# "To Fancy That a Grateful Spirit Gives As Good As It Gets" Is Wise

### For There Are Great Big Gifts and Little Bits of Favors That Mean Too Much to Be Returned or Paid For

HOW often we say, in return to an expression of gratitude from some one, "Why, it was a pleasure to me!"

And how often do we mean it?

How often can we mean it?

Much of our enjoyment of a gift presented, a party given, or a kindly thought carried out, comes from the way in which it is received.

Many times an entertainment for some one is planned with the most gracious thoughts but finally carried out and finished and wiped out of the mind with almost anger and certainly relief.

It's no pleasure to give something to a person who is obviously expecting that and more and accepts it as her due without any sincerity in her thanks.

IT WAS Robert Louis Stevenson who said, "I like to fancy that a grateful spirit gives as good as it gets."

Often when you do something that you know will give pleasure to a child, you find out how true this is.

To see those eyes light up with glee, to hear that delighted giggle, to see that joyful dance, is surely more gratifying than any carefully worded, grownup-prompted thanks that you could possibly get.

But what is more depressing than to try to please a little prig who has everything she wants anyhow, and accepts your offering just to be polite?

It would be easier if she threw it in your face, because then you could express your feelings in suitable terms.

AND this works the opposite way, too.

Sometimes you feel that you cannot accept another thing from some friend who has showered you with kindnesses.

If you are so placed that you cannot pay off these obligations, you are half ashamed to incur more.

Yet there doesn't seem to be any excuse you can give for not taking any more without hurting her feelings.

This is a case where the beauty of friendship proves itself.

Your grateful spirit pays her just as much as a return gift or favor would.

And being a friend she can see that, even though reserve or embarrassment prevents you from expressing it in words.

She feels repaid for her trouble, it really has been "a pleasure" to her to give you that enjoyment, whatever it was, because she herself has enjoyed the delight reflected upon her from your eyes.

And so it is a necessary part of expressing thanks, to prove it by showing a grateful spirit.

WHAT caused Stevenson to make this remark was the friendly consideration and homelike treatment offered him and a friend by their hosts at an inn where they spent a night on their canoe trip through Belgium.

They had paid in money for their bed, their food, and the candles with which they lighted their room.

But this polite kindliness could not be paid for in anything but gratitude; nothing else was worthy of it.

There are many things like that in this world; some of them are so big that you couldn't possibly express enough thanks for them.

Others are so small, but so beautiful and so touching that you wouldn't dare mention them.

But that grateful spirit can express what a stumbling tongue or a crippled hand would not be big enough to manage.

## Read Your Character

*By Digby Phillips*

### Picking the Persevering

Perseverance is a virtue in more ways than one. It is of particular value in most lines of business, both to employer and to employe.

Moreover, it is a thing which shows only in a person's record, unless you are more or less familiar with the science of characterology and know the signs of it.

Often records are not available for consultation when you are considering hiring an applicant, or else they are not thoroughly trustworthy for one reason or another.

You may then have recourse to your observation while you are putting the applicant through a test.

Probably your best indication of this virtue will be in the handwriting. To be sure you should have a specimen of writing on unruled paper. If the lines are straight and even that is one strong indication of perseverance, patience and will power. If the "t" is carefully and firmly crossed, that is another sign. If you see that, in addition to this, the applicant is a brunette rather than a blond, and has a concave rather than a convex profile, you have several indications which, taken all together, will well warrant your belief that he possesses this business virtue.

Tomorrow—Those Who Dare

## Adventures With a Purse

TO FACE the warm days one cannot have too many silk dresses hanging in the closet, and, up to a fortunate drop in prices, really good-looking dresses can be had for a reasonable price. There has opened in town a new specialty shop which has a quantity of ever so nice silk dresses, one of which I wish to tell you about. It is made of an excellent quality of cotton crepe, black. The skirt has rows of fagoting, which can hardly be told from the real drawnwork, and on either shoulder is a tiny rosette made of the crepe. Simplicity is the keynote to most of the frocks and dresses, and this is sufficiently plain to wear to the office, yet in perfect taste for a dinner engagement. Best of all, it is $19.95.

Of course, there must be a hat to be worn with the dress. Well, perched at a rakish angle on a saucy-faced mannikin sat an awfully smart hat, all of black tulle, a turban it really was, with a point which made it appear slightly higher in the front than at the back. And the tulle crown allowed lots of air to keep the hat from being too warm. A single pearl drop was fastened in the front of the hat, which would match those pearls you'll wear with the black dress. That hat is priced at $6.79.

## The Woman's Exchange

### Is Proper

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Would it be correct to say it is correct mourning for a young man of twenty years of age to wear a straw hat? Is a derby proper mourning for any age also? A READER.

Yes, either the straw hat or the derby may be worn. Both should have broad bands.

### Picnic Games Are Ready

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I would appreciate very much if you will please print in your column a list of some games and their directions which may be played at a picnic in the Park. The boys and girls' ages are from twelve to sixteen years. GLADYS K.

If you send a stamped, addressed envelope, I can send you a list that you will surely like. It is too long to print here, but be sure and send in for it, because the games are specially planned for outdoors.

## Things You'll Love to Make

If you are looking for a simple but CHARMING NEGLIGEE here is one. Cut your material on a plain kimono pattern, with the seam at the shoulders, and the neck round. Cut each shoulder into points as shown in the sketch. With the ordinary darning stitch and colored wool make the design. The details of the design are shown at the bottom of the illustration. Join the points along the shoulders, or tie them with ribbons. A [illegible] of a heavy braid of wool [illegible] this CHARMING NEGLIGEE. FLORA.

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

### Jolly Joker

By DADDY

*Tom the Teaser, after promising Giant Cross-Patch not to play tricks on the birds and beasts, finds the birds and beasts playing tricks on him. Merry Robin drops a worm down his back, and when Jack takes this out, King Fisher drops a live fish inside his waist.*

### CHAPTER IV

### The Flying Fish

TOM the Teaser had danced and squirmed when Merry Robin dropped a worm down his back. But his dancing and squirming at that time were nothing to the hopping and twisting he went through when he felt the live fish flopping about inside his waist.

"I'm a goner!" yelled Tom. "I feel the snake stinging me with its fangs. Oh! Oh!" What he felt, of course, was the fins of the fish pricking him.

Jack and Janet had caught only a glimpse of the fish as King Fisher dropped it down Tom's back. They didn't know whether it really was a snake or not. But it was clear Tom needed help, so Jack acted at once. He tore open Tom's waist and out flopped the fish. The fish landed on the greasy bank beside the worm. The fish's mouth closed on the worm, and the fish, with a mighty flop, went tumbling down the bank and ker-splash! into the brook.

Tom stared in astonishment at the fish and at the ripple that showed where it had vanished. So did Jack and Janet and Jolly Joker.

Then Jack and Janet began to laugh. "That is the fish you were going to catch with the worm," chuckled Jack. "Why didn't you hang on to it when you had it?"

"Jim-in-ety!" gasped Tom. "That fish must have been chasing that worm. But how did the fish know the worm was in my waist, and how did the worm get in my waist? And how did the fish chase it there? Answer me that!"

"It might have been a flying fish," giggled Janet.

"Rattlety-wattlety-rattle!" laughed King Fisher in his queer way. "That was the best show I have seen in many a day. It was worth the fish I paid for it."

Then Jack and Janet knew the fish was not a flying fish. They knew King Fisher had dropped it inside Tom's waist. But Tom the Teaser, not understanding bird talk, didn't know why they laughed as King Fisher flew away to catch another fish.

"I think these woods are bewitched," said Tom the Teaser. "Who ever heard of flying worms being chased by flying fish in Birdland?"

"That is what the birds thought—that the woods are bewitched—when they found Mrs. Robin's eggs of blue changed into eggs of white," laughed Janet. Then Tom the Teaser grinned, too, for he had been the one who had caused Mrs. Robin and Mrs. Brown Thrasher by changing their eggs about. "The birds are just paying you back for the tricks you played on them."

"I wouldn't mind that," sighed Tom the Teaser, "if I could only play more tricks on them. We could have a game of playing tricks on each other."

"That is a good idea," put in Jolly Joker. "Why don't you do it? You have nimble wits and could think of more tricks than the birds or beasts."

"No," said Tom the Teaser with another big sigh. "My promise to Giant Cross-Patch spoils all that. I told him I would play no more tricks on birds or beasts; and I am going to keep my promise."

Here Jack spoke up. "When Giant Cross-Patch asked you to make that promise, he meant mean tricks that make folk sad. I know jolly tricks you can play that will astonish the birds and beasts and yet make them glad."

"Tricks that will make them glad?" asked Jolly Joker in surprise. "What kind of tricks are those?"

"Yes," added Tom the Teaser eagerly. "I never heard of tricks that make folks glad."

(Do you know what kind of tricks Jack has in his mind? Tomorrow's chapter will tell. In it Perky Squirrel gets a surprise.)

## In Other States

Raleigh, N. C., has erected a beautiful memorial fountain in memory of the women volunteer nurses who served in the influenza epidemic in 1918.

Mrs. Jacob Baur, social leader, prominent in politics, and known as "Chicago's best business woman," is being urged by her friends to become a candidate for Mayor of the Western metropolis.

What is believed to have been the first coroner's jury composed of women in the United States sat at the inquest in a case of accidental death at Kinston, N. C., and, according to the coroner, "performed beautifully."

One of the biggest pieces of mural decoration ever undertaken by a woman is to be done by Mrs. H. Van Buren Magonigle, of New York, for the $2,000,000 Liberty Memorial Building to be erected in Kansas City.

# Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

### "Off Days"

Do you have "off days" when the family tell you you got out on the wrong side of the bed?

Are there times when everybody seems to be treading on your toes, irritating you, imposing upon you? And when you let them know it do they tell you you are "cranky" or cussed?

Then ten to one you are dissatisfied with yourself, there is something you have done or omitted to do that is on your mind. For, as Mme. Roche says, "Sometimes we take vengeance for our evil thoughts or actions by tyrannizing those around us."

Of course we do not know it. But underneath our "cussedness" is the feeling that the trouble is with ourselves—and this exasperates us so much more against the victim we have selected for the occasion.

When daughter is "scrappy" with mother in the morning, criticizing everything from the coffee to the water in the bathroom that wouldn't run down, she does not realize that it is simply because she overslept and is late again, or because she let Tom take her home last night instead of Harry. Only way down in her heart, she knows somehow that she is unjust, and that makes her still more angry with mother.

Nor does father understand, when he anathematizes the dinner and strikes fear into the hearts of Bobby and May that it is because through his own oversight he lost that important contract. Bobby is deprived of the use of his bicycle for a week and poor little May her favorite dessert because father is angry at himself—and mother has her evening spoiled.

Mother may never have heard the quotation from Mme. Roche, but she knows. Whether it is daughter or father, she can just about guess what the trouble is. So she smiles in the way that mothers have and tries to smooth the ruffled hairs.

But Bobby and May—well, for them it's just one of the cruel things in a hard, hard world!

## Can You Tell?

*By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer*

### Who Invented the Piano

The first real piano was made by Bartolomeo Christifori, an Italian. He invented the little hammers which strike the strings and give a clear tone, instead of the scratching sound which all previous instruments produced. It took 200 years to discover the value of these little hammers in making clearer notes.

The name pianoforte comes from two Italian words meaning hard and soft and is accurately descriptive, as the notes can at will be made loud or soft. It is a development of the simplest form of making regular sound vibrations by snapping or hammering a string which is stretched tight and fastened at both ends. In other words, it is a stringed instrument, and we must go far back into history to find the earliest traces of stringed instruments and even then we do not know when or where they originated.

There is a legend that the Roman god Mercury, walking along the Nile after the river had overflowed its banks and the land had become dry again, stubbed his toe on the shell of a dead tortoise. He picked it up to cast aside and accidentally touched some of the strings of sinew with his finger. These strings were all that remained of the body of the live tortoise. Mercury heard a musical sound and after almost vainly searching for its cause, he twanged the string again and discovered the music in tightly stretched strings. He set about making a musical instrument using the tortoise shell for a sound box and stretching a number of strings of sinew across it. This is all said to be legendary, of course, but if we examine the musical instrument of the early Greeks, the lyre, we find a representation of the tortoise upon it.

Tomorrow—How Did the American Flag Originate?

## A White Twill Suit Trimmed With Red Kid

The woman who picks out a white suit for resort wear doesn't take any more chances than the man who sells mosquito netting in New Jersey. She is bound to be a success. For, although sports clothes may come and sports clothes may go, the white suit of flannel, serge, twill, jersey, alpaca or knitted material is always a strategic point of fashion.

This season the white suit has taken on many new coquetries of color, line and trimming and in evidence of this we illustrate today the charming model of white twill trimmed with black Cheruit twill and with red leather.

A charming detail of this costume is the tiny cape of self material lined with red crepe and trimmed identically with the jacket and bodice. This fashion of attaching the cape to the shoulders is one which is followed both in short capes such as we see here and in very long wraps which almost sweep the ground. As to the selection of kid or leather as a trimming touch, it may be mentioned that some of the smartest of black crepe coats seen lately have been ornamented with motifs cut from these. CORINNE LOWE.

# Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

### The Age of Realism

THEY had been upon an unusual excursion—a visit to the playhouse, and they had come home with scarcely a word between them.

"You didn't like the play," murmured Virginia, as Paul negotiated the latch-key in their own front door.

He mumbled some unintelligible reply.

"I don't know," went on Virginia, "but plays nowadays all seem so terribly realistic—I can't determine whether the art of the theatre is deteriorating or improving."

Paul laughed in a short, cynical manner.

"Oh, it's art, super-plus," he scoffed. "That is, it is, if we believe all the stuff that's printed on the subject. Realism! That's the whole idea. We go to a show and pay five dollars for a couple of indifferent seats and what do we see? Realism! We see a man in the grip of some awful mental or physical disease, for instance, and he is so realistically real that you can't get him out of your mind for weeks. That's realism, and we're supposed to consider it entertainment and pay money to be shocked."

"But isn't realism art?" murmured Virginia diffidently.

"Maybe it is," he responded sharply. "I don't say it isn't. I dare say that most of these plays by the O'Neills and the Strindbergs and the Molnars are all very real—they're real when they're not symbolic."

"I don't believe I care for the symbolic plays," protested Virginia mildly.

Paul laughed sourly.

"Neither does anybody else; most of all the poor sheep who fancy that any play they can't understand surely must be a symbolic one. There are only three kinds of plays on the stage these days. There's the play with the naughty title. Of course, nobody goes to see those but high school students, members of old folk's homes and altruistic investigators who want to determine if the play is as naughty as its title. All these people are disappointed when the curtain falls, of course."

He laughed wickedly.

"Then there's the symbolic play. The more foggy and indistinguishable the symbols are the better the play is supposed to be. A tramp in heaven, a stoker with artistic yearnings, a beautiful girl orphan who has been taught to curse like a pirate—these characters for the basis of symbolic plays."

"Paul—what do the symbols mean?"

"Hah! They mean that the world is full of beloved innocents who are still eager to pay their good money to be made sport of. It is merely an improvement on Barnum's 'what-is-it,' and the delightful thing about the patrons of the symbolic play is that they are seldom aware they have been fooled."

"But realistic plays——"

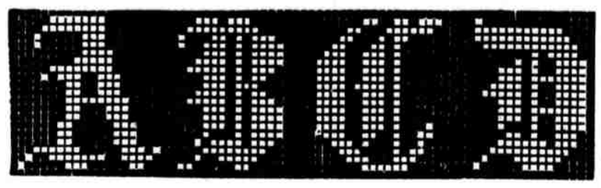
"Don't talk to me about realistic plays. I am through paying good money to see a play in which all the props are practical props. If the hero wants to eat a real dinner with real chicken, and the villain wants to drink real whisky, and the heroine gets wet in a real ocean, and the First Old Man grows real whiskers for his part, all well and good. There's too much realism in life. I don't care to pay good money to go and see it repeated on a platform elevated three feet from the floor. I want to see unrealistic plays like 'Way Down East' and 'Lightnin'' and such. I suppose that is very common taste, but I want less realism and more happy hokum."

"Hokum?"

"Sure," said Paul glibly. "Let's make it the movies after this."

Tomorrow—How to Keep Young

## THE ALPHABET IN CROSS STITCH



Initials embroidered in the cross stitch are just a little out of the ordinary, and wonderfully effective and pretty. One or more colors may be used in a letter, depending largely upon what the article is.

It is absolutely necessary to baste your canvas for this work true to a thread on the material. Count the number of stitches in the deepest and widest parts of the initial, and in cutting a piece of canvas allow a margin on all four sides. Try to do the embroidering so the work will look as even as possible on the wrong side—not crossing and recrossing from side to side more than is necessary. Of course, the understitches must all go in one direction and the top stiches in the opposite.

Two inch initials on towels are effective, and especially so when done in colors. Handkerchiefs, lunch cloths—indeed, all sorts of articles—are beautified by one of these initials.

Use a fine rather than a coarse meshed canvas.

Another installment will appear next week.

# Mrs. Wilson Tells What Can Be Done With Small Amount of Meat Left Over

### Instead of Slicing and Serving Cold, Cook With a Spicy Sauce, Make Into a Roll, or Use for Tasty Sandwiches

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

*Copyright, 1922, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.*

THE problem of utilizing leftovers is always vexing to the housewife, and frequently because she is unable to think of other methods the roast will come to the table two and often three times as a cold cut. The English housewife is a real adept at making savory dishes from leftover meats.

### Beef Savory

The dish is made from leftover boiled or roast beef. Pick meat free from the bones and remove all fat; put this meat through the food chopper, adding

*Four branches of parsley.*
*One onion.*

Now place in skillet three tablespoons of bacon drippings, and when hot add to

*One and one-half cups of the prepared meat.*
*Three tablespoons of flour dusted over the meat.*
*One teaspoon of salt.*
*One-half teaspoon of pepper.*
*Two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce.*
*One cup of milk, or stock.*

Simmer slowly for ten minutes, and then lift to a thick slice of buttered toast, and cover with a little melted cheese.

### Derby Pasty

Prepare cold roast mutton or veal as for the beef savory and set aside to cool.

Place in mixing bowl

*Two cups of flour.*
*One teaspoon of salt.*
*Two teaspoons of baking powder.*

Sift to mix, and then rub into the flour three-fourths cup of finely chopped suet, and add seven tablespoons of cold water to form a dough; divide into three parts and roll out two parts as one piece so that it is sufficiently large to line a shallow baking dish; place in the prepared meat and cover the prepared meat savory with four hard-boiled eggs sliced thin; add

*Three tablespoons of melted butter.*
*Three-quarters cup of thick cream sauce.*

Then roll out the balance of the pastry and use for top covering. Pinch edges together well. Brush the top with melted bacon drippings and bake in moderate oven for forty minutes.

### Meat Roll

Any leftover meat, boiled ham, chicken or beef, veal or pork may be utilized in making this dish. In the summer do not plan to serve potatoes with it. Place the leftover meat through the food chopper, adding

*Two green peppers.*
*Five branches of parsley.*
*Two onions.*

There should be two cups of the chopped meat.

Prepare a pastry as for the Derby pasty, and roll out in an oblong sheet. Spread the meat over the prepared pastry and season lightly with pepper and salt and roll as for jellyroll, fastening in the ends securely. Place in well-greased and floured baking pan, and bake in hot oven for forty minutes, basting every ten minutes with

*One and one-half cups of canned tomatoes, crushed fine, or rubbed through a sieve.*
*Six tablespoons of melted bacon fat.*

Cut in thick slices and serve from the pan. Garnish with browned bacon. This is sometimes called Dublin roll and is served with brown gravy. This roll can also be tied in pudding cloth and plunged into kettle of boiling water and boiled for the same length of time, [illegible] remembers the wax paper idea.

### Meat Paste

Meat paste for making sandwiches is very tasty in the summer, so for variety serve some dainty sandwiches made from the leftover meat. Remove bones and fat from the leftover meat and put through the food chopper sufficient meat to make two cups, then add

*Two onions.*
*Two branches of parsley.*
*Two green peppers chopped fine with the meat.*

Place in mixing bowl and add

*Three-quarters cup of thick cream sauce.*
*One-half cup of mayonnaise.*
*Two tablespoons of vinegar.*
*Two teaspoons of salt.*
*One teaspoon of paprika.*

Mix well and use for sandwich filling. Cut the sandwiches into triangles or oblongs. Garnish with a tiny spray of parsley on each sandwich.

### Emince of Leftover Vegetables

Place sufficient leftover vegetables in bowl to measure one and a half cups, add

*One cup of thick cream sauce.*
*Two onions minced fine.*
*Two tablespoons of finely chopped parsley.*

Mix to blend and fill into tomatoes that have the centers scooped out; cover top with coarse breadcrumbs and little finely grated cheese and bake in moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

### Au Gratin of Vegetables

For this dish combine either one or two leftover vegetables, with some leftover cold cooked macaroni, in this manner:

Place in mixing bowl

*One and one-half cups of cold cooked macaroni chopped fine.*
*One-half cup cold cooked peas.*
*One-half cup of cold cooked carrots.*
*One and three-quarter cups of cream sauce.*
*One-quarter cup of finely chopped onions.*
*One-quarter cup of finely chopped parsley.*
*Two teaspoons of salt.*
*One teaspoon of pepper.*
*One-quarter teaspoon of marjoram.*
*Three-quarters cup of breadcrumbs.*

Mix and turn in baking dish; spread top smoothly and then cover thickly with grated cheese, and bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes.

The above dishes can be served as the meat or protein dish in the evening meal.

## Decorating for the Luncheon

"I couldn't think at first what made the table so attractive," she began, in answer to a request to tell about the luncheon, "but after the place cards I noticed the flowers, and they were the secret, all right. There were roses standing in a low bowl in the middle of the table, and wait till I finish," she continued as she noticed the that-doesn't-seem-out-of-the-ordinary expressions on her hearers' faces. "Besides this there were more roses scattered here and there, and you have no idea how artistic they were on the lovely white cloth."

## Keeping Fudge Fresh

In making fudge it is wise to wrap each piece in wax paper, because it keeps so much fresher in this way. Of course, you may have a brother or a sister who never allows any fudge to remain when once they have seen it, but just in case you are sending some or saving it for some reason or other, [illegible]

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### One Too Many "Bettys"

Dear Cynthia—There must be two Bettys writing to Jack White, as I read a letter to him recently, and I know that I did not write it. I am the one who told Jackie that both girls and boys are fifty-fifty, and he seemed to answer my letter, but maybe it was intended for the other Betty.

Please write, Jackie boy, and let me know whom you are writing to.

BETTY (FROM NORRISTOWN).

### To "The Raver"

Cynthia thought perhaps you would rather not have your letter published. You stated your problem so clearly that it is easy to see how perplexed you must be. Considering all the circumstances you mentioned, the best way to solve the difficulty would be to tell the girl frankly how you feel, but do not bind her to an engagement. As you say you are very young it would not be fair to ask her to wait for you so long. But it will not hurt to give her the chance to if she feels as you do. You look at the matter so sanely that Cynthia is sure you will do the square thing and not expect too much or make the girl unhappy if you find that she does not care for you. But good luck to you!

### Do Not Write to Him First

Dear Cynthia—For quite some time I have been reading your columns, and have decided to write and see if you can help me.

Not long ago I became acquainted with a very nice young man. This young man has blonde hair and so have I. I have not been in his company long enough to find out whether the saying, two persons of the same complexion do not get along nicely, is true. Now, Cynthia, I ask your opinion. Would it be proper to ask this young man if he is engaged? Would it be all right to ask him to come see me some time? Would you take it for granted that a fellow wants you to write to him if he gave you his address? ANXIOUS.

Do not ask the young man point-blank whether he is engaged or not, but lead the conversation around to the subject gradually, so that he will have a chance to tell you if he is engaged. Ask him to come see you, but make it seem casual; don't let him think you are "rushing" him.

No, don't ever take this for granted. If he wants you to write to him let him write you first and ask for a letter.

### "Mimi's" Opinion of Flappers

Dear Cynthia—Does your opinion agree with mine on flappers? I hope so.

Doesn't it disgust you to see a young girl, who in ordinary circumstances would still be in the cradle, going around, or rather strutting around, in a tweed suit (usually lavender), "crazy-quilt" hat with a feather sticking out, earrings, which in ordinary circumstances are confined to evening or afternoon dress, not to sports clothes?

When I was thirteen my mother said that a flapper was a girl just in the midst of the clumsy age (between twelve and thirteen). Now a girl seems to think it an honor to be called one.

You can notice that a girl with any self-respect or breeding will not make such a fool of herself to smoke, drink and swear.

I am sure a girl (if she is the right kind) can enjoy herself much more having innocent fun than a flapper can, giving bad example to the coming generation, by having "wild" parties. I think they imagine they are bad.

Hoping flappers will mend their ways soon. MINNIE.

Cynthia has decided that there has been enough on the subject of T. H. and so that part of your letter was cut out.

### A Princeton Graduate Writes

Dear Cynthia—My first effort, Cynthia. I've been a reader of your column ever since I started buying the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. I think it fine. I can't resist the temptation to write and give the attitude opinion of one who considers himself a modern young man (note, I do not say "model").

The discussion concerning the dress and habits of our American girls particularly interests me. Why is there such a rigorous show of feeling against rouge and short skirts and bobbed hair evident in some of the letters of your male correspondents? It has surprised me. I like bobbed hair. It is chic and good-looking. It is decidedly an improvement over the long unkempt tresses of the dandruff advertisement. It is youth materialized. Surely we of the weaker sex like the ladies to look their best. Then why do so many of us write against them? Is it because we believe that paint, smoking and short skirts tend toward immorality?

Bosh! Look at the thing calmly. The girls do those things because they believe they are pleasing us; for no other reason whatever. They wish to look their best. We shave because a clean-shaved man usually looks better. The man shaves for exactly the same reason the woman paints and powders. But has shaving anything to do with a man's morals?

"Just Pete's" letters show a bitter shallowness of mind. My sister paints and powders, wears short skirts and long ear-rings. She does not smoke, not because she thinks it wrong, but for precisely the same reason some men don't: she doesn't like it. And—to find a girl with greater morals than my sister is next to impossible. Such letters as "Five Disgusted With Men" write disgust me. The young women responsible for these letters seem to wish to convey the impression that they are martyrs. There is a causticity in what they've said that rankles. But I doubt if they really mean that they are disgusted with men. Most likely they are disgusted with the type posing as, and physically similar to, men.

So here's to the modern American girl! I like her!

As for myself, I'm twenty-eight, five feet eleven, Princeton graduate. I've traveled some with the army, and I want to say that the American girl holds her own with any of them. I've never asked a girl I've taken out for a goodnight kiss. I really don't know whether I'm good-looking or not, but have a suspicion I am. (Pardon the boast, Cynthia, but being human I'm not infallible to conceit.).

I'm looking everywhere for my ideal girl, and I still have hopes of finding her. I hold no qualification whatever over her head (religion, size, age, etc.). If I loved her, that would be enough.

JOHN SMITH.

## WHAT'S WHAT

*By Helen Decie*

In one of Douglas Goldring's books an awkward young Englishman of "the lower middle classes" called by invitation upon a Belgian Baroness to whom he had letters of introduction. He was visibly embarrassed, but the great lady set him at his ease promptly. "She waved Harold to a chair and began chatting away to him without looking at him as though his face were already familiar. Harold was impressed by this evidence of superior manners; he was a bit of a starer himself."

It is not good manners to scrutinize the features, clothes and surroundings of a new acquaintance as though taking an inventory, or gathering evidence for a secret service bureau. The newly introduced must be taken for granted without personal questioning, and without the ill-bred staring curiosity which, in itself, is ruder than the inquisitiveness of the spoken query.

# The Unconscious Sinner

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

*Cleo 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 a heartless flirt, succeeds in meeting her and to obtain revenge for the fact that she has apparently trifled with Dick, plans to marry her. His idea is to tell her on their wedding night that he has nothing but contempt in his heart for her, and his peculiar attitude after the ceremony and during the evening arouses fears in Cleo's heart.*

### Cleo Hears the Truth

CAREY drew her quickly to her feet so that she stood facing him.

"Do I love you?" he repeated after her. "What do you think?"

"I don't know." She was suddenly trembling.

"Suppose I have been playing with you." His voice cut like a lash. "Suppose I went into this thing cold-bloodedly with no idea of loving you—for a reason!"

"But you couldn't have a reason for doing anything like that!" She was clinging with all her might to her dreams. Even now she was trying to make herself believe that she hadn't heard aright, that Carey couldn't be saying things like that to her on this, their wedding night. She wanted to cry out to him to stop torturing her. Didn't he realize that he was carrying things too far? But the words would not come, and all she could do was to stand there staring at him dumbly.

"What about Dick Wheeler?" he fairly flung the words at her. "Have you forgotten all about him? I suppose it was all right for you to play with his feelings, to lead him on to love you, and then laugh in his face. I suppose you never dreamed that some one would pay you back in your own coin, women like you never expect to be punished for their sins, they expect to call the tune with never a thought of paying the piper!"

Out of the past there rose before Cleo's eyes the memory of that night when she had last seen Dick. She could hear his last words ringing in her ears. "I'll stand between you and the man you will some day love!" Dick had kept his word if what Carey had said was true, and somehow she knew it was true: Carey's whole manner indicated that he was speaking the truth.

"Then—you—don't—love me!" The words came jerkily. "You never have loved me, you asked me to marry you out of revenge for what you thought I had done to Dick? I suppose it wouldn't do any good if I shall tell you that you are wrong, that I never encouraged Dick, and that it hurt me as much as it did him when he told me that he loved me." Her voice was gathering strength as she went on. She couldn't let Carey condemn her unheard, he must listen to her, he must believe her, if for no other reason than the fact that she loved him so much.

Her hands went out to him in a pleading gesture. "Carey, you must believe that, because it is truth!" But his laugh, hard and ruthless, cut her short.

"I wouldn't believe you under oath! Do you know that if it hadn't been for me Dick would have taken his life? And what about Bob Ellsworth? Do you suppose I didn't realize what had happened between you two that first night I called on you? You used the same tricks to win his love that you used on Dick, and that you would have used on me, only I was prepared for them, and was clever enough to turn the tables!"

"But you married me! Why did you do that? Wasn't it enough to make me love you, wasn't that punishment enough?" She looked around wildly. The knowledge was slowly beating in on her that she must get away, but everything had happened so quickly that she couldn't think clearly, she couldn't adjust herself to the situation. It was like some horrible nightmare, and she would wake up presently with her heart beating wildly, to the blessed relief that it was all nothing but a dream.

Then her eyes came back to Carey and she realized that it was not a dream. It was all true, everything that he had said. The shame of it brought a sob to her throat, and with a moan she buried her face in her hands.

Tomorrow—"I'm Going Away!"

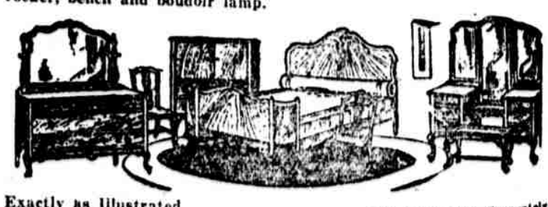
POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
Sold Everywhere

PURITY
"SALADA"
Is the Essence of all That is Best in Tea
"To Taste is to Believe"

LORD CALVERT COFFEE

Untouched by hands until the carton is opened—a clean coffee that retains its aroma and flavor to the last.
BUY FROM YOUR GROCER

FURNITURE OF THE BETTER KIND
DIRECT TO YOU FROM THE MANUFACTURER
POSITIVELY ONE WEEK ONLY
7 Piece Living Room Outfit

Call—see it made—lounge upon it—be convinced.
Exactly as illustrated. Any piece sold separately
All 7 pieces, living room suite covered with tapestry, velour or combination, priced this week.... $175.00
See Our 10-Piece Dining-Room Suite, American Walnut, Special $148
10-Piece American Walnut Bedroom Outfit
Consisting of the four large pieces, spring, mattress, chair, rocker, bench and boudoir lamp.

Exactly as illustrated
THIS WEEK ONLY ..... Any Piece Sold Separately $190.00
The House of Reifsnider represents Integrity, Quality and Fair Dealing, for which hundreds of satisfied customers in Philadelphia and vicinity will vouch.
John J. Reifsnider & Son
Manufacturers—Custom-made Furniture—All Goods Guaranteed
226-28 South Ninth Street, Below Walnut, Phila., Pa.
Open Saturdays Till 5 P. M. Free Auto Truck Delivery in Phila. and Vicinity
ESTABLISHED SINCE 1855