Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Gilded Day

"HUM— that's odd!"

"What's odd, dear?"

"Our anniversary—comes on a Tuesday," muttered Paul. He was staring at the June page in the almanac which he had found in the clothes-closet off the hall.

"Why, that's right—isn't it? We were married on Tuesday, June 21."

Paul frowned thoughtfully.

"Yes, the date's all right, dear. Of course, I remember that. But we were married on Tuesday, June 21. Now how in the world could June 21 this year also fall on a Tuesday?"

"Leap year," murmured Virginia, as if offering a hopeful solution to an acknowledged problem.

"Leap year your grandmother," said Paul rudely. "Of course, it's not leap year."

Virginia shrugged.

"I don't know then."

"Say, were we married on a Tuesday?"

"Paul!"

"Well, I thought we were, but——"

"Pretty soon you'll be wondering if we were married on the twenty-first."

"No, honey, I remember——"

"Pretty soon you'll be asking me if we were really married in June!"

"Nonsense, Virginia, if——"

But Virginia was seriously offended.

"I wouldn't wonder a bit if presently you told me that you couldn't quite remember if we were married at all—that's just like a man! And here we are, haven't been married a year yet."

He tried to soothe her.

"Why, dearest, I'm just looking up the day so we can have a wonderful party and go to some fine vacation resort—I want to tell 'em down at the office when I want my vacation."

For a moment Virginia brightened. But her face went overcast almost immediately.

"I should think you'd remember what day it falls on."

Paul flipped the almanac between his fingers impatiently.

"Darling, I've told you I know that it was the twenty-first of June, of course. And it was a Tuesday last year. What I can't understand is that it should fall on a Tuesday again this year. It isn't——"

"Well, you've got it right there in the almanac, haven't you?" she said coldly. "I don't suppose they're in the habit of making mistakes like that."

Paul ran his fingers down through the dates of June again.

It was right—Tuesday, the twenty-first.

"By Jove, I don't undertand that!"

"I think it was Monday we were married," suggested Virginia wickedly. There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Was it really?"

"There you go—you don't understand," exclaimed Virginia accusingly.

"Oh, pshaw—of course, I remember. It was Tuesday." This very positively.

"Maybe it was the twenty-second then."

"Don't be silly! Didn't I have the date engraved inside your ring?"

Virginia took the almanac from his fingers and turned over to the front cover.

She smiled in a superior way as she handed it back.

"You're all right, only you're a year behind, that's all. This as a 1921 almanac, stupid man."

He grinned unashamed.

"Well, you see—isn't that odd, though?" He smiled cheerfully and kissed her.

"Well, it doesn't seem longer than yesterday anyway since we were married."

"Darlin' fraud," murmured Virginia, dimpling.

And Paul winked elaborately over her shoulder at the inanimate and unobserving chandelier above.

Tomorrow—Into Vagabondia

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Baby Vamp

ARE girls really doing the vamping from their cradles these days? Do modern boys have to be protected?

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

So a group of mothers decided the other day, meeting at the home of a very wealthy woman, and hearing a nationally famous woman lecturer.

"The Baby Vamp."

The newspapers gave the fact in scareheads, "Mothers Complain That Modern Girls Vamp Their Sons at Petting Parties."

The boys, poor dears, just cannot keep up to the high standards of immaculate morality set by men, when tempted by the young daughters of Eve! "Mother," they are said to exclaim, "it is impossible to be as good as my strict standards of purity require, when society girls dance the cheek-to-cheek dances, and otherwise misbehave. If I keep away, they call me a prude, or 'slow'!"

A few years ago one of the society dramas laid in wicked Long Island (where, apparently, rich folks always misbehave, at country houses), showed a very young girl with quite sophisticated, indeed, depraved tastes. Her behavior was that of a gay woman of the world, whom we always associate with Paris or Vienna. The authors called her a "Baby Vamp," which was an obnoxious title, much discussed. Sensational cases of chorus girls who deliberately "work" millionaires, and motion-picture stars who lead lives of debauchery, seem to prove that there is considerable truth in the assertion that modern young women are going the pace. How prevalent is this?

OF COURSE, human nature never changes, fundamentally. Affection and passion, desire for excitement and thrills are prevalent in all mankind, although not in the same degree in all individuals. Intoxication, flightiness, always have been the perils of youth; and many men and women never lose their frivolous desires, or their "pep," even up to senility.

Organized human beings always have tried to regulate the emotions and actions of the individuals, so that the good of the whole might be brought about. Just how much virtue can be legislated into the human heart is a question, but mature thinkers try to subserve the best interests of society by frowning on certain acts, and encouraging hot-headed young folk to restrain themselves, and not to get into environments where temptation abounds. If modern life is freer, of course, there is more danger, but a certain amount of freedom is necessary to moral action; no one in a jail is free to choose to do right!

IF "PETTING PARTIES" do exist they sound very silly and objectionable. Youth craves love, and little expressions of mutual attraction; but every sense of delicacy is offended by the idea of committing these amorous acts in public! How offensive to show the sweet leanings of the heart to the vulgar public gaze! If young people yearn for early love, and are unconsciously seeking their lifemate (as all normal boys and girls are doing), why not honestly try to become acquainted with the Right One, in the decency and privacy of her home? What a vicious condition, the banding together for more or less lewd dancing and public spooning!

Girls may be bolder than in the past, but we doubt if any large number really are so. Like the complaining boys, they may be uncomfortable with the prevailing custom of their set, yet fearful of being regarded as "slow."

IT IS rather a good thing for women to set standards of normal living. If men really care for them they will try to reach them on their own plane. Years ago a poet wrote a lament along these very lines:

"O wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How she has cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught the priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which saved, with due, resistless thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men, divine!"

In Fighting Circles

Midget Smith, noted New York bantamweight pugilist, has his sister as his manager and matchmaker, while Bert Spencer, another promising star of the squared circle, is in the hands of his mother, who is proving a success as manager and trainer.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Genius, Virtue and Reputation

Genius, Virtue and Reputation—three intimate friends—agreed to travel over the world, to see whatever might be worthy of observation and study.

"But," they suddenly bethought themselves, "as some misfortune may happen to separate us, let us consider, before we set out, by what means we may find each other again."

So they stopped and considered.

Said Genius:

"Should it be my ill fate to be severed from you, my associates, which Heaven forbid, you may find me kneeling in devotion before the tomb of Shakespeare, or rapt in some grove where Milton talked with angels, or musing in the grotto where Pope caught inspiration."

Virtue, with a sigh, acknowledged that her friends were not very numerous.

"But were I to lose you," she cried, "with whom I am so happily united, I should choose to take sanctuary in the temples of religion, in the palaces of royalty, or in the stately domes of ministers of state; but as it may be my ill fortune to be there denied admittance, inquire for some cottage where contentment has a bower, and there you will certainly find me."

Till now, Reputation had remained silent; but when Genius and Virtue had had their say, Reputation said very earnestly:

"Ah! my dear companions—you, I perceive, when missing may possibly be recovered; but take care, I entreat you, always to keep sight of me, for if I am once lost, I am never to be retrieved."

Don't Forget

That "Bubble Party" for St. Patrick's Day, which is all ready to be sent to you. Remember that it has invitations, decorations, some entirely new and very amusing stunts to do with "bubbles," and refreshments that are appropriate and delicious. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the editor of the woman's page for the details of this party.

Good Gracious! Another Gray Crepe!

By CORINNE LOWE

To be set in platinum is a right reserved this spring, not only by pearl, but by Pearl. Platinum gray is a tint observed constantly in both the new crepe models and in the street frocks of kasha, twill and serge. As to the former, we have taken our hint from the Japanese and found that nothing is quite so lovely with these frocks of gray crepe as is a touch of black.

And today's illustration gives you a frock of platinum gray crepe de chine with side draperies of black chiffon. The upper section of these draperies is finely plaited, and the fastening of the front fold under the narrow self-material girdle is contrasted charmingly with the unrestrained flow of the rear wing. The skirt is embroidered either in black beads or in black silk.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

About the man and his wife on the Pullman. They went to sleep in Jacksonville and told the porter to wake them at Belleair. It's Ring Lardner's latest, entitled "Brakes and Breaks," to appear in the Magazine Section of next Sunday's Public Ledger.—Adv.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Blue"

Better tell the man you are sorry you were not home when he telephoned. Ask him casually why he did not write to you while he was away. And tell him you cannot feel comfortable about having let him kiss you; that you had never let any one do so before and you want him to know that. Be casual about it, but honest and sincere. You cannot do anything to make him show he cares. He probably does like you or he would not have kissed you. Better be natural with him. Telephone, if you have done so before, if he does not come see you in a week's time after his return to the city. You can easily let him know that you do not consider yourself too young for him, but think well before you do so. He is a good deal older.

Bad Advice, "S. O. S."

Dear Cynthia—May I offer a few lines to "Perplexed Friend"?

Dear "Perplexed Friend," how well I understood your feelings. I wonder if my experience will be of any help to you. I am twenty-five years of age, and nine years ago I met and loved a boy a few years older. We kept company a few months, and then asked permission of our parents to marry. They objected on account of our youth and parted us, saying it was for our own good.

A year passed and I could not forget, so I took a position that meant I must leave the city. For six years I circled this old world, working hard to forget my first sweetheart, but in vain. I have been in many countries, had good times in all, but peace of mind I could not find. I have gained many friends and worked myself up to a place in this world that nine years ago it would have seemed impossible.

Three years ago I married a man I thought I would learn to love. He is kind and good to me. It is his pleasure to grant my slightest wish. But I am not happy. He knew I loved some one else, but felt sure that after marriage I would care for him.

My sweetheart of nine years ago is still unmarried, and claims he loves only me. His mother is old now and begs of him to marry while she is alive. I cannot live much longer with a man I do not love, so in three weeks I will take up my work again and go on trying to forget. Over all this world I have found that love is the only thing, after all.

If the man of your heart wants to give you his love, accept it. Fate will take care of everything for you.

S. O. S.

Your case does not seem at all similar to "Perplexed Friend's," S. O. S., for you married a man not loving him. If you were separted from the man you loved simply because of your youth, why could you not have waited for each other? Since you did not, you have no right to leave the husband who is so good to you. For shame, S. O. S.

Thinks He's Had Change of Heart

Dear Cynthia — Am almost thirty years. Five years ago, while traveling, met a nice young lady of eighteen years. In a short time we became the best of pals. A month later I discovered the lady had confused my like with love and had fallen very much in love with me. Sensing the situation one day, I told her I had no intention of marrying for a few years, giving my future as the cause. The truth was I could not love her, but prized her friendship. I tried every means to discourage her, and insisted she receive male friends, as she was very popular. This she was reluctant to do. I came home, and we started to correspond. Three months later I invited her here as my guest. On her arrival she told me of something that happened en route. We both had a fine time during her stay. She departed. One of the women in our house asked me if my friend had told me of what happened en route. I told her what I was told. It seems that during my absence my friend told this woman of the incident, only in a much different light. Her stories conflicted very much. The woman asked me to find out the truth, as she was worried over what happened.

I wrote my friend, asking the truth, and she gave me the finest "balling out" imaginable. Said I insulted her and lots more to it. Thinking I had overstepped, I replied, apologizing very frankly, and attempted to break off corresponding. She replied to this by stating she alone was to blame, almost begging not to stop our correspondence. We corresponded for a month regularly. Then I'd write and she would take her time to answer, but she insisted I answer almost immediately. I wrote once and it took her three months to answer. She claimed I wrote something that insulted her, but she would not state what it was. Next time it took her six months, then nine, and I tried to break corresponding, but she would not see it.

Our friendship was very much on the rocks by this time, I thought, but she said she still loved me. My letters never spoke of love, but hers did. I suggested we return each other's letters and see where the cause of our trouble lay. It was over a year ago I wrote, and have not heard anything from her as yet. I always told her to forget me, as we were both free as the air. She said that was very hard to do.

Now, Cynthia, I've been thinking of her very much lately. My future seems secure, and I think I'm having a change of heart. But I tried so hard to make her forget me. I did not want to cause her pain by deceiving her. I figured on taking a gambler's chance. There is a fellow who is crazy over her; takes her out quite a bit and would marry her. I was his rival, but didn't know it till too late. She likes him, and I'm thinking she has forgotten me for the other fellow. Now, if this is the case, I don't want to butt in and spoil the other fellow. I understand thoroughly if I lose her it's my hard luck. I won't blame even her. Now, kindly let me know how and the most diplomatic way I can return her letters to her, or should I burn them? (They make interesting reading in trouble.) Or should I wait for her to answer my letter of over a year?

If you care for the girl now, go and tell her so frankly. There is nothing to gain by silence, and she can only say no, which should not kill you. Do not return letters if there was never anything between you.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Rodmer

Why We Tremble When Afraid

Trembling of the muscles under certain conditions is quite common to man and many of the lower animals. Fear is more apt to cause trembling than any of the other emotions. At times the same result occurs from anger or joy. It is said that young children do not tremble. Trembling in those of great age is caused by the weakness of the muscles. Fatigue, blood poisoning, delirium tremens, etc., will cause trembling. Music has a strong effect on some people, causing them to tremble from head to foot.

In the case of trembling from anger or joy it is due to the stopping at constantly repeated intervals of the flow of nerve force to the muscles. The effect of what we feel at the time of such an expression of emotion has a corresponding effect on the source of the nerve force and causes the trembling by repeated interruption of this nerve force, which should flow to the muscles steadily.

Why do we open our mouths and breathe deeply when frightened?

Imagine yourself frightened, or recall a time when you were badly scared and you may remember that among other things you did, you took a deep breath with your mouth opened wide. Your mouth opens wide under such circumstances because fear relaxes the muscles and allows the jaw to drop. You take this deep breath because the first impulse when frightened is to run away, and you breathe deeply so that you may run well. You do this unconsciously. It is an instinctive action inherited from our ancestors, who had many more occasions for being frightened than we have.

Tomorrow: Why Do We Slip When Walking on Ice?

A COSTUME OF VIOLETS

Photo by Central News.

Any old frock would look well disguised in such a quaint scarf and worn with such a charming hat. The scarf is made of dark-gray tulle and the violets form a deep border of perhaps fifteen inches. The same tulle covers the dressy hat, which is the kind that may be worn with either an afternoon or an evening dress. And more of the violets climb up the crown of the hat with an extremely picturesque effect. Of course, when you are copying this hat and scarf set you may choose your own most becoming shade of tulle and your own favorite flowers

Mrs. Wilson Gives Colonial Recipes for Serving Early Dandelion Greens

Taken From an Old Diary, These Suggestions From the Early Days Are Very Helpful Even Now

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE Colonial housewife fared well from her abundant storehouse and with the game and fish that were abundant or to be had for small sum of money if one were unable to go hunting. Black walnuts, hickory and the nut of the hazel tree were to be had for just the gathering.

Early in the spring the gardeners who had prepared cold frames after the Dutch and German gardeners of the old mother country had for sale in late March radishes, young onions and lettuce, which is spoken of as a loose-leaf plant, much in fashion as a salad plant and to be eaten raw, with a dressing of oil and vinegar.

The early efforts of the sturdy pioneers to obtain the succulent greens in the early spring, must surely convince you that nature made her need known through this desire for the early green.

In sheltered spots from the cold, northern winds, the space was laid off for the kitchen garden, and the seeds were started in shallow wooden troughs near the kitchen window, against the mild days that were surely coming. The housewife gathered for the table the early dandelion greens which were to be had for the gathering. Wise folks knew that the early dandelion green would be found growing in sheltered gardens and the wood lots, as well as in the south pastures, and later by the roadside.

"Mistress Dorothy has given orders for a mess of dandelion greens to be brought in today, forsook, spring is here, and if it please God, and Mistress Dorothy, we are to have our blood thinned. Poor eating I call it when we must turn to the roadside weeds, but the woman will ever have it her way and dandelions we must eat."

Many German and Dutch families who settled among the early Pennsylvanians brought this custom from the old world with them, and the English neighbors, noting the healthy, sturdy Dutchmen as they were called, quickly followed the plan and messes of the humble roadside green became the fashion on the table in early spring.

I have two very old Colonial recipes for serving the dandelion green and will use them in this menu.

The menu today is for three meals on Sunday, which is the second Sunday in Lent. March has been considered the spring month since ancient times.

Sunday Breakfast

Orange Juice
Cereal and Cream
Poached Egg on Toast
Radishes Coffee

Dinner

Barley and Onion Broth
Young Onions Deviled Dandelions
Roast Rolled Shoulder of Lamb
Baked Potatoes Dandelion Greens
Coleslaw
Canned Cherry Pie Coffee

Supper

Cheese Rarebit on Toast
Potato Salad
Dutch Dandelion Salad
Floating Island Sponge Cake
Tea

The market basket will require oranges, radishes, young onions, dandelion greens, parsley, eggs, shoulder of lamb, have butcher bone and roll the shoulder; potatoes, cabbage, milk, sour cream and the usual weekly supplies of necessary staples.

Orange Juice

Ream out the juice of three oranges and add three-quarters cup of water, strain and place where it will chill, divide into five portions.

Barley and Onion Broth

Use the bones from the shoulder to make stock, strain stock. Now place in skillet

One half cup of shortening,
Three-quarters cup of finely chopped onions.

Cook slowly until well browned, then add one-half cup of flour and brown a deep mahogany brown. Add the strained stock and three tablespoons of barley. Simmer slowly for one hour. Add

One-quarter cup of finely chopped parsley,
Two teaspoons of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One cup of sour cream.

Beat hard to blend and serve with toasted strips of bread.

Dandelion Greens, German Fashion

Mince two onions fine. Now place in saucepan

Four tablespoons of good drippings,

and when hot add the chopped onion. Cook slowly for five minutes. Now add

One quart of washed and picked-over dandelion greens.
Four tablespoons of water.

Cover closely and simmer until tender, season with salt and pepper to taste and chop fine. Pile in hot dish, place a piece of butter on top of the cooked greens the size of a walnut and thin slices of hard-boiled egg and strips of nicely browned bacon.

Canned Cherry Pie

Line a deep pie plate with plain pastry, open and drain a can of cherries. Now place in the saucepan

Three-quarters cup of juice strained from the cherries,
Four level tablespoons of flour.

Stir to disolve and bring to a boil, cook for five minutes, add the drained cherries and blend well. Let cool and use for the filling. Sprinkle five tablespoons of brown sugar and a light dusting of nutmeg over the top of the pie. Now place on the top crust and bake in a slow oven for forty minutes. Brush the top of the pie lightly with some of the cherry juice before placing in the oven.

Cheese Rarebit on Toast

Place in saucepan
Three tablespoons of butter
Three medium onions, mince fine.

Cook slowly until onions are soft. Now add

One-half pound of cream cheese, broken in small pieces,
One tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce,
Three-quarters cup of sour cream.

Heat slowly, stirring all the time, and when creamy add

One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper

and serve on thick slices of toasted bread.

Deviled Dandelions

Wash dandelion greens and cut each leaf in half. Place on individual salad plates and add onions sliced in paper-thin slices, pickled beets sliced thin, strip of bacon for each plate. Now rub two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve and add

One teaspoon of mustard,
One-half teaspoon of paprika,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One tablespoon of melted butter,
Two tablespoons of sour cream,
One tablespoon of grated onion.

Mix and form in balls the size of a walnut and place three on each plate. This is the old Dutch recipe and is served with the meat dish as an appetizer.

Dandelion Greens

Wash and cook the greens as for spinach, and when cooked chop fine. Place three tablespoons of butter in saucepan and when melted add the well-drained dandelion greens, season with salt and pepper and add one-half cup of sour cream; cook slowly, tossing frequently until scalding hot; turn in a hot dish and sprinkle with fried crumbs and little grated cheese.

Dutch Dandelion Salad

Wash and look over the leaves, place in a salad bowl. Now mince very fine a bunch of green onions and five strips of thinly sliced bacon, cook the bacon a delicate brown and add to the pan

One-half teaspoon of mustard,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One tablespoon of flour,
One teaspoon of sugar,

Blend well and add

One-half cup of vinegar.

Stir and bring to a boil; cook for three minutes and pour while hot over the prepared dandelions and the chopped young onions. Serve warm.

Things You'll Love to Make

Modified Peasant Sleeve

A MODIFIED SLEEVE is lovely for one of the new blouses. Make a sleeve that is rather full at the top and somewhat wider at the bottom. Make four slits reaching from the cuff to the elbow of the sleeve. Line the lower half of the sleeves. Set into the slits pieces of lace or silk embroidered with a peasant design. Gather the lower edges of the top and undersleeve into a lace or embroidered cuff. Trim the yoke and belt of the blouse to match the pretty MODIFIED PEASANT SLEEVE.

FLORA.

Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Judith Carlyle is the typical small-town wife, and when Rand, her husband, suddenly sells his business and decides to go to New York to be an artist, Judy frankly disapproves. When they reach New York, Judy, who refuses to adapt herself in the least, is unhappy and makes Rand unhappy.

An Interrupted Breakfast Party

AFTER the party in the King studio both Dick and Laura avoided Rand. It wasn't that they treated him any differently when they met him in the hall going in or out, but they never dropped into the Carlyle place, and Rand, who knew why, took to dropping in on them three or four times a week.

He craved the companionship of other people. His work demanded it, his love of beauty and color required change, and his days with Judy were uniformly gray.

Once he had dropped in on the Kings as they were having breakfast. He himself had breakfasted a couple of hours ago, and it had been an excellent meal, excepting for the fact that it had been eaten almost in silence. Judy, pale-faced and with downcast eyes, dressed in a severe starched shirt-waist and dark skirt, had hardly spoken a word. Ever since she had discovered that Rand was visiting the Kings, she had engulfed herself in silence, thinking in that way to bring Rand to heel, but so far he had endured her sulking and had gone his way.

Up here in the King studio, breakfast was a very different thing. Laura wore her gayly colored smock and laughingly insisted upon plying Rand with strong coffee and fresh toast. They were lingering over the meal, smoking cigarettes, and talking about work. Judy never allowed Rand to linger over any meal. As soon as they were finished eating, she began to remove the plates. Eating was a necessity to Judy, never a pleasure.

Rand was a different man as he lounged in his chair and talked, but in the midst of their gay banter, there came a sudden knock at the door.

Laura went to open it, and on the threshold stood Judy.

Laura smiled infectiously.

"Do come in and have a cup of coffee, Mrs. Carlyle. I know it's disgustingly late, but Dick always says he can accomplish more if he lingers over his breakfast."

"Thank you," Judy returned coldly. "But I won't come in. I came up to tell Mr. Carlyle that some one is downstairs to see him. Would you tell him, please?" And with her head held high she turned away.

Laura stood still for a moment. Every word that Judy had said had been heard by the two men, and Laura suddenly felt desperately sorry for Rand. When she finally turned, Rand was rising. His face looked white and set.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. King," he said coming across to her. "Believe me, I wouldn't have had this happen for anything."

Laura held out her hand impulsively, and Rand held her slim comforting fingers for a moment in his. Then he went out of the room and downstairs.

Judy was standing in the center of the room as he entered, and she whirled about and faced him.

He looked about him in amazement, for there was no one else there, and Judy had distinctly said that there was some one to see him. Then the enormity of what she had done suddenly swept over him and he turned on her in a fury.

"So you lied!"

Judy's face was defiant. "Yes, I lied. I wanted Mrs. King to know exactly what I thought of her so that she wouldn't be quite so free about inviting you up there."

Through the blur of anger that almost blinded Rand for a moment, he saw his wife's face; there was no slightest hint of apology on it, and at the moment an emotion gripped Rand that almost frightened him with its intensity. For a second of time he hated Judy, he feared what he might do to her in his wrath. Then deliberately he turned away from her, walked out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

Tomorrow—When Rand Returned

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Correct taste and the best cooking results call for the right sugar at the right time

use FRANKLIN Granulated Sugar for baking, cooking and candy making.

use FRANKLIN Dainty Lumps for tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate.

use FRANKLIN Powdered Sugar for sprinkling pies and cookies—for fruits, cereals and iced beverages.

use FRANKLIN Confectioners Sugar for icings & fondants.

use FRANKLIN Brown Sugar for baked beans, gingerbread, candied sweet potatoes, tarts and cakes.

Wherever you use sugar always remember there is

"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"

Men Are Not Quite Fair in Saying That Women Are Always Jealous

Sometimes a Woman May Feel Bound in Honor to Tell Something About Another Woman, but a Man Would Call Her Jealous

"WOMEN are always so jealous of each other"—it was a man's scornful voice, "You can't have two women in an office together or even in the same department without having trouble because one's jealous of the other. Always carrying spiteful stories."

There are a great many women, we have to admit, who are so small in their natures that they cannot endure any praise or boosting for another woman.

As soon as they hear that another woman is going to be promoted to a higher position which will put her over them, they begin to whisper about.

"She oughtn't to have that position. Why, when she was in my office, I used to do all her work for her. She can't even add right!"

And that is small, that does spring from jealousy, for most of the stories are untrue, just plain spiteful tales invented to do harm to the other woman.

But that is only some women, although knowing them would prejudice a man so that he would judge all women by them.

STILL men are not quite fair about this.

They will not give the other kind of woman a chance to prove that she is not jealous.

And she must sit by, many times, and let some co-worker get away with "murder" because she knows that it will only reflect back upon her if she makes a complaint.

She knows that the man to whom she would tell her story would listen to it with that maddening half-smile with which a man always greets what he calls "woman's foolishness."

And she knows that in his mind he would be thinking, "Now I wonder which beau Sally has been out with, to make Mrs. Jones so jealous. I'll let her get it off her chest, it'll make her feel better. Isn't it funny that a nice woman like that would let jealousy get hold of her that way?"

NO, IT isn't fair.

Mrs. Jones may be a woman who has never shown the least symptom of pettiness, of jealousy, of mean spitefulness or anything like that.

She may hold a responsible position which depends upon her sane judgment and sensible character.

But let her suddenly go to the man higher up with a perfectly true story about a girl who is not worthy of her position, and she will be suspected of that petty quality, "jealousy."

MANY a girl has been in this quandary—to speak or not to speak.

To let the girl at the next desk get away with her crooked methods or say something about it and get herself in wrong.

Self-preservation enters in on both sides.

If she doesn't say anything, perhaps the girl will be found out, and she will be questioned; and inevitably the question will be asked: "Did you know? Why didn't you tell?"

Yet if she does say something it is almost inevitable that the remark will be made: "Oh, these women, always picking on each other!" And that always makes a girl feel insecure in her position.

On the other hand, there is loyalty on both sides.

After all the girl is not a bad sort. It would be mean to report her. Maybe she'll get better.

Still, it doesn't seem right for the company to be cheated that way.

OH, IF only the man higher up would understand that it isn't just jealousy.

Sometimes he does, but as a general rule you'll find a man always ready to suspect a woman who has something to say about another woman of being jealous.

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