

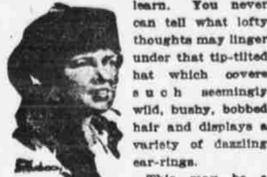
Is the "Office Flapper" Outgrowing Her "Mental Frivolity"?

Investigation Shows She's Beginning to Spend Part of Her Lunch Hour in Church and That Bobbed Hair May Cover a Head Full of Lofty Thoughts

By Fay Stevenson.

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) by Press Publishing Company.

THOSE who imagine the flapper thinks of nothing but new sport rigs, powdering her nose and getting parties have something to learn.



You never can tell what lofty thoughts may linger under that tip-tilted hat which covers a such seemingly wild, bushy, bobbed hair and displays a variety of dazzling ear-rings.

This may be a shock to scandal-mongers, but nevertheless a walk down Broadway during the noon hour past St. Paul's or Trinity Church or up Broadway past Grace Church will prove our point.

For, lo, and behold, this much-talked-about modern young woman, young, pretty, stylish, full of youth and fun, disappears within the portals of these churches and is lost in thought and devotion.

A few days ago it was brought to The Evening World's attention that many young women from the business sections of this city made it their business to attend these noon services, rather than spend a full hour for luncheon or aimlessly walking about the streets, seek out a quiet pew in the large churches which so cordially welcome them at noon.

With a keen eye and willing pen to defend the young woman of the day, I started out just at twelve by Mayor Ryan's own clock upon City Hall and joined the throng which usually winds its way to a cafeteria or a Chinese luncheon.

St. Paul's Church, at Broadway and Ann Street, stood with its doors wide open while the cool, quieting influence of its darkened portals invited the passing throng to come in.

A placard announcing mid-day services from twelve-fifteen to twelve-thirty tells the business man or woman that they will have ample opportunity to attend service and go to luncheon too.

It is true that as I turned into the church, I left a tremendous throng of young women still marching toward an immediate luncheon, but the moment I entered the church a new sight met my eyes. It was well filled and, although there were a number of bald-headed men, women over fifty and a few sturdy, clean-cut young men, I was surprised to note the number of pretty young women; yes, many belonging to this very "flapper set" with bobbed hair, checkered gingham dresses, fancy sports stockings and their hats coquettishly pointed toward the left ear.

So it was true! The flappers were seeking solace in worth-while things and did not spend their whole lives in a hour devouring chicken-chowmein, ice cream pie, purchasing talcum powder or pressing their noses against windows displaying sleeveless gowns or the latest, sheershest hosiery.

I noted that many of the flappers came in pairs, but occasionally one strayed into her pew alone. One

young woman dressed in a flaming red gingham dress made with the new all-sleeves and wearing a white silk hat with a single red, red rose particularly held my attention. She sat very quiet, meditating with the seriousness and earnestness of a Greek professor, sang a hymn with all the spirit of a choir-master and then concentrated every thought while the preacher delivered his short address.

Did the service mean as much to her as to the little bald-headed man with his horn-rimmed glasses who sat in front of her?

But it was at Trinity Church that I found the largest number of young business women attending services.

Dressed in their fancy, many-colored knitted sweaters (the very ones you see them knitting in the subway going back and forth from business), these young women added a touch of color and brightness to the sombre setting with its serious-eyed bankers, financiers and busy men who step into this place of worship daily for a few minutes of quietness and meditation.

Most of the girls were in their early twenties and several were but seventeen and eighteen. It was a bright sunny day, but they preferred to come into this place of worship to pray, to meditate and to glean some message from the preacher.

"It is one of the most wholesome sights we witness," Dr. J. B. Meyers, who is conducting the summer services, told me after service, as he stood at the entrance of old Trinity and pointed to the throng of passing girls.

"So much has been said about the modern girl that I am only too glad to speak of the many young women who come to us for fifteen minutes' service daily. Many times we notice that the girl who comes alone a first brings a friend the next time."

Then Mr. Meyers pointed to the young girls who were sitting in the church yard eating their lunches as he added, "Even if they don't come in, but just sit out here and eat their lunches we are pleased. However, many of the girls come in daily, seldom falling out. They are stenographers, secretaries, bookkeepers, salesgirls, clerks and young women from all walks of life. You can see they are all girls who care for dress and may well be termed 'flappers,' but I believe they are the most serious worshippers we have."

The same conditions were found at Grace Church. Instead of bankers and financiers, of course, one found the tired woman shopper who paused for a few consecrated moments, but the number of young girls was quite as high as in the financial section.

Salesgirls, shopworkers, factory girls and many typists came in small groups and frequently by themselves. Every one of these girls smacked of business life. Their eyes possessed a keen understanding of worldly matters, while their clothes still bore the traces of the shops and could be classed as "the very latest."

But call them flappers, baby vamps or what you will, they tripped to their pews with an earnestness and sincerity which bespoke thought and the desire for better things.

So you never can tell what lofty thoughts are hidden among the bobbed locks and tip-tilted hats.

Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) by Press Pub. Co.

By Maurice Ketten



Sally's Summer

Does a Girl Ever Marry Her Summer Beau?

By Caroline Crawford

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) by Press Publishing Company.

THE WEDDING DAY. SALLY was not superstitious, but when the sun streamed into her room on the morning of her wedding day it made her feel that she was marrying the right man. This had been a delightful summer for her, in fact it had been her summer, and now as she thought about the different man she met she believed that, after all, some of the happiest marriages are made during vacation time.

When she closed her desk and snatched the padlock on her typewriter just before starting off on her vacation she felt intuitively that her "dead days" were over. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I should meet my future husband during this summer season and never have to return to this dingy old office," she thought as her train carried her to the little boarding house up at Round Lake.

Now her vacation was over and this was her wedding day! Three men stood out distinctly during her stay in the country and of these three she had chosen Billy Croton. There were times when she was quite uncertain which man she ought to marry, and then suddenly things be-

gan to work themselves out. Richard Bonington confessed he was a married man and was eliminated from her list at once.

J. C. Billings began to bore her and she often wondered if his wealth would repay her for the many hours of unhappiness she knew she would spend in his company. Billy Croton interested her more than any of the others, but she knew him to be the least eligible.

Then came the great day which decided her fate. She was riding in an old-fashioned carriage with Croton when a rotten tree limb suddenly hit him upon the head and so injured him that he was unconscious. While bathing his head from a nearby brook Sally lost the engagement ring which Billings had given her.

At first the loss of this ring looked like the most tragic event of her life, but she was the loss of this ring and her tender care of Croton, which awoke a sincere and devoted love in her heart for Croton. Later the ring was found by some Girl Scouts, Croton's salary raised to \$5,000 a year and Billings loaned them his bungalow for the wedding ceremony.

And now the great day had arrived. A gray traveling suit with a chic felt hat to match lay upon the bed waiting for her to don them. Within a few hours she would be Mrs. William Croton, and "Sally" only her most intimate friends. Billings was going to loan them his roadster and they were to take an extended motor trip for their honeymoon. But in a few weeks she would be back in New York established in some little apartment with brand new furniture.

Had she chosen the right path? Would she have been happier with the fat, pugy Billings and a town home with her own motor car? A little rap at the door interrupted her and seemed to answer these questions. At her staccato "Come in" Billy entered dressed in his wedding clothes. He wore a light gray suit which matched her travelling gown, and as he walked across the room and came up to her, she thought she saw something almost different about him. He began to look like a "married man," even before the ceremony.

Croton had just come from his barber's, and as he bent over her and laid his smooth, boyish cheek next to hers Sally no longer wondered whether she would have been happier with the fat, pugy Billings.

"We ought to be the happiest couple in the world, Sally, girl," Croton said as they stood together looking out across the lake at the little bungalow where they were to become man and wife.

"I am quite certain we are!" "But do you realize that we came very close to marrying the wrong people?" Croton continued. "Here was I engaged to a girl I had known all my life. And here were you engaged to Billings, the wealthiest man at Round Lake. You thought you had to marry him because of his money. I thought I had to marry the girl to whom I had been engaged ever since I was sixteen. Then fate played a trick—my supposed fiancée eloped and you lost your fiancé's engagement ring. Losing that ring seemed to break the bond, both you and Billings woke up to the difference in your ages and then we found each other."

"It was fate," laughed Sally. "It was Cupid," said Croton, "and Cupid is just another word for love."

THE END.

Fables for Fair

MORAL: Venus was the First Bathing Beauty—There is No Second.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

SOMETIMES I wonder if the seashore censors who order the cops to arrest every female

Showing one square inch of skin from her great toe up, Or from her collar-bone down— If the old ladies of either sex, whose idea of a strictly proper bathing suit

is as blue as the Atlantic Ocean—bluer— I wonder, I say, if these purty fanciers ever visit a bathing beach

And themselves take a look at the terrible "temptations" littered over the landscape. Beauty, we know, is a snare

That entangleth the feet of the young men, And our super-moralists of the strand have always acted on the assumption

That high-water-line hosiery and yards of serge Keep beauty under cover And serve as life preservers to morality.

THE GIRL WHO KNEES show as many knobs as grandma's old-fashioned bureau; The blithesome being who doesn't even wear bathing shoes, And who is no Tribby— (Personally, I believe there never was but one Tribby—

The one between the pages of Du Maurier); The girl whose bathing-suit has a ball-dress back, And whose back is pink and peeling, The bare-headed girl, whose hair has faded;

The girl who wears a diving cap, Than which, for general unbecom-

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

Ingness, nothing is than-wichler: The girl who lets her hair get wet And imagines she looks like the Lorelei, with the wet, matted strands streaming over a Turkish towel— (Nobody but the Lorelei ever succeeded in charming a man just by sitting on a rock and combing wet hair!)

The girl whose arms freckle, whose nose freckles, whose shoulders are covered with pale yellow blotches; The blonde whose mahogany tan is the worst possible environment for yellow hair and blue eyes; The girl who stands in two inches of water And jumps up and down almost as gracefully As a stiff-legged, four-weeks-old calf;

And finally, at every hand, the girl who has the utterly ordinary, never-want-to-look-at-it-twice figure Of ninety-and-nine of the daughters of Eve— Yet who hypnotizes herself into believing

That a short-skirted, stockingless, form-fitting bathing costume Transforms her into Lady Godiva. And every man on the beach into a peeping Tom.

She's quite wrong— And so are the vigilantes of virtue, who think that the bathing suit of the hour

Is a Menace to Morality. It's comfortable, Sensible for swimming, Economical of cloth— But it's about as beautiful, about as becoming, about as alluring As the men's suits which it so closely resembles, And which—plus their disclosures— have made women giggle These many summers.

Now men have their chance to grin and to get sarcastic. Believe me, they're taking it! But temptation, stalking abroad in the guise of the 1922 mermaid? Guess again, Censor!

Look Your Best

By Doris Doscher

DEAR Miss Doscher: I am a constant reader of your column and would like to know how to get rid of blackheads on my nose.

MARY. Scrupulous cleanliness is requisite; then be sure to remove all traces of powder and dust from the nose before retiring at night. It is better to soften the blackheads by hot applications rather than squeeze them out, as this would leave en-

larged pores. An astringent may then be used to contract the pores so that you will have no repetition of the blackheads.

Dear Miss Doscher: Kindly tell me what to do for a very long nose to make it shorter? It is perfectly straight but quite long. READER.

Outside of a surgical operation there is nothing that will shorten the nose. But if it is too pointed it can be rounded out by massage beginning from the tip upward.

Dear Miss Doscher: Do you believe that having a permanent curl put in bobbed hair will injure the hair? LAURA.

A permanent wave has a tendency to dry the hair. If you do decide to have it done you must be sure to overcome this by occasionally feeding the scalp some artificial oil such as vasoline or olive oil.

Dear Miss Doscher: Why should you want to make your face thin, when a round, full face is so much more becoming to the majority of people? Unless you are overweight in the whole body, I certainly would not advise you to try changing your face.

Outside of a surgical operation there is nothing that will shorten the nose. But if it is too pointed it can be rounded out by massage beginning from the tip upward.

Dear Miss Doscher: Do you believe that having a permanent curl put in bobbed hair will injure the hair? LAURA.

A permanent wave has a tendency to dry the hair. If you do decide to have it done you must be sure to overcome this by occasionally feeding the scalp some artificial oil such as vasoline or olive oil.

THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) by Press Publishing Company.

MISS IRENE CACKLEBERRY had drawn Doctor Gilbert Gumm, society's leading young dentist, to the front room window the night of the party that Mrs. Jarr was giving her and her sister. It was a hot night for a party and it was a hot party, for Mr. Jarr and several of his accomplices had spiked Mrs. Jarr's grape juice temperance punch with everything they had had on their hips.

Miss Irene Cackleberry was feeling the effects of the punch, but deemed it the warmth of the evening. "Let's get a breath of fresh air," she said to Doctor Gilbert Gumm. "Look!" she added. "There's somebody sitting down there in Jack Silver's racing car. I wonder if it is Sukkotashi, his Japanese valet?"

Doctor Gilbert Gumm followed the indicative gaze of the maiden; for dainty Irene Cackleberry knew it was rude to point.

Anyway, she had both hands clinched until her pretty pink nails were punching her pretty pink palms to the point of perforation. The reason being that she had jealously noted Gladys, her younger sister, was holding Jack Silver, the dashing, wealthy bachelor friend of the Jarrs, by both coat lapels.

Had she known it, her sister Gladys was holding tight to Mr. Silver's lapels in an effort to restrain herself from going over and scratching Irene for having captured Doctor Gilbert Gumm. It would have been just the same had Irene been with Jack Silver and Gladys with the other bachelor.

"Is that Jack Silver's Japanese valet down there in Silver's car?" asked Doctor Gilbert Gumm, beckoning to Mr. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr looked down. "Sure!" he replied. "That's Sukkotashi. Faithful fellow, and in his own land one of the Sumari." Mr. Jarr pronounced the word "summer eye."

"What kind of an eye is that?" asked Doctor Gilbert Gumm.

"You know, not an eye, but one of the noble Japanese clans that run around sticking swords in their enemies' stomachs and then in their own when their honorable silkworms are off their feed," Mr. Jarr explained.

Doctor Gilbert Gumm scoffed. "I'd like to get some of those 'summer eye' in my chair. I do a little sticking myself," he said.

Miss Irene Cackleberry regarded the young dentist with an admiring eye. "Burr!" she said, "I think Japanese kimonos are just too sweet for anything!" she gushed. "I saw one the other day of black silk embroidered with wild roses in pink and white. Oh, I wish some one would buy it for me, and surprise me with it. It was only eighty-nine dollars reduced from one hundred twenty-five."

Doctor Gilbert Gumm tactfully ignored the hint. "I had a Japanese client the other day," he remarked. "And the minute I made an examination I said 'Haven't you ear trouble?'"

But Miss Cackleberry was not interested in the dentist's diagnosis of the ear trouble of his patient.

"Wouldn't it be great fun to take a ride in Mr. Silver's big car?" she said. "We could tell Sukkotashi we were told to use it."

"Come on," said Doctor Gumm. "I'm game!" And they stole out to steal the car, while the revels went on.

Feed the Brute

Favorite Recipes By Famous Men

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON.

(1) My favorite dish is Corn Flakes. They should be placed in a saucer or hollow dish, then lifted in both hands and rolled for a moment, then dropped back into the dish.

After that an indefinite quantity of cream should be poured upon them. They should be eaten with a spoon. I don't know how to prepare anything else for the table.

(2) I think the best Kennelbunk-port manner of steaming clams is as follows: A bushel of clams. 4 dozen lobsters. 4 dozen ears of sweet corn. 4 dozen sweet potatoes. 4 dozen eggs.

A cartload of seaweed, a bonfire burning for six hours on rocks, then swept away; the lobsters, clams, etc., placed in the seaweed, and the seaweed on the hot rocks and covered with BBB canvas. Allow to steam until screams of distress issue from within the seaweed; then be careful what you eat!

(Copyright, 1922, Dell Syndicate, Inc.)

The Way of the World

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) by Press Publishing Company.

A WOMAN lay, her face to the wall, And prayed that death might come. Her courage at its lowest ebb—

Alone! Alone! She bore the burden And went down into the Valley of the Shadow To bring to earth a new-born soul. And her tortured heart cried aloud, In her depth of despair, in her degradation, And before her the future spread dark and dreary, With the added burden of the blameless babe That should have entered life with joy and thanksgiving.

Unwelcome, unwanted, there it lay, a bundle of warmth That asked for nothing but a chance. Yet alas! It faced the world handicapped With a stigma of reproach, reproof for its very existence. And she who had borne it could not stand the smile

Of the kindly woman who looked down upon her with compassion. It was all pity, pity, pity. And the soul of her rebelled at the injustice. She who had given all, believing all, Had loved not wisely but too well. Her trust broken, and now

She paid the penalty with usurious interest. Friendless indeed she was, for those she loved Would be put to shame, and she could not bear To face the future—so she prayed for death. This young blossom, in the very heyday of youth and beauty, Not long since the love light was in her eyes, And hope beat high in her heart.

But alas! Now laid low, With the weight of the world on her shoulders, Bearing the scarlet letter of what men call sin, While he—she who had defiled and deserted— He went scot-free.

L'ENVOI. It is the year 2000 A. D. They stand side by side, he and she, Before the Court of Human Justice. They bear the burden equally. For the world has paid the price Of broken lives and hearts and souls And has changed its way.

THE END.

Going Down!

DEAR READER: One of the great fallacies of this world is trying to hang onto the coattails of the rich and by this means seek a reward. The road to success has only one sign board and that reads: "Hard Work." Have you travelled that road? Faithfully, ALFALFA SMITH.

(Copyright, 1922, Dell Syndicate, Inc.)