

Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

This is the first chapter of an enthralling story of a small-town wife with small-town ideas, who is taken into the city by a husband whose love is the beautiful in his life.

SOMETIMES Judith felt that Rand was crazy. There were so many things about him that she could not understand even after her two years of married life.

Yesterday, for instance, he had come into her room just after she had washed her hair. Judith had beautiful hair, neither riotous, with red-gold glints in it, but she dressed it unbecomingly.

Today he had hung in curling masses about her shoulders, and a little exclamation had burst from Rand's lips. He came over to her side, and picked up the shining masses almost reverently.

"Judith, Judith," he had said in a voice choked with emotion. "Why don't you wear your hair like this always?" But she had sprung to her feet suddenly, her cheeks flaming.

"Rand, Rand, are you crazy? Are you actually suggesting that I go around with my hair hanging loose?" "Not exactly," he had protested, laughing uncomfortably, "but you could do it up carelessly; it's a shame not to show it off when it's so beautiful."

"Nonsense," she had returned brusquely, but after he had left that queer emotion of his had remained with her. While she did her hair up close to her head, it possible more tightly than usual, carefully tucking in the stray ends, she kept thinking about Rand. Why was he so different from other women's husbands, why was he so earnestly harping about beauty? She had never understood this in him, and she was secretly disappointed that he was not more practical.

Judith herself was intensely practical. She loved to think of herself as a model wife. Her house was a delight to enter; she cooked, baked and swept every day of her life, and when Rand came in at noon she was always a deliciously cooked, smoking hot meal waiting for him. Although it was the custom in Lynbrook Junction to have a cold supper at night, there was always one hot dish on Judy's table. Judith's famous preserve and pickle recipes were extolled by every woman in town, and all of this in Judith's estimation went to make up a model wife.

Yet there were times like yesterday when she realized how different Rand was from other men in Lynbrook Junction. It seemed to Judith something that mattered very little to Rand when they ate, if he could drag her away from her preparation of a meal to look at an unusually beautiful sunset. Rand fairly swooned over things that were always taken for granted. During the first few weeks of their marriage his reverent worship of her had been contented with a quiet acceptance of life, and she had hoped that as time passed Rand would change. So she had gone on ministering to his physical needs, cooking his meals and keeping his house in good condition.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Brown Eyes" You might give the young man a book or a silver pencil or something of that kind, if you want to, but nothing more personal than that.

Says He's Forgotten Her Dear Cynthia—A very dear boy friend of mine dropped his acquaintance with me for no reason whatever. I sent him many notes asking him for the reason of this act, but he simply tears them up without reading them. I know he loves me, because he used to take me out and many times he kissed me and told me how much he loved me.

It is evident the boy is not interested any longer. Better let him go. There are lots of other boys in the world worth knowing.

Questions Girl's Mind Make-up Dear Cynthia—May I say a few words to "Peggy"? Well, I say I have lots to learn yet. I don't know how to make-up, and if you can learn me anything in regards to Cupid, I'd be very glad to learn.

There are quite a number of them that have tried their persuasive methods on me. But American beauty is not for such things as easy as our American women do. I don't fall.

You also say you are an excitement and novelty wears off "the nicest sweetheart" well find it just the one we left behind. We'll let you know what a sweetheart is. Now, the readers who make the best wives. Don't be too sure.

Keeps Husband Guessing Dear Cynthia—Have written to your editor about my husband, although I did not ask advice; but this time should like very much to have you tell me what to do.

I told you in my last letter that I was seventeen years of age and married almost two years. My husband is a very nice fellow, but he is very suspicious.

ONE MORE AMERICAN. You are a very foolish little woman. If you do not show your love for your husband, it's quite right to "keep him guessing" by holding his interest in making yourself charming, teasing just a little. It does not faze him, but never let him know your love for a minute. Don't cling to him and hug and kiss him all the time; he'd soon be tired of that, but don't let him know you love him.

Admires Letters in Column Dear Cynthia—Thank goodness! At last I am able to offer a warm appreciation of the "stuff" in your column and that with a clear conscience. Perhaps an average content seems to have taken on a more serious aspect I am really beginning to realize that I am not so foolish as I should have realized all this long ago, but with one "beautiful" miss after another I am beginning to feel that I am not so foolish as I should have realized all this long ago.

What kind of efficiency? Oh, just general efficiency. You might call it the bump of orderliness, but it is only that in a figurative sense. A bump of efficiency, for which there is no real bump of efficiency, if you don't let too much of a mathematical meaning creep into the word as you see it.

What is it, and where is it, then? You might call it the bump of orderliness, but it is only that in a figurative sense. A bump of efficiency, for which there is no real bump of efficiency, if you don't let too much of a mathematical meaning creep into the word as you see it.

Perhaps it can best be described by calling it the executive office of the brain, or the train dispatcher for trains of thought. Perhaps it had better be called the bump of classification, if you don't let too much of a mathematical meaning creep into the word as you see it.

It is located at the root of the nose, just about where your glasses rest if you wear them. When the brain center behind it is well developed enough to let you feel a good development of the skull, then you have the kind of brain that naturally orders everything into a balanced relation with other things. It makes you recognize automatically the differences between different people and different things, and different theories and different circumstances. Life and its affairs are more accurately labeled, tagged and card-indexed for you. It gives you sureness and quick decision that are accurate. All great men who have ever submitted to examination have had this bump well developed, that is, all men who have been great in the sense of efficiency.

Tomorrow—Wild Eyes

Read Your Character By Digby Phillips

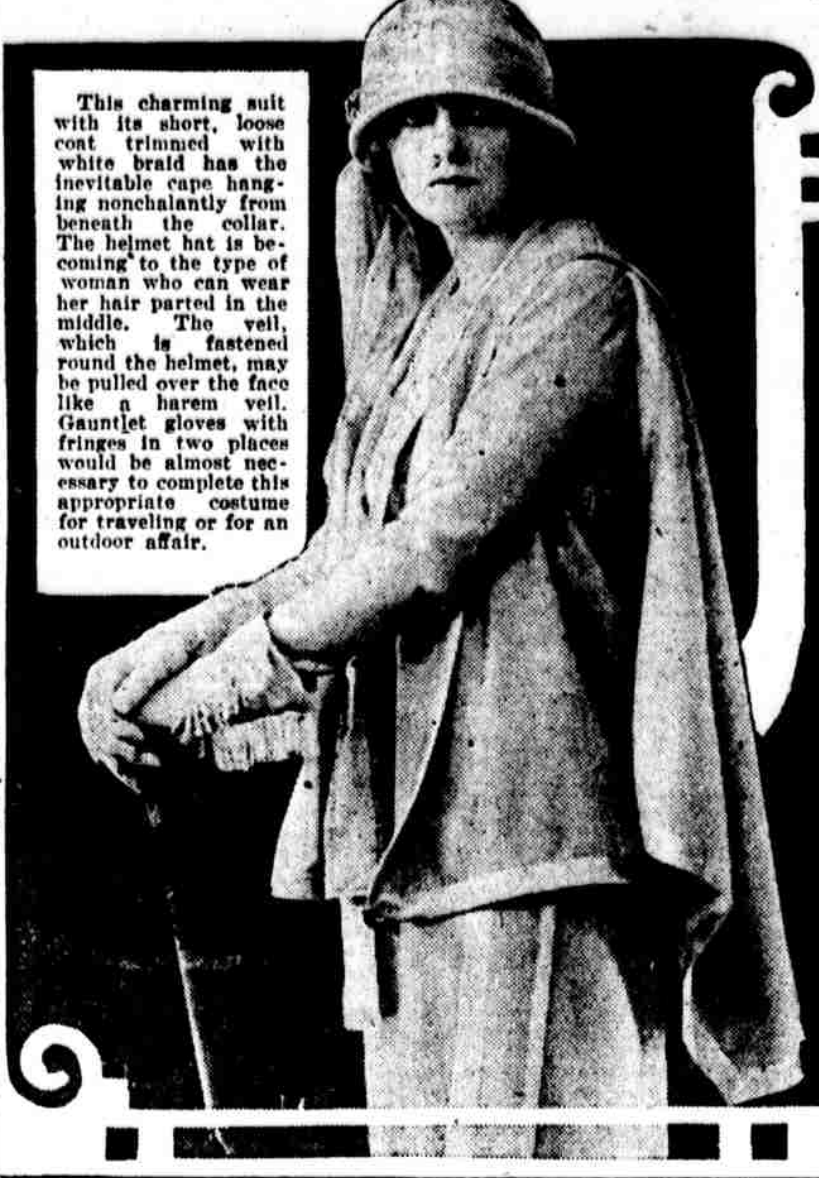
The Bump of Efficiency "What kind of efficiency?" you ask. Oh, just general efficiency. You might call it the bump of orderliness, but it is only that in a figurative sense.

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AS THE ENGLISH WEAR IT



Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Our Disagreeable "In-Laws" How unhappy girls are made, many times by the relatives of their husbands! Discussion and divorce frequently result from the meddling and unkindness of the "in-laws," where the young couple would have jogged smoothly along.

A letter comes to me from a woman in a who frankly states that her brother's wife outlives her husband and she is left with a problem, it is HARPER COOLEY writes that there is nothing all wrong with the bride. It is curious what a self-revelation one can make when writing a letter, meant solely to be complaining, yet showing conclusively that the writer is selfish and unjust.

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries 1. In order to be considered beautiful, what one feature must a Mexican woman possess? 2. Describe a new cedar chest which is ornamental as well as useful.

Saturday's Answers 1. Just sixty-five years ago, the first woman's hospital in the world was founded in New York City. 2. What clever little new tricks of adornment does the smartest of patent leather slippers have?

Evening Frocks Many red frocks are trimmed with silver—either half galon or silver lace. Silver lace frocks—the silver lace which looks like silver flakes netted together—are made over bright red underclothes. Other frocks of silver lace are worn over slips of silver-gray.

Two Minutes of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH "I'll Do" "I'll do" is the common phrase of those who neglect little things. "I'll do," probably, more than any other one thing, has "done for" many a man's fortune, many a ship.

Things You'll Love to Make Cabochon Ornament The only trimming necessary on a large white tulle evening frock is a large white tulle sash. The illustration, large enough to fit the front of the body, is given here and there. Read around the oval with iridescent beads. Cover the rest of the spaces between the oval with white tulle. Hang from each side of this stunner CABOCHON ORNAMENT a short string of large beads. Finish each string with a jade green ring. FLORA.

It Isn't Fair to Sit Crooked When You Go to a Movie Theatre

If You Twist Around and Lean Over to One Side the Person Behind You Cannot See a Thing—Spooning Doesn't Help, Either

THERE are times when you get into the movies and cannot see a thing unless the woman in front of you takes off her head. This is unfortunate. But she cannot help it. She may be "cursed" with a great deal of hair or an unusually wide head.

Although you dislike her cordially and cannot understand why any woman should have such a big head or so much hair, you have to realize that she is playing fair with you and that it is all just unfortunate.

But there's another person who comes into the movies and deliberately cheats you out of a view of the screen. Sometimes it's a girl, a young girl, with her best, oh, very best seat.

She leans over to hear what he is saying, getting her head right in your way, and then he closes the wall entirely by bending over and talking into her ear.

YOU can't see a thing—and our hero is just about to sacrifice himself in a noble way to save our heroine's disappointed brother. With delighted giggles the pair in front of you draw away and take a fleeting look at the screen.

But what care they for heroes or heroines? Isn't the greatest of each species sitting right there within reach of nudging elbow or a strutting shoulder? And they tilt the action to the thought, while the girl drops her head down for a minute or two upon the boy's shoulder.

That isn't fair. If they want to spoon there are plenty of parks and front porches and parlors and even drugstores, where they could sit beside each other and put their heads on each other's shoulders without disturbing anybody.

THEN sometimes it's a man, a large man with a broad head who "sits high." He leans in front of you with a relieved thud, depositing his overcoat in such a way on the seat that it hangs over and rests confidently on your lap. It's bad enough to have him there at all.

But he is not content with spoiling your whole outlook on life that way; he begins to roll. He leans to one side to get his handkerchief out of his pocket, and you catch a tantalizing glimpse of the screen.

He straightens up again, cutting it off. The bag of candy is in a pocket on the other side—the side on which you have crooked your head to peep through at the play.

You go back to the other side; but after he straightens up and begins munching his candy he slinks down and rests his chin on his hand, the elbow propped on the arm of the seat.

Adventures With a Purse DO YOU like candy? I am sure that in nine cases out of ten the answer to this question will be in the affirmative. Then let me tell you of something I have discovered. Ever since these days the way good chocolate candy has been little short of a luxury for the price for a pound has been anywhere from eighty cents to a dollar, and in some instances more.

If I want you to know about the bargain I found. This is a blouse of white dotted Swiss. It has a long straight collar, with a plaited frill down the front—a model that is becoming to most every one and one that looks extremely well with a suit coat. Since collar and frill can be worn outside the coat, always these blouses have been priced at \$1.95. I have seen them many times, but now they are reduced to \$1. Naturally, they are very popular at this price, so if you would like to buy one, you had better see about them at once, for even now it may be too late.

To win a race a Jockey doesn't put extra weight on the horse that helps him succeed

No man or woman who wants to succeed in the race of life can afford the handicap of headaches, insomnia, indigestion and debility. Nor can they afford to take anything that may keep up a continual irritation of the nervous system.

Yet this is what many people do who drink excessive amounts of tea or coffee. For tea and coffee contain caffeine, a substance that is sometimes very injurious. Many doctors say that caffeine raises the blood pressure, irritates the kidneys, and over-stimulates the entire nervous system. Also that it is especially bad for growing children, or for any one who has any tendency to nervousness or insomnia.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health—"There's a Reason" Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Phantom

Two wafer-thin slices of bread in the Sheffield bread tray drew Paul's attention as they sat down to dinner. "What's that?" he asked, looking at the bread.

Virginia sighed. "No, dear, I'll cut it for you. But you know I don't eat bread and I just can't stand a whole lot of it piled up there when I can't eat any."

Virginia shook a sober head. "No—no! I can't eat any starchy food or any sugary stuff. And I've got to stop eating butter, too. And, oh, Paul, I am so fond of nice fresh butter."

For a moment Paul was puzzled; then he twinkled across the table at her. "I see," he murmured sympathetically. "There was a piece, Jim. By the way, honey, your hands are fluttering nervously."

"Oh—it's nothing—nothing very much." "But you've been reading some fool book about digestion or nerves or something, and now you imagine—"

"No, dear! I've not been reading any book about anything like that. Paul, dearly buttered a slice of bread thickly."

"Well, what's the idea? Why the sudden abandonment of perfectly good bread and butter? I've never heard it was poison."

"It is for me," sighed Virginia mournfully. "Oh, go on with you." "Do you mean to say, dear, you've not noticed it?"

Paul stared. "I'm afraid I don't get you at all, honey."

WHAT'S WHAT By HELEN DEACIE

A new light kindled in his wife's fine eyes. "Ah . . ." But immediately she fell into the same despond. "No—you'd not notice, you darling. That's one of the reasons I love you so. I guess when I weigh 300—"

Paul threw back his head and laughed without restraint. "That's it, huh? Well, that is the limit. Who in the world's been in here telling you you're going to get fat?"

"She's desirous." "No, dear, I don't need that yet, I hope. But the scales don't lie, dear. You know that."

"All right, maybe they don't. What did the scales say?" "Oh, Paul!"

"Come on now, honey: tell me. How much does the angel child weigh now?" "It's no laughing matter, Paul, honey: do you realize that I weigh 139? Think of that, honey. Isn't that something terrible? Why, I've got to stop eating cereals and butter and potatoes and rice and—I love them all. I just hate spinach and lemons and strong tea without any sugar and cream."

"How much did you weigh a month ago?" he demanded solemnly. "Only a hundred and thirty-six."

"And you've got so fat you've gained three pounds, eh?" She nodded unhappily. "Shocking!" muttered the best, buttering another slice of bread.

Tomorrow—Expert Assistance

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