mother has a very mean disposition and, of course, whatever we would charge she would think it was too much. And if he comes we will have to fix him in the living room to sleep until we can get a house. Do you think we would be better off not to take him at all? He is waiting for my husband to get him a position.

"DOUBTFUL BUT WILLING."

The best way to decide how much to charge your brother-in-law would be to call up several boarding houses and ask their rates. Then strike an average among them and charge that if your "boarder" can afford it. But if he has no position it may be hard for him to pay anything just at first. Of course, you would be happier without him, as three rooms are not big enough for four people to live in comfortably, even if one of them is a baby. But if there is no place for him to go, it will make much more pleasant feelings in the family if you do take him in. And if he gets a good position he may be able to pay you more later and help you out considerably with your expenses.

Things You'll Love to Make

Something new for your boudoir! A SILK COVERED MIRROR. Get a broad, flat, unfinished wooden frame for a round mirror. Pad the frame slightly with cotton. Cut a bias band of silk any color that you will like for your room. Seam it carefully. Press the seam. Stretch the silk over the frame. Back it with cardboard; then cut a circle of cardboard that is about an eighth of an inch smaller all around than the outside of the covered frame. Cover this circle with silk, and glue it to the back of the frame. Trim the lovely SILK COVERED MIRROR with wool or silk appliqued flowers. FLORA.

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne refuses Nick Tracy twice, but she changes her mind when she hears that he has become infatuated with Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Revelers." She pretends a feeling that she does not have, in order to hold him, and on her wedding day puts on a brave front lest any one suspect the truth. Then, in the midst of her honeymoon, she suggests that they change their plans and return home.

CHAPTER XX

Broken Plans

CAROL said nothing more after that first effort of hers to escape from a situation that had become almost intolerable.

Nick's remark that he wondered if, after all, she really loved him, had warned her that she must be careful. Not for the world would she have him suspect the truth, and so she went on pretending when it seemed that she could not endure being alone with Nick another minute.

Her nerves were strung so taut that sometimes she wanted to scream. She longed to be at home surrounded by familiar things and people. She felt that once they were settled, life would be easier to bear; there would be things to do, outside excitements of all kinds, and fewer chances of being alone together.

Here in the big hotel they were forced together. There were very few people staying there, and only a few tables in the dining room were taken, and Nick had chosen the place for its isolation thinking, of course, that Carol would feel as he did about being absolutely alone. It was the kind of a place to love and be loved, and Carol, lying awake at night long after Nick had fallen asleep, grew to wonder more and more about this love that swept people off their feet, that made men and women want to forget the whole world, everything, save only their delight in each other.

However, the night after their talk together, Nick broached the subject himself.

"Would you really like to cut our visit short and go home?"

They were on the wide veranda with their chairs close together, and Carol had been dreaming idly. She started into consciousness at his words, but she choked back the eager yes that had risen to her lips.

"Not unless you would."

"You're tired of it, though."

"No, I love this place, it's a heavenly spot."

Nick leaned forward. "Listen, Carol, don't pretend. I want you to feel that you can say anything to me. I've watched you, and I don't think you're happy. I think you're fretting to get back. Shall we go tomorrow?"

He almost held his breath as he waited for her answer.

"It would be fun," she said quickly, and with a sudden animation in her voice, "to steal back and surprise every one, don't you think so?"

"Of course I do. I wanted to know so as to make arrangements tonight." A few minutes later he left her to go inside, but he did not go to the desk to inform the clerk that their plans had changed. He walked straight through the lobby and out of a side door, and stood for a moment on the steps leading down from the porch, which was deserted on that side of the hotel.

Since yesterday he had weighed carefully everything Carol had said or done, he had watched her closely and he had come to the conclusion that she was bored. He wanted to be alone for a few moments to get used to the idea, for so absorbed had he been with his own happiness, with the culmination of all his desires, that he had hardly thought of Carol's side of it. He had been certain that she cared for him, simply because she had married him. Of course, he did not think that she gave him the mad idolatrous love that he gave to her; he could not expect that, but he had been half wild with happiness because she loved him enough to marry him.

Tonight he was not sure of anything, doubts began to surge through him. Hundreds of little things that he had not noticed before, because of the blindness of his own passion, now stood out with an alarming clarity.

"Suppose she doesn't love me, suppose it isn't in me to arouse her love?" His brain kept revolving that thought over and over, as he stood there underneath the stars, on the last night of his interrupted honeymoon.

Tomorrow—Carol Is Puzzled

A Shining Sink

Soap jelly which is made by dissolving a large bar of soap in two quarts of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of kerosene is a great aid in keeping a white shining sink. I keep a glass of soap jelly on the sink shelf, and when I have finished my dishes, I put a little on a cloth which I keep especially for that purpose, and clean the sink. Then I wash the sink out with clean, hot, sudsy water, and the result is well worth the effort.—Mrs. J. A. Okla, in Good Housekeeping.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What sovereign established the first model dairy farm in England?
2. For what other extremely important purpose can two iron washtubs be used, and how are they arranged so that this can be accomplished?
3. When a girl is clever at knitting, what clever looking and distinctive articles to wear with a sports suit can she make for herself?
4. For a boy thirty-nine inches tall, what is the correct weight? Also for a girl of the same height?
5. Describe a quaint dress in combination of materials and in style for the girl of fourteen.
6. In what striking way is the latest fan made?

Yesterday's Answers

1. The distinction of being the first woman lawyer in Nova Scotia belongs to Mrs. Florence Seymour Bell.
2. A metal container with an electrical attachment, made so that a glass can be fitted into it, is a new device that will heat liquids rapidly by a process that does not require any bother.
3. Scalloped trimmings of red leather fastened around the edges of a black leather handbag make it original in a highly attractive way.
4. The correct weight for a boy thirty-eight inches tall should be thirty-six pounds; for a girl of the same height, thirty-five.
5. In a colorful sort of manner the sleeves and skirt of a black velvet frock are banded with Paisley.
6. A small pocket smartly placed on the upper left-hand side of a little girl's dress will be much appreciated and liked by her.

MYSTERY STORY OF WEST
"Tangled Trails," full of action and the unexpected, starts Saturday, January 21, in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.—Adv.

HERE'S THE FRENCH IDEA

Designers and modistes in Paris are determined to have the long skirt, and here we have their idea of an attractive evening frock. The long skirt is as full as a medieval gown, and has many gathers at the sides. The close-fitting bodice also has a suggestion of the Middle Ages about it

Photo by Felix.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

"And They Shall Be Turned Into Profit"

EPICTETUS, wise old owl that he was, used to thank God daily for his bad neighbors. He said they served as horrible examples and made him want to be good.

In the same way every one of us ought to be grateful to the Lord for our multiplex annoyances, for the necessity to have to work for a living, for the many obnoxious things and unpleasant people we have to put up with.

An investigation of insane asylums once disclosed the curious fact that an overwhelming proportion of the inmates had been petted and pampered "only" children. And there is little doubt that if every one of us could run this globe as we saw fit, if we each of us could have our own sweet way all the time, the world would in no time become a seething hive of spoiled, cantankerous child-adults, who after a while would not only be irritated beyond endurance by the sheer monotony of having every wish and whim indulged, but would degenerate into a race of imbeciles and madmen.

Vexations and inconveniences and difficulties were given us to be capitalized, to be used as fertilizers for growth.

Is your daily labor a burden?

It may be a burden, but it is also your one great safety-valve and life preserver. Without it you would surely get into all kinds of troubles and ills. Without it you would soon become a helpless weakling—physically and mentally and spiritually inferior. The human mechanism is like that of a millstone. Feed it wheat—give it thing to do—and it grinds the wheat into flour, things worth while. Feed it no wheat—give it nothing to do—and it grinds on, but then it is itself, its own powers and possibilities it wears away. Work is incomparable grist. It develops muscle and mind.

And responsibilities.

Yours are probably irksome. So are everybody else's. But they are good for you. They build you up. They are curative of lurking ills, even though sometimes unpalatable. They hold you to the wheel. Responsibility is what whets abilities, puts them on edge. It makes your metal into mettle. It creates moral and spiritual strength, making you strong, self-reliant, understanding. Responsibility fosters self-respect. It makes you realize you are somebody, not just body. It makes you of account, not a no-account.

And, like Epictetus, have you trouble with your "neighbors"? Are they "nosey"? Ungrateful? Arrogant? Envious? Deceitful? Unsociable? In short—bad?

They are not any of these things to you—they merely make you want to be as entirely different from them as possible. They teach you by antithesis. And so they bring into play your sense of humor, your good nature, your common sense, your self-control. You should, of course, be sorry that your neighbors, "friends" and associates are what they are—yet, just a bit grateful—for they develop in you the virtues they lack, and they inculcate in you the unsurpassable stuff we call standibility.

Once you get this knack of taking advantage of disadvantages, you are almost as well off as if you owned the Rod of Hermes. You know about that rod. It turned everything it touched into gold.

Has somebody treated you meanly? Has a friend betrayed a trust? Have you lost your money? Have you failed again?

Cheer up. Keep up. Don't quit. Keep trying.

With the "Rod of Hermes," these things you can transmute into good, "and they shall be turned into profit."

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Some Good in All

Dear Cynthia—Don't you think the "Little Friend of All the World" is a darling? She says there are boys who believe the modern girl an absolute failure. I am not to be found among that number. Said the poet:

"Men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still."

Does that not apply to girls as well? There are girls who follow the latest in slang, frills and fads. If they do not think of something better there are nothing in the end but regrets and thoughts of what might have been. But there are many others more thoughtful and studious, who become the most charming and delightful companions.

CLARENCE.

He's Lonely, Too

Dear Cynthia—After reading your column for the longest while I am asking you and the readers of your wonderful paper to try to help me out.

I am a young man twenty-one years of age, in business tied down sixteen hours daily. Recently I have broken a sixteen-month courtship with a young lady whom I dearly love and cannot forget. I am a long distance from home, and my only friend gave me up, which makes me feel like the last rose of summer.

Now, dear Cynthia, if you can suggest a way of amusement for me I would greatly appreciate it and would be very thankful to you.

Hoping your motherly suggestion will appear soon. ALL ALONE.

Must the break in your courtship be final? Doubtless this is why you feel so gloomy and lonely. Do you ever go to the "Y" to meet some men friends? Or what of talking to the rector of your church or one of the curates and asking him to introduce you to some nice men and girls?

Wonders Why She Was Wall Flower

Dear Cynthia—I went to a dance the other evening and was a wall flower all through the dances, while the bold, bobbed-haired girls danced every dance. If I have to say it, I considered myself the best-looking girl on the floor. I have beautiful golden hair and large violet blue eyes, and I have yet to say I ever used paint and powder. How is it that those "freaks" of nature with their bobbed heads and false faces can claim all the dances and the hearts of the young men everywhere they go?

PRETTY.

I think we've found the trouble right away, dear. If you think you were the prettiest girl there you probably let others know your thoughts. And people do not like conceit. Neither do they like superiority. Bobbed-hair girls are not necessarily bold. That is a very broad statement. You'll find you won't be a wall flower if you do not hold yourself superior to and more beautiful than others.

Writes to "Handsome"

Dear Cynthia—In reference to our most esteemed and fluctuated handsome youths, I wish to confer a few mythological words—how's that?

In the first place, what is their game in telling every one in the newspapers that they're pretty? Do they expect to get a $10,000 bride?

Naturally, we, the readers of this column, are indeed glad to have such handsome youths write to it. Some honor, Cynthia, eh? The zoo is a place where the city saves all sorts of rare things for the benefit of others. Better reserve another cage.

In a museum, "Handsome," you can go under the much-deserved title, "The Handsomest Man in the World" and sell photographs at twenty-five cents apiece. I'd even find time myself to come and see you. I guess Wally Reid will now have to go in the bootlegging business.

Please do not let Mary Pickford fall in love with you, for she is already divorced and married again.

Well, "Handsome," there is no need of laughing, for we all know how conceited you are. I'll bet ten to one you weren't even in a dance hall. SAM P.

The Girl Who Doesn't Have to Work Should Do So if She Has the Ability

It Doesn't Seem Quite Fair to the Girl Who Has to Earn Money, but, After All, if There Is Talent It Shouldn't Be Wasted

THE girl who has to earn her own living was trying to be just.

"But it doesn't seem quite fair," she said, "that a girl who doesn't have to work should take a position that I, who need money, might have."

All the girls who have to earn money and cannot get work blame it all on her. It doesn't seem right to them that they should be struggling so hard, so doubly hard, while some girl who can get along perfectly well steps in and takes the bread right out of their mouths.

Another thing that is hard to bear is that a girl who doesn't need the money she makes will be willing to take as little as her employer wants to give her, thereby establishing a precedent that is pretty difficult for the girl who comes after her to break up.

BUT, on the other hand, it wouldn't be right if some girls who are well off didn't work.

For it is not right for anybody to waste a perfectly good talent.

There are some girls who are just throwing away their lives because they don't have to take positions in order to live.

Father provides, or grandfather has willed, and there is no need for any effort from the girl herself to increase the size of her bank account.

But the girl herself often has the ability to size up human nature, to manage people, to write, to make figures behave, or to look after the welfare of girl workers.

Now, she shouldn't be idle, and she shouldn't be rushing about from a bridge party to a club meeting, from there to a committee meeting, and from there to some other kind of meeting.

SHE should be working; not for the sake of making money, but for the good she could do some business or the world at large.

After all, a girl like that has just as much right to work as the girl who needs the money, she is just as much a talent or a piece of ability with some girl around it, as the girl who has to work.

And very often she has had experience and education which leave her better fitted than the other girl for some particular position which has certain requirements.

This again counts against the other girl.

THE whole situation is unfortunate.

And it is unfair when the wealthy girl works just to kill time.

The wealthy girl who has a conscience feels piggish about taking something that somebody else needs, while the girl who has to work is deeply resentful if she cannot get a position because a girl of the other type has it.

But there is nothing to be done about it, although the wealthy girl has a certain responsibility that she should not forget.

It is up to her to behave just as if she were in need of what she makes and to consider her services as high in value as if she had to make every minute pay.

SHE may not need the money herself, but the girl who comes after her, if she leaves for another position or to get married, or to rest, will need it perhaps.

And she will have a difficult time getting more than her predecessor got.

That is the only way a girl who doesn't have to work but wants to and should, because she has the ability, can make up to the girl who has to work whether she has the ability or not, for taking a place that she might hold.

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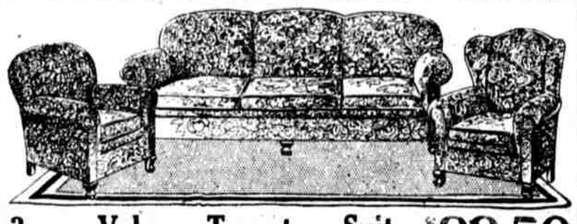

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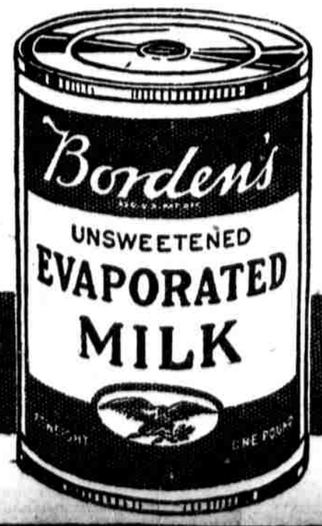

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