Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Red-Letter Day Impends

PAUL, in his counting of the days and the balancing of salary expectations against expenses impending, had turned over the calendar into "June" and made a strange little chuckling note of satisfaction as he observed there'd be an extra pay day that month.

Virginia peeked down at the sheet from her perch on the arm did not notice the stain of the blush on her smooth, round cheeks.

"June's a good old month this year for us, all right—five nice, juicy paydays."

"I see," she said a little weakly.

"We can afford a little trip, too. I can manage to get away for a few days and we'll take the car and see if she's good for a trip out into the country."

She gasped.

Paul-Paul, that's June."

way of following on the heels of as he rambled on.

ish way of following on the heels of May, you know."

Don't be silly, dear—I'd just forsotten it was so near."

His lips settled into an unaccustomed grim line.

"Well, maybe you do forget, but believe me when I'm trying to figure out how we can shoot an extra deposit into the bank, I don't forget good old June with its five nice fat little pay-days."

Her eyes met his with a portent, but he did not seem to notice.

"Five pay-days?" she repeated dully.

"And I guess I can manage to squeeze out a few dollars for something else, he murmured, checking off his figures with a methodical pencil.

Virginia thought hastily that it he said anything about a lawn-mower or that spot-light for the car she would have forgotten last June!

But he still talked aimlessly:

'I think that on the twenty-second.

Her heart leaped and she feared she

Yes, five of 'em, and that means I'm soing to put twenty in the bank instead with a little cry.
of ten, and I'm going to blow myself. And then she

be one of my plebeian streaks—white trousers in June. She edged off the chair-arm slowly.
Paul added up his column of figures
with a small, complacent flourish, and



down at the sheet from her perch on the arm of the big easy chair.

"Oh, Paul!" There was awe in her voice ew big.

"Oh by the date. He had forgotten last June—and all it had meant to them. She guiped back the tears, but turned He stared over his shoulder at her away that he might not see how perilcalmiy.

"Yes—it is June. June has a fool- was only dimly conscious of his voice

Her heart leaped and she feared she was going to fairly explode. She flung her arms about his neck And then she sobbed it all out as

to some white trousers—getting time she snuggled in his embrace.

for 'em, and you know that's a weakness of mine in the summertime. I know
it's disgustingly common, but that must

I might have, honey, it's most a

year, but it seems like the same day." great bear-hug.

Tomorrow-The Inexorable Monitor

Woman's Life and Love By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Jilted?

QUPPOSE a man proposes marriage, and then changes his mind? Is it a beinous crime? Should we as a sex despise him and penalize him? Were you ever jilted? The law, made by men, in their hap-hazard, clumsy way, pompously recognizes jilting on the part of a male as a serious offense, with a huge financial pen-

the plaintiff receives a big sum of little money, perhaps a hundred thousand body.

She deliars, as "heart balm!"

letters read and offered strange men as with a little wapapers give all the harrowing details to a jeering and hilarious public. sands of readers shout gleefully over the sentimental epistics and endearing epithets while sipping their assailed her. rning coffee. Pet names are fastened o a prominent man for a lifetime. Vever again can he he anything more

ified that "Oo's 'ittle darling." or "Beby Bunting." "It is good enough for him, he de-But how about the woman who Does any one ever actually feel Does not she lay self open to ridicule and contempt?

Any one who will measure human scorn emotion in terms of money shows herself lacking in finer feelings. The world senses this, and honestly scorns.

"Ah, but he ruined her life." "He led her to believe that she was to be a wife, and then tired of his lan and abandoned it. He is a lightod-love, and ought to be punished

Are not we women flattering men too night. much when we admit that in losing one we are devoid of all joy and interest in

the condition is deplorable. Once in cool and impersonal. Not at all like the while some spinster has wasted fifteen voice of an eager lover, and, as if in THERE are cases, of course, where years in waiting for her man. Her little community has set her apart as dream. Cleo heard herself respond. little community has set her apart as ticketed and shelved, and she may have wardly she was calm and composed. She mustn't let Carey suspect how she missed marrying other men. Bur is not. She mustn't let Carey suspect how she this partly her own fault? How spine. felt, and after all she was simply torless and negative to hang around a

tie up to a cold, bored man who once that, and when she finally had an inclination for her, but cooled the receiver it was to the knowledge and shrank from marrying, until finally he was spurred on by a sense of "hon- to do with the plans he had made, and or," and the necessity of keeping his there had not been one word of tender word? No, a thousand times no! How- pess or love.

ever bitter the realization to our van- Suddenly she wanted her mother him from his promise. No one is wholly tight master of his emotions or inclinations. She is not necessarily a case of being and found that her coffee was conhallow and fickle, when a person changes his feelings. Delicate indeed the human relationships, and subtle in response to her ring our reactions. A person may charm at first, yet gradually, or suddenly, the maid returned with the all magnetic attraction for us. It lines of long service. rather a terrible thing to go on, rough duty, trying to force a feeling

ET us forget our feminine vanity and meet the issue squarely, be good sports, and turn to other people Breach of promise as a means of ing money is founded on the old idea hat we are wholly dependent on selling our affections for bread. nately, we no longer are!

at is actually one of repulsion.

large proportion of the high school is of Oklahoma City drive their own

The Unconscious Sinner

Clea Ridgefield is the type of girl who unconsciously tempts men to make love to her. When she refuses Dick Wheeler, he tries to commit suicide and is saved by his guardian. Carey Phelps. Carey, believing Cleo to be nothing but a scheming adventuress, succeeds in meeting her, and to obtain revenge for the fact that she has ruined Dick's life, plans to win her heart and marry her. His idea is to tell her after their marriage, the entire truth.

Cleo's Wedding Day

CLEO opened her eyes one day a week later, and in an instant she

huge financial pen-alty. Male jurors deliberate the case, after a woman has sued an ex-lover thought flashed into her brain sudfor breach of prom-ise, and sometimes trical thrill that passed in a series of little shocks through every nerve of her Where the First Birds Came From?

She looked around her room and

A strange condition, that of going into a public court, of laying bare the most delicate and intimate relations of love and wooing, of describing one's love and wooing, of having love had been as the most delicate and intimate relations of love and wooing, of describing one's love and wooing, of having love had been as the most delicate and intimate relations of having love had a little sob welled up into her throat. But the next moment she crawling lizard. That is difficult to une and wooing, of describing one had resolutely choked it back, and, the read and offered strange men as with a little spring, was out of bed. evidence and exhibits. Undoubtedly the and was feeling about with bare feet prove it to be true. for her slippers.

In an instant she had rushed to the changes in climate, available food and window, and again a curious little pang It was raining: The sky overhead was heavily gray.

and the rain fell with that peculiar steadiness indicative of many hours of Happy the bride that the sun shines

Cleo repeated the words mechanically. and a little shiver ran through her. Was this an omen, this dreary, steady downpour? But the next moment she was facing her cowardice with harsh peared is not known. At this time in peared is not known. At this time in peared is not known. At this time in

As if the weather had anything to Cleo. I'm ashamed of you," she scolded fiercely. You're a supersti-

And by the time she had had her bath and was ready for breakfast, she had forgotten her fears in the rush of things that had to be done before that things that had to be done before that

Before she was finished with break. fast the telephone rang, and before Mary could answer it Cleo had the receiver off the nook.

decade or so, doing nothing but wait for a man to condescend to name the out to him to teasure her, to take the dignity of such a lovely frock, she carly in the game, and realize that if he is not eager and anxious to well he does not love with the swift, courpossible to see him for a moment before the sufficient of a wall or anything.

The decade or so, doing nothing but wait given herself with absord imaginings, with its square and embroidered yoke. With the such that the dignity of such a lovely frock, she way this queer feeling of vinreality that even gets all the way from the chair away this queer feeling of vinreality that the such given her and that she knew his an one side of the room to the desk presence could dispel if only it were meany on the other, without the aid he does not love with the swift, courpossible to see him for a moment before of a wall or anything. turing herself with absurd imaginings. But, like a child, she wanted to cry iming flame, but it a laggard? tonight. But she did not suggest that.

Does any self-respecting woman want he come to her. She was too proud for that everything he had sold to her had

ity, or even to our affection, we must She wanted the southing presence of game, and meet the issue delibers some one she was sure of; she wanted the southing presence of same one she was sure of; she wanted the southing presence of mother's arms around her, tight.

'Mary, where's nother; asked as the muld came into the mean

the maid returned with the easy friend-liness of long service. "Year mother has yone out of town to day with your aunt. Mr Ridgefield is going to join her tonight wen't be home for dinner.

Tomorrow—Preparations

Tomorrow—Preparation reports

Tomorrow—Preparation reports

Tomorrow—Preparation reports

Tomorrow—Preparation reports

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Tomorrow—Preparation reports

Tomorrow—Preparation repor



To "Mrs. L."

Your letter has been referred to the City Mission, as I am sure they will do everything they can to help you.

The Right Slippers Dear Madam—A friend and I are both going to a dance and we would like to know what shoes to wear. She has a pink dress and I have a white one.

WAITING

It depends upon the ones you already have. She could wear white slippers, black slippers or sliver ones with the pink dress and you could choose either white or sliver for the white one.

When we think of the first birds we To the Editor of Woman's Page: Which Shall Call?

What an amazing and grotesque idea!
How flattering to the fickle man who is qued! His affections, lost forever, familiarity of long-known possesssions.
That is, to compensate for the tragedy of not having him for a husband, the woman receives a fortune!

TERY likely he would have made a bad husband. Possibly she would have reopented having married him, or the might have led a stupid, unhappy existence; yet for having missed the experience she is awarded much money. A strange condition, that of going a nublic court, of laving bare the late of the traged suddenly that this was the last morning she would wake up to the dear familiarity of long-known possesssions. Today she would be Mrs. Carey found in the world today developed from the original parent birds. That is found in the world today developed from the original parent birds. That is found in the world today developed from the original parent birds. That is true, of course, if we start with the appropriate title feeling of loneliness. Last night, and every night since she had found it difficult to sleep. If only she had been able to take some experience she is awarded much money. A strange condition, that of going was, there would be no one to wish less than a nublic court, of laving bare the

Adventures With a Purse With the first suggestion of summer

derstand, but the records of geology I immediately take inventory to figure out just how little I will need to carry The changes in environment and the with me when I venture out into the habit of animal life caused by the baking sun. One thing which ladens the necessity of defense on the part of the smaller creatures, and other condi- is my pocketbook. The warm leather opportunity. tions in which the animals found them - resting against my arm is irritating and selves, have had marvelous effects on a source of annoyance, and so I have the size, appearance and eleverness of been on the lookout for something to take its place. Well, I was window There is no way in which man can tell how long it took, or how many changes had to be gone through to conshopping this morning and saw the very thing, a meshbag, which is large enough to hold more than a key and a car ticket, and yet which is not too large. Made of plated silver, it's about five or six inches long and finished on the bot tom with tassels or a fringe of the silver which dance merrily as the bag swings from the slender arm of its owner. he world's growth, what is today rock was mud and water. As the animals The bags are priced at \$3 and have died their bodies sank into the mud and as time passed nature changed this mud most excellent wearing qualities. into solid rock, so that these bodies be-

The month of June is about upon us came part of the solid rock. After cen-turies man is able, by studying these and immediately one's mind goes to bunches of orange blossoms and soft folds of trailing tulle. It is the month of brides, when all the world's aglow.
And so I am going to become infected Tomorrow-Why Are Ball Bearings Used? with the spirit, and as I adventure around and come across things for the trousseau or wedding presents which are both reasonable and acceptable I shall tell you about them. Weddings, of course, mean honeymoons, and that For the tiny thing who is just step-ping forth, and still has to hold on to suggests trips, which simply means that I am going to tell you of a bargain I bureau knobs, erms of chairs, and other onvenient things as she journeys around the room, there comes a darling shiny black surface is backed with a small dress. It is made of white nain- lining of pale blue material lining of pale blue material, with silk figures strewn throughout, while there sook, and netually looks as if it were sook, and actually looks as it it were for some one two or three years older, which its square neck formed by a nar-you, finely embroidered yoke. With ers with locks. The trunks are spetted dignity of such a lovely frock, she cially priced, having been reduced from some gets all the way from the chair \$50 to \$37.50.

For names of shops address Woman's Page ditor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 etween the hours of 9 and 5.

Weeding Out Scrambled Thinkers

WHAT'S WHAT Read Your Character By Helen Lecie By Digby Phillips



Baby's Dainty Dress

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

animal creatures.

The "spell sport," a vexation anywhere, hever more annoying than when he she makes an exhibition of sulky mper at his althour theasure parties may not have been consulted about

There are so many occupations in which steady, connected, concentrated mental effort is necessary that it is by no means a bad thing to be able to spot it in the writing of a man or woman if he or she is one of those scrambled thinkers who lack stendfast. less of thought and continuity of menta; This means the sort of person who

thinks one thing and does another, whose mind and actions are not in harmony, who finds it very hard to make up his mind definitely and finally, and who for this reason is likely to act upon impulse, though perhaps he is not at all of the impulsive type.

To determine whether a given per-

son belongs in this classification or not.

The Actress Who Was Graceful in the Face of Humiliation

Showed Herself to Be One of Those Fine Types Who Play the Game According to Its Hardest Rules

to make way for some one else.

What to Do

Just What Is a Thrill?

Dear Cynthia—We are two girls in our early teens. We go about quite a bit. But by no means are considered

band's Friend

ture in your room or not. If you witt and he doesn't mind, then have it.

Snubbed Her Because She Was a

Saleslady

I became better acquainted with her, and as I acted very mildly to her. I re-ceived her permission to escort her

was a common saleslady, poor, and that she was not fit for their son to marry. This made me very energy, and in my anger I made a few remarks that I later felt sorry for My father then took a hand and said that if he would

ever see or hear about me going around with this girl again he would distance; me and I should never come to his

home again. I later learned through my sister that he felt sorry for wha

My girl does not know that she is disliked by the family.

Now, furthia, I am between two roads. Which shall I enter? On one my girl is there with outstretched hands calling for to her; the girl I love so much. If I take the other road I know two wild break her heart. The other

The

brenk her heart.

road my parents are calling me to, in a pretty home, plenty of money and, most of kill, obeying my parents' wishes, I can never have the girl. I tried all sorts of compromises and plended in

THE story is told of an actress who was found to be unsuitable for a certain part after a few rehearsals in it.

She was given another part, less important, and some one else was "imported" to take the principal role.

The deposed actress stood at one side and watched her at one rehearsal—and you know that is something hard to do.

It is one thing to watch some one do something poorly that you know you could do well; but it is another and different task to see some one clse do do make way for some one clse.

ance would have been taken directly upon the girl who was chosen to take her place.

But the other actress is one of the finest types—the kind who can "take a licking" and come up smiling.

She was broadminded enough to realize that, although she was trying hard and doing her best, she couldn't make good in that role because she wasn't suited to it; it wasn't her style.

But no ome up smiling.

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It is one thing to watch some one do something poorly that you know you could do well; but it is another and different task to see some one cise do well the thing that you have tried and

well the thing that you have tried and failed at.

But she was game, this actress, and to prove that there was no disagreeable feeling on her part for her friend she exclaimed as the rehearsal was over:
"My, but you're good in that, Lillian; much better than I was. And that costume is so becoming, too."

The substitute drew herself up haughtily, disclaiming all friendship, and patting her hair with the well-known gesture, said disagreeably, "Whr. of course, what did you expect?"

TY WAS hard for the actress with the TY was been at the way for some one:

September 1. You hear people say of some one:
"On, she's perfectly splendid, so clever, and she's getting better at her work all the time."

That may be perfectly true, and she may be very admirable; but if they want to find out about her character they'll say, instead: "She is fine in success; but how is she under disappointment?"

To be graceful in defeat is much more difficult than to win.

Very often in an athletic contest, a tennis game, baseball game, or golf

To WAS hard for the actress with the nice feeling, but she may be glad that the circumstances were not reversed.

As it was, her former friend could not do anything more than that to hurt her.

But that is the type of person who spares no effort to be disagreeable when things go against her.

If she had been the one to take a minor part and see some one clase play her role, she would have searched for unkind, bitter, harsh things to say and do.

It wouldn't have been the fault of the director, in her mind; her venge-

Please Tell Me Two Minutes of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH

The Joy of Doing Things Right The joy of doing things right-such joy exists.

now, Cynthia, one thing that is bothering us is: The other day some one asked us what a thrill is and we could not answer as we did not know. We also learned that there are four kinds of thrills. Cynthia, can you tell us what this means? It is a very tangible thing-an impulse that can lift our daily occupation above its commonly accepted plane of the daily grind. The joy of creating and developing

need not be monopolized by our Edisons, our Fords, our Wrights. Is there not an equal degree of satis-faction in any achievement—is not ac-complishment in any field a source of perience yourselves some day.

Cynthia is sure the readers will be able to tell you what a thrill is. But don't worry. You will have the ex-

real pleasure? One would think, for instance, that Not Good Form to Lunch With Husthere might be something prosaic or dull about keeping books, but, as Eddle Cantor once sang to us, "You'd be surprised."

For, after all, books are not simply With the exercise of a little imagina-

tion the figures are seen to be full of human facts, of vital information, of plans that have been mulled over and human facts, of vital information, of plans that have been mulled over and argued over and tested with as much care as an architect's drawing.

Cass Gilbert may design a Woolworth building, but may not the accountant design a "system"?

Elsie De Wolfe may put her artistic soul into the upholstery and fittings of a limousine, but may not the stenographer express herself in a flawless transcript?

No, this is not considered good form, and it would be a mistake to make a practice of it. If your husband approves you might lunch occasionally with this friend, but if you do it every week you will surely be talked about and made unhappy by gossip.

Of course it was all right for your friend to give you his picture.

It is entirely up to you and your husband whether you should have the picture in your room or not. If you want it and he doesn't mind, then have it. Are there not the same intricacies involved in the arrangement of saluta-

ter as in the placing of pictures on the wall in one's home? There is joy in doing things right.

And the man or woman misses mu me down and always seems to be heavy who fails to make the most of his or her

Making a Rosette

Ever wanted to make a rosette in a hurry, and didn't know how to do it? Well, here is a way to remember: Well, here is a way to remember: Hold the ribbon between the thumb and forefinger, make the first loop around the forefinger, draw ribbon under second finger, and over third finger, then back under the second one, and over the foretinger again. Repeat this till your rosette is as large as you want it to be. Then just fasten the end of the ribbon around the middle to tie the loops into place.

"Chewing Nails"

which I would greatly appreciate if properly answered.

I am a college graduate, twenty-three years of age, and am in the employ of a prominent broker of this city. I come from an aristocratic family who are well-to-do. Some time ago I went with a chum of mine to one of our dance halls, where I very seldom hang out, except when I have nothing to do. There I met a girl, danced with her a few times. Later in the evening I became better acquainted with her, and Six coins, a spoon and fork, one darning needle, four hairpins, three pins, four screws, four needles, one button and a bott tip. This is the list of articles swallowed by a London woman who was operated upon and recovered.

Crepe Sports Costume



"The Sign of the Rose" CHARLES HENRY FOX 221 S. BROAD ST.

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> Lanoil wave in natural looking.

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Deprive I ou or Cake You may not feel like

baking, but you can always buy your favorite variety of TASTY-KAKE. White Chocolate Yellow Cocoanut Sponge Raisin Chocolate Layer 13c

Dear Cynthia—Your column has been very interesting in the last few weeks; both of a comic and of a serious type. I do not bring to you the comic viewpoint, but have a very serious question which I would greatly appreciate if

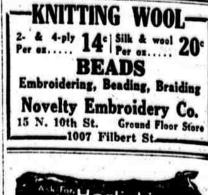
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