Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Male Flirt

ALTHOUGH we have seemed to condone flicting, indeed, to encourage it, there are flirts and flirts!

Coquetry, being an essential part of Nature's plan to spur on men and women to love and perpetuate the race, indeed, to spur on even the birds and animals, to seek each other and mate, cannot be blamed. But there is a type of flirtation that is founded on lying and deceit. The whole gamut of sex relations in the past was run along the oily rails of unfairness and deception. It was regarded as clever in a man to make love to many women, prudently and lyingly, and desert them.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

What do we hear, as a eternal truth, "The sailor has a wife in every port"? "A drummer always makes love to every woman he meets."

SUCH generalizations and the selection of these types of men are founded, of course, on the fact that these professions are peripatetic ones. Commercial travelers are fed up to spend most of their lives traveling. It is difficult to be a wife when they have not seen for long stretches of time. They are lonely and in need of amusement or relaxation, or affection. They pick up acquaintances easily.

The sailor, too, is very lonely. He is isolated in an unnatural way. Nature never meant him to live alone. Sailors usually are very unsophisticated, for they live, not mingled with a knowing crowd of persons in cities, and read all the professional and motion-picture dramas, as have the great majority of modern men and girls.

Consequently, they go forth with eager desire to crowd into their little shore leave all the delights and experiences which other men spread out over months and years. And what wonderling to the lonely as love making?

BUT the wandering male, wandering and unstable in his affections, is not confined to those whose profession is abnormal and isolates them.

There is a type of all classes of the genus male, the most reprehensible, that plays upon women that philanders, that never is sincere. The male flirt is a deadly bar. He deceives with every breath. In small towns he cannot work successfully, because every one knows him. If he marries and neglects his family, public opinion condemns him. But in the great cities he is omnipresent.

He is regarded as fascinating, for the reason that he devotes time and thought to making himself agreeable, to entering women. Men usually despise him, but it is difficult for them to warn women against him, for they are apt to be misunderstood, and regarded as envious or prudish.

SOMETIMES the men-vampires hang around hotels or other public places and scrape up acquaintances with good-looking girls. Now, here is a problem that nearly all modern women have to face: Shall they ever become acquainted with a man who is not introduced to them?

It is absurd to be too narrow and conventional in judging these matters. Ask hundreds of respectable women and they will tell you of least a few men friends whom they value very highly, whom they met in some unconventional manner. Traveling across the country, for instance, affords folks an opportunity to get intimately acquainted.

In a short time, every one has met, exchanged magazines or candy, sat in the observation car and whiled the long hours away, talking merrily. In the evening groups who never even heard of each other a few hours before are easily sitting on the rear platform, singing and watching the swift-receding rails close to a point, and enjoying the moonlight and anticipations of the Golden West.

TO CONDEMN such chance acquaintanceships were absurd. But they are in a sense, under chaperonage. The girl who meets a man in a suburban train each morning, and sets acquainted, and later, has to endeavor to meet dining at a cozy little restaurant, make be pretty sure that he has a family, and is a commuter who is leading a double existence. This is not necessarily the case, but is apt to be, for most of the men living in suburbs do so for the sake of children.

A girl who flirts with a married man should consider that some day her husband may be sneaking off to meet some careless and unthinking younger woman.

The married male flirt is the worst in the world. He has a little patter all memorized that he uses on all women; his wife misunderstands him! Is it not strange that the woman they marry never by any chance understands them, but any chance acquaintance is sure to be sweetly sympathetic and understanding? Perhaps the wife understands them only too well.

In the mating period, men may be allowed their subtle coquetries, perhaps, as well as women. They may be tactful and wise, and know that by clever ruses, by pretended indifference, they may pique her and arouse interest and even jealousy. But the only possible excuse is an honest anxiety to awaken a woman's love in response to their honest affection.

The man who deliberately flirts, for the sake of captivating a girl, making false love to her, and deserting her, is the lowest of all the animal kingdom!

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Today Is Virginia's: Her Lace Stockings

ONE hole in the sleazy toe; one 'run' that made the left one simply impossible, and a tiny tear in the top of the right one.

Virginia stared at the ruin of the beautiful lace hosiery, and a large, salty tear welled up and trickled foolishly down her round, smooth cheek.

"I might have known it," she gasped half aloud.

"Eh?" cried the voice of her Paulman, who was engaged with the morning axe in the bathroom.

"Oh, dear," sighed Virginia. "I'll have to tell him."

He came to the door of their sunny, old rather too much crotonned bedroom, and grinned through the thick white lather.

"What's the tragedy this time, hun 'un?" he demanded gayly, waving a reckless razor in the air by way of emphasizing.

She held out the ruined stockings with a gesture of despair.

"Look at them!" she cried.

"Well, what about 'em?"

"There's—there's a run in one of 'em, and there's a tear, and a hole in the other one. And—and I can't mend them. They're lace!"

Paul shrugged.

"And—and they cost $7.50, Paul," he wailed.

"For one pair?"

She nodded miserably.

"Holy cats!"

"And now I can never wear them again. Isn't that terrible?"

"I'll say it's ——" But he trailed off to resume the business of shaving, and Virginia heard him close the door. At breakfast the liege lord seemed preoccupied.

"Say, honey," he said suddenly, "I don't remember anything about stockings at $7.50 a pair on the bill from the store."

She stared at him.

"On the bill of the store?" she repeated.

He nodded—curtly, too.

"I don't know what you mean, dearest."

"I mean those stockings that have gone to the bad."

"The lace ones?"

"Sure—the lace ones. When did you get them?"

Virginia's small white teeth bit into the slice of opulently buttered toast and her eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Oh, I got 'em a long time ago—must have been three months or more."

"Three months or more?"

"Yes, dear. Don't you remember them?"

"No, but I'll never forget that they cost me seven-fifty," he said brusquely.

And then Virginia threw back her head and laughed at the ceiling.

"Oh, you silly old forgetter, you! Why, stupid man, those are the stockings I wore when we were married—mother—oh, oh——" And she was off again in a gale of laughter.

But Paul had the grace to blush, and he kissed her twice, when he left for the office.

"It wasn't the seven-fifty, dear," she whispered to him as she snuggled in his arms. "It was—the memory of them."

And that afternoon came a small box by the store's delivery wagon—a pair of black silk lace hosiery, and Virginia's heart fluttered wildly as she saw a sales slip crumpled to the box. "1 pr. hose—$10.00," it read.

Tomorrow—Three Dollars Deposit

"SHOULD A WOMAN TELL?"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women, and that he is looking to her to exert an influence over his little butterfly sister, Julie. Julie has fallen in love with a man much older than herself, and driven into a corner, she tells her mother that she has met this man through Hawthorne. Shortly after this, Hawthorne sees Cranford Blake, the man from the past, at a hotel, and the next morning, he calls her up on the telephone and demands to see her. She hangs up the receiver while he is speaking. Realizing afterward that this has only postponed the issue, she resolves to see him. She waits for his call the next morning, and Julie calls up and asks her out to lunch.

CHAPTER XXIII

A Terrible Shock

THE lobby of the restaurant was filled with fashionably dressed women. There was a hum of people's voices raised above the sound of the orchestra that came from the dining room beyond. The smell of rich food, combined with expensive perfume, was everywhere.

I stood alone among the crowds for a moment and then Julie's voice hailed me from behind. I whirled about, felt for a moment the pressure of her warm little hand on my arm, and then looked up and straight into the eyes of—Cranford Blake!

The walls of the lobby seemed to waver as though they were about to close in on me, the chatter of the people increased to a deafening roar in my ears. I felt a moment of extreme nausea as though I were about to faint, but I fought the sensation with all of my strength.

What was that that Julie was saying?

"Hawthorne, this is Mr. Carroll Blackton. Isn't he a splendid surprise?"

After that one moment of horrified surprise I had wrenched my gaze from his face and had turned to Julie.

She was radiant. Her eyes were like stars, her soft cheeks were flushed. She was incapable of hiding what she felt and it was written on her face for all the world to see.

I had a passionate impulse to protect her, to hide that look of awakened girlhood, from the curious and prying, and all the while I was trying to gather my wits together, to play the game, to crush down the panic that threatened to overwhelm me if I gave in to it.

I had no time to think, I had to act. From my first quick, horrified glance into Cranford's face I had seen that he was smiling, that faintly ironical smile of his. He had planned this neat little trap for me and I had innocently walked into it. Of course, it amused him; he had no heart. Why, if it happened to be necessary to his own interests, he would crush Julie as if she had never meant anything to him. He would stamp out that smile of happiness on her face and ride over her roughshod.

I suppose if I were a heroine of a novel, a brave, courageous type of woman, I should have denounced Cranford then and there. But women don't do those things in real life; they suffer in silence, they pretend things they don't feel, they are cautious at facing issues of any kind.

I knew, of course, from Julie's manner that she knew nothing, and I also knew that Cranford had discovered all about me through her. She had probably chattered to him gayly in her artless manner, and he had listened, discovered what he needed to know, and then planned his manner of dealing with me.

All these thoughts went rushing through my mind as Julie, her hand thrust through my arm, propelled me toward the door of the dining room. I was conscious that I must have managed some kind of a greeting, for Julie in her happy absorption had not noticed anything wrong, but to keep up a semblance of camaraderie during lunch, to force myself to talk and laugh, seemed ghastly to me.

How could I look at Cranford, how could I seem friendly toward him just as though I had never known him before? And yet this was no time to tell what I knew, to make a scene of any kind. I must wait and have it out with him when we were alone.

Tomorrow—Love's Young Dream

PUDDINE

For Pie Filling

Take one quart of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of Puddine, of flavor desired, six of sugar, one of butter and one egg; mix together and bring to boil. Have crust baked in advance; put custard into crust and place in oven to brown.

There are eight flavors, any of which can be used in the above recipe.

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Furs Dyed to Match the Suits They Trim

By CORINNE LOWE

Fur trimmings of this season are engaged chiefly in saying, "Yes, yes." It is a notable feature of the autumn modes, in fact, that pelts of the same color as the costume are so often preferred to the contrast which we used to seek. Mole on a light gray broadcloth suit, brown caracul on a brown duvetyn costume, slynx dyed green on a suit of the same tint—again and again we find such identity of color sentiment.

Thus the three-piece costume of brown broadcloth, illustrated today, trims its coat with kolinsky of the same tint. Other interesting details of this model are the draped coat and the one-sided belt arrangement. Speaking in general, one is forced to comment again on the popularity of both broadcloth and brown.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Limber Joints

You wouldn't think that the elasticity of the individual's joints had anything to do with his character, would you? But it has.

It is natural that limber joints should spell activity in the physical sense, and so they do.

They indicate quick mental reactions and slow thought, if you can understand the distinction made in this apparently contradictory statement. Put it another way. The impulsive and emotional mental processes of the limber-jointed ones are very quick, though they are slow in their processes of reason and analysis. They are, in short, intuitive. The intuitions of the individual may be right or wrong, on the average, according to the other character indications which you see in him or her.

Tomorrow—Conscious Shading

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "G. A. B."

Do not be unpleasant about the phone call. He probably did try to get you. Do not let the matter pass, say, "Well, you're a nice person, why didn't you call me up?" And then accept his explanations unless he is rude about it; in that case let him see that you do not like his rudeness.

They're in a Bad Way

Dear Cynthia—We are four girls around the same age, and are all crazy about the same boy. He is very cute, and we are very eager to know which of us he likes the best, as we are turning down many others on account of him. As it is, he treats us all the same. Do you approve of girls around the age of fifteen kissing boys goodnight?

THE FOUR DIZZY BLONDES.

He probably likes you all the same, and as you are only fifteen, it would be better to stick to "liking," not loving. Have plenty of friends, having only one is a mistake.

You have not read Cynthia's answers to correspondents or you would not ask about kissing. She does not approve and never will approve of wrong, and kissing is wrong unless a promise to marry has been made, and then, too, temperance in the matter is very necessary.

Probably All Your Own Idea

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl sixteen years old, and I am only a freshman in one of the girls' high schools. I am ashamed to tell anybody this when they ask me. But, Cynthia, it was on account of great sickness that I am only a freshman. I like football very much, and go to see games often. At a game I met a boy, a senior, and he is also a cheer leader for his football team. He is a wonderful-looking boy, and I think a great deal of him. I have gone to two football games since then, and both times he has walked home with me. The last time my girl friend was with me. She had on her class pin, which, of course, had the year 1921 printed on it. He happened to look at it, and at once my girl friend asked me where my pin was. Of course, you know the rest. At once he knew I was a freshman. Dear Cynthia, I feel very bad about it, because I saw that the boy was disappointed (at least I thought so). He must have thought I was in a higher class, because I look much older than what I really am. It seemed he did not act the same to me when he left me. Cynthia, I do not want to lose this boy's friendship, for I think he is wonderful. Please tell me what to do in a case like this.

BLACK EYES.

It's just your self-consciousness, dear. If you feel bad about it, why not say, "You know I'm only a freshman, at my age, because of illness, when I lost a couple of years," or whatever time you did lose. You ought to forget about it.

She's Very Short

Dear Cynthia—(1) I am a young lady twenty years of age, fair looking, dress according to time and place and very inexpensively, by making most of my own clothes. I hold a responsible bookkeeping position, getting a fair salary. Am contented with all but one thing, which is that I do not have any male friends. As I come from a refined family and am a respectable girl I really cannot understand why this is so, unless it is because I am built very small. Judging me by size I do not look any more than twelve years old. I would do anything under the sun if I knew it would make me taller and stouter. I get plenty of sleep, air, and am well fed and feel perfectly healthy. What puzzles me is that my parents are tall and well built and I am so contrary. Will you please help me out of my trouble? Your advice will be greatly appreciated. Thank you. (2) Would you recommend yeast? If so, how should it be taken? (3) What will fatten arms and legs? (4) Would it be proper to give my employer a little gift (for Christmas), which I have made during working hours? If so what shall I say? (5) If a young man escorts me home from an evening social, is it my place to ask him to call or should he ask when he can see me again?

LONESOME RAINDROP.

Small women are considered usually very attractive, so don't worry about your size. And do not try to get fat. When a girl is small and slim and dainty she is bound to attract others sooner or later.

Stop thinking of what you have considered defects heretofore and be natural and attractive, and you'll soon find friends.

Put a little card with your name and good wishes on it, with your little gift, and place it on your employer's desk the day before Christmas. It would be wiser to send just a Christmas card to him, but if you have been there a long time and the gift is not an expensive one, it will be all right to give it to him.

Tell the young man you hope to see him again soon and he will probably ask if he may call.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Oddly enough, many deaf persons are very fond of conversation; when they require answers, as they so often do, this is very embarrassing to the other speaker; especially if the talk is carried on in a public place like a hotel, railroad station or restaurant, where the shouted responses attract too much attention.

Men and women who are even slightly deaf should not engage in argumentative talk since those to whom they speak must answer, if they answer at all, at a pitch too loud for good manners. If the deaf insist on talking, the people who are fortunate enough to have good hearing faculties should humor them by nods and smiles, or may express their honest dissent by gestures or by shaking the head. Loud talk is always bad form and the infirmity of deafness is no excuse for attracting undesirable attention.

The Person Who Makes You "Mad" Is Often a Perfectly Innocent Soul

He Doesn't Mean to Be Obnoxious in the Least, but There Is Something About Him That Grates on Your Nerves

THERE are some people who just naturally make you "mad."

They don't do anything disagreeable, they don't mean to get on your nerves or be unpleasant, but you begin to stiffen and bristle as soon as you start to talk to them.

Very often they are plumbers or electricians or carpenters whom you have sent for to fix something in your house.

He arrives, this plumber or electrician or carpenter, always on the very day that you want to leave the house locked up and go down town for a day's shopping.

But, of course, this isn't his fault.

He has no way of knowing what day you want to go shopping or whether, indeed, you have any idea of going shopping.

All he knows is that he has been sent for to fix that leak or that lock or that light or something.

He has reported for work in the morning and the boss has said: "Go around to these people first, they've been calling up several times to have that thing fixed."

And so he has come around.

INNOCENT, not in the least anxious to give trouble or annoyance, he strolls in, deposits such tools as he has remembered to bring and begins in a leisurely way to inspect the damage.

Perhaps, you think, if he hurries you can wait until he finishes and then go out afterward.

But he doesn't hurry. He hasn't been told to hurry and he cannot see any reason why he should.

And you get so wrought up with anger and impatience that you don't care whether the damage gets fixed or not.

It's silly, of course, but it's irresistible.

You find people like this everywhere. It isn't that you can find anything to put your finger on and proclaim as annoying. It is very often just the surrounding circumstances that cause the feeling.

SOMETIMES when you read an article or a book, you get this unreasonable feeling of anger at the writer.

What he says is perfectly true; and it is rather well put.

But why, you argue fiercely, should he bother to say it?

Everybody knows it, there's nothing new or startling about it, and it's just annoying to have to take the time to read it in order to go on to the next matter.

Foolish—but you can't help getting "riled."

There is something about his attitude or his outlook on life—or something—that grates upon your nerve, and no matter how kindly you happened to feel, how tolerant a mood you are in, you feel yourself getting "mad" as soon as you begin to read what he has written.

IT IS a sharp contrast of ideas and temperaments that causes this feeling.

Whether there is any clash or not, you instinctively realize that here is somebody who has entirely different viewpoints from yours, and very disagreeable ones.

Of course, yours are just as disagreeable to him as his are to you, but you can see it only from the one side.

He may not mean even to disagree with you in any way, but there's just that vague, inexplicable something about him which just grates and grates and grates upon you until you'd like to grit your teeth and scream.

It's all very silly and unnecessary—but you have felt that way, haven't you?

The Woman's Exchange

Can a Reader Help Us Out?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please give me some information concerning an organization called Old-Timers' Club. For what reason was that name selected? Is it a popular club? Is it for male or female, etc?

E. S.

I have not been able to find out anything about this club. Is it new or old, large or small? I am sure a reader will answer if there is any one who knows something about the club, its why and where and when. The information will be published when it comes in.

Tell More About It

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—We intend to organize a club of about fifteen girls and would like you to suggest a name and motto for the club. Also how we could keep the girls from dropping out.

LOU AND JEANNE.

I'll have to ask you to tell me more about your club before I can suggest a name or motto for it. What is its purpose, why are you starting it and what do you propose to do at the meetings? Keep the girls from dropping out by having a specific purpose and giving each of them some interesting part of the work to do, so that they will not want to drop out. If they have something to do with keeping the organization, they will have too much feeling of responsibility to think of failing to do their part loyally and faithfully.

Wear a Sport Suit

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am five feet tall, brown bobbed hair, brown eyes and weigh 137 pounds. I want to know if you could tell me what kind of suit to wear. I mean cheap. Also I have a full face. How can I fix my hair so it could be becoming for a girl fifteen years of age?

SOME ONE.

A sport suit with belted coat and rather full skirt would be best for you. You can get this in the regular sport-suit material or in a less expensive material that would be just as pretty and warm.

Do not brush your hair out very far on the sides if you have a full face. Keep it rather close to your head and just let it curl up a little on both sides of the face, so that it will be becoming and soft without being too wide. Then brush it out in the usual way in back, and part it on the side, letting the wide side droop a little over your forehead before catching it back with a barrette.

If Your Hair Is Bobbed

Of course, you wave it. It looks straggly and slinky if you don't. But there is a right and a wrong way of waving, especially that piece directly over your ears, which should curl up prettily on each side of your face. When waving that, twist it under, not up or out. If you turn it under it will stand up in that charming way, but if you wave it in any other direction it will stand up and away from your face, showing a "bald" ear in a most unbecoming way.

Things You'll Love to Make

For a little miss' frock CROSS-STITCHED CHECKED TRIMMING is simple and sweet. Cut a six-inch band with tabs five inches wide and three inches deep; one tab at each side and one at the back. With red wool or mercerized thread cross-stitch the black checks to form a simple pointed pattern. Have a small tab at each side of the collar and one above each cuff. Many very stunning combinations can be had by using plain chambray or linen for the body of the frock combined with checked for the trimming. A red frock with black and white CROSS-STITCHED CHECKED TRIMMING makes a pretty and practical little play or school frock.

FLORA.

He needs it—
The Iron Food for Vitality."

Stewed Raisins

Serve for breakfast every morning and get your daily iron this way.

Raisin Pie

Men are quickly refreshed at night by a dessert like this.

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon corn starch
1 teaspoon sugar

Wash the raisins, put in saucepan with 1 cup cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Add sugar, salt and corn starch, which has been mixed with 1 cup cold water. Boil 5 minutes, add lemon juice. Pour in pie tin which has been lined with crust, while hot cover; brush top with cold milk and bake in moderate oven until brown.

Let Children Vote

Offer them plain bread or raisin bread. See which they select, and why

Some day, soon, do this:

Offer raisin bread and plain bread, side by side, to *your* boy or girl.

Note how the little hand at once selects the bread *with raisins.*

The flavor first attracts them—they know the deliciousness of raisins.

Unconsciously they know too that these raisins are *good for* them.

Every normal child craves sweets naturally, and should *have* them. Here are *Nature's own* sweets, the kind they *should* have—*practically pre-digested* and rich in *vital iron.*

The iron builds up healthy blood—lasting vitality for play or study.

Children need but a small lot of iron daily, yet that *need is vital.*

Healthful foods sometimes must be *forced* on children.

Not so raisin bread. They choose it for themselves. Just try and see.

Delicious raisin bread and raisin pie are sold by bake shops and groceries everywhere. Buy of them to save baking at home. Real Raisin Bread is made with *lots of raisins.* Insist on it. First-class bakers do not stint.

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Use Sun-Maid Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes—American raisins, processed and packed immaculately in a great modern California plant.

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