

FOR MORE SETTLED WEATHER



Photo by Central News

In these days of first hot and then cold, a parasol and a summer hat look out of place. But while you are shivering from shop to shop...

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Two Million Wifeless Men

GIRLS and spinsters, take heart. In America all the time there are no less than two million bachelors in excess of the married pairs.



WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Dear Cynthia—My mother died in May last year and I am still in mourning. And as I am to be married next month, would it be proper or bad luck for me to be married from the home of a relative instead of where I am now living with my brother?

Writes to "Bill"

Dear Cynthia—Allow me to say a few words to "Bill."

Question of Etiquette

Dear Cynthia—Two couples went to a hotel for a dinner and entertainment when dancing was included in the program.

IN DOUBT

I was not a breach of etiquette, strictly speaking, for the young man to dance with an acquaintance while the girl he had taken to the party was absent.

But what do we really want in life?

Of course, we enjoy theatre and novels and art galleries and music. Cities offer us an enormous amount of pleasure and education.

THEN there is the difference between love and home and mutual interests and activities, and the monotonous, non-creative life of the unmarried and lonely woman.

Nowadays, too, the country is pretty up to date. Farms have their automobiles and telephones and motor-machines and magazines.

Life has its complexities.

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Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEYO BACHELOR

Judith Carlyle is a deluded wife because when Rand, her husband, sells his business and comes to New York to be an artist, she refuses to accept herself to the new life.

Tea for Three

JUDY sat rigidly on the edge of her chair.

With every breath she drew she hated Carlotta Young a little more. She hated her for the intangible charm she possessed, for her ease of manner and, most of all, for the way she and Rand chatted together as if they were old-time friends.

As for Carlotta, she never forgot the little sense of shock she had had when Rand first introduced her to Judy. She had made no picture of Rand's wife in her mind, but at least she expected her to be colorful.

When faced with a direct question, like "How do you like New York, Mrs. Carlyle?" Judy had responded with some show of feeling.

"I hate it!" she had said fervently, but a moment later she had relapsed into silence.

Rand showed Carlotta the portrait he had begun of her and she was charmingly enthusiastic. They stood together before the canvas, and Rand found himself terribly aware of her closeness.

What would it be like to love such a woman, to arouse in her the turbulence that at times seemed to consume him? He was underweight, and she was heavy.

At that moment she turned to him and her eyes met. Into her own crept a sudden look of fear, and over the creamy skin surged a flood of crimson.

She was both angry and glad that she had caught the look in his eyes, angry because it had caused her embarrassment, glad because in that moment of revelation they had been suddenly drawn together into an intimate understanding.

But if Rand did not analyze his thoughts, and realize their danger, Carlotta was acutely aware of her own feelings. She had known from the first moment of their meeting that he had the power to rouse her, to make her care for him, for, unlike Judy, who had always been protected and sheltered, Carlotta had met life and conquered it.

She knew quite well what she ought to do. Rand Carlyle was married, perhaps not happily married, but nevertheless married. She had no desire to hurt the woman who was his wife, and it was better for all three of them if she walked out of Rand's life forever.

But, woman like, she felt herself capable of managing the situation, of keeping her emotions throttled so that she and Rand could remain friends. She wanted him for a friend, she liked him better than any man who had ever come into her life, and she felt that her friendship could mean something to Rand just now when he needed help and understanding more than anything else in the world.

Tomorrow—Judy Is Stubborn.

With Crocuses and Song-Sparrows and Jumping Ropes and Sunshine

There's No Denying the Fact That Spring Is Just About Here. Even Mud Can't Stop Its Signs

THERE'S absolutely no doubt about it now.

Why, crocuses are up! Bluebirds have begun singing for weeks and robins are an old story. And yesterday I saw a song-sparrow, perched on a foolishly small twig, shivering and shaking with the effort to get his spring song into shape.

He'll have to gargle his throat a lot more and stop eating so many worms before he regains the full glory of his hymn of praise and joy, but he's starting to train, at least.

And the other day there was a shuddering of feet on the porch next door. It didn't sound like a pogo stick, and it wasn't raining.

It was something queer and unusual that hadn't been heard for a long time. From one hand she trailed a piece of rope.

The other little girl carried another piece of rope. And as they joined forces they got into step brought their ropes into position and went skipping up the street.

Muddy patches in front of new houses usually discourage prospective tenants. Every Sunday afternoon you see people, nearly always couples, walking along the street where they are building those attractive new houses with fireplaces in the living rooms and porch roofs that were just built for flower boxes.

They pause invariably and stare at the houses. You can tell that the girl is visualizing a room in each of the new houses with either dark and heavy or light and airy curtains at the window.

And that the man is seeing the possibilities of every description and for every occasion are the present vogue. Here is a BUTTON-ON-CAPE that you will find very convenient for sports or street wear.

The cape may be cut circular or with a seam down the shoulder or made on a yoke. The sides of the cape extend a little in front of the shoulder line. The short yoke or collar meets at the front. It has two button-holes in each end which fit over buttons that are sewed to the front of the frock.

In this way the BUTTON-ON-CAPE can readily be removed when not wanted and quickly rebuffed when some added warmth is needed. FLORA.

That Trick Party

For April Fool's Day isn't what you think it is. It's something entirely different. If you really want to know what it is send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the editor of the woman's page.

SWIMMING & GYMNASIUM FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS. Lessons by arrangement. Rates moderate—Send for information. North Building, 222 and Sanson Sts. THE Y. M. C. A. OF PHILA.

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Our Week-End Sale of Easter Apparel at \$25

Let us show you economy at its best!

Tweed "Sports" Suits

Man-Tailored—Silk-Lined—All Colors and Sizes

Sports—Afternoon and Tailored Dresses, Roshanara, Canton crepe, Taffeta, Tweed, Tricotine and Wool Jersey.

One model illustrated in Roshanara crepe bound with grograin ribbon.

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Easter Millinery Adaptations of French Models

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Recipes Written a Whole Century Ago Are Taken From Diary by Mrs. Wilson

A Cream Sauce Makes Bacon and Eggs Unusual, While the Old-Time Dixie Plum Cake Is Temptingly Spiced

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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TODAY, March the 31st, is a balmy spring day, the robins are singing and winter hats turned his tail and fled.

The above notes and the recipes used today are taken from an old diary of Rachel Howard, who lived in Philadelphia in the early eighteenth century.

BREAKFAST

Southern Strawberries Cereal and Cream Bacon and Eggs with Cream Gravy Fried Potatoes Colonial Rolls Coffee

DINNER

Pickled Beets Radishes Spiced Cucumber Rings Braised Shoulder of Lamb, Dutch Style Mashed Potatoes Peas Cabbage Salad Cream Apple Shortcake

SUPPER

Radishes Pickled Beets Cold Cuts of Meat Potato Salad Baked Apples Spice Cake Tea

Bacon and Eggs With Cream Sauce

Brown thin slices of bacon, and then cook one egg for each person in the bacon fat, keeping the egg white whole cooking; this is easily done by not having the fat reach above the egg when cooked, to a small slice of toast, and then drain a portion of the fat from the pan, add six tablespoons of flour, blend and add

One and one-half cups of milk, blend and bring to a boil, cook for five minutes, season well.

Braised Shoulder of Lamb, Dutch Style

Have the butcher bone and roll the shoulder. Now place in a wooden chopping bowl.

Two leeks. Three onions. Three branches of parsley. One teaspoon of thyme.

Chop very fine and pack into the meat where it is tied. Put a little shortening in deep saucepan and when smoking, add the meat. Turn until nicely browned and then cover the pan closely and let cook very slowly, allowing full thirty-five minutes to the pound. Add to the meat while cooking.

One-quarter cup of vinegar. Eight small onions. Two carrots, cut in small pieces. One cup of water. Six tablespoons of flour.

Dissolve the flour in the water before adding to the meat, season with salt and pepper and add

One-half cup of finely chopped parsley. One cup of thick sour cream. Blend well and serve.

Colonial Boiled Dressing

Place in a saucepan One cup of milk. Yolk of one egg. Lift the egg. One teaspoon of mustard. One teaspoon of salt. One tablespoon of sugar. One teaspoon of white pepper.

Four tablespoons of flour. Now dissolve the spices in the milk, before starting to cook, and just as soon as the mixture begins to thicken add slowly two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, beating the vinegar in slowly; add one-half cup of butter and bring to boil. Place where it will cook very slowly for five minutes.

This amount of dressing will keep over a week in winter time, and as long in summer if placed near the ice. To use, place about two-thirds cup of this dressing in bowl and add

One-half cup of sour cream. Beat to blend and pour over the salad.

Apple Short Cake

Place in large, flat saucepan One cup of sugar.

One-half cup of water. Stir to dissolve the sugar and bring to a boil. Cook for two minutes. Now add three apples, pared, and cut each apple in four slices; remove the core. The apples now resemble the slice of pineapple. Place the slices of apple in the prepared sirup and simmer slowly until the apples are clear. The apples must be laid in single layer in the saucepan. While cooking cover to keep in the steam. Now place in a mixing bowl.

Three and one-quarter cups of flour. One teaspoon of salt. Two tablespoons of baking powder. Five tablespoons of sugar.

Sift to mix and then run into the flour.

Five tablespoons of shortening, and use one cup of milk to mix to dough; roll out as for biscuits and cut with the large cookie cutter, place on a baking sheet and bake in hot oven for

Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Ethical Complex

"PAUL, dear, what are ethics?"

Paul dropped the evening newspaper and three Virginia a quizzical glance across the library table.

He grinned over at her.

"That's the idea. Ethics means the rules of the game."

"Ethics? Oh, they are the rules of the game. Why?"

"Nothing—only I've been wondering just how one individual ethics."

Paul smiled gravely.

"Honey, that's something that's been engaging the attention of a million minds than yours and mine—and it's been an open subject for about 2000 years."

She caught the sober note in his voice.

"You mean, dear, that nobody can get at it? I mean, that the matter of ethics is something to be left to one's own choice?"

He nodded gravely.

"Something like that. But it's not a question of choice. It's a matter of one's conscience."

Virginia grinned.

"It's hard to understand, isn't it, darling?"

"Very. If we all had the same ethical standard life would be relieved of a million complexities and I'm afraid there'd not be much spiritual excitement left for their favorite pastime; viewers-alarm would have nothing to view, and pointers-with-pride would want their fingers cut within a week from pointing."

Paul smiled.

Tomorrow—Just Like a Man!

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