...t and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

...That Glad Game

...INIA was distraught, flustered. "...at happened today, honey; ...all tuckered out?" asked the master of the manse genially, as he hung up his hat and coat.

Virginia grimaced.

"Oh, Helen Black dropped in this afternoon, and I'll tell you, Paul, you have no idea how that girl can wear one out. My goodness, I'm exhausted!"

"Helen Black? Why I thought she ...a wonderful girl, so cheerful and ...ght and happy."

Virginia faced him belligerently.

"Paul, if you say one more word ...t being happy and gay and cheerful, ...all that, I—I don't know what I'll ... I'll just scream."

...chuckled.

"...ky, honey, I thought you liked ... people around you, and——"

"...al, I know now why they laugh ... pollyanna people."

"...ood! Tell me."

"Oh, you know, honey—it's all a ... formula, and the people that play ... all the time do it unconsciously, or ...nconsciously, or something. Poor ...ans, they have no idea that they are ...st killing folks with their glad game."

"Glad game?"

"Oh, of course; that's what they call ... It's after some idiotic book or other, ...and it's grown into a regular credo. ...Goodness, but it's trying. You know it ...rted to shower this afternoon and ...Helen cried out with joy. I told her ... was too bad that she was caught ...without an umbrella, and offered her ...the loan of my blue silk one, but she ...cheerfully said that rain will bring up ...the flowers, and, well, honestly, you'd ...have thought the child took it as a personal achievement—that it rained."

"Well, it is rather good to find something to smile about in any old thing, don't you think?"

"Paul," she murmured in real awe, "Helen can find good in house-flies and diphtheria and breaking a best china cup and—oh, anything."

"Well, there's no harm in that."

"Dearest, she told me today that when a couple are divorced for instance, there's really a lot to be glad about because each one then has the opportunity for another romance in their lives."

Paul shrugged.

"Well, she's not married, so she naturally has queer ideas about the jolly old marriage game."

"And she professes to see cause for rejoicing when perfectly awful things happen. She lost her purse with about eight dollars in it last Sunday, and she sat here today and cooed with sheer joy, because, she said, it would probably have been spent for something foolish which she would have regretted, and she's sure some poor deserving old woman found it and will be happy for a week or two. Can you beat that for optimism?"

"Well, it prevents a lot of worry."

"And everything is like that to Helen. She just blankly and blandly refuses to see anything to regret, anything to be sorry for—nothing to weep over in the whole world. That's playing the glad game."

Paul heaved a reflective sigh.

"Pretty good policy, though," he said finally. "It's a pretty good state of mind to be in, I think."

Virginia dropped her hands dejectedly.

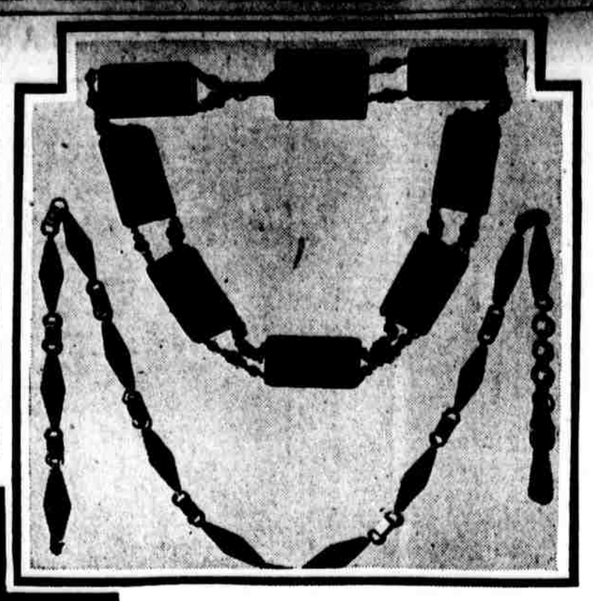
"It may be—for the one who is practicing it. But, oh, mercy, it's awfully wearing on the party of the second part."

Tomorrow—"One Real Problem"

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you bought your summer sweater yet? I rather hope not, for I have come across a real discovery. Let me tell you about it. I was passing through a shop, and there on a figure I saw a most attractive thin wool sweater, Peter Pan style. It is an old blue, and in short, is a lovely sweater. Now here comes the really important part of this article. Guess the price of the sweater—just exactly $2. I learned that the same model comes in several colors, including purple and black, and in most sizes. And think of it, $2!

Have you seen the perfume bottles for the dressing table? To my mind, they are quite irresistible. They stand about four or five inches in height, and are of slender, graceful proportions. Some are a solid orange in color, painted with a brightly colored blue parrot. Others have blue for the background. They are just as smart as they can be, and make most decorative additions to one's toilet articles. The price of one of these bottles is $1.



Metal clasps adorn the full collar of a pretty cape and a girdle to match adds distinction to the frock. Two other girdles are made of squares and links of celluloid in bright colors decorated with steel to brighten up a dark frock.

"Jazzer" Thinks She Is Proving How Very Wicked and Shocking She Is

But She Doesn't Prove a Thing Except How Silly She Is and What a Lot of Time She Is Wasting

SHE signed herself "Jazzer," although she started her letter by asking for help in her distress.

A boy she has known since childhood, she says, has inherited some money and now wants her to marry him.

He also wants to reform her, and she resents this, because she declares there is nothing wrong with her.

She would marry him, although she doesn't love him, if it were not for his saying that, for all the girls she knows are married to men whom they do not care for.

"But I don't see why I should give up these harmless amusements when many of the girls are married and still have good times."

And then gleefully she tells about this innocent fun which she just cannot bear to give up in order to marry a rich man whom she doesn't care for!

"I WEAR as little clothes as any one else, use cosmetics till I can hardly recognize myself, have bobbed hair; in short, any one can see at a glance that I am only one of the many flappers.

"At a party I am a regular sport. I smoke, drink (isn't prohibition a good joke?) as much as every one else. Maybe my 'scandalizing' is a little extreme, but then one must be fast to be in the running. Petting parties are not supposed to be 'nice,' but then the only people I have heard say that are the ones who never attended one."

There may be something in this last remark, but if there is, it is the only thing in the whole letter.

"Jazzer" thinks that she has proved herself a clever, daring "live wire" by these remarks.

But she hasn't proved herself anything but a smart Alec!

And she has proved that finally and conclusively.

IF THE man is wise he will drop the reform talk immediately, and with it the object of it.

When anybody gets so proud of being "wicked" as this, there's no use bothering any longer.

Scorn makes her laugh, disapproval delights her, preaching never does any good anyhow, unless it's done from the pulpit, and threats go right past her without hitting anywhere.

But indifference! That's the prize-winner in a case like this.

That's the one thing that a "jazzer" cannot endure. She must be noticed; she must make an impression.

What's the use of being so delightfully bad if nobody is shocked?

You don't feel shocked with a girl who goes so far as to include bobbed hair among the sins that she is proud of.

You just feel disgusted and rather sorry that she doesn't know any better.

NO, "JAZZER," nobody is going to give you advice on this matter and nobody is going to be shocked at your letter.

You're having a wonderful time now, and those friends of yours who are married to men they don't love think they are having a wonderful time, too.

But did you ever ask them or yourself whether that wonderful time actually amounts to real happiness?

Things You'll Love to Make

On one of the popular soft-straw summer hats OAK LEAF TRIMMING gives an unusual and very attractive effect. Cut the oak leaf forms out of felt. Orange and brown are a pretty combination. Sew a narrow flat wire down the middle of each leaf. Cover this wire with stitching of green wool or silk. Buttonhole the edges with the same material. Use the covered wire for the stems. Allow the spray of OAK LEAF TRIMMING to hang over the brim.

FLORA.

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Can You Love Two Men at the Same Time?

EVER know of a woman who committed bigamy?

Men have done so, thousands of times. We have heard of the sailor as a person who always has a wife in every port, and innumerable men marry several different women in their travels. How about women—?

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

During the war a number of girls found it profitable, financially, to marry one soldier after another, and collect his pension. This was a way of being an unscrupulous adventuress, but we wonder if there are a certain number of women who, like the average male, are really versatile in their affections.

THE flirt always is regarded as rather picturesque. Some of the most charming and refined young girls are spoken of as "belles," and praised for being adored by many a sighing swain. It used to be quite the thing to flit a large number of young men before a fitter temptress settled down to one, and to bringing up a family. Was such a seductress content with the humdrum of domesticity? Did she never yearn for the old days of lording it over many men and keeping them dancing attendance? Coquetry dies hard.

Most people are variests, in that they enjoy admiration from the opposite sex, and find in different natures different charms. The girl who is pretty and has the natural magnetism that draws many to her side, delights in conquest. Once in a while she meets her Waterloo and succumbs to Cupid. She may prefer a blonde man, yet the one who finally captures her is a brunette. In after years she sees a light man who has all the external attractions she once held to be most prepossessing. Does she waver in her loyalty to her spouse. Do her errant fancies linger over the blonde curls and fair high brow? Or, if it be a mental charm such as boyish amiability, and her own husband is a bit serious and sedate, does her heart quicken at the enthusiastic, youthful excitability of another?

THERE is no doubt that the society woman, whose cares are few, and who amuses herself constantly and pampers her every whim, often dallies with imagination, and sees in each new acquaintance of the sterner sex a possible conquest; but the simple, loyal type of woman who fills her life with sensible activities, and has a fairly satisfactory spouse, is not apt to let her fancy stray into forbidden paths. To a wife who has found a congenial mate, the father of the children is a being set apart as some one unusually fine and admirable. It simply does not occur to her that there is any other man in the world!

In early youth, however, the whole genus male is mysterious and interesting. One man is a strong character and masterful almost to the point of being hypnotic. The girl cannot get him out of her consciousness. On the other hand, there is the appealing boy, who is of finer mold, and calls out all the maternal in her! Somehow, she feels that he needs her, and to a deep-hearted woman that is a tremendous appeal.

OFTEN a girl is in a quandary for months or even years. If she is unusually attractive, or has opportunities of meeting a large number of men, she is sought by many, in different ways. Her imagination flies, in a disjointed manner, from Harry, who has this allurement, to Albert, who has that. She pictures life with the one and the other, and sees so many agreeable possibilities that it is most difficult to make her choice. In many cases a girl quite earnestly tell her mother that she actually loves two different men at the same time.

But finally some incident changes her feelings. She leans to one, and becomes indifferent to the other. And now she has been married a while and has found a deeper and more mature love, she wonders how she ever could have dallied and coquetted, or considered the other man. While in doubt, it is foolish to take any decided step. When "loves two," it is pretty certain finally loves nobody!

...e Necessary Gingham—

...be made vastly becoming, and distinctive, by bearing in mind ...l things. The first is that a great ...of the smart ones this year are ...am, brown or beige tones, which ...be taking a leading part in al... type of clothes. Now, given ...ham, it remains to splash a ... wool embroidery on it, and ... to get a guaranteed-to-

The Unconscious Sinner

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Dick Wheeler asks Cleo Ridgefield to marry him and when she refuses, calls her a heartless flirt and tells her that she will be sorry all her life. Cleo is frightened at the threat, and Dick, half mad with the thought that she does not love him, is about to end his life when his guardian, Carey Phelps, arrives in time to prevent the catastrophe. Carey believes Cleo to be a scheming type of woman and decides to pay her back in her own coin by making her fall in love with him.

CHAPTER VII

Readjustment

CAREY'S first step was to persuade Dick to take a trip to Europe. The boy seemed broken, he took no interest in anything, his whole attitude was one of listlessness, but before he sailed he gave Carey his promise not to do anything foolish.

"Try to forget," was Carey's advice. "She isn't worth your suffering, no woman is, and, above all, that type."

Dick listened thoughtfully. The first heat of his jealous rage had subsided and, although the hurt in his heart was just as keen, he was fair enough to admit to himself that the things he had said about Cleo were not true.

He wanted to tell Carey so, but because it caused him pain to talk of Cleo, he said nothing. He wanted to forget, and it would do no good to bring up memories of that night when he had called her a heart'ess coquette and had watched that hurt look creep into her eyes.

But once aboard the big liner he found it impossible to banish Cleo from his thoughts, and his heart was filled with remorse. He had blamed her for his suffering, but now that he was able to think more clearly he realized that none of it had been her fault. In all the time he had known her she had never resorted to feminine tricks of any kind. She had been frank and open in her friendship for him, and he had no right to blame her because she could not love him.

"I was a brute," he told himself over and over, and he resolved to write Carey and correct the impression he had left with him, but he put it off from day to day and finally decided that after all he had exaggerated things in his own mind. Carey would never meet Cleo, and if he did he could see for himself what manner of girl she was. He must force himself to forget, and in order to do that he must cram his thoughts with other interests.

And so he tried not to think of Cleo. He tried not to remember how she looked when she talked with that fascinating little dimple coming and going at the corner of her mouth. But in spite of his efforts there were times when he felt that he could not go on with life, and if it had not been for his promise to Carey, he would have yielded to the impulse to drop out of everything.

As for Cleo, the relief in knowing that Dick had not done what he had threatened had been overwhelming. She was lifted from the depths of despair to the pinnacle of ecstatic relief when the news came to her that he had sailed for abroad. Gradually her confidence returned to her, and she began to believe that, after all, he had not cared for her so much as he had said. But, in spite of the fact that she was almost happy again, something had gone from her. She was half afraid to be herself, lest people criticize her. She continually reminded herself of Dick's accusation, and this feeling was particularly strong whenever she found herself alone with a man.

Gradually, however, she began to get back her confidence in herself, gradually the fear that Dick's wild words had roused in her died away, and the old fearlessness returned. She forgot to play a part and became once more the Cleo of old, the dimpling girl, standing on the threshold of womanhood. The memory of Dick faded to a dream, and just about this time she met Carey Phelps.

She never forgot that first meeting with him. It was as though she had waited years for this thing that had at last materialized, and if she had been dangerous before, she was more than ever like a flame when she first looked into Carey's rather cold gray eyes.

Tomorrow—The Meeting

Fixing Up a Room

A charmingly quaint touch can be given to a bedroom by having the curtains, bureau scarf and bedspread match. Of course, this is not the only thing. They have to be daintily made and the materials must be well chosen. But if you select white voile or dotted Swiss you won't be making any mistake. Each thing is edged with a border of checked gingham, an inch and a half wide. A blue check, a pink one or a yellow one are all immensely attractive, and will give a cool, pretty effect.

The Woman's Exchange

Cleaning Shoes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please tell me how to clean gray suede shoes. I. C.

A solution of carbon tetrachloride will do this nicely for you. You can get this at any drug store.

An Office Shower

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like to ask your suggestions for giving a girl a miscellaneous shower. We are planning to give it at the office after office hours, which is four o'clock. We would like to have some novel way of giving the gifts.

Would you also give us some suggestions as to the decorations, other than a few flowers? F. R.

At four o'clock, Mary who is to be showered will pick up her things and start to get ready to go home. One of you must manage to occupy her attention for a few minutes by asking her to get something in another room. When she returns, see that she opens her desk drawer. And there, of course, she doesn't see the usual books, pencils or carbon paper, but instead lots of the nicest packages wrapped in tissue-paper. To find them this way will be even more of a surprise than if they were presented in some more elaborate manner. You see, you really don't want decorations, because, if you have them, the bride-to-be will surely suspect. You don't want her to have the least inkling of anything out of the ordinary till she opens the drawer.

Now, when you serve refreshments, you can add festive touches. Have ice cream in bricks, and small cakes with this. The cake-plate should be one with a handle, and at the top of this you can fasten a Kewpie doll, dressed in white tulle, with a regular bride's veil which is fastened with a real orange blossom, and falls gracefully. Contrary to custom, have each person draw her place-card from a file-basket and then place it where she wants it. These cards are really favors, for each one has a small net bag of rice tied to it, with a tiny spray of orange blossoms caught in the bag. Paper plates and decorated paper napkins may be used, too, as these will simplify matters a lot. I'm sure you'll all have a good deal of fun with this party, and especially the girl it's being given for.

Are We Going Back to Normal Waist Lines?

Perhaps—who knows?—we shall not be obliged to say "Full knee deep lies the summer waist." For in some of the newest and most charming creations that have come to us from Paris we encounter a return of the waist line to its old beliefs about geography. It is raised to almost normal height.

We show today a delightfully simple little afternoon frock for summer that is constructed of black and white crepe trimmed with white agnella. Here, you will note, the girdle is set at the normal line. And, by the way, fur sets off some of the most fashionable of the summer crepes. This fur may be chinchilla, fox, caracul, or agnella, and it is always applied in some way that makes for variety. CORINNE LOWE.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Almost Prescribing

We received a letter the other day which we think got into the wrong envelope. We are quite sure it was intended for some one of the many estimable though literary ladies whose specialty is telling newspaper readers how to be happy though married, and all the incidentals appertaining thereto. However, we're "game" and we'll take him up!

The letter-writer, whose name is Ralph, says in effect that he has just plunged into matrimony, and being desirous of keeping the home fires burning merrily and long, he wants our prescription for a successful life partnership of this kind. Which reminds us of one of the best though oldest stories that ever went the rounds:

A physician, in the old days, took his apprentice to the bedside of an Irish patient. The patient's face was red and his temperature was high. The physician slapped him on the back.

"Get up and eat some corned beef and cabbage," he said.

The next day the Irishman was able to go to work. The apprentice made a note in his record book as follows:

"Red face. High temperature. Give corned beef and cabbage."

Shortly afterward, in the absence of the physician, the apprentice himself was summoned to the bedside of a German. The patient's face was red and his temperature was high. The apprentice prescribed corned beef and cabbage. The next day they notified him that the patient was dead. Taking out his record book, he wrote in it:

"Corned beef and cabbage—good for Irishmen. Kills Dutchmen."

So we would say to Ralph—and to his lady love—do not be led astray by the glitter of prescriptions—by how Tom or Harry—or May, Martha or Mary—does this, that or the other thing to properly handle the other head of the household. Those who achieve successful marriages do so in their own way. Prescriptions may be good for Irishmen and kill Dutchmen.

Marriage is power—go to it, Ralph, with our best wishes. It will give you a higher education in the school of life. You can help make it successful and worthwhile, and win your Ph. D. in it by "othering" yourself a little every day; that is, putting yourself in your wife's place and—but he e, there, we almost got off a prescription that time, and that is the last thing in the world we want to do.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Wide and Narrow Head Jobs

Suppose you are the sales manager of a big corporation and have two positions in your organization which you desire to fill. One of them is that of a territorial sales manager and the other is that of conducting investigations of markets, outlining of sales policies and methods and the like.

You have under consideration two candidates. Both are well-trained, brilliant men, and so far as their experience goes, and even their records, there appears to be no basis of choice between them for either job. You are wondering which to make the sales manager and which to make the research man. There is one point of sharp distinction between them in physical appearance. One of them has a head that is quite wide and the other a head that is narrow.

There is your deciding factor. Make the wide-headed man the territorial sales manager. You'll find that he is more of a natural fighter than the other; not necessarily more courageous, but with a greater inclination to fight. And a man has to have the fighting spirit to beat last year's sales figures. Also, this man has good executive ability, even though it may be intent. On the other hand the narrow-headed man has just the right kind of mild patience and tenacity in sticking to his line to make the better research man.

Tomorrow—Picking a Store Clerk

Touching It Up

A white crepe frock may be made very interesting by the person who does not like things without some kind of color to brighten them. Set into the skirt, in upward points all around, are pieces of white organdie, and these are embroidered in a rambling design of wools in lemon yellow, bright red and jade green. Naturally, a fine wool is used when embroidering on material of this sort.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Heaven's Eyes" Writes Again

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly print this letter to "Madge"?

Now, Madge dear, I do not comprehend where you got the idea. I did not have sense, or rather was unsensible. I meant exactly what I said concerning my education, as I do believe I was brought up better than some people. You say you are not an old maid, but are a sort of "flapper." Now, far be it from me to be one of those. I also am not an old maid, as I am just turned twenty. I, too, do not understand where you think I am conceited. I am not conceited, but just have enough to know my place. You say you feel sorry for any fellows left as sensible as myself; what about my friend "Paul," the college student? Do you think he is incapable of knowing the difference between a "sensible girl" and a "flapper"?

Now, child, what have you to say about my being unsensible? Hoping this letter will change your views of my needing more sense and give you a little more. Write again, Madge dear.

I am hoping to hear from a sensible fellow, my friend Paul.

Luck to your column, Cynthia.

HEAVEN'S EYES.

Warns Girls Against Smoking

Dear Cynthia—I read your column every day I can find time and really enjoy it. But lately I have noticed so much about girls smoking, and I just read where you say there is no harm in it of itself. Although I know you do not encourage it, don't you think it would be wise to tell the girls it is really harmful in itself because it becomes a habit and the drug nicotine is very harmful to the nervous system?

The center of character is self-control. If our young girls, yes, and older ones, too, do not let such temptations as smoking sweep them off their feet they will not let stronger vices creep upon them. Most doctors condemn smoking and it has been said that a dog has been killed by one drop of nicotine.

Cigarette smoking is no longer simply a moral question. The business world has taken it up as a deadly enemy to achievement and advancement, because it causes shattered nerves, stunted growth and general physical and mental degeneration. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind as well. Many of the most pitiable cases of insanity in our asylums are cigarette fiends.

Dear girls, be your own sweet selves and don't smoke. Men worth having will respect you all the more. I have had a good bit of experience and know what those sort of things lead to.

A READER.

"Getting Old" at Seventeen

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of seventeen years, and if one's style of dress denotes what she is, then I suppose that I am a flapper, for I must acknowledge bobbed hair and all the clothes that go with it. Now, Cynthia, I am indeed very much worried and puzzled over my state of affairs. The trouble is that I have always had about six or seven chaps call on me, but now that I am getting old, I thought it best to try to become a little serious; so I have cut my usual amount down to four, two of which I am rather fond of, but I can't say I love. Dear Cynthia, I have never been in love, although I have had many cases, and I am now beginning to think that something is the matter with me. I go mostly with students of State or Penn and attend most of the college functions, such as proms, frat dances, relays, etc., so you see I am acquainted with a nice set of boys, but I simply can't seem to get interested in any one of them. I love them all, and since my years are flying by, I am beginning to get worried. Could you tell me of some way to overcome my frivolity, for I will soon be eighteen? When the boys find out that I really don't care for them they say that I am playing with them and go back to school angry with me. What shall I do? JUST A GIRL.

Don't do anything except just what you have been doing. You are not old enough to worry about getting married or falling in love, and if the boys won't be "just friends," then let them go, for there will always be others. You cannot force yourself to fall in love, you know, and when the time comes and the man with it, you won't have any trouble doing it. Just go on having a good time and don't worry about "old age" until you are at least twenty.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

What Happens When the Tongue Becomes Coated

When you see your tongue coated you should know that a general condition of your system has enabled certain germs which are present on the tongue to grow.

The coated tongue is the danger signal, the sign of a disturbed system, telling the owner of the tongue that the intestinal tract is not in a normally healthy condition, although this condition may be wholly unsuspected. The cause of biliousness is sluggishness or congestion of the liver, due to eating too much fats and meat, to constipation, or to a continuation of both of these conditions, caused by the simple act of overeating. When we allow ourselves to become constipated, a large amount of decaying material lies in the lower intestine, when it should be carried off, as it would if we exercised the proper care. The liver filters and destroys this poisonous material which has been carried to it through the blood, before being distributed to the rest of the body. If an amount greater than the liver is able to take care of and destroy is brought to the liver the surplus is carried into the blood and the system is poisoned.

As much of this poisonous material as possible is taken care of by the liver through the bile. But that which is not disposed of is gathered up in its cells, and thus when the liver is given more to do than it can accomplish, the poisonous surplus is communicated to the rest of the body. The liver is the largest gland in the body. It makes about twenty ounces of bile in twenty-four hours. This is forced into the smaller intestine through the gall duct. Bile, both a secretion and an excretion, aids digestion and carries off waste and poisonous matters.

Tomorrow—When Did "Camouflage" Originate?

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

The world of big business has a code all its own. While it conforms, in the main, to the universally accepted principles of courtesy, it does not, and it cannot, include within its scope the more punctilious little niceties of drawing room or ballroom manners. For instance, when a feminine stenographer is summoned to take the minutes at a board meeting, the directors do not rise, as each of them would if a woman visitor entered a room in any of their homes. Not only do they retain their seats in the board room, but the stenographer does not sit down until her chair is indicated to her.

A sensible and intelligent girl is prompt to accept the fact that there is no intentional discourtesy in this procedure. She realizes that, since she has entered business life on equal terms with men, she is to be treated precisely as a young man stenographer would be under the same circumstances.

HIGH LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

Raymond G. Carroll, whom Irving S. Cobb calls, "America's Greatest Reporter," presents graphic word pictures of the ever-changing high lights and shadows of New York, every morning in the PUBLIC LEDGER. You'll be delighted with Carroll's daily article. "Make it a Habit."—Adv.

TETLEY'S

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After a trying morning at home, a hard day at the office, an afternoon shopping or any other tiring time, you'll find Tetley's Orange Pekoe a perfect pick-me-up. A steaming cup is refreshing, stimulating and wonderfully comforting.

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