

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA ROY GRANT

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "T. B. P." Do not call to be your last letter on any account.

"Undecided L. E." Do not call on the man and his wife with a view to inviting them to the wedding.

Thanks Cynthia and Others Dear Cynthia—Here I am again. This time to thank you and all who write me.

A Game Little American Dear Cynthia—The discussion of American and foreign girls has interested me greatly.

She Was Rude Dear Cynthia—I would like to know what to do in this case.

To "Faith" Your letter about the postoffice box and the check for minors was answered about ten days ago in this column.

A Dissertation on Foreigners Dear Cynthia—History sometimes has a habit of repeating itself.

Blue Embroidery Ran Dear Madam—I was a week ago I washed for the first time a new piece of blue embroidery.

Some Initiation Stunts To the Editor of Woman's Page Dear Madam—You offer some suggestions for the initiation of a few girls of about seventeen years.

Antoinette Donnelly's "Youth Preservers"



A series of exercises is described below: do them in the morning as soon as you get up and see how fresh and youthful you feel all day long.

POSITION: Many of the exercises to follow begin with this position, so practice it until you can take and retain it without conscious effort.

A PICTURE HAT

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Who Invented Egyptian Cigarettes The use of Egyptian or Turkish tobacco in the form of cigarettes and with paper wrappers started as the joke of a common soldier during the war.

Read Your Character Leading the Sensitive Ones You know how to recognize sensitive people, don't you?

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Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

Judith Carlyle is the typical small-town wife and when her husband, suddenly sells his business and goes to New York to be an artist, she refuses to adapt herself to his new life.

The Artist's Model RAND knew that Carl Handolph was unhappy with his wife. It wasn't that he had ever said anything definite, but unconsciously Carl gave away the fact in a number of ways.

When the lights came on at the theatre and sat down with much fuss and fidgets. They were two women and two men, evidently husbands and wives who were very intimate friends.

WHEN the lights came on at the theatre and sat down with much fuss and fidgets. They were two women and two men, evidently husbands and wives who were very intimate friends.

YOU can understand this after hearing some girls talk about the men they are going to marry.

When she looked out into the studio a few minutes later the girl had removed her outer things, and was seated in a chair with some drapery thrown over one shoulder.

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The Husband and Wife Who Sulk Instead of Smiling at a Comedy

Must Be the Ones Who Married Without Half Knowing Each Other—Acquaintance Has Come With the Years, and Also Unhappiness

FOUR people came in to the theatre and sat down with much fuss and fidgets. They were two women and two men, evidently husbands and wives who were very intimate friends.

WHEN the lights came on at the theatre and sat down with much fuss and fidgets. They were two women and two men, evidently husbands and wives who were very intimate friends.

YOU can understand this after hearing some girls talk about the men they are going to marry.

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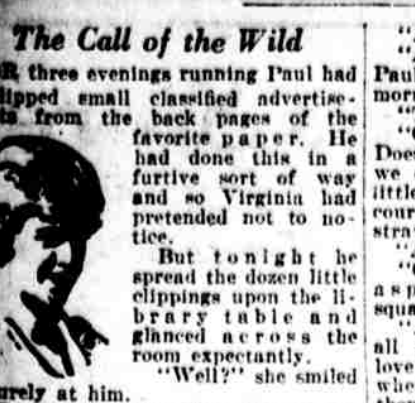
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The Call of the Wild OR three evenings running Paul and Virginia had clipped some classified advertisements from the back pages of the favorite paper.

But tonight he spread the dozen little clippings upon the library table and squinted at them.

He indicated the slips from the newspaper. "Listen to this one," he went on.

Seven-room cottage with all modern improvements. Garage and barn. Plenty of room for nice lawn and garden. What do you think of that?

It sounds wonderful, dear. "And only \$400 for the season."

The season—but that's only for summer. Why, dearest, that's an awfully big rent for us to pay."

"Nonsense! The season means to go there in April and stay on till November. Lots of people in this town stay in their country houses till Thanksgiving Day."

Virginia smiled indulgently. "That sounds perfectly grand—to have one's country house, doesn't it, Paul?"

He sighed. "And, of course, in the country one can have saddle horses for almost nothing. Hay and grain don't cost much in the country."

"It would be delightful," Virginia agreed guardedly. "And fresh eggs every morning. Of course, we'll keep hens."

Woman's Life and Love By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

HOUSEHOLD economics writers are always telling women who maintain homes how proud they ought to be of their tremendous responsibilities.

FIGURES are quoted to show that immense quantities of food and clothing and household goods women buy in America. It is quite true, as the advertising experts claim, nowadays, that women must be entered to and attracted to products, because they are the spenders, the buyers of a nation.

It is certain a fact that we do a big amount of buying, en masse, and are worth having our psychology studied by experts in advertising and merchandising concerns that want to get rid of their goods. In all the spend millions of dollars, but, as individuals, we are not buying vast quantities, and we cannot get well over purchasing daily necessities and luxuries twice a year.

Men still own and operate the immense railroads and tall buildings and line country clubs, and the banks and corporations. It does not thrill us particularly to be patted on the back and told how marvelous we are as "Home Purchasing Agents" because we select the vegetables and buy some summer and winter costumes, and occasionally lay in the coal and send a check for the gas and electric light bill.

A WRITER recently drew a brilliant parallel between the purchasing agent of a tremendous corporation who swelled with pride when asked his profession, and boasted of the millions of dollars he handled, and the intelligent study he made of prices and markets, in order to buy most cheaply and in the right quantity, and save his firm money) and the one-maker who does not show pride in her job.

We are told that we have just as responsible a position as that of the ten-thousand-dollar purchasing agent, and ought to be proud and excited over our large opportunity and responsibility.

NOW, this really is absurd. The housekeeper of the moderate little flat, with a small income, does not expend vast quantities of money, or waste large masses of material. She has no reason to swell with pride over enormous achievements. Of course, she ought to study efficiency methods of marketing and master the few simple economic facts.

We, and hundreds of writers and speakers on modern household themes, have urged the women of the medium incomes to emulate European housewives, in eliminating waste, in marketing frugally and learning to utilize all edibles; and to train their daughters in common sense and morality, in not being carried away by extravagance and sinful waste. Wise purchasing is sensible, even on a small scale, where the total waste involved amounts only to cents or dollars, in place of thousands or millions.

But there is no reason to regard ourselves as a phenomenon, for being a name and sense and morality, in not being carried away by extravagance and sinful waste. Wise purchasing is sensible, even on a small scale, where the total waste involved amounts only to cents or dollars, in place of thousands or millions.

IF MODERN women are restless it is because they are in the transitional stage between the overworked post housekeeper, with her dozens of industries within the home, and the ultra-modern woman with a profession. Thousands of women have been freed from domestic drudgery, and do not quite realize how much leisure they have, and reach out for helpful and creative occupations. These probably seem nervous and idle, but they will not be called by pretty phrases about their excessive importance in purchasing a few dollars' worth for the house. By all means, be efficient—but try to realize some of the world's really great things.

A sample but levelly way to shorten a plain one-piece frock is to make a CHECKER-BOARD GIRLIE. Have rows of hemstitching, four and one-half inches long, spaced around the waistline of your frock. You may have either the natural waistline or one that is below the natural line. About one-quarter of an inch from the top, cut through each row of hemstitching for a strip less than two inches forming a neat edge. Leaving one-eighth of an inch, cut again for a distance of a little less than two inches. Run two-inch ribbons or velvet through the slits to form a checker-board. Finish the sleeves to match this effective CHECKER-BOARD GIRLIE.

Things You'll Love to Make

Cheeker-Board Girdle

Checkered Girdle

Checkered Girdle



"And fresh chicken Sundays." "And we might keep a cow," added Paul doubtfully. "Fresh cream every morning for the strawberries."

"The strawberries?" "Yes, but I don't like to have a cow. It's a little truck garden? Of course, we could have strawberries."

"And cantaloupes?" "Of course. And asparagus and squashes and—"

"A grape arbor by all means. Paul, I love grapes, especially when you can pluck them right off the vine and eat them on the spot."

Paul laughed cheerfully and strode to the window to stare out at the soft night—one of the first of spring. A gentle, perfumed breeze stirred the young trees, whose stark branches were just budding into greenery.

He drew a deep breath and turned back into the room. "Oh, it would be glorious—living out in the country. And it would be cheaper and healthier—and—everything."

Virginia's eyes lighted. "Then we can do it?" "Then we can do it," Paul shrugged and his soul sagged.

"That's the rub, honey," he said ruefully. He flipped each of the little newspaper clippings with his fingers and the towns where each perfect country home was situated.

"Why, I never heard of any of those places," cried Virginia, mystified. "No, dear; that's the trouble—they are all a hundred miles from the city."

"Then we can't do it," wailed Virginia. "Not unless I throw up my job," admitted Paul.

And he gravely put the clippings in the back of his wallet—such is the toxin of eternal spring!

Tomorrow—The Tragedy of the En-gaged.

Two Minutes of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH

Talking About Prohibition Talking about prohibition—Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, a good many years ago advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than was ever furnished.

There were two of us sent down to "cover" the occasion. The people had assembled and had had a good time, and all was quiet and harmonious preparatory to the talk by the preacher, when suddenly somebody in the crowd cried out:

"Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied! You promised us a good barbecue, but better liquor! Where is the liquor?"

The preacher looked at the interrupter appraisingly for a few moments—Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, a good many years ago advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than was ever furnished.

There! he roared, pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated with a look that fairly astonished the piousness of the people. "There is the liquor, which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children."

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drops, glistening in the fountain, shimmering in the beams, till the light of heaven is turned to living jewels; sprouting a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sparkling in the rafter; sloping in the storm; crackling and roaring in the furnace; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; weaving the many-colored rain; that seraph's zone of the sky, whose wavy is the rains; drop of earth, whose roof is the dome of heaven, all decked with celestial flowers; by the mystic hand of perfection, still abundant, is beautiful; that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink. Its foam brings not madness and murder. No blood stains its liquid glass. Pale wither and starchy lips orphan weep not forning tears in its depths. No drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair."

"Speak out, my friends!" cried Denton as he finished, his voice fairly lambasting his audience. "Would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

After which the meeting broke up and we all went home, feeling that we had had a pleasant evening!

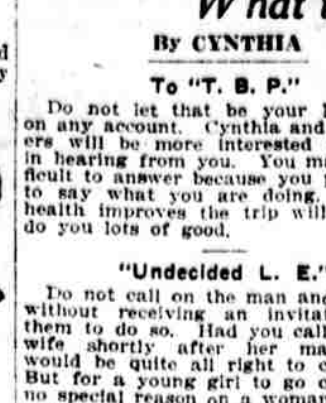
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