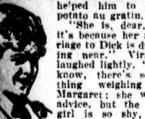
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22,

# aul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT Please Tell Me

### Confidences

there a lot lately, isn't she?"



0 Paul interrupted solemn wave of his hand.

"Cay, darlin', is she going to ask rou if she should te'l him all?" he deanded in a sepulchral voice, but there was a twinkle in his honest eyes.

Virginia nodded solemnly. "I believe it's that; why?" "Dick's after me, too. Calls me up at all hours at the office begging me to Blow myself to be taken to luncheon."

'Bame thing, only Dick came across 

Dick-I mean what was it he wanted urden himself to you about?" Ab! That's it, you see.

"But, Paul, you ought to tell me. told me all. and tell me everything, so when Mar-

"No good, dear. You can't get it out of me that way. What Dick said is in confidence. He wanted my advice as an old married man who knew all the

"Paul, that's awfully vulgar." Then, after a pause. "So you do know all the ropes, do you?" He stared at her in a fantalizing

"I didn't say I did." "But you must have let Dick think o, Paul, are there so terribly many "Tonas to learn?" "About\_\_\_\_

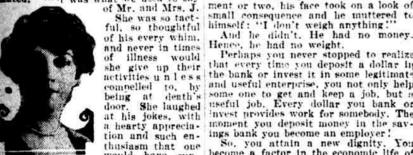
"I mean, being married, is that so

Woman's Life and Love

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

### **Two Deserted Wives**

"Dip you ever see such a congenial mated." that was what we used to say of Mr. and Mrs. J. ment or two, his face took on a look of mr. and Mrs. J.



awfully different from being the way

**Confidences** MS to me Margaret's running here a lot lately, isn't she?'' mia smiled at her husband and he'ped him to more potato au gratin. Note that he is the state of the solution o Would Have Picked Her Up Would Have Picked Her Up Dear Cynthia-I am a girl sizteen years of age. While coming from a moving-picture show one night when I got to a certain street some fellow who was real nice looking and seemed very point stopped me and said: "Could I walk down with you?" I refused, be-cause I had my sister and brother with me. If I had walked with him my sister would have told my mother. If they had not been with me I would have let him walk with me. Do you think this would have told my mother. If they had not been with me I would have let him walk with me. Do you think this would have been all right? Do you think he was trying to be just polite or fresh? BROWN EYES, CAMDEN. It is well your brother and sister were

potato au gratin. "She is, dear, but it's because her mar-riage to Dick is draw-ing nenr." Virginia laughed lightly. "You know, there's some-thing weighing on Margaret : she wants advice, but the dear girl is so shy, and girl is so shy, and edly. Darling, she'll ask

you if she should tell him all."

"Tell him all?" "Sure, that's what Dick came to me about a week back. He wanted to know if it was the wise thing to tell her-all

if it was the wise thing to tell her—all —before they were married." Virginia wriggled nervously. "Yea—yea—I knew it would be something like that, and Margaret has it right on the tip of her tongue to ask me the very same thing. And, Paul, dear, what did you advise Dick? Did he—did he tell you—" something like that, and Margaret has it right on the tip of her tongue to ask me the very same thing. And, Paul, dear, what did you advise Dick? Did he-did he tell you-----

Paul, dear, what did you advise Dick? Did he-did he tell you—"" "Did he-did he tell you—"" "Did he tell me all?" mocked Paul solemnly. He elaborately lighted the cheroot— the cheroot habit being a newly ac-the cheroot habit being a newly ac-the cheroot habit being a newly ac-the ever so much more genteel than those awfully smelly cigarettes, and blew a puff of smoke in a cheerful cloud. "Sure." he said casually. "sure. He told me all.

"Oh, Paul." "Yes, sir, he told me all. It was etty rough. But I gave him my very st advice, as an old married man." "What did you say, honey. I'm so eited to know!" ANXIOUS. Better send the ring back and get have accepted the ring without your mother's knowledge, so better tell her you do not want to keep such a present from a boy. pretty rough. But I gave him my very best advice, as an old married man."

excited to know!" He stared at her thoughtfully and finally cleared his throat and opened his precious "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire."

See you uo know all his precious "Rise and Fall of the his precious "Rise and her case was thrown out of the his set the his precious and her case was thrown out of the divorce court. This hidy was very true to me until now, and I cannot believe that she is turning me down, for I'm in the was not true to represent herself as highe when she was married. It was not true to represent herself as highe when she was married. It was not true to represent herself as a single when she was married. It was not true to another man. That is not moreally right. And her fall of the necessary penny, and nifer standing on the scales a moo ment or two, his face took on a lock of the necessary penny. And here with the met or two, his face took on a lock of a down and here rease a moo the here and here rease a moo ment. Hence, he had no weight.

He Spurns Her

What to Do

By CYNTHIA

It is well your brother and sister were with you if your proper sense of fitness would not tell you. You should never let a stranger tak to you or walk with you. The boy was decidedly fresh.

Better Return Ring

Soldier Asks Advice

Dear Cynthia-I have been an ardent reader of your column

A so thought did not be didn't. He had no money.
If he so thought didness would have in the bank or invest it in some legitimate of the servery whint, and never in time of the bank or invest it in some legitimate of the bank or invest it is nome in the saw internet you deposit money in the saw of the could have supported and it is to the bank or your head to it in the saw of the abar of your hands or your head to it the bank or your head to it the bank or your head to it have no mother, you money is working for you—twenty have the said the best thing to do its to the bank or in bar the your house scene your theore is not confined to have it and have no mother, you moust an allow of the the saw is more in the expecting the bank or your head to the bank or in the the start is of the bank or in the bank or your head to the saw that in head the bank or your head to the bank or you

### A 'TWEEN-SEASONS SET



The toque and ruff are both made of rather heavy silk folds, arranged like accordion pleats and edged with velvet binding. With a dress of tricolette or one of the fancy crepes, or even a serge, this would be enough protection from the weather, providing it is worn on a clear day when there is no likelihood of a snowstorm or mild March hurricane blowing up. 'The Chinese doll is having his day now, just as the chameleon, the Teddy bear, the monkey and the pom had theirs. He is the most colorful of the lot, being clad in costly silks and embroideries

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

How Indian Summer Originated

## The Woman's Exchange

#### Wants to Sew the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—If you know of a com-pany in Philadelphia that sends you sewing to do at home I would like to have the address. C. M.

have the address. Look in the business section of the telephone directory, under the heading, "Clothing": you will find included a great many manufacturers' names. You could inquire at some of the factorles and see if they cannot give you some sewing to do at home. This sort of work is rather hard to find, but no doubt you will be able to get some.

Working at Home

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam-I would like to receive information in regard to the nearest firm that sends out envelopes to be addressed by hand writing at home. Also give me some information as to how this can be done. P. K. be done. P. K. Under the title, "Addressing Com-panies," in the business section of the telephone directory, you'll find a list of firms that give out this sort of work. Inquire at some of these, and usk that your name and address be put on file, if there is no work to be given out at the present time. I hope you will be very successful. successful.

### About the Electric Needle

# By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Judith Carlyle is a typical small-town wife, and when Rand, her hus-band, sells his business and poes to New York to be an artist, she refuses to adapt herself to his new life. She oherishes a hope that he may fail, but with the selling of his first pic-ture comes the conviction that he will never go back to Lynbrook Junction. She clings, however, to her old idea of wifehood, and refuses to celebrate with him, and that night he meets Carlotta Young, a-acriter.

### The Homecoming!

TUDY'S dinner that night was, as usual, excellent.

It was ready at the usual time, but Rand did not appear. At first Judy thought that he was merely late, but when she glanced at the clock and saw that the hands pointed to twenty minutes of 7, anger surged over her.

everything just right! She waited until 7 o'clock, and then she sat down at the table and tried to force herself to eat. Everything seemed flat and tasteless and it was almost impossible to force the food down her dry throat, but she persisted, hoping that Hand would come in at any moment.

have known.

"Yes. I admit it was thoughtless, but Judy. I felt that I couldn't stay home tonight. I wanted to go out and celebrate. You remember that I asked you to go with me and you refused." "Oh!" she exclaimed, and she stepped back as if he had struck her. "Why you haven't even a decent ex-cuse. You stayed out simply because you preferred to eat with strangers.

was so bad that the Indians could not reach the white settlements. The apto ward off attack. Each settler, of course, had his little farm located near

to leave the fort with his family and go back to the farm. At such times every one became busy getting the crops in and storing them for the winter, and that is how the fondness for cold down, began to sort out his brushes, but his hands were trembling and he knew quite well that it would be im-possible for him to work. It was against his will that he had returned to the apartment. The other weather on the part of many people developed. It was the only part of the year when they had a chance to enjoy themselves without thought of sudden

attack. It happened sometimes, however, that

# Deluded Wives Mr. Carroll Was Very Awe-Inspiring When He Was in His Private Office

But at Home He Found That His Advice Was Not Weighty, His Commands Without Force-The Ladies Ruled There

"Just a minute, I'll see. What is the name?" said the business-like sec-

retary. But Mr. Carroll was busy, could not see his caller just at that moment, and the awed-looking person was invited to call again.

the awed-looking person ware call again. "Just get these off, please," said Mr. Carroll, later, giving his secretary some valuable documents. "And send Mr. Andrews in to me." Mr. Andrews was almost as important-Mr. Andrews was almost as important-this office manner, "You can't wear those things today, you'll catch pneumonia. Go put on those woolen stockings you wore yesterday."

"Father," answers Jean, with re-signed patience, "Everybody's wearing silk ones, now, and you needn't think I'm going to go around looking as if I'd been burnt out! And, anyhow it's too much trouble to change them now."

merely late, but when she ginneed at the clock and saw that the hands pointed to twenty minutes of 7, anger surged over her. Could it be that Rand wasn't com-ing home? He had never stayed away from a meal in his life and she had gone to such infinite pains to have everything just right! She waited until 7 o'clock, and then she sat down at the table and tried to force herself to eat. Everything seemed flat and tasteless and it was almost impossible to force the food down her dry throat, but she persisted, broken a the table and tried to make the table and tried to force herself to eat. Everything seemed flat and tasteless and it was almost impossible to force the food is an unusually important man-in his

Half-past seven and still he did not

WHEN Mr. Carroll got home after all his weighty conferences had been concluded, his orders carried out,

than ever guilty. "I'm sorry, Judy. I went out to dinner with a party of friends." The reproaches were coming now, he might

Some have thought that Indian summer is only another name for autumn But the term does not cover the first fall days of September or of October. suppose there was some woman in the party, some one who was more com-panionable than I."

A sudden impulse to hurt her swept over Rand, but he fought it. He had never felt like this before, and he must not give in to it. But he had never wanted anything so much as he wanted to throw Carlotta Young in Judy's face. proach of winter was, therefore, re-lie wanted to make the comparison ceived in a spirit of jollification by the settlers, who had been so long cooped up in the forts or near them to be ready up in the forts or near them to be ready night, had been willing to do for him. But he did none of those things. "I'm sorry you weren't with us." hs said simply. "You could have been, you know, and I think you would have enjoyed it all." Then he turned away from her and went over to his easei. He switched on the high-powered bulb, and sitting down becan to sort out his brushes. the fort, and as soon as winter ap-proached he knew it was safe for him

returned to the apartment. The others had wanted him to stay, and tonight of all nights he needed relaxation, amusement. But he had been sorry for To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Which is the usti method of removing hair from the face? It has grown in all along my face and is spreading. Many readers consult you about the same trouble and you always advise them to use peroxide and ammo-nia. I've tried it. It has bleached, but the hair is spreading around my chin and all over and is getting long: it is very embarrasing for a girl to nave hair on the face. I would like to try some method before it spreads any fur-ther. It happened sometimes, however, that after every one had decided that winter had really begun, and that there was no had really begun, and that there was no had really begun, sometimes becoming oute warm. This was the real Indian another chance to get through the forests and attack the settlements. Tomorrow—How Much of Us gets Red When We Blush? had wanted him to stay, and tonight of all nights he needed relaxation, anusenent. But he had been sorry for Judy had gone into the bedroom and had closed the door. He supposed she was crying, and he had a feeling that he ought to be sorry, but he wasn't. Judy always took refuge in tears, and it always left Rand helpless. He had a hatred of weeping women. He couldn't



too much trouble to change them now." That seems to settle it. It's the same way with Jean's beaus. "Why, Jean." exclaims the impor-tant Mr. Carroll. "I don't want you to go out with that Thompson boy. -I don't like him, he has no manners, and his parents have spoiled him so that he is not fit to be spoken to. And he runs around with a very gay crowd, and--" "Father." answers Jean, with re-signed patience, "I like him and I ac-cepted his invitation to that dance and I have to go with him. Anyhow, I want to."

olicitous husbands, who would not enboy an entertainment if they feared were overtaxing themselves John J. was not one of those; he was theroughly se fish, and Imogene had no illusions on the subject. Yet, she fairs, noomed to adore him, and we, who knew he was selfish, still believed him to be kind and charming, and a devoted hus-band, at heart.

Imagine then, our surprise, when we learned that he had deliberately eloped with a stenographer, and deserted his wife and lovely young son, 'eaving m not only bereaved, but penniless!

THERE are men sometimes who are driven by some terrific passion, and who justify their leaving of a wife whom they have wearied of by the fact that for the first time they have met the only woman in the whole world for them, and that love was stronger than they. In such cases, they often provide handsomely for the wife, and fee that at least a large income will keep her

from material suffering. Not so this husband. The girl he ran off with was but a passing fancy. His finances changed to be at low obb. His finances changed to be at low obb. out he did not even send his wife and child an occasional \$50; he actually left them stranded, and never has the de-times to write them.

FOR months, Imogene was literally at death's door, but eventually she took up the burden of supporting herself and chi'd, in the same wonderful untrained in any practical way. She was obliged to send her child to a relative and accept charity for him, and endure the sadness of separation when Sultan velocity of the sadness of separation when Sultan velocity of the sadness of the struggled with her physical de icacy and built up her health enough to go to

She undertook to re-educate herself in mature life, becoming a secretary, answering "ads," taking evening jobs, to piece out the daytime ones, and to earn a little more. Gradually, she is uking good, and every one admires are pluck so much and feels so dis-

Henry Ford once told his salesmen that luck means: Rising at 6 o'clock in the morning. Minding your own business. Not meddling with other people's af-

Appointments you never failed to

weigh! Incidentally, thrift often means nothing more than the lopping off of useless habits.

### Honored Abroad

Among American women who have been honored with membership in the spirit she always had shown. She was various royal orders of Europe were bright and well educated, but wholly Mrs. Lew Wallace, wife of the author of "Ben Hur," and Mrs. "Sunset" Cox, wife of the New York statesman, both of whom were decorated by the Sultan with the Turkish Order of

> WHAT'S WHAT By Helen Decic



is husband was commanded to pay man stipend, and it he ped for a months; but scon, he took a steamer south America, and was lost to his monthers who put their shoulders who put their shoulders. The first to shy away from the proposed monthers. The first to sh

ture, twenty pounds no shillings six pence; result-misery." A.L.

Whether such a man comes back to you or not, have nothing further to do with him. He is a strange man to think unworthy thoughts of you on hearsay. If he does try to see you again, better have your father or one of your brothers ask him to retrain from calling on you.

Tell Fiance the Truth

Trains you never failed to catch. Trusting in God and your own efforts. Last and most important—living on d a dollar a day if you earn two.
And James J. Hill, the king of rail-to know whether you are going to be a success or a failure in life, you can infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may not think so, but you will lose as sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you." Money is stored up labor. If you hare

sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you." Money is stored up labor. If you have stored up some of this treasure, it will work for you when you are not able to do a stroke of work yourself. Begin to save right now-next week is always seven long days off. You may think and say you can't, impossible, and so on. But if your salary were cut sud-denly, five dollars a week, say, you would somehow manage to get along. Why not save that five dollars-and weigh! Incidentally, thrift often means

myself in. MISS B. A. Don't be nervous. Just write the man a frank letter telling him you know you were wrong in accepting him; that you do not love him enough to marry him, and so you feel he had better not see your uncle about it. Stick to it if he comes to see you and argues with you. You do not love him and would make both him and yourself very un-happy were you to marry.

Does Cynthia Hate Flappers?

Does Cynthia Hate Flappers? Dear Cynthia—I'll be truthful and frank in this letter, and though it may seem full of "Ta" still it is really about me. No matter how you disapprove of my habits, please don't swerve from the knowledge that I am refined and intend to remain so all my life. Well. I'm a flapper. I hate the word, too. I have bobbed hair and always wear Peter-Pan collars with long-waisted dresses. My skirts are short and my heels low. I love Charlotter russes, sundaes and Navajo sweaters. I wear the four buckles of my galoshes open. I smoke, too, Cynthia, but just because it's being done and only in my room when the family's out. I think fraternities are marvels and the doggy type of boy stunning. You don't know what that means, Cynthia, because I made it up. It's the tweed suit, bored expression, trousers a triffe hagy, striped the, woolen scarf and simply darling type. And then there's the puppy stage.

ther. What about the electric needle? I heard it is the only method which is used to do away with the hair and will not come in any more. Is this true? Maybe some of the readers had this trouble and could advise me what to do. I am worrying myself to death and hope some one will write and help me. Maybe some reader who does this kind of work will advise me what to do. If you are trying to sell something to a man with a short head, the one

thing upon which you must concentrate is results. Don't make the mistake of WORRIED GIRL.

relying upon an appeal to friendship or good will. It doesn't count with these Have you tried any of the depilatories that are sold at drug stores nowadys? They are very good, although you have to repeat the treatment now and then. The electric needle has been successful in some cases, but in others it has failed, and I cannot advise you to use it with-out long consideration. Try the depila-tory first, and if this is not successful consult a beauty specialist, who will tell you just what can be done. people when it is at all opposed to their own interests or desires in any way, though otherwise they may be the most

A Half and Half

a Duchess. If you are working for a short-headed man, it is the same thing. In a busi-ness way he'll judge you solely by the profits you bring him, and no matter how much he may think of you per-sonally or socially, in all matters per-taining to your job he will take the attitude that "business is business." On the other hand, if you are em-ploying a man of this type you may he ploying a man of this type you may be sure that you'll never be able to make pleasant surroundings, cordial treatment or any amount of flattery, praise or "welfare" work take the place either of money or of the chance for advance-

ment. The short-heads are the practical division of the human race, the matter-of-act, eye-ou-the-main-chance type, and they are not so likely to be overscrupil-lous about the means to an end as some other types, though this does not mean, of course, that a short-headed person is necessarily unscrupulous.

**Read Your Character** 

By Digby Phillips

Managing Short-Heads

dustriously. "And have you anything for me to tell Adventure readers about?" I asked with more directness than elegance. And they showed me the children's dresses they are working on. They are simple little frocks of chambray in pale blue or green. The fronts are smocked in bright colors, and the little white pique collar is em-broidered with the same threads. They are suitable ford are entirely hand made, and sell for the amazing price of \$5.50. They are quite as lovely as many I have seen in the smartest children's shops at

They say the sleeve which is as big as a state asylum is doomed this spring. No longer are we to be engulfed in those tremendous affairs which were square and almost as broad as they were long. to place of these have been substituted mode's which, fitting the have ever bheld and are perfectly de-licitude. They come attractively boxed, and each one is carefully wrapped in tinfoil. They are quite the biggest, fattest dates I have ever bheld and are perfectly de-licitude. They make a state of the states of the state

Another popular type with the spring Incidentally, at the same shop you can designer is fitted into a tight band at also get stuffed prunes, which, to one the wrist. As the armhole of this latter who likes them, are indeed tempting.

returned-to this! Judy had gone into the bedroom and had closed the door. He supposed she was crying, and he had a feeling that he ought to be sorry, but he wasn't. Judy always took refuge in tears, and it always left Rand helpless. He had a hatred of weeping women. He couldn't imagine Carlotta Young giving way to anything so undignified. Tears some-how robbed a woman of all her mystery.

Tomorrow-Suspicion

### Over in England—

Mits Maud Earl, an English artist, has painted the portraits of all the prin-cipal dogs of Great Britain, including the pets of the royal family. The new Duchess of Leinster is the

first musical comedy actress to become a Duchess.

Makers of Exclusive

Dresses, Gowns

Suits and Furs

Suit Like Cut

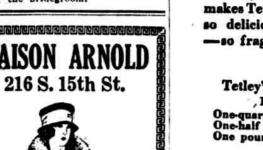
In Poiret Twill

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SILVER FOXES

AND SABLES For Spring Wear

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# They say the sleeve which is as big

periments. To the thin woman, however, the

upper section of the arm, emerge into licious. The price of a box, which gigantic bell-shaped cuffs.

the wrist. As the armhole of this latter is quite as large as that of the square model of the last season, the effect is spectacular. Along with these go long. tight sleeves and all sorts of s'ashed ex-

Among the Few

Costume of Crepe

Tomorrow-Appealing to High-Heads Adventures With a Purse STOPPED in to see the two sisters and found them both with heads bent over their work, sewing away in-

much higher prices. The sisters make these frocks to order. Think of it-for \$5.50!

By CORINNE LOWE