

Can Life Really Be as Sordid as Some Writers Make It Seem?

THERE is no need of keeping our thoughts down among the mud puddles when we can raise them to the sunshine.

THERE has been an epidemic during the last few years of stories and books based on the ugly side of life.

One or several of the most uninteresting, unprepossessing characters will go sloppily through series of morbid, unusual, and often sordid experiences, usually conjuring for no better reason than that the writer seems to think he has used up enough space.

No conclusion is reached, no fact is proved, no lesson is taught, no picture is given, that will do any good, or give any pleasure.

Nothing is accomplished with those stories except a deep depression, which remains with the reader long after he has finished the book.

Are the stories really true which choose almost unpaved characters and scenes and make them seem as if they were typical of life?

In this realism, are people really so selfish, so cheap?

Or do these wild imaginings spring from minds that are stunted and diseased?

THIS is life, if these introspective, morbid people are really typical and not extraordinary; then there's something wrong with modern life.

"Why, there are people like that, of course," you say as you read these tales. "But you don't ever know them. They're just queer, outlandish. There are only a few of them in every crowd, but nobody ever pays much attention to them."

But this is not the reality, don't you see? As far as you or me are concerned, there's nothing coming, as they would no doubt say, into their own?

If they are, it's the something we've done about it.

THE tragedy of it is that most of those who believe in these stories are the "rising generation," the girls of from six to twenty-one, who, though they do not know anything about life, until they read it, because they haven't had any experience.

They think they are getting it at its

Please Tell Me What to Do

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

Judith Randolph is deluded wife. Lucy Randolph is enough to entice her husband, and need his status. She does not think it necessary to compete with other women in order to hold her husband, while Lucy is a waggish little shrew. Rand and Carl are artists, struggling toward beauty of expression. They need more understanding in their work, and understanding they both turn to. Lucy has already given up this under-standing. In Carlotta Young, Rand finds the woman who can give him everything that Judy desires. Carlotta loves him, but is unwilling to take her happiness at the expense of another woman. Just at this stage of the game Judy begins to suspect the truth.

The Next Morning

IT SEEMED to Judy when she awoke this next morning that she could not bear to face Rand.

So sure was she that he had been with Carlotta Young the night before that it was almost as if he had told her so himself, and yet, strange to say, she had no desire to accuse him to force him to tell her the truth.

Rand was still asleep when she slipped out of the bedroom and into the kitchen, but she heard him get up and go into the bathroom to shave as she began to make preparations for breakfast.

As for Rand, if that had been the way possible, he would have avoided breakfast. He had no appetite, and knowing Judy as he did, he fully expected her to cause a scene. She would want to know where he had been the night before and why he had not come to bed as usual, but to his surprise Judy said nothing at all.

She was very quiet and she seemed very white in the strong light from the north window, but Rand with his thoughts full of another woman could not find in his heart to be angry with her. Mrs. Young's eyes were too poignant, and it seemed to him after a night's sleep as though every bit of feeling that he had ever had for her was dead.

He ate his breakfast mechanically and Judy's eyes lingered on him wistfully whenever she saw him eat, though she wasn't looking in her direction.

She loved him, but he looked! She would have given anything at that moment to have been able to spring up and run across the table to him. Only foolish outside that she had never before yielded to her burning to be near him again. She had an aching desire to feel his arms around her.

It was as if something had broken in Judy, for her usual quietness had seemed to have gone. She had been so quiet the past seemed dead. She had seen nothing toward her husband, she had in spite of her husband's fits of rage, tried to keep him from her, but now she wanted to keep him, but he wanted his friends that he didn't understand in the first place.

She was looking at him, but he was looking at her. Did you ever see a proper thing to do? I told him I had no time to speak to him again unless he was a good boy, and so he left her.

"Oh, nonsense, dear. It will be good fun to look."

He opened the book at random and as his eyes quickly scanned a page he laughed—remissively, too. Virginia thought.

Then he read from the ruled pink page:

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you."
Their eyes met and they laughed gaily.

"I remember. That was that Robinson boy. He had red hair and blue teeth."

Tomorrow—Something to Worry About

The Woman's Exchange

Read Your Character
By Digby Phillips

Selling the Short-Lipped

If you are a salesman, no matter how many prospects you are calling on, no matter how long your time for the study and observation of your prospects may be, you always have time to note the lip. It's hard to miss.

And lips are eloquent in more than the words you utter.

How, for instance, would you sell the man with the short upper lip, particularly of that lip is slightly curved or turned up?

A clever article has explained that this is the sign of the nature which likes flattery and praise. Your cue is quite obvious. You flatter them.

But that does not mean that you must tell them they're handsome or beautiful necessarily. But if your prospect is a woman, a respectfully admiring gaze will be well worth your while.

Depending upon the mentality and intelligence indicated by the other signs, you should make your flattery broad or narrow, also depending upon whether your voice or "flame" nature is indicated.

With the following and quite suitable "lipstick" on the thick, with either you want to do it more by implication and a casual word here and there. Flatter them in connection with the points or subjects in which they seem most interested, jiving either by their conversation or by their other indications of character.

Tomorrow—How to Sell the Spiff Upper Lip

Can You Tell?
By P. J. and A. W. Bodner

Why Soldiers Wear Larger Shoes Than Civilians

AS soon as you make out your men you realize that the shoes must be larger than the size of the feet. But there is a good reason for this, for when carrying a rifle, the weight of the gun, between 50 and 100 pounds, exerts a great strain on the feet, so much so that the soldiers have to spread out. For each pound carried adds one-half of an inch to the feet, and it is therefore necessary to expand the soldiers' shoes sufficiently, so that when they march the feet are not pinched, and that there is plenty of room for the feet to spread.

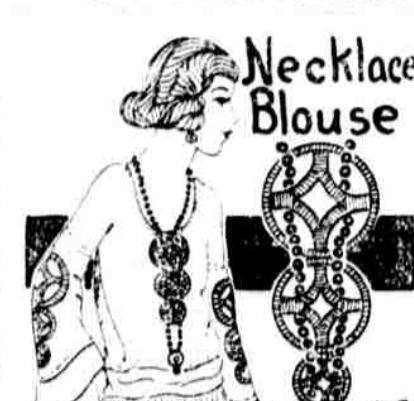
You can easily fit for yourself the next time you buy a heavy weight to any considerable distance. It may never occur to you before this that the reason you feel aches after carrying a weight for a distance is due to the added weight being given to the feet, adding to the pressure which is being exerted by the weight, and that they have become cramped.

Another interesting thing about the shoes of soldiers is the fact that very often soldiers prevent the cracking of their feet when going on a long march by stamping ankle bones, or in some cases, by biting the toenails. It is believed that this was to make it take the shape of the foot and cling to it.

She took the blow without flinching, and if Rand had expected eyes and reflexes he must have been agreeably surprised.

"Very well, Paul," she said, "now and then with a burst that she was trembling visibly, she reached for his cup to fill it with hot coffee.

Tomorrow—The Eternal Feminine



A NECKLACE BLOUSE is a very handsome affair. Make a slip-over blouse with the sleeves cut in silk or kasha cloth. Mark off circles as shown at the right-hand side of the illustration and draw small simple designs on them. These circles can be drawn on paper, the paper itself being the blouse. Then turn away after the circles have been drawn and cut them out. Turn a necklace of beads of contrasting color through the cutouts as shown. Fasten a large pendant to the bottom of the necklace. The NECKLACE BLOUSE is as stunning as it is new.

FLORA.

Amazingly Varied Food List of Today Would Astound Colonial, Says Mrs. Wilson

In the Market Basket, Until Fresh Fruits Are Seasonable, Canned, Dried or Evaporated Ones Fill In for Pies and Shortcakes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON
Copyright, 1922, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.

THE early history of Philadelphia is closely associated with her market places; the community centers in the days gone by found their starting places there. The folks about 1875 could find the market men foods that were imported from the far corners of the globe. Refrigeration and cold storage were coming into prominence and fast methods of transportation made it possible for the housewife to find foods out of season for the table.

From the Centennial year to today is quite a stretch of time, and many generations have passed. An old Philadelphia housewife, who prided herself as a young housewife of those days, remarked the other day that she could close her eyes and picture the days in a row with the modern stalls today, loaded down with tropical and semi-tropical fruits and vegetables, in mid-winter, she knew that it would appear as the eighth wonder of the world to the folks of those days.

Mrs. Sarah E. Howard, who is eighty-three years of age, tells of a Sunday dinner in the spring of 1875, when she and her husband and much of it would be discarded today, as repeating the protein too often. Think of it, both fish and meat, as well as game, all at the one meal. It was the proper thing to assume that your guests were starving, hence you must overload the table and the plate to assure them that you had abundance of food to appease their appetite.

A menu for three meals on Sunday, featuring the toothsome chow:

Sunday Breakfast

Canned Peas
Broiled Calves' Liver and Bacon
Smothered Onions
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Corn Muffins
Watercress

Dinner

Celery
Garden Onions
Bermuda Cucumbers
Planked Shad
New Potatoes
Asparagus
Buttered and Spiced Beets
Coleslaw
Canned Cherry Pie
Cream Cheese and Toasted Crackers
Coffee

Supper

Potato Soup
Virginia Asparagus Omelet
Baked Macaroni
Coleslaw
Peach Shortcake
Tea

The market basket will require for this menu:

**One can of peas,
One can of cherries,
One-half pound of dried peaches,
One-half pound of calves' liver, cut thin,**

**One-half pound of bacon,
One shad,
Eggs,
Onions,
Potatoes,
One quart of new potatoes,
Asparagus,
New beets,
Cabbage,
Cream cheese,
Crackers,**

and the usual weekly supplies.

If you do not have any canned fruits, you may use all the dried or evaporated fruits.

Broiled Calves' Liver

Wipe the slices of liver and dip lightly in flour, and then in melted bacon, if possible, then broil twice while browning. When cooked lift to hot plate and surround with a little melted butter; garnish with the bacon.

Smothered Onions

Peel the onions and cut in slices, and place in a skillet, adding one-half cup of good shortening and one-half cup of water. Cover closely and simmer until the onions are tender, then remove the lid and cook until a nice color; use as a garnish about the calves' liver.

Bermuda Cucumbers

Pare the cucumber and cut in paper-thin slices and cover with crushed ice, stand away for one-half hour before serving. When ready to serve wash the cucumbers, turn them in a large bowl of lettuce, and serve with whipped sour cream dressing. If you desire, you may add one Bermuda onion, cut in paper-thin slices, to the cucumber just before you add the dressing.

Sour Cream Dressing

Place in a soup plate:

**Yolk of one egg,
One teaspoon of mustard,
One teaspoon of sugar,
One-half teaspoon of white pepper,
One-half teaspoon of horseradish.**

Blend and add slowly two tablespoons of cold milk, beating until thick and creamy. Now add one-half cup of thick sour cream, whipped stiff, and cream.

One tablespoon of lemon juice

Now add:

One teaspoon of salt.

Serve.

Planked Shad

Have the fish cleaned split the shad down the back, wash and lay the fish flat ready. Now soak the shad, cut it in cold water for two hours and then place the fish on the board. Place in the broiler and as the fish commences to cook, turn the heat up, then turn the fish over, turn the heat down, then turn the fish over again, then turn the heat up again, etc., until the fish is browned on both sides.

When the fish is browned, turn the oven to 350° F. and place the fish in the oven to finish cooking, not forgetting to baste well with the cold water. Serve on the planks garnished with watercress and slices of lemon.

Canned Cherry Pie

Drain the canned cherries and measure the juice and add two-tablespoons of cornstarch.

Three level tablespoons of cornstarch

Stir to dissolve the starch and bring to a boil and boil for three minutes, adding the drained cherries. Let cool and use for the pie filling, adding about one-half teaspoon of nutmeg.

High-Class FURNITURE

Made to Order REPAIRING REFINISHING UPHOLSTERING

We specialize in first-class work for people of discriminating taste.

French Polishing

French polishing on tables, piano, furniture.

Household GOODS

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

2 Mahogany Typewriter Desks

1 Mahogany Art-Top Desk

1 Fine Mahogany "Tables" Table

To be sold for storage charges cheap.

Morrison Storage, 5229 Market St.

Open Tues., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free Delivery

ASCO

</