"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. In order to get away she accepts a position as governess to a little child in a lonely house on the coast of Massachusetts, and from the first day of her arrival she learns that Bruce Henderson, little Trix's uncle, has a sinister influence over the child. He does not take his meals with the family and Nancy, in defying him, incurs his enmity. But it is his hatred of Trix that is hardest to understand and Nancy feels that she must protect the child from something that she does not understand.

CHAPTER XVII

An Uncanny Development

NANCY found Trix upstairs sitting by the window. She looked up as Nancy entered the room and with a most unchildlike candor asked directly:

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

"Uncle Bruce sent for me, didn't he?"

Nancy met the child's question with as direct an answer.

"Yes."

It was the first time that Trix had voluntarily mentioned his name.

"Would you mind telling me what he wanted?" She was beginning to tremble and Nancy went up to her and spoke authoritatively.

"See here, darling, you're not to be frightened. I'm going to take care of you, and you promised to trust me. Your uncle spoke of giving you another riding lesson tomorrow——" she broke off, for Trix had begun to cry and her body was twitching in the most alarming fashion.

"I don't want to take a lesson, please, Miss Nancy, don't let Uncle Bruce take me away, please?" she moaned, clinging to Nancy's neck with both slim arms.

Nancy quieted her finally and put her to bed. Then she sat for a time by the open window facing this new problem. Suppose Miss Henderson were powerless to interfere in this matter. To be sure, she seemed capable enough and she was the one person in the house who dared to cross her brother's wishes, but suppose in this instance she failed? Nancy was sure that Trix was not a coward and that there was more behind this than appeared on the surface.

When she was sure that Trix was asleep she crept out into the hall, listened a moment, and then locked the door securely behind her, putting the key in the pocket of her dress. She must see Miss Henderson tonight and forestall any of Bruce's plans for the morrow, and with this thought in mind she ran lightly down the stairs and knocked on the door of Miss Henderson's sitting room.

Miss Henderson had returned and she frowned when Nancy told her the story.

"Bruce is determined that Trix shall learn to ride, even though he knows that I have forbidden it. Trix is too young, entirely too young——"

"And far too nervous," Nancy hastened to say. She noticed that even now Miss Henderson said nothing definite about Bruce's feelings toward his niece, although she must know that Nancy was perfectly well aware of the fact that it was from Bruce and no one else that the child needed protection of any kind.

When she returned to her room, partly reassured by Miss Henderson's promises, Nancy found Trix wide awake and sitting up in bed. Her eyes were wide and dark, but her small face was inscrutable, although she was flushed and excited.

"I'm sorry I was such a baby about the riding lesson," she said to Nancy, speaking very quickly. "I really like to ride. I enjoy it very much."

Nancy sat down on the bed and took the child's small hot hands in her cool ones. Such a startling change in the child's attitude was uncanny. Nancy couldn't account for it, but nothing she could say had the power to alter Trix's decision. She repeated over and over again that she mustn't be a coward, but Nancy noticed how restless she was and that her eyes were never still a moment. They roamed all around the room resting everywhere but on Nancy's face. It was as though a curtain had dropped suddenly between them, cutting off the child's confidence completely.

Nancy's eyes wandered to the door and a sudden thought seized her. Was it possible that in spite of the fact that she had locked that door herself and carried the key with her, some one had entered the room while she was away?

Monday—Nancy Stands Alone.

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, I ADORE YOU!"

"MARY? Why? I insist upon an answer!" She raised her eyes.

"Because I wanted to be near you, Dick," she said.

MAY CHRISTIE

It was all that he could do to keep from catching Mary in his arms. He'd loved her so. He'd loved her from the very first sight of her — so sweet, so kind, so pretty! Mary—the dearest girl in all the world!

Her confession had been so sweet, so simple.

"Mary, just tell me one thing, won't you?"

"What is it?"

"Mary, could you truly say you love me?"

"Dick, do you love me?" she counter-thrust.

"Why, Mary, I adore you! I never even liked Eve Rochester! The engagement was because—because—well, we got lost, and she said that every one would talk—I never loved her, Mary—only I thought there was no earthly chance with you—and nothing seemed to matter much—and so——"

"I understand," said Mary very softly. "Dick, my dear, I understand!"

For the next half hour their troubles were forgotten.

"Mary, I'm going up to town tonight. And there's something you must promise me!"

"Yes, Dick; speak on!"

"I want you to meet me in New York, not tomorrow, but the next day—absolutely without fail! Do you understand?"

"But—maybe I can't get away," protested Mary. "Mr. Bellairs intends to stay down here for another week. He's on a sort of holiday——"

"Confound the fellow!" testily cut in Dick. "You've got to leave him——"

Mary drew her pretty brows together.

"He's been kind to me in his own peculiar way," she said, "and, Dick, I'd rather hate to leave him in the lurch. He's working on some fairly important business that I fully understand——"

"He could get another secretary," suggested Dick. "She wouldn't, of course, be as competent as you, my dear, but she'd be good enough for him!"

"I'm afraid you don't understand business," laughed the girl. "No, Dick" — she sobered suddenly — "I couldn't rush off at a moment's warning! Why, I have to give a week's notice, anyhow."

"I hate to have you working with the fellow," Dick said moodily. "Mary, when will you break away and make me happy?"

Mary laughed again—a tantalizing little laugh.

"You ought to be 'off' with the old love before you're 'on' with the new." A laughing challenge lurked in her smoke-blue eyes. "Oh, Dick, you flirt!"

He leaned to her and bestowed an unexpected kiss upon her pretty, saucy little face.

"Mary, that makes you mine—for keeps," he said.

At 6 o'clock he deposited Mary at the entrance to the White Lodge.

"Good-by, dear heart, until the day after tomorrow; and—if anything should happen—phone me at my club in town; don't forget."

She nodded. The glow of happiness still hung about her.

"Remember our appointment is for Thursday—3 o'clock at the railway station in town. You'll be there, prompt to the minute?"

Again she nodded.

"Then that is fixed," said Dick.

"I'll have to be back by 9 o'clock that evening—maybe sooner," Mary said.

"That doesn't matter—just so that you're there."

Then Mary recollected the fright she had received through Vandaveer's Cingalese servant.

"Oh, Dick!" She clung a little closer to him. "Dick, now that Julian Vandaveer's come back I'm rather frightened."

"Tell me, sweetheart—what is the trouble?"

She recounted her midnight adventure with the prowling Cingalese. Not even now had she any idea of his mission. For Carrington Bellairs had found the $500 the Cingalese had placed in Mary's room and had made no mention of his "find" to any one but Eve, nor of his own shrewd conclusions.

"My only comfort is that Mr. Bellairs has forbidden the Cingalese to come inside the house—or anywhere in the neighborhood. He spoke to Mr. Vandaveer about my fright. I think that Mr. Vandaveer must have left his servant up in town."

"I expected he has, dear! Don't be frightened!" Dick was very tender toward the girl. He loved Mary more than ever when she showed a "clinging" mood. He was old-fashioned enough to appreciate femininity in a woman. Then his thoughts winged to Julian Vandaveer and his stealthy servant. "The motive probably was robbery. Keep both doors locked, sweetheart. And—promise not to be afraid. For everything is going to work out splendidly!"

For a brief, ecstatic moment Mary clung to Dick. She felt so happy now * * * so utterly content.

Monday—Dick's Surprise

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Sauce for the Goose

A woman charged with a heinous crime—conniving with a lover in the cold-blooded and brutal murder of her husband—was found guilty the other day and sentenced to life imprisonment. The lover had already been hanged for his part in the murder, which was one of the most revolting in the annals of crime.

And the first exclamation of two people on reading of the verdict was: "I didn't think they would do it—a woman!"

A woman! True, there is something more repugnant, if possible, about a woman "lifer" than a man "lifer." The relationship is about the same, however, as between a man murderer and a woman murderer!

The world still expects better of women than of men. Is that a reason why women should be less liable to punishment for the same crimes?

There is no doubt that in many instances in this country women have "gotten away with murder"—literally. But now we are insisting upon the elimination of double standards, and we cannot expect to retain those that happen to work to our benefit. And no self-respecting woman would desire such a situation.

We do not claim to be better than men, though we are supposed to have finer sensibilities. Neither do we admit to being worse! Therefore there is no reason why we should expect to go scot-free for a crime that would send any man to the electric chair or the gallows.

Chivalry from men is our national heritage. But it is no act of chivalry, no benefit and no compliment to womanhood to absolve a murderer from punishment for no other reason than that she is a woman. Indeed, I have no doubt that the great majority of women would resent this as an affront to us all.

What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If we want single standards in some things, we must abide by a single standard in all things. If we want to be self-respecting and meet men on an equal footing, we must expect, like men, to be accountable for our actions, to pay the price and take our medicine, and not squeal when we are caught and try to get away on the same grounds as an infant or an imbecile.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Applauds "Kensingtonian's" Definition of Love

Dear Cynthia—Just a few words to "A Kensingtonian." Thank you! One hardly knows whether that means male or female. At any rate, "A Kensingtonian" has given the best definition of the sacred word "love" ever printed in Cynthia's valuable column. The trouble with the young people of today is they confuse "love" with the dreadful affliction "infatuation," which is extreme folly. Real love will never be found in jazz halls nor through the good-night kisses which are so popular at the present time. Real love overlooks the many little faults of the loved one and has eyes for no one else. "A Kensingtonian" has the right idea of love and I trust that Cynthia agrees with me. BETTY.

'Acetylene' Has Found His Lifemate

Dear Cynthia—Well, here I am again after nearly a year since writing to your column! I notice a letter in the column written by "Lonesome But Disgusted." I don't blame her.

Nearly a year ago I wrote to your column stating that I never saw the women yet that I would marry. Well, my opinion has changed since then. Cynthia, I have found her, right here in Philadelphia. I wish to state to these lonesome girls that my little girl was the same way. She didn't allow any one to take any liberties with her, but she had a smile and a real personality, and I stuck. She likes a good time, but there's always a limit to all things. This alone keeps a fellow interested and compels him to respect her in every manner, providing he is the right type. Had she been otherwise I willingly admit that she would have been a thing of the past. But now I would trust her with my very soul. So, you lonesome girls, smile and be pleasant and when the right one comes along you will know it. If he wants you, you won't be able to drive him away.

ACETYLENE.

Says Many Do Not Like "Vamps"

Dear Cynthia—In your yesterday's column there was a little heartfelt article signed by "A Good Girl But Disgusted," for which she is to be greatly admired.

I am of the opinion there are too many fellows nowadays who expect a lot for nothing or vice versa, when they first meet a girl, and that is the type I judge she is condemning.

It may seem odd for a young fellow who has never been held down and always allowed to do as he pleased, but I'll be frank—I have never cared for the type of girl "Disgusted" tells us of.

I hope this will try to prove to her that she will no doubt meet her ideal if she looks hard enough, for there are more fellows of my kind than there are girls of hers.

Hope this is worthy of print in your column and that "Disgusted" finds the correct party in the near future.

A WEST PHILADELPHIA ATHLETE.

You are quite right in saying that there are many boys who do not care for the type of girl described by our disgusted friend. Cynthia feels sure that the right man will come along for "Disgusted" some day.

The Woman's Exchange

Oil Stains on Slippers

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have been reading questions and answers on your Woman's Page and would like to acquire some information as soon as convenient. I would like to know how to remove oil stains from light tan slippers and stockings. A READER.

Have you tried carbon tetrachloride on these stains? If that is not successful, rub French chalk or magnesia on the slippers, working it around until it gets gummy, then brushing it off and applying more. Continue this until the grease is almost soaked up, then apply more and allow it to remain over night, brushing it off in the morning. Place the stockings between two thicknesses of brown paper and press with a moderately hot iron until the oil is removed.

Several Bad Stains

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — How could I remove grease stains from a blue foulard? Water spots it. Also, what will take lobster and ginger ale stains out of a purple georgette? The purple is quite badly soiled on the skirt front and unwearable. It is new and I hope you know of some thing that will help it. You help so many people I thought you might help me. M. F.

Apply a thick coating of fuller's earth, French chalk or magnesia to the grease spot and work it around gently so that the threads are not disturbed. As soon as it gets gummy with the grease, brush it off and apply more. Keep this up until the grease is almost absorbed, then put more on and leave it over night, brushing it out thoroughly in the morning. Georgette crepe washes, you know, and you might be able to remove the stains from it by sponging with warm water and soap. If this does not take out the spots, rub them with carbon tetrachloride. Of course, if the dress is embroidered or beaded you will not be able to use anything but the latter.

CHARMING BLUE AND WHITE CREPE FROCK

By CORINNE LOWE

As the summer goes on the disease called crepeing paralysis progresses. Many women have whole wardrobes of crepe Canton, crepe de chine, georgette, marocain or one of the dozen variations with the fancy names. These range from the simplest of little morning frocks to the elaborate models for evening wear.

Above we find a crepe de chine model well adapted to summer mornings at mountains or seaside. This is a combination of navy blue and white, and it is assisted by tucks and the white piping, which follows the neckline. The sleeves, slashed before reaching the tight cuffs, have the full sanction of the mode.

As for the neckline, this elliptical or, as it is often called, Florentine finish is used constantly on every manner of frock.

HOW DO YOU START THE MORNING?

Photos by Central News

Some women find it more pleasant to slip into a silk negligee for breakfast, and if they choose one as attractive as this nobody could complain. The cord which holds the gathers of the georgette crepe in place over the shoulders makes a very becoming line, and there the brocaded sleeve pieces lend a distinctive touch. But there are others who snap right into the business of the day, and their breakfast frocks are like this simple, neat affair of gingham trimmed with a black-and-white twisted cord. Even a fastidious man would not object to his wife's "working clothes" if they were as fresh and charming as this

Mrs. Wilson Offers Tasty Suggestions For Cooling and Nourishing Dishes

Salads Should Be Used a Great Deal in Warm Weather—Try Vienna Roast Sometime for Something New

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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NO CARELESS hand can dish a perfect salad. Of course, the cook who, by long experience, has gained her knowledge by experiments can send combinations to the table that are the envy of the amateur cook. Occasionally a housewife may hit a happy combination, but, alas! these geniuses are few.

No other dish served upon our table allows so wide a range of possibility for individuality as the salad. Summertime is the heyday of the salad season. Use only the nicest and crispest lettuce; the little trick of washing the lettuce early in the day in plenty of water and then wrapping in a towel and placing it on the ice to crisp is one of the real secrets of success. Many combinations of cooked vegetables combined with finely minced onions and green peppers afford variety. Another secret of the salad success is the dressing.

French Dressing

Select a bottle that can be sent to the table. A vinegar cruet is nice. Place in the bottle

One-half teaspoon of sugar,
One-half teaspoon of mustard,
One-half teaspoon of paprika,
One teaspoon of grated onion,
Tiny bit of garlic,
Four tablespoons of vinegar,
Two-thirds cup of salad oil.

Shake until creamy and then chill by placing in the icebox. Shake hard just before sending to the table.

Andalouse Dressing

Place in a bottle

One grated onion,
Bit of garlic,
One-half teaspoon of mustard,
One-half teaspoon of paprika,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One teaspoon of sugar,
Four tablespoons of chili sauce,
Two tablespoons of finely chopped green peppers,
Four tablespoons of vinegar,
Three-quarters cup of salad oil.

Shake hard to blend.

For those who prefer a cooked dressing, place in a saucepan

One-half cup of water,
One-half cup of vinegar,
Three tablespoons of flour.

Dissolve flour in water and vinegar and then bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Now place in a bowl

Yolk of one egg,
Three tablespoons of butter or salad oil,
One teaspoon of pepper,
One-half teaspoon of mustard,
Two teaspoons of sugar,
Three tablespoons of vinegar.

Dissolve to mix and then add to the vinegar and water mixture and beat hard to blend. Cook for one minute and then beat the white of egg very stiff and beat into mixture. Let cool. Thin with milk, if necessary.

Use plenty of salads during the next three months; they afford an abundance of valuable vitamines, which are so very necessary for our well-being.

Planning the weekly menu for three meals on Sunday.

SUGGESTIVE MENU

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Berries
Baked Salt Mackerel With Cream Sauce
Boiled Potatoes Watercress
Toast Coffee

DINNER

Berry Cocktail
Young Onions Radishes
Vienna Roast Brown Gravy
Potatoes Peas
Tomato Salad
Chocolate Custard Fruit Sauce Coffee

SUPPER

Cold Sliced Vienna Roast. Tart Sauce
Potato Salad Sliced Tomatoes
Stewed Apricots Sponge Cake Tea

Baked Mackerel With Cream Sauce

Select two small plump mackerel and soak in a pan of warm water, placing the skin side up. Add three tablespoons of cider and vinegar, soak overnight; in the morning rinse and place the mackerel in a baking dish and cover with boiling water. Let stand for ten minutes and then drain. Now cover with cream sauce. Bake in a slow oven for thirty-five minutes. Sprinkle with finely minced parsley.

Vienna Roast

Place in a mixing bowl

One pound of finely chopped beef,
One-half pound of finely chopped veal,
One-quarter pound of finely chopped salt pork,
Four onions, minced fine,
One bunch of green onions or scallions, minced fine,
One and one-half cups of mashed potatoes,
One cup of fine bread crumbs,
One-half cup of flour,
Two teaspoons of baking powder mixed with bread crumbs,
One cup of thick cream sauce,
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley,
One and one-half teaspoons of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One-quarter teaspoon of mustard,

Mix thoroughly and then pack into well-greased and floured loaf-shaped pan and set this pan in a larger one containing sufficient warm water to one-half depth of the pan.

Now spread the top of the Vienna roast with a knife and sprinkle with fine cornmeal. Bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes. Serve with tart sauce.

Tart Sauce

One cup of stewed tomatoes,
One-half cup of water,
One-third cup of vinegar,
Five level tablespoons of flour.

Stir to dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Now add

One-half cup of finely chopped parsley,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
Pinch of allspice,
Two tablespoons of melted butter.

Beat hard to blend and then serve.

Chocolate Custard

Place in a saucepan

One and one-half cups of milk,
Six tablespoons of sugar,
Five tablespoons of cocoa,
Seven tablespoons of cornstarch.

Dissolve the cornstarch in five tablespoons of cold water and add to the above mixture and bring slowly to the boiling point. Cook slowly for six minutes and then add

One tablespoon of butter,
One-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon,
One teaspoon of vanilla extract.

Beat to blend and then rinse the custard cups with cold water, then pour in the custard and set aside to chill and mold. To serve turn on a fruit saucer and cover with sweetened and chilled crushed berries.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Many of the accidents in busy thoroughfares may be traced to a sort of bewildered indirection which affects women who are over-fatigued, who are growing old mentally, or who have fallen into the habit of vague indecision.

No woman should go shopping or attend to any other business which necessitates walking across traffic-crowded streets unless she has all her wits about her. That is why city business matters should be attended to in the forenoon, and not after a woman has wearied herself in the accomplishment of many household duties.

It is when the passing years remind her that she is no longer tireless-twenty that she should heed the time-tried warning, "festina lente"—make haste slowly. The tired woman is dangerous to herself and to others; the poison of fatigue shatters her nerves and unsettles her judgment, so that she is incapable of quick thinking and of cool action in any emergency.

Things You'll Love to Make

Lace-Ruffled Apron-Overskirt

Aprons are appearing on all kinds of modish frocks for all ages. Here is an adorable LACE-RUFFLED APRON OVERSKIRT for little sister. It would be just as handsome for big sister. Cut an apron shaped as shown, of the same material as the frock. Ruffle fine Valenciennes lace one and one-half inches wide. Start at the outer edge of the apron. Stitch the ruffling around and around until but a very small portion of the foundation material remains uncovered. Join the apron to the belt made of two rows of insertion that matches the ruffling. Sew to the frock. This LACE-RUFFLED APRON OVERSKIRT is very dainty and summery-looking.

FLORA.

Adventures With a Purse

EVERYWHERE I go I've seen girls wearing the sweaters that slip over the head, made of light wool and worn with a white leather belt. Every one I asked said she had made her own and I was so discouraged, because I just can't knit anything any one would wear. And I was sure that some place sold those sweaters, because there must be other people besides myself who cannot knit. And today I found them! There was a dark blue, a light tan and a dark tan, and a green—oh, ever so many shades! Long, tight-fitting sleeves and two wee pockets. The sweaters looked as if they were handmade and sell for $7.90.

And then I had to find me a white belt to wear with the sweater, which I was clutching tightly in my hand; I was so glad to have it I insisted upon carrying it home. One of the stores has a narrow white kid belt, such as I wanted, for sixty cents. These belts are easily cleaned with white shoe cleaner and so are not an extravagance. But if you prefer black, the same store had shiny, black patent leather ones for sixty cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What honor has France recently conferred for service during the war?
2. As an improvement on the little flat wooden birds, which used to perch on tall sticks in the middle of gardens, what novelties are now sold?
3. Describe a new tray which is convenient for serving cool drinks on the porch or in the garden.
4. What is meant by the Latin words "Quod erat demonstrandum"?
5. In what unusual way is a pair of shoulder straps for a summer evening frock made in which the neck is the round, somewhat high type?
6. From what combination of materials is a strikingly handsome ornament for a silver slipper fashioned?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A new painted water bottle is conveniently made with a nickel frame which fits over it and has places for two glasses, one on each side.
2. A parrot stand of black enameled wood decorated with a broad line of gilt would make an addition to any room.
3. With a foundation of felt, an amusing rug for the playroom can be made by appliqueing squares, circles and diamonds of various colored materials left over from here and there.
4. "It does not follow" is the translation of "non sequitur."
5. The cuffs or wrists of old-fashioned all-over lace sleeves can be cut down and shaped over dainty silk candle shades of soft colors.
6. To be entirely correct the veil should be attached securely to the hat and around the neck, but allowed to fall in loose folds over the face.

On a Hot Saturday Night in July It's Pretty Hard to Quiet Your Nerves

The Only People Who Can Really Enjoy It Are the Screaming, Shouting "Kids" and the Boys and Girls in the Parks

SATURDAY night in summertime. It is nearly always hot.

You come home from work, tired, almost exhausted with the heat, and try to eat something.

Then you get "cleaned up" and dressed in your Saturday night dress and hat.

Joe comes along in his Saturday night regalia, and with a freshness that didn't seem possible when you got home you tell the family that you have a key and that you don't know what time you'll be home, and you step gayly off.

A trolley, crowded with other Saturday nighters, takes you with bumpy speed to the park, and your evening begins.

You do the round of the stunts, screaming with delighted fright at the dips, eating popcorn, saying "Let's go round again," and strolling, strolling, strolling, until at last you reach the dance place.

And after that you just dance and dance and dance and dance until the lights grow dim, the music stops, and you know that at last you have to go home.

You haven't minded the heat at all.

IF YOU'RE a little older the park and its attractions have no interest for you.

Why anybody wants to go out in all this heat and take her life in her hands on those things is more than you can see.

So you settle down on the porch, if you are lucky enough to have one, or on the steps if you aren't, with a fan and a rocking chair.

The evening drags itself out, interrupted now and then by the passing by of some neighbors, who ask if it's hot enough for you, or remark that "It's warm, isn't it?"

You tell them that it certainly is and resume your fanning and rocking!

There are always a dozen children in the neighborhood, who can get no joy out of their play without incessant yelling, shrieking, screaming.

You get accustomed to it and after while it seems to be part of the heat.

But 'long 'bout 10 o'clock they start breaking up, drifting homeward—and by 10:30 the noise has almost stopped.

YOU feel as if a cool breeze had suddenly sprung up, the relief is so great.

The street seems so peaceful, so quiet after that.

A soda down at the drug store, some ice cream at the corner bakery, or perhaps some of the iced tea left over from supper helps to quiet your shouting nerves.

But oh, how you do dread the thought of trying to get to sleep in the hot, black, stuffy night!

You feel sorry for yourself, too, because you're not young enough to spend the hot evening yelling in play or exulting in fun.

But you may be thankful that you have your porch or your "stoop" to get out on.

THE people to feel sorry for on a night like that are the ones who are cooped up in an apartment without a porch, a room without even a draft through it, or a little, poverty-stricken court where children cry all through the night, out on the brick pavement.

A hot Saturday night in July is hard to bear, unless you're old enough to work off your temper in noisy play, or young enough to forget the heat in a good party.

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Hungry Heart

SINS from love excessive and from love defective, those were the classifications of one Dante in assigning sinners to Hell away back in the fourteenth century! He believed in fire and brimstone, and he lived just after the "Dark Ages" — those "Ten Silent Centuries" when the world of thought seemed under a total eclipse. Yet he was a great thinker and poet and philosopher, and he analyzed the human heart to learn why it behaved as it did—and does.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

His conclusions were startling: all sin, he decided, springs from distorted love. If we love too little, we are misers and cheats and thieves and cruel, cold persons, incapable of gratitude and appreciation and generosity. If, on the contrary, we love too much, we are gluttons, and greedy and selfish, violent in passions, seducers, murderers. The root of both distortions is, of course, selfishness, lack of consideration for others. This was quite as true in the primitive cave-days as at present.

Why do we do so many foolish and wicked things? Is not it because we go through life craving, and never being satisfied: always with a hungry heart?

A girl lets her heart run away with her head, as the old saying goes: She gets into trouble and the world punishes her, and even casts her to the rubbish-heap. Yet she may have been a kindly, simple, amiable soul. All she asked of life was love and happiness. She mistook the dross for the gold, but that was an error in judgment and knowledge, not in intention.

I am not speaking, of course, of the really vicious, cold-blooded person who goes into crime deliberately. History tells of a few such. The majority of women are simple souls craving simple joys, and their misdeeds are missteps due largely to narrowed experience and a longing for joy.

The primal need of all living creatures is food. Hunger is the chief craving. Few people are so unimaginative as not to pity a starving creature. Yet the world does not recognize the universal hunger of the heart!

"Bunk!" says the Showgirl. "A swell feed has got this heart-hunger beat to a finish"—yet why does she sit up all night with her sister's sick baby and spend hours playing with it when it is well? I know one of these self-styled worldly city types who is mad over children, and is never so delighted as when she is dressing up a youngster and giving it pleasure. In the complications and misfits of life, she has not found a good, kindly mate, or had the delirious joy of a baby of her own. She fancies herself abused by the other sex, and gets her revenge on the genus male by playing a greedy game with all men, but in her moments off guard, she enjoys that baby with the supreme joy of a woman temporarily satisfied by maternal love.

Other women, worldy wise, pet dogs and cats excessively. In a suburb of New York there is a cemetery devoted to pets, where 3000 cats and dogs are buried, with monuments and expensive graves. The owners remember to keep these decorated with flowers and pay the sexton yearly, and even visit the place. At first it seems gruesome and disgusting. Even a few monkeys and a little lion and a hen and two ducks and a canary are thus honored! But on second thought the place is a tragic commentary on unsatisfied yearnings! We may condemn the waste of hundreds of dollars on dead dogs when living babies are starving in all parts of the world, but the fact remains that intelligent, mature men and women have loved these little brutes and cherish recollections of devotion and happy hours. They must have yearned for love indeed!

There are millions of spinsters who never have known the caress of a man who flattered and delighted them, and made the commonplace world seem roseate and in a sun-mist. They never have known the rapture and terror of motherhood. They content themselves with crumbs of affection that fall from the full boards of happier folk.

There are even men—yes, men who have careers and diversions and activities and big excitements — who have starved because of unfortunate circumstances. They are strangers in a city. They do not find women who are appreciative and congenial. They scorn the cheap pleasures and the lesser ones, and they wander lonely and forlorn.

There are girls and boys who read romances and see sentimental dramas and motion pictures, yet look about them surprised and bitterly disappointed because their companions are trivial and commonplace. It seems impossible to discover any responsive and satisfying comrade, not to speak of lifemate. "There is no such thing as a 'soul-mate,'" each cries, often forgetting that he or she is not giving the best that is in him or her in order to draw out the corresponding charms and amiable qualities in others.

There is the married person who is lonely, because of a cold and selfish spouse. There is the unfortunate one who is tactless and has an unattractive personality, who yearns for love, but never succeeds in inspiring it.

Sometimes it is our misfortune to be alone and without the opportunity to satisfy our deepest cravings. Other times we may be at fault in not making a sensible effort to find the sweet and satisfying experiences. In vain the moralists tell a hungry soul to take up work and lose itself in impersonal activities. Of course, any interesting labor is helpful and valuable in doing away with morbid worries, or too close prying into one's emotions. But books and work do not take the place of food to the physically hungry; nor do they make a substitute for love for the heart-hungry. Perhaps the only recipe is an effort to give of ourselves generously that we may receive.

Write and tell Mrs. Cooley about your problems. She will be glad to take them up and discuss them in this column.

Women Abroad

Among the Arabs the wife walks behind the husband.

The town of Selby, in England, boasts of a school principal who is ninety-two years old.

Lady Poynter, wife of the celebrated English architect, has started in business as a house decorator.

The Japanese girl carries her head and shoulders slightly forward, and inclines her body forward from the waist. She walks with short, quick steps, her toes turned in, and her feet hardly lifted from the ground. To walk otherwise would be considered immodest.

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