# Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

## Was She Square?

"I AM a manhater, I have no use for any of them." Thus spoke the yellow-haired girl with the thick red lips.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"You just ought to know Charlie, he certainly is a simp. Why, for a couple of years he has just piled presents on me, and dogged my steps and jealous! say, it makes me tired. Yes, he's a nut all right."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Oh, he just gets my goat. He used to be so jealous that he suspected every man I knew, and he'd ask me if I was flirting with them all. Can you beat it?"

"And were you?"

"Well, I did play round a bit. A girl has to keep a lot of them going, and keep a fellow guessing; you can't be too easy."

"AND did you accept all his presents and then deceive him?"

"Yah, I wasn't going to tie up to such a jealous guy. Why, one night we were playing cards, and he had found out something, and objected, and made a scene, and said that he suffered so, and at last I got mad and got up and went into the other room. 'You ain't got nothing on me,' I said. And then I asked him why he always made such a fuss over guarding me. A pencil and tablet to keep the score with were lying on the table and he picked them up and wrote something like this:

"'You ask me why I guard you, and jealously watch all other men who try to steal you. Why does a miser watch over his hoard of gold? He worships it, and feels that it will kill him to part with it. Even so, do I believe I shall die if any man carries away my treasure! Why does a mother bend over her babe, and shrink in terror lest some form of death tear it from her arms? Because she adores it. Even so, do I adore my girl! Oh, Ernestine, you make me suffer. You torture me unselfishly, mercilessly; is it not possible for you to understand my torment?'

"THERE was a lot more guff. I memorized it, because it was so odd, and sort of stuck in my mind. He was too devoted, and finally I just deliberately canned him. Men make me tired. If it isn't one thing, it's another. If I am crazy about one, he is sure to give me the once over, and walk out with a brunette; and if I don't care a hang for one, he will be so persistent that it's like a little dog, with sad eyes and no pride.

"Why two years afterward, just a short time ago, Charlie heard I was in the hospital, and sent two trained nurses to take care of me for weeks. I had pneumonia and didn't know a thing, and when I was better I just supposed they were the regular public nurses, although they cared for me night and day; and later I found out, through the girl that had told him I was sick, that he had sent them and paid for them. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Rather remarkably fine, don't you think? Did you express your appreciation?"

"Why, I didn't know it for quite a long time——"

"Yes, but when you did know it?"

"Oh, yes, I thanked him; but it was odd—after I'd turned him down. The poor fish hasn't any pride! Even now he sends me books and flowers."

AND so the shallow soul prattled on, totally oblivious of the rare devotion which she so little deserved. Perhaps there are many Ernestines.

It seems to women who have sacrificed all on the altar of love, and found men selfish and brutal and disloyal, that the whole feminine world has suffered at the hands of lovers and husbands. Hundreds of women have been betrayed, have been deceived and abandoned, apparently for no cause except that they loved too much.

It sometimes appears that the cold and selfish woman is rewarded by the utmost devotion and has everything lavished on her by men whom she abuses and scorns. It is a cynical and cruel condition, if it be fact, that the voracious and demanding woman, who is determined to get, but never to give, is showered with adoration and comforts and luxuries.

Yet, we cannot draw a moral, that it is wise to be false and cold and narrow and unsympathetic. The girl whose contemptible little soul did not realize the breadth and fineness of that man's devotion will perish by her own meanness and littleness. She was not square with him; she did not play the game honorably. Never will she know the delight of giving lavishly, of causing another human being tremendous joy; and the feeling of self-esteem and warm kindness that make life worth while.

WOMEN usually do not err on this side. But the few who are small and mean in love's domain will meet the fate of all who cheat at cards—they eventually will be found out, and despised. We cannot always be happy; we cannot control our likes and hates, and direct our emotional life; but we can, in every relation, be square!

# "The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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*Carol Rathbourne, after having refused Nick Trace twice, changes her mind when she hears that he has become infatuated with Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Revelers." However, she does not love him, and after marriage, in spite of pretense on her part, Nick discovers the truth. He knows that there is a possibility of her learning to care for some one else, and the fear of that makes him doubly unhappy. A coldness creeps between them, and just at this time Carol is asked to take part in a play. Some one suggests that Jervis Britton be asked to play opposite her. Carol does not know the man, but his name has a queer fascination for her.*

CHAPTER XXVI

## Exciting News

CAROL wanted from Nick a safe affection, a thing he could not give her. He wanted everything or nothing, and therefore there was a strained attitude between them whenever they were alone.

Carol had learned to dread meals. She dreaded Nick's coming home. His invariable courtesy filled her with a hatred of herself, a feeling that amounted to almost fury at her inability to give him what he wanted.

They were seated at dinner making a desperate attempt to carry on conversation for the benefit of the maid, who kept coming into the dining room just as an appalling silence fell between them, when the telephone rang.

A moment later Carol was summoned to answer it.

She rose with a sigh of relief. The effort she had made to talk to Nick had brought out two vivid spots of scarlet on her cheeks; she was looking unusually beautiful, and Nick, who rose to his feet with scrupulous courtesy as she left the room, followed her slim figure with his dark eyes warm with feeling.

How lovely she was and how unconscious of the way she was making him suffer! All he wanted from life was the love of this woman, and yet it was the one thing withheld from him.

He sat down and pushed his dessert plate impatiently out of his way. He could hear Carol's voice from the other room, and suddenly he was aware that gaed of Nick's dark eyes.

It was quite unlike her usual voice. There was a lilting quality in it, an effervescent enthusiasm about what she was saying. Nick wondered who was talking to her, and why she had suddenly become so gay and interested.

Unconsciously he sat there listening. His lean, sinewy fingers were clenched. If only it were given him to bring that note of happiness into her voice!

At the telephone Carol was talking eagerly to Grace Marriott.

"O, Carol," had been Grace's first words, "I have just finished a long conversation with Jervis Britton. He's promised to take the part. I'm so pleased about it that I just had to call you up and tell you. Isn't it splendid?"

Carol agreed enthusiastically, almost excitedly, that it was splendid, and that she would look forward eagerly to meeting him.

"He's anxious to meet you, too?" Grace returned. "Of course I told him that you were to have the lead, and he said he was honored."

Again that strange feeling of exhilaration that she felt in the afternoon when he had first heard his name swept over Carol. And this time she did not question it, she accepted it for what it was worth and when she returned to the table her blue eyes had lost their coldness, they were filled with a warm light. Nick was almost startled as he looked into them.

He could not restrain the question that leaped to his lips.

"Who was it?"

Carol started. She had been wrapt, engrossed in her thoughts.

"It was Grace Marriott; she called up to tell me about the play we are going to give. I am to play the leading part."

"Who else is to be in it?" Nick asked interestedly.

"I don't think they've decided on every one, but Grace just told me that Jervis Britton is to play opposite me."

Nick started. A suspicion leaped into his mind.

"Do you know Jervis Britton?" he asked quickly.

Carol raised her eyes to his. She was speaking the truth when she replied in the negative, and yet she could not keep back the flush that spread to the very roots of her hair. It seemed as if she did know Jervis Britton, and she felt absurdly guilty under the quiet reason, and suddenly he was aware that gaed of Nick's dark eyes.

Tomorrow—Unnatural Excitement

# Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

## Little Troubles

LIFE is full of puny pin-pricks,

Hardly an hour that does not bring with it its own tiny trouble.

Not a day that passes but we are distressed by some one or more of those numberless little worries which meet us sometimes at every step, and which seem inevitable.

The wound may not be deep, but the constant irritation, each day renewed, frequently embitters the spirit, destroys peace and poise, and may make life almost unendurable.

Your assistant has an "off" day, does his work poorly, gets on your nerves by his slowness, jars you by his thoughtlessness, makes you see red because of his foolish blunders.

The "boss" loses an important contract, glowers about all day long, finds fault with everything and every one, talks direly about "retrenchment" and makes you hunger for another job so you can write him a letter and tell him truly what you think of him.

The neighbor's child next door decapitated our choicest rosebush or tripped Sonny and made his nose bleed, or used your afternoon newspaper for a kite tail, or——

Your wife has gone and done that same thing you told her a thousand times not to do; your husband has again forgotten the thing you told him a million times to remember to do; Johnny has "up and spilled the beans this time for fair"; somebody's reported you as an income-tax dodger; meat has gone up two and a quarter cents a pound; and—well, what's the use!

These and more are little troubles that do their utmost to keep existence from being entirely an earthly paradise, and if you do not experience at least some of them daily, you ought to be grateful and sing a frequent hymn of appreciation.

How to bear these little troubles?

In the first place, expect them. Give a thought to them in our morning prayer. They are your daily cross. Do you accept them willingly? Of course—for the good Lord sent them. After all, these little troubles, looked at calmly, what are they? Thank your lucky stars, and hope that they will never be worse!

In the second place, be prepared for them. You know, to break the force of a blow you instinctively bend the body. To catch a swift ball you naturally give way—your gloved hand yields, submits somewhat, and so seems to slow the speed and ease the impact.

Expect. Prepare. Bend. Give way. Yield a bit.

So, your troubles will never become worries, and life will be sweeter, more peaceful and far more enjoyable.

## WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

The big wheels are made of chiffon, set into the skirt of a taffeta dance frock which is remarkable for its severity and lack of adornment. They are edged with tiny little flowers made of silk, in colors that contrast prettily with the jade-green of the frock. The inner wheels are really nothing more than the headings of the larger ones, formed by the gathering of the chiffon

# Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

## A Portrait of John Sherman

VIRGINIA wondered.

For weeks Paul had been suspiciously "close"—he seemed never to have pocket money.

There was a vague stirring of unrest in Virginia's mind; she wondered if Paul had again succumbed to his old habit of petty gaming, of matching coins to determine who should pay for luncheons.

And she shrank from asking. Paul's pocket money was his own affair. Certainly he made the weekly deposit in the savings bank and she had no right to question.

It seemed that he must have read her thoughts that night.

"I wonder how you'd like to have a nice picture of John Sherman," he said as he attacked his chop.

Virginia presented puzzled eyes.

"John Sherman?" she repeated.

Paul nodded gravely.

"Yes; fine old chap. I never noticed until a few weeks ago what a mighty fine-looking fellow he was. I never did care much for whiskers myself, but John's got 'em and they certainly do look attractive."

"For goodness' sake, dear, what in the world are you talking about?"

"John Sherman," said Paul calmly.

But a twinkle in his honest eyes warned Virginia she was being teased.

"I don't care whether John Sherman has whiskers or not," she said with a pout. "I don't want his old picture in this house. We've pictures enough already."

"But I know you'll be fond of John's picture, honey," he insisted.

Virginia sniffed.

"I don't want pictures of any old man with whiskers we don't know."

"John Sherman will be a constant source of joy and happiness," her husband declared firmly. "In fact, I may say that you'll be tickled to death with——"

Virginia pretended a shrug of dismay.

"I don't wish to be tickled to death," she said severely. "I don't wish to be tickled at all; certainly not by any old man you've run across who has whiskers."

Paul chuckled.

"Oh, you don't understand. John Sherman——"

She eyed him dangerously.

"Paul, you stop teasing me about John Sherman. If you dare to bring any old man's picture into this house——"

"I bet you'll get rid of it right away, won't you?"

"I certainly shall."

He heaved a lugubrious sigh.

"Well, I thought it would be that way. Anyway, I brought the old boy's picture home and after all that trouble, I may as well give it to you."

He reached for her hand and placed a little wrinkled wad of something in her palm, closing her pretty slender fingers about it.

"That's John Sherman's picture," he said, flirting brazenly with her naive eyes.

The little wad of something fell upon the cloth and those pretty slender fingers smoothed it out carefully.

There was a squeal of delight and two smooth arms flung themselves about Paul's neck.

"Why, why—" raced the excited voice.

"I've saved it in two months—just out of my pocket—stopped spending money on foolish little things that take only a nickel or a dime here and there."

"But we'll save it."

"No, we won't save it," said Paul sturdily. "I could never have gotten it together if I hadn't kept thinking of you spending it, just on yourself."

"You're a dear, good husband," she murmured.

"How do you like John's whiskers?" he demanded mischievously.

"Aren't they just too sweet?"

And she lightly kissed the portrait of the staid old gentleman whose likeness appears in the oval of the fifty-dollar banknote.

Tomorrow—Less Than the Dust

# The Woman's Exchange

### Going to Play Tennis

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Not long ago I wrote to you, and you helped me so much. It was very kind, and I appreciated it. I wonder could you answer me again? I belong to the Y. M. C. A. (P. R. R.), and joined their winter class in gym. I am a high school girl of sixteen. In the late spring we are going to the "Y" field to play tennis (as usual)! This will be after school. Now, nearly all the girls know how to play, but I do not. I remember some time ago you told some one that she might learn at the Y. W. for a very small amount, but probably this was only in summer. Could you tell me? Would I be required to join the Y. W.? And when would I go, afternoon or night? If I could get this instruction now, which branch would it be at? BETH.

The tennis has been stopped at the Y. W. C. A. until spring. But they will play indoors at first and then go to the outdoor courts, so you might learn at the indoor courts early in the season. This will be at the Central Branch, 1800 Arch street. You will have to join the Y. W. C. A., but the charge for learning is very small. But why couldn't you learn with the other girls, you know? It doesn't take long to pick up the game. Practice is the best method of learning, and if your friends are just a little patient you will soon be playing as well as they and it would be good for them to play with you and study out the fine points of the game with you. This would be much less expensive than joining another organization to learn, and I am sure you won't find it hard to learn right along with your friends.

### Have It Copyrighted First

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Can you answer the following questions for me through the Woman's Exchange in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER? A young lady composed a song with words. Can you tell me, first, are there any publishers who give honest and interested consideration to the composition of popular song by unknown workers in that line? Secondly, if the song was acceptable, could the publishers be trusted to deal squarely with the composer, or is it necessary first to obtain the security of copyright, etc.? Third, if copyright is necessary, what steps do you take to obtain it and what would be the cost?

M. L. B.

I cannot recommend any one music publisher, but I am sure you will receive honest treatment from any that you send your song to. It is better to have the manuscript copyrighted before you send it to any publisher, just as a precaution in case you do run into some one who is not quite scrupulous. Send the song just as you have written it to the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C., with a dollar, the fee for registration. Then, when you get it back, send it to any publisher. There are some few music publishers in this city, but the music stores can tell you of publishers either here or in New York who would take care of your song for you. I hope you will have lots of success with it.

## Things You'll Love to Make

A RINGED EVENING WRAP possesses both novelty and charm. Cut a circular wrap of velvet, or any other material you may choose. At intervals of about eight inches make slits one-third of the way up the wrap. Gather in the lower ends of each piece thus made. Cover large rings with silk, wool or metal thread. Run each point through one of these rings. Tack the ring in place underneath. Finish each point with a tassel of the same material used to cover the rings. A RINGED EVENING WRAP adds just the right touch to any evening costume.

FLORA.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1661 between the hours of 9 and 5.

# It Is Only Chronic Whimperers Who Cringe Under Real Trouble

## Men and Women Who Have Any Character at All Call Upon All They Have and Are Stronger Than Ever in a Crisis

IT IS said that you can always tell how fine or how otherwise a person's character is by seeing him under the unusual circumstances of a great emergency or crisis of some kind.

But, when you stop to think of it, don't you find that people always do "come up to scratch" in a crisis?

Oh, of course, there are some people who have no backbone at all and whimper and cringe under anything.

But the average man or woman who has any character at all seems always to bring all that character into use in times of trouble or sorrow.

Instead of letting down, they keep up stronger than ever, as if they had summoned all their forces to hold them firm and strong.

WHY, not long ago there was a terrible accident which resulted in a tragic death.

And everybody trembled for "the family." How would they take it? How would they ever bear it? How would they be able to go on living along and going ahead with their work? How would they ever get over the shock of it all?

But that family proved to be stronger in bearing the shock and the sorrow than the friends who had worried about them.

They called on all their resources, resources that they had not known they possessed.

Friends went to sympathize with them and came away comforted themselves.

Another accident brought out the same great fortitude and strength in another family.

No life was lost; but the man whose foot was cut off when he fell under a train saved himself only by remarkable presence of mind.

OF COURSE there was an operation to go through with, and long days and weeks in the hospital.

He was a prominent man and there were friends and acquaintances with him and his wife from the day of the accident.

"Well," he remarked, casually, as they tried to say the right thing. "I still have my brain, my head, and that's what I work with. And one foot is better than none at all."

"Yes," put in his wife, quickly, catching his mood. "Or you might have three or four, and that wouldn't be nice, either."

Cheerfulness, light, small talk like that under such conditions makes you ashamed of ever having felt sorry for yourself at any time.

You even feel ashamed to be whole and well when some one can suffer so much and still keep on finding things to make fun about.

YOU hear of families who, from comparative wealth and comfort, are reduced to poverty and much discomfort.

Unless they are these cringers who would be complaining anyhow, no matter how well off they were, they get busy immediately.

Mother goes into the kitchen and the girls go out to get some work.

The boys work harder than ever and father looks about for a new job.

They rise right up to the situation and pretty soon they are laughing just as heartily over their efforts to make two cents do the work of ten as they used to laugh at the first nights of the newest comedies.

And you'll find that it happens to you, too.

When adversity takes you in hand and changes the placid stream of your life, you won't lie down and cry.

You'll somehow, from somewhere, get the strength to stand up and fight adversity until she turns and reaches out her hand to help you on.

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### To "Vic and Mill"

Your letter has been given to the movie editor.

### "Peggy" Asks Advice

Be polite when you meet the young man, but let him make any advances toward friendship. Don't ask him to write or telephone. Appear indifferent rather than interested, and if he cares he'll soon stop his indifferent behavior.

### To "Loyalty"

It is usually better not to interfere in these matters. If they are silly enough to let a friendship of a long time be broken up by the incidents you cite, better let them get over it themselves. The one who tries to right things generally makes them worse.

### More Ideas on "Handsome"

Dear Cynthia—I read your column nearly every evening, but as yet I have never contributed anything to it. I just wish to write you this little note to let you know how glad I am that people have stopped condemning poor "Handsome," who wrote you some time ago. Really a fellow like that should not be pitied or condemned, but should be put in some asylum for the feeble-minded or else he should have his head stuck into a bucket of water until it shrinks about two sizes. He says the girls think he is so nice. Well, any real girl who thinks a fellow like that is nice certainly should pair up with him, for they would make a good couple.

PIP.

### Intermarriage of Races

Dear Cynthia—I am a college student and have met two very nice Chinese men who are in college, too. I have gone to parties with them and like them very much, though I am not in love with either. What do you think of marriage between a white girl or man and a Chinese?

PEGGY.

Cynthia thinks that each race should marry its own kind. Be kind to these young men, but do not encourage them beyond the confines of friendship. There are enough distinctions in nationalities and temperaments without going into color differences. There is no law against intermarriage of races, but it is not to be encouraged. Such marriages are seldom, if ever, happy.

### Wants Men's Beauty Contest

Dear Cynthia—In looking over your valuable column I find that the "Handsome" case is something like my own.

Every time I walk the street (I don't ride because I love to hear the girls say, "Isn't he a darling?") the girls actually flirt with me, and as I am a decent sort of a fellow I do not reply to them.

The other night as I was sitting in the B—— Theatre I heard one of the chorus girls remark, "Isn't he a beauty?" and then she pointed her finger toward me and, would you believe it, I actually blushed.

I do not like to brag about myself, but I do think that I am handsome.

I do not see why the girls have beauty contests and why we shouldn't have one, and when this miracle does happen I believe that my poor friend "Handsome" hasn't got a chance, for it will be "Yours truly" who will wear the crown upon his artistic brow. I believe that if I wore a dress for a day the men would look at my figure and wonder, and I wouldn't be surprised if they would call me "adored one."

HANDSOME'S SYMPATHIZER.

### Asks Cynthia Why

Dear Cynthia—Please allow me space in your valuable column to express my opinion of some of your fans. Before I start I want to state that I think your column is great. Now this is what I want to know. First, why do you allow debates in your column when its title is "Please tell me what to do"? First the boys talk about the girls, then the girls about the boys, then the bobbed hair, then the fat girls, then the list of "don'ts" from Betty (which, personally, I think were very good with one exception, that was something about "don't think if you have a car a girl is crazy about you, it's the car," or something to that effect). I don't think all girls would do that. Also, Cynthia (this is not a complaint, but I often wanted to write and seek advice, but did not want the letter printed, so hence came this), sometimes you print answers and not the letter. But still some time ago you asked one of the fans why she did not want the letter printed. And judging from some of the answers the letters would be interesting. Now, Cynthia, one more: When some of the fans write to answer others' letters they usually ask you a few questions which you do not answer. Why? Cynthia, please do not think I am an old crab, for, on the contrary, I am full of life and enjoy just as much if not more the wonderful advice you give. Thanking you a thousand times for your time and hoping you will answer my questions.

A CYNTHIA LOVER.

If you read the column carefully you will know that Cynthia does not answer questions about the writers. Also letters are not printed when a request is made not to do so. Cynthia asked one writer why she did not want the letter printed because there was absolutely no personal problem in it. And why not print interesting letters if they are not too personal?

The first letters nearly always ask advice and get it. Then other readers like to write their opinions, and most of us think the discussions interesting, any advice you ask, Cynthia will try to give.

### Much Lace

Lace is being used more than ever this season, although not always in its natural state. Red cire lace on a black evening gown, gold lace with purple brocade, green lace on a green tulle frock, silver lace with old blue and gray lace on a demure afternoon dress. In fact, it is rather startling to see a piece of lace, without disguise standing out in its surprising whiteness on a colored frock.

### The Popular Color

"They say" in style circles that jade green is to be the color this season. Afternoon and evening frocks are appearing in this shade, and it is said that ginghams will take on the same tone. Fortunate you are if you already have a necklace or a pair of earrings of jade—all you'll have to do to have a costume is buy a frock and that to match!

### The Yellow Monster

In France yellow is the color of jealousy and domestic discord, and on that account many French women will not wear yellow or have yellow flowers in their houses.

# Adventures With a Purse

I WAS not present at a demonstration of the Record Repeater, so I cannot speak from actual experience, but at least I can tell you what I know, and you shall judge for yourself whether it is worth while to see about it. It is a small appliance which is guaranteed not to hurt any record that your phonograph will play. And its purpose is this—attach it to the machine, and when your dance record, for instance, reaches its end, this device automatically carries the needle back to the beginning of the record, and it starts all over again without your having to stop and touch it. I should think that this would be an excellent thing, particularly if you're using your machine for dancing. The price of one of these repeaters is $1.00.

If you are needing an odd skirt to wear with a suit coat that is in good condition, you will certainly want to know of the sale of woolen sport skirts. They come in any number of designs and styles. Some are plain colors, others are striped with box pleats, still others have checks. I bought a nice brown and black plaid one to wear with a brown corduroy jacket. They are priced for the sale at $4.00. And an interesting item is the fact that another shop having a skirt sale in which the self-same skirts appear are charging $5.00.

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SPRUCE 2193

Unusual Pictures of Pope
A full page of striking pictures of Pope Benedict will be published in the Rotogravure Section of next SUNDAY'S PUBLIC LEDGER

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