

A Widower's Troubles in Finding the Kind of Woman He Likes



By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

BACHELORS are not the only ones who find our sex unsatisfactory. "Where are the young women of today?" asks a widower of West Philadelphia, "who are willing to help a man to make a fortune and fame?"

This man says he adored his mother and loved his father, but was deprived of all by death. For ten years, he suffered, but now the softening influence of time is felt, and he realizes a great happiness in companionship and love.

But on all sides he meets always with disappointment. The girls and women who fall to his lot are foolish and worldly. He sees no indications of normal feeling and sweet reasonableness in our sex.

"I could be far happier and more normal with a dependable and affectionate companion, a woman who is bright, a good nature, but I fail to find such a true girl in the modern woman," he says. "Where are they, the young women who really want to share a man's deepest and highest feelings?"

He asks me to help him. If I attempt to be confidential and share my ideas and ideals, I am laughed at or scorned. So seriously have I been disillusioned that I have given up. It seemed a useless quest to search for my true mate, and so I lodged the problem.

"But any man who can be happy alone is a possibility, or he is a mere selfish member of a selfish and unbalanced temperament. There may be bachelors who fancy in their wisdom and independence, that life is sufficiently fulfilling without a permanent feminine mate, but a widower who has known the daily joy of com-



Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only, and addressed to her. The name will not be printed unless the writer asks for it. Original letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish several columns will please look to the number of columns they wish.

Shall He Take Brother?

Dear Cynthia—I am an up-to-date young man and quite popular. I go to these so-called parties and dance parties, automobile rides, dances and am receiving quite a few invitations to parties. Now, here is my problem. I have a younger brother of fifteen who looks to be a very good dancer. As I am a first class dancer, I would like to have my brother accompany me to these parties. He is a very good dancer, but I am not sure if he is good enough to be taken to these parties. I would like to know what you think. I am sure you will give me a good answer. I am sure you will give me a good answer. I am sure you will give me a good answer.

LOVE NOTS

By KAY KEAN

Golden Silence

Though you be veiled in the landings of husbands, be not tempted to brag of your ability.

"Ains! She who thinks she knows how to manage men seldom gets a chance to prove it."

Be philosophical! If you are wise, soon otherwise.

How captivating is the twaddle that runs like this: "You are the strangest man! I have never known any one quite like you. Tell me about yourself? You are so different!"

For where is the man who does not take himself seriously? And clever indeed is she who clothes him in dark profundity.

She who keeps a catalogue of a man's predilections must keep it in secret. Any man enjoys playing tag with a winsome woman, but he soon grows skeptical of the game when he discovers her trying tags to his characteristics.

Innocence in a woman is its own defense.

Remember, a man's reflection of himself in a glass mirror is far more revealing than the wise reflections of a woman.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

A brusque young American who believes that it is "bricks" to practice chivalrous courtesy once said to a well-known writer: "See that Frenchman's deference to Rose Allan? There's nothing snerous about foreign politeness—no heart in that!"

"Rose doesn't want his heart, but his courtesy is very agreeable to her," replied the writer. "Sufficient to the occasion are the manners thereof."

Many young men—and a few young women—appear to think that they will be considered desirable if they show every civility to people for whom they care little or nothing. They should remember that courtesy is not for the exclusive use of friends. It is due to all acquaintances and even to strangers. There is nothing less agreeable than politeness; it is merely the simplest and the kindest way to conduct all human relationships—even though these may be accidental contacts of the passing moment.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why We Breathe Air

It would be impossible for us to live without breathing air because the air contains oxygen, which is absolutely necessary for us, in order to sustain life.

The oxygen combines with the carbon of the blood and forms carbonic acid gas. This combination is necessary because we are so constructed that the substances of our bodies are constantly undergoing change, and this re-arranging of solid matter into gaseous form is the way that the matter called carbon is removed from our systems. The union of oxygen and carbon is called combustion, which in chemistry means the decomposition of substances, and the formation of new combinations, accompanied by heat, which is what gives the warmth to our bodies. The carbonic acid gas formed in us by breathing the air is sent out of our bodies through our lungs and mingles in the air about us. When air has been breathed it has lost about one-sixth of its oxygen and has taken up an equal amount of carbonic acid. If we were to breathe the same air, six times, it would have lost all its oxygen and would be unfit to sustain life.

People feel drowsy in crowded rooms because the large amount of carbonic acid gas thrown off by the breaths of the people has made the air poisonous and oppressive. The English prisoners thrown into the "Black Hole" of Calcutta were poisoned by their own breaths, one hundred and twenty-three of them dying from the carbonic acid gas thrown off by their lungs. They were confined in a place eighteen feet square by sixteen feet high, the only ventilation being two small ground windows, which did not allow a sufficient amount of fresh air to enter to purify the air of the dungeon.

The Superior Sex

By HAZEL DEVOY BACHELOR

John Steele needs Anna Temple knowing that she has a secret in her past which she refuses to divulge. He knows, too, that she does not love him, but during their honeymoon, she was very sweet, together, and for a time she was very happy. Then Steele began to think about Anna's secret, the more he thought of it, the more he became at times a disagreeable man, and Steele finally yields to the temptation to spy on her and he discovers that she is supporting a man, a man who is a very handsome man, and when he accuses Anna of unfaithfulness, she is very angry, and when he accuses her of unfaithfulness, she is very angry, and when he accuses her of unfaithfulness, she is very angry.

Facing the Past

With Anne, her life with Stanley W. Barton had been a process of soul killing, and yet during all that time she had fought resolutely to preserve something of herself, something that she could not lose. If her time of trouble had stretched over a longer period she might not have been able to do this, but as it was she had found in her favor, and to an extent she had been able to forget. But she was able to do this only by refusing to remember. That was why she had not wanted to talk of it, that was what caused the terror in her eyes whenever the past was mentioned.

Now as she looked back she found everything with a kind of astonishment, and in a way she was glad. She could even bring herself to remember the day she had told Stanley about Elmer. To Anne the day of a baby had been like a consolation. With a child to love and care for, life might take on a different meaning, and she had told Stanley about it shyly and with stars.

At first he had looked at her skeptically as though he did not believe her, but when he realized that she was telling the truth, he had raved like a madman. The horror of the things he had said had sunk deep into Anne's soul, and he had ended by striking her full across the face and leaving her lying on the kitchen floor until she recovered consciousness a couple of hours later.

A month afterward Stanley Barton had died. A neglected cold followed by pneumonia had ended the torture of Anne's life with him, and although he left her without money, his death was kinder to Anne than any act he had ever performed during his life.

Elmer had been born in the best way of one of the early nineteenth century, a long time Anne could not bring herself to love the baby. She remembered the shock of repulsion she had suffered when the white-capped nurse had put Elmer in her arms, and looking down at the baby face she had seen Stanley's features stamped on it.

Anne had asserted her law quickly and the nurse had relented. She had seen many girls motherly turn away from the babies whom they had their arms, and she entirely understood Anne's attitude.

The baby never grew, she had said severely, but that was her, she belongs to me!

Anne had not replied, she had been

A Complicated Family

Dear Cynthia—This is the last letter I have written to you, and I do not know how long it will be before I see you again. I am a divorced man with a young married daughter, and I am sure you will give me a good answer. I am sure you will give me a good answer. I am sure you will give me a good answer.

Her Friend is Self-Conscious

Dear Cynthia—I am a reader of your column, but as I never attempted to write, I got with two girls who did not seem to be very happy. I am sure you will give me a good answer. I am sure you will give me a good answer. I am sure you will give me a good answer.

Tomorrow—What Is Attraction?

The costume slip of satin, muslin or crepe de chine is being worn more and more, but there are those who are wearing the long, heavy dress and the long, heavy dress is being worn more and more.

Everybody's a Child

at least one night in the year, and that's Halloween. But there have to be some costumes and the costumes to help along, and the costumes to help along, and the costumes to help along.

For the Older Ones

there comes a party all planned, a nice, unexpected sort of one, with costume ideas to match, ones for the girl five feet seven or the girl five foot one.

The Study of Rugs—Turkish

While it has been the custom to give the palm in rug weaving to Persia, Turkey has produced some distinct types of rugs worthy to stand beside some of the most beautiful of Persian manufactures. These are the Bergama, Konia, Ladik, Korum, Gushak and the Ghordes, made principally in the form of prayer rugs.

Even in the Near-East

The Ghordes rug is sometimes of three courses, heavy, with a high knot to a square inch, having in the center a medallion or prayer niche in solid color of red, blue, white or green, with a lamp suspended from the top, which represents the light of intellect.

Tomorrow—The Choice

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

And for Tiny Ones

picturesque games, the sort of decorations and refreshments they will love—all these things have been listed. So just send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page, telling which party you want to hear about, or asking for the costume suggestions to be sent to you.

ASCOCoffee

Ask the friend who drinks it!

ASCOCoffee

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How you will relish that first one! The crisp, white, juice-laden goodness melts in your mouth. And the next Jim Hill Jonathan you eat is just as exquisite in flavor—just as appetizing.

Jim Hill Jonathans come from the finest single apple district in the world—Wenatchee District, Washington. They are grown, picked, graded and packed in accordance with the most exact requirements. This means they are apple-perfect when they reach you.

Your grocer or dealer can supply you. Be sure the Jim Hill label is on each box.

WENATCHEE DISTRICT COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION
A non-profit organization of growers operating 12,000 acres of mountain-garaged orchards
General Offices, Wenatchee, Washington

Help You Run the Ball

—bring home the bacon, collar the blue vase, carry the message to Garcia, etc.

LITTLE Raisins, full of energy and iron, will put the pep into you that makes winning plays. Use vim like it in your business, too.

One hundred and forty-five calories of energizing nutriment in every little five-cent red box that you see.

Comes from fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it—so it goes to work almost immediately. Rich in food-iron also.

Try these little raisins when you're hungry, lazy, tired or faint. See how they pick you up and set you on your toes.

Had Your Iron Today?

Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins

5c Everywhere

SUN-MAID SEEDLESS RAISINS

It's Hard for Us to Understand the Passion of Any Collector

But the Real Reason of the Difficulty Is That We Don't Try to Understand—The Majority of Us Would Rather Sniff Intolerantly

WHEN his wife came in to tell him that dinner was ready, she found him feverishly looking through the evening paper.

He pawed the pages back and forth in a frenzied effort, evidently to find some one thing that had interested him. "Yes, all right," he muttered absently, as she spoke to him, "I just want to find this little piece in here. I saw it as I was glancing through and now I've lost it—where is that thing? Oh, here—no, that isn't it!"

He continued his panicky search as if scared to death that the "thing" would step out of its page and fly away if he didn't find it quickly.

At last he came across it, pouncing upon it like a cat on a piece of catnip, cutting it out with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Follow writing to the paper about some stamps. Wants to know their value," he explained more quietly, as he followed his wife into the dining room. "I think he's got some that I'd like to have."

A stamp collector.

WHAT was the reason for all his frenzies?

Collectors get that way. They are as bad as window shoppers on a special tour, or women in search of new fall clothes.

They fairly quiver with excitement when they are on the trail of a new find.

Nothing may stand in their way when something like this turns up; they must get what they're after.

We who can see a strange-looking stamp, a rare painting, a piece of antique furniture or a first edition with nothing more than mere eye and admiration and interest, are inclined to smile at the ravings of a man or woman who collects any of these things.

We don't understand what a passion collecting may become, how vital a matter it is to the person who goes in for it.

And we humans are not so very tolerant of anything that we do not understand.

If it's something that means nothing in our lives, we are more or less con-

temptuous of those to whom it means everything.

Yet we are hurt and feel much slighted if they seem only lightly impressed with our great passion.

IF YOU, for instance, choose to keep one out of every dozen or half-dozen buttons that you buy to go on your clothes, adding to this collection other buttons of odd shapes or sizes or colors or designs, it seems to you vastly interesting.

"Look at this one," you will command the guest who is being shown about your domain. "Isn't that a beauty? And this is a very rare one the girl at the store told me this was an out style and they wouldn't have any more of them. Then I'm very fond of this clear blue glass one with the cut edges— isn't that lovely?"

"Poor guest! A weary expression, a wandering eye, a desperate effort to change the subject—all to no avail.

As a collector of buttons you are bound to show your treasures, and anybody who isn't interested is a little queer.

But, of course, you aren't so bad as that Jones man who lives up around the high hill. He's terrible!

He collects pitchers—can you imagine anything queerer than that? For a man, too!

Every time you get inside his house you have to exclaim over all those funny-looking pitchers, and the one he likes best is a little squat thing made of brown earthenware, not a bit pretty.

It's terribly boring to have to look at them all, and he points out his favorites and makes you admire them—it's awful!

ISN'T it funny that we never can appreciate to ourselves an acquisition that fits us just as well as it fits the Other Person to whom we so constantly and fearlessly apply it!

Adventures With a Purse

THERE'S no argument, Marcella can cook! It has been decided that the new little bride of ours is a most efficient cook, and the other day she served some sandwiches which proved that she had ingeniously mastered the art of cooking. Sandwiches of rich creamy cheese between thin, dainty slices of nut bread—simply delicious! And she confided to me afterward that the nut bread is home-made and can be bought for thirty-five cents a loaf.

As we instinctively pass a finger tip over the smooth surface of a visiting card to feel if it is engraved, so do we instinctively glance at Linens to see what kind they are. Not a hazy, unpraising glance, necessarily, just a prompt by natural feminine curiosity. If you have some of the exquisite Italian linens I saw in the exquisite "village" you really won't mind who inspects them. Hand-woven, the finest of texture.

It's the Little Things in Life That Count

TASTYKAKE JUNIORS

surely count for us. Little folks and big folks take to them. Just a nice taste for an individual portion.

5c

TASTYKAKE

No matter how you prefer your tea—strong or weak, with cream, lemon or straight—you'll like Tetley's Orange Pekoe.

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NO COOKING The "Food Drink" for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office and Fountains. Ask for HORLICK'S. Avoid Imitations & Substitutes



Help You Run the Ball

—bring home the bacon, collar the blue vase, carry the message to Garcia, etc.

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