

Mothers Who Refuse to Allow Girls to Have Boys Call on Them at Home Are Exposing Their Daughters to Greater Danger, for They Are Sure to Meet Boys Secretly or Choose the Wrong Kind of Boys

THEY wouldn't let her go with boys at home; said that she was too young. She was sixteen. One time she met a boy she liked and because she liked him, because she would see no harm in liking him and being out with him, she broke out and met him on the corner. This went on for some time until her mother caught her. Then there were tears, scoldings, explanations and pleadings. After a long time her mother yielded, and she was allowed to have the boy come see her at home. I wonder why it is that so many families fall to send the daughter there in refusing to allow girls to have boy friends? One girl said that she was almost spanked like a little child because she dared walk from the corner to her home with a boy whom she had known in school. And she was "in love" with her teacher in school, a young woman about eight or ten years older than she.

A Number of Delicious Desserts Are Suggested by Mrs. M. A. Wilson

With the Month of July Come the Summer Apples—They Make Delightful Apple Snow, Apple Custard and Apple Ginger Cake

By MRS. M. A. WILSON Copyright, 1922, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.

THE summer apple that comes to our markets along about the middle of July is known as the apple and wind-falls. This is the apple that grows during a storm, and is usually marketed at once. Many attractive ways are given to serve this apple, which is usually of the tart variety.

Apple Snow Wash summer apples and peel, cut in thin slices and place three cups of the prepared apples in saucepan, adding about three-quarters cup of boiling water. Cover closely and steam until tender, then drain well, and run through a fine sieve. Whip the whites of three eggs until a firm dry snow, then whip in one-half cup of powdered sugar, and fold in two cups of the prepared and well-drained apple pulp. Pile high in parfait glass, and dust with cinnamon. Serve ice cold. A fine fritters are also delicious for breakfast.

Apple Custard Place in mixing bowl Two and one-half cups of thin apple sauce. One cup of molasses. One cup of brown sugar. One teaspoon of cinnamon. One teaspoon of allspice. Two teaspoons of ginger. Three-quarters cup of shortening. Two well-beaten eggs. Whip up milk and then add Three and three-quarters cups of sifted flour. Three level tablespoons of baking powder. Beat to blend, and turn in well-greased and floured pan, and bake in slow oven forty-five minutes. Cool and slice with water being, using this apple sauce in place of the water. Sprinkle finely chopped nuts over the icing while moist.

Baked Apple Dumplings Place in mixing bowl Three cups of flour. One teaspoon of salt. One level tablespoon of baking powder. Two tablespoons of sugar. Sift twice to blend; now rub into the flour one-half cup of shortening, and use one-half cup of cold water to form pastry. Chill for five minutes on a board about one-quarter inch thick. Cut in five-inch squares, fill with finely chopped apples, dust lightly with water, and two tablespoons of brown sugar for each apple dumpling. Fold up the dough forming the dumpling and pinch the edges closely. Place on baking sheet, dusting the dumpling with beaten egg and milk. Bake in slow oven for thirty minutes, brushing twice

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein To "A Reader" Apply to the City Editor, on the fourth floor of the Ledger Building, 508 Chestnut street. It is necessary to give experience in order to obtain this position, but they will tell you in detail just what the requirements are. Silk Hair Curlers Dear Madam—I have heard that bobbed hair can be curled with the aid of silk and would like to know if you can tell me how this is done. MISS SUNSHINE Just use the silk rings as you would use kid or celluloid or aluminum curlers, separating your hair and rolling it up in the rings overnight. The electricity in the silk is supposed to have the desired effect. Beading Eyelashes To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Would you be so kind and explain to me what beading the eyelashes means and how it is done? EFFIE S. This is done by actress for stage work only. It is too noticeable for street wear. It consists of attaching each eyelash with a bead of black cosmetic, which is heated and softened and applied with a little stick. Its purpose is to make the eyelashes look long and black enough to show from behind the footlights. Blue Dress is Streaked To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have a pinkish-crepe de chine dress that I just washed, and when it dried it had purple streaks all through it. Can you tell me something I can do to get these streaks out? The dress should be washed with the detergent by mistake, you think that is the cause of the streaks? A READER. This very often happens with a dress of this color if it is not very carefully washed, and the detergent is washed away—it should have been washed that way in the first place—and do not wring out, but squeeze as much water out as possible and then hang it where it can drip without hurting anything. It is the detergent which causes the streaks, the cause this streaked appearance. The streaks would not affect it.

THE LOOSE BLOUSE



It is really a suit with a printed crepe waist which matches the lining of the coat; but, made in this loosely belted style, it might easily be taken for the kind of blouse that is worn so much this year with a crepe skirt.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Bud vs. Blossom

In a luncheon contest recently held by a prominent newspaper, in which thousands of stories were submitted, the fact was revealed that the most popular age of heroines was—twenty. That is, of all the heroines in all the scenarios submitted a greater number were twenty-eight than any other age. Twenty years ago an unmarried woman of twenty-eight was a hopeless spinster. Ten years later she was still below par in the matrimonial market. Today she ranks first as the heroine of love stories, and hers is the age about which most romance is written than the time-honored sweet sixteen! The fact that there is no longer a line of demarcation which dubs a woman an "old maid" and puts her "in the shelf," that her attraction for men is governed nowadays not so much by her years as by the individual woman, has been generally recognized; but that twenty-eight should be chosen as the most desirable age for the Juliet of the love story was a surprise even to the most modern of us. And with this revelation is borne in upon us another. And this is that the cause of young men who are marrying today is not the very young girl, but the young woman of more than twenty-five. But the question to any circle of marriageable men, and you will find that they are attracted by the mature woman, poised and womanly character that has not yet come to maturity in her teens. This is the age when men want partners who think in their own language; and the flapper has no lure for them. They are attracted to the adult intellect and the fully developed personality of the girl past twenty-five. The flapper—some of her—is lovely as well as amusing. But it is not until she has grown up that she is considered seriously by men who mean to marry. Indeed, people who believe that this undeveloped type is thought by men the ideal American girl are judging in terms of the advertising light school boy, who is her male counterpart. The taste of men a generation or two ago was different from today's. Nowadays it is decidedly for the full-blown blossom.

The Woman's Exchange

Can You Tell? By R. J. and A. W. Bolmer What the Poison in Wood Alcohol Is If what is commonly spoken of as wood alcohol had originally been called by its real name, Methyl or Methanol, no one probably would have thought of drinking it. In fact, not only would he hesitate at drinking anything so named, but any dictionary would set us right as to its real nature. The name should never have been applied to it, as it is a poison, and it is not until it has been used in a liquid containing tarry and other products is produced. Methanol is obtained from this by distillation. The color, nauseous taste and odor of wood alcohol, and not palatable enough to drink; so no one thought of doing so. Within ten years, however, the product had been refined, and it looked like grain alcohol and contained no tarry or other products. It was referred to as wood alcohol. Various names were given different names to their product to overcome the havoc caused by this error in naming it, but the name stuck and continued to be used. Covering the years before the days of prohibition we had epidemics of wood alcohol poisoning from drinking it, as disastrous as the present epidemic of drinking gin and 1912 nearly 1000 cases were reported, while 12 per cent became totally blind, and another 12 per cent suffered from impaired vision. Tomorrow—What Causes Earthquakes? Letters to Cynthia's column must be sent on one side of the paper and must be signed with the writer's name and address and must not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unlabeled letters and letters written in both hands will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers should send their letters to the address given in the column. If there is any question as to the propriety of the letters to present the plates to the other guests.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

What is Love?

Dear Cynthia—I would very much appreciate your advice on a little problem of mine. For the last months I have constantly been asking myself the following: "How does a girl know she is in love?" and "How does she feel when she is in love?"

As you may already have guessed, I have not been able to answer these questions to my satisfaction. Now, Cynthia, as a friend, your deal depends upon the solving of these questions, please see if you can help me. THANKS.

The usual symptoms of love are a certain feeling of rest and well being when with the one cared for; a lightness of heart, a trust and a wish to be with the person when he is not there. Many persons feel differently when they are in love. The surest love is a quiet, happy thing.

Will He Mind Curlers?

Dear Cynthia—I am in a terribly nervous condition. May I ask you to help me? Please? To begin with, I am a very young girl and I don't like to have my hair curled. I am very happy, but Cynthia, I am a little fool. Although I do look rather pretty when I am dressed and my hair is curled, I don't like to have it curled. He likes beautiful things and, although he does not mind at first, he would gradually wear it out. Oh, Cynthia, I may sound foolish, but I am afraid I might lose his love. Do you understand? We are planning to be married soon, but I am so afraid.

DANS AIMÉ

Many men have seen their wives in curlers and have been through it, and the other trouble is not worthy of worry. Why not consult a hairdresser about having your hair permanently? Then you would not need the curlers. However, real love looks to the woman herself, not her outward appearance. It is a great help if it seems to Cynthia it would be well to say something about your worries to your fiance. He'll soon laugh them away.

Should She Telephone Him?

Dear Cynthia—I have been helped many times by your letters, but here is something I cannot solve, so I have come to you. Like many others, for aid. About three months ago I met a young man who is twenty-two years old. The first night I met him I did not like him, but three days after our meeting a girl friend of mine called him up and I talked to him. He seemed very nice over the telephone, so we asked him out to a block party at our school. He came also to the block party the next evening and we went out with one of his best friends in his machine. We were out about an hour and he asked me several times for a kiss. I did not allow him to kiss me, but I let him kiss me on the cheek. Now, Cynthia, here is what I want to know: I do not want to be in a position where I am called a flirt. Also, is it wrong for me to call him up and tell him, as he is a wonderful kisser? He cannot call me as he thinks I have a crush on him. I call up to my girl friend's house.

Red and Yellow Knots form the only trimming on this charming street frock of beige crepe. Its style is the old story of long waist and slightly gathered skirt, which has become such a favorite with us, but its distinction is in the graceful, tasseled side pieces. And the Milan hat with a huge ribbon bow adds a great deal.

Read Your Character

By Dippy Phillips

Motive Writing

In the general science of character-ology it is customary to divide people into three kinds of temperaments, calling them "doers," "enjoyers," and "thinkers." If you want to come right down to a fine point, however, this is not quite correct. You should first divide them into two classes, "doers," and "enjoyers" (call them "energetic" and "lazy" if you will) and then divide each of these into "thinkers" and "non-thinkers," the former being that class in which the mental make-up completely dominates and submerges the physical, and in which muscularity and appetite are less than in the normal person.

Worried

You should not have kissed the young man, but it is not your place to apologize about which most people do not again. If you want to ask the young man to a party, it's quite all right to telephone to him and tell him of your waste of his time and yours to call him up just to tease and flirt.

He Kisses Whenever Possible

Dear Cynthia—After having read the epistle written by "Sparrow" I exclaimed: "Here is a lad after my own heart!" I do not want to see the end of the narrative my admiration was no sooner excited than it was cold. "Sparrow" is right in his quest concerning the kiss. It is perfectly natural to want to kiss a girl if you like her. I try to kiss every nice girl I meet. Sometimes I succeed. Sometimes I don't. But the fact that I don't always succeed only strengthens my desire. Now, Sparrow, are you really tired of kissing? I think one of them must have been the cause of your general complaining. I don't think you are a flapper. I don't only love them, I adore them. They are the finest little creatures that have not yet come to maturity in their teens. This is the age when men want partners who think in their own language; and the flapper has no lure for them. They are attracted to the adult intellect and the fully developed personality of the girl past twenty-five.

Tomorrow—Mental Writing

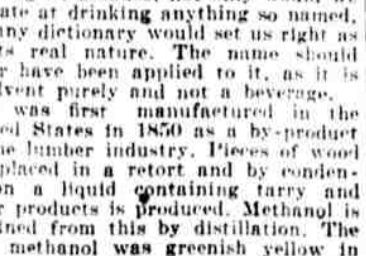
Who has not an old-fashioned piano stool stored away in the attic? One of those that revolves around. A very novel and sensible way to dispose of the stool is to use it for a chair at the dressing table. It is just the thing for you can swing around and admire your hair first from one side and then from the other. Cover it with cretonne to match the curtains who would ever recognize the cumbersome piano stool?

Time-Saver

Mary Hopford, whose present income has been estimated at \$700,000 a year, received a wage of less than \$25 a week in the early days of her career before the screen.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie



The Fifth Avenue Bus Company

In New York awarded \$500 recently as a prize for the best essay on civility. It is interesting to note that the winner of the civility contest believes that courteous passengers always secure courteous service.

Philadelphians Street Car Employee

Says: "The average passenger upon our cars sometimes forgets that we are human beings, too. Does he stop to think that perhaps the motorist's custom upon our cars is to sleep a night for the last two hours because of a sick child? If he did, he would be a much better citizen. We would all be much better served if we could give him a little kindness. A little consideration and total strangers become good fellows together in the twinkling of an eye."

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KNOTS AND TASSELS



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The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. Norman is the kind of man who has never been known to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, while Joan is inclined to be too possessive. She is determined, however, not to show her jealousy and even when she has reason to suspect that Norman has taken Alice Wilson, she will not let her jealousy show. Joan fights against the jealous feelings that sweep over her.

CHAPTER IX Confession

I WAS lying in bed, wide-eyed and nervous when at last I heard Norman come in. This was the first night he had been away from me since our marriage. Would he speak to me, even though my light was out? Wouldn't he feel any string of remorse due to the fact that he and Alice had plotted against me that evening?

I could hear him stirring around downstairs, and then finally his footsteps on the stairs, cautious and slow. He thought of course that I was asleep and he was being careful. When I heard him go into his room and close the door I knew that he had no intention of speaking to me. On top of my misery this fact gave me a queer little feeling of loneliness, and it seemed hours before I dropped asleep.

At breakfast the next morning Norman was taciturn and quiet. I was glad of this because it enabled me to be cheerful and gay. I carefully avoided anything that might lead to the question of where he had been last night, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that my attitude puzzled him. Evidently he had expected me to ask questions, to exhibit jealousy, and inasmuch as I was doing nothing of the kind he was vaguely troubled.

When he finally rose from the table I followed him into the hall as usual, and in a minute he had swept me into his arms. This was a fierce possessiveness in the way he held me, and for a few brief moments the aching in my heart was relieved as if by magic, and I raised my face to his. His eyes searched mine, and for a minute I was tempted to throw my pride to the winds and make an effort to clear up this mystery between us, but I refrained.

"I love you, little Joan," he said, finally, "always remember that." And a moment later he was gone. I suppose that most women would consider that remark of Norman's a poor consolation for what had happened, but it comforted me. Our marriage was not an average union, and I was sure that in his way Norman loved me. I realized that even now, in spite of the fact that I was facing a rather perilous future, I was not sorry that I had chosen him in preference to Herbert Livingston. The short moments on the heights with Norman would be worth a lifetime of peaceful content with a man I was sure would never do the slightest thing to make me unhappy.

That night when my husband returned from the city he was all dejected. It was as though he was making an effort to atone for what he had done, and we were very gay. He wasn't willing to have me out of his sight a moment, and after dinner he drew me out to the porch and we sat in silence, his arms around me, and my head on his shoulder.

"Finally spoke," he said. "Joan, I had dinner with Alice Wilson last night." My heart gave a great leap. "At last it had come! I had been waiting and now I was about to reap my reward." "Did you?" I said, quietly. "His arm tightened. 'Didn't you know?'" "Yes," I returned. "Then why didn't you say something about it?" "Why should I?" "Because most women would have said something."

I laughed aloud. It wouldn't do to make it easy for him, he must never know that I had suffered. "Don't you ever persist," he said. "Why, no, Norman, I want you to be free."

"Joan, you're wonderful. I'm not worthy of you. I'm sorry that I tried to deceive you about it. I told Alice it was absurd, but she said that for the sake of Hilton gossip we oughtn't to return on the same train."

"Again that leap of my heart. So it had been Alice's idea to deceive me. I was glad to know that. What would she say if she knew that of his own free will Norman had told me the truth? It struck me as rather a good omen for the future."

Tomorrow—Getting Even

Adams Dermatol

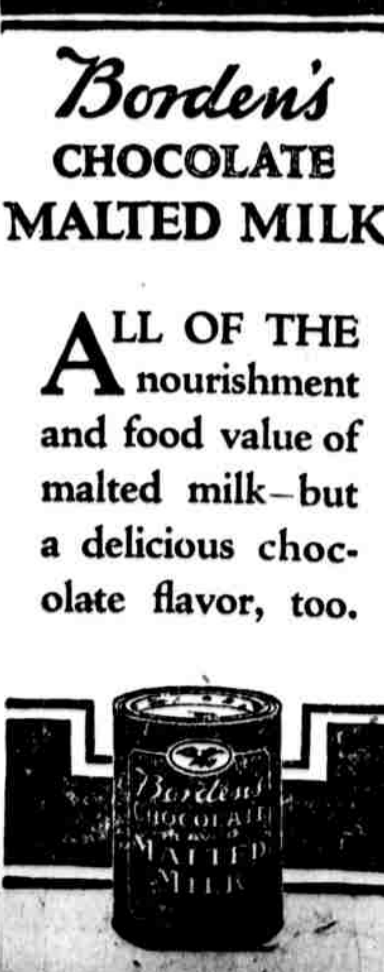
(Clay Pack Wonder Treatment) Removes lines, blackheads and leaves the face soft and youthful. Prepared and sold by Adams & Adams, 1505 Arch St. Mfrs. of that high-grade "Preparation Line" Also sold at Department Stores. Price 75c and \$1.25

Borden's CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK

ALL OF THE Nourishment and food value of malted milk—but a delicious chocolate flavor, too.

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Abbotts fresh peach Ice Cream



Things You'll Love to Make

STRAW-CUFF VASE



Here is a splendid way to utilize a straw cuff. With some paint or enamel and a little spare time you can turn it into a most attractive STRAW-CUFF VASE. You can either leave the vase the natural straw color or enamel the whole thing any color you desire. If you leave the natural straw, shellac the vase with about one quart after the decorations are painted on. The illustration shows one method of decorating. If you prefer, you can use a simple geometric design. If you cannot draw or copy a design, glue on a bunch of flowers or a picture of some kind, cut from a magazine. Then shellac the vase. When you wish to use your STRAW-CUFF VASE, set a wide-mouthed bottle inside of it to hold the water. FLORA.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

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Lord Calvert Coffee

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Fresh Peaches

THE first really ripe Georgia peaches—choice, golden, luscious beauties; their delicate, fresh tartness exquisitely blended with rich, yellow cream. You can't mistake the flavor—it's Abbotts. Order it for dessert tonight. There is a dealer near your home.

Abbotts ALDERNEY DAIRIES, INC.

Abbotts fresh peach Ice Cream

