"The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Because she is disappointed in one man Nancy Hathaway decides never to trust another. On the spur of the moment she accepts a mysterious offer to become governess to a little child in a lonely house on the coast of Massachusetts, but on her arrival she discovers that a mystery hangs over the place, and that little Trix lives in deadly fear of something. Bruce Henderson, Miss Henderson's younger brother, never puts in an appearance, and Nancy feels that this fact is also very strange, inasmuch as he lives there.

CHAPTER X

The Enemy

BUT Miss Henderson's reply to Nancy's question was quite sensible.

"The child has probably fallen and hurt herself. Children are always tumbling around at her age. I don't know what else it can be."

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

But Nancy was not satified, although she was forced to be content. She felt that Miss Henderson knew as much about the bruise on Trix's arm as she knew about the locked door, and that was a great deal.

And so it was that Nancy set about winning Trix's love and confidence. "Her beautiful Miss Nancy," she insisted upon speaking of her governess; she never confided anything in her. Whatever it was that menaced her was locked up tightly in her childish heart, and Nancy could not help admiring the child's bravery in not complaining.

Trix's rare beauty was a never-ending source of pride to Nancy. She loved to brush out the shining mass of hair that sprang away from the brush in rippling waves of softness; she loved caring for the perfect little body and dressing it in the simple things that were so eminently becoming. And she had the satisfaction that Trix was growing lovelier every day. A soft color had crept into her white cheeks. Sometimes when they were far away from the house Trix would laugh and gambol like a small kitten, but always that strange reserve would creep over her when they came within sight of the house and once within she rarely laughed, or if she did it was after she and Nancy had retired to their rooms for the night.

And so the days slowly passed and it seemed as though Nancy were always waiting for something to happen, some definite break in the regular scheme of things. It was like the lull just before the storm, and yet the days slipped by peacefully enough.

Nancy found that she no longer thought of Alvin with that bitterness that she had felt before she came away. Alvin as an individual had slipped into the background of her life, but the pain that he had caused had hardened Nancy's heart. She was no longer a susceptible girl but a woman who distrusted all men and who wanted nothing, not even friendship, from any one of them.

And then something happened just when it was least expected, something that assured Nancy that she had been right in her suspicions, although the very indefiniteness of it added much to the mystery of things.

It was after lunch one day, and Nancy and Trix were on their way to the beach. Trix was so overjoyed at the prospect of getting out that she forgot to be as silent as usual, and her laughing out childishly glad as she and Nancy walked down the stairs, arms around each other's waists. But as usual, when they reach the end of the stairs, Trix cast a frightened look down the corridor that extended into the back of the house; it was as though she had forgotten herself for the time being, and had done something she had instantly repented of.

There was the sound of a door opening, and then quick ringing footsteps could be heard coming along the hall. Nancy could feel Trix's little body stiffen, and her arm tightened protectively around the child as they stood for a moment on the bottom stair waiting for the footsteps to round the corner.

Nancy did not know what to expect, but she knew that Trix was trembling violently and involuntarily her own head went up, and her soft chin squared determinedly. Nancy had a fighting spirit and a temper as violent and quick as they are made. At last she was going to meet the enemy in the open and she was determined to show him that she wasn't afraid of anything he might do.

Tomorrow—"Don't Leave Me!"

At Cupid's Call

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bellairs' ward, Eve Rochester, has obtained a position through Julian Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick owns and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there.

MARY'S ORDEAL

DICK CALARDIN stayed the night at the White Lodge on the occasion of his engagement with Eve Rochester.

The hour was very late — or early.

MAY CHRISTIE

Eve's guardian and that guardian's aunt were all smiles and welcome.

But probably no more thoroughly miserable man had slept under that roof before.

The word "sleep" is inappropriate. Dick scarcely slept at all. All night long the vision of Mary Drew's pale, proud little face rose up before him.

She had congratulated him, too, on his engagement. She had even smiled—a queer, unfathomable little smile that hurt Dick to the very core.

He wanted desperately to have a word alone with her. But Eve saw to it that he could not have that word.

Miss Eve was making hay while the sun shone. She was adopting all the proprietary little airs and graces of the officially-engaged, shortly-to-be-married girl.

Carrington Bellairs had been extraordinarily affable. Dick couldn't understand the reason of that affability.

He thought of Eve as the cherished, much-spoiled ward of the rich man. He could not know that the financier was weary of his ward and her perpetual demands upon his income and his temper.

"When is the wedding going to be?" was one of the first remarks the man had made.

And Dick had written. The full meaning of the step that he had taken came home to him with the question of immediate marriage.

Dick had not answered. But Bellairs' aunt—full of archness—had cut in:

"What I say is that he'll better hurry! A girl with as many admirers as our Eve—why! it isn't safe to make the least delay! Some other suitor may snap her up!"

A hope flashed through the newly engaged young man's head that this might actually occur. It was not quite a bridegroom's thought.

It was with a feeling of extraordinary relief, then, that he heard Eve say:

"Oh, Dick, and I don't intend to rush into an immediate marriage. We've got to get to know each other better first! Marry in haste—you know the proverb!"

Bellairs here shot a sharp glance at his frivolous little ward. He had a shrewd suspicion how the land lay. Neither one nor the other of this supposedly "happy pair" was in the throes of love.

Eve was after the reward that he had promised her. It had been a caddish offer—he admitted that to himself. But he had his own ax to grind.

If Dick Calardin was going to hang about the house—and presumably, in his capacity as Eve's lover, he would "hang"—then it would be expedient to remove Mary Drew to town, out of the orbit of Dick's fascination.

Oh, if Mary would only consent to an immediate marriage, all this plotting would be unnecessary!

Carrington Bellairs told himself that he was getting to the age where he no longer cared to put forth definite efforts to secure a girl.

"Any letters for me? I was half expecting one!" queried Eve, her thoughts on Julian Vandaveer. Julian would be gratified that she had engineered this engagement. Dear, fascinating, fickle, untrustworthy Julian! Dick's diamond—she had quite forgotten it! In carrying out Julian's wishes she had forgotten the very "raison d'etre" of the affair!

"A telegram!" said Mary Drew. She handed Eve the yellow envelope.

Eve opened it in the presence of her new-made fiance. A sparkle came to her eye and a flush to her face as she perused its contents.

"It's from Julian—he couldn't come today—he's coming down tomorrow!"

Bellairs gave a sort of snort.

"The dickens he is! He can just wait till I ask him! I've told you so already, Eve! As for that queer black chap—the soft-footed Cingalese—I'll throw him out if he dare put his black nose inside my door—confound the fellow!"

This statement was not promising to the course of love's young dream. But Eve had sufficient aplomb in her composition not to argue out the question. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I don't care. He's not my friend." This was a fib—but necessary, she told herself. Dick's suspicions mustn't be aroused at this early date—not until her slim fingers, anyhow, had grasped the reward of her endeavor.

"Bring us a bite of supper. I'm just famishing." Her remark was general—but her eyes were fixed on Mary Drew.

"The servants all have gone off to bed," said Mary simply, rising to her feet. "I'll get you tea and sandwiches, if I may?" She flung a questioning glance at Bellairs' aunt, the chatelaine and hostess, as though seeking her permission for this service.

Bellairs' aunt was jealous of Mary. She knew her nephew's infatuation for the girl. Though jealous, therefore, it behooved her to be civil.

"Do go, my dear." She attempted a graciousness that she did not feel.

And Mary, glad of the excuse and respite, left the little company.

She descended to the kitchen regions, filled a kettle, and put it on a gas stove.

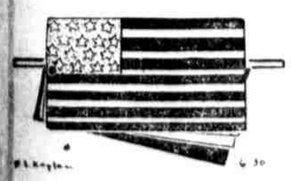
Five minutes later a voice sounded close to her. "Mary!"

She turned round to face Dick Calardin.

Tomorrow—"You Little Minx!"

Things You'll Love to Make

American Flag Blotter Favor



An AMERICAN FLAG BLOTTER FAVOR is a pretty and useful favor for an Independence Day dinner. You will need red, white and blue blotters, as many of each color as there are to be guests. Cut a cardboard one-sixteenth of an inch longer on each side than one of the blotters. Pad slightly with sheet cotton. Cover with a silk flag or flag silk. Place one under side with white paper. This forms the permanent cover for the blotters. Place a red, a white and a blue blotter under the cover. Join together with a paper fastener. When the blotters are no longer useful they may be removed and new ones joined to the cover. By embroidering the guest's name or initials to the cover this AMERICAN FLAG BLOTTER FAVOR will serve nicely as a place card. FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Raindrop" Writes Again

Dear Cynthia—Kindly publish this reply for "Mary" at your earliest convenience.

Dear Mary—You certainly have my sympathy if you feel the way I did when I first wrote to Cynthia. But surely you have read the letters of advice I have received. I am sure the writers of the same extend their kind words to you also.

And about being old-fashioned, well don't you worry about it. Every one has his or her dislikes, and I should advise you to keep on looking for the kind of man you desire. I regret very much that you and I are not friends, "Mary." "RAINDROP."

Objects to Fake Superiority

Dear Cynthia—You have assisted me considerably before, I therefore, call on your able assistance again through the medium of your valuable paper. Would you mind publishing the following in the hope that it might enlighten a host of poor ignoramuses who exist only to sneer and continually knock peoples from other lands, while they go to church with a gilt-edged Bible in their hands and black thoughts in their brain space? America needs leaders who think straight, who can look at the stars while they keep their feet on the ground, and who are capable of moral enthusiasm that lasts longer than over the week-end.

It ill becomes us to sneer at the new Americans. The fact that our ancestors came over in the Mayflower should not give us a feeling of false superiority over the new Americans who have just reached these shores via the steerage.

The latter is undoubtedly more sanitary than the stuffy hold of the Mayflower ever was. And while these newcomers need disinfecting and delousing, the companions of Elder Brewster never heard of either. FRED McK.

Superiority in manner and in thought is very reprehensible. The truly superior people do not know of it themselves and act with the greatest simplicity and kindness.

Says Girls Don't Knock Trick Suits

Dear Cynthia—As long as I've been reading your column I can't remember seeing any girls knocking the fellows who wear these latest cut suits, it's mostly always the fellows themselves who do all the knocking. I can't remember your individual names, but permit me to say a word to you hicks who want to look the perfect image of "Uncle Hiram on a visit to the city for the week-end." The next time you order a suit don't be afraid to ask the tailor (or what you want. Don't be afraid to demand what you wish. There is an excuse for some of you though, for I might add that nifty dressing is a clever art, and everybody does not possess that art. I thank you for the space, Cynthia. What is your opinion of a neat dresser? N. E. A.

Neatness, with an appearance of being well-groomed, is one of the greatest assets a person can have. No one likes to see a carelessly dressed man, whose suit needs pressing, whose collar sags, and whose tie is under one ear, while his hair is all mussed and his hands not cared for.

While many who are careless in these matters are truly fine characters, it takes the world longer to recognize them, because of their very unpleasant and unprepossessing appearance.

Costly clothes make little difference, but neatness and well-cut garments add greatly to every one's appearance, be it man or woman.

Various Questions of Propriety

Dear Cynthia—Would you kindly enlighten me on the following:

When a young lady is in the company of a young man and he nods recognition to a friend is it proper for the young lady to bow her head?

When a young lady is dining with a young lady should one of the young ladies give the two orders or vice versa?

When a young lady is dining with a young man is it permissible for the young lady to ask the young man to order for her?

If a young lady meets a young man and wants him to call on her, would it seem bold for her to ask him to call?

Has the shaking of hands gone out of style on departure as well as meeting? If so, have the smile and cordial words taken it's place?

If a young single girl always dines at the same restaurant and always has the same waitress is it good form for her to leave a weekly tip? X.

No, the young girl does not bow to any one she does not know. At the same time she should not be stiff but have a pleasant expression.

It usually makes it less confusing for the attendant to have one do the ordering, but either way is all right. The young girl should always allow the man to do the ordering at a cafe or hotel, telling him her preferences when he consults her.

It is better to let the young man make the advances as to furthering the friendship. Let the girl say, "I hope we will meet again. I would like to continue our interesting talk." This gives the man an opening to ask if he may call.

No, hand-shaking is still in vogue, but it is not de rigueur.

It depends entirely on the girl herself. If she wants to tip the waitress, certainly let her do so, though there is no obligation to do so.

A TOUCH OF ORGANDY COMMAND OF SUMMER

By CORINNE LOWE

"Say it with organdy"—this seems to be the command of every summer, and this season we are more submissive than usual. The message of the material is delivered frequently through the sleeves, and those introduced in the model of soft blue marocain crepe illustrated here are indicative of a late mood.

The fact of it is that these long, loose organdy sleeves, which are extremely wide at the wrist, and which are set off with fine tucks, are an echo of a smart Jenny coat dress of navy serge possessing the same finish of organdy.

In this present model a blouse of white organdy is allowed to rise above the corsage in the form of a frilled collar and to pouch slightly above a graceful sash of self-material.

Making More Money

Miniature Furniture

"Where does all this wonderful furniture come from?" a customer was heard to ask in the toy department of a big Chicago store adding, "These period designs are so fascinating that I would love to sit right down and play with them myself."

The answer was promptly forthcoming, for the big store is proud of its part in introducing the miniature replicas of period furniture to the aristocracy of dollhood.

Way down in Ole Kentucky—in Louisville, to be exact—Eleanor and Dorothy Tracy wield the magic wand which transforms bits of wood, scraps of chintz, sections of plaster-of-paris and chunks of enamel into dainty toy furnishings of the period type, with a fidelity to detail that is almost uncanny in anything of such tiny proportions.

"It was in 1915 that we secured our first order from the Chicago house," Miss Eleanor Tracy explains. "We wrote them, describing our furniture and asking permission to send a sample set. Their reply was an immediate acceptance of our offer, with the result that it has been almost impossible for us to keep abreast of the demands. Some of the sets have sold for as high as $50, and a single fireplace, with pussy-cat andirons, logs, candlesticks and clock brought $11.

"This success encouraged us to send samples all over the country and the orders came in faster than we could find time to fill them, more than 2300 complete sets having been shipped late year. We use white birch, a wood that is very hard and takes any stain or varnish very well, tracing the patterns on the thin birch and using a foot-power scroll-saw to cut out the pieces.

WHERE THE TRIMMING BELONGS

Photos by Old Masters

Of course it is a striking gown in itself, this black one with its facings of red satin and its train of mingled crepe meteor and tulle, but it is much more striking on account of the sheaf of red flowers placed just at the junction of the train and the waistline. And the other dress, of much the same style, combines real lace with indestructible voile in a lovely shade of yellow, while another contrasting spray of flowers is laid in exactly the same place to give it the necessary snap

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

The Woman Pays—The Taxes, Too!

"Well, really, I don't know what to think about it—I still leave those things to the men. We're so new at it, you know."

This was a statement of an otherwise intelligent woman with regard to a matter of wide civic interest.

And the sentiment is by no means so uncommon in this year of our Lord 1921 as one would certainly expect it to be. That is, it was not—until a short time ago when something happened.

The Governor of New York State told a large non-partisan organization of women voters that they were unnecessary and a menace.

That did a very good thing. It furnished the impetus for women who had thenceforth thought lightly of or neglected their political and civic duties to sit up and take notice.

In that same State the recent publication of the income tax returns brought out the fact that one-fifth of the total returns were filed by women. Realize the proportion of men and women engaged in gainful occupation and think what this means. It seems only yesterday that speaking of industrial equality and possibilities for women some women said: "We're so new at it, you know." And now, with the large proportion of women who are married and not earning money, women pay one-fifth of the income tax for New York State.

This brings home to us that it is not such a long way to the top, once you get started. And it should awaken us all to our civic and political privileges, rights, duties. There is nothing that so directly brings civic consciousness as paying the taxes. And nothing can make more clear our vital and direct interest in these matters which some of us are still content to "leave to the men." If for no other reason, they are women's interests as well as men's because it is women's money as well as men's that is being spent. It is their duty, the eminent Governor's views notwithstanding, because there is need for the honest efforts of every intelligent and capable mind today, and there is no longer any doubt about the qualifications and the value of the women voters.

Yes, the woman pays—the taxes, too!

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

I wasent sipposed to be late for suppir agen this week, and yestiddiay wile I was going home it looked late as enything, me thinking, Gosh, I bet suppir is all over, I bet theyre passing their plates for more by now. I bet theyre tawking about me not being there, I bet pop will give me holey heck.

And I started to start running, thinking, G, I better think up a pritty good of a ixcuse.

Wich I tried to do, ony I couldent think of eny exsept old bum ones like not knowing wat time it was and forgetting all about suppir and having to wait on a corner on account of a funrel going past and going a errand with one of the fellows to do him a favor.

And I got all the way home without thinking of a good one, and I opened the front door easy and looked in and nobody wasent back in the dining room, me thinking, G, is suppir all over, no it aint even started yet. And I yelled as loud as I coud, Herray, herray, herray, and pop called downstars, Wats the big ideer, has skool berst down?

No sir Im erly for suppir, I sed.

Will miracles never cease? sed pop.

Meening he couldent hardly bleeve it, and I ran out in the street agen feeling grate, and 2 fire engines went pas to beet the band and I ran about 6 blocks without finding out ware the fire was, and then I watched 2 men tawking deef and dum to each other with their fingers and shoulders, and then I helped some kid to get his kite down out of a tree by advising him how, and by the time I got home suppir was half over and pop gave me holey heck after all.

First Women

The first woman to serve as County Treasurer in Arkansas is Mrs. Amos Jarman, who has just taken office in Phillips County.

The first woman to gain literary distinction in Ohio was Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, whose parents were among the Marietta pioneers. Mrs. Dumont wrote several volumes of pleasing verse and prose.

California's claim to having the only woman railroad president in America is vigorously disputed by the State of Georgia, which rises to remark that it has the only real and truly woman railroad president in the person of Mrs. Cora B. Williams, who is president of the Georgia, Florida and Alabama Railway, a road of about 200 miles in length.

If Your Hair Has Been BROKEN BY

PERMANENT WAVING

let us wave it by our improved Nestle process. Hair is left in perfect condition and the finest hair is guaranteed to stay in soft waves.

HENNA TINTING. Light, medium or dark brown. All work attended to personally by

C. LUCKER, 118 So. 17th ST.

Adventures With a Purse

I SUPPOSE we can all resign ourselves to the fact that there is no longer any doubt as to the weather. Summer is here to stay and everything that is warm or just even so much as looks warm is put out of sight. Heavy winter blankets come in that category and we all hasten to get them out of the way. Of course, they must be put away clean, but dear me, they are so cumbersome for one to wash oneself in this heat! There is a reliable establishment which turns out the blankets snowy white—$1.50 for double blankets, and seventy-five cents for single ones.

Flowers are a fitting decoration for a summer frock, but they soon wilt and die and frequently stain the front of a perishable gown. And so, I was delighted to find some flowers made of organdy and unless you have seen them you have no idea how perky and fresh looking they are. One bunch was sweet peas, and such pretty colors, pink, yellows, purples and red, but such delicate shades that they blended beautifully. This bunch was priced at $1.50. And then there were other bunches; one flower was salmon-colored with rich green leaves of the organdie. All such fascinating combinations that it would be difficult to find the prettiest.

I'm always interested in cool, dainty blouses and therefore am constantly watching for them. Today I saw one that appealed to me because it was so fresh and cool. It was of sheer, white dotted swiss, made with a frill of the same material down the front. The edge of the collar, frill and turn-back cuff were hemstitched and the blouse would be ideal for office or informal wear. It was priced at $2.95.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or Phone Walnut or Main 3000.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Twinkling Isle

By DADDY

CHAPTER IV

The Monkey Servants

THE tiny fairies, flitting like dragon flies, led Peggy, Billy, Folly Wisher, the goblin, and the African maid and youth, through the groves of Twinkling Isle, to the base of a high cliff. On top of the cliff stood a tree loaded with yellow fruit.

Peggy and Billy gave a shout when they saw the fruit.

"Oranges!" cried Peggy. "Oranges growing on trees!"

"Jiminety!" exclaimed Billy. "I never saw oranges growing any place except on fruit stands." At that Folly Wisher chuckled.

"Would you like a nice, ripe, juicy orange right off a tree?" he asked. "If you would like one, wish for it."

"I do wish for an orange," cried Peggy. "I wish for one for each of us."

Whiz! An orange flew through the air, hitting Peggy and knocking the breath out of her. Folly Wisher laughed; he thought it a good joke on Peggy to get her wish that way.

Whiz! A second orange hit Folly Wisher right in the middle of his chuckle, and it doubled him up as though he had the colic. He had forgotten that Peggy's wish had been unselfish and had been for an orange apiece. That is how Folly Wisher got paid back for his joke.

Whiz! An orange came at Billy, but Billy had played baseball and knew what to do. He caught the orange before it could hit him.

Whiz! Whiz! Oranges flew at Flower of the Forest and Youth of the Lion Heart, but they hit only the youth, because he bravely jumped in front of the maid, protecting her.

Where had the oranges come from? Why, the monkeys had thrown them from the top of the cliff.

Peggy picked up the orange where it had bounded after hitting her and tasted it. Never had she put her lips to such a sweet, juicy orange.

"Yum-um, this is good!" cried Peggy. "I wish we were kings and queens and had a whole lot of servants to bring us all the fruit we could eat."

That wish brought a shower of fruit oranges, bananas, peaches, pomegranates, dates, figs, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, cantaloupes and watermelons. Billy jerked Peggy behind a tree, and Folly Wisher and the African savages crouched behind a rock. If they hadn't sought shelter they would have been buried under that rain of good things thrown down by the monkeys.

But the monkeys had not thrown the fruit in mischief. They were just giving Peggy her wish, and now they swarmed down the cliff and began to place the fruit in rows just as if they were setting a table.

"Why, they are acting like servants," whispered Peggy to Billy, and so they were. When they had the lawn neatly set like a table, they invited the children to come forward to eat. And as they ate, the monkeys waited on them, passing to them dainty fruits they could not reach.

It was a wonderful feast, and Peggy, Billy, Folly Wisher and the African maid and youth ate until they could eat no more. And when they had finished, they saw the fruit still being taken from the table and vanishing as if it was being eaten. Then they knew that the invisible sailors had come to the feast and were eating their fill.

The tiny fairies buzzed around merrily, while Peggy and Billy and the others were feasting, but when the party turned away from the table, the fairies began to beckon them again. They were pointing to the top of the cliff.

"I believe they want us to go up there," said Billy. "I wonder what is at the top?"

"I wish we knew," said Peggy, and her wish was quickly granted, for some unseen force seemed to drag them to the cliff and up a steep path that led to the top. What they found there will be told tomorrow.

Women Abroad

As an evidence of the emancipation of women in Turkey, a recent visitor to Constantinople noted that the women of the upper class are beginning to do their own housekeeping and to help their husbands to entertain.

Among certain Persian tribes, when a woman wishes to display her affection for a friend of her own sex she proposes that the latter shall become her husband's wife on equal terms with herself.

Women of Putumayo, Brazil, whose usual attire is confined to a string of beads, have taken to painting gowns on their bodies in imitation of those worn by white women.

In Cape Colony is a band of nuns who not only do all the work of the convent, from plowing and hoeing to milking, but shoe their horses and repair all the farm machinery.

HOW TO REMOVE SKIN BLEMISHES

There's no better way of quickly removing unsightly skin blemishes and keeping the face, hands, neck or arms clear, soft and youthful than by the use of Black and White Beauty Bleach and Black and White Soap.

Black and White Beauty Bleach removes the embarrassing skin blemishes—lightens and softens the skin. It is a delightful, flesh-tinted cream, exquisitely perfumed which can be applied before retiring or during the day. Can be used before makeup with face powder or rouge.

Black and White Soap is an ideal cleanser. Will aid in removing blemishes and keep the complexion in ideal condition.

All drug and department stores sell Black and White Beauty Bleach, Black and White Soap, Cold, Vanishing, Cleansing and Dental Creams, as also Face and Talcum Powders popularly priced at 50c and 25c the package. Clip and mail this advertisement to Black and White, Box 1507, Memphis, Tenn., for free literature of Beauty Bleach and samples of Face and Talcum Powders.

We Couldn't Possibly Get Along Without Our Hot or Cold Cup of Tea

It Fits Into the Cozy Part of the Day at Any Season, Cures and Soothes and Brings About Friendly Meetings

WHAT in the world would women do without tea?

It is the same to them as a smoke is to a man.

At the coziest moments of the day, seated on the porch in summer, in the living room in winter, with the work of the day put aside for a while, and a congenial friend sitting in the other rocking chair, the first thought is, "Let's have some tea—don't you think it would be nice?"

And so, in summer, the hostess goes off for a few minutes and comes back with tinkling glasses and some little cakes—unless she is fortunate enough to be able to ring a bell and have the tinkling glasses and the cakes brought.

In winter she turns to the table close at hand, lights the lamp under the tea pot and produces toast, or cakes from nowhere.

Even if you don't like tea you enjoy that—it's so cozy.

When any important question is to be decided among a group of women there is only one way to do it.

"We'll have a tea next Thursday afternoon late, when everybody can come, and talk it over," announces the prime mover of the party. "We can have just some tea and some little cakes or something simple and have a nice time while we discuss the question. Can every one be there at that time?"

Of course, every one can—as soon as that magnetic word "tea" is spoken, every one decides to be able to.

IN SOME clubs where parliamentary law is practiced in a somewhat informal way, tea is the only means by which the presidents can be sure of having all the members present—and in good order.

"Tea will be served after the business of the meeting" is equivalent to saying, "Please, everybody come, because it is an important meeting."

A headache, a heartache, an attack of the blues or a fit of nerves—all are curable, or at least consolable, by means of a "cup of tea."

"I feel sort of down tonight. I don't know why," we think some evenings. "I suppose it's the weather. I think I'll make a cup of tea for supper—want some?"

That cup of tea can cure as many ills as the weather can be blamed for.

GIVING a tea is a splendid way to entertain.

"How can I ever pay back all these invitations?" wonders the woman who cannot afford to entertain very much. "Well—I suppose I can give a tea and do it all at once."

So she arranges the food, sends out her cards, makes a new dress, greets her friends and lets time and the proximity of the guests do the rest. They just talk and drink tea and eat until time to leave.

And she has paid off all her social obligations with one party and not very much expense.

"I just love teas," says one busy woman. "I don't have time to go see my friends and when I see them at the market or at church, we're always so busy we have to hurry right off again.

"But at a tea you see everybody you know, and, of course, you have to stay a certain length of time, and you have more chance to talk and really renew your friendship than at any other place I know of."

THE next time you find your husband wanting to smoke at a time that it seems very unnecessary and foolish to you, stop and think a minute before you say what you were going to.

After you have remembered how refreshing and helpful a nice, clear cup of good tea would be at that very moment, maybe you'll have more sympathy with his feelings.

The Woman's Exchange

To 'Rita' and 'Anxiously Waiting'

Overweight may be easily remedied this hot weather by eating cooling foods containing neither starch nor fats. Vegetables and fruits are very wholesome and appetizing. With plenty of exercise, especially given to the parts of the body which you think need developing and applying cocoa butter regularly every night, you will be surprised to see how quickly your muscles will expand.

An Oily Complexion

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you kindly advise me what to use for an oily skin, also for pimples, as I am troubled with these? Also kindly advise a good diet. ANXIOUS.

There is no real remedy for an oily skin, but if you take good care of it, you can keep it clean and fresh. Use a good facial soap every night and then apply a lotion to smooth your face and relieve the tension. Use hot water and rinse with cold, finishing by rubbing a piece of ice over your face. If you keep away from rich, sweet foods, avoid fried, greasy things and drink plenty of water, you should have no trouble with your digestion. It is not necessary to give up sweets entirely, but eat them in moderation, and never eat fried meat. Fruit is good for you and water will keep your complexion nice and clear.

Clothes for Boat Ride

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Do you think a white baronet skirt and a sweater are appropriate garments to wear to a moonlight boat ride? If so, do you think it would be necessary for me to carry a top coat, as it may get cool in the evening? I would much rather not, but my sweater is one of those drop-stitch ones, with short sleeves.

Also I have heard that cocoa butter is good for making the elbows smooth and white. Is this true? Will it make hair grow? P. C.

The costume you suggest for a boat ride is very pretty, but perhaps a washable skirt would be more practicable and just as effective, for one is always apt to get her clothes soiled on a boat. A top coat is not necessary this hot weather.

Cocoa butter is excellent for making the elbows smooth and white. It does not cause hair to grow.

WHAT'S WHAT

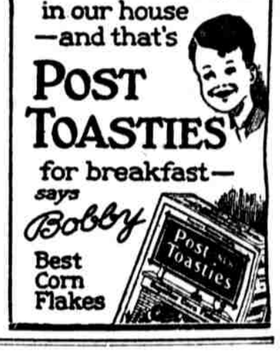
By HELEN DECIE

A Pennsylvania correspondent, writing in reference to the "inclusive bow" discussed in a recent What's What, asks whether or not a bow of this sort forms a precedent for future recognition.

Not at all. When a woman exchanges bows in passing a woman known to her, accompanied by another woman whom she does not recognize, the inclusive bow is merely a formal extension of courtesy to a stranger who is known to her friend. In the same spirit the unknown woman acknowledges the courtesy of the friend of her friend by returning the bow.

This civil formality certainly does not mean the beginning of acquaintance without an introduction. It is on the same principle that when one man of a group takes off his hat in acknowledgment of a woman's bow of recognition all the men with him remove their hats in comrade courtesy.

We've got the best kind of Home Rule in our house —and that's POST TOASTIES for breakfast— says Bobby



Best Corn Flakes

A New Way to Make Raspberry Jam and Jelly

Takes Only One Minute's Boiling and Saves All the Color and Flavor

Makes One-half More From Same Amount of Fruit, and Never Fails

For a spread on hot biscuits or toast raspberry jam has few equals. Its sweet, delicious flavor makes children of us all.

A new and very revolutionary method has now been discovered by which any one can make a far better quality quickly and very economically. With the Certo Process full-ripe raspberries are used, and only one minute's boiling is required — not the 30 or more minutes so necessary by the old method. The result is a far superior fruity flavor and one-half more product from the same amount of fruit, because no juice is boiled away. Best of all the taste of fresh raspberry—the kind you picked in childhood in the old berry patch down by the woods—is now actually preserved for the dead of winter. The Certo Process banishes all guesswork or worry, as perfect results are certain.

The new Certo Process for making Raspberry Jam is very simple: Measure 4 cups (2 lbs.) of slightly crushed raspberries into large preserving kettle. Mix well with 6 heaping cups (3 lbs.) of sugar. Heat mixture, stirring constantly, bring to a boil and boil hard for one minute. Remove from fire, stir in one-half bottle of Certo, let stand a minute and skim. With occasional stirring let stand for 5 minutes longer to cool slightly and pour into glasses. Makes 3¼ pints or ten half-pound glasses. For Certo raspberry Jelly, see Certo recipe book.

Certo is pure—contains no gelatine or preservative. It positively saves time, fruit, flavor of ripe fruit and guesswork. It makes all kinds of jams and jellies with fresh or canned fruit—some you have never made before. It is highly indorsed by all cooking experts who have used it. Every woman who tries it recommends it to her friends and says she'll never be without it. Ask some of your neighbors about it. Then get a bottle of Certo from your grocer or druggist at once.

See demonstration at Gimbel Brothers' Pure Food Grocery Store, Chestnut St. Annex.

Start the new, the sure, quick, economical way of making jams and jellies. You'll never return to the old "hit-or-miss" method.

Important—If your grocer does not have Certo, please telephone Miss Jacobs, Bell phone, Lombard 3829 or Keystone phone, Main 1681, to learn where you can obtain Certo.