

Whether an Education at College Fits a Girl for Life Is a Question

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

I WOULD like to see all the women's colleges burned to the ground and girls put at hard labor for a year, to get some sense into them!

Something like this was enunciated by the other day, by a self-made millionaire, who insisted that philosophy and psychology and such rubbish originated in the brains of cretin professors.

Now, of course, the men and women of America are not so stupid as to believe in this violent aspersion and have divided themselves into rival camps of debating the merits of the college education. Some of the men who have declared, "Well, I really believe there is a good deal in what he says."

UNDOUBTEDLY, thousands of persons in our practical age, with its economic struggle and difficulty in getting a livelihood, are also divided by the old days culture was for the select few, the sons of "gentlemen." After centuries of struggle, girls were admitted to the "higher" education. The universities were seats of vast learning, and the classics and dead languages were taught, and young minds were tortured by intricate mathematical problems that never could be utilized in real life, but mysteriously were supposed to train the mind. Greek and Latin and even Sanskrit were fed to children as a means for knowledge of life and its problems. Even Anglo-Saxon—a dead and useless defunct language—was necessary to obtain a degree in English literature in order that a boy or girl should have a career in the practical, live activity—journalism.

WHY not say that colleges today are not fitting any young folks for wage earning and technical labor and a working knowledge of life? Then most people would agree with him. But girls are no sillier than boys. If they are illogical, it is because men admire pretty complexions, and boys are smoking pipes and swaggering about in an foolish effort to seem manly as the girls are trying to be fascinating. Incidentally, we do not see the connection between college life and education with these modern folks and the brainless ones, who are most conspicuous in the small sins that the manufacturer deplores.

Real knowledge and training are necessary for girls as for boys. Whether one follows a profession or art or keeps house and raises future citizens, one cannot have too much actual education. Mere fads and cults do not fit men or women for living. But neither does an empty, shallow daily existence or a dull grubbing at hard labor.

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The Reckless Age

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

Aline Foster is a spoiled member of the younger set who thinks mere care for her amusement. She engages herself to Charlie, Tyne without higher consideration because of her flirtation with Mason Long, a writer. Charlie breaks the engagement. Aline turns her attention to Long. Here her newspaper happens, for she finds herself actually in love with him, but she has hardly had time to realize the truth when she discovers that Long has been paying her attention only because he is using her for copy in a novel he is writing on the jazz age. Aline's pride is leveled to the ground and she plunges into a series of social affairs to try to forget. Just at this time Charlie Tyne's engagement is announced, and coming when it does it is like the proverbial salt straw.

Charley's Final Choice

THE topic of conversation at every social event was the engagement of Charley Tyne and Mabel Collins. Most of the younger set had taken Charley's sudden devotion to Mabel very lightly. They had believed for the most part that he had taken up with Mabel in order to spite Aline, but an engagement with a marriage in the near future put a different aspect on everything.

Mabel Collins was not the kind of girl one got engaged to casually. She was frumpy; she didn't know how to dress; there was a certain fan in talking her about and none of the men liked to dance with her. Then what was it Charley saw in her? It couldn't be her money, for Charley had plenty of that himself. And so the groups put their heads together, but no one seemed able to solve the problem.

What the younger set didn't know, and couldn't have known, was that Mabel had been explained to them, was the fact that Mabel gave Charley devotion. Everything he did was perfect. Her plain little face would light up with an exquisite radiance when she came into the room; her shrill voice would take on a softer tone when she spoke to him. Her eyes would follow him about with such an expression of love and worship in their depths that it was almost pathetic. And yet Charley threw on all this.

Now for Aline had brought him pain, because she had made him feel inferior. Mabel made him feel every inch a man. She made him eager to protect and take care of her, and best of all, she had eyes for no one else in all the world but him, which fact gave Charley a feeling of security and well-being.

Of course, he did not give to Mabel the love he had given to Aline. That had been a wild sweet emotion in the grip of which he had been almost shy. Sometimes, when they were alone, Mabel would say to him wistfully: "Charley, I don't see how you happened to notice me? I used to watch you at the dances and wonder what it would be like to know you, and when you danced with me I hardly dared to breathe because I knew it would be over soon."

"And to think that I never knew!" Charley would tease her lightly.

"But, seriously," she would persist, "how could you look at me after having known Aline Foster? I think she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life."

Mabel said this sincerely. There was nothing of jealousy about her. She was naturally sweet natured and sometimes her very sweetness troubled Charley because he could not give to her the love that he had lavished on Aline. But he would look deep into her eyes and read there the love she had for him, and somehow during these days, although there were times when he longed for the old days when Aline had meant everything to him, he felt for the most part peaceful and content. With Mabel he would never touch the heights, there would never be anything in their relationship to arouse any great depths of passion in him, but neither would he ever touch the depths, and in the pleasant valley of ordinary companionship Mabel would make him an ideal wife.

And so, when she asked him questions, he would draw her close into his arms and, with his lips against her hair, would say: "Do you love me?"

"You know I do!" Her response would come breathlessly quick.

"That is why I love you so much," he would return. "Because you love me, because I can trust you with everything in life that is worth while. That is why I want to marry you."

And Mabel, clinging to him with both small hands, would draw a deep sigh and forget about Aline.

What the Baby Wears

From the tiniest and cunningest of babies must have a sweater nowadays which is not just plain pink or plain blue and white. Of course, the mistake must not be made of having it too fancy, but a dainty touch such as a border of very small pink and white flowers around the neck and around the hem is just the thing to be suggested.

Vivid Braid Decorates Harding Blue Tulle

By CORINNE LOWE



Braid has been used constantly all this autumn and so far no brakes have been applied. On the contrary, the concentration upon this detail of trimming seems to grow ever fiercer and more heated. All the metallic braids are used nowadays with especial fervor, and one finds them even intruding upon the precincts of the evening gown. Souffle was never more popular and a favored method of application just at present is in loops following the edge of the garment outlining the sleeves and neck line.

There are, of course, numerous novelties in this domain, and many of them exploit color and pattern in a way that rivals the effect of embroidered bands. On this gown of Harding blue, for example, the braid employed occurs in jade, black and orange. The first color mentioned is shown again in the embroidery and the waist line, and the jade of the sleeves is also of jade.

Fads

The latest fad of the Paris society woman is to have her portrait engraved on the head of her note paper.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie



From time to time What's What has been mentioning telephone invitations. These have a code of their own. For wedding, invitations should be sent by mail two or three weeks in advance of the event. Invitations for a party are limited to informal affairs.

A hostess planning an afternoon card party or tea, writes down her list of prospective guests, together with their telephone numbers, then calls them up one by one and crosses off the list all who cannot accept the invitation. Thus, without an out or more, she will know for precisely how many guests she is to make arrangements.

Occasionally, a hostess is obliged to use the telephone invitation for a formal dinner, as when a guest sends her a letter saying that it is impossible for him to be present, and she calls up to him the evening before to come to the rescue by accepting the unexpectedly vacant chair.

Mrs. Wilson Plans Menu for Sunday

Instead of Having Two Large Meals This Week, Make One Smaller

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE Sunday menu for three meals should be made to conform to the fact that Thanksgiving Day, which has just passed, and Christmas, the usual weekly menu, and that Friday and Saturday menus were made so as to utilize the leftovers.

- Suggestive Menu**
- Baked Apples
 - Waffles with Honey
 - Bacon
 - Coffee
- Dinner**
- Clear Tomato Soup
 - Celery
 - Puffy Omelet with Cheese Sauce
 - Baked Macaroni
 - Carrots and Peas
 - Cranberry Brown Betty
 - Coffee
- Supper**
- Tuna Fish a la King
 - Potato Salad
 - Sliced Tomatoes
 - Lemon Gelatin with Whipped Cream
 - Tea

The market basket will require apples, cranberries, potatoes, celery, radishes, hothouse tomatoes, lettuce, bacon, eggs, tuna fish, green pepper, onion, parsley, cheese and the usual weekly staples.

Try This Waffle Recipe

Place in mixing bowl
Two eggs,
Two cups of milk,
Two tablespoons of sugar,
Beaten with egg-beater to mix well, and then add
Two cups of flour,
One cup of cornmeal,
Three level tablespoons of baking powder.

Beat to fine smooth batter, then add three tablespoons of melted butter. Beat in the butter well and bake in the usual manner. This amount will make nine sets of waffles.

Cheese Sauce

Place in saucepan
Two and one-half cups of milk,
One-half cup of flour,
Stir to dissolve the flour and bring to boiling point. Cook for five minutes, then add
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of paprika,
Three-quarters cup of cheese, cut in cubes,
One-quarter teaspoon of mustard.

Blend well together and cook until the cheese melts. If you like the flavor of the cheese, add a dash of onion. One large onion, grated,
One-quarter cup of finely chopped parsley.

Cranberry Betty

Look over two cups of cranberries and place in saucepan and add
One and one-half cups of brown sugar,
One cup of water.

Cook for ten minutes then turn in mixing bowl and add
One-quarter cup of melted butter,
Two and one-half cups of bread crumbs.

Three-quarters cup of flour with two level tablespoons of baking powder,
Stir in the flour.

One-half teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg.

Mix well and turn in well-greased mold and steam for one hour. This betty may be baked in a shallow pan ten minutes. Serve with vanilla or caramel sauce.

Caramel Sauce

Place in saucepan
One and one-half cups of brown sugar,
Two cups of cold water,
Six level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the starch and sugar and bring to boiling point. Cook for five minutes, then add
One teaspoon of vanilla,
One-half teaspoon of maple flavor.

Open well and serve.

Tuna Fish a la King

Open two small cans of tuna fish in china dish, draining well, and separate into large flakes with fork. Pour juice of lemon over tuna fish.

Place in a bowl and add
Three cups of milk,
Two-thirds cup of flour.

Stir to dissolve the flour and bring to boiling point. Cook for five minutes, and add
One green pepper, chopped fine,
One cup of celery, cut in half-inch pieces and parboiled,
One tablespoon of grated onion,
Two teaspoons of salt,
Two teaspoons of paprika.

Three hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters, in tuna fish.

Heat slowly to boiling point, stirring with fork to prevent making mush when hot add one-half cup of melted butter, pouring the butter over the top of the mixture. Sprinkle on toast and dust well with paprika.

This recipe is from the Cliff House, San Francisco, Calif.

LOVE NOTES

By KAY KEAN

Dangers of the Aftermath

When a woman reaches the stage of thoroughly understanding a man, she tends herself falling to understand what error attracted her to him in the beginning.

A bird never knows how sweet it is to fly until his wings are clipped. Neither does a man like love until he has been hurt. He goes and gets tied to one.

Alas! Love never knows what it wants in life until it gets what it does not want.

Love steals the sweets from the pantry and then sits on the shelf and looks sour.

Remember! you can not keep love at an epitaphic distance. If you get it, you can't let it go. If you can't let it go, you can't let it go.

If you want to bury your love, you can always find appropriate thought for an epitaph.

Adventures With a Purse

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THE other day I heard a girl complain that her lips were so chapped and sore that she could hardly smile and that she did wish there was something she could use to prevent it. I was sorely tempted to tell her of the remedy I've used for years, but I didn't know her, and so the best thing I could do was to suggest that she try it. There comes something which looks like a lipstick, but really isn't; it is a lip salve.

It comes in red and when first applied does color the lips, but it is not an excessive red and does not stay. It comes in white, too, if you do not want the color, and made after the shape of a lipstick, is easily carried. Use this, and you will find your lips are never chapped. I have used it for years and it is most satisfactory. It cost twenty-five cents.

The names of shops selling Women's Page between the hours of 9 and 5. M. Main 101

Square Pearls

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA



"Willy" is Worried

Dear Cynthia—What are we young men to do? After reading Sparrow's letter and his various critics and then reading "Bohème," I am at a loss to know just what to do when I take a young lady home. Supposing I wished to continue the friendship with her, shall I ask her for a kiss or will I be invited to call again if I do not ask for one? Bohème would have us believe that a girl thinks a fellow who does not ask for a goodnight kiss is a "small timer." I don't want to be proclaimed a "small timer," but neither do I want to be improper or suggestive. Maybe Bohème is right. A kiss isn't much for a girl to give you on an evening's fun, but it's a little more light on the subject? Please write again, Bohème.

'Speed' is Going to Move Westward

Dear Cynthia—Although it is quite a while since I have written you, I would have you know that I am reading your column and getting quite a lot of pleasure from it.

"Sparrow" members seem to think that "Sparrow" has lost some of his buttons. I don't agree with them, because I think that he is telling the truth. The reason being that the kind of girls he picks out are the kind of girls I don't want to meet. I have met them. "Bluebird" sure does think she is a girl of her model. I wonder how she would like to be the contents of C. Garville's and Bertha M. Clay's books? "Marge" puts the pans on him, too, but after she gets around, she'll wipe up and grow to be a nice fella. She has the intentions.

I laughed out loud at the "jealous trier," and very much admired your answer to them.

"Sparrow," I expect to live in the "gold diggers" section of West Philadelphia pretty soon, and maybe I can send you some good jokes about them.

SPEED.

Disapproves of Some Writers

Dear Cynthia—It grieves me to see "Sparrow" so unmercifully criticized by narrow-minded correspondents who are so absorbed by their own ideas that they are unable to appreciate the value of the opinions of others.

When I read "Robin's" letter in your column, I made me glad and proud to be able to say to myself that my outlook on life is more nearly similar than to "Robin's" than to "Sparrow's."

The fellows in "Robin's" class call on girls now and then, I suppose. At how do they spend the evening? At the movies, possibly, but more often in the front room of a girl's home. They gather around, all discussing the weather, high cost of living, politics and other topics of the no interest, and they have been enjoying themselves. The fellow goes home with a wonderful impression of the family's ability at conversation, and has had what pride forces him to call a delightful evening.

"Sparrow," on the other hand, and I myself, am like him, calls on a girl and spends the evening with her, and with her alone. There may be kissing, there probably is, but "a fellow never knows a girl until he has kissed her," and the fellow can truthfully say to himself that such evenings are probably spent.

What broad-minded, intelligent person would make a mistake of marrying a girl with whom he has never spent evenings alone on darkened porch swings or about brightly lighted parlors? I know of at least one who wouldn't.

"Robin" thinks there is a difference between "decent" girls and girls who have been kissed. Why should any one say a girl who kisses lacks decency? I am forever the champion of kissing, and am a firm believer in the value of the kiss in vivifying the embryo, raising position of not knowing how well one is acquainted with a member of the opposite sex, and that be powerful to fully enjoy his or her company.

A few more words, these to "Knocker." "Knocker" is evidently trying to lift himself or herself by the bootstraps. She, it's evidently a woman, is up about five inches of space in your valuable column to protest against the same practice of others, and in doing so probably thrills with the satisfaction of having been of inestimable value to you, secure in the certainty that she is always right, and is glad to have been in the service. The value of which, as I see it, is decidedly negative, as it probably suggests a course of action seldom thought of.

C. W.

Dressing Dolls

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wonder if any of your readers might have directions for a circular knitted washcloth among their treasures. I have had a request for such directions and have not been successful in my search. My thanks to the use of your broadcasting station, A. C.

This column has never thought of likening itself to the mysteries and wonder of the radio. I thank you for the compliment. I hope one of your readers will be kind enough to send in the directions you want so much. Have you tried to find them in a book of crocheting instructions? You could purchase one of these at a store where art needlework materials are sold.

Radio-Wise

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you possibly help me in locating a shop where I could dress dolls? I have just started to sew at home and as yet have not enough material to keep me busy as I would like to be. I know you have helped so many I feel at liberty to ask your aid.

You could dress dolls for the Woman's Exchange, 114 South Seventeenth street. They accept all sorts of handmade articles, and they would be glad to have dolls that you have dressed and see if they will sell them for you? In addition to the dolls, you could have several dolls that you have dressed and see if they will sell them for you? In addition to the dolls, you could have several dolls that you have dressed and see if they will sell them for you?

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donahison Eberlein



Renovating a Typical Farm Home—The Hallway

The hall of the old farm house was papered in a particularly ugly paper and had an old-fashioned hat rack as its only furniture. It was, however, fairly wide with an ample front door which had narrow windows on either side. The walls could not be denuded of their paper, as we found them in not sufficiently good condition to stain. We therefore gave the ugly crimson and mustard paper two coats of cream wall wash. Then, with a sponge, we stippled it with a little copper metallic powder and with another sponge, with a bit of blue purple (very little of that) the floor was the mulberry of the living room, and we found a narrow top, and a Boston rocker with broken rockers, were the only available things. We removed the rockers, putting the old high-backed chair on its feet. Then we painted it, the table and the mirror frame black. An old piece of Chinese embroidery gave the mirror a new look. It was a narrow, rich border, was gilded and hung behind the mirror on the wall. The table was placed below and a pair of old brass candlesticks at either end of the table gave the desired symmetry.

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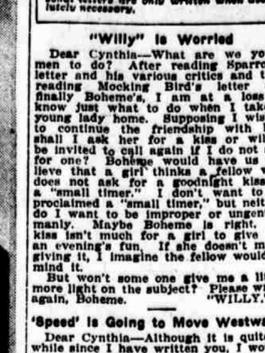
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Openwork Shoes

December Should Bring the Rush to Get Christmas Presents Early

If You Haven't Already Started Your Lists and Your Shopping, Begin Now, to Save Some Temper for the Day Itself



DECEMBER 1st again! It doesn't seem more than about three months since the last time we began to think about who would like what in the way of Christmas gifts. How many good little girls and boys have already started to make out their lists or even cross out one or two and mark them finished!

Only a very few, I'm afraid.

It's funny that with the craze for speed and hurry and bustle that there is nowadays we don't seem to do anything about this Christmas shopping. We go in for speed and hurry and bustle all right, but we lump it too much.

Instead of making time at the beginning, we rush along with other things until the last minute; then dash right in and hurry like mad.

I wonder if we wouldn't enjoy it if we took it quietly.

We don't seem to go in for doing things quietly.

I suppose if we couldn't pretend we were in a great hurry, so as to get the fun out of it, but start earlier in order to let somebody else have a little fun?

IT WOULDN'T hurt us any, surely, and it certainly would help them. It seems so wasteful.

I suppose we're all putting out Christmas decorations, Christmas suggestions, Christmas toys and extra Christmas salesmen.

It really is most considerate and thoughtful of them to go to so much trouble for us.

But we go merrily and indifferently on, walking through the lovely aisles lined with beautiful things as if we were strolling along a blind alley. "Bohème" says we say "I can't get into the Christmas spirit so early, it seems wrong to be worrying about it now, when there are so many other things to think about."

THAT'S true, too! but, on the other hand, why shouldn't the Christmas spirit start its reign sooner?

If we all let it get hold of us now, wouldn't it be that feeling of respect and about it.

And it would do us all good.

We are all better while that thoughtfulfulness for others is in our hearts and occupying all our time.

If we could start it earlier and make it last longer, we should all be better for it.

In so many ways.

Our hearts would be warmer, for our gifts would be freer and better condition, as would our tempers. We would get much better service. And Christmas would find us some sheds of respect and control left, which would be startlingly unusual.

LET'S start a mass movement for the earlier appearance of the Christmas spirit.

If it means that we get all our shopping done too early, let's take just one week, to spread it out a little thinner. But let's start, let's get the bulky shopping done pretty soon, so that our hearts are cool and our jam will be done away with.

Let's greet the Christmas morn with a calm mind and peaceful heart.

Openwork Shoes

December Should Bring the Rush to Get Christmas Presents Early

If You Haven't Already Started Your Lists and Your Shopping, Begin Now, to Save Some Temper for the Day Itself



If fashion makes a lady wear high shoes that hide the pretty silk of her stockings she'll wear them, of course. But she won't let them conceal the silk. These new glazed boots conform to fashion's rules by reaching well above the ankle, but the shimmering silk gleams through the many silts made expressly for that purpose. Sandals are made to match, just by way of varying the same old thing.

A Novel Touch

If one has a small extra table in the kitchen there is an attractive cover that can be made for it that would add a cheerful touch to the room. Take a piece of cross-hatched toweling and simply featherstitch it on each end, instead of hemming it. Make several of these, so that the covering can be kept looking perfectly fresh.

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