EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY,

What to Do

Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOTT GRANT Please Tell Me

The Cataclysm

WAS aware that Virginia eyed

in a curious way as he took at the dinner table and un-folded his napkin with the usual flourish. "Well?" She only smiled, as if casually, and helged him to the soup. He was conscious of a sense of uncasiness. "Usual flourish." "Oh, if yon don't remembor-"But I don't. Let's see, nd sure it isn't your birthday." "Of course not." "And H's not our wedding anniversary. And — well, I don't mer so slightly. "It's of no consea sense of uneasiness. He cast back in his mind to recall if she had asked him to per-form some little serv-ice, to run an errand in tower but he know 34

And she sighed. Paul wriggled un-comfortably. Some-how he felt like a be was guiltiess on that score. Yet, she smiled. He thought of the 'Mona Liss,' her expression brute. It must be a calendar day to Virginia. And he did not know. "It isn't three years ago today that her expression was

I proposed to you. He said it banteringly, yet with a "Say-is there anything the matter, honey ?" She shook her head. "No. Not a thing-is there?" note of tenderness. "No." "It's not the anniversary of the time we took that trip and called it our sec-ond honeymoon?"

"See here, dearest, if there's any-thing on your mind, for goodness' sake, religma stuff." "Enigma stuff." "Aw, you know what I mean. I'm me, and you're just waiting to see how long it's going to be before I tumble-I mean before I recollect it. Now, honey, do---" She shrugged and carved a served "Oh, it'

lice from the roast. "Oh, it's nothing important, any

"Then, it is something." "Don't mind me, Paul, dear. I dare

"Don't mind me, Paul, dear. I dare bay I'm awfully sentimental and foolish." This did look serious. He had for-gotten something, then. "What is it, honey?" "Oh-nothing! "But it is something, dear," Paul

Woman's Life and Love WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Orphans

HAVE you ever thought, Mrs. Young-mother, when you tucked the little mes in their pretty crib, under the pink elderdown and allowed himself to sit or stand in an



winiFRED That food and tender caresses are theirs daily, hourly. Unfortunate is the child that is deprived of its mother. And care from their mothers, even in fa milies where there are no lux-uries. From their first cry they learn that is deprived of its mother. And care from their first cry they learn that is deprived of its mother. And care from their first cry they learn that is deprived of its mother. And care from their first cry they learn that is deprived of its mother. And care from their first cry they learn that is deprived of its mother. And care from their first cry they learn that is deprived of its mother. And care from their first cry they learn that is deprived of its mother. And care from their first cry they learn first cry they lea daily, hourly. Unfortunate is the child that is deprived of its mother. In olden times, even in supposedly civilized countries like England and America, the fate of little ones who is direct their morents was a truly ter-

civilized countries like England and America, the fate of little ones who had lost their parents was a truly ter-rible one. To any one of imagination and feeling, it seems incredible that in-stitutions could have been run in the barbarous and inhuman fashion of a few years ago. Dickens, the novelist, gave a sordig and horrible picture of a boys' boarding school, with its cruel discipline and nauseous food, consist-ing of trencle and coarse bread. His humanitarian effort caused a reform

ever so slightly. "It's of no conse-quence, dear."

Tomorrow-Page Mr. Bell

insisted. "Come on, honey; tell me. What is it?" "Oh, if you don't remember "But I don't. Let's see, now. I'm sure it isn't your birthday." "Of course not." "And it's not our

Dear Cyrthia-I am a young girl of escheen and am keeping company with a Foung man of twenty. He is very nice and treats me like a brother, but I have one objection, he never likes to come to my house for me. My parents say it is not right for me to meet him on the street. I have asked him several times to come, but he always refuses. Cynthia, I have very nice parents, and do not see why he doesn't want to come. Could you tell me why? "BRIGHT EYES."

Cynthia cannot tell you why he be-haves thus, but whether you had nice parents or not, the young man should go to your house when he wants to see you or take you cut. You should posi-tively refuse to meet him outside.

By CYNTHIA

Cannot Explain

Laughs at "Kitten" Letter

Dear Cynthia - Please allow me enough space in your column to say a few, words to that saucy Miss "Kit-

"Note of tenderness.
"No."
"It's not the anniversary of the time we took that trip and called it our sec-ond honeymoon?"
Only a shake of a pretty head across the table.
Paul heaved a lugubrious sigh.
"Well, I swear I don't know."
"Never mind."
"Never mind."
"Aw, honey-tell me. I'll promise to remember it always and forever."
"You ought to have remembered it without prompting," she objected.
"It's just one year ago today—" she paused and blushed.
"Just a year ago today that we had our first quarrel."
"Yea?"
"Just a year ago today that we had to relative a star ago today that we had your first quarrel."
"Yen," she said demurely—"so it wouldn't be repeated.
"Yen," she said demurely—"so it wouldn't be repeated.
"Yen," she said demurely—"so it wouldn't be repeated.
"Yea?"
"Store, I remember," he agreed to nonge done?
"Sure, I remember," he agreed cherfully.
"Sure, I remember," he agreed to refrained.
"Sure, I remember," he agreed to thore your source the star." Sure, I remember," he agreed to thore your source to star." "Sure, I remember," he agreed to thore your you your stern New Eng-land conscience.
"Sure, I remember," he agreed to cherfully.
"Tomorrow—Page Mr. Bell

She's Self-Conscious

CATHARINE D. The only way to overcome self-con-sciousness is to try as far as possible not to think of yourself. Introspection is nearly always a bad thing. Try to think of the person you are talking to and what interests him and do not think, "Gh, am I talking all right" "Thid I are something clever enough for

"Did I say something clever enough for him to laugh?" Just go ahead and talk and forget yourself. It is too bad about your father, but better not apologize or make explanations about him to your friends. Try to ignore it.

Fiance Treated Her Badly

Dear Cynthia-I met a young man

A BLACK AND WHITE FROCK



An Artist Who Has Reached Success Gives a Timely Warning to Beginners

So Many Think They Have Arrived to Stay When They Have Only Just Reached the First Stage of Their Long Journey

"Till majority fail," mid a success-ful artist, "because they imagine they have arrived when they are just starting." They fail to realise that when their work is accepted it is the beginning of harder and harder work; that it is not sufficient to maintain a standard; one must improve upon it, or else one will allip back." A good many of us don't learn this truth until some time afterward. And then it's too late. T is quite understandable that we should make this mistake. After plugging along for days or we do arrive, begring the artist's pardon, when our attempt gains its first limest success. Me question is have we reached the destination of our ambition? Are we yoing to get of there, or just enjoy the treat to its greater terminus? TOO many of us jump at the concluout, when we hear a train whistle or ring its bell, and rush out thinking it has come to bear us on to our highest ambition-only to find that it is a spe-cial for the president of the road.

TOO many of us jump at the conclu-

L sion that this is the great big city that we have been traveling so long

to reach. We get gayly off the train and go walking like some conquering heroes— or heroines—into the city. But, alas! we have made a mistake,

But, alas! we have made a mistake, there are no reservations made for us at this stop, and all the accommoda-tions are held by others. There is nothing for us to do but wait and work and hope and persevere until another train comes along and stops long enough for us to get aboard. And sometimes that is a long and dreary wait, with many false hopes held

cial for the president of the read. TOO often we lose heart and hope after several experiences of this kind and go to the other side of the station to wait for the train called "failure" which goes back to where we came from. And all because we were dasaled by the lights or the beauty of the station that was only on the way to success. If only we could remember that they are only warning signals of more and harder work to follow. For, even when we do reach the glor-ious goal toward which we have been fighting our way, we won't stay there just because we have arrived. We have to go on keeping in a state of just having arrived, in order to "maintain a standard." And in order to do that we have to go ourselves one better with each new arrival. Andrassy 1810 Walnut Street PHILADELPHIA

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OH. SUCCESS isn't the leisurely, soft little thing that we think as we stand at the bottom of the steep, high hill and game longingly up. A peak isn't an easy place to stand

A peak isn't an easy place to stand on. To keep your balance and save your-self from falling backward, you have to pile up hard, earnest sincere work be-hind you, and you have to keep moving. There isn't much chance for a suc-cease of the start of the start successful, to get cold! It's a good thing to remember in your seeking after success that no matter how good you are, no matter how good you know you are, no matter how good other people say you are, you are hever so good that you can afford to be satis-fied with it. There's always a chance to/be better.

its mysterjous gray eyes, and that irresistible smile that lifted the corners of her mouth and made her strangely alluring.

Suddenly he wanted to see her again The invitation to tea, which at first had The invitation to tea, which at first had meant very little to him, had now grown important in his eyes. When he had told Judy that of course he would not go, he had meant it, but her jeering response, followed by the sudden dull listlessness as he sat before his canvas, had galvanized Rand into

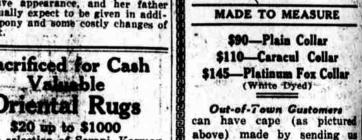
banner on which various designs and figures were painted. People could understand pictures before they could read. These designs included figures of the lion. lily, dragon, or any other de-vou have to be prepared to back up your have to be prepared to back up your

Wives in Kurdistan have to bught. Several thousand dollars bought.



Deluded Wives By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR





country was controlled by a chief or lord, who was in a sense responsible for all the people in his territory. They fought for him in battle and he protected them and assumed the responsi-bility of providing them with food and shelter. During attacks by the enemy the people gathered within the walls of

the castle with him and defended it. Sometimes the fight was in the open Sometimes the fight was in the open, and a number of chiefs and their people made common warfare on others. The lords led their people in battle in those days. They were in the front of the fighting line. As the common soldier could not read, each leader carried a banner on which various designs and former ware resisted. Besigns and

Can You Tell?

Read Your Character

There's nothing quite so useful and good looking as a dark crepe de chine freek. This one runs to white, the skirt and sleeves both dripping loops of white pleoted ribbon. A flower of organdie lightens the darkness at the waist, and the proverbial "knot of ribbon at the throat" keeps the upper part of the costume in character

By Digby Phillips By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer How Coats of Arms Originated Brunette Buyers The idea of coats of arms, by which Just as there are certain rules to be we distinguish old families, originated in the time when each section of a

followed in selling or persuading the blond, there are certain things you should keep in mind when you are trying to persuade the brunette. Of course, you have to take into consideration the other character indi-cations of the individual. But other things being equal you will find certain marked contrasts between the blond and the brunette, and if you're wise

will vary your diplomacy accordingly. In dealing with a brunette prospect take your time about getting on a "friendly" basis. Don't push it too fast. Or at least remember that you cannot expect the quickness and readi-ness of friendship from a brunette that you can from a blond.

Have all the details of your proposi-

Up to that time he had put her out of his mind, but now he remembered her consciously. He could see her face, high-bred rather than beautiful, with

She's Self-Conscious
<p

New experiments in more normal surroundings brought about the reform of individual cottages, which should have the semblance of real homes. The improvement of this "cottage system" were the old barracks is so vast as to be amazing. If youngsters cannot have paper-and-mamina love, at least they can live in pretty and comfortable homes; in small groups, like human be-ings, and not be herded like animals: THINCT miles from New York City is an ideal orphanage, with a kindly



claims.

 The exist and norrible fitter of a more normality of the exist of the so that the soldier would know when It is the element of dependability in

You won't get as much benefit out of flattering a brunette as a blond. But you will get a great deal more out of keeping an appointment on time, and out of doing exactly what you have told him you are going to do. you and in what you have to sell that | tea.

To R. D.

Salute It was very considerate of you to send the information you did send, and I wish I could pass it on to the reader it is meant for, but unfortunately. his name and address were not given. Thank you so much for the trouble you took

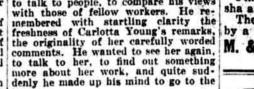
Removing Wall Paper To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you please give me an idea of how to remove old wall-paper from sides and ceiling of a room? I tried using cold water, but it doesn't come off very easily.

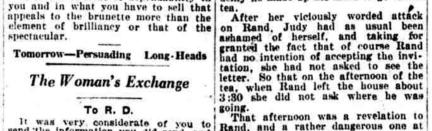
MRS. M.

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Could you kindly tell me where I could obtain a pattern of a dress which was in the Spring Fashion Section of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER? It was made of black crepe de chine and embroidered in silver; the sleeves were lined with silver also.

A GRATEFUL READER There are no patterns of the models which you speak of, but you can copy this particular dress. I am sure, by get-ting one of the standard patterns which

resembles it as much as possible, and then following the picture, and adding the little details which make it so in-





Rand, and a rather dangerous one at that. Carlotta Young lived east of Park avenue in the Fifties, and Rand never forgot the moment when in re-sponse to his ring of the bell she opened the door to him.

the door to him. She was dressed in a loose tea gown of dull yellow velvet with a girdle of jet. Her hair was black, that jetty black that is almost blue in certain lights, and it was cut short. It swept back from her white forehead and shone like satin, and beneath it her wide gray eyes looked full into Rand's.

MRS. M. It is best to use hot water in get-ting the poher off the wall. Mix one heaping tablespoonful of salipeter to a gallon of hot water, and dab it freely on the paper, using a whitewash brush, since this will cover the surface quicker thau any other kind. If you see that the water is kept warm while you are applying it, you will not have any trouble in pulling the paper from the wall, after several applications. Copying a Dress MRS. M. Wide gray eyes looked that will cover the wall, with of spoons on china, but here for a moment these two were alone, and in the eyes of Carlotta Young there was more than a welcome. It seemed to Rand for a moment as if in their expression there was a hint of something else, and because the artist soul of him was starved for beauty, something leaped up in his eyes to meet that look in hers. But it was only, for a moment, and

But it was only for a moment. and then she became to him no more than the gracious hostess: She flung the door wide with a little gesture, and in an incredibly short time he found himself one of the gay chattering throng. She introduced him and he heard

names that up to that time he had thought belonged only to people he had never dreamed of meeting, and although there must have been at least twenty persons in the room, it did not seem at all crowded.

After a time, when he had a chance to look around and observe his sur-roundings, he realized why this was.





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