# Shall She Tell Him of Her Love? Asks Winnifred Harper Cooley

A BEAUTIFUL young widow is deeply in love with a charming and intellectual man. He is a strange character, in that he always has been indifferent to women.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

It is not that he is cheaply cynical, as are so many bachelors. He is delighted to converse with attractive girls and women, and he is full of sprightly wit, although so scholarly as to be unfit for frivolous pastimes. Men as well as women admire him. He really is so unusually intellectual and brilliant that his reputation has traveled far.

And yet he lives almost the life of a recluse.

He is unfitted for the wage-earning struggle, dwelling in an academic atmosphere, in a classic New England town. His relatives adore him. He has a small income inherited, and he writes encyclopedic articles at times, and sometimes his friends read works of his that ought to make him famous.

But there is no denying that he has not the business instinct, and always will be poor and reticent.

LUELLA worships his mind, and for her he has a fascination that no other man can equal. She is so lovely that many ordinary men make ordinary love to her, but she is actually revolted by them. Longing for affection, she yet will not cheapen herself by light flirtations and so she has been terribly lonely for many years. Married when a very young girl, she lost her husband at twenty-two, and time has increased her solitary forlornness.

No one would suspect that she dreamed of marriage and a new love, for she has a pretty home, and is so stately and seemingly cold that people believe her to be one of the contented, self-sufficient women who never crave companionship.

Yet she has a mine of affection to give the right man. None of the many whom she turns away realizes what domestic and erotic qualities she has. She enjoys beautiful surroundings and earns a large income.

THE human heart is ever mysterious. Just why the recluse who is so unusually cold has stirred her imagination and fired her fancy no one can explain. But she is convinced that he thrills her as no other man ever will.

For a year she believed that he could not love and did not wish to. It seemed as though his highbred refinement cast some scorn on the easy-going domesticity of the rest of the world. She worshiped his intellect, and gradually they turned toward each other in comradeship whenever circumstances permitted. She was almost piqued at his indifference.

Of late, however, many little subtle signs point to an awakening. He is blossoming into a fuller and more human soul, and she believes that he is in love with her, but that his modesty pictures himself as a dull, dry, scholar, who never could capture the gorgeous butterfly that other and gayer men sigh for. On top of all, his poverty, although genteel, is a great barrier to a proud nature. If she were sure it were only the poverty * * *

A highly sensitive and proud woman would rather die than confess a love for a man who might turn out to be politely indifferent. It is a sad predicament. She scorns the tawdry little schemes of some women to arouse a man's emotions. The more self-contained and conscientious he is, in controlling his growing love, the more she adores him.

IT SEEMS as though there were many delicate ways in which a clever woman who honestly loves a man could bring the fact to his attention with no loss of self-respect. She willingly would contribute her little fortune to the common expenses, and yet there would have to be much pride and opposition to overcome. He would feel unworthy to possess so rare a jewel, even were he able to furnish the setting; but without luxury to offer, he might stubbornly sacrifice his life's happiness and hers.

The cynics say women always have proposed! No: openly, but covertly. It surely will be necessary for her to hint. What would you advise?

## Read Your Character

*By Digby Phillips*

**Mental Discipline for the Fine-Haired**

Inmate tendencies toward refinement are not to be sniffed at, nothwithstanding the sneering attitude of man pyeople (those with coarse hair, you mostly find).

A certain amount of refinement is good—too much is not. The same is true of its opposite. The super-refined have difficulty in attuning themselves to the everyday world, for the workaday world is not made up entirely of roses. There is much dirt and roughness about it in addition to its beauties. But, by the same token, those who cannot rise above the appreciation of the merit in grimy things miss a great deal out of life. Enjoyment is a thing of contrasts.

If you have very fine hair you may take it for granted that you have a more sensitive nature than the average, a great natural ability to appreciate refinements. This is good. It is nothing to worry about. It will afford you a great deal of happiness if you take care to provide contrasts for it. Cultivate the habit of doing a bit of grimy, hard physical work whenever you can. If you are a man it is a sure preventive of becoming what the world calls a mollycoddle. If you are a woman it will prevent you from growing into one of those super-sensitive hothouse plants who ultimately become tiresome and annoying even to those who were most attracted toward them. Your willingness upon occasion to mix up with a bit of grime will only make your innate delicacy and refinement more appreciated by those whose opinions you value most.

**Tomorrow—The Sign of the Dyspeptic**

## Adventures With a Purse

I ALWAYS had an idea that black silk girdles are most fearfully expensive and was prepared to strain the family exchequer that I might have one for my silk negligee. And I was most delightfully surprised to discover that I could buy one for as low a price as eighty-five cents. If one desired to be real extravagant, lovely heavy ones can be had for as much as $5. Plaited girdles of black silk are priced at $2.75 to $3.75.

An interesting book with attractive pictures will do much toward keeping the youngsters out of mischief on a rainy day, and I saw a story book today that I honestly almost bought for myself. It's all about the adventures of the most fascinating boy and girl rag doll, and the pictures of them are too funny. I am sure that any youngster would not only love the dolls, but enjoy the stories. The book is priced at $1.25.

**For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 5000 or Main 1861 between the hours of 9 and 5.**

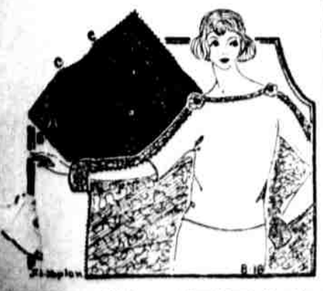
## In England

The widow of a field marshal of the British Army is entitled to a life pension of $1500 a year.

Some of the women athletic directors at girls' schools in England are paid as much as $2500 a year.

Lady June Butler, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Carrick, has joined the list of titled authors in England. Recently she has published a book of poems, which are loudly praised by the critics.

## Things You'll Love to Make



**A Square Makes a Handsome Negligee Cape**

You can make any negligee look "different" and up to date by adding a cape. Cut a square of silk, lace or georgette. Cut away the neck as shown in the upper lefthand corner of the illustration. Picot all of the edges. Join a cuff to each side from points indicated by "A" and "B." Sew on snap fasteners at points "C" and "E." Have small fabric flowers to conceal the places where the snaps are sewed on, one on your negligee and then snap to the cape. You will be delighted with the fancy effect this cape gives.

FLORA.

## We Are Still Hanging Portieres From Our Sleeves

By CORINNE LOWE

It has been some time since panels began commuting from sleeves, but they have not tired of their undertaking. For example, some of the frocks brought back by American women for midsummer wear show voluminous sleeves with regular portieres hanging from them.

Here in this taffy-colored crepe chiffon we find the sleeves carrying such draperies. They go well with the beaded and draped side panels of the skirt, and the design of beads is most interesting.

The combination which we encounter here—that of light brown or yellow brown with black—is one being stressed by all those seeking inspiration from abroad. To wear a black crepe frock with a crin hat of golden brown and stockings of the hat tint, with black shoes—here is a costume which is not only sanctioned but encouraged by the mode of today.

## Can You Tell?

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

**Who Taught Us to Drink Coffee**

Coffee drinking, like many other habits or customs, is shrouded with the things whose origin is shrouded with mystery. The most popular explanation is legendary, and the most generally accepted story is that of Hadji Omar, an Arabian dervish.

In his search for food to prevent starvation in the wilds he saw some berries strange to him growing on a shrub. Being hungry, he ate them. They tasted so bitter, however, that he did not go far beyond the first taste, until finding nothing else that would even resemble food, he softened some of these berries in boiling water and drank the liquid. To his delight he found the mixture not only refreshing, but exhilarating, and he brought all the berries he could carry with him on his return to Mocha, a city on the Red Sea, where he brewed his new drink and treated his friends. Later, through this discovery of coffee, he became popular and on his death was created a saint.

Aside from this legendary story, it is certain that the Arabs knew about coffee as early as A. D. 1470, because it was used to keep the people awake during religious ceremonies. Later it was prohibited as an intoxicant, which only helped to popularize it, for its use spread to Constantinople. Until 1690, forty years after it was introduced into England, Arabia was the only place where the coffee berries could be obtained. At that time, however, some Arabian seeds were planted in Java, and its culture spread over the whole island until it became one of the world's valuable products. For a long time Mocha and Java were the only kinds to be had, although the whole known world drank coffee, but now the coffee bean is grown in all continents, although genuine Mocha and Java are still held to be superior.

**Tomorrow—"What Can a Vacuum Tube Amplifier Do?"**

## Shades of Yellow

Burned bread is a new color. It is just what it sounds like, and ranges up alongside of beige, biscuit and cream color. And then as dry toast is only an invalid's diet, a companion shade has been introduced for it—butter color. You'll find these two in georgette crepe, or in lace dyed to match a gown for trimming.

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

*Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.*

**Begs Cynthia Not to Answer**

Dear Cynthia—I read the letter of "Cynicus" in your column of this date with mixed feelings. She says that she is "weary unto death," and that a letter from you would help her. Please, dear Cynthia, do not write.

UNATTACHED.

You are mistaken, "Unattached." "Cynicus" did not want an answer from Cynthia. She wrote asking "T. B. P." to write again. But, "Cynicus," keep a guard on your emotions. "T. B. P.," remember, is a married man.

**Do What Mother Says**

Dear Cynthia—A few weeks ago I met a young fellow at a dance and he danced with me all the time. After the dance he took me home and asked when he could see me again. The next night he came to see me. I asked him in until I put on my hat, which is no more than right, but he would not come in. We went to a show and he told me that he loved me.

I asked him to come some time to see my mother. He said he would come the following night, which he did not. My mother said I had better give him up.

So, Cynthia, I love the young man. Will you tell me what to do?

BLUE EYES.

The young man is not worthy of your consideration. He should certainly be willing to meet your parents if his intentions are honorable. Better forgo his friendship.

**How to Tell He Loves Her**

Dear Cynthia—I have been going with a young man and was going to be married, but one evening he stood me up. Nearly three months later we met and he begged me to take him back. He gave me an excuse which I accepted. He went out with me three times and asked me to give my good times up. Well, I did not believe him, so refused therefore. One day he said he would see me at a certain place. Upon arriving I was with a girl and he with a boy, but he didn't seem to want to bother. A half hour later I saw him on his way home without even trying to hunt me up, for I had been watching him. Two mornings later I saw him on his way to work and the first thing he said was, "Where did you get to?" I said, "I saw you going home." Also I said, "You didn't want me, so I don't think I'll bother with you any more," and he didn't deny the fact. Dear Cynthia, this fellow swears he loves me and I love him more than I care to admit, but the question is, does he love me? How can I tell, as he has made no attempt to fix things up?

MICKEY.

The young man's behavior makes his love a very questionable matter. When a man loves a woman he naturally seeks her society and never neglects her nor treats her rudely. Better not let your heart run away with you.

**Believed Untruths, Is Unhappy**

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl twenty years of age. I am so disgusted with life simply because I am so discontented. I have the best of loving parents, do not work, have pretty clothes, home at the shore, lots of friends and then still the discontent.

Still I am just an everyday American girl who likes a good time with the right people.

Maybe, do you think, Cynthia, it could be this. Two years ago I met a nice young man, one whom I have hurt by displaying ignorance, which is so false to my own true nature. Having known him but a short while, I went about with him a good deal, and, not caring particularly for him at the time, believed lies told me by a girl friend, and so broke off the friendship with him not yet knowing the reason. Cynthia, if only there was no such a thing as pride I could tell him all.

How I think I love him at times, my prayers are all for him and then way Cynthia, with my thinking of him and praying for him and suffering so, why doesn't God make him hear?

MISS DISCONTENT.

Dear Miss, Providence because you are suffering for your too great readiness to listen to gossip. If you feel you have been unjust to the young man the honorable thing to do is acknowledge your mistake and apologize.

**Bids "Cynicus" Be Practical**

Dear Cynthia—In sympathy my heart goes out to "Cynicus," now sorely stricken with melancholia. It was his dreams of the Far East, however, that urged me to write this sad bit in to you.

I never dreamed of Port Said or Calcutta or Singapore, yet without dreaming I was shipped there to do the work of a Bangalli on an English newspaper. It is very well for "Cynicus" to favorable dream of the romance of unknown lands, but to live and work with them is a matter of quite different color.

And bare feet! Decently dressed people! Even the few clean ones, men in long coats, women of irreproachable respectability all shoeless. As Kipling has written of the maddening, endless bands of boots, so it is there a never-ending march of bare feet. * * *

"I have stalked my
Hunger thirst and weariness
But never yet have I met
Anything half so much as the sight of them."

(Please pardon my failing memory on this. It is so that I can revive accurately.)

So, "Cynicus," or any others of you who are in the same fashion depressed, dream on of Cape Cod fisheries, or of the pretty Water Creek Valley, or even of unstable old Europe, but never of that land east of Asia, washed by the Indian ocean. The proof of the pudding with me has been in the eating, to wonderfully express it, and the taste is as sweet as gall.

Russell Conwell was the truth speaker when he once mused in his "Acres of Diamonds" the lesson that treasure you seek often lies beath the old familiar heavens.

Cynthia, I threaten to write again, soon and often. Beware! SAHIB.

**Words From a Sea-Soldier**

Dear Cynthia—I hope you will spare me a few moments of your valuable time to have this short missive printed in your interesting column. I was reading about what the "Three Man-Haters" had to say in last night's column, and I am wondering what kind of girls these "mysterious man-haters" are. I have an idea that they are three homely girls, and they do not stand the chance that our wonderful and lovely "flappers" do in the art of attracting a man's attention. Maybe these girls don't get a chance to know some of the few narrow-minded men that call themselves gentlemen, but they are only "lounge lizards." I don't blame these girls for hating these birds, because they are too lazy to even look for work.

If these "individual man-haters" would make acquaintances with some of the real men that make the wheels of industry turn around they would have altogether a different idea of the Galahads of today.

I am a "buck private" in the best outfit that ever sent men for duty on land, sea and sky and, believe me, dear readers, nobody can put anything over on a United States marine. I did not enlist because I could not find work, but I am in the service because I save more money, and at the same time see the world and learn something about the customs in different lands far away.

I happen to know the "buck private" who interested some of your readers, because he is a pal of mine. I am now closing by sending my best wishes to our "cute flappers" and I hope our "Three Man-Haters" will wake up to find that they are living in the twentieth century, and not in King Arthur's time. ANOTHER BUCK PRIVATE.

Are you a member of the "Round Table"? Cynthia wonders if you do know him.

*September will bring out suits; white broadcloth and blue soutache makes one of these; rolled silk edges the round collar and full sleeves of the other.*

# Mrs. Wilson Gives Some Delightful Recipes for the Jewish Housewife

*The Friday Market Basket for This Week-End Should Contain the Seasonable Vegetables and Fruits—Shop Early and Select the Best Foods*

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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A FEW weeks ago a young Jewish housewife asked for help in planning a menu that would conform to the dietary restrictions of the Jewish religion, and at the same time help to provide variety sufficient for the modern theories of balanced rations.

I have received from an old housewife some repices that are splendid, and Mamma Rachel who sends in these recipes says that in her neighborhood her Gentile friends are using these recipes and are delighted with them. Try them for variety and you, too, will add them to your recipe book. The Jewish mother says that every housewife should do her own marketing, no matter what her station in life may be; taking real pride of her knowledge and selection of the foods required by her family. Look in the refrigerator before going to market, that you may know just what is on hand, and what will be needed. Plan your meals ahead, and market early, thus obtaining the best selection. Buy seasonable foods. Everything in the home depends upon good management. Groceries, such as rice, barley, peas, beans, raisins, cornstarch and spices should be placed in fruit jars. This prevents these products from deteriorating and also from drawing mice.

**SUGGESTED MENU FOR THREE MEALS ON SUNDAY**

**Breakfast**

Stewed Plums
Cornflakes with Cream.
Cinnamon Toast Coffee

**Dinner**

Chilled Radishes Garden Onions
Cucumbers with Dressing
Fleisch Kugel (meat ball), Onion Gravy
Kartoffel Kloesse (potato dumpling)
Spiced Beets
Hearts of Lettuce
Plum Kuchen (plum cake), Lemon Sauce
Coffee

**Supper**

Sweet and Sour Fish
Potato Salad
Sliced Tomatoes with Cucumber
Apple Strudel Coffee

The market basket will require small basket of plums, apples, radishes, garden onions, cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes, beets, lettuce, lemons, two pounds of fish and the usual weekly staples.

**Dressing for the Sliced Cucumbers and Tomatoes**

Place in saucepan

*Two well-beaten eggs.*
*Three tablespoons of strained and melted chicken fat,*
*Six tablespoons of vinegar.*
*Two tablespoons of water.*
*One teaspoon of mustard.*
*One teaspoon of sugar,*
*One teaspoon of salt,*
*One-half teaspoon of white pepper.*

Cook over hot water until thick like custard, whipping hard with fork all the time the mixture is cooking, cool, chill and serve.

**Fleisch Kugel (Meat Ball)**

Have butcher chop one pound of lean beef from the chuck, adding

*Four ounces of suet, called the cod fat.*

Place in bowl and add

*One cup of onions chopped fine,*
*Two teaspoons of salt.*
*One teaspoon of pepper.*
*One-half teaspoon of the following herbs:*
*Thyme sage.*
*A tiny piece of garlic.*

Soak one-half loaf of bread in plenty of cold water until very soft and turn into cloth and press very dry; beat with spoon to break up. Now place in skillet one-quarter cup of melted suet or chicken fat and when hot add the bread and cook like mashed potatoes, turning frequently. Add to the prepared meat with

*Little sage,*
*Two well-beaten eggs.*

Mix well and form in large ball, dust with flour. Place one-half cup of either melted beef drippings or chicken fat in deep iron kettle, add the meat and pot roast for one and one-half hours slowly.

**Kartoffel Kloesse**

Boil six medium-size potatoes early on Saturday, cool and place in the refrigerator until needed.

Soak sufficient stale bread in cold water to make one and a half cups when pressed dry. Place one-quarter cup of rendered beef suet or chicken fat in skillet and cook the bread like for mashed potatoes, adding

*Two teaspoons of salt,*
*One-half teaspoon of white pepper,*
*One-eighth teaspoon of nutmeg,*
*Two onions grated,*
*Pinch of thyme.*

Cook until the bread is nice and dry, then turn in mixing bowl and add

*Potatoes, which have been grated,*
*Two well-beaten eggs,*
*One-half cup of flour.*

Form in dumplings and roll each dumpling as you make it in the flour, then drop in large kettle of boiling water, cook for fifteen minutes, lift with skimmer and turn on cloth for a few minutes to absorb the water, then place about the meat, sprinkle thickly with finely chopped parsley.

**Sweet and Sour Fish**

Clean fish just as soon as it comes from the market, place in cloth and plunge into kettle of boiling water, having the water just sufficient to cover the fish; cook, allowing about thirty minutes to the fish, lift, drain and place in dish.

Place two level tablespoons of gelatin to soak in one-half cup of water for ten minutes; place in small saucepan

*One and one-half cups of fish stock,*
*One-half cup of pickling spices,*
*Three-quarters cup of vinegar,*
*Three tablespoons of sugar.*

Heat to boiling point, cook two minutes, add the gelatin and stir well to dissolve. Rinse mold with cold water, pack in crushed ice to chill and pour one-half cup of the prepared gelatin in the chilled mold, tilt and turn to coat the mold well with the gelatin; now place layer of chopped pimentos in the gelatin and pour over the second half cup of gelatin; when this sets add the fish, first removing all bones and skin, seasoning well with highly seasoned French dressing; then pour over the balance of the gelatin, set aside to mold, then place in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Serve in crisp nest of lettuce.

## MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

Mr. Dear Mrs. Wilson: Will you please give recipe for boiled huckleberry pudding. M. E.

**Boiled Huckleberry Pudding**

Dip a pudding cloth in boiling water, and press very dry, rub liberally with good shortening, and then dust with flour. Place in mixing bowl

*Two cups of flour,*
*One teaspoon of salt,*
*Four level tablespoons of baking powder,*
*Three tablespoons of sugar.*

Sift to blend, and then rub in to this flour three tablespoons of good shortening, add one egg to three-fourths cup of milk, beat well and use to form dough, add two cups of clean huckleberries, and when the berries are blended into the dough, turn in the prepared cloth, tie loosely, and plunge the pudding into a large kettle of boiling water. Cook for forty-five minutes and serve with stewed huckleberies or plain vanilla sauce.

This pudding can also be steamed, using a fancy or brown-bread mold.

**CAN WOMEN BE LOGICAL?**

What is this thing they call "women's intuition"? Read "As One Woman Sees It," by Sarah D. Lowrie, which appears regularly in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, "Make It a Habit."—Adv.

# The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

*Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. She chooses him in preference to Herbert Livingston, who loves her devotedly, but who lacks Norman's charm. Joan is confident of being able to hold Norman, although he has never been known to care more than a short time for any woman. But after their marrage he makes Joan miserable by his attentions to other women, and caps the climax by having a flirtation with Edith, Joan's younger sister, who comes to visit them. In the meantime Herbert Livingston has come back into Joan's life with a willingness to make up for Norman's delinquencies. He takes a violent dislike to Edith, and therefore Joan is astounded when Edith comes to her one night and flies into a passion over Herbert's devotion to Joan.*

## An Astounding Explanation

EDITH'S attitude toward me was if possible a shade more distant than ever when we met at breakfast the next morning, but, as usual, she was charming to Norman, and they carried on a conversation between them that virtually excluded me.

I had a chance to observe her carefully, and it seemed that I must have dreamed what had happened the night before. I had never believed Edith capable of passion. I had thought her shallow and scheming, but she had shown me that I was wrong. If Edith cared for any one, she would care terribly, and then suddenly my thoughts broke off and I nearly cried out as an idea occurred to me.

If Edith cared for any one! I had thought she cared for Norman; I had been sure of it, but after last night I couldn't be sure of anything. But suppose, just suppose, she cared for Herbert! My thoughts traveled back to that night on the country club porch when she had gone out of her way to make friends with him, and he had repulsed her. Edith and Herbert! The idea was absurd, and yet the more I thought about it the less absurd it seemed.

Now that it had occurred to me, I could remember other things that would substantiate it. The queer expression in Edith's eyes when they had rested on Herbert, and, most of all, her fury of last night. If she cared for him and thought he liked me, her emotion of last night was, of course, jealousy. She had thought that my unwillingness to admit that I did not care for him was proof positive that I did.

My heart that had been so bitter toward Edith was suddenly tender. In spite of the way she had hurt me, I was sorry for her, if what I suspected were true, for Herbert's dislike of her was deep set. He had told me more than once that he despised her type. He saw through her little tricks and avoided her, and knowing Herbert as I did I doubted if he would ever change.

It was strange that at this time I felt no thrill of triumph because of the fact that Herbert preferred me. Now was my chance to get even with Edith for her treatment of me, and if I had been different I could have flaunted his devotion in her face and made her doubly unhappy, but I had no desire to do anything of the kind. Of course, even now I could not be sure that my suspicions were correct, but I was almost certain. Everything pointed toward it, and if Herbert, because of the fact that he was so entirely different from any man Edith had ever known, so impregnable to her charms, had won her heart, then she had been merely having a light flirtation with Norman, and, as far as she was concerned, it didn't amount to anything

But how about Norman? And as my thoughts reached this point bitterness swept over me again. But just at this moment Norman himself turned toward me, and I became suddenly conscious of the fact that he had been speaking to me and I had been so engrossed in what I had been thinking that I hadn't heard him.

"Joan doesn't seem to be with us this morning, does she?" Edith said lightly, with that covert little sting behind her words that she used so often toward me.

"Didn't you hear me speak to you?" Norman asked, somewhat impatiently.

"No; I'm afraid I was dreaming." I said with a smile, although the tone of his voice was like a knife in my heart.

"I asked if you would mind if I took Edith to see that Russian show tonight. I don't suppose you'd care to see it again."

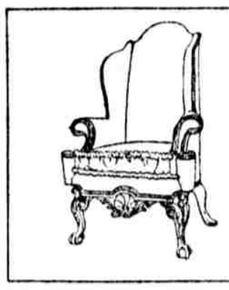
How eager he was to have me say that I had no desire to see it again, as though I would force myself upon him if he didn't want me!

"Why should I mind?" I said easily. And as I spoke my eyes sought Edith's deliberately, and I smiled mysteriously as though there were other far more interestings things for me to do. But Edith's face was inscrutable, and my suspicion that she cared for Herbert was suddenly shaken.

**Tomorrow—A Dangerous Situation**

## THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

*By Harold Donaldson Eberlein*



**Queen Anne Wing-Chairs**

Comfort was the keynote of Queen Anne furniture, and especially in the chairs of the period. The wing chair shown in the illustration is a good example of this insistent provision for personal comfort. It is called a wing chair because of the wings or projections that extend forward from the top of the back and were meant for two purposes—for the occupant of the chair to lean his or her head against, and, secondly, to keep off draughts.

These chairs had the same cabriole legs before referred to, and also a shaped apron beneath the front of the seat, the shaping sometimes continuing around the sides. In some cases, however, the aprons were made without shaping. The top of the back was shaped or arched with cyma curves as already explained, and the upholstered arms were rolled over and curved outward in front. These armchairs were comfortably upholstered on seat, back and arms and were covered with the velvets, brocades or needlepoint of the period, or else with some of the less expensive but equally beautiful printed linens and chintzes. Another type of Queen Anne upholstered armchair had a low, straight-topped back without wings. Many of these Queen Anne chairs are being successfully reproduced and may be warmly recommended for general use.

# The Woman Who Commercialized a Natural Bent for "Fixing Over"

*Had Such Success That Other Women May Well Look Into Their Hobbies for Money-Making Possibilities*

SOMEBODY asked the woman who has made a success of remodeling old houses how she learned her business.

She laughed.

"I didn't learn it," she replied, "I just started in. It was natural to me." Her business is to take over an impossible old house that has big, ungainly rooms, little light and not much hope or homeliness, and make it over into an apartment house that has all the comforts anybody could ever desire and many that nobody else has ever thought of.

Or she will take one floor of a building, transforming it into two or three smaller establishments with every possible advantage.

She seems to know just what to do to get more light into a dark corner, to save steps for the housewife, to prevent unnecessary bending over or reaching up.

And it is just natural to her.

She entered the business world as a real estate agent, and her present very successful business grew out of the opportunities presented there.

But it wouldn't have if she hadn't realized the possibilities of the hobby which she had always cherished.

IT MUST have been a hobby with her, this study of the better way to plan homes.

One of those delights which you begin to enjoy with your doll house and carry along with you.

She must always have been interested in making the best use of space that would otherwise be wasted.

But she was able to see the money-making possibilities in that ability of hers.

And how many of us are awake to our own capabilities?

How many of us would be smart enough to use a hobby for a profession?

One charming little woman with a gift for making an unattractive house into a something that artists and artistic magazines rave over adds considerably to her income by doing that very thing.

Another woman whose light, delicious biscuits and cakes were the joy of all her friends and family saw her chance to make money out of her gift and opened a bakery.

THERE must be thousands of women with potential businesses like this just going to waste inside their own homes.

So many women practice the unusual side of an occupation without realizing how remarkable it is.

Lots of women cook, lots of women sew, lots of women do exquisite fancy-work, and lots of women are clever at planning, at packing, at housework.

But some of them do it differently from the rest.

They search out the easier way to do it, or they bring forth a result that is different from the ordinary.

What they do may be as big in a commercial sense as the remodeling of houses which has made this one woman so famous and so comfortable.

WHAT you do may have money-making possibilities, too.

As a rule these other women have been started by somebody's saying lightly, "You ought to make a business of this. You are so clever at thinking up ideas for entertainments, why don't you charge people for it?"

That's an idea that hasn't been included among those clever ones, and acting upon it, the woman who is good at entertainments soon has a business on her hands which requires assistance.

Nobody has said that to you; why don't you say it yourself?

Take a look at your talents, your abilities, your "funny" ways of doing things.

Are any of them worth money to anybody?

Have you saved yourself or some one else some expense or time or trouble by your ways of going about it?

Commercialize it, put out a neat little card announcing your entrance into the business world with your own little hobby.

Take that doll-house stunt which has always been fun for you, and make it work for you.

## WHAT'S WHAT

*By Helen Decie*

While summer manners are proverbially informal, it is possible to carry informality so far that it lapses into rudeness. For instance, a man may have been invited to a dinner or supper party at a summer cottage or hotel. He has sent his courteous acceptance. The other invited guests have done the same and every place has been arranged.

Meantime, a friend comes to visit the man, and without telephoning or otherwise communicating with the givers of the party, the two men arrive at the appointed hour, to the consternation of the hostess who had invited only one of them.

It is gross rudeness to bring an uninvited guest to any party. A man who knows "What's What" telephones to his hostess and tells her that a friend has turned up unexpectedly. It is then up to her to say that the friend will be welcome, or to express polite regret that all the places have been taken.

## The Woman's Exchange

**In Order to Be a Nurse**

*To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:*

Dear Madam—Please advise me as soon as possible on the following questions: Must a girl be of a certain age to go in training for a nurse? Must she pass an examination? Must she know anything about chemistry, Latin or any other study? R. M. C.

In most hospitals a girl must be at least eighteen before she can start her training, but, of course, each hospital has its own regulations and rules. The examinations will come after you have started your studies at the hospital. Chemistry or any other subject that you will need in your work is taught in the course. Consult the superintendent of nurses at the hospital you would like to study in and she will tell you just what the requirements are.

**To Obtain Marriage License**

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I am a constant and interested reader of your valuable column, and am now seeking some of your valued information.

May a girl eighteen years of age obtain a marriage license in Philadelphia and use it in the State of New York, or must she obtain a marriage license in New York in order to have the ceremony take place there?

May the girl marry in New York with her parents' consent, even if her parents are not present?

Must the witnesses be friends?

CURIOUS.

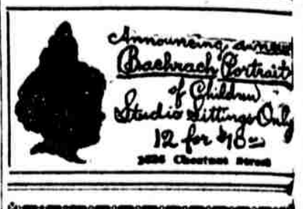
The application for a marriage license to be used in New York must be applied for in New York. Both contracting parties must appear and answer questions under oath. There is no established age limit and neither the parents' consent nor their presence is required. The witnesses do not have to be friends.

**About a Canary Bird**

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—If the lady who found that her bird has mites will put the bird in another cage and unscrew the entire top of the old cage she will be astonished to find that full of mites. The cage, top, sticks, etc., must be scalded with boiling water every day until the bird is free of them. At night put a small piece of white Canton flannel over the very top of the cage and the mites from the bird will go on that. That must be changed every night. A friend of mine has very fine birds and thought they were only molting, but lost one. She then found that the mites were the cause. And only by unscrewing and taking off the top of the cage were the mites found. And the only way to get rid of them is by scalding the cage. Insect powder which comes for just that can be put in the top of the cage and then screwed shut so the bird can't get at it. It must be done at once, as the mites really eat the bird. READER.

Thank you very much indeed for your very helpful suggestions. I'm sure that the lady who owns the canary bird will greatly appreciate your interest in her bird.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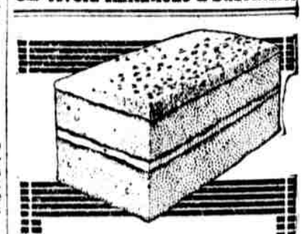
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