

## Can the Modern Girl LOVE?



"Too Selfish, Too Self-Centred to Abandon Herself to That Self-Sacrificing Which Is Love at Its Best," Says Gilbert Frankau—but—Does He Really Know the American Girl?



By Fay Stevenson.

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"CAN the modern girl love?"

That is the question Gilbert Frankau, the well-known English novelist and author of "The Seeds of Enchantment," asks in the current issue of the Forum.

And promptly Mr. Frankau proceeds to prove that the modern girl cannot love. Personally I will not admit Mr. Frankau proves a single point. Of course, the modern girl loves. She loves very well, say we, but being modern, girls are always willing to read what others say about them.

For instance, Mr. Frankau, who admits he is nearly forty and a bit of a sentimentalist, starts off like this:

"Can the modern girl love? The query, no doubt, will make the modern young woman laugh. She will say, arrogantly curling those lips to which the rouge-stick, which was once reserved for footlight-ladies has added that touch of art without which we are told nature cannot be perfect. 'Why should I love? Love, after all, is mere sopiness.'

"Your modern girl is very fond of that word 'soppy.' She uses it, in fact, to describe most of these perfectly natural emotions which her mid and late Victorian predecessors were too prudish to discuss.

"For there is nothing prudish about your modern girl. Her frankness overstates the middle-aged and paralyzes the old. She reads the most outspoken lectures. She dances from early morn to drowsy eve in a way which would have turned that extinct animal, the chaparron of the eighteenth-century, the deepest pink of outraged decorum. She has, to sum up, no reticences either of thought, speech or action.

"I do not feel that among those things which the modern girl most supremely wants love in the best sense finds much place. She is rather a creature of sudden and febrile attachments, easily entered into and easily broken, than of that deep, enduring affection which, for all their faults, was the best ideal of her Victorian predecessors.

"You have to watch the modern girl, to see the modern girl at her most self-revealing. Regard her carefully, most be-painted, be-powdered, be-manicured product of our hectic

## Fables for The Fair

Marguerite Moo rs Marshall

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**Conjugal Kickers.**  
MORAL: There Are Too Many Kicks in Marriage—and Not Enough "Kick!"

**A** LADY whose husband is in the movies Wants to dethrone him as the star of her domestic drama. Wants a divorce.

Because he kicks so much!

She says he kicks about the groceries and butcher bills. About her lemon meringue pie and potatoes au gratin and corn souffles. About her ideas on bringing up the baby.

About her financial policy in hanging on to her own bankbook. About the scenery and the temperature when they go limousining together.

About pretty nearly every darned thing indoors and out.

The poor, dear woman is tired of serving as whipping-girl. Every time her husband has a grouch.

You can't blame her! Just the same.

There's no sex in conjugal kickers—Male and female created He them. I know a woman.

Who kicks because her husband has to work late two nights a month. Because he sometimes stays in town for dinner.

Because on Sunday mornings he eats breakfast in his shirt sleeves. Because he won't go to church.

Because he refuses to let their sixteen-year-old son drive the car.

Because he likes boiled onions with his roast beef.

Because he thinks Harold Lloyd is funny.

And Chaliapin a bore.

Because he jokes with the maid—"so undignified."

Because he won't join a bridge club.

Because he busts the Volstead act.

Because he is too devoted to his dinner partner.

Because he isn't devoted enough.

Because he never tells his wife anything funny.

Because he tells her something funny but shocking.

Because he is jealous of her old beau.

Because—he isn't!

You see, the kicking wife and the kicking husband.

Consider that their respective parts come under a great natural law—

"Whatever is WRONG!" I wonder

If there aren't too many kicks per square marriage—

And not enough "kick!"

For a "kick" is what makes a motor engine go.

"Yes, the rent is paid," answered Mrs. Jarr, "but the way that man acts you would think he was doing us a favor by permitting us to live in this apartment. There's something suspicious about the way he acts."

"But what's he calling now for? Have the children been marking up the halls with lead pencils or playing on the stairs?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No, our children are never any cause for complaint," said Mrs. Jarr. "Only to hear you talk, one would think they were hoodlums! Of course, the man was nice about it, but, as I always said, those people who are too sweet to be wholesome always have some mean, selfish object in view, or are trying to cheat you when they come grinding around you, rubbing their hands and saying, 'Nice weather we're having for this time of year, isn't it?'"

"But for goodness sake!" ejaculated Mrs. Jarr, who was not feeling in a particularly good humor, "will you tell me what it was the man wanted?"

"Please don't speak to me like that!" said Mrs. Jarr, ready to cry. "I have all the work and worry of this household to look after and I have to attend to a thousand things you should do and you insult me when I try to explain to you—"

"Yes, but I want to know what the landlord's agent wanted," said Mr. Jarr, wearily.

"He wants to know what you intend to do about the lease of this apartment for another year, beginning the first of next month," replied Mrs. Jarr. "He says he must have a definite reply within the week, as other people are anxious to have the apartment, and that he will have to raise the rent, because of the cost of coal, and the owner certainly cannot paper the dining-room and paint the woodwork, although I took him in and showed him the awful condition they were in."

"If the owner wasn't anxious about having us stay he wouldn't be sending his agent around. He knows I am ready to sign another lease, but I won't pay any more rent. We've been raised and raised!"

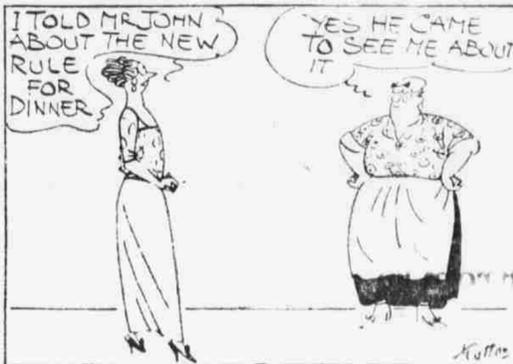
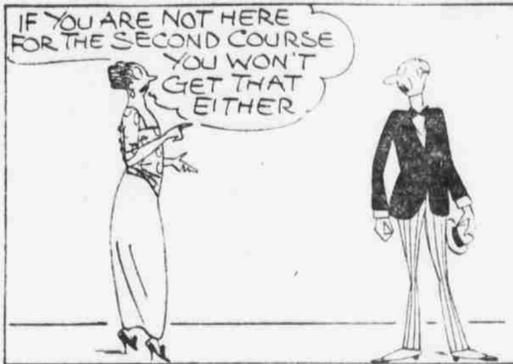
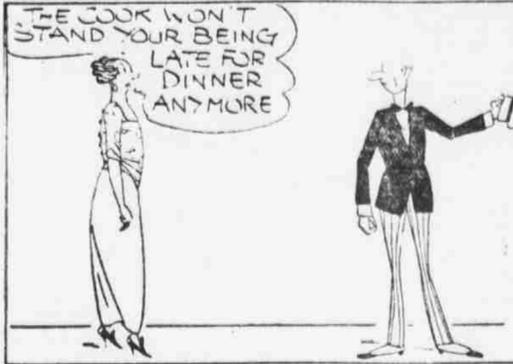
"Yes," whispered Mrs. Jarr, "but what will your wife and family do if the furniture is thrown out on the sidewalk and we are evicted? You won't mind the disgrace because you

## Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

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MRS. JARR greeted her husband with a cold, cold kiss. "The landlord's agent was here again to-day," she said with a sigh.

"What's the matter with that pest again?" replied Mr. Jarr. "The rent is paid, isn't it?"

"Yes, the rent is paid," answered Mrs. Jarr, "but the way that man acts you would think he was doing us a favor by permitting us to live in this apartment. There's something suspicious about the way he acts."

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## Now We Have the "Vanity Doll"



MAKE him (or her), with bits of striped silk or ribbon, sew a mirror into the back, hide a powder puff, lipstick and rouge box in pockets under the garments, and there you are with a little friend who'll keep your beauty secrets!

## Reconciliation

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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LAST night, I the Spirit of Sorrow, stood by a woman's chair. "Neath the lamp of rose glow, And watched the sparkle in her eye And heard the heart beat fast.

She was listening, listening for the step of him She loved and had cast away. Every few minutes she would go to the mirror And it reflected a joy, an anticipation. She fingered the stray tress And adjusted her fichu nervously, excitedly. And soon the sound that she longed for came. He entered—he stood for a moment—and opened his arms.

And she seemed to melt into them. Not a word was spoken; heart beat against heart.

And that moment was one of ecstasy—A moment that only the gods can know—The moment of reconciliation.

And I moved away into thin air. Again at noon I stood on a crowded corner And two men came face to face— Men who had worked together from boyhood, And through misunderstanding the misery of years had been theirs. Each hesitated, but soon the spirit of me Entered into their being and both looked into each other's eyes, and the tears came— Many tears that only big souls can shed. And the weight of woes that had been theirs fell away And the whole argument of their lives came before them. The time they had spent together as true comrades was recalled. And they lived it again in that brief moment of reunion. When the pain of the past was put far behind And only the present pleasure was theirs. There was the exquisite joy of Reconciliation— And I was sorely shaken and fled away. If only humans could know How soon I can be dispelled By summoning the gladness spirit of Reconciliation. Ah me! There would be no room for me.

## Look Your Best

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Doris Doscher's Answers to Readers' Questions.

Dear Miss Doscher: I am nineteen years old, weigh 120 pounds and am 5 feet 4 inches tall. I am quite flat-chested and seem to have all my flesh around my hips, which is just where I don't want it. Can you tell me just how I can develop my bust and decrease my hips? Do you think this is my proper weight?

L. A.

You are about the correct weight. You will be able to do wonders in developing your figure into better proportions if you take up some gymnasium work for this purpose. Deep breathing exercises are excellent. Leg exercises will decrease your hips.

Dear Miss Doscher: I am seventeen years of age, five feet four and one-half inches

tall and weigh 102 pounds. Would you kindly tell me through your helpful column if this is my correct weight and height? I have very small bones.

A CONSTANT READER.

A small boned person cannot stand so much flesh as a large boned person. You are at least twenty pounds underweight. I will be glad to send you some suggestions on gaining weight if you will send me a self-addressed envelope.

Miss Doscher will conduct the second of her physical culture exercise classes at the Washington Irving High School Gymnasium at 2:30 P. M. to-day. A chart of the exercise demonstrated will be printed on this page Monday.

## Barbara's Beaux

By Caroline Crawford

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**SYNOPSIS.**  
Barbara Bennington, an orphan twenty years old, leaves her home up-State and goes to Greenwich Village to be an artist. She is forced to work in a lamp shade factory, but finally sells several pictures and secures a position as a staff artist on a magazine. She has her own studio and all her dreams come true. Then several men come into her life—Dan Dever, who also wants to be an artist, Bruce Wilmington, an art editor, and, at last—but that is telling things. Begin the story to-day.

**A RAINBOW AND A POT OF GOLD**

STRANGE to say, Barbara did not feel at all depressed when she awoke the next morning and realized that she had received a two-weeks' dismissal from her present position. Then Marion suddenly burst into the room with a breakfast tray and a large legal envelope.

"For me?" asked Barbara, and then, giving a little gasp of surprise when she saw the letter mark of her home town, burst open the envelope and fairly screamed for joy.

"Oh, tell me at once," demanded Marion, peering over her shoulder. "I've been left ten thousand dollars. Me! Ten thousand!" cried Barbara at the top of her voice. "I can't believe it and yet read this for yourself."

A typewritten sheet informed Marion that a Miss Barbara Bennington was the sole heir of ten thousand dollars left by a widower uncle. The lawyer suggested that she come back to her home town for the week-end and sign up some necessary papers.

"Ten thousand," cried Barbara again, "and I'm ashamed to say I hardly shed a tear when I heard of his death a few months ago. You see, he is only an uncle by marriage."

"And you are his only heir and did not know it?"

"My dear, I never thought about him. My aunt died several years ago, he sold their home and went to live in a boarding house, but of course I didn't worry about the little property he seemed to have. I suppose that ten thousand is just about what he received for his home. Come to think of it, he always seemed to think a good deal about me when I was a kiddie, and I think he was all alone in the world. Ten thousand, why, Marion, I'm rich, for me."

"What on earth will you do with it?"

"Go to Europe, buy a Pierce-Arrow, a bungalow on Long Island, I'm liable to do anything."

"Well, why not go to Europe?" enthusiastically pointed out Marion. "It's the thing every artist of means does."

"New York is good enough for me," smiled Barbara. "I think I'll just put that little ten thousand in the bank, work away in my studio and see how things turn out in another year."

"Yankee thrift," escaped from Marion's lips. "If I had ten thousand dollars I'd buy a steamer trunk, a rug, a big coat and away I'd go sailing over the deep blue sea. It's the darnest fact, but every tight-wad in town gets a large lump of money and all the good sports never all the good fortune to have an old uncle who leaves them even a 10-cent piece."

"Yankee thrift or not," exclaimed Barbara. "I've got some sense, and now that I have a chance to sit back in my studio and paint I'm going to do it. That blessed ten thousand came the very day I most needed it. It's the rainbow of my life! I expected to have to hunt a job all next week. Now I can go directly to Bruce Wilmington, tell him I do not need his two weeks' dismissal and walk out to-day."

"And then what will you do?"

"Take a taxi over to Dan's hospital."

"Oh, I had forgotten Dan. A lover and ten thousand dollars, what bliss!" laughed Marion.

Monday—Breaking the Good News.

## Helps for Mother

TEACH your children to care for their clothing.

Impress this upon their minds as a thrift item—that it not only saves time and labor but money. Have convenient hooks and hangers and let each child have his or her own place for keeping garments. Hangers should be individual property. Do not allow clothing to be left on floor over night or when soiled. Teach children to fold clothing when taken off.

A two-year-old will eagerly give this attention to clothing, and if encouraged this care and neatness will become an established habit.

## Intimate Interviews

By James True.

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Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney—Sculptor of Her Time.

REAT health and social position were handicaps to Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney in attaining her eminent position as a sculptor, but she says that wealth was also an aid, for it enabled her to employ the best instructors. Long ago her work won the praise of critics in London and Paris, and since the war

Americans have expressed their appreciation by awarding her the commission of five important memorials.

Her workshop, where she spends from seven to nine hours almost every day, is the second floor of a remodeled stable behind her studio in West Eighth Street. Her figure is slight, though taller than the average; her manner has the charm that culture gives, and in appearance she is remarkably youthful.

"Throughout my girlhood," she said the other day, "I tried to express my ideas in sketching and painting, but it was not until I had been married two years that I discovered sculpture to be the most congenial medium of expression for me. My husband still says that I am a better painter than sculptor, but I won't believe him.

"Always I've been convinced that an artist, no matter the form of his art, should express only the feeling, the movement of life, the spiritual consciousness and ideals of his time. That is what I've tried so hard to do.

"Some have been surprised to find in my work a rugged, massive quality, because it was done by a woman. But it is wrong to judge a work of art from a standpoint of sex. What difference does it make whether it was created by a man or a woman if it conforms to the principles of technique and expresses a fine artistic ideal? We can only develop our art by judging it impersonally.

"The war memorials are my best work, I think. You know I want to

Europe with an ambulance in '14 and I spent a great deal of time in the hospitals. There I found the real significance of England's, and later, our own part in the war. There were the results, the emblems of great sacrifice of the most magnificent ideal of our generation.

"When America entered the war I came home, worked in the canteens, and was in daily contact with the men and women who had braved the dangers. They alone expressed to me the grandeur, the love of liberty, bravery, compassion—all the elements of the only ideal that can furnish anything really beautiful in war. The parades and bands, the flag waving and rallies were to me the illusions."

She turned to a small bronze group, "The Spirit of the Red Cross," a soldier in a position of defense, a wounded man, and just behind them the stalwart figure of a woman, her arm outstretched. For a moment she studied the group, then raised her eyes, smiling. "When the world understands that ideal there will be no more war," she said.

Like a baking dish or pan, about three and one-half inches deep, with a rich pastry. There must be no break in the pastry. Then fill the dish to the brim with peaches—ripe, luscious ones, that have been pared and broken—not cut—in half. Sugar generously and leave in about six or eight of the peach pits—only peach pits may impart.

Cover the peaches with an un-

broken crust of pastry; seal it tightly along the sides, so that none of the juices or aromas may escape. Bake in a slow oven until nearly brown—then sprinkle the top with powdered sugar, that will give a certain professional lustre to the dish. After that finish the browning process.

A cobbler containing a quart of peaches should bake for about one hour.

Editor's Note: Senator Smoot is not alone in his partiality to days peaches. Back in the olden days before Volstead, famous cobblers were produced just as above with the addition of brandy, say a cup to a quart of peaches—but that, of course, was a long time ago.

Cover the peaches with an un-