Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Judith Carlyle is beginning to be dissatisfied with a certain impractical streak in Rand, her husband.

CHAPTER II

Rand Draws a Picture

THAT night at supper Judith was unusually silent. She wore what Rand had often called laughingly to himself "her disapproving look," and it usually meant that she was dissatisfied with something he had done or left undone.

He tried to think back to what he had done that would make her feel like this, and suddenly he remembered yesterday. Judith in the window, with her hair all around her! How beautiful she had been.

He looked at her now.

Her shining locks were coiled forbiddingly close to her head, not a single soft tendril had been allowed to escape.

"Why was Judith like that?" he thought suddenly to himself. Why did she scorn beautiful things? Once he had brought her some expensive French perfume when he had gone to the city on business, and although she had thanked him for it, she had looked her disapproval.

Later he had come upon it tucked away in the back of the bureau drawer and he had taken the frivolous bottle out of its hiding place with a rueful little smile and held it in his hand while he thought the same thing. Judith did not even approve of her own beauty. Her clothes were of good material and were chosen to conform to the prevailing mode, but they never seemed to bring out her good points.

She had been angry at him yesterday for showing so much emotion, that was it. And yet a little later when Judith left the room for a moment, Rand forgot all about it, and taking out a pencil began to draw with heavy strokes on one of the best tablecloths.

He was sitting there with his hair ruffled up, absorbed in his work when Judith returned.

"Rand Carlyle, what are you doing?" she almost screamed rushing over to his side.

Startled, he looked up, and instinctively covered the drawing with his long slender fingers. But Judith quickly pulled his hand away and stood staring.

"It's a picture of you," he said finally.

Judith gazed at the tablecloth with wide eyes. The little sketch was a fanciful portrait of herself; the likeness was remarkable, but Rand had drawn her with a strange smile hovering about her lips, and her hair as it had been yesterday, in a loose halo about her face.

All of Judith's fears were suddenly intensified. Where had Rand learned to draw like that? For even though she intensely disapproved of it, the picture was good.

But her anger was stronger than her curiosity and she burst out scornfully.

"Is that the way I look to you? Why, it might be a fancy picture of any woman; it looks like an actress. Besides even if you have to draw pictures, you don't have to ruin my tablecloths, do you?"

The slow red crept into Rand's face, as Judith with tightly pursed lips quickly cleared the table, and carried the cloth with its queer sketch out to the wash tubs, where she quickly put it to soak.

She trembled as she worked, and a queer fear settled around her heart. When she was finished she dried her hands and looked around the little kitchen with a feeling of premonition.

Somehow it seemed to her as if the safe monotony of her life were being threatened, for Rand with his queer notions seemed very far away from her and the sensation of loneliness was terrifying.

Tomorrow—Judith Finds Evidence

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Expert Assistance

THEY had made their usual bi-weekly trip to the movies and Paul was insufferable.

That was the funny thing about Paul and the movies. Nine times out of ten the picture left him cross and morose.

"It was an awfully sweet picture, don't you think, dear?" said Virginia, a little timidly.

Paul frowned into the fireplace of the cosy little living-room.

"Sweet? Hah! I think that's just the word I was groping for in my mind. Sweet! Yes, by Jove, it was sweet. Disgusting!"

"Oh, Paul——"

"Sweet. If there's anything that bores me at a movie show it is to have one of these silly heroines with yellow curls and white muslin frock on simpering all over the shop in those sweet, sweet close-ups."

Virginia smiled to herself. Paul was a bear!

"Did you ever notice that when a movie director hasn't got any plot, he takes one of these curly-lock persons and hands her a white muslin dress and puts a blue sash around her waist and gives her a pair of patent leather ankle-tie slippers and hands her a—a—one of those flappy straw hats—what do you call 'em?"

"A leghorn hat?"

He nodded quickly.

"Sure—that's it, honey. He hands her a leghorn hat and then they're all set. My goodness, to think of a thousand supposedly sensible men and women sitting through one of those grueling kiss contests——"

"Kiss contests?"

"Of course! The heroine always has a hero. He usually has dark, curly hair and his lips are done up in Cupid's bow style, and he wears a sport shirt devilishly opened up at the throat. And then for five or seven reels there's a close-up of the kiss contests. I don't wonder they hired the Postmaster General to run the movies."

"The Postmaster General?"

He stared at her in mild surprise.

"I thought you read the papers every day, honey? Sure, the Postmaster General. They are going to pay him $100,000 a year to run the movies. He's going to pick out the scenarios and I suppose they'll be standardized now. Well, you've got to hand it to the movie people—they knew what they were doing when they got him."

"How funny! What in the world did they want a Postmaster General to run the movies for? Of all things, a Postmaster General!"

Paul laughed harshly.

"Some of the papers try to tell us that they hired him because of his political influence. But that's all foolishness. They hired him because he's an expert.

"An expert? I never heard that before."

"Of course, he's an expert. Hasn't he been running the postoffices of the whole country for a year? I think it was mighty shrewd of 'em to hire him. Now they can save thousands and thousands of dollars. You see every movie is exactly like every other movie except the way the kissing is carried on. See? Now—they've got an expert——"

"But, Paul, honey, why is the Postmaster General an expert? What does he know about——"

"Kissing? Hah! Any man that's been playing postoffice every day in the week for a whole year——"

"Oh, hush up, you old tease!"

She smothered him beneath an avalanche of sofa pillows.

Tomorrow—The Woman Pays

The Woman's Exchange

To "A Constant Reader"

This would signify that there has been some ancestor of yours upon whom a title was conferred. Lillian stands for "purity," and the meaning of Gertrude is "all truth."

Wants Ruby Ayres Stories

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like to have the address of Ruby M. Ayres, author of those wonderful stories. I read all of her stories, cut them out and save them. I have three parts of "The One Unwanted" missing. Will you please tell me where to get them, also what do they charge? JANE.

Ruby Ayres lives in London, England. I could not give you her exact address, but a letter addressed to her in care of the paper would reach her. You can get these installments of the story at the circulation department of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER on the second floor of the Ledger Building, 606 Chestnut street. They are twenty-five cents apiece.

No Questions Are Asked

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—When a person has his or her letters sent General Delivery are there any questions asked when the party for whom the letters are intended calls to get them, providing they are not known at the Postoffice?

Also when a check has to be cashed, will the money be given to a minor if the check or the amount the check is worth belongs to the minor? FAITH.

No, there will be no questions asked under these conditions. But at the bank it's a different matter. Any one, minor or adult, must be identified, and even then some banks will not cash a check for a minor. If the teller happens to know the boy or girl or some member of the family and knows that it is all right, he may cash it. But there is every chance that he will not.

Wants to Learn Dancing

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please tell me how to make my legs fatter. Also if vanishing cream hurts your face, and also how to remove freckles and blackheads and how to close up the pores, as I have very large ones.

Please tell me whether there are any places at which I could take fancy dancing lessons free, as I have not the price to pay for any, but I have the talent. Please tell me a good fattening diet. IN NEED.

The dancing and your fattening diet of eggs, milk, butter fats and potatoes will make your legs fat and the rest of you as well.

Vanishing cream will not hurt your skin unless you have the kind of skin which cannot stand soap. There is a great deal of soap in vanishing cream and it is apt to dry out the skin, if it has any tendency to dryness. Use a good facial soap instead and follow it with a liquid skin lotion to moisten up the skin. Then alternate with a good cleansing cream. Every time you bathe your face with warm water finish up with cold and finally rub your face with ice to close the pores. This will keep away the blackheads. Use a freckle cream for the freckles.

You can get dancing lessons for a very small amount by joining the dramatic association at the Southwark Neighborhood House, 101 Ellsworth street. The classes are held on Saturday afternoon from 2:30 to 4.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

"Keeping Up Appearances"

"But what would my family think, dear? I should be ashamed to face them. No, we must keep up appearances."

Of all the skeletons in closets that make marriages unhappy and contribute to the misery of the world, one of the most common is "keeping up appearances."

And, greatly as we dislike to admit it, this is not a masculine vice. As in the case of the girl quoted, it is usually the woman who wants to fool the world, who lets her false sense of values waste energy and happiness and hard-earned money on pretense.

With this young wife, it is a case of "keeping up with the family." Her sisters married older men who had larger incomes than the struggling young lawyer of her choice. And now she must compete with them, must make a "show" of having what they have, must ruin her happiness and her husband's future to "keep up" with them.

And the absurdity of it is that she is not deceiving anybody. Her family know exactly what her husband's resources are. That is the way it usually is. Keeping up appearances rarely misleads any one—family, friends or the world. It only makes one ridiculous.

The greater pity is the awful waste of it. The man who is forced to "keep up appearances" when he is young seldom becomes free of the curse. Pecuniary worries and dodging bill collectors rob him of the serene mind that is an essential to any kind of success. The constant call upon everything he earns deprives him of the chance to build a foundation for himself, to "put something behind him" that will enable him to take advantage of opportunity when it comes. His life is just one long grind of

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

The world gives us nothing that we have not sense enough to lay by for ourselves. It will not even give sympathy to the failure who has grown old in an attempt to deceive, who has not had the backbone to drop pretense and superficiality and make himself a substantial member of the community instead of one of those sham pillars that can hold up nothing and only tend to weaken any structure of which they are a part.

And as for the wife who squandered the energy that should have gone to aiding her husband in "keeping up appearances," the very "friends" on account of whom she did it will not have a kind word for her.

Nobody ever gained respect or satisfaction or content or happiness from sham. It is a serpent that one nurses at one's bosom, which robs one of the respect of all genuine people, steals all hope for content or peace of mind, and kills any chance for happiness in the marriage and home that rest on this warped foundation.

PRINCESS' WEDDING GOWN AND PART OF HER TROUSSEAU

A black satin Napoleon shape, trimmed with wreath of mixed flowers across the front

Photos by International

Bridal gown worn by Princess Mary of England when she was married to Lord Lascelles in London, this morning. Her gown may be described as a symphony in pearl and silver. The foundation is a princess dress composed of heavy cloth of silver, ankle length. The decolletage is cut square. The overdress is of pearl and silver embroideries with transparent sleeves, reaching the elbows. Exquisite English point lace which was worn by Queen Mary, at her own wedding, played an important part in the evolution of the dress. It is arranged in a deep collar in the back and falls in soft cascades at each side of the waist, reaching below the skirt hem. The full court train is of English duchess satin shot with silver and worked with Indian silver and silk embroideries representing the various floral emblems of the empire. The veil fell from a simple tiara of priceless pearls, and was the one worn by Queen Mary at her wedding. The hat at the left is of swathed gold tissue trimmed with broche. The town costume is made in French blue velvet elaborately trimmed with moleskin

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Puzzled Chums"

Better not worry as to which one he likes best. He likes you all, and evidently has not thought of love in the matter. Be sensible, girls, and do not be silly about the young man.

Would Write to Navy

Dear Cynthia—Kindly inform me as to whom I could write to in Washington in order to receive information regarding a naval officer as to whether he is married or single. An immediate reply would be very much appreciated. MRS. A.

Write to the Navy "Personel" Department, Washington. The letter will be sent to the proper person from there.

Better Drop Him

Dear Cynthia—I am a daily reader of your column. I see you have given advice to a great many, so now, Cynthia dear, I want to ask you for advice.

I am a girl of seventeen and I have been going with a young man two years my senior for almost a year. When we are at dances he does not take any notice of me, but when we are alone he treats me very nice. He does not come to see me very often. He does not go with anybody else. I love him dearly, but I am undecided on what to do, give him up or stick to him. DIMPLES.

Better let him drop, if he cannot be polite to you before others.

Has Hidden Sorrow

Dear Cynthia—I would like to say a few words to "Just Kathryn." I seem to be in the same situation as you. Life means nothing to me now, but I'm in hopes that I'll find happiness in the future. I have cried myself to sleep at night, although I try hard to keep the tears back. But I have everything to make me happy, a sweet mother and a good father who think the world of me and who give me anything I wish for. It isn't for want of beauty that I'm unhappy, because I know I'm pretty. But beauty or a nice disposition will never bring me happiness till my prayers are heard. And when they are, then I will be the happiest person on earth. Some day I'm sure of happiness, but it seems so long to wait; it makes my heart ache to see other girls happy.

Yes, Kathryn, you are right, we will know what true happiness is when it comes. JUST EIGHTEEN.

Ask Her Frankly

Dear Cynthia—I've never written before, but I've always been a reader of your most interesting column. I never thought I'd come to you for advice, but here I am. I like a girl a lot. She's a good sport, full of fun and an all-around good companion. I thought she liked me a little until one day she changed and now she won't even speak. She isn't the kind of girl that would naturally do that—she doesn't flirt with a flock of fellows and then let them go.

Now, I haven't done a thing. I've thought of everything that could possibly make her angry, but I can't solve the puzzle and I don't want to lose her friendship, for she's the kind a fellow who needs a good friend wants. I'm in an awful mix and I don't know what to do, so I am waiting for your reply. Please tell me what to do to get in right with her again. TEDDY.

Go and see the girl and ask her what is wrong.

Believes Stories Against Her

Dear Cynthia—I am coming to you again, thanking you for your good advice before.

I am a young girl seventeen, going with a young man two years older than myself. The other day a girl friend of mine (same age as I) and her friend and my friend and myself were going to take a walk, but her friend couldn't go. This other young man came for me and we stopped for my girl friend. As we were walking she seemed as if she were trying to take his attention from me, and as she tried in vain she told him a falsehood about me. She said I had some boy in my house and was letting him kiss me.

Now, Cynthia, to begin with, I don't allow boys to kiss me and, next, I didn't have any boy in the house that night. But my boy friend believed her, and he hasn't answered my letters (he and I were writing to each other).

I love this young man dearly, and he has told me the same, so I would not part with him for the world. SUNBEAM.

Write to him and ask an explanation of his behavior. If he does not answer, better let him drop. He is not worthy of your friendship.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday), the day before the beginning of Lent, is a famous carnival date in Southern Europe, especially in France. In the United States, New Orleans (French in name and in character) is noted for its Mardi Gras celebrations every year, when "Comus and His Mystic Crew" take possession of the charming old Southern city.

In other sections, Mardi Gras, which this year comes on the last day of February, is given over to masquerade parties. In Great Britain and Ireland the day is Shrove Tuesday, and the night of Shrove has been "Pancake Night" from time out of mind. Shrove pancakes may be a feature of any Mardi Gras supper party. These are not our ordinary breakfast "flapjacks," but delicate hot griddle cakes made rich with eggs, butter, cream, sugar and nutmeg, and served with honey or maple sirup. In the "Dutch" regions of Pennsylvania hot crullers are the special Shrove Tuesday treat.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. How many attendants does a bride in Tripoli have, and what is a unique feature of their appearance?
2. What quaintly unusual sort of handle is found on a candy jar of heavy china?
3. Describe an easy method of covering up scratches on mahogany furniture.
4. For any woman four feet eleven inches tall who is between forty and forty-four years, what is the right weight?
5. When one wishes to make a sweater with the good-looking Indian figures on it, how may this design be put on so that the effect will not be too "noisy," and what color could the sweater be?
6. What grown-up bit of daintiness in apparel can now be had for the little baby?

Yesterday's Answers

1. In order to be considered beautiful, one feature which a Mexican woman must possess is a low, narrow forehead.
2. A new cedar chest is attractively ornamental by having a covering of straw matting on the outside.
3. For a lampshade of parchment, a whole scene painted on it in colors is an original sort of design which would be effective.
4. The correct weight for the woman between thirty-five and thirty-nine years of age who is four feet eleven inches is 122 pounds.
5. Cut-steel buttons on the side with fringes of steel beads hanging from them are a clever little trick of adornment which the smartest of patent-leather slippers have.
6. So that it has a soft touch about the throat and is at the same time extremely striking-looking, a blouse of black jersey has a throw collar and cuffs of woven angora, with a bit of wool embroidery right beneath the collar in the front.

New Fads

"Butcher cuffs" are found on many of the smartest importations from Paris. So also is the standing collar. As for trimming, there is indicated a devouring passion for braid, which is gratified in a hundred ways. Among the newest forms is puffed braid. There is also a tendency toward inlays of contrasting color and perhaps fabric. For example, one of our New York designers fashions a suit of checked black and white velours de laine in which black braid and narrow inserts of white flannel achieve the trimming touches. However, it is to be noted that "self-made" suits are more in the foreground than ever. Some of the most successful suit themes from abroad are, in fact, distinguished by trimming which consists of bands and droops and folds of self-material.

The Royal Bride

Blue always has been the favorite color of Princess Mary of England, just as pink has been Queen Mary's color and heliotrope the shade which Queen Alexandra loves.

George V is the first reigning King of England to "give away" his daughter in marriage since the time of George III, who died more than a century ago. Both George IV and Edward VII were still in turn Prince of Wales when their respective daughters were married.

For Spring

Twills are particularly good just at present, and it is to be noted that gray suits are in the minority. They seem to have abdicated in favor of navy and of the tan and beige tones.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Wild Eyes

When a person is in great fear or terror the eyes are "wild." But this is not the only classification of "wild" eyes known to the characterologist and, it should be added, to the physician.

Incidentally, did you ever realize that characterology is a regular "stock in trade," in a great many branches of medical practice, though the medical specialists are likely to use different terms in discussing it?

To the mere characterologist, however, "wild" eyes may be of many varieties, including the eyes which are too bright, those which are staring or glaring, and also those which are abnormally dull or glazed looking, as though there were a film over them. And to this list must be added eyes that twitch and jerk, and eyes that are unsteady.

Exaggeration of any of these indications is a sign of abnormal mental condition. In some cases, as for instance in the eyes of fright, the condition may be only a temporary one. It may indicate nothing more than extreme nervousness. But in any case it indicates a mind that is not functioning normally, whether it be greatly out of normal, whether temporarily or permanently so. But you must not, of course, jump at the conclusion that any of the foregoing indications necessarily mean a mind unbalanced to the extent of even mild insanity. It is sufficient for the characterologist to recognize the mind that is not quite within the range of the normal, and leave to the medical specialist the problem of diagnosing the cause.

Tomorrow—Flowing Hair

Things You'll Love to Make

Spanish Scarf Coiffure.

This SPANISH SCARF COIFFURE is very dashing! Cut a piece of buckram shaped like the top of a large Spanish comb. Wire the edges. Cover it on both sides with silver or gold cloth; then with black lace. Join it to a band of black velvet or ribbon. Drape a long, black lace scarf over the covered form. Bring one end of the scarf around to each side. Tie loosely at one side or in front, whichever way is the more becoming. A SPANISH SCARF COIFFURE is charming worn with a red or black evening frock. FLORA.

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The Average Modern Girl Is Tired of Being Criticized and Watched!

She Is Not Wild and Undisciplined and Doesn't Like Being Called That—She Should Be One Type and Not the Other

"IT MAKES me tired," exclaimed the modern girl. "All these articles and stories and things about the modern girls and the awful things they do. I don't think they do them at all. Of course there are some dumb-bells that have to go and get themselves talked about doing these queer things, but the rest of us go calmly on and nobody ever sees us. They're all so busy talking about these other wild women! It makes me sick!"

And when you come right down to it, it is hard on the nice, sane girls who are going on being just as natural and "tame" as ever.

Some of them don't even wear their galoshes unfastened!

As for wild joyrides, cocktails and questionable dancing, they wouldn't think of any of them!

They go to parties with boys; they have friendships with boys; they dance with boys and love it; they have lots of fun and quite as much pep as anybody could want them to have.

But they aren't wild; they don't like to be called wild; and, more than that, they don't like or approve of the wild type of girl any more than anybody else does.

In fact, they highly disapprove of her.

"She's so silly!" they say, disgustedly. "What's the sense?"

SHE is spoiling some of their good times.

In her vapid, senseless search for excitement and amusement she is making her class, the modern young girl, looked down upon, criticized and watched over as if it were composed of criminals.

It is not just to include all the members of this class in the group for disapproval.

You don't throw away a whole box of expensive new strawberries from Florida or California or somewhere just because a dozen out of the box are soft, mildewed or bruised.

You throw them away and save the good ones to make delicious home-made ice cream or light, tasty shortcake.

LET'S give the average modern girl a chance to speak for herself.

We haven't let her defend herself very much; we have been too busy condemning her sister, "the wild woman," who is the same age and started out as the same kind of little girl.

We very often do this kind of thing.

In criticism it is easy to become general and widespread, instead of keeping our condemnation down to the special few who really deserve it.

And often this is the cause of a general rebellion against law and order which might have been limited to a small mutiny that wouldn't amount to anything.

Discontent grows so quickly and spreads so fast.

A little seed of fault-finding sown among a small group who are dissatisfied with conditions anyhow will spring up and increase until there is a nice crop of defiance spreading about.

THAT has happened to a large degree right now.

In mistakes we have included all the boys and all the girls of today under the heading, "Wild, undisciplined, defiant, unruly and hopeless."

And some who weren't that way at all have found that it is fun to shock people, and have proceeded to do everything they could to shock.

If more of us would adopt the sane type as our idea of the modern girl and boy there would be less of the wildness.

Because what's the use of trying to shock people who won't shock and aren't in the least impressed?

Adventures With a Purse

PERHAPS only one woman who reads this Adventure will be interested, but if you had seen the sweaters, you, too, would want to write about them. They are hand-knit doll sweaters, in a rather pale blue, with collar and cuffs of white. I vow that the one I saw was not more than three inches across the bottom of the sweater. Its price was $1.35. But they come, I imagine, in all sizes, and they are priced according to the size. If your little girl has a doll, here is a sure way to please her. Incidentally, I believe this shop would make any size to order.

I use this shampoo myself, always, so when I recommend it I know whereof I speak, you might say. One package of it costs 15 cents. It is a powder, and one mixes it with water. It makes an excellent lather, and of course cleanses the hair very thoroughly. But here is the really secret part of it. It is not in any sense of the word a dye. Nor will it color the hair. But it has just a touch of henna in it, which means that if your hair is brown, with bits of red in it when you get in the light, this shampoo will bring out all the color, and helps make the hair look live and healthy. And surely there could be no harm in that?

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 8000 or Main 1021 between the hours of 9 and 5.

In Other States

Clubwomen of Portland, Ore., are building a $50,000 clubhouse.

New York City has more than 500 women physicians and surgeons.

Nearly 1000 women in Idaho are engaged in farming and stock raising.

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