

"When a Woman Marries She Prefers a Pretty, Gay Devil Instead of a Granite Soul"

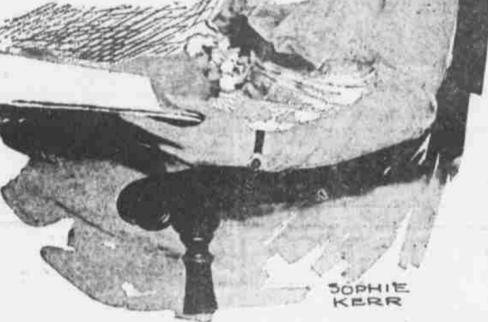
Sophie Kerr's Philosophy.
This Woman Novelist Would Rather Be Married to a Burglar Than to a Man Who Eats Pie With His Knife—To a Pirate Than to One Who Would Never Give Her a Compliment.

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WHEN she gets the chance, woman will always marry a GAY DEVIL, instead of a Granite Soul!

Because love's wireless works that way! And there's the best of chances that she'll live happy ever after, Sophie Kerr and I agreed, when we were discussing that problem so dear to the gossiping piazza philosophers—why a Nice Woman marries a Perfectly Terrible Man, and how she manages to stand him afterward.

In her newest novel, as charming and brilliant as its title, "Painted Meadows," Sophie Kerr analyzes this apparent enigma with feminine insight and humor. For good measure she shows her pretty heroine married a second time (after the tragic death of her good-for-nothing Prince Charming) to a pattern of all the solid virtues—and much less happy than she was before.

"A woman," declared the novelist, when we talked it over in the office of the Woman's Home Companion, of which she is managing editor, "always prefers, as lover and husband, the man who is good looking, charming, loving and lovable to the one who is a Plymouth Rock of propriety and probity."



SOPHIE KERR

"It is from the Gay Devil, the picturesque Prince Charming, that the psychic waves, the emotional wireless we call love, go out most strongly. He has the magnetism, and women fall in love with him for just the same reason that men fall in love with radiantly pretty girls. I suppose the basis of it is biological. Certainly there's nothing moral or just about it—the old saw holds true, 'Kissing goes by favor.'"

"And you don't think the woman who marries the Gay Devil is to be pitied afterward?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it!" laughed pretty, blue-eyed Sophie Kerr.

"A woman," she added more seriously, "finds it difficult to forgive unfaithfulness. But aside from that, she can stand a whole lot of selfishness, indolence, irresponsibility, childish temper, failure in practical affairs, petty untruthfulness, if her husband is gay, amiable, affectionate, charming. Oh, I think almost any woman in her heart would rather be married to this type of man than to some stodgy, respectable, creature who makes a lot of money."

"After all, nine-tenths of life is made up of little moments and little emergencies," I said, "and in these moments charm, sweet temper, laughter, demonstrative affection are what count most. It's only once in a great while that the tragic, rock-ribbed virtues are really needed. So the man without them can succeed in making you happy most of the time—if he has the so-called superficial attractions."

"Which are virtues too," she pointed out, "and the most livable ones. I personally had rather be married to a burglar than to a man who eats

pie with his knife, to a pirate than to one who would never give me a compliment.

"When people say of any woman, 'How can she stand that perfectly terrible husband of hers?' the answer is that, to her, he isn't terrible at all, that he comes home and makes love to her, tells her how young and pretty she looks, explains, with enthusiastic attention to detail, how much he cares for her."

"Then Sophie Kerr said a profoundly wise thing.

"I have always believed there would be no unhappy marriages, or almost none, if every day, the husband would tell the wife that he loved her, if he would say, some time during the twenty-four hours, 'You know, dear, I do love you!'"

"The most selfish man I know is like that. His wife waits on him by inches, but he makes her perfectly happy by telling her how great she is and how much he cares for her. As for women, they always have known the fly-catching power of honey. How many little, incompetent, pink-neglected wives say to their husbands, every morning, 'Dear, I'm so tired; would you mind getting the breakfast and just bringing me up a cup of tea? You're the sweetest old thing!' And the men adore these women!"

"While true," I remarked, "this philosophy must be depressing reading to the Pattern of Solid Virtues!"

"She always gets rather the worst of things, like the good girl who isn't also pretty and charming," admitted Sophie Kerr. "But there's one thing he can do, one thing the average American husband ought to wake up and do, and that's to train a few of the flowers of affectionate expression and demonstration over the solid rock of character. He will be much happier—and so will his wife!"

"It is all right to throw the coffee grounds into the sink. It is said they will not clog the pipes, but, on the contrary, will clean the sink drain.

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten

NOW MY WIFE WANTS ME TO STOP AT HER DRESSMAKER'S AND GET SIX SUMMER DRESSES!

SHE THINKS YOU ARE A TRUCK

I WON'T CARRY SIX BOXES! I AM NO MOVING VAN

SEND YOUR OFFICE BOY FOR THEM

GO TO THIS ADDRESS AND GET THE SIX DRESSES THAT BELONG TO MRS JOHN

HE IS TOO SMALL TO CARRY SO MANY BOXES

LOAD THE BOXES IN A TAXI AND BRING THEM HERE

YES SIR

NEXT, SHE'LL ASK ME TO CARRY THE PIANO TO THE COUNTRY

THERE IS NO LIMIT TO WHAT A WIFE WILL ASK

HERE ARE MRS JOHN'S SIX DRESSES

CAN YOU BEAT IT!

Fables For The Fair.

THE Modern Woman's real enemy is not Delaware, which refuses to give her a vote, Not the sumptuous laws of Coney Island, which keep her out of a one-peece bathing suit, Not even MAN! Her truly insidious foe is June! It's easy—comparatively speaking—to live one's own life all the rest of the year. To preach, and even practice, economic independence, To sit on the platform at women voters' meetings, To uplift, completely surrounded by females, at the Women's City Club, To treat Man as something not so good as a toy Pom, but not so dear as a town car. For at least nine months, annually, the programme is perfectly practical. Then along comes June—And from the Superfluous, Man becomes the Indispensable Sex. And everything that wears skirts wants to drop her job, her club, her uplift, her ideas, her flat-heeled shoes, her mannish tailored suits, her "freedom," And FLOP into a Primordial Past. Every woman yearns to be a Summer Girl. She wants to wear "sport togs" colored like a barber's pole or a Navajo blanket. Alternating with organdie ruffles and plenty of blue ribbon and a wide droopy hat with all the flowers that are, and aren't, on it. And, sometimes, a bathing suit that would turn the fishes into hot-blooded members of the animal kingdom—if they ever were permitted to give it the concever. She longs to sit in a hammock built for two, with the perfume of roses and the song of mosquitoes in the air. And a bored moon looking on, because he can't help himself. She desires to go canoeing, with a sunshade and lots of cushions and a sport shirted boy whose hair curls. And who knows how to get around where the tree shadows are coolest. And how to get OFF when it's dinner-time. But always, and all the time, she wants to fish—Fish, fish, fish for MEN—And for the sheer joy of it—That's what the most modern maid sighs to do, when summer days are long. Oh, a woman may be the newest thing outside of Grand Rapids, Mich. But, until she can suppress roses, moonlight, Lovers' Lanes, the Best-looking Man at the Summer Resort, lingerie frocks, poetry, romance, JUNE—to say nothing of July and August—She will suffer, annually, a Reversion to Type. For the Summer Girl, as Walter Pater so aptly remarked, is "older than the rocks among which she sits." Old as Cleopatra, Circe, Helen, Old as Eve!



Pauline Furlong's Queries On Health and Beauty

Large Calves—Bertha S.—To reduce excessively large lower legs, try the heel and toe raising exercise. Tennis, rope skipping, stationary running and other strenuous leg exercises will help to reduce them. Do not massage them however.

Gas in Stomach—A. B.—You should consult a physician about this, as it is evidently the result of lowered vitality. Do not allow this to continue, as your medical adviser will no doubt put you on some particular diet.

Laxative Fruits—Mrs. W. P.—Figs, dates, apples and prunes are excellent laxatives. Drink plenty of water

Women Now Rule Bad Man's Town



JACKSON, Wyoming, metropolis of Jackson's Hole, famous as a rendezvous for horse thieves and bad men, is now claiming the distinction of being the first town in the United States to elect an entire municipal ticket of five women. At the recent election the women defeated their male opponents by a vote of two to one. Their platform is a sane and business-like administration of public affairs. From left to right—Mrs. Mae Deloney, Councilwoman; Mrs. Rose Crabtree, Councilwoman, her husband was her opponent at the recent election; Mrs. Grace Miller, Mayor; Mrs. Faustina Haight, Councilwoman, and Mrs. Genevieve Van Vleck, Councilwoman.

WHAT \$12 WILL DO

Vacation, Big Eats, Swimming, Sunburn, Canoeing, Marshmallow Roasts, Watermelon Sprees n' Everything.

For Girls Only—Y. W. C. A. Summer Camps at Summit Lake, Great Bear Mountain, Berkshire Hills and Thompson Lake; 150 Other "Y" Camps Scattered From Pacific to Atlantic.

By Fay Stevenson.

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A WEEK'S vacation for \$12! And with it go all the trimmings in the way of sunburn, appetites and peace. Yes, ma'am! That is all Miss Margaret C. Weddell of the Central Y. W. C. A., No. 600 Lexington Avenue, says any girl need spend to have the best summer of her young life.

"And the secret," says Miss Weddell, "is the Y. W. C. A. Summer Camps in a regular mess hall," replied Miss Weddell. "One always accepts good eats as a part of the camp game perhaps because one is so hungry almost anything tastes good! But things are good when there is a special cook to prepare the food and the whole countryside to choose from in the matter of strawberries, cream, newly made butter and green vegetables."



THESE YOUNG WOMEN CAMPERS ARE INDULGING IN WHAT THEY ARE PLEASED TO CALL "A BACON-BAT."

"Would you guess that a girl could spend a week in a wooded place, swimming when she liked, canoeing, bacon-batting, hiking across country and lying around in cool, still places when she wanted to be quiet—to the tune of twelve dollars? I wouldn't, only I have been to several of the camps myself and I know it is all true."

"Probably another very important feature of those camps is that a girl does not have to have an expensive summer wardrobe," I said.

"That is one of the best features of camp life," was Miss Weddell's enthusiastic reply. "Many of the girls who go to this camp wear bloomers every day and all day. To the little lassie who has been tripping along in a light skirt all year, words can describe the joy of swinging along in a loose middle and bloomers. On Sundays, perhaps, and guest days skirts are donned, but for the rest of the time—never!"

"All of the camps," continued Miss Weddell, "have what we call 'play leaders' or athletic directors, and, planning with them, a counselor for every group of ten or twenty girls. Among them baseball and basketball matches are arranged, cross-country hikes, bird-hunting trips (with field glasses in lieu of guns), water sports and contests planned, early morning bacon-bats, moonlight marshmallow roasts and watermelon suppers."

"For the girl who wants to be lazy and quiet there are such places as 'crows nests' built high in the tree branches, where reading or dreaming is the most natural sport to indulge, or there's the sunny beach, where a blanket spread on the sand makes the laziest sort of a 'chaise longue.'"

"Then, of course, there is the joy of simple life which one gets from sleeping in tents, with a wooden box for a dressing table and an eight-inch mirror for five or six girls. And there is always a chance to pull your cut into the open and sleep under the stars."

"And how about the food?" I asked. "Of course the tired little city girl does not wish to prepare her own meals. She may enjoy bacon-bats or toasting marshmallows, but she doesn't want to cook all of her meals."

"The food is all prepared for the girls in a regular mess hall," replied Miss Weddell. "One always accepts good eats as a part of the camp game perhaps because one is so hungry almost anything tastes good! But things are good when there is a special cook to prepare the food and the whole countryside to choose from in the matter of strawberries, cream, newly made butter and green vegetables."

"Then I asked Miss Weddell where some of these camps are located and she named Camp Summit, Lake, between West Point and Central Valley; Camp Quannacott, Great Bear Mountains; Shadow Brook Camp in the Berkshire Hills and Camp Maquis on Thompson Lake.

"There are 153 Y. W. C. A. camps in all parts of the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic," concluded Miss Weddell, "accommodating over 50,000 girls during the season. Personally I know of no better way for young girls to build up good health and have a ripping good time. It's the healthy, fresh-skinned, athletic girl with the 'rough that won't come off' on her cheeks, because it's 'painted from the inside,' who holds her job all the year around and makes a successful business woman."

So go to it, girls! The fainting heroine and delicate lily made a bid of existence. If you have a week or two weeks and are undecided where to go, send in your name and address to Miss Caroline A. Lee, Central Branch Y. W. C. A., No. 600 Lexington Avenue and obtain full particulars of the various camps. And don't forget your bloomers!

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. M'Cordeil

"PHIST!" said Mr. Jarr, looking into the front room. "You've got company. I think I'll run out and get a little fresh air for a few minutes."

"You won't do anything of the kind!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "And don't you see Mrs. Kittingly?"

Mr. Jarr saw Mrs. Kittingly. Her eyes were red with weeping. "Yes, I spoke to her," answered Mr. Jarr. "He hadn't, but then it doesn't do to be too genial and sudden with pretty grass widows—when your wife's around."

"Oh, I'm only going to stay a moment," exclaimed Mrs. Kittingly. "But Mrs. Jarr has been so good to me during my trouble—such a comfort!"

Mrs. Jarr gave her husband a significant look, which meant, "You sit down right here where I can have an eye on you."

Mr. Jarr sat down. But, Oh, for a good excuse to escape! "Go on, dear," said Mrs. Jarr turning to Mrs. Kittingly. "Mrs. Kittingly had come down to the Jarr flat in light marching order. She had on a house gown of clinging softness, but she drew a powder puff from her sleeve, remarking sadly that she didn't mind Mr. Jarr, he being the husband of her best friend and the only confidant she had in the world, and, as she endeavored to compose herself, she powdered her pretty little nose. "That 'Jarr'-friend-of-your-wife' attitude that pretty grass widows take is a most exasperating one to men of Mr. Jarr's butterfly temperament."

The Housewife's Scrapbook

A cake for the national tea or supper can be made by dividing the batter into thirds. Use red and blue coloring matter for two of the divided mixtures and leave the third one white. It requires so little coloring matter that the taste of the cake will not be injured. Of course each portion must be baked separately, and they can be put together with any desired filling.

Bread crumbs should be used for covering any food to be fried. Cracker crumbs are preferable for scalloped dishes.

When you have a nice piece of yellow lace to wash dip it in milk before ironing. Always put tissue paper over lace when ironing to secure perfect results. A warm iron should never come in direct contact with the lace.

Do not hang feather pillows in the sun. This draws the oil and is apt

to create a rancid odor. Hang them in a cool, shady place on a windy day and they will become fresh and fluffy.

To keep the air dry and pure in the pantry and cellar, set small boxes in each and keep it filled with quicklime.

If the dillseed is dingy wash it with clear water in which a little borax has been dissolved. Wipe it with a flannel cloth dipped in milk and wring as dry as possible.

Cleanse your string of pearls by washing them in lukewarm water with white Castile soap, then dry them by shaking them in a box filled with jeweller's sawdust. If you have pearls wet they may be injured.

It is all right to throw the coffee grounds into the sink. It is said they will not clog the pipes, but, on the contrary, will clean the sink drain.