Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Shoddy

"I DON'T see exactly how Lillian Byers does it—although——" and Virginia laughed nervously—"although it's none of my business and I'm rude to talk about her at all."

"Lil Byers? What do you mean — you don't see how she does it? Is she——"

"Lillian was here this afternoon for a cup of tea. I hadn't seen her for ages; Paul, does her husband make a terrible lot of money?"

Paul chuckled easily.

"A lot? No—I don't think he makes a lot, but he's getting along comfortably. I see him at luncheon once in a while. I suppose he's getting around three thousand a year."

"Why, that's no more than we have!"

There was a sharp note of dismay, of disappointment, Paul thought, in her voice.

"Well, dear, what's the riddle?"

"It's Lillian's jewels, Paul. How in the world does she do it? I'm sure I never saw her loaded down like she was today, and I've known her for years."

"Looked pretty well illuminated, eh?"

"Illuminated?"

"I mean a lot of junk on?"

"Junk? Dearest, it wasn't junk. Why, she had on one of the new diamond bracelets, the kind that have diamonds and sapphires or rubies or emeralds alternating."

"Don't say?"

"And she had on a beautiful diamond bar pin set in platinum, I just know it was. I caught her admiring her stones as she glanced in that mirror from time to time, but, of course, Paul, I wasn't going to ask her about them."

"She's probably off you for life, though, because you didn't," he said dryly.

"And she had rings—oh, Paul—beautiful rings with great square diamonds in them. And where in the world do you suppose her husband gets enough money to——"

Paul was turning the pages of a fiction magazine hurriedly.

"Ah!"

He leaned across the table and pointed at a page advertisement. Many rings, brooches, pendants, lavalieres and what-not, all pictured with glittering gems, were displayed.

"Maybe——" he suggested.

The announcement of the New York firm invited readers to send "only $3.98 and own this beautiful Brazilian gem which nobody can tell from a real diamond that would cost you $300."

"Paul," said Virginia solemnly, "do you really think——"

He patted her smooth cheek tenderly.

"You never can tell nowadays, dearest. I really believe this advertiser. I have no doubt at all that these imitation stones look like diamonds. They probably have just as much glitter and just as much pep to 'em as the real thing. But, of course, they don't mean anything. A good dime is worth ten cents; a phony ten-dollar gold piece isn't worth a cent."

Virginia nodded soberly.

"I see," she said.

"And the worst of it is," Paul went on cheerfully, "that folks who wear fake jewelry are sort of spiritually depressed all the time. They may be observed stealing sly glances at their sparklers to sort of renew their own foolish confidence in them. It's just a weakness, I guess. Human beings are funny that way. They must have gauds and bright playthings. And if they can't have the real thing, they choose the next best thing—the fakes. It's an awful thing to live up to, though, a handful of phony diamonds."

"I should say it must be," breathed Virginia solemnly. She stole a glance at the white, glittering half-carat diamond of her engagement ring.

"If a thing's real and genuine, its possessor is never—afraid that the world will suspect its genuineness; isn't that it, dear?" she smiled softly.

"Sure," said Paul, with an answering smile. "People are like that, too. As a matter of fact, honey, imitations deceive the world for a while—but——"

"I know, dear!"

Tomorrow—Music Hath Charms

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Wives as Luxuries

"DON'T be discouraged," runs an advertisement on a Brooklyn bakery, "if your wife can't cook. Eat here, and keep her as a pet!"

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Times have changed to such an extent that grandsires would rise in their graves if they could see that "ad." Fancy the good old-fashioned housewife, especially on a farm, arising at four or five in the morning, and breaking the ice to wash, or thawing out the pump with hot water, often building the fires, or splitting kindling. Picture her in her innumerable tasks, from break of day to set of sun, and then, regard her, in the candle or kerosene lamp-light, after the eleven children have been fed and put to bed, mending and darning until her poor, red fingers ache.

AND today a commercial firm can coolly suggest that a man take his meals in a restaurant, and keep his wife as a pet!

We are happy that the worst drudgery and physical strain for woman are over. We sigh as we see the early New England graveyards filled with women who died in first youth, and three wives to a man, all too frequently, showing how they were killed off, one by one, by the stress of the primitive tasks. Modern ease is better; but oh, the humiliation of being "kept as a pet!"

IDLE wives are numerous in modern times, especially in big cities. Frequently, we have pointed out how the blessings of the labor-saving inventions have lightened household work, and the congested conditions and expense of rent have tended to make the homes smaller and smaller, until two rooms and bath and kitchenette is the rule, not the exception.

No one can stem the tide of circumstances, and preaching about domestic virtues never will force women back over a red-hot kitchen stove, after the age of electric grills has come in. There is no virtue in setting back the clock and trying to be old-fashioned. Drudgery in itself is not divine!

IF WIVES are idle, because light labors are all that are necessary, the fault is not with the lightened household conditions, but with the character of the wife, who has not learned to find new employment. When huge batches of bread and cakes and pies are no longer needed, and her work-basket reveals only a few socks to darn, surely she can employ her time in beautifying the small apartment, in using efficiency methods, and studying dietetics. Dyspepsia is not old-fashioned; it still rages. The use of our stomachs as human garbage-pails, into which we dump all sorts of horrible chemical compounds, because we know nothing of food combinations, or values, still is prevalent. Although newspapers and magazines and popular text-books on food and dietetics and economics and balanced rations are offered millions of women, most of them continue to eat and let their families eat in the ignorant way that hastens on disease.

It is true that a good bakery produces better and cheaper bread than the individual woman can make, but there still remain many problems of proper menus and wise buying and arrangement. The old proverb said: "What man eats, that he is," and every ounce we consume is converted into bone and fat, muscle and blood. If we had more imagination, we would long to select a material that would chemically be converted into rich red blood and fair, firm white flesh. But we eat with less wisdom and abstemiousness than animals.

THIS is peculiarly woman's problem, even when her actual housework is light. Even if the family often dine at restaurants, the selection of the right combinations and qualities of food is essential to health. Also, as most women are mothers, the actual life and health and development of the next generation are in their care. This is a typical task, involving wisdom and understanding, is but one duty, but it is vital. Surely, modern women, in demanding opportunities and right, also must have the courage to accept new responsibilities, in place of the old ones, and are never going to be useless appendages, bits of [illegible] luxuries for which men [illegible] more kept pets!

The Woman's Exchange

What Weight?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—What is the correct weight for a girl 63 inches tall, who will be fifteen in May?

YOURS TRULY.

You should weigh 120 pounds. Do you come near this?

A Boarding Place for a Baby

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you kindly inform me if there is a place in or around Philadelphia where babies under one year of age can be boarded? B. A.

As any arrangement of this kind would have to be made through the Children's Bureau, it would be best and quickest to make your first application at the headquarters, 419 South Fifteenth street. Children under two years of age are taken care of there.

Where to Send Stories

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—If I wish to have a short story or article published I can send it to a syndicate, can't I?

You have said that it would be possible to find the address of one in a phone book. I have looked, however, and cannot find any listed. Perhaps I have misspelled the name.

A WOULD-BE WRITER.

I have always told those who asked for syndicate addresses that I would give them a list of these if they would send in a stamped, addressed envelope. Didn't you get the looking in the telephone book mixed up with some other answer? I'll be glad to send you this list that I speak of, so be sure and write for it.

Hands and Housework

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me what I could do to get my hands clean and white again.

Whenever I do anything in the line of housekeeping my skin is very tender on the palm of the hand and all the dirt shows in the cracks. I have used lemon juice, but it does not help. Also what would take ice cream stains from a silk moire bag? CECILE.

You can keep your hands looking better by rubbing them with a nail brush, so as to get them perfectly clean. After each time you wash them use some sort of soothing liquid lotion. They will be glad to recommend one to you at any drugstore. You see, you must use this steadily, or it will not have the good effect you want it to have. Of course, it is hard to care for your hands when you use them so much, but to have them looking nice is worth the trouble.

Carbon tetrachloride, a solution of which you can also get at a drugstore, will remove the ice cream spots from your bag.

The Slip-Over Doesn't Skip Over the Suits

By CORINNE LOWE

There's many a slip(over) between the cup and the hip. This popular mode, once confined to sweaters and frocks, has now made its way into suits. Particularly is this true of the knitted models, in which one often finds the jaunty little jacket fastening with one or two buttons.

In the suit of gray tweed illustrated today the allowance of buttons is more generous. However, the jacket is officially a slip-over, and its simplicity makes it ideal for every young girl of from fourteen to forty. This same model may, of course, be carried out in flannel or knitted material or ratine.

Mrs. Wilson's Menus Revive 1861 Dishes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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MARKET houses were springing up in many parts of the city around 1861 for the convenience of the housewife who by this time made semi-weekly trips. The war demon was looming high on the horizon, and trade conditions were in a very precarious condition; the housewife felt the serious need of conservation, and with this idea fixed firmly in mind she quickly turned to the less costly foods.

Conniving and planning to secure the most for the money, she was obliged to expand. She returned to early Colonial methods of economy. So, with Mrs. Powell's aid, I will give you some dishes of '61.

Breakfast

Apple Sauce
Corn Mush and Milk
Stale Bread Griddle Cakes Bacon
Sirup Coffee

Dinner

Radishes Young Garden Onions
Pot Roast of Shin of Beef
Browned Potatoes Peas
Mashed Turnips Celery Salad
Brown Betty with Caramel Sauce Coffee

Supper

Potted Meat Pickles
Fried Potatoes Cole's'aw
Apple Shortcake Custard Sauce
Tea

The market basket will require this week:

Apples, radishes, garden onions, potatoes, peas, turnips, cabbage, celery, bacon, four and one-half pounds cut from the shin with the bone in it, cereal, sirup and other weekly staples.

Milk was plentiful and very reasonably priced and the housewife felt that the family required a liberal allowance. This may have had something to do with the good health of those days.

Corn Mush

Place in a saucepan

One cup of water,
Three cups of milk.

Bring to a boiling point. Now add

One cup of cornmeal or hominy grits,
Three-quarters teaspoon of salt,

Cook slowly for one hour. Serve with hot milk.

Stale Bread Griddle Cakes

Place one quart of scalding milk in bowl, and add

Two tablespoons of good shortening,
One teaspoon of salt,
Two cups of stale bread crumbs.

Beat hard to mix and set aside to cool. Now add

One yeast cake dissolved in one cup of water 80 degrees Fahrenheit,
Four tablespoons of sirup,
Sufficient flour to make a stiff drop batter.

Beat very hard to blend and set away in a cool place to rise overnight. In the morning beat hard to mix, and add

Two thirds cup of hot water,

and beat again. Bake on a hot griddle.

Potroast of Shin Beef

A cut from the chuck or neck or a piece of rolled brisket may be used in place of the shin of beef. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and tie in shape with a piece of stout string. Melt a little shortening in a heavy iron pot, and when smoking hot add meat, turn to sear the meat and cover closely, shaking the pot frequently to prevent the meat from sticking. Add

Six onions,
Bit of bay leaf,
Faggot of soup herbs,
Six tablespoons of vinegar.

Allow fifty minutes to the pound for cooking this meat. When ready to serve place in bowl

Two-thirds cup of flour,
One and two-thirds cup of water.

Stir to dissolve the flour in the water and add to the pot with the meat

One-half cup of catsup.

Bring quickly to a boil, stirring to prevent lumping, and then season with salt, pepper and three tablespoons of sharp vinegar.

Brown Betty Caramel Sauce

Place in a bowl

Two and one-half cups of apple sauce,
Two cups of bread crumbs,
Three-quarters cup of flour,
Three-quarters cup of brown sugar,
One cup of raisins,
One teaspoon of nutmeg,
Three-quarters teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-half cup of chopped citron.

Mix and turn in a well-greased mold and steam for one hour.

Potted Meat

Place one tablespoon of gelatin in a cup and add

Three-fourths cup of gravy.

Stand for fifteen minutes, then place the cup in saucepan of warm water and heat to dissolve the gelatine. Pour the melted gelatin and the gravy in a bowl and add

Two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce,
One teaspoon of onion extract,
One teaspoon of salt,
Three-quarters teaspoon of pepper,
Two cups of meat left from the dinner, chopped very fine,
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.

Mix together, and as it begins to thicken rinse a small loaf-shape pan and turn the mixture; chill. Serve on crisp lettuce for supper with either cream horseradish sauce or tartar sauce. Some people like a little mustard with this dish.

Apple Shortcake

Place in a mixing bowl

One-half cup of sugar,
Four tablespoons of shortening,
One egg.

Cream, then add:

Two cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Four teaspoons of baking powder,
Three-quarters cup of milk.

Beat hard to mix and then turn in a well-greased deep layer cake pan and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes. Cool, split and then fill with very thick well-sweetened apple sauce. Serve with custard sauce.

Custard Sauce

Place in a saucepan

One and one-half cups of milk,
Three level tablespoons of cornstarch,

Stir to dissolve and bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes and add

One-half cup of sugar,
Yolk of one egg,
One teaspoon of vanilla.

Beat hard to mix and cook for three minutes. Cool and use.

Place the white of egg in small bowl and add

One-half glass of apple jelly.

Beat with a dover style eggbreater until the mixture holds its shape.

To serve: Place a cut of the cake on a dessert plate and pour over the shortcake the custard sauce. Then garnish with the Caledonian cream.

A Dainty Buckle

A new craze among girls of the "flapper" class is the wearing of the photograph of the "best beau" mounted on the buckle of the shoe.

AND A SPRING HAT, TOO

Photo by Central News.

It's a striking affair of straw, its drooping wide brim very limp and lackadaisical, its crown high and commanding. But its principal charm is the rose of rich velvet in deep tones, with ostrich flues surrounding it. This is its only trimming; and well it may be, for anything more would burden it too heavily.

Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Judith Carlyle is the typical small-town wife, and when Rand, her husband, suddenly tells her that he has sold his business and is going to New York to be an artist she is shocked and angry.

A Curious Caller

JUDITH never even thought of refusing to leave Lynbrook Junction. If the thought had occurred to her she would have rejected it instantly. To remain there in town and allow Rand to go to New York without her would be to ignore all the standards that she had been brought up to observe.

Married women followed their husbands, there was no such thing as separation, and as Lynbrook Junction woke up to what Rand Carlyle had done, there were women who both envied and pitied Judith.

But they were all curious, all eager to see Judith and to find out how she felt about it. There was a rumor about that Rand had sold his business without telling Judy anything about it. Was this true, and if so, how did she feel? Minnie Everett was the first to run in and hear the news.

She found Judith in the kitchen rolling out pastry just as if nothing had happened.

"Well, Judy, so you're going to New York."

Judith had a curious pride. She had no intention of letting any one suspect how she felt on the subject. She didn't want pity, and although she wanted with all her heart to confide her fears and doubts to some one, something told her that it wouldn't be wise.

So she went on with her pie making and replied calmly enough, "Yes, we're going the end of the week."

"Well, I must say you're calm enough about it," Minnie retorted. She was a pretty, shallow little woman, and had the reputation of wearing the most stylish clothes in town. She envied Judy with all her heart, and yet she was woman enough to have sympathized with her readily if Judy had been of a mind to confide. As it was Judy's attitude of calm acceptance was rather irritating.

"New York, just think of it," Minnie went on. "I guess you'll find it rather different from this town. You'll have to look to your laurels there, all right. John was there for three days once on a convention, and he says there isn't a woman in the city who isn't wonderfully dressed and more than good looking."

"I guess John couldn't have looked very hard," Judy returned lightly.

But Minnie hurried on, eager to find a flaw in Judy's armor of reserve.

"And so Rand's going to be an artist. What do you know about that? I don't think I envy you there, Judy. Why, I saw a picture about an artist down at the Palace last week, and he certainly lived a free kind of a life. Just sat around in a big barn of a room, with queer rugs and things hanging around, and beautiful girls came in and posed for him, and afterward they had tea, and society women came and looked at his pictures through those glasses on sticks, you know, they call them lorgnettes, although it didn't look as if he had to work very hard for a living."

"Well, Rand will have to work," Judy returned quickly. "He'll have to work hard if he's going to make good."

"How does he know he'll make good? How can a man who's kept a garage all his life make good as an artist? I should think you'd be afraid he might fail."

It was then for the first time that Judy had an impulse to justify Rand in the eyes of Lynbrook. After all he was her husband, no matter what she thought of him, no matter how she rebelled at the madness of this step he had just taken, no one else must know the truth, and she said carelessly enough:

"Just a minute till I get this pie in the oven, and I'll show you some of Rand's drawings."

And it was up to the little room where Rand had worked secretly for many weeks that Judy finally led her guest, and the first picture she displayed was the one of herself in the low-necked gown and the peacock feather fan. Even now it made her gasp with secret dismay as she looked at it, but she wanted to show Minnie Everett that Rand had every reason in the world to believe that he could make a success as an artist.

Tomorrow—A Question of Clothes

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Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

The Aviators

For those who may possibly doubt the accuracy of scientific character analysis by means of the observation and classification of physical traits, there is much of significance in the observations made by Lieutenant C. N. Reinhardt in the British flying service during the war.

It takes no argument to show that the aviator must have certain well-defined characteristics. It is not only the question of the "middle ear," that is, of the sense of physical balance. The quickness of the mental reaction and the instinctive nervous reactions must be well defined. In addition, the aviator requires a certain distinct type of courage, the courage of action, dash and self-reliance rather than the courage of dogged resistance, supreme endurance and the like. In short, the aviator needs a strong balance of all the characteristics attributed to the blonde, convex, aggressive, motive type of person.

And how does this square with the observations of the personnel of the Royal Flying Corps?

Reinhardt found that 95 per cent of them were fair, with blue eyes, and 60 per cent were pure blondes. More than 95 per cent were pure convex in profile. There was not one case of a "bulging brow" with a receding chin (the type of theoretical person, perhaps powerful in mentality, but speculative in thought and undecided in action). More than 70 per cent of them, as shown by their builds, were of the bony, active, motive type. None of them were of the vital type. And most of them were short-headed (which, in a general way, emphasizes the indications of the convexity of profile and lightness of coloring).

Tomorrow—The Hand's "Yes" and "No"

Things You'll Love to Make

A novel and attractive overskirt for a frock is made of RIBBON-LATTICE TRIMMING. Join one-inch bands of ribbon to the belt. Have them in groups of three pieces, each piece one inch apart, each group two inches apart. Each band must be about twice as long as the overskirt is wanted. Cut two-inch circles of buckram, cover them with silk. They can then be embroidered or beaded.) Group the ribbons as shown and join the circles to the ribbons. Before beginning it would be well to mark off on a paper overskirt, attached to the belt, just where the circles are to be. The paper can be torn away when the lattice work is finished. Put a little of the RIBBON-LATTICE TRIMMING on each sleeve and on the front of the bodice. FLORA.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Better Build Upon the Rock

Not so many years ago a barefoot, coatless, penniless immigrant boy shivered as the icy snow stung his quivering limbs and cried out his heart upon the site where now stands one of the greatest newspaper structures in the world.

Then he made a ridiculous, crazy vow.

"Some day," he swore through chattering teeth, "I'm going to own this place."

He did.

"He's a lucky devil," somebody once remarked of Joseph Pulitzer. "How did he ever do it?"

There probably never was a poorer devil than Joseph Pulitzer had been; but there never was a man who worked harder, longer, more purposefully and more incessantly for what he had set his heart on.

"He's a lucky devil," we often hear. But luck breaks far more careers than it makes; the unexpected is oftener potent for harm than it is fruitful of good. The human flotsam that congests Life's stream is pitiful proof that the man who depends upon luck usually gets all he depends upon—all of the "Dutch" kind.

Luck?

There is such a thing.

But it is the pawn of the toiler.

It is respected or rejected as his judgment dictates.

And it is the tiniest fragment of the raw material which by sheer thought, effort and force of character he fashions into the finished product of accomplishment.

Man was not intended to be the sport or plaything of accident.

He was intended to be king, to be architect, to be captain of his career which he can mold to his measure.

If he is too indifferent to watch for opportunity, too timid to seize opportunity, too weak-kneed to fight for opportunity, he does not need a divining rod to locate the cause of his mediocrity.

"Hard luck" is not a malignant beast prowling about for prey, nor is "good luck" a beneficent fairy haphazardly showering her benedictions.

Fate occasionally plays capricious pranks with our plans; but in the long run we get what we have intelligently worked for and it is dangerous to be guided by any other principle.

Luck is a quicksand.

Thought, work and worth are granite.

Better build upon the rock.

Here's Good News—

For the miss who makes her own hats—if you look about the stores you'll find several hats made of grosgrain ribbon. They are neat, tightly put together little things with a great deal of style. But the happy part of them is the edge of the brim, that sticking place for all amateurs. These are edged with more of the ribbon, doubled over the edge and—ruffled! Yes, actually puffed and gathered, just as it so often looks when you try your hardest to make it neat and smooth. So this will be a joyous year for the home milliner—if she stutters around the edge of her hat everybody will think she bought it at some exclusive shop.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Would Give Her Birthday Present

Dear Cynthia—I am a boy eighteen years old and have a girl friend one year my junior. Her birthday is in this month. I would like to give her a birthday present. Can't you suggest something, Cynthia?

A CYNTHIA ADMIRER.

Send her a fine box of chocolates and bonbons or a pretty bunch of violets.

He Does Not Speak

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl in my teens and have been going with a young man for several months. Now, Cynthia, I like this young man a lot and think he likes me. A few weeks ago he stopped going with me and has not spoken to me since. I go with his sister and I go to his house every day. Now, I don't know whether this is the cause or not. Is it my place to speak or is it his?

DOUBTFUL.

Next time you meet him ask what the trouble is. If he gives no explanation let it drop. Be friends with his sister, if you always have been.

Encourages "Just Kathryn"

Dear Cynthia—Would you kindly print this letter to "Just Kathryn" and others who are lonesome and blue?

"Hopeful's" poem, "Never Give Up," is excellent. I think I am right when I say she is a cheerful person. What a happy world this would be if all would cast aside their worries and smile! All of us can, if we will. "Where there's a will, there's a way."

If we have faith in God we will know that everything will come out all right. Can't you see that our life is just a fairy tale? Everything always comes out right. God watches over us; He knows our troubles; don't you know He won't desert us?

All you who have worries, try forgetting them and just say, "Everything will come out all right; God knows."

"Never Give Up!"

FAITH.

Why Do They Do It?

Dear Cynthia—I am a daily reader of your interesting column and would like to say a few things to your young lovelorn.

Can any one tell me why girls of fourteen and fifteen talk and write so much about love and how to attract a fellow's attention when they should be home helping mother or studying their lessons instead of all that trash?

Cynthia, do not think for a minute that I am trying to start confusion or something like that. It's because when I was that age I was home instead of thinking of such foolishness. MR. 22.

Many little girls and boys who are entering into the grown-up years are apt to think a lot about love if a wise parent does not occupy their minds with other interests. You had a thoughtful mother. Many others have not and many are romantic and love-struck, wise parents or not. It's a phase many go through and it's usually soon over.

Adventures With a Purse

I WONDER if you wouldn't be interested in a book of children's songs? Both melody and accompaniment are very simple so that little people can easily learn to sing them, and mother, whose fingers hesitate because she has not had time for practicing since Mistress Betsy came along, can readily play them. Oh, this book has songs about n'animals and flowers, and birdies, and even has some action songs that would delight a small child's heart. The book contains some sixty-five songs, and costs but a dollar.

You know what a soft, lustrous silk radium is? Well, one shop is having a special sale of radium silk petticoats for $5.65. They are the loveliest things—in soft gray, and oh, all sorts of beautiful colors. One glance at them, and you know that they were just made for spring suits.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1681 between the hours of 9 and 5.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What mistaken idea did the women of Manchuria have about diamonds until just a few years ago?
2. Describe a convenient and pretty little holder for the hair net when it is not in use.
3. In what unusual shape and size are some very new Parisian shoes made?
4. What is the correct weight for a girl of from fifteen to nineteen whose height is 5 feet?
5. As to materials what will feature some of the most extreme frocks for summer?
6. What color is "blonde rose"?

Yesterday's Answers

1. In 1867, when women were presented with a degree from Vassar College, the delicate question of calling them bachelors was solved by calling the certificate a "First Degree of Liberal Arts."
2. A nut-cracker that is an ornament to the dining-room as well as a convenience is fashioned out of plated silver into a little squirrel, perched in the middle of a mahogany dish.
3. Many of the new slippers show a compromise between two styles by having three straps across the instep, but adding a tongue, which makes the front of the shoe solid.
4. A woman who is between the ages of fifty and fifty-four should weigh 131, if her height is 4 feet 11 inches.
5. Long revers, popular a few years ago, are being brought back to make additional adornment to the spring coats.
6. In making at home a cape like the ready-made ones, edge it with an easy blanket stitch in wool to match the cloak.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can slay its thousands," quoth the Greek.

Wherever people with untrained minds drop into "idle" conversation regarding the defects of others, the assassination of character is apt to proceed in no idle fashion. Any group of vulgar, gossiping women can blacken and pull to pieces the cleanest and strongest reputation. Many a young girl, innocently careless in speech or action, or youthfully fond of admiration and amusement, may find herself labeled "a shady character" because of the gossips' malicious criticisms of her harmless impulses.

A well-bred woman does not invent or spread gossip, nor does she ignore it. If she happens to be in a group where calumny enters into the discussion, she feels it her duty to defend the never-present victim. Talk is not "cheap." If the bad word is expensive, the good word is very precious. And a true gentlewoman never hesitates to say a good word for the absent.

There's No Reason Why Romance Should Be Said to Sound Like a Bo

It Is the Book That Sounds Like Real Life, for We Have the Various Kinds of Love Affairs Right Around Us

"WHY, her marriage was just like a book!" exclaimed a young person who was easily and frequently thrilled. "You know she was a canteen worker at the station during the war, and he came through there one time, and the train was held up or something so that they had to stay there quite a while. And he got to talking to her and liked her and made her say she'd write to him."

She drew a long breath, her eyes shining.

"So she did," she continued. "And he came back and looked her up, and now they're married. Isn't that wonderful? Just like a book!"

That's what we always say when we hear of a spectacular courtship and marriage.

But why should we?

Why shouldn't we say, when we read of an improbable romance in a book or a story, "Why, that sounds just like real life!"

Nearly everybody has at least one pair of married friends who have had a "regular book" affair.

THERE'S the love at first sight case—you know, Jim and Elsie.

He saw her first at a tea at the fraternity house and fell for her with a dull thud.

She had often seen him, going past the house, and was just as anxious to meet him as he was to meet her, although he didn't know that until long afterward.

They didn't meet that day, or for several weeks after that, and by the time Jim at last found a mutual friend who could introduce them, their love affair was well on its way.

They were married after knowing each other only about a month—and they have stayed in love all these years without any difficulty at all.

THEN there's Jane and Tommy—and Wilson.

Wilson was devoted to Jane for years, and she accepted his adoration and his homage just as a matter of course.

It was generally understood that they would eventually marry.

But Tommy suddenly turned up out of nowhere—he had been away for years working—and fell desperately in love with Jane.

No "arrestingly beautiful" heroine of any book ever suffered more than Plain Jane did with her two lovers.

She couldn't hurt Wilson, but she couldn't love him; yet she didn't feel that she knew Tommy well enough after his long absence to go right off and marry him.

He wanted his answer immediately, and she couldn't decide—so it was a pale, wan-looking Jane who finally made her plans and ordered visiting cards engraved "Mrs. Thomas Benson."

OH, YES, the stories are pretty true to life; only they usually slip up on the other man.

They picture him spending the rest of his life in a bachelor apartment, with his sympathetic dog, his memories and his relics—a lace handkerchief, a faded rose, an old dance program and a tiny kid glove.

But in life he nearly always spends it in a comfortable house, with the dog, his wife and his possessions—Junior, Alice and the twins, Gerry and Jane.

He even goes so far as to name one of his children after his old love—his wife being her best friend.

BUT even the wildest romances have their counterpart in real life.

We have elopements of the most exciting kind, we have broken engagements and broken hearts, we have lovers' quarrels that end in readjustment, lovers' quarrels that end in unhappiness and misery for two people, we have even the marriage in which the best man steps up dramatically and takes the bridegroom's place at the altar.

Oh, we have all kinds of things in life! Some of them would be too improbable for any self-respecting book to print!

In fact, the quiet ordinary friendship, love, courtship marriage is somewhat unusual.

Having a Party?

On St. Patrick's Day? If you want to do it easily, without bothering to plan any original invitations or new games or even what kind of refreshments to have, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Editor of the Woman's Page. There is a "Bubble Party" all arranged for you, just waiting to be sent out.

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