Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Woman Her Own Worst Enemy

WITHIN her own bosom, every woman nourishes a viper that some day will turn and sting her. No unjust laws, no male tyranny, no domination, are so devastating as her own affection; wherever a man is concerned, give her enough rope, and she will hang herself!

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Of course, there's a reason! Her development has been along the love-line. Negative virtues, such as passive obedience and amiability, have been insisted on, from babyhood, until docility and affection are ingrained in her very being.

We often quote Byron to the effect that "Man's love is of man's self, a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence," and deny that this is so with modern girls. But there still is much truth in it, even in these days of financial independence and votes for women.

Generally speaking, girls are dependent on men for most social pleasures, and in ordinary conventional society a male escort is necessary or at least desirable. Even when a woman has her own income and can pay her own bills for dinners and theatres, custom decrees that men escort her. Of course, there are thousands who dine alone and who attend theatres alone, but, the everyday custom among the young, especially, is to have a male escort.

How much more necessary are men for any romantic adventure! In every drama, every photoplay, lovers declare a passionate adoration which gives vicarious thrills to the feminine contingent in the audience.

Awakening maternal instinct, that magic blessing and curse, tugs at woman's breast, and causes her to endow with god-like attributes the first presentable male that comes within her line of vision. He is the chance peg on which she hangs her sentimental illusions, and the surprised creature finds himself inundated with romantic virtues he never remotely dreamed of.

The "object," recovering from his dazed condition at finding himself adored by a creature who but yesterday was "uncertain, coy and hard to please," shakes himself mentally, goes on practicing law, or clerking in a store, attends ball games, builds bridges, creates skyscrapers, runs for alderman, and generally lives like a normal being.

Woman weeps a little, storms a good deal, marvels at his new brutality or indifference, and generally behaves as if love were her "whole existence." The effect is unwholesome and often irritating. She, realizing his capacity for enjoying a hundred impersonal delights, becomes possessive and jealous. He, angered by her insistence on governing his minutest actions, follows more and more feverishly the activities of the big outside world. Neither realizes how joyful would be a sane participation in kindred pleasures together.

Today at last opportunities are being offered every woman to go into the fine, big world movements and forget her amorous small joys and trials. Sometimes she takes these, but more often she brushes them aside contemptuously and hugs her chains! They are golden and were forged on her wrists and ankles by Love-of-Man or Love-of-Ease, and she dare not break them.

Somehow, man, successful, arrogant, free and capable, serene in knowing he can do pretty well without her, looms in the shadow as her enemy! But all the time she worships him as man, if not as an individual. Voluntarily she places him in the secret shrine of her life. Moodily she seeks to dwell within his dusky interior.

She will not see that her cage door is open and fly out.

The sex battle is a secret one. The adversaries gaze at each other with false smiles. It is not a fair fight. The woman is terribly handicapped, for within her heart always dwells an insidious advocate of her opponent! She is waging a sham battle, for she is on the enemy's side!

The Greeks had a myth called "Atalanta's race." The heroine was a slim athlete of a girl who could outrun any boy. She and her lover ran a great race for a prize. The girl was ahead; but Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, tossed on her path three golden apples, one at a time. Each time the runner stopped to pick up one, and each time her rival gained by her delay, until at the end he won the race. Whether the golden apples were intended to typify greed of wealth and luxury, or love, or both, it is clear that woman, being weak or vain, deliberately lost the race. I suspect she lost it on purpose, to show that man was the conqueror. It never has been regarded as good form for a woman to be more clever than a man in anything!

Thus has woman lost out in the race of life—partly through her own fault. The race at last seems to be open to all entries on a fairly even basis. Bars have been taken down, and violent opposition has ceased. Public opinion still frowns on many of women's activities, if they seem to be placed before the pursuance of domestic primitive tasks within the home. Men still keep the most remunerative jobs in as tight a grasp as they dare. The illusion still is held that somehow woman is protected and sheltered and has no battles to fight. But conditions are almost equal, as compared with centuries of oppression.

But women still are slaves to their own passion and desire to abase themselves for love. When will we arise and toss our hair in the breeze, win our share of the world's work and triumph, and cease being our own worst enemy?

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Overtime Thinking

"THIS stuff about forgetting your work as soon as you quit the office and 'resting the mind' is a lot of bosh," Charley Schwab once said to me. "Few big men ever completely forget or get away from their responsibilities."

Is it not so? Haven't we all noticed it? Isn't it a fact that the fruitfulness of a man's office hours depends upon the turn of his thoughts in his leisure hours?

Almost every man who is pre-eminent—whether as merchant, writer, artist, scientist, statesman, lawyer or physician—is inseparable from his work.

You can't play at work, but you can always work at play.

This does not mean that a man's recreative hours should be oppressive, burdensome, tense—weighed down with the import and portent of his labors; it means simply keeping in a receptive frame of mind, staying on the subconscious watch for opportunity, playing—yet with business. This is what I mean.

A Massachusetts soldier in the Civil War went hunting—with business; shot a bird that was hulling rice, and, taking its bill for a model, invented a hulling machine which revolutionized the rice business as Eli Whitney's cotton gin revolutionized the cotton industry.

Archimedes took a bath—with business; and discovered the law of hydrostatics.

Newton rested under a tree—with business; and discovered the laws of gravitation.

Galileo went to church—with business; and evolved the pendulum clock.

Goodyear cooked his meals with business and discovered how to vulcanize rubber.

Our best writers go to bed with business and get some of their best ideas on the verge of slumberland.

When you hear people say that so and so was lucky, he came upon this or that by "accident"—don't begin to lose faith and talk about "luck" and such.

Do a little investigating and you will find in almost every case that the "find" was the reward of overtime thinking; that is, playing with business.

The Woman's Exchange

To Become Civil Engineer

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there any way in which I can become a civil engineer? I am sixteen years of age and a high school graduate, but I have not enough credits to allow me to enter any college. Couldn't I take a night course somewhere? R. L. S.

You can get this course at Drexel Institute. Thirty-second and Chestnut streets. Call there and see the person in charge about rates, times for classes and other details.

Statistics In Cities

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please name the largest city in the United States, the second and also the third largest.

Name the largest city and the largest country in the world. Also please name the second and third largest.

Please, also, let me know if there are any free night schools where I can learn typewriting or some other things. H. F.

New York City is the largest city in the United States, Chicago is the second and Philadelphia the third.

London is the largest city in the world, and the British Empire largest in expanse of territory. Russia (the old Russian Empire) is next and the United States third.

In the middle of September the PUBLIC LEDGER and the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER are announcing free courses to be given this winter throughout the city, so if you will watch the papers you will be able to find just the course you want.

An August Lawn Party

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like to know if it would be proper to have a lawn party some time this month? What would be best to serve and at what time?

Also, suggest some games that we can play on the lawn and how they are played. What decorations should we have for the table?

ANXIOUS.

A lawn party would be delightful this month. Why don't you start it late in the afternoon, about 5:30, and continue it over the dinner hour and up until after dark? That would be unusual, and then you could decorate the lawn with Japanese lanterns, lighting them after dark. If you run strings around the lawn on which to hang the lanterns (cover them with crepe paper in some pretty shade, and let streamers hang down here and there about a foot long. This will both add to the decoration and serve as a warning for the "low bridge," so that no one will bump into the strings. You could have a regular supper served cafeteria style from a large table of tomatoes filled with minced chicken or with deviled eggs, placed on several leaves of lettuce, with mayonnaise dressing; cold meat or meat jelly and sandwiches of various kinds. Then you could have ice cream and cake or watermelon for dessert and finish with coffee if you like. But if you have a bowl filled with punch that the guests can help themselves to any time you will not need anything else to drink. Let the guests line up, as they would in a cafeteria for their salad and meat, and then have a tea wagon or an express wagon, covered with paper and a doily, on which to place the plates of sandwiches and wheel them about. Have chairs and cushions placed on the lawn, so that the diners can sit anywhere they choose. Serve this at about 6:30.

The games would be too long to describe in the column, but if you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will be glad to mail you some. Have your punchbowl in the center of the table, surrounded by flowers which have been stuck into holes in a pasteboard placed over shallow pans filled with water. The wild flowers or garden flowers in season will be appropriate, and cover up the pans and the pasteboard with leaves and grasses. You will not need any other decorations except the lanterns. I hope the party will be a great success.

Things You'll Love to Make

It won't be difficult to make little Dotty eat if you let her wear a BUNNY FEEDING BIB. Cut a triangular-shaped bib with a bunny's head at each of the upper ends. Bind the edges with bias strips of colored lawn. Stitch the eyes, whiskers and the line between the ears with black embroidery silk. Either fasten a piece of tape to each side, or use bib-fasteners to keep the bib around her neck. For variety, make other animal bibs similar to this darling little BUNNY FEEDING BIB. FLORA.

Of Interest to Women

Miss Jennie Walker, of Logan, is West Virginia's first woman notary.

A Long Island judge has ordered a husband to obey his wife one day a week.

Many women are already seeking nomination as delegates to the proposed Constitutional Convention in Pennsylvania.

Probably the oldest woman druggist in the world is Mrs. Mary Klump, of Allentown, Pa., who recently passed her 100th birthday.

Mrs. Luther Clay Willis, the first Kentucky woman to receive nomination for the office of magistrate, is a prominent clubwoman of Shelbyville.

SUPERSTITION has it that a bride must weep on her wedding day. No matter how happy she may be she should squeeze out a tear or two, for the bride who fails to weep will not be happy.

Two sweethearts should never have their pictures taken together, else they will never marry. But a lot of them have done it and seem to be living happily ever afterward.

A man and his fiancee should never stand up together at a christening, or they will never marry.

It is lucky for unrelated persons of the same name to marry.

Sign the marriage certificate with a dull pen for luck.

The postponement of a wedding is unlucky.

It is unlucky for the bride and bridegroom to see each other just before the ceremony.

It is lucky for a man and wife to be born on the same day of the year.

Don't touch a dish rag on your wedding day, or you will be in for hard luck all your life.

If you agree on the seventh day of your marriage you will agree on the seventh year.

Mrs. Wilson Gives Careful Directions For Conserving Pears and Cucumbers

Watermelon and Cantaloupe Can Also Be Made Into Rings and Put Up in Jars—Southern Recipes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE real Southern housewife is an aristocrat in her household and she always oversees—no matter how many or how few servants she has—to the preserving.

Aunt Abbia—Mrs. John Poindexter—chef of the kitchen, is a real old Southern type of mammy. Ample of width, with her stiffly starched calico dress and white cambric apron ironed as smooth as the bosom of "de kurnel's sh'rt," she was busy bustling about the cookhouse, making ready against the time when the missus "wuz gwine ter make dem cumber and melon ring p'sarves."

For the average family six one-half pint jars of each variety will be ample.

To Make the Cucumber Rings

Wash and pare lightly one dozen medium-sized cucumbers and then cut in two-inch pieces and use an apple corer to remove the seeds. Now cut in slices about one-half inch thick. Place in a china bowl and cover with one-half cup of salt and let stand for two hours. Wash and then drain, cover with boiling water and cook for ten minutes. Turn into a colander to drain. Now place in preserving kettle

Three pounds of sugar,
One cup of vinegar,
One cup of water,
Three sticks of cinnamon, broken in pieces,
Thinly pared rind of one lemon,
Two tablespoons of whole allspice,
One tablespoon of whole cloves,
Six blades of mace,
Two-thirds cup of preserved ginger, cut in pieces.
One cup of seedless raisins.

Bring to a boil and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Now add the prepared cucumber rings and bring quickly to a boil. Simmer until the rings are clear. This usually takes about one and one-half to two hours. Be sure to place an asbestos mat under the preserving kettle and then fill into half-pint jars.

Watermelon and cantaloupe can be prepared in the same manner, first removing the outside rind by paring thinly. Then use the firm flesh that is close to this rind.

Stuffed Melon Rings

Remove the rind from the melon and cut the hard white part in squares about one inch wide and one inch long, then an inch thick; cut with small cutter or thimble. Cut out the centers and place the little balls cut from the centers in one pile and the rings in another. Place both rings and balls in separate bowls and cover each with one-half cup of salt. Let stand for two hours and then take the balls and follow recipe for cucumber rings, using the balls in place of the rings. This is called sweet-spiced watermelon balls.

Now wash the rings and place in a preserving kettle and cover with boiling water and cook for fifteen minutes. Drain and then wash again. Now put through the food chopper

One pound of stoned prunes,
One package of seedless raisins,
One small pot of preserved ginger, drained well from sirup.

Set aside until needed. Now place in the preserving kettle and add

Four pounds of sugar,
One cup of vinegar,
One cup of water,
Three sticks of cinnamon, broken in pieces,
Three tablespoons of cloves,
Two tablespoons of allspice,
Five blades of mace.

Bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Add the cucumber rings and simmer slowly for one-half hour. Drain the rings from the sirup.

Now make balls of the fruit put through the food chopper, and have the ball a little larger than the ring. Put in place and flatten on both sides. Pack at once into jars and put the rings against the sides of the jar in such a manner that the stuffing will show; when the jar is full fill to overflowing with the sirup drained from the rings. Adjust the rubber and lid and partly seal. Place in water bath and have the water just to the necks of the jars. Bring to a boil and process for forty minutes. Remove, seal securely. Let cool and then dip the tops of the jars in melted paraffin sufficiently deep to cover the lid. Store in a cool, dry place.

Spiced Gingered Pears

About four days before spicing the pears wash one-quarter pound of green ginger root and soak for two days in sufficient warm water to cover. Place on the stove over the simmering burner and cook slowly for six hours.

Wash and peel one-half basket of cooking pears, then cut in half and drop the pears at once into a large bowl containing sufficient cold water to cover. Add one-half cup of cider vinegar, as this prevents discoloring. When all are ready, drain, place in preserving kettle and cover with boiling water.

Cook slowly until tender and then drain. Now pack in jars and arrange so as to display the pears nicely. Place two pieces of the cooked ginger root in center of each jar. Now place in the preserving kettle

Four pounds of sugar,
Four cups of water,
One-half cup of vinegar,

and following spices tied in piece of cheesecloth

One tablespoon of cinnamon,
One teaspoon of allspice,
One teaspoon of cloves,
One teaspoon of nutmeg.

Bring mixture to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Pour over the fruit in the jar, adjust the rubber and lid and partially seal. Then place in water bath and have the water just to the neck of the jars. Bring quickly to a boil and process for thirty minutes. Remove and seal securely. Let cool and then dip the tops of the jars in melted paraffin sufficiently deep enough to cover the neck of the bottle.

Pear Conserve

Wash and pare fifteen large cooking pears and then cut in half and cut in thin slices. Place in preserving kettle and add sufficient boiling water to cover. Add one lemon cut in half lengthwise and sliced in paper-thin slices. Cook until the lemon and pears are tender and then drain. Now measure the water drained from the pears. Place in preserving kettle

Three pints of drained pear water,
Three pounds of sugar,
One pound of seeded raisins,
One pound of dried apricots, cut in pieces,
Prepared pears.

Bring to a boil. Place an asbestos mat under the kettle and cook slowly until thick, like preserves. Fill into sterilized half-pint jars scalding hot and then seal securely. Store in a cool, dry place.

Mrs. Wilson's Answers

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—I have prepared quite a few of your recipes and I have found them all very good. I therefore would appreciate it if you would tell me how to make cider vinegar. Last January I received a ten-gallon barrel of cider from a farmer in New Jersey. I have used up five gallons and I still have six gallons left that has turned sour. I have put some up in bottles and some I left in the barrel to ferment. I keep it all in a warm place in my kitchen. I would like very much to strain this cider and make vinegar out of it. I would, therefore, appreciate it if you would give me the exact formula for making cider vinegar, and if you would tell me just how long it must stand before it becomes vinegar.

Mrs. L. M.

Just let nature take its course, and it will make a splendid vinegar from the cider. The time required to ferment will depend upon the amount in the barrel and temperature of the room. When ready to use, dilute with one-third water.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—I read with interest your columns in the paper and I am going to ask a favor—will you please give me a good recipe for biscuits? When I make them and put them in the pan I have a small space between, but when they are baked, and when I take them out of the pan, I find they have run together. I have to break them apart and they have no shape whatever, although they were stiff enough to keep their shape when putting them into the oven. Please oblige by answering and I will thank you very much.

MRS. H. S. D.

Biscuits

Sift the flour once and then fill into the measuring cup, using a spoon to fill the cup. Use level measurements for everything.

Three and three-fourths cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Three level tablespoons of baking powder,
One level tablespoon of sugar.

Sift and then rub into the flour

Three tablespoons of shortening.

And use one cup of milk to mix the dough with. Roll or pat out one inch thick and then cut and bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

There's an old Godey's Lady Book story or two Philadelphia women; one resided in the then sacrosanct region "south of Market street" and the other managed to exist on North Broad street. During a summer at Cape May these two became close friends, but when the hour of departure came Madam Walnut Street, turning too suddenly formal, uttered her adieux in this fashion, "Good-by, Mrs. Broad Street; we have been such good friends that I hope to see you soon at Moneymakers."

No summer-long friend can freeze so suddenly without hurting the other. It is in better taste not to become intimate in the first place than to leap from terms bordering on affection to a coolness so casual as to indicates a calculating and ignoble insincerity in the former comradery which used the acquaintance like an unpaid companion. A gentlewoman does not "sponge" on any acquaintance, either for money or for companionship.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Some New Sarcasm

Dear Cynthia—The tether rope and her unpolished pension sat trading jests last evening. I spoke of your service to young saps who have been sandbagged by love, real or otherwise. She laughed not. She didn't see the point. "A little advice of the right sort," she said, "is often beyond assignable value." "Yes," I repeated, "beyond value, like, for instance, a Russian kopeck. Beyond any value whatsoever. I grant you that.

"People who profit by counsel don't need it. Those who do need it won't profit by it. Else they wouldn't need it."

"De Jure" fears that his impersonator has injured his reputation. I didn't know "De Jure" had any reputation left to injure. "THE PLEBE."

Father Objects

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl of eighteen, considered attractive and dress stylishly. Some time ago (eight months) I met a young man, aged twenty-four, whom I grew to love dearly. Now my trouble starts. We were engaged without a ring and also without my people knowing it. Now that we have told them my father is cross and says that I can get a better fellow than him. My mother likes the fellow and also my brother, but my father will not give consent to our marriage. What can we do in a case like this? Could you help us any, as I hate to elope?

ROSE.

If you are not of age better wait till you are before marrying. It's hard, I know, but if you will both wait you'll be very glad you did and will be surer of yourselves for the trial.

Doubts Parents Are Strict

Dear Cynthia—May I have the pleasure of saying something to the "Modern Respectable Girl"? I was reading your letter Friday calling yourself a respectable girl. Well, you are not.

We are three boys, good-looking, going to dance halls, but never even peep at a girl like you.

A modern respectable girl nowadays uses powder, and that's all, very little too. Dear Cynthia, don't you think so? Yes, ashamed is no name for you. Strict parents, indeed not! You are not telling the truth to us. Tell your mother to teach you better, little girl. Come on, answer, you're afraid. I'll bet you are, and, furthermore, beautiful! With all the cosmetics, no wonder you are beautiful. That's all we say to you. But better yourself.

THREE BOYS.

Go Talk With Her Mother

Dear Cynthia—I am coming to you for a little advice. You have helped others and I know that you can help me. To begin with, I am a young man and I have never bothered about any girls at all up until about four months ago. I met a nice little girl. She is not beautiful, but a plain girl who does not use powder or paint and does not run around to dance halls. She can sew, cook; she makes her own clothes and is a wonderful housekeeper. She is just the kind of girl I am looking for. I've known her since a child, but never said anything to her until four months ago. I asked her to accompany me to a show and she accepted. Well, after I called upon her a few weeks I told her that I cared and that I loved her, and I proposed to her. And she told me that she loved me, too, and she kissed me and began to cry, and told me with tears in her eyes that she always wanted a man like me. And I promised to marry her in six months after I proposed to her, and she said all right. Everything was going along very nicely. I called to see her twice a week and she let me kiss and hug her every time I called. But three weeks ago she told me that she thought that she was too young to keep company and she asked me not to call to see her any more. I asked what was wrong and she said that I did not mean what I said, that I loved her. When she told me that I offered to marry her right then and there, but she began to cry and told me that she would marry me in a year's time. She is only sixteen years of age. Well, I told her I would wait for her and would be back for her in a year. We parted good friends. Dear Cynthia, all the time I was calling upon her, her mother did and does not know that we love each other. Her mother likes me; she knows that I have a good reputation; but I know that she can't make out why I come to her home so often. She does not know that I love her daughter. The girl told me that her mother asked her what it could mean that I called so often. And now that I am not going to call at all, I know her mother will be wondering what has happened. The girl was afraid to tell her mother that I love her. Dear Cynthia, I love this girl more than words can tell. Now, I want her to understand me. We did not part bad friends, she only told me that she did not want to keep company so young, and the understanding is that in a year's time I can come back again. I am true to the girl, and I told her I would be waiting, but the thing that is worrying me is why did she let me make love to her and let me kiss and hug her and then tell me that she is too young? When I told her that she said that she did not realize what she was doing. Do you think that I should tell the girl's mother all about what is between us or shall I let it go as it is? Cynthia, I can give the girl a good home. I am working steady. I know that you will tell me that she is too young to marry, but I love her and I know she loves me. What would you advise me to do? I am ten years older and she knows it. JOHNNY.

Your wisest plan would be to go to the mother and talk it over with her. The girl is very young and is timid about entering into this new relationship so young. Her mother should have been told in the beginning. How could you or she expect to marry in six months' or a year's time without having asked the mother's consent? A girl cannot marry in Pennsylvania before she is twenty-one unless she has her parents' consent. A license could not be issued for a marriage without the consent of parent or guardian. Go and see the mother and talk it all over with her. Tell her how tenderly you love the little girl and that you are willing to wait a year or two if she insists to claim her, but that you want her understanding and help. You will see it will all come out right.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

No. 37—Love of Life

You've probably heard of the so-called bump of aggressiveness, which lies back of the ear. Well, the bump of aggressiveness has nothing to do with the bump denoting love of life.

This backhanded introduction to the latter has a reason. As a matter of fact, you're likely to confuse the two bumps if you're not careful. For the prominence denoting love of life lies back of the ear a bit also. But it is below the bump of aggressiveness. If you are looking at the left side of a person's head this bump is, so to speak, directly "southeast" of the ear.

Its indication in a general sense is that of vitality and organic energy, but a distinction must be made between its significance and the significance of certain other purely physical characteristics of vitality.

In the more specific sense this bump indicates a tendency toward vitality, rather than the vitality itself. And more than this, it has an indication precisely described by the heading of this article. People who have this bump strongly developed not only have a predisposition toward physical vitality, even when disease or accident or even congenital causes discount it, but they have that mental and conscious tendency to cling to life, to fight for life to the last gasp. These are the people you read about and sometimes know, whose willpower pulls them through sicknesses to which they would otherwise succumb.

On the other hand, medical and hospital records show that in the vast majority of suicides this bump is either underdeveloped or completely lacking.

Tomorrow—"Foolhardy" Hair

FOR AUTUMN DAYS

Photo by Central News

A silk frock comes in very nicely in these days of cool weather. Even if we do have a hot September, a foulard with a wide, upstanding collar will be cool enough to wear, and we must have dark dresses from now on

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Two Slips of Paper

By DADDY

CHAPTER I

The Headless Doll

TOYVILLE was to have a grand ball that night. It was to be held in the mysterious garden behind the great stone wall.

Jack and Janet had been told about the ball by Mr. Pieman, the Pastry Cook of Toyville. He had told them, too, that they must earn tickets in order to get to it.

But how were they to earn tickets to the Toyville ball? That is what puzzled Jack and Janet as they sat on the front steps watching the sun go down.

They had asked Bobby Bouncer, Jack's rubber ball, who had led them through the secret door of the stone wall on their visit to Mr. Pieman, but Bobby had not answered. He sat up in the tree where Jack had bounced him, and only grinned at the children.

"I wish some good fairy would show us how to earn tickets for the ball," sighed Janet.

"I am afraid it is too late now," said Jack gloomily. "We will have to go to bed in a few minutes."

Just then a little girl came down the street. She was weeping bitterly and held in her arms the body of a headless doll.

"What is the matter, little girl?" asked Janet.

"My dear, dear dolly, Marie, fell in the street and an auto truck smashed her head all to pieces," sobbed the little girl.

"That is too bad," replied Jack, "but you can get another doll head at the store."

"We are poor and have no money to buy another doll head for Marie," sobbed the little girl.

Janet remembered that upstairs among her treasures was the head of Isabelle, the most beautiful doll she ever had. The body had been torn to bits by a bad dog, but the pretty head was saved. Some day Janet's mother was going to sew the head on another doll body.

Janet loved her doll very much, but she was sorry for the poor little girl. Why not give her the beautiful doll head? The thought put a pang in Janet's heart, but she was brave.

"Let me take your dolly, and, perhaps, I can find a good fairy who will give it another head," she said.

The poor little girl gave Janet the headless body and Janet ran into the house with it. She found Isabella's beautiful head and took it to her mother. Her mother smiled when Janet told her what she wanted, and sewed Isabella's head upon the headless body of the poor little girl's doll. Isabella's head looked a bit queer on Marie's body, which was dressed in shabby and ragged clothes, but she was still very beautiful.

Janet kissed Isabella good-by, and held back her tears. She handed the doll to the little girl with a smile.

"Do you like the new head the fairy gave your dolly?" she asked.

The poor little girl's eyes lighted up with joy.

"Oh, this is ten times prettier than my own dolly," she cried. "Thank you, and thank the good fairy."

Her joy made Janet feel happy in spite of her sorrow at parting with Isabella.

The poor little girl handed Janet a slip of paper.

"This is all I have to give you," she said. "But it will bring you gladness." The poor little girl then ran down the street, hugging the dolly to her breast.

Jack and Janet looked eagerly at the paper. It was blank—not a thing was on it.

Janet was much disappointed. How could that blank slip of paper bring her gladness?

"It may be magic paper," said Jack. "You had better save it."

So Janet put the paper carefully away, and she was glad later she had done so.

(What the slip of paper was, and how Jack got one like it will be told tomorrow.)

Cleaning Aluminum

Aluminum utensils will become bright if cleaned with citric acid—commonly known as sour salt. It is not poisonous and will not injure the hands or the aluminum. Very black vessels should be boiled in it.—McCall's.

Mother Always Has a Prize Ready For the Child Who Doesn't Win One

There Are Times When You Might Feel Lonely or Unhappy About Things, but That Makes It All Happy and Nice Again

THERE were three children who competed for a prize in a recent story in one of the magazines.

But there were only two prizes, and each child was to write a picture.

The child who won the first prize wrote about his mother's face, which, he said, was "the most beautifulest thing I've ever seen in all my life."

"It tries to make everything so pleasant," he went on. "When you go away it smiles you away! When you come home it smiles you home! When you're bad it smiles you good! When you're sick it smiles you well!"

He wasn't a very big little boy, but his thoughts were very big.

Mothers are like that.

That "beautifulest" smile never fails you.

If you are worried, it reassures and strengthens you.

If you're happy, it fits in with your happiness.

If you're unhappy it sympathizes and soothes.

And if you've done wrong it forgives.

There may be hurts that would take it away, if it didn't belong to a mother, there may be sorrows and worries behind it, but when you need it, it's there, in just the mood that you want most.

IN THE story of the three prizes there was one child who didn't win a prize.

There always is, in the world.

And that is one special thing that mothers are for.

Because when the little girl who didn't win a prize tried to hide her disappointment and failed, there was mother.

And in her hand she held her precious little gold pencil with an agate in the end, the delight of all three children.

That little pencil in mother's bag always is.

But it was Ruthie's after that, for Ruthie had not been able to win a prize and mother wasn't going to have her left out.

MOTHERS are like that, too.

They always have a prize ready in case any child of theirs doesn't win one, although it may not be a gold pencil at all, or anything that you can take hold of and show to somebody.

Sometimes you can't help feeling just a little lonely about things.

In school, for instance, there are times when everybody seems to be getting along well but you.

Everybody else has a chum to whisper to and yours is away for a day or two.

The other girls are going to get new dresses for the reception, and you have to wear the same old pink organdie.

You'd be lonely and pretty unhappy about it, if it weren't for mother.

But mother has her prize all ready and waiting for just such an emergency. A surprise shopping trip, an unexpected favorite dessert, a new something that is extra, or else just so much understanding of the whole situation that it all melts away and becomes happy again.

LATER on in life there are more times when everybody else seems to be getting the prize.

There are parties you don't get invited to, tennis games you don't win, love affairs you don't have, swimming strokes you don't get, raises you don't receive, consideration and appreciation that you miss out on.

No matter what the trouble is, no matter what contest you enter and fail to win in you're sure of that one thing.

When you go home there will be mother's smile to greet you.

And when she knows about it all she will pull out her unexpected little prize of extra love, or something nice like that, so that you will never be able to feel lonely or left out.

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Theodora Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Bland, and, to her surprise, is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, that she is leaving her job in order to be married, and he refuses to let her go. They have a battle of words, and Theo apparently wins out, but then the unexpected happens and Blakeslee kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht.

CHAPTER VII

"I Won't Take You Back"

THE minute Theo was set down on her feet she rushed to one of the portholes and peered anxiously out. Instantly Blakeslee was beside her, evidently ready to frustrate any call for help. It was then that Theo whirled on him furiously. She was white with rage and her eyes blazed furiously into his.

"How dare you, Mr. Blakeslee! Oh, how dare you do this thing to me? I demand to be taken back immediately!"

"That's impossible," he returned curtly. "I'm sorry to have to carry you off by force, Miss Caldwell. Believe me, if it could have been managed in any other way I should have been only too glad to do it. But you left me no alternative, and inasmuch as you didn't seem to appreciate the seriousness of the situation, I took matters into my own hands."

The seriousness of the situation! Theodora gasped at his supreme egotism. It wasn't at all serious to him that he was carrying off a girl who was engaged to be married, probably breaking up her future happiness—he evidently hadn't even thought of that. Theo gazed almost unseeingly through the porthole, and suddenly realized that it would do no good to scream for help if she had wanted to employ such means to free herself. They were already far out in the river and the shore line of New York seemed very far away. Of course she might attract some passing boat, but that would put an entirely wrong aspect on things. What could she do then? Was it possible that such a thing could happen in this twentieth century and that she could be actually carried off without being able to do anything about it?

It certainly seemed so, for here she was, and here was her captor standing over her entirely in possession of the whiphand while she was helpless and unable to do anything.

"Don't you think you might make the best of things?" Richard Blakeslee's voice came to her through the morass of thoughts that were darting in and out of her mind. Theodora suddenly wanted to scream, to break down weakly and cry, but her intuition told her that it would do absolutely no good, and that she must reason with him if she expected to get anywhere at all. It would do no good to be indignant, she must be logical and appeal to him through his mind.

And so it was a very calm Theodora who swallowed down her fright and her panic and who said as evenly as she could:

"Mr. Blakeslee, you must know how impossible it would be to carry such a thing through. Can't you see my side of it at all? You may think my life of no importance in comparison with you, but I assure you it is of the utmost importance to me. Please try to realize this and take me back, for I swear that I will not touch your work, nor help you in any way. You'll find it impossible to force me to do that."

Theo was sorry the minute she had said this, and his next words were sufficient to assure her that she had made a mistake.

"I think you'll change your mind about that, Miss Caldwell. The thing is done now, and I have no intention of taking you back. My plans are made and we're going through with them, but of course I shall recompense you well for having carried you away at just this time. If you had reconsidered when I advised you to do so all this wouldn't have been necessary. In a way you have brought it on yourself."

"Oh!" Theodora gasped at the man's arrogance. Rage and humiliation surged up in her and womanlike she was all the more angry because he did not think her side of the question important enough to discuss.

"I'm nothing but a grain of dust, a tiny little pawn in his big game of life," Theodora thought desperately, "but I'll show him, I'll make him pay for what he has done. I won't submit to this thing. I won't! I won't!"

Tomorrow—The Chaperon.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. How is a basket for the game of basketball fitted so that spectators who do not see the play will know that a goal has been made?
2. If the baseboard in a room with white woodwork seems too high for good proportion, how can a shorter effect be given it?
3. What novel idea of decoration carried out by a French woman made her sunny bay window a riot of beautiful colors?
4. From what idea did the name "Adam's apple" originate?
5. In the very newest Paris styles, what old-fashioned note is predominant?
6. How can slit pockets be easily made on a skirt in such a way that they add decoration to the frock?

Saturday's Answers

1. Long gloves that are slit and fastened together with a clasp on the back of the wrist over the watch are best for a long trip, as they keep the watch clean and easy to get at.
2. A dainty white belt of silk braid is finished on the ends with two crosswise tabs of black leather held with metal cleats and white silk tassels.
3. A kit holding clothespins and a small line for laundry work in her room would be an appropriate gift for the girl who is leaving on her vacation.
4. Mary Phillipse was much beloved by George Washington before he married Martha Custis, but she became the wife of his fellow officer, Colonel Rogers Morris.
5. A little girl's party dress is charming when finished with little lines of lace running up on the skirt, forming half of a scallop.
6. One of the latest velvet hats is trimmed with a simple braid of gray leather, with the strands forming a tassel at the end.

Adventures With a Purse

WHEN we look through the family album, we note that our grandmothers and even mothers were dressed in frills reaching the full length of the skirt. And the funny scoop hats that were very much decorated with flowers and waving, curly plumes. And we laugh and turn over some pages to the ultra-smart woman of today, who looks so fashionable, so smart alongside of the hoop skirts and ruffled pantalettes. And we note she is dressed in a dark frock of some soft material, with straight lines and very little trimming. Her feet are shod in flat-heeled tailored shoes, her hands incased in trim chamois gloves. And her soft, felt hat is perfectly plain and quite devoid of trimming, except for the jet ornament in the front. It's a hatpin with a fancy head of sparkling jet, and dangling from the end is a fancy loop of the same jet. The perfect trimming for the felt hats so much in vogue today, and they range in price from $1.50 to $5.

But grandmother has upon her slender wrist a black jet bracelet which does not send us into hysterics, as did her funny clothes; in fact, it makes us quite envious. We can almost close our eyes and see the creamy whiteness of her skin with the bracelet of jet clasped about it. And we wish very much that we, too, might possess one. In one store I have seen quite a variety of just such bracelets and you've no idea how nice-looking they are, and not at all expensive. Oblong pieces of jet, some shiny and sparkling, others more dull and somber, strung on a piece of narrow black elastic, which slips over the wrist, back into place and leaves the solid string of jet. The prices vary from $3.50 to $7.

If you are looking for bargains in silk shirts do look up some I saw today. Very excellent quality and a perfectly lovely shade of pink. They are but $2, and three or four of them will carry you through the winter.

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

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