American Girls Have Best Chance to Make Successful Marriage

By MAY CHRISTIE

MAY CHRISTIE

IT IS useless to deny that Marriage (capital M) fills most girls' horizons, and that back of nearly every dream there is a romantic hero whom they one day hope to meet.

I have always been immensely interested in the matrimonial opportunities of girls in different countries.

It is Thackeray who says that any woman, if she hasn't actually got a hump, can marry any man she pleases, "but," he carefully adds, "the little dears are like the beasts of the field and do not know their own power."

That last is a very saving clause, explaining lots of disappointments, might-have-beens, etc.

But I think the American girl does fully—from the age of fourteen onward, let us say—realize her own power, and play up to it!

Anyhow, her matrimonial opportunities are greater—to my mind—than those of girls in any other country.

Why?

Oh, lots of reasons!

To begin with, you have co-education here. Where little English girls are segregated, as it were, and taught by governesses at home, or in girls' "seminaries," their American cousins are accustomed to be always with the boys, even at school, all day long, and this fact does away with any shyness or constraint in after years. It gives the girls an understanding of the men-to-be, their hopes, their aims and their ambitions. Also their weaknesses!

And every clever woman knows that a knowledge of the weaknesses and foibles of mankind is the finest asset she can have to win a man!

The idea of comradeship between the sexes which pervades the United States inevitably leads to more marriages than in countries where such an ideal is non-existent.

And then the business opportunities for women throw them in contact daily with the men, and on an equal footing! The American girl's salary is good, she can dress well and the sky is the limit, where her ambitions are concerned. What is to hinder her from marrying a millionaire if she has set her heart upon it?

For, unlike in England, every man here is a potential millionaire. Our hide-bound class distinction, where most men, generation after generation, rise no higher than their fathers did before them, isn't known.

In England a stenographer wouldn't work her way up in the office to be manager. She can do so in America if she's got the grit and brains. There's nothing really to prevent her.

And the story of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid comes true so often in America that it causes no surprise. This is a young and rising country, full of golden opportunities, and her future lies in a girl's own keeping, so that she may rise to any height.

The Reckless Age

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Aline Foster is a spoiled member of the younger set, who thinks men were made for her amusement. She engages herself to Charley Tyne without loving him and when, because of her flirtation with Mason Long, a writer, Charley breaks the engagement, Aline turns her attentions to Long. Here the unexpected happens, for she finds herself actually in love with him, but she has hardly had time to realize this when she discovers that he has been paying her attention merely because he is using her for copy in a novel he is writing on the jazz age. Aline plunges into a series of social affairs to try to forget and she plays with the emotions of every man she meets.

A Cloud on the Horizon

ALINE was of the type of girl who never stops to think where the money came from that paid for her shoes and hats and dresses. She merely accepted the fact that her father made plenty, that he was successful financially, just as the fathers of other girls in her own set were successful financially. She spent money without a thought of the value of it, trusting to her father to replenish her bank account and to pay her bills, and consequently when one morning just as she was about to leave for the city on a shopping trip her mother stopped her with rather a worried look on her face, Aline was, to say the least, amazed.

"Aline, come into my room for a moment, will you? I want to talk to you," Mrs. Foster said hurriedly, and Aline, smartly dressed for a day in town, was forced to comply.

She flung herself into a low rocker and pushed up her veil that she had drawn too tightly across her face.

"Hurry, will you, mother?" she said a little crossly. "I'm going to miss that 11 o'clock train if I'm not careful."

"Aline, what were you planning to buy in town?" her mother asked, still with that worried look; and the question was so unusual that Aline stared at her mother in amazement.

"Why, I need a lot of things," she said carelessly; "a couple of new evening dresses, and I do need another dinner gown. Why do you ask, mother? You never have before."

Mrs. Foster was sitting before her dressing table, playing nervously with a silver-handled nail file, and as she looked up suddenly and met her daughter's eyes Aline was struck by the expression on her face.

"Mother, why do you look like that; is anything wrong?"

Mrs. Foster drew a long breath. "Your father has lost some money," she said evenly. "I don't know just how important it is, because I don't understand business affairs very well, but he told me last night to be careful about running up any more bills until he knew how things were going to come out."

For a moment a cold fear settled around Aline's heart, but almost immediately she was laughing it away.

"Oh, mother, you're making a mountain out of a mole mill. You don't really think it's serious, do you?"

"I don't know; your father is very much worried. He's going to try to borrow some money from the bank to see him through, but some investments of his have turned our badly."

"And in the meantime I mustn't buy any more clothes?"

"No, Aline, your father asked me particularly to speak to you. Adele hasn't been paid for three months, and it costs a great deal to run this house and pay the servants. Perhaps if we're careful we may pull through. If not——" Mrs. Foster hesitated, and there was an ominous silence between them.

"If not"; the words echoed and re-echoed in Aline's mind. Of course, mother was taking this too seriously. She couldn't mean that there was any real danger that they might be poor! Why, it was unthinkable! Such things didn't happen except in books. But in spite of the fact that she tried to make light of it, Aline's thoughts kept reverting to Phyllis and the ugly little house in Nutley. If anything happened, would they be like that? Would they have a maid like Lottie, who shuffled around in slovenly slippers, and would she, Aline, have to clean her own room and help get the meals on the maid's day out? She shuddered at the thought, but somehow she couldn't get away from it, and her mother seemed determined to believe the worst.

Tomorrow—The Blow Falls

THIS DAY AND YOU

By Ralph Waldo Trine

Author of "In Tune With the Infinite."

How Do We Meet Our Problems?

We may be of aid to one another by way of suggestion, by way of bringing to one another a knowledge of certain higher laws and forces—laws and forces that will make it easier to do that which we would do. The doing, however, must be done by each one for himself.

The question is not, What are the conditions in our lives? but, How do we meet the conditions that we find there?

And whatever those conditions are, it is unwise and profitless to look upon them—even if they are conditions that we would have otherwise—in the attitude of complaint, for complaint will bring depression, and depression will weaken and possibly even kill the spirit that would engender the power that would enable us to bring into our lives an entirely new set of conditions. Each one is so apt to think that his own conditions, his own trials or troubles or sorrows, or his own struggles, are greater than those of the great mass of mankind, or possibly greater than those of any one else in the world.

He forgets that each one has his own peculiar trials or troubles or sorrows to bear, or struggles with habits to overcome, and that his is but the common lot of all the human race. We are apt to make the mistake in this—in that we see and feel keenly our own trials, or adverse conditions, or characteristics to be overcome, while those of others we do not see so clearly, and hence we are apt to think they are not at all equal to our own. Each has his own problems to work out. Each must work out his own problems.

Each must grow the insight that will enable him to see the causes that have brought the unfavorable conditions into his life; each must grow the strength that will enable him to face these conditions, and to set into operation forces that will bring about a different set of conditions.

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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.

To "L. R."

Your letter will be answered in the Woman's Exchange.

Several Words to the Wise

To "Willy," by courtesy of Cynthia.

You know, Willy, they say a word to the wise is sufficient, but it depends upon the kind of word to my method of thinking; therefore I'll give you several.

If you take a girl out, give her a good time, act cordial and decent, come back and then don't ask for a kiss or act "mushy"; you will have made her like you and respect you 100 per cent more.

Would you like any chap to treat your sister (if you have one) as Sparrow treats his girls? Remember that and don't be a Sparrow the second. I suppose you wonder if I've ever been asked for a kiss? Of course I have! Yes, siree! A look or a word silences them and then I know that I have either made a good friend or lost a false one. A girl that throws kisses around as if they were autumn leaves will never make a good friend. My ideas are not puritanical. I have them because I have and know many girl friends. Still and withal I am A. FLAPPER.

Writes to "Willy"

Dear Cynthia—I hope I will not be taking up too much of your valued space, but I just feel as though I must show some of the boys who write to you that there really are good girls in this world.

"Willy," I have never written to this wonderful column, but your letter gave me a good start. You certainly do sound reasonable. I don't blame you for thinking as you do after reading "Sparrow's" letter. He must be very narrow-minded. Take it from me, a good girl will enjoy your company twice as much if you will only bid her good night after leaving, and not think of that old mushy stuff. She believes in saving her kisses for her sweetheart. You don't want to marry a girl to whom a kiss is a mere trifle. Some day you will find the right girl, and you will see for yourself that her kisses are valued and not scattered. A sensible person will at least think of her health, if nothing else, and not kiss every Tom, Dick and Harry, so that's a good way to tell the girl who is sensible.

"Willy," answer and give me an idea whether this letter changed your mind or not. FULLER FUNN.

Cynthia feels sure there are many very good girls who feel just as you do, and hopes you will find many others who agree with you.

Your Argument Is Perverted

Dear Cynthia—I can no longer restrain myself from occupying your brief but interesting column. There was a time when I could sit back and watch "Dr. Robins" and the rest of the "birds" crow, but now I am forced to make my approach.

Kissing is decent, and very much so. Only too often have girls claimed that it lowers their girlish modesty and dignity. Let us be frank. Does it lower the modesty or the dignity of the fellow? No. Surely, then, it is not so dangerous and improper. Now comes that antiquated old proverb, "A girl is not a boy." True, very true, but not one of us would be willing to acknowledge ourselves inferior to the opposite sex, especially in that respect.

Pleasure in kissing? I'll say so! You never know a girl until you kiss her is getting to be one of those real proverbs that mean something. A real honest-to-goodness dyed-in-the-wool man must be a firm backer of customs that originated under pure and wholesome conditions, and will continue to be so.

Therefore, let us pull away from the "flat-tire" officials that are just dying to have this world according to their narrow-rimmed spectacles and those poor imbeciles who are not man enough to step up to the girl they love and frankly ask, under the proper conditions, "May I kiss you?" GOULD.

Your argument is not good, because no one ever argued that a man should not kiss the girl he loves. On the contrary, he would be a pretty poor specimen if he did not kiss her.

What Cynthia disapproves of is promiscuous kissing. If a man and girl love each other and intend to marry, there is no reason why they should not kiss.

THE BEAUTY THAT IS A RESULT OF GOOD HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Elsie Janis says she has kept lines away by exercising the muscles in smiles and making faces

By ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

ELSIE JANIS is, in language colloquial rather than Websterish, a perfect peach. Some sage said that the impression which every degree and modification of beauty makes on mankind has as a fundamental rule their sentiment. While Elsie, measured according to exacting rudiments of beauty, might not qualify as one of the greatest, yet she has bestirred that fundamental rule in more hearts than any other woman in America. There are many qualities of beauty she may take a bow on. Her mouth, her smile, and her rarely beautiful teeth, backed by a personality which has no duplicate. She is wholesome, sensible and right.

And don't you think she is not an optical enjoyment calculated to tickle the most experienced eye. She is. She has expression, the most perfect mouth and teeth, lovely brown hair and big brown eyes with a laugh in them, than which nothing more flattering may be said of eyes of any hue. And she has a figure that any girl from fifteen to fifty would give the world to own.

When I told her I was going to list her as one of my favorites among twelve beautiful women, she roared: "Ho, ho! Ho, ho! That's the funniest line yet. I've been accused of everything—but that, and now I live to be listed among the great American daily dozen. That's funny. Ought to get a great laugh, that ought!"

"Well," I said, "you are the youngest looking thing."

"Ah, there you go," she said. "Every day some one comes along who says: 'Lemme see, I saw you easily eighty-five years ago, and you must have been twenty-five then, at least. I made my first public appearance at the ripe old age of two, and was only fourteen when I was starred. But women who were twenty or twenty-five or more then come dragging a whole family along and wonder why I haven't applied for admission at some old ladies' home. In the intervening years a woman could get quite a family together."

"But I let that go in one ear and out the other. I don't see why I should think of getting old, and I don't intend to. Oh, perhaps years hence I'll change my mind. In the meantime, there's a lot of the joy o' living to be picked up yet.

"That's funny about my face," she said, when I commented on there being no lines. "I see girls four or five years younger than I with lines. I have come to the conclusion it must be because I have kept the muscles exercised making faces. Seriously, though, now what else could it be? It is reasonable to believe the muscles of the face have to be exercised just as well as any part of the body, isn't it? Outside of scrubbing it with soap and water, scrubbing till it shines, and rubbing cocoa butter on it because I love the smell of it. I don't give it any care. No, I never get massages. I couldn't sit still long enough for that."

However, in the course of her work, her face does get a certain amount of massage daily when applying the cold cream for removing make-up. Miss Janis said she did not use grease paint, though, because she thinks it might have a tendency to enlarge the pores, particularly in hot weather. She uses cold cream as substitute.

Discussing beauty in general, Miss Janis said she associated it with a certain repose, when it could be dissected feature by feature and nothing found wanting.

"I don't like a set expression, such as you see girls wear an entire evening on a dance floor. Looks as if they weren't having a good time."

"You can take a bow on the smile yourself," I volunteered wholeheartedly. "And I never saw more perfect teeth."

"Well, I do take pride in them," she said, modestly. "I want to hang on to them. I scrub them until the dentist told me the other day I'd scrub them away. If I eat between meals, I get out the toothbrush. And I do brush them for dear life at night, round and round in all the crevices and corners. Then I go to the dentist every three months. Just once I had trouble and that was in France, when I was forced to let them go about eight months."

"Have you any little daily dozen of your own to keep that seventeen-year figure of yours?" I asked.

"I have exercised all my life. I swim, play golf, tennis, and then I keep on the move. I like to be up and doing. It's a sad week-end for guests who come down to Tarrytown with the intention of lolling around. We do the kind of exercise down there for play that a lot of girls I know went to a woman and paid her $50 an hour to learn. Maybe you'd call it roughhouse, but it isn't any bunk like paying $50 an hour. I guess I am just naturally active—a whole sermon, by the way, in preserving the lines of youth."

They Let the Girls Have the Ball but They Shook Them to Get it Again

This Indian Game Is Still Being Played in Other Terms in Every Walk of Everyday Life—Perhaps, After All, It Is Necessary

A NEW book about the life of children in the pioneer days tells some entertaining stories about the games which they played.

How they had time to play is a mystery, for the writer says that among other things their duties consisted of gathering wild blackberries, huckleberries, raspberries, plums, grapes, hickory nuts, walnuts, beechnuts, butternuts and edible roots, of tracking and bringing home the cows strayed in the deep forest, of chopping wood and of fishing.

They certainly didn't have much time to spend loafing about at the corner store—even if there had been a corner for them to loaf about.

Somehow, though, they managed to get in some play; boys always do.

And they played some picturesque, rough games, many of them adapted from the customs and habits of their Indian neighbors.

About the only modern game which was known at that time also was lacrosse.

The Indians played this, too, and allowed the girls to play with them when they were just playing for fun.

But, and this is the significant feature, the girls were permitted to pick up the ball and run with it, a privilege which was forbidden to the boys.

On the other hand, however, the boys were allowed to catch and shake the girls to make them drop the ball!

THAT'S another pioneer custom which has survived the years.

Women are always getting concessions because, poor things, they are so much weaker than men, and it will be easier for them if they are allowed this, that and the other thing.

And then men are always shaking their faith in whatever the concession happens to be until they drop it and forget all about it.

It isn't that they mean to be selfish or anything like.

It's just that for so many years they have been accustomed to having whatever they happen to want, in whatever way they can get it.

SOMETIMES, in an argument, a man will give in just because he is talking to a poor weak woman, and his innate sense of chivalry will not permit him to get the better of her.

So he concedes his point; he lets her "pick up the ball and run with it."

But she has to be a fast runner to get ahead of him.

He'll repent of his softness in about ten minutes, think up another more powerful argument, catch her up in an unguarded moment of her conversation and shake her conviction so thoroughly that she'll "drop the ball."

Then he'll go about pleased to pieces with himself because he has won the discussion and proved his point.

He'll honestly think that he won fairly, too.

That's the funny part of a man; he wouldn't think of not playing fair in a contest with a man, if he has any sense of honor at all.

But where a woman's concerned, if he takes back his word, or quibbles a bit, or doesn't come quite straight out with things, he thinks it's perfectly all right.

Even if he is the soul of honor.

YOU can see how this has come straight down the line, from far earlier days even than those of the pioneer lacrosse games.

And, after all, maybe it's necessary, for we poor weak women can do a terrific amount with that small concession to our frailty.

If they didn't catch us and shake us, we'd never drop that ball, if we ran until we were exhausted!

We have our own little ways of getting what we want, too.

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Adventures With a Purse

HEATER fires being rebuilt, coal gas oozing into a room or that terrible pipe with the queer odor, all such things tend to make a room close and stuffy, and incense answers the question very nicely when it is too cold to raise windows. And some of the burners are such attractive things that one wants them around just on general principles. I have in mind an Egyptian girl lying full length, her lovely, graceful body clothed in the native garb. She is leaning on her elbows and holding in her outstretched hands a bowl in which the incense burns in thin, curling streams of smoke. This one is $3.75, but some of them are priced as low as $1.50.

All of the stores are alluring these days, are they not? This one is fascinating, the next one holds you and the very next one you'd like to have wrapped and sent home "as is." So it is just a question of hunting out the less expensive ones and shopping in them. There has been a gift department opened in one of the shops where almost everything dainty and pretty can be had. I noticed in passing a very nice shell-pink combination suit, lace trimmed, in an attractive box, red beribboned, for $2.95.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor, or phone Walnut 5000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

LOVE NOTS

By KAY KEAN

Turning on the Search Light

You cannot keep a boy away from the jam jar by telling him it is too sweet. Neither can you make your husband feel bad by telling him that a horrid woman is flirting with him.

Every woman comes into the world with the knowledge that all men are created conceited. Yet, alas, a wife will put a looking-glass in front of her husband and then get mad because he looks pleased with himself.

If you lead a man up to a precipice and let him stand on the edge, he is likely to fall off.

When you turn a man's attention in the direction of some dizzy blond, you can be just as certain that he is going to fall.

Remember when a man says that he has heart for just one woman that is not saying how many he has eyes for!

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AMERICAN

Mrs. Wilson Goes on With Her Lessons in Preparing and Cooking of Vegetables

Various Delicious Ways of Serving These Familiar Friends Make Them Seem Like Something New

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE lesson today is a continuation of the methods of cooking and serving vegetables.

MUSHROOMS—The mushroom is a delicacy, and is served in many tasty dishes, as for example:

Braised mushrooms, usually served with steaks and chops.

Creamed mushrooms, served in cream sauce and served on toast.

Mushrooms as served in dish of chicken a la king.

Mushrooms as served with braised, stewed meats, also used with lard in meats and poultry.

Mushrooms are prepared by peeling the tops or caps with silver knife; the stems are trimmed and peeled also.

Cover mushrooms with boiling water, and cook for five minutes, then drain, and turn on cloth to absorb the excess water. They are then ready to use in any number of dishes.

OKRA, or Gumbo, are the green seed pods of a plant originally from the West Indies. The young and tender pods are best, and when cooked are of a thick, mucilaginous character.

The pods can be cut in slices, and the rings threaded on string, and dried for winter use.

Okra is used for soups and stews and goulashes, it is also served as a vegetable when plain-boiled and seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, also with tomatoes.

ONIONS are well-known vegetables that are used for flavoring and seasoning in many meat and vegetable dishes. Also served in au gratined style, baked and dressed with butter, seasoned with pepper and salt.

PARSNIPS are a popular winter vegetable and are used in soups, stews and served in many ways as vegetables, as, for example, cooked until tender, seasoned and mashed.

Left-over mashed parsnips can be formed into cakes and fried like the old-fashioned potato cake.

The parsnip is also boiled and then cut in slices and fried in bacon or sausage drippings. It is also used for fritters in same manner as squash.

PEAS — This popular vegetable hardly needs detailed methods of cooking. The garden peas are usually cooked by covering with boiling water and cooking until tender. Drain, season with salt and pepper and flavor with butter. Peas may be used in croquettes and cutlets and also meatless loaves. It is best to cook peas and then rub through sieve, forming a thick puree for these dishes.

PEPPERS—The varieties of sweet green and the ripe peppers are well known in our markets, and are used for flavoring both meat and vegetable dishes. The peppers are also stuffed and baked, and the filling may be either of meat or vegetable character.

When placing peppers to bake always place two tablespoons of cold water in the baking pan for each pepper. This will prevent the pepper bursting while baking.

SWEET POTATOES—Many varieties of the sweet potato and yam are known under this name. The sweet potato is cooked in manner similar to the white potato, and is also baked in syrup made from sugar. This is called candying. Both the sweet and white potato are used in making bread, cakes and pies.

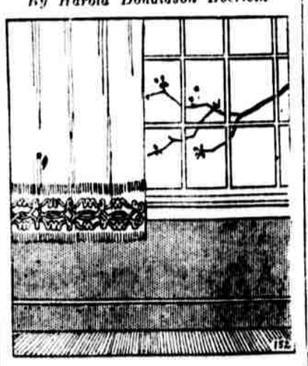
PUMPKIN—This vegetable is esteemed in many parts of the country for its succulent toothsomeness. In New England we have the pumpkin pie, pudding and the pumpkin bread. In the South the pumpkin is used and served in the same manner as squash, while the Creole in New Orleans uses the pumpkin in many different ways.

SALSIFY, oysterplant or vegetable oyster, is the name of a vegetable that has a fine, grassy top and long, tapering root, and was so named because of a similar flavor to the oyster.

The salsify is scraped, cooked in boiling water until tender and is then seasoned and either sliced or mashed and formed into croquettes, dipped in flour and then in beaten egg and milk and rolled in fine breadcrumbs fried in deep fat. Sometimes this vegetable is also served by cooking, mashing, seasoning with pepper and salt and plenty of butter.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



Curtain Trimmings

The day is past when tinsel galloon and fringe to match or a meaningless galloon is the standard for curtains. Tinsel is still used as an accent in trimming and so used provides a much-needed contrast otherwise unobtainable.

So many circumstances must be considered that it is impossible to give a general rule for the use of fringe or galloon. Common sense must be relied upon. Strongly patterned and colored curtains need an elaborate tasseled trimming and possibly a line of open-work galloon. Curtains of satin or taffeta, striped or plain, demand a delicately woven trimming reproducing the color of the material or a color in pleasing contrast.

Chintz, an essentially informal fabric, offers a far freer scope. Ribbons as bindings, ruffles or ruchings are extremely attractive, and there are, too, the quaint old ball or tassel fringes used by our grandmothers. Delightful old binding tapes in gay stripes are finding their way into favor with present-day lovers of chintz.

Trimming makers have facilities today for reproducing even intricate patterns, and where a given color is not carried in stock they will dye galloons and fringes to order. A white silk galloon, for example, can be dyed to match any sample.

Tomorrow—"Care of Furniture"

The Woman's Exchange

Needs Outside Help

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—There is a woman on the street who has two grandchildren that can't do wrong in her eyes. They carry tales home to her about other children on the street, hitting them.

She carries the tales to school. She has teachers annoyed. Now she is trying to have other children put out of school.

Can anything be done to her to make her mind her own business? You could not talk to her, for she has too sharp a tongue. MRS. K.

If you feel that you cannot do anything more yourself about this, go to the Legal Aid Society, in City Hall. Tell them what you have told me, and they will be able to help you.

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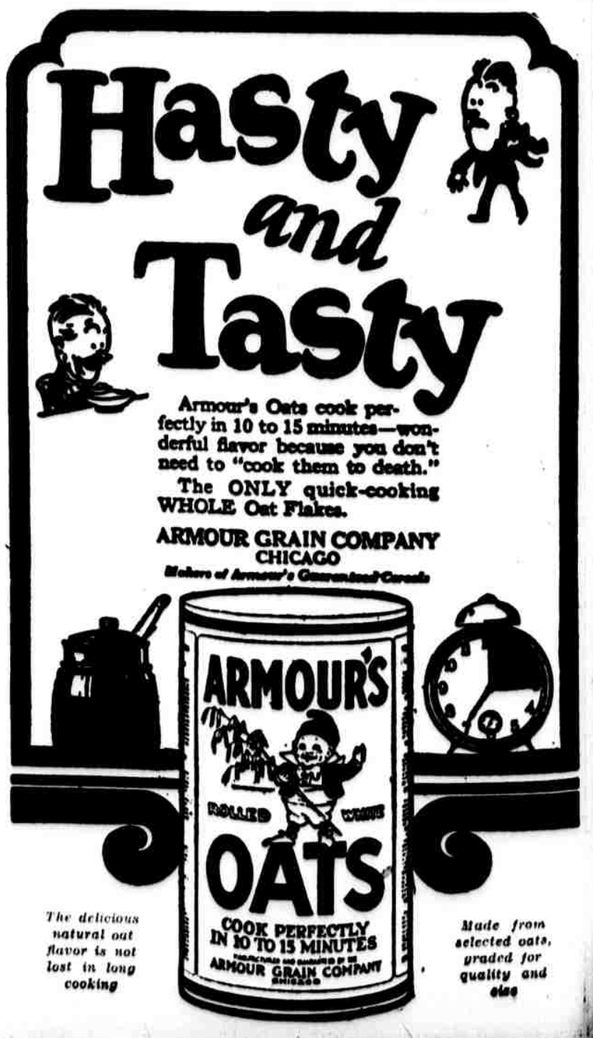

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