Is It Better to Marry a Poor Man For Love, or a Rich One Without It?

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"YOU will be disillusioned and embittered about a husband, anyway; you might as well marry for money," advised the matron. "When I was intensely romantic and young, I scorned all my eligible suitors, because they did not have wavy hair and talk like a dime novel hero. I declared I would wed for violent love, which I did. In a brief time, the man cools, and you jog along in a humdrum way. Then, if you are poor and obliged to scrimp and economize and pinch and worry and wear old clothes and do all your household drudgery, you feel pretty bitter.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"If love of the wild romantic type had lasted, it is possible you'd never object to the poverty and toil. I say 'possible,' for I am not sure. It is hard for a woman to see her youth slip by with no luxuries. But at least, if you are blissfully happy in the adoration of a model husband, it is possible that you will not regret having married poor. But—my dear, where are you going to find him? Model husbands are as scarce as hen's teeth. I am forty-two and I never saw one!"

DISCOURAGED, the inquiring girl turned to another matron. This one was equally frank and communicative. She had done just the opposite—married rich and cold-bloodedly. What would she say? Would she corroborate the decision of the other matron?

"Don't make any mistake, dear girl. Nothing justifies marriage but the most intense love! A young creature thinks she is worldly and clever. In her vision of future companionship with a wealthy husband, she sees only magnificent homes and cars and travel, and exquisite clothes. In her ignorance, she never realizes that the man goes with these!

"You picture yourself seated at the head of a mahogany table, presiding at champagne dinners. But you do not realize that you are his property, and that he will claim you at all times. Never will you have any free moments to decide on your own plans or actions. You will be at his beck and call. If he is not repulsive to you at first, he may become so. If you play the game squarely you will grit your teeth and endure his embraces, because he expects you to give him affection. If you rebel, he probably will remind you that you are bought and paid for! If he knew that you did not love him but were willing to marry him anyway, he despises you in his heart, for he knows that you have sold yourself and sinned against nature. Some day he will throw this up to you. For although he wanted you so much that he was willing to take you on any terms, he knew in his heart that no union is decent that is not based on reciprocal love. Don't do as I did."

WHAT is the girl to do? Both schemes seem to fail, according to two cynical wives she queried.

In Europe, for centuries, parents arranged matches, and the theory was unquestioned that old heads understood the sensible basis of uniting two human beings that were immature. It really was a union of two families, not two individuals.

Free America scorns this whole arrangement. When of legal age (which is very young), boys and girls may jump into matrimony without plan or wisdom or common sense or income.

SOME conservative people, especially in Europe, think we are crazy to allow such abandon and freedom. We, however, retort that marriage should be the result of a tremendous pull, a force of nature that is irresistible—such as steel has toward the magnet. Any other motive is sordid and immoral. When they point to our many divorces, we reply that they do not indicate any more unhappiness, but merely freer laws. France, also, has a tremendous divorce rate, yet France always has had the practice of the marriage of convenience. Wherein does the ideal system lie?

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Jekyll and Hyde

MILE after mile of smooth roadway instilled in Paul the sublime confidence always manifested in the new motorist.

Virginia sat beside him and noticed thoroughly how thoroughly expert he seemed, as his foot pressed the levers whose uses he had explained to her already a dozen times. She noticed how firm Paul's jaw really was, and how keen his eyes, and how thoroughly at home he seemed as he sat there at the wheel, master of the purring machinery of the new car.

"It runs wonderfully, doesn't it, dear?"

"Oh, pretty good, considering she isn't really limbered up yet. You know they never really run smoothly till you've turned off about a thousand miles on 'em."

"No?"

"No. Steering buckle and the gears are always stiff at first. But that doesn't phaze me, of course."

Virginia nodded respectfully—and obviously quite impressed.

"Of course not," she agreed timidly.

"Lots of times something goes wrong with the steering gear and—blooey—before you know it, your car is in the ditch and it's usually the driver who gets killed. You see the old wheel pins him under and he's usually dead before they drag him out from under."

"Paul! Don't talk like——" and she interrupted herself with a little scream, for Paul had wickedly thrown on some speed and Virginia's terrified glance at the speedometer indicated they were burning up the road at forty miles.

"Paul. Stop it this instant. You don't know what might happen. Paul, please stop or slow it down."

The speed fell off to around twenty-five miles an hour, but Paul was oblivious to her pleading.

"Paul—you'll hit something."

"Hit something? What? There's nothing to hit." The speed increased and he roughly jostled her detaining hand from his arm.

"Say, who's driving this car, you or I?"

"But, Paul, we're going too fast. And you may get arrested."

"Hah! Who is there way out here in the country to pinch us? I've got to get this old wagon limbered up, Virginia. Got to let her stretch herself and see what she can do. Can't hurt anybody, because there's nobody in front."

"But there may be motorcycle police, and——"

"They can't get me," muttered Paul with an unaccustomed grim note in his voice.

There came to Virginia's sharp ears the roaring of a demoniac machine, and through the swirl of dust that rose in their wake she caught the dull olive of a uniform, and the flash of a badge on the pursuring motorcycle rider's breast.

"Oh, Paul," she warned him and clutched his arm.

The stranger rode away with a sneering smile and left them sitting there in the dead machine.

Paul stared at the yellow bit of paper in his hand—the court summons the motorcyclist, a speed cop, had handed him.

"Dearest, I'm so sorry," murmured Virginia consolingly.

And then her husband did a most unaccountable thing.

He laughed.

"By George, I showed 'em this old boat isn't so slow, didn't I, dear?"

And Virginia was conscious that her Paul had become a motor Jekyll and Hyde.

Tomorrow—The Gift Credo.

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. He wins her heart, and finally persuades her to run away and marry him. On their wedding night in order to avenge Dick, he tells her he despises her, but to his amazement, he cannot hate her as he feels he should. Cleo's first thought is to escape from him, but when he prevents that, she realizes that the brave thing to do is to stay and face things. They start for Carey's camp in the mountains, and on the train Cleo cares for a baby traveling alone with its young father. Carey, in order to whip up his hatred for her, accuses her of the desire to have a flirtation with a strange man, which is manifestly untrue.

The Return of Fear

HOW desirable she was!

This thought leaped up in Carey's mind even while he thought of other ways to hurt her.

If only he could believe that she was really true and sweet. If only it were possible to admit to himself as he sat there looking at her downcast eyes and tender mouth, that it was not a pose!

But in his heart of hearts he knew what she was. There had been Dick and that nice boy, Bob Ellsworth, and God knows how many men before that. She had gone on her way through life spreading her charms like a butterfly net to catch men's hearts, and what a triumph for her if she found it possible to bring him to her feet as well. But that would never be! Carey swore it savagely to himself. He might love her, he might want her unspeakably, but she should never know. Always he would find some way to hurt her, and if there came a time when she could no longer bear his mockery, he would let her go, and make it appear to those who knew her that it was due entirely to the fact that she was too much the flirt to be satisfied with the love of one man.

But not yet! And Carey thought suddenly of the camp where he was taking her.

Dick was the only one who knew of its existence besides himself. He and Dick had often gone there alone or together for a few days of solitude, and between them they had made it a place of rare charm.

It was set in a little clearing of pine woods. Inside the walls had been left rough and the huge living-room took up almost all the space downstairs. Out of this opened two fairly good-sized bedrooms, and the kitchen was in a lean-to at the side.

There was a huge fireplace in the livingroom, where it was possible to burn real logs, and he and Dick had made the place comfortable with Indian rugs, couches, comfortable chairs and a stock of canned food. A brook ran within a few feet of the cabin, and there was a spring a little farther on which gave them clear, sparkling drinking water. It was all quite perfect in its way, and the best thing about it was its isolation.

All these thoughts went through Carey's mind as he sat there watching Cleo with the baby, and a little later, when the young father came up with the child's coat and tiny cap, and Cleo put these things on while the baby lay kicking and cooing in her lap, he sneered inwardly.

Finally the train came to a halt at a small country station, and the young father departed, having wring Cleo's slim hand and thanked her again for what she had done.

Alone with Carey, Cleo was seized with an appalling loneliness. She had dreaded giving up the baby, because it had occupied her thoughts and prevented her from thinking ahead. Now she realized that late afternoon was setting in, and soon it would be dark. A cold fear began to creep over her at the thought of being alone with Carey, and all her brave resolutions of the morning dwindled away into nothing as the train rushed along through the country and twilight began to fall.

Tomorrow—A Ride By Night

Adventures With a Purse

"Where are you going on your vacation?" The eternal question. A girl who is going camping said, "Do you know where I can get me some knickers which are not frightfully expensive?" One of the stores has a knickerbocker made of khaki, which is made exactly like the more expensive ones, buttoning on the sides over the hips, and a pocket in front. Serviceable and smart-looking for the camper or golfer and only $2.95.

And, of course, she wants shoes to wear shoes which will "go" with the knickers and which will be comfortable. Smoked elk and calfskin shoes, so-called golf shoes, but which have been worn on the street so much this year are the most comfortable things imaginable. I know, for I have a pair. The smoked elk and calfskin variety are particularly nice and wear much better than do the others. A pair of these can be had for $4.25.

PARIS PAINTS HER PARASOLS

Almost everything has been tried now on sunshades to get the very newest, most original effect, but Paris takes the prize in her latest fad. This calls for a parasol of plain silk in a solid color, which is then hand-painted in brilliant shades and striking designs. Strange birds with gorgeous plumage are shown here, and flowers of bright hue and unusual shape also are suitable

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Spotting the Worried

Did you ever get a letter from some one who tells you how worried she is about something, and did you ever wonder whether she really is as worried about it as she says she is?

Worry is a thing which shows almost inevitably in handwriting, whether the worrier is naturally inclined that way or not.

Consider first the "professional worrier." You know the type. So very many people belong to it. The writing has that crowded, uneven appearance on the page, which is quite different from the uneven writing which spreads itself all over the page, and again different from that which is crowded and even.

The written lines show an inevitable tendency to slant downward at the right of the page. It may not be a very marked tendency, but if you'll lay a ruler across the page you can't miss it.

And the writing will be angular. This last is the indication of the natural tendency to worry, of the active, nervous or impatient disposition. The crowded writing indicates a lack of calm, well-ordered thinking, and the downward slant indicates pessimism or depression. If added to these signs there is the sign of letters which increase in size toward the end of the word, you have a person who is naturally more than usually conscientious, and these people always find more to worry about than the average.

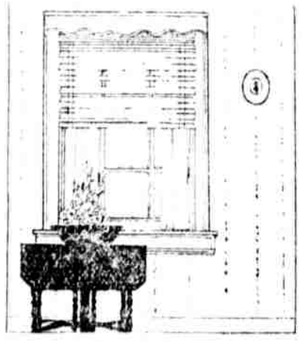
When the rounded writing of a passive, easy-going sort of person becomes angular, when it begins to slant downward and to become crowded, particularly if it changes from vertical to a forward slant, you may know that person has become worried.

Tomorrow—Unearthing the Critics

Foreign Custom

Only on one day of the year are women permitted to enter the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, which is the glory of the Cathedral of San Lorenzo in Genoa. The prohibition goes back to the days of Pope Innocent VIII, who imposed it in recollection of the dangers of Herodias.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE



No. 5—Window Shades

Roller window shades or blinds are not meant to be pulled half-way down to show the outside world that the house is equipped with them. Used in this way they are simply objects of useless display.

They are meant to be pulled down at night when the lights inside are lighted, to keep the outside world from looking in, or pulled down during the day when the glare of the sun is too strong. When a window is equipped with curtains and hangings there is usually little need to pull down the shade. When there are no hangings it may be necessary to pull the blinds part-way down. Most houses would be better for more daylight than is generally let into them.

It is a mistake from a decorative point of view to think that a shade should be kept half-way down—where so many people keep it. Roll it up out of sight, ready for use, however, when it is really needed. White or cream-colored shades are commonly preferable to those of darker color.

The Venetian blind has a genuine decorative value and its slats are conveniently adjustable at any angle. It is much more expensive than the roller shade, but it lasts from generation to generation.

Tomorrow—"How Much Pattern?"

Things You'll Love to Make

A unique accessory to a beach suit is a TASSELED BEACH PARASOL, like the one pictured above. Any ordinary silk parasol can be used as the body. Make long tassels of wool or silk, the brighter the color the more stunning the parasol. Tie one of these gay tassels to the end of each rib. Top off this dashing TASSELED BEACH PARASOL with a brightly colored pompon.

FLORA.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why Laughter Aids Digestion

We have often been told that a benefit is to be derived from being cheerful while eating our meals and of the help that laughter is to our digestion. Strange as it may seem laughter does aid digestion.

The stomach lies immediately beneath the diaphragm, which is a thin muscular partition dividing the stomach from the heart. In breathing the diaphragm moves the stomach up and down. When we breath deeply this churning motion becomes more violent. When we laugh we, of course, increase the action of the diaphragm upon the stomach. This causes the stomach to perform its duty of digesting and passing the food on to the intestines in a more vigorous manner, consuming less time than if we were eating alone and in perfect silence. The food taken into our stomachs is passed on into the intestines by a series of wormlike contractions.

The more slowly and superficially we breathe the more slowly our food digests, while laughing increases the action of the diaphragm upon the stomach as well as putting us in a cheerful and healthy state of mind.

The time required for the complete digestion of a mixed meal, in which the indigestible and unusable matter remaining has been carried into the colon or large intestine, is from eight to eight and one-half hours.

Tomorrow—What Is the Meaning of the Crosses on the British Flag?

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"John Smith" Has Made a Hit

Dear Cynthia—Just a few lines for "John Smith."

Johnny, my boy, you are a peach. You know "us girls" are panned so much that it really is refreshing to hear a good word now and then.

I am nineteen, have bobbed hair, wear earrings and I smoke cigarettes (and inhale them, too). I don't consider myself immoral by any means and I do have a good time.

I'd love to meet "Mimi." She sounds like a sour old maid with stringy hair and pasty skin.

No offense, Mimi, old dear. But it is almost time you're wakened. Try a little rouge and powder and a man might look at you.

Thanks, Cynthia, I feel better now.

A FLAPPER.

Has Her Own Style of Dressing

Dear Cynthia—Many have been my temptations to write to your column. I, too, have been reading your column every evening, and I think it very interesting, and now I must tell John Smith just what I think of his opinion. I think he is very sensible; in fact, one of the most sensible who have ever written concerning the dress and habits, as he states, of our American girls.

No, I have no bobbed hair, do not rouge and am considered no "flapper." I do not wear my dresses long; no, far from it, but neither do I wear them at what I would consider a disrespectful height. But because I don't I do not feel as though I were privileged to condemn girls who do. Tastes differ, you know, and we should not condemn the flapper type, for the reason that it does not please us or because we would not do it ourselves.

You are right, "John," girls try to please the men—every one of us—and I am glad to hear that the men try to please us.

My style is as it is, because I think the type of man I like is pleased with it, and so other girls try to please the type they like. How uninteresting and monotonous this world would be if we were all alike!

Oh, how I would like to—shall I say choke?—some of the young men who state qualifications for a girl or wife. To me love is everything, but, oh, how very few men would agree with me.

I like your letter ever so much, "John," and I hope we will see more of them in this column.

I wish you luck with your column, Cynthia, and hope you will not find my letter too long to print.

JUNE.

She Is So Lonely

Dear Cynthia — I have just read "Sunset's" letter, and she sure is in love. But my trouble is that I can't find anybody to love. I can't make myself known. I am always quiet. Is that the reason why no one bothers with me? Of course, I mean the male sex. I have lots of girl friends, but no boy friends. I can dance, play the piano and sing a little, but with all these things they do not bring me fellows, or, I suppose, friends would sound better. There are many things going on at our church, and to tell the truth I never attend these socials. Oh, Cynthia, I am lonesome. Why can't I be like other girls? Many people have told me that my looks are good, but lately I wear glasses, and I suppose they are the fatal thing that keeps me back. My heart is heavy, and I really can't tell what's the matter with me.

I have (lately) a headache and heartache all the time. I want some one to love me. I have had a friend (boy) some time ago, but, dear Cynthia, after I found I had loved him he had gone. At first he loved me, but I didn't care for him, and now that it's too late I find that I love him so much. My heart is healing from that sear now. Won't some one write a friendly letter to me through Cynthia's column? I am longing for some one, but that some one hasn't arrived yet. Dear friend, what is stronger in happiness or heartache than love? Why don't some of you fellows cheer your girls? They need it, and I know I'm not the only one that's lonesome. Please, boys, won't you write to me? Also answer one question. Why do you kiss a girl when you don't mean it? Some "vamps" like to be kissed and they think nothing more of it, but others live only for that ne'er-forgotten kiss. Please, somebody, write to poor

LONESOME.

Why don't you go to the affairs at the church, dear? That is where you will meet boys of your own age. Girls who play the piano and sing are very much in demand at such parties. Don't worry about the glasses, either. Nobody else notices them so much as you expect them to. Don't be discouraged. Somebody will come along some day who will like your quietness and modesty better than anything he has ever met before in his whole life. Try to be happy with your girl friends until he turns up from somewhere. It will only make you more unhappy if you keep looking for him all the time.

The Woman's Exchange

Becoming a Secretary

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me where I can obtain a private course in social secretary work?

M. B. S.

Unless you go to one of the business schools in the city I would advise you to consult the Board of Education, Nineteenth and Chestnut streets, as to a tutoring in bookkeeping. This is about the only thing you would have to take a special course in, and, if you are able to balance accounts efficiently, make out checks and do any other sort of work like that, you won't even need this.

An ability to write a good letter, answer invitations and take charge of any business affairs her employer may wish her to is required of the social secretary. But she does not need a knowledge of stenography and typewriting, such as the regular secretary needs. She should, however, have a pleasant voice and manner. In addition to this, when good common sense gives her an understanding of what is expected of her in different situations, she is bound to be successful.

Who's to Blame When a Girl Doesn't Know Her Behavior Is Wrong?

She Would Surely Know What Was Right and What Wasn't, Even if She Didn't Care if Her Parents Had Taught Her

THE girl whose letter about picking up the usher at the movies was discussed yesterday suggests another question, too.

For no doubt her mother is one of those who are wondering what this world is coming to anyhow, with children behaving as they do.

This girl is seventeen—and in the habit of going to the movies alone at night for the purpose of talking to a good-looking usher whom she had never met.

Most of the persons who discuss the children and young people of today in such shocked tones are the ones who forget the very important fact that the behavior of children always reflects right straight back upon their parents and their bringing up.

If they have bad manners, why are they allowed to keep them and use them?

If they do strange, wild things, whose fault is it that they are able to do this and get away with it?

YOUR first thought upon hearing of this girl who went to the movies at night alone is "What kind of a family can she have that they allow her to behave like that?"

She could never do that kind of thing if her parents had a careful watch and control over her.

In the first place, how would she account for staying so long if she went out "just to mail a letter," or "just around to Mollie's," or wherever she gave as an excuse, if they really took an interest in the matter?

In the second place, how would she introduce and account for the young man who walked home with her from the movies?

Taking the matter entirely from the girl's viewpoint, it would be a difficult stunt to manage, if her family thought anything about how she was behaving, where she was going and what she was doing

BUT aside from any and all of that, if she had been properly brought up, and had had the necessity of being a lady in the finest sense thoroughly bred in her, she would never have dared go to the movies alone at night, much less allow the usher, good-looking or not, to speak to her.

Even the best of mothers cannot drill their daughters in every situation that may arise in the course of their lives.

There are bound to be some emergencies which they must meet alone armed only with the training that they have had on other occasions.

But that's all they need if it has become instinctive.

It comes to their aid before they realize that they have called upon it.

And their behavior earns for their parents the credit of being careful and successful.

But this girl not only let the boy talk with her and then take her home, but also seemed to take the whole performance as a matter of course.

As if it were quite the natural thing for a man she didn't know to start up a friendly conversation with her.

Indeed she was indignant when he did the same with some one else and left her out in the cold.

NOW, this proves that the fault was not with the girl entirely.

She didn't know it was wrong, unladylike, improper, to let a stranger know that she was willing to talk to him.

That isn't her fault; that's her mother's fault

If her mother hasn't taught her to "pick up" strange boys in the first place and then hasn't taken enough interest in her to know where she goes or to see that her friends are brought in and introduced to the family, why then the mother need not be surprised at any strange and dreadful thing that her daughter does.

Yes, it reflects back every time. It is only natural to say "How could they do it if they had the right kind of parents?"

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