

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Wife's "Allowance"

HE IS supposed to be a model husband, and his wife thinks I am naturally dowdy, but the truth is, I never have five cents myself," she said.

It is not just an isolated instance. This particular husband is not a strange, eccentric, unusual one. He is almost a type.

The wife's allowance is a superstition that has it that the man makes the money, and does it out as a favor to the wife.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY is obliged to have a roof over the heads of his family, and food on the table. He is expected by everybody to provide clothes and pay doctors' bills. But when it comes to luxuries, ah, that is wholly a matter for his wife to decide! It is not he who is the bread-winner, and she a dependent? I have been told of an old couple who were rather rich for fifty years, who had struggled along together, she working hard and bearing ten children, yet he never asked for literally every nickel she made. He was the bread-winner, and she the dependent, and he handled her not a quarter but literally a nickel!

It is revolting and degrading to have to ask and explain. No partnership should be on such a basis. Imagine a business man coming into his partner, and tearing for a few dollars, and going into details as to how he spent the last amount for office supplies. There must be mutual trust, and the assumption that in the division of labor each does his work and handles his allotted funds intelligently.

HE IS willing and ready to pay for all the common, dull things that he uses, but he kicks against the finer beautiful ones that he ranks as luxuries. Our income is large, and he pays big bills for the best and most expensive things. If I spend a dollar on a hairdresser which is a delight and renders me charming, or \$1.10 for a pair of fiber silk stockings, he simply rages. He wears the best clothes for years, because they are not actually threadbare, while he is spending hundreds of dollars on things that

he does not need. He is willing to pay for all the common, dull things that he uses, but he kicks against the finer beautiful ones that he ranks as luxuries. Our income is large, and he pays big bills for the best and most expensive things. If I spend a dollar on a hairdresser which is a delight and renders me charming, or \$1.10 for a pair of fiber silk stockings, he simply rages. He wears the best clothes for years, because they are not actually threadbare, while he is spending hundreds of dollars on things that

he does not need. He is willing to pay for all the common, dull things that he uses, but he kicks against the finer beautiful ones that he ranks as luxuries. Our income is large, and he pays big bills for the best and most expensive things. If I spend a dollar on a hairdresser which is a delight and renders me charming, or \$1.10 for a pair of fiber silk stockings, he simply rages. He wears the best clothes for years, because they are not actually threadbare, while he is spending hundreds of dollars on things that

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Gladiator Stuff

VIRGINIA did not observe the contraption—her word for it—until the morning after he had come home and installed it in the bathroom.

At first she feared the worst.

"Isn't one of those things that make clothes driers, is it, honey?" she asked timidly.

The thing had long, slender rods, and there were heavy iron ingots attached near the floor. Fear-some spiral springs looked as if they might have been from the innards of the town clock.

"Clothes-driers," Paul echoed with a fine din.

"I should say not."

"It isn't something to control the humidity?"

He shook his head.

"It'll be all the control that darned furnace needs"—and he glared fiercely at the heater.

"Then I'll suggest something for ventilation," suggested Virginia.

"It's a gladiator developer," Paul said, almost reverently.

"A gladiator developer?"

"Sure—the athletic instructor down at the club advised me to get it."

"But, Paul, dear, what will it develop?"

He stirred restlessly and Virginia fancied he seemed almost regretful that the thing was there.

"Oh, you know, a thing to come down and exercise on—and to get one's breathing apparatus going first thing in the morning; sort of strengthens the heart and gets the blood flowing and well, you know, gets a lot of pep in a fellow first thing in the morning."

He demonstrated the apparatus.

She tugged at the steel bars and the springs shot back and forward and the black iron weights fairly danced in their sockets. Ten minutes of this and Paul was red, perspiring, panting—

"By George, that's the stuff," he gasped.

And then the heaving shoulders of Virginia arrested him.

Tomorrow—Taking a Flyer

The Woman's Exchange

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

What Beau Brummell Means to the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me what the meaning of Beau Brummell is? I have come across it quite a few times and am anxious to know what it means.

I would also like to know whether or not coconut oil is good for getting rid of dandruff. S. D. F.

Beau Brummell was a famous dandy whose clothes were his chief concern in life. Being always in the height of style. The name has come to be used for any one who thinks a great deal of clothes and style.

Yes, coconut oil is good for getting rid of dandruff as it cleanses the scalp and keeps it in good condition.

What Do the Readers Think?

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly give the name of the person considered the greatest living American. Why is he the greatest? Where can I find this person's history? A. R.

Now, that is a big question. What do you think, reader friend? Herodotus, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas A. Edison, James Addams? There are so many names to choose from. Why is the greatest? Only public opinion can settle that. You will find facts about all great Americans in "Who's Who," which you can see at the public library.

Don't Bleach It

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—You kindly help me. I have dark brown hair, but have bleached it for three years with peroxide and ammonia, but it grows out dark so often I am really tired of worrying with it, although I like light hair and all who know me before bleaching say they like it better light. I don't know if I can use in place of this when I apply it some times it burns my scalp and I have been told this will ruin my hair in time. Is henna paste any good for me to use? My hair is very thick and seems thicker but shorter in the three years I have used this. Please advise me. There is a wart that has grown under my right eye on the cheekbone, and although not so noticeable to others, it worries me as it has only been there about three months; it is small and round, it might be. Isn't there something I can burn this off with? There is a similar growth on the tip of my left eye, but of course, I wouldn't attempt to remove it. NADIA.

Evidently this constant bleaching is hurting your hair. This combination of peroxide and ammonia is used, you know, to discourage the growth of hair on the face, and you will find that it has the same effect on the hair of your head. You will be very much wiser to let your hair go in its natural state. It will be much prettier, for the natural color is always nicer than anything you can do to it. The henna will give your hair a red look. I cannot advise any other bleach for you to use.

Consult a physician about this wart. He can probably remove it for you, but it would not be safe to try anything of this kind yourself.

Things You'll Love to Make

Evening Coiffure

A fashionable EVENING COIFFURE shown today. Cut a piece of buckram to fit the front of the head, from the hair line to the forehead, and make it as wide as the sides. Beat it with jet and iridescent beads. Cut a piece of silk that matches your evening gown six inches wide at the front and graduate it to one and one-half inches at the sides. The edges or make a small rolled hem. Have it side-plaited. Sew the plaited silk behind the beaded band. Join at each end a tassel of the dead any. The EVENING COIFFURE looks adorable with the hair plaited at the back. FLORA.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

How Did the First Eye Start? Its Importance to the Rest of Us

AUSTRIAN scientists have translated in blind fish, frogs and rats a good eye from another animal, connected the nerves and restored sight.

This recalls an interesting question and one that to the last puzzled Darwin. The question is:

"How did the first eye start?"

Darwin explained the changing of the fish gill to the human ear, the fin to the bird's wing or man's arm.

But the complicated machinery of vision—that was something for which his theory of evolution, survival of the fittest, struggle for existence, adaptation to environment and so on could not account.

It was Lamarck, who, passing on from Darwin's conception of evolution as a general law to the specific method of evolution, maintained that though external causes reacted on life and habit, though changes of climate, food supply, geologic upheavals and such had their place in evolution, the fundamental underlying reason why living organisms changed was because they wanted to.

This means that, as a matter of fact, in the matter of evolution, creatures did things before they were able to do them and became able to do them only because they kept trying.

It means also that a man's efficiency and his market value can frequently be measured by the direction and the intensity of his wanting power.

If, for instance, you like eating the tender tops of trees enough to make you concentrate all your energies on the stretching of your neck, you will finally grow a long neck like the giraffe.

If you have no eyes, and want to see, and keep trying, you will finally get eyes. (It's a little hard for the first thousand years!)

The child, tumbling about the floor, wants to walk erect; and after wanting and trying long enough and hard enough, does walk erect.

It is so that a man sprawling on the road with a bruised chin—or supine on the ice with a bashed occiput, becomes a bicyclist and a skater.

There are vaudeville performers whose main stunt and attraction is putting up a muscle; other performers are bent on putting up a "front"; and still others, on the stage of science and business, figuratively and almost literally put up a brain.

Most any of us can, in time, learn to put up a muscle, a front or a brain—it all depends on what we really want and work for.

In other words, the great factor in evolution—development—is will-power coupled with effort.

And this is an idea that every wise man will think about and act upon—for it means that within reasonable confines we can make of ourselves pretty nearly anything we will to make out of ourselves.

We must only want to enough, and try to enough.

SOMETHING NEW IN STRAPS

By Central News

There is a decided tendency toward the return of the solid shoe or pump, but it has not quite happened yet. A compromise is effected by means of this patent leather shoe with long tongue and three straps across it instead of laces. For evening or afternoon there is a brown suede slipper with the three straps coming from the back and attached to a single strap across the instep. The two types of cloaks shown are interesting departures from the usual thing.

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company

CHAPTER XXX

Vigils

Carol Katharine married Nick Tracy without loving him, for the reason that she could not bear to see him run his life through his infatuation for Daisy Coletton, of the "Jolly Revelers." Nick suspects the truth, and is fearful that another woman may speak her love. He is afraid that Carol has met this man in Jervis Britton, who seems to exert a strange influence over her.

and finally with a little mute gesture of surrender, she flung back her head and met his eyes full.

She could not look away, the blood was hot, she felt bewitched, enchanted.

A sound in the next room and Carol started out of her reverie. The play dropped from her fingers, she was suddenly conscious of her thoughts, and where they had been drifting, and she shivered as if from the cold. She listened, every sense acute to the thickest sound, to Nick moving about in the next room. She heard him snap on the light, and then the scratch of a match as he lighted a cigarette. It brought her back to reality. She was plucked suddenly out of the dream world of the play to the cold world of reality, and a dull depression settled down on her. She was suddenly conscious of the fact that Nick must have seen the light from her room under the door. He would know that she was still awake.

Her wrist watch lay on the table beside her, and the tiny hands pointed to a quarter of three. She slipped out of her room under the door, and with cold fingers snuffed off the light, but it wasn't until dawn that her tired eyes drooped wearily and she fell asleep.

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

They Still "Rave On"

Dear Cynthia—While reading your recent column a very interesting letter signed "Hudson's Sympathizer" attracted my attention, and with your permission I would like to say a few words to such a person.

"Pip" had the right idea in answering "Hudson's" letter. I think the same thing would fit "H. S." to "A. T." Beauty will never bring a fellow any thing in this world but trouble. What will "H" do with the crown after it does decorate his noble brow? Why he would have to go to the nearest stock shop and pawn it to get enough money to buy powder, lipstick and rouge to keep his beauty.

Let's hear from some of Cynthia's admirers on the subject of this person.

SPARKROW.

Foreign Girl" Expostulates

Dear Cynthia—I hope you will please give me a place in your column to write my criticism of your article on the "Foreign Girl." I would like to say a few words to such a person.

"Pip" had the right idea in answering "Hudson's" letter. I think the same thing would fit "H. S." to "A. T." Beauty will never bring a fellow any thing in this world but trouble. What will "H" do with the crown after it does decorate his noble brow? Why he would have to go to the nearest stock shop and pawn it to get enough money to buy powder, lipstick and rouge to keep his beauty.

Let's hear from some of Cynthia's admirers on the subject of this person.

SPARKROW.

Young Girl Chooses

By CORINE LOWE

Robins' Egg Blue Gown

The "Two Little Girls in Blue" have added many recruits since that popular song echoed constantly through our land. Today there are at least two million and two little girls in this country in blue. For blue has been one of the most fashionable tints for evening wear and its fashion has covered a multitude of various shades. One may select the hydrangea, lily-of-the-valley or robin's egg—also a number of other shades. Robin's egg has been chosen often this year by the debutantes for coming-out, and whether in full or in taffeta, this tone is charming, particularly for the girl with blonde or reddish hair. The sub-blue only is invited to inspection of the above frock for love, for of course, with satin striped in self-color and silver sweep at each side of the waist suspending loops of silver cloth below.

A Cure for the Worried Girl

Who Hesitates in Her Speech

Absorbing Interest in Some Special Subject Will Make Her Want to Talk Quickly and Easily—And She Will Be Able to Do It

I AM a young girl of eighteen years and I get out quite often in company, but I am troubled with an impediment in speech. I don't exactly stutter, but when telling a story or joke I seem to hesitate and add the letter "a" after every three words or so. I also lack words, and in conversation I feel ashamed of myself when trying to talk as I hesitate, not only in company but with my own family. I am engaged to a young man twenty-one. He always seems to have the right word and thing to say. I try to copy after him, but fail. Is there anything I might do to overcome this habit? It is not lack of education as I have gone through three years of high school."

The letter came in the midst of some other mail the other day, and instead of just giving the worried young writer the usual advice, I thought perhaps it would help others in the same condition to talk about the case up here in the northeast corner.

There cannot be anybody who doesn't sympathize.

We have all had moments of feeling around for the next word, and sticking an "ah" in to fill up the empty space that comes between the word we've said and the word we're trying to say.

You feel as if your brain, if you ever had any, had fallen away in chunks and pieces, leaving you to grope about in the darkness until you stumbled on a word.

You cannot take part in any conversation because somebody else always breaks in and takes charge of what you are going to say while you are trying to say it.

Imagine how you'd feel if you were always like that!

Wonder this girl wants help and advice.

And I am glad to say that there is very definite advice to give which I am sure will help her.

THIS is it—find out what you are most interested in, and then either

take a course of study in it, or else work at it by yourself, as hard as you can.

It is better, if you can, to take the course of study at some school or college, because then you will have the practice of reciting before the class.

An elocution class would be a splendid thing, if you find that there is no special art, science or knowledge that you want to be proficient in.

Anything at all will do that includes the necessity of talking clearly and distinctly about your subject.

At first you won't be able to do it. Your "impediment" will hold you back and you will be self-conscious and perhaps unhappy.

But in time, especially if the subject is one that interests you deeply, you will forget your self-consciousness in becoming absorbed in your thoughts. And you will begin to talk easily and much more quickly. For self-consciousness, even if you don't quite realize it, and don't like to acknowledge it, is the reason for this distressing condition.

WHEN you have something that is really interesting to you yourself to talk about, you don't stop to worry about the fact that you are talking, and that in a minute you are going to run out of words and hesitate; you just talk.

Your wits become sharpened, your thoughts become separated from one another and clear, your tongue and your mind establish a rapid mode of communication, and your troubles about the talking line are forgotten.

Sometimes there is a certain slowness in the way the brain communicates. Its thought to the muscles that control the tongue, or the muscles that control the vocal cords, is slow. Extra concentration is needed to speed things up a bit.

Study at home will do the trick just as well, although a bit more slowly.

But the principal thing to be remembered is the subject you are studying; the principal thing to forget is—you.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Bobby"

Your letter will be answered in the Woman's Exchange.

Let's Not Let Economy Go Too Far

By CYNTHIA

Let's learn the difference between spending and investing. Let's tell the Gainaday man we're ready to try his washer, ironer or cleaner free. Let's phone him now—now—while the year is young, to benefit by the savings it makes in time, actual money (sometimes figured in saved laundry bills, sometimes in laundress' wages) besides the savings in hard work, less wear and tear on the clothes, etc.

Gainaday Electric Co.

107 South 11th Street

1336 Walnut St. 517 S. 52d St.

VERNA'S SUITS

Expressing the Spirit of Spring

In Tweeds, Homespun, Spongeon and Piretta, Poiret Twill.

60.00

DRESSES

In Charmant, Twill, Stockinette, Coverts,

55.00

Verna Brothers

1225 WALNUT STREET : PHILADELPHIA

The Dessert That Saved Betty's Party

By CORINE LOWE

"Betty wants me to give a party for her on her sixth birthday next week," sighed Mrs. Ford, "and I just dread to think about it."

"I know just how you feel," sympathized her neighbor, Mrs. Ford.

"It is so hard," she continued, "to know what to have for refreshments that don't hurt them. Custards are no treat for them, my constricted coddings are always thin and lumpy, and ice cream is so expensive."

"Have you thought about having Pudding?" questioned her neighbor. "My children love it, and it's so pure and wholesome."

"It is hard to make," Mrs. Ford said.

"It makes a wonderful creamy mold of dessert. Costs like a box, and one box of Pudding serves 15 people for a 10c box seven people."

"That's the nice part about Pudding," replied her neighbor, enthusiastically. "It always turns out right, and it is not a bit of trouble to make. All you need do is to add milk, either fresh or condensed, and sugar, and boil for three minutes. Pour it into a mold and after it has cooled, you have a firm, smooth mold of delicious dessert—chocolate, rose vanilla, orange, lemon—in fact, whatever you like to have. Pudding comes in a number of flavors."

"I've a mind to try it, and let Betty have her party after all," said Mrs. Ford.

"As a matter of fact," suggested her friend, "you could have some home-made ice cream. Pudding makes ice cream as smooth as velvet. And not only that, but for cakes and pies Pudding makes a wonderful filling."

Some time later the two friends met. Mrs. Ford was waiting to call on her friend, and Mrs. Ford said, "Pudding is wonderful. I had the party for Betty, and I don't know when I have seen a child enjoy anything as much as they did over supper that night, and Henry said he had never tasted such delicious dessert."

"Order some Pudding with today's groceries!"—Adv.

These wintry days

one's viewpoint on the weather is largely governed by one's state of mind. The man up to par will look upon Saturday's storm with a healthy tolerance.

The morning cup of coffee can influence a man's disposition for the entire day. Serve your husband the delicious Asco Coffee and you'll send him to work in a better frame of mind, better physically and mentally.

ASCO Coffee

25c lb

"You'll taste the difference!"

Sold only in Asco Stores located all over Phila. and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO STORES

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO