Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Artistic Urge

PAUL stopped abruptly upon the threshold of the living room.

"Well, what the——!" he ejaculated.

Virginia, curled up in a cozy corner of the big davenport, laughed gayly.

"How do you like it, honey?"

From a seven-branched candelabrum which glittered on the mantel above the tiny fireplace were small white candles gleaming. A tall standard, fashioned of wrought iron, stood at the end of the davenport; in its socket was a fat, orange-colored tallow candle.

There were no other lights.

"What's the matter—lights off, or did the fuses blow out all over the house?"

Virginia laughed.

"Don't be silly. There's nothing the matter with the lights."

"Well, then, what's the large idea of the candles?"

Virginia pretended to be exasperated and she made a wry face.

"Oh, darlin', you can be so stupid sometimes."

"Well——"

She indicated the new illumination with an airy wave of her slender hand.

"It's the latest thing. It's artistic!"

Paul sat down and stared at the Russian brass candelabrum owlishly.

"Artistic, hey? Huh! Where'd you get the thing on the mantel?"

"Thing! Why, Paul, that's a real Russian——"

"It looks it," he cut in rudely. "Where'd you get it?"

"Why I bought it at that wonderful little novelty shop down town. Really, dear, the idea of using candles is very much the thing, and don't you think it's delightful? It's so much more beautiful than the awful glare of the electrics."

Paul looked over at her solemnly.

"You mean this is to be a permanent thing—the candles?"

"Why not? I think they're awfully cheerful."

Paul's eyes were fixed on the carpet before the davenport.

"That's artistic," he said, pointing.

Virginia gave a startled little cry.

A great splotch of villainous candle-grease was mounting in proportions at the base of the Florentine iron candlestick.

"Oh!"

Then her eyes flew to the Russian candelabrum on the mantel. The same story. The hot tallow was dripping down upon the polished brickwork of the tiny fireplace.

Then, one by one, the little candles wilted, and, with a melancholy guttering sound, flickered, and gave up the ghost.

"Sure is artistic," said Paul softly.

"Oh, Paul—don't tease."

"Great improvement over the old-fashioned Edisons," he went on thoughtfully.

"Paul, you're mean."

"I don't see how we've managed to struggle along all these years with those wretched, weak little electric lights, I'm going to——"

But she had escaped to the kitchen. The savor of the evening dinner stole through the living-room.

"What have you for dinner tonight, honey?"

She stood there upon the threshold, wonderfully beautiful in a gingham overall, and dimpled at him.

"Oh, Paul—pork tenderloin and—and terribly vulgar baked cabbage and potatoes!"

Paul grinned amiably.

"Well, that's what I call real artistic stuff."

The orange-colored candle flared up and then died smokily.

* * *

Tomorrow—Dining Out

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Do You Look at the Other Side of the Shield?

We have all heard the story of the two knights who fought like Kilkenny cats over whether a certain shield was blue or red. The fact was that it was blue on one side and red on the other!

Did they feel foolish when they found it out? Rather, I suppose; but not more so than many of us must feel every day when we find ourselves guilty of the same kind of color blindness.

Oh, yes, we are. We fuss and fume and go into tantrums and wear ourselves out and hurt people we love and break friendships just because we know we are right and there can't be any compromise or question about it; when all along we have been looking at only one side of the shield, when all along the other side told a story just as unquestionable and convincing, though entirely different!

That is the difference between narrowness and broadmindedness, between pettiness and bigness, between those who show the monkey strain and others who really reflect the image of God.

The bigger and better of us have their own viewpoint, too—but they recognise it as such and not as universal fact and law. Even though they claim one as their own, they see both sides of the shield. And to see is to understand is to be nearer to God.

All parents love their children, but they are not all equally successful parents. And the difference lies in whether they see and act upon everything concerning those children from their own viewpoint, shutting out the needs and desires of youth, or whether they are big enough to go back twenty or thirty years and see the other side of the shield. It is those who can do this who have their children's confidence, who wield the greatest influence, who are real parents, not just caretakers.

And so it is with friends, lovers, husbands and wives. They need not give themselves up to us, forfeit the thing that makes them individuals and real people. We want them to keep that. But it is in proportion to their willingness and ability to see our side too, to understand us, that they are near to us.

For understanding is the great cry of humanity. We will sacrifice gladly, relinquish without bitterness, as long as we know that another heart beats in tune with ours, that though the melody may not be altogether joyous there is that great harmony—sympathy and understanding.

The Woman's Exchange

To Clean Satin Slippers

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me how I can clean a pair of brown satin slippers that have a number of soiled spots on them? I also would like the names of fashion journals that are for children's clothes exclusively. Your column has been of great benefit to me, and I appreciate it greatly. G. P. M.

Clean the slippers with carbon tetrachloride. If there are grease spots which remain, make a paste of chloroform and French chalk or fuller's earth, spread it on the stains and leave until entirely dry. Then brush off the powder thoroughly. I cannot give the name of the magazine through the column, but you can find one at the magazine counters of any of the large department stores. There is only one that I have ever heard of, and that is published in New York. I am so glad you enjoy the column.

Another Address Wanted

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Reading through the Woman's Page I saw where some one wanted my address. I am the young mother that has to move out. I have until the end of February to move, so if you please will you give the party my name and address, for I didn't get any place to go to yet.

I would be so glad if you will help me. I will look for an answer soon in the paper. Thank you. Mrs. W. J. S.

This just seems to go round and round without getting anywhere. Not having your name or address I did not keep the name or address of the person who wrote about you. Since you had written so long ago, I thought you must have found a place to live by the time her letter was published. Since you haven't, I know she will be glad to talk to you about it. I am publishing this letter in the hope that she will see it and once more send her name and address so that you can communicate with her. Did you go to the Legal Aid Society? I hoped that you would be able to stay on where you are now.

She Wants the Truth

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly advise me what to do: (1) Is olive oil for the hair? (2) How do you get rid of dandruff? (3) Is there any truth in permanent hair-waving? (4) Do you think it ruins the hair? I lost my hair once, don't intend to lose it again, for a foolish notion. (5) I want to know the truth before I take a step like that. I have been writing to different places, but had no satisfaction. You know, everybody likes to make money. They call it "permanent waves." I wonder if it is permanent. Mrs. A. D. B.

I should be very glad to tell you the truth and advise you without prejudice if I could. But nobody can do that except a hairdresser who knows the effect of certain preparations upon certain conditions of the scalp. Probably olive oil would be a good thing for your hair if it is very dry and brittle, but no one could say positively without seeing the condition of your hair. That is no doubt the reason that you have not had satisfaction from your inquiries.

Permanent waving will not ruin the hair if the hair is in condition to take it. But if your hair is very dry or very endy it would not be advisable to have the wave, as it would make it dryer and more flyaway. A so-called permanent wave lasts as long as the hair stays the length it was when the wave was given. But, of course, as the hair grows out it becomes straight and the wave starts further away from the head. It nearly always lasts at least six months. This is "the truth" as far as any one who does not know you can go.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What official position is Miss May Hamilton Horton, of Birmingham, Ala., one of the few women in the United States to hold?
2. Describe a handmade handkerchief which is exquisitely simple and distinctive.
3. How can several old sheets be used in a most practical manner?
4. What should be the weight of a boy sixty-eight inches tall?
5. For a party dress of chiffon, what exquisitely smart shade could the material be?
6. On a dull blue dress, with cape to match, describe the only trimming.

Yesterday's Answers

1. The British Society of Women Engineers is offering prizes for the best practical ideas in house improvement, especially such as will tend to make the work of the housewife easier.
2. A paper cutter which is simple but different looking is made of polished wood, smoothly pointed.
3. Fringe of alternately light and dark stripes in colors that harmonize makes a striking trimming for a lampshade.
4. One hundred and thirty-four pounds is what a boy who is sixty-seven inches tall should weigh.
5. A sports skirt which almost any woman would want as soon as she saw it is made of a crinkly silken jade green material, with a wide white cross-bar design running through it.
6. If one is making a sweater of the gayly designed type, pale blue with dark blue design will give it a softly dainty effect.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

A correspondent asks for suggestions about the celebration of the second wedding anniversary. This is generally known as the "cotton wedding," and it calls for gifts of cotton, which may take the form of full-length or sash curtains in flowered muslin, dotted swiss, lace or plain scrim, cretonne draperies and cushion covers, flowered Oriental towels, napkins and breakfast-cloths, mercerized lamp-shades, Colonial rag-rugs, etc. Invitations to the "cotton wedding" may be written in indelible ink on squares of gauze.

If dinner or supper is served, a cotton plant is the logical centerpiece. At this time of the year, an evergreen decorated in tufts of white cotton may be substituted. The tablecloth may be plain-and-white cotton, with napkins to match. Usually the hostess and guests make a point of dressing in organdie, voile or other cotton material. The two-year bride may wear a wreath of cotton roses.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Blue Eyes"

No, dear, it is not deep love; it's puppy love, probably. Don't let him kiss you. Wait till you are older.

Yes, Invite Him; It's Quite Proper

Dear Cynthia—I am a new, very much interested reader of your column. May my first letter find a place there, as well as an answer from you?

I am a student at a co-ed college. One of my male friends plays on our basketball team. They are going to play at a college near my home in the near future. I am planning to go home that week-end and expect my parents to go to the game with me. Would it be out of place for me to ask this young man to dine with us at a hotel before the game if it is suitable to my parents? And, too, to dine at our home the next day on his way back to college? He would probably stay at a hotel over night, as he could not get back to college that night. I, too, would be going back to college the next day.

ANXIOUS.

"Mickey" Is Getting Bored

Dear Cynthia—I have written to your column several times before and always received such cheering letters in reply. I come once again for advice.

In glancing over the letter from "Restless but Happy" I have thought that I myself am somewhat like that person.

Up until a couple of weeks ago I had been keeping steady company with a boy, and now he has gone to Florida. I am beginning to find it very lonesome.

I have lots of friends, especially boys of my own home town, and could have and do have several dates a week. But I am very unhappy and restless. I do not go to public dances and movies are very tiresome, so, therefore, I can find nothing to relieve the monotony. I am getting very restless and would appreciate some good advice to break the monotony.

I work in an office during the day, and feel as if I ought to have some pleasure at other times.

Are there any correspondent clubs in Philadelphia—a place to find new acquaintances, etc.? MICKEY.

Perhaps you have too many dates, Mickey. Sometimes that bores people just as much as staying home. Cynthia cannot recommend any correspondence clubs, but if you will go to Miss Goldman, at 1505 Arch street, who has charge of the Girls' Service League Farm, surely she will be glad to invite you to one of the parties that the League gives so that you can meet some new friends.

Suggests Closing Discussion

Dear Cynthia—I am a daily reader of your wonderful column, and till now I have been one of the "silent onlookers," this being my initial contribution.

What attracted my attention lately was the utterly foolish and non-essential discussion on foreign and American wives.

Laying this question aside for a while, I notice that whenever a person tries to give or explain his or her version of any topic under discussion by some of these "100 per cent Americans" and it doesn't coincide with their opinion, they very promptly give you a remarkable demonstration of their narrow-mindedness by saying, "If you don't like the way we run things in this country, why don't you get out? There are ships sailing every day from——," etc.

When I went to school we had a debating society in the classrooms, and the first thing that I was taught was a very familiar line running thusly: "When abuse commences argument ceases."

Why don't some of the self-styled 100 per cent Americans try to show a foreigner that he is wrong in his opinion and try to show him the right way of seeing things and make a 100 per cent American out of him instead of telling him to "go back"? Why should any one "go back"? There is plenty of room for all of us here, and this is a free country. And if it wasn't for foreigners, where would some of these 100 per cent Americans be today?

Coming back to the beauty question, I'll admit that some of the American girls are pretty, some are "cute" and some are beautiful beyond a question of doubt. But what is beauty? Will a woman with beauty alone make a good wife? The answer is emphatically no! Besides, beauty is just an illusion of the eye. What may seem beautiful to some may seem ugly, yes, even hideous, to others. For example, the contrasting types of beauty between America and Liberia, Burma, Congo, Siam, etc.

By the way, Cynthia, I notice that the head of your column reads, "Please tell me what to do," but by some of the letters that I've seen printed in it it doesn't look as though any one wants any advice. They all seem to be willing to give it. Well, the Bible says "It's more blessed to give than to receive."

Do you care if I suggest that you discontinue this controversy about foreign and American wives? I thank you in advance, Cynthia, and wish your column and the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER more laurels than it already has.

JUST JACK.

Thank you for your good wishes, "Just Jack." Cynthia likes your letter and hopes you will write often.

A Fair and Square Club

Dear Cynthia—Please may I have space in your most interesting column to answer a letter signed "Young Man No. 2"?

I, too, think he must know very strange American girls. And they surely must be very hard up for company to take them out, not to feel insulted because he makes them pay half of the expenses. He says he is making good money and so are the girls. I realize that a lot of the good, old-fashioned ways of entertaining seem to have gone out of style. (I mean such as spending evenings quietly together, reading aloud or singing or making candy.) In those ways a girl could return courtesies to fellows. But, even with those privileges taken away, I cannot understand how any fellow could "invite" a girl to be entertained by him and ever "allow" her to pay any of the expenses any more than I could understand a young lady "inviting" a young man to tea and before he leaves presenting him with a bill of expenses.

But, now here's a proposition that I wish all of you girls would figure out for yourselves. Lots of different "sets" of young folks are trying it out and finding it very satisfactory. It is this: If you won't mind, I believe I can make it plainer by telling it by illustration. A girl friend of mine accepted an invitation and was entertained by a very nice young man. "He makes good money and so does she make good money." His living expenses are a great deal more than hers, because she lives at home, while he does not.

About a week later they met on the car. Among other things talked of he asked if she had heard about a certain concert for the next week. She answered that she had and had made up her mind to write to him that very evening asking him to attend with her. He said he would be delighted and would get tickets the next day. That gave her a chance to explain that she belonged to the "F. and S." Club, and according to the rules and regulations of said club, with him it was her turn to entertain and that she would have to insist upon getting the tickets herself.

After "quite some" explaining about this wonderful club he agreed.

Now, I think the "Fair and Square Club" is a splendid thing. It gives a girl the same chance of being independent and honest—and at the same time kind—that it gives to a fellow. They believe that for a girl who is making her own spending money to allow a fellow who is only a friend to pay all of her entertainment expenses makes her guilty of "holdups."

I wish some of you girls and fellows would let us know through the wonderful courtesy of Cynthia's column what you think of our "Fair and Square Club." A GIRL FRIEND.

BLACK AND WHITE IN FURS

Photo by Central News

Fashion experts tell us that black and white is always becoming to us, no matter what our type and no matter what the time of day. So today we are trying it out in furs, with the above charming result. A deep black collar is becoming to one style of beauty, while another prefers all white but gives it a touch of distinction with a narrow line of black at the edge of the collar

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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After having married Nick Tracy without loving him, in order to prevent him from ruining his life through infatuation for Daisy Castleton, a chorus girl, Carol Tracy finds herself strongly attracted by Jervis Britton, who is used to having his own way with women. Britton and Carol are in the cast of a play to be given for charity, and are thrown constantly together. Britton is eager to bring things to a head, and on the day that the performance is to be given, Nick suddenly leaves town. Carol is at first strangely depressed, but later her depression gives way to a reckless gayety, and she promises to let Britton see her home that night.

CHAPTER XLIX

"I Love You"

THE play had been followed by a large dance, and Carol had decided to stay for only a few dances. During that time she had been conscious of the fact that Tom Seeley followed her about as though he intended to be ready whenever she decided to leave. That fact infuriated her. She saw no reason why any of her friends should appoint themselves guardians of her actions, and at the first opportunity she slipped to the dressing room, wrapped her coat about her, and met Britton outside.

Without a word Britton helped her into a taxi. He was breathing rather hard. This was the moment he had hoped for, for at last he was certain that Carol cared for him, that she knew what he was about to say.

"Carol"—he turned toward her, his voice was eager—"you know why I wanted to see you alone tonight, I think you must have known all along, but you weren't conscious of it till tonight." His voice had sunk almost to a whisper, every tone of it caressed her. Her eyes drooped and in the darkness his strong fingers closed suddenly around hers.

"I love you, I love you," he said tensely, "And I've been patient. I wanted to make sure. Do you care for me, Carol? Do you love me one-tenth as much as I love you?"

Her heart was beating suffocatingly and her brain was in a whirl. She felt irresistibly drawn toward him. It was as though he had bewitched her, and yet now that the moment had arrived when he was telling her of his love she found it impossible to say whether or not she loved him.

She tried desperately to analyze her feelings. This afternoon her heart had leaped at the thought of him, but something had happened since. It was that cold sober moment of reasoning in the theatre, when for a time the glamour of his presence had vanished.

Britton was seized with an almost uncontrollable impulse to take her in his arms. He felt that if he could hold her she would yield, and now that she seemed slipping away from him she was more desirable than ever. But something, he could not have told what, held him back, and he waited for her to speak. He knew that she was not like other women and that if she made up her mind she would be sure of herself. Until that moment he had not realized how much he really cared for her, how much her love would mean to him, and yet his sense of honor was not clearly enough defined to make him realize that he had no right to her, that she belonged to another man.

The taxi drew up before the apartment house before Carol had answered, and Britton was conscious of a feeling of impatience which he carefully concealed.

He helped Carol out, paid the driver and turned to her eagerly. "May I come up?"

She looked up into his eyes and again she felt the strange fascination that he had for her.

"Yes," she returned, almost in a whisper, and a moment later they were going up together in the elevator.

The living room as they entered it was filled with the fragrance of roses, lights were burning dimly under silk shades, the very intimacy of it drew them together, and, as Carol threw her evening cloak carelessly over a chair and turned toward Britton, he suddenly forgot to be cautious.

He forgot everything but the fact that he loved her and that he did not intend to let her play a game with him any longer. In two strides he was across the room and had caught her in his arms.

Tomorrow—Consequences

Various Braids Trim Many of the New Suits

By CORINNE LOWE

Why not make free with cablegram eliminations and call it suitache? If we do, we arrive at a description of many of the most stunning suits of today. For these, as well as the serge and wool frocks, are trimmed with soutache. Either that or cire or some other kind of braid.

Right here one must mention, too, that puffed braid has been used by many of both foreign and domestic designers and is really one of the novelties in a suit season which have done especially well for us in surprises.

The model illustrated here is of blue twill and its sleeves, widening below, as do so many of the new sleeves, are diversified by rows of alternate gray and red silk stitching. Medallions of these same shades are also stitched on the jacket, and more similar elaboration takes place on the corsage of the frock. For the rest, red soutache is used to bind the jacket and the smart little pockets. Observe that this suit makes use of the popular standing collar.

The Girl Who Is Negatively Nice Has Been Called "Terribly Harmless"

But She Has the Ability to Make You Suffer, for Your Jaw Always Aches From Smiling at Nothing After You Talk to Her

"OH, DON'T let's ask her," objected one of the girls as they were getting ready for a party.

"Why not? What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, she's all right; there's nothing wrong with her, only she's so nice; she's so terribly harmless."

To most girls and all boys the girl who is harmless is the most annoying of all the species.

She is so tiresome.

The girl who is a cat is at least interesting, because she keeps your wits going all the time.

You have to be careful all the time you are with her for fear you will say something that might be used against you.

The girl who is disagreeable rouses at least your anger.

Even the stupid girl is interesting, for a little while, as a study in dullness.

BUT the girl who is nice and harmless has nothing to recommend her even as there is nothing for which to condemn her.

She doesn't rouse your anger, your wits, your interest or your curiosity.

She doesn't rouse anything.

She merely lulls you to bored slumber, with your jaws aching from a smile that has no chance to wear off.

You smile and smile and smile at such a person.

"Yes, indeed, it certainly is," you say over and over again.

There must be something to her somewhere; people aren't made with such a complete lack of personality as all that.

Somewhere within the mysteries of her brain there must be something that would establish her as a person instead of just a thing, if only it could be brought out.

She cannot bring it out alone without making an intensive study of herself.

If she did that, she might make a mess of the whole thing, turning all her thoughts in instead of out.

NO, IF she is to be given color and endowed with interest for others, those others will have to help her.

If her parents have never done anything to bring her out, her friends will have to do it in self-defense.

Find out what she is really interested in—there must be something—and harp on it until she actually advances some ideas of her own on the subject.

Search about for something that she doesn't like and draw her out until she flares up in criticism of it.

Or else, having found what she likes, talk against it until she is stirred to the point of defiance to show her loyalty.

It would be troublesome, of course, but the result would be worth some bother.

At least it would be a relief; it would prevent a number of persons from having that painful jaw-ache which always follows a conversation with one of these terribly harmless people.

WE PLAYED it for me on the piano, and as I listened, I found myself thinking, "That's the sort of piece that when you hear it you immediately wonder what the name of it is. It's so melodious and simple, I know I could play it almost at sight, and it has such lovely chords, it is a pleasure to hear them." So, after he had finished it, I found out the name so that I could tell you about it. I believe that you will like it, and I am reasonably sure that you will be able to play it, for it is not difficult. It is written by a woman, and is quite new.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 5000 or Main 1861 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

The Looped "t"

The conventional way to make the letter "t," according to the copybooks, is with a single straight stem, made by an up and a down stroke of the pen or pencil. In actual practice it varies from this often in many different ways.

One variation, with which you are undoubtedly familiar, and which perhaps you use yourself, is to make the stem as a sort of narrow loop.

It's a common enough trait in handwriting, and it denotes a rather common trait of character, and a good one.

People who loop their "t"s, you may be sure, have a certain amount of sensitive pride about the things they consider really important. They are sensitive in the sense that they are likely to resent your criticism of their actions in relation to the things in which they have this sense of pride, but not in the sense that their feelings are easily hurt.

The looped "t," however, doesn't tell you what the things are in which they are proud. That is a thing you must find out from their other physical characteristics. It may be religion, ethics or artistic ability, or sense of justice; in fact, any of the myriad of things in which people do take pride.

But it's logical to suppose that with such people there are things on which they have principles which they try sincerely to live up to. Otherwise they could not be sensitive to the criticism.

Tomorrow—Drawn Mouths

Adventures With a Purse

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