

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Paul Claims Laurels

WAS thinking about Dick today and how good-natured he is. Virginia interrupted him impatiently. "Yes, and so was I, too, for Margaret dropped in to see me today and we agreed that Dick is altogether too good-natured. He's imposed upon too easily and too often."

"Oh, let Dick take care of himself. He's not a baby, you know. He's big enough to fight his own battles with two girls interfering."

"He's much too good-natured," insisted Virginia. "I'm sure of it. He's imposed upon all the time."

Paul considered thoughtfully. "Well, I don't know but what you're right, honey. It is a certain fact that a man can be too good-natured."

Virginia smiled at him. "Goodness, dear, you are not looking for a martyr's crown for that virtue, are you?" she demanded in mock dismay.

He laughed amiably and confessed to be overcomely with modesty. "I am a good-natured, Virginia. Now, you know how nice and pleasant I am in the morning. Not Pollyannish, exactly, but just the right amount of smiling for a quarrel. But about nine o'clock of ten down at the office come in looking like murder or at least assault and battery. Why, some of 'em don't get out of bed until noon. After that, better wouldn't melt in their mouths, as my mother used to say."

Virginia nodded. "I've noticed that about a lot of people."

"Boss comes in grumpy as can be. Slams his chair over. Purses the buzzer for his stenographer as if he was going to slay her on sight. Can't get any kind of a word out of him till half past ten as a rule, unless it be a childish fret about some fancied wrong."

"The Unconscious Sinner" By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Cleo Ridgely is the kind of a girl who unconsciously tempts you to make love to her. When she returns Dick Wheeler, she tries to console him, and is saved by his guardian, Carey Phelps. Believing Cleo to be a scheming adventuress, Carey decides to win her for himself. He determines to do this, when he discovers that she has apparently been playing with Bob Ellsworth, whom he thinks of as another rival.

"A Strange Proposal" CLEO was sitting on the sand with her head flung back, the weight of her body supported by her arms. She wore a jersey dress of dull gold wool, and a tight-fitting little hat, and the wind had whipped her hair into fascinating little tendrils about her face.

Carey leaned forward suddenly and covered her fingers with his. He kept his eyes on her face and he saw her catch her under lip between her teeth, although she did not turn toward him. He was sure that if it had been light enough to see her eyes he would have seen the pupils gradually dilate in that strange way that was so characteristic of her.

Suddenly he wanted her to look at him. It made him impatient that she kept her head turned so resolutely away. "Well," he said slowly and very deliberately, "aren't you going to look at me?"

She turned toward him then, with an incredibly quick, birdlike motion, and her hand slipped from the sand. There was a little shake in that laugh, for her heart was beating very fast, and she knew she had that night at the dance, as though everything around her had an unreal quality about it.

"You're going to marry me, aren't you?" His voice had a dominant ring in it, and his hands closed suddenly on her shoulders, drawing her irresistibly nearer.

"Don't you know you are?" That insistent note in his voice robbed Cleo of all defense. She had an almost overpowering impulse to throw her arms about his neck and yet something made her resist, something she could not quite fashion, something that warned her instinctively to hold on to the strands of her pride, and to postpone that moment of ultimate surrender.

"I don't know." Her face was within a couple of inches of his own, and even in the dim light she felt she could not have the keen blue eyes of her lover's man, a sudden fear. Why should she be afraid? Hadn't she searched her own heart and found the answer there? Wasn't she sure that she loved him more than anything else in the world?

If she had opened her eyes at that moment she would have been startled at the look on his face. It was a look entirely lacking in tenderness and his eyes were mocking.

His eyes gleamed suddenly. She was very lovely and she was going to be his wife. Even though he desired her, that fact remained unaltered; that moment he appreciated the importance of it. He deliberately he leaned forward and kissed her lips.

His arm went suddenly around her shoulder. Why should he deny himself the right to kiss her, simply because he felt contempt for her? Even though there was no question of love about it, she was desiring in fact an unobtainable man, a sudden fear. Why should she be afraid? Hadn't she searched her own heart and found the answer there? Wasn't she sure that she loved him more than anything else in the world?

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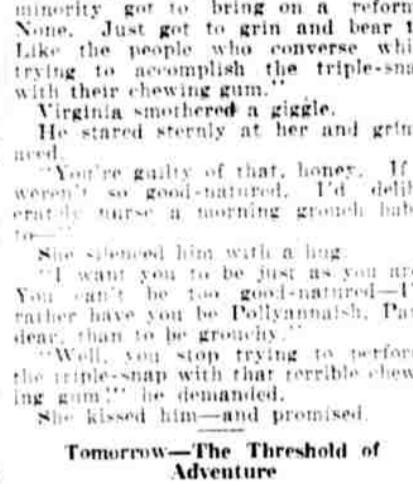
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FOR THE WARM DAYS THAT ARE COMING

A simple little frock of plain white or light colored dotted swiss is often as dressy as cool as a dress of more elaborate material. This one is trimmed with loop upon loop of itself and nothing more.

But the loops are edged with fine, narrow ruffling to make up for it. The white hat also wears pleating.



Tomorrow—The Threshold of Adventure

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Where the Idea of Shoes Came From

The thinking of shoes is one of the oldest arts of which there is any record. Long before primitive man devised a way of recording his thought he conceived a method for protecting his feet.

The first shoe covering was probably made of hide, wool or plaited grass, held to the foot by means of thong. From this simple sandal arose new forms of foot coverings as people wandered into colder countries of the world and began to feel the need of warmer covering for the feet.

The Indian moccasins of this type and was originally a bag-like foot covering—the seam around the foot of the moccasin of today being merely a relic of the old packing string of the bag which held it to the foot.

The sandal was developed and adorned by the Greeks, but it was not until the days of the Roman Empire that anything approaching the present form of shoes was designed. In this period a form of shoe was developed which was appropriated by the Emperor. It covered the entire foot, with the exception of the toes, and the Emperor alone was allowed to wear the style.

In the process of time shoes began to lose their rude nature and design to which the Dark Ages held them. The first tendency to style was in the lengthening of the toes. This style finally ran to such extremes that efforts were made to stop it by both the Church and Government. In the different success until heavy fines and threatened excommunication from the Church were imposed on those who wore extremely long, pointed shoes!

Tomorrow—Why Do Pipes Burst When Frozen?

An Alibi

French girls more than any others know the art of making up their eyes. The reason, says one authority by way of apology, is that the French climate is unusually brilliant and dazzling the eyes, hence, protects the eyes from the glare of the sun.

The Black Crepe Frock Decked With Color



Where is the all-black crepe of last summer? The answer is, undoubtedly, it has disappeared under the impress of various embroideries and other touches of color. This is, in fact, an all-brooding, strong, and we have heard upon various lands for the motifs which supply our cloths notes of color. There is the profound Russian influence exerted upon Paris by the fantastic and dressmaking ateliers of Paris. This we see in gorgeous designs followed in many types of dresses and millinery.

Along with this goes the Persian inspiration translated, especially by Lanvin, in suits of natural kasha cloth, and contributing notably to one of her blue crepe motifs—painted silk and sleeves that are as Persian as Persia. Chinese embroideries motifs are also exploited. So are Italian designs, and our own American Italian art is the pattern source of a number of striking knitted garments and sweaters.

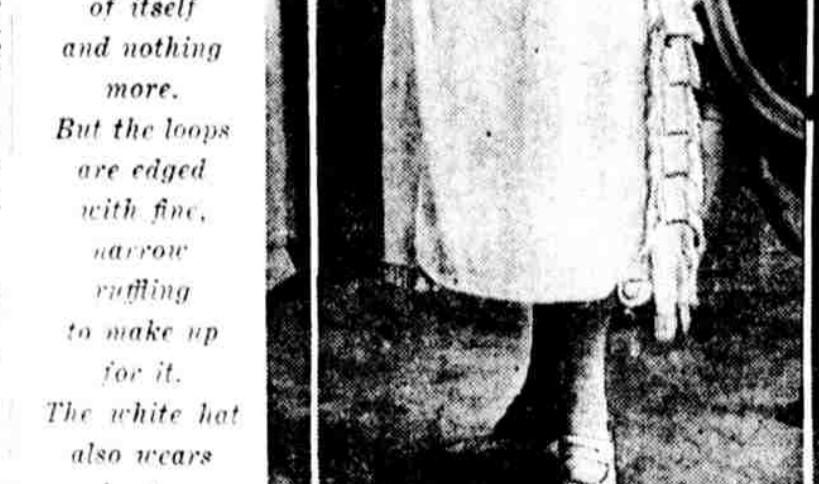
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CORINNE LOWE.

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Mrs. Wilson Gives Some Garden Hints

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

Vegetables Grown by Home Gardener Taste Even More Delicious Than Usual

The summer garden should be this time be making a very fair showing, and the midsummer planting be made not later than next week. This is the time to set out the eggplant and pepper plants, sow cucumbers, corn, squash, carrots, beets and all varieties of beans.

The success of your crops will depend upon two factors, the soil and the quality of the seeds used. So, for this reason, when selecting seeds, use none but the very best varieties and know just where they come from. The soil question is an important factor, if you desire to harvest a real crop from the home garden. See that it is spaded deep and that the soil is worked fine. If the matter of fertilizer has been neglected until this time then make small applications of commercial fertilizer and work it well into the soil.

Use a little fertilizer ten days and work it well into the soil. Once the plants start growing they will need constant cultivation, and while this does not require much time in the small garden, it must be done daily for a good reason.

The mother with a small and growing family surely can find work for the busy little fingers in a shady spot that will be ideal for planting some lettuce and a few radishes, not forgetting the herb garden, either.

The small home gardener should study the crop rotation just as much as the man who has a large field. This means alternating the space where you are growing your vegetables and planting beans where the plant and where corn was planted last season.

The greatest pest the small gardener in the home garden must fight is the cut worm that attacks the plants and insects. These are the little moths that will eat the peas and beans just after they are planted. For the worms you will find that if you dust with insect powder about the plants and under the leaves by gently turning them over with insect powder or a special mixture that you can purchase from the seed man, this difficulty may be overcome. It is to favor the seeds about the plant and put some of the powder down about the stem of the plant. Then firmly pat the soil about the plant again.

Small lettuce twenty-four hours before planting. This will help to start them growing, and will mean that you will be able to harvest nearly a week sooner than planting the dry leaves. The moisture question is always important, and I find that the small home gardener who gives the garden a little moisture every morning has the most successful harvest. It must be done before the sun has had a chance to warm the plants and the soil.

Last summer a middle-aged gentleman of my acquaintance felt that he was not doing well and consulted a specialist, and upon his advice they went home and made a little vegetable garden. Along about October they both found that they had gained in strength and vigor, and the entire family which they both suffered and enjoyed disappeared. In summing up this extra effort in the open air, close to Mother Nature, he brought to their minds the words of the poet, "The garden had required the worn and sagging bodies by her own gentle methods. Mr. Lawrence, in summing up the results of this garden, estimated it as follows:

Materials for the garden, about \$5. Time, every minute I could spare. Harvest, all the green garden truck we could eat. Sold about \$3 worth, and the rest gave away about a wheelbarrowful.

Gained in health something that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

To Cook Before starting to prepare the vegetables it is necessary to stop for a minute and take up the question of the small in which we are to cook these food products from our garden. A roasted and burnt pot or pan will do, for the reason that this utensil will absorb all the fine flavor. So select a well-seasoned pot or pan, and for making the garden vegetable. Do not boil potatoes or beets in this pot. Use it just for the succulent greens, and then drain, season and turn in a small amount of butter to cook these in. The less water in which you cook the vegetables, the smaller the loss of the mineral salts and other valuable elements. Watch all foods carefully while cooking, for if burnt the food as well as the utensil is destroyed.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Her Opinion of Flappers

Dear Cynthia—Just writing a few lines to express my opinion of flappers and to secure a little information. My flappers are five if you are a flapper. They have all the pleasure they can get because there is so much to be had. They will be without it later in life, but they do not care. They have it now, and they will have it later. They will be without it later in life, but they do not care. They have it now, and they will have it later. They will be without it later in life, but they do not care. They have it now, and they will have it later.

From One Who is Almost Disgusted Dear Cynthia—I am sure glad to hear that there are still a few left that God made to read. I have been thinking of girls ever since I have been fourteen years old and find them not to be what I would like to see in a girl. They are all for dancing, powdering, painting and putting rouge on their faces, using lipstick, and wearing high-heeled shoes. They are not for anything but to be seen. I would like to see a girl who is not so much interested in her appearance as in her mind. Please do not go wrong; I would like to see a girl who is not so much interested in her appearance as in her mind.

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Dear Cynthia—First of all, I am a really sorry to hear that you are not in heaven. I did not say this before, but I am hard to make friends with; but I must know him, not sentimentally, but as a friend.

I would like to meet you and you would be disappointed in me. Your name makes me think of you as a boy. I did not mean to condemn the men, if that is the impression you got from reading my column. I feel as if I must know him, not sentimentally, but as a friend.

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Most of Us Can Truthfully Say That We Are Not Afraid to Die

But When an Emergency Arises in Which We Face Death We Scramble So Frantically to Escape It That We Make the Crisis More Serious

IN ONE of this year's plays a thief who was a dope fiend was one of the principal characters. There was a robbery during the action of the play and in the excitement of being discovered and caught this thief shot off his revolver, and seriously wounded a young girl.

His remorse, the next day, in the next act, was sincere and keen—he begged the doctor to save the girl's life.

But his reason, "If she dies they'll send me to the chair and I'm afraid!" I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

The terrible realization that the audience forgot the play and the stage and the theatre, and thought for a shuddering few minutes of how dreadful, how agonizing, how fearful, how close to death, that and to be so wretchedly afraid.

You would do everything in your power to escape death if your thoughts ran along those lines.

FORTUNATELY the majority of us are not so afraid as that. Most of us enjoy life, even when it grows hard to bear, and we don't want to die, because we have so much to live for.

But we can honestly say when we think it over seriously, "No, I'm not afraid to die." Why is it then that we struggle so to escape death?

Why do we rebel at the very thought of it, when it seems to be looming up, unobscuredly close to us?

When some one has recovered with a limp or one slight eye or some lasting effect from injuries received in an accident, we congratulate him upon his escape from death.

We speak with horror of the serious illness of a friend: "Why, my goodness, she's almost dead!"

Yet in the abstract death doesn't seem to be such a horrible thing. I WE could carry our fearlessness of death into an emergency, we should find ourselves braver and more possessed of our minds than we ordinarily are.

Those persons who have been trained from childhood to be entirely without fear of anything can go into danger or be confronted with the possibility of sudden death with no change in their feelings except a strengthening of resolution.

While others cringe and whimper and scramble frantically to save their lives, to escape death, these men or women calmly risk their lives to get the others and themselves safely through the crisis.

They have no fear, they are not afraid.

Through a Woman's Eyes by JEAN NEWTON

What Determines Our Destiny "I don't know but to do," said Mabel, a young bride-to-be about the problem of a dress in formal affair and she has decided to dispense with the bridal costume; so the question is what color shall Mabel wear?

Pink has always been her most becoming color, and it is the only one she would like to wear. But the saying goes: "Married in pink, your spirits will be high."

Mabel has consulted the oracle on the other colors and finds these prognostications: Married in white, you have chosen all right. Married in gray, you will go far away. Married in black, you will wish yourself back.

Married in red, you will wish yourself dead. Married in green, ashamed to be seen. Married in blue, he will always be true. Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.

Married in brown, you will live out of love. Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

She does not want to live out of love as far away or wish herself dead or wish herself back or be ashamed to be seen—so there is little choice for her wedding gown.

Also they were to have been married in March—until Mabel learned that according to bride lore "A March bride will be a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling."

And that would never do! "All right then, if I can't be March," said Jim, who strives to please Mabel, "make it the first day in April."

But April Fool! And anyway, according to the seers an April wedding will be inconstant and not very intelligent. So they must wait until May, for which, fortunately, there is a favorable omen.

Jim says that the next time he will assert himself. And it is time he did. The Mabels of the world should be impressed upon them that the agencies which control our lives are no more mysterious or occult than the wind and the actions with which we carry them out.

If our destinies could be worked out by a look on lucky days, life would be simple indeed. Yet who would want for that when open to us all the opportunity to work out our own destinies by the simplest method of knowing what we want and working for it?

Things You'll Love to Make Black Cat Bag

Adventures With a Purse I DO not, of course, know whether or not you have finished your summer sewing, but if you have not, perhaps you will be glad to be reminded of the bag that can be bought. I always think it is such a nuisance to have to put on hooks and eyes, make it and the like. Which is why I tell you about this. The belts come in sizes, already made. They can be had in black or white, in a kind of heavy, but not too stiff, material. They cost only ten cents.

Here is something else I found which I think you may be glad to hear about. One of the shops has children's dresses all cut out and stamped for embroidery, together with full directions for making. The material comes in pink, blue and white, in a kind of heavy, but not too stiff, material. One of the advantages is that the dress has been cut by an expert, and so does not have that home-made appearance. Everything necessary for making the dress is included. Articles may be had, in a kind of heavy, but not too stiff, material. They cost only ten cents.

For more of these address Woman's Page Editor of this paper, 10th and Main 1001

FLORA.

FRIED TOMATOES With cream gravy. Good for those who like these mixed with salt and cream. One of your favorite combinations. Miller's Tomato College Cheese At good prices. Made at Mumere Farm, Hatfield, Pa.

Dinnerware For Summer Homes 70 Charming Patterns 106 Pieces, \$45 to \$148 ALL "OPEN STOCK" Wright Lyndale & van Roden 1212 Chestnut Street

George Allen, Inc. 1214—Chestnut Street—1214 Allen's Semi-Annual Clearance Sale of Hats Is a Philadelphia Institution This year the hats are unusually attractive and the values offered particularly enticing. A wide selection in Becoming Trimmed Hats and Smart Sports Hats. \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00

LORD CALVERT COFFEE Its richer quality makes possible the use of a lesser quantity, the usual economy of the best. BUY FROM YOUR GROCER