Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Taming a Husband

ALTHOUGH Shakespeare was quite a feminist for his day, and portrayed women wearing men's clothes and proposing marriage and going into court as a lawyer, still he did perpetuate a most unpleasant tradition that man should be master in his "The Taming of the Shrew."

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Some of our most charming and intellectual actresses have played the part of the high-tempered wife, choosing to give the comedy such a sprightly, humorous angle, that it was not very offensive; but the ugly fact remains that Petruchio, instead of using charming, loving tactics to subdue his temperamental bride, starved her, and bullied her and took a whip to her. The spirit of modern woman rises in revolt.

THIS season, there is a most delicious play on Broadway, taken from the French, in which the tables are turned, and a bride holds the whip-handle, and masters a bully. Such intelligence and cleverness and understanding of psychology are rarely given to any one, man or woman, as are portrayed by the exquisite wife in this play.

It is not as a play among hundreds of modern dramas that we feel enthusiasm over this luscious entertainment, but as a serious turning-point in the attitude of the sexes toward each other.

That a male dramatist should conceive this plot, and immense audiences applaud it, surely betokens a complete face-about in human thought.

The American billionaire, of tremendous power and will, who is accustomed to break his adversaries and seize huge enterprises without the least moral compunction, is pictured as a husband in extremis.

THIS modern Bluebeard has his own standards of fairness. He has married seven wives, and got rid of them successively by divorce, because he feels that if a man loves he must in decency marry, but that when he ceases to love, he is not compelled to remain tied, but can rid himself of his spouse, and pension her.

He is tremendously drawn to the delectable morsel of feminine loveliness, the heroine, not only by the usual attractions, but by an honest admiration for her ability to handle a situation, and her fearlessness and honesty. In most brilliant and snappy dialogue, they have their verbal tilt, and she considers his proposition, and then proceeds to get the upper hand, and make her own terms.

When they are married she realizes with almost uncanny understanding, that here mere beauty cannot hold him, and that in due course he will tire of her as he has tired of other charming women. And so she holds herself aloof while appearing amiable and delightful, and drives him almost frantic, in baffling his will.

HE IS nonplused and disconcerted and infuriated, but cannot fathom her. Before he can even suggest a divorce, she does so, and he is petrified with amazement that any woman could want to get rid of him and his millions. Of course, he is crazy over her and cannot endure the thought of separation, even when most angry. She sends him anonymous letters hinting at his wife's infidelity, which torture him, and thus pique his interest.

Even the detective whom he employs is foiled by the clever bride. At last, she sets a trap to make him jealous and break his abnormal conceit, by causing him to think she has betrayed him. A former admirer, a pink-cheeked young boy, is selected as the catspaw. The wife deliberately brings him to her boudoir, forces him into the most compromising and dangerous position, with the result that the husband, wholly crushed and defeated, can do nothing but divorce her.

This hilariously funny scene, extremely broad and French as it is, is handled with such rare delicacy by the young actress and a boy of such refinement and histrionic talent, that it is not objectionable.

AFTER six months, when the divorce is accomplished and she is independent and wealthy, due to his settlements, the alluring creature permits him to learn that she has been madly in love with him from the first, being irresistibly attracted by his superhuman will and ability, but that she could not endure to be bought, and that he never could have had any other attitude than that of mastery and contempt, so long as he supposed he had purchased her with his colossal fortune.

Now she can go to him as an independent woman free to choose a mate for love. He realizes how much higher a compliment such a choice is than that of the ordinary mercenary woman, and is overwhelmed with joy. "Shall I remain your eighth wife or become your ninth?" she queries, archly, to which he replies, "You shall be my last one, for I have finally met my match!" This ends the wholly fantastic and impossible plot.

IT IS a sign of the times. Such a drama never could have been conceived, even in jest, a few decades ago. Always we had the woman succumbing. If it were a choice between domesticity and a career, the end, the final curtain, always showed her giving up every vestige of the career, even if she had a grand opera voice and married a dry goods clerk in Harlem. And if it were the conflict twixt love and loyalty to a cause, the heroine was always the Southern girl during the Civil War, and the hero the Northern officer, for it never would have done for the maid to have seemed to triumph, and absorb the hero into the unpopular cause!

The man always must be the conqueror—so said the tradition strong as iron bars for centuries in every country. Yet here is the frail and giddy heroine absolutely breaking the will of a captain of finance, not merely by a coquettish sex appeal, but in a real combat of intellect!

Who says there is nothing new under the sun, my sisters?

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING DAY is here.

Of all the fest days in our calendar, I think I like Thanksgiving best of all.

And I like it for the same reason that I like wedding—not for myself—once was enough! But I like to go to weddings because of the lights and the happiness and the gayety and the life and all the other things that make one feel young and joyous and foolish.

Thanksgiving is probably the one holiday which rich and poor, winner and loser, optimist and pessimist can celebrate on common ground—the ground that no matter what troubles, woes, grouches or ill conditions are afflicting us—and we each and every one of us have something or other afflicting us—things aren't as bad as if they were twice as bad.

So whatever evils have befallen you, give thanks that they are not worse.

Join in the great national poem of gratitude.

For this one day at least ignore ghosts and the ambulances, turn your face to the bright spots on the horizon, be thankful for the blessings you enjoy.

On this day plant cheerfulness and optimism in the back of your head, nourish it all the twenty-four hours, and maybe you will grow enough to hand out all the year around to the neighbors.

The sky sometimes seems dark, and your soul occasionally achess but today decide that the sun shall shine over all, determine you will feel fine, look it and say it.

This day relax and rest; laugh as little as often as you can, and cultivate humility—appreciation of the fact that you are a right better off than you deserve to be—that a benevolent Providence is seeing to it that you don't get what's coming to you by a long shot.

All day long think joy.

And if, in spite of everything you do, you find you can't do it, give some one poorer than you a turkey. It will surely make you happy.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Virginia and the French Laundry

EVERY garment was wrapped daintily in pink tissue papers. Even her little lace handkerchiefs, the napes of

over a baby—or the return laundry from a French laundry.

Paul, pausing upon the threshold of their chamber on his way to dress, twinkled.

"What's the large and unusual idea?" he asked humorously.

"It's the laundry come home," said Virginia ungrammatically with a flash of her little white teeth.

"Gosh," drawled Paul. "I thought you'd——"

"But everything is so beautiful," she cried, clasping her hands in enraptured ecstasy.

"Humph!" Paul went on to the bathroom and presently Virginia heard the weird sounds that all men mostly must indulge in when they apply the morning lather to their chins.

"He's singing," she giggled to herself.

Indeed and he was.

"All by myself in the morning,
All by-by myself in the——"

The rest of the chorus was lost, the bland vocalist entered upon the more delicate pursuit of shaving the ends of the small mustache he cultivated.

The crisp, starchy blouses, the sheer underthings and the smaller articles that had come back from the fashionable laundry, Virginia had tucked away in the scented cedar chest, hoping a fresh shirt for her lord and master.

She smiled at him [illegible] across the breakfast table as she passed the first cup of coffee.

"Of course, dear," she said, "I could do the things up myself, you know, but I never could manage so beautifully as the laundry downtown. Isn't it sweet

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Thomas B. P.

Would be glad to hear your friend's experiences. Sorry he got "cold feet" about telling them. Perhaps he is ashamed and won't acknowledge it.

It Can't Be Done

To Lena and various others who wish Hopeful's address—Cynthia never has given and never will give the address of one writer to another, so she will have to refuse your requests.

To "Hard Luck"

The young girl treated you very badly not to dance with you at all at the party after you had taken her to it. And her rudeness in putting you aside for a comparative stranger to take her home was quite unpardonable. You had every right to be angry and to demand an explanation. Of course, you should not have been ungentlemanly in your anger. It does not seem a case of jealousy to Cynthia. Her advice is, keep quiet and let the girl severely alone. She'll soon come around, and if she does not, don't worry. You're too young to be in love, anyhow.

Go to Seamen's Institute

Dear Cynthia—I am a sailor lad of eighteen in the American merchant marine. Not having any friends in this port, I would greatly appreciate it if you could inform me, through your columns, how I could get acquainted with some girls in this town without being introduced. One of my drawbacks is that I cannot dance, but isn't there any other way to make friends?

Please try to put this in your column not later than Tuesday, as our ship is sailing for Mediterranean ports very soon.

A LONELY SAILOR.

Do Not Invite Him Again

Dear Cynthia—I am desperately in love with a certain young man, who up to a short time ago gave me to understand that he cared for me, too. I invited him, with a few other boys and girls, to a little party at my home. He accepted my invitation, but never showed up. Now, it has been three weeks, and he has not offered one word of apology or explanation for his behavior to me directly, but has sent various messages to me through mutual friends, explaining his absence. I am giving another party soon, and I want to know if I should invite him or ignore him till he apologizes openly. I would dearly love to see him, for I feel sure he still cares for me, but I want to know if it would be perfectly proper. Please, dear Cynthia, tell me what to do.

BUNNY.

Do not invite the young man to your home or to a party until he calls and explains his rudeness. Such behavior requires first-hand explanations.

Praises Cynthia's Decision

Dear Cynthia—I am glad you have decided not to discuss those ridiculous letters on kissing because I know that most of them are only written with the end in view of creating a disturbance. Your column should be of infinite value to those who are in need of sincere advice, and I am sure you always give it where it is asked. Only mostly there is no chance to give helpful advice because there are so few really intelligent questions asked, or ideas set forth.

Readers, let's have a little more substantial thought put into Cynthia's column. Let's give Cynthia a chance, or is it that you like this sickly, sentimental stuff which, it seems, must come in most part from unwholesome minds? Are these petty subjects all we are interested in? I'm sure not.

Where are the thoughtful readers? I'd like to hear from them. Won't you write?

HOLLAND.

Go to Dinner If Mother Asks

Dear Cynthia—I have been going with a certain young man for three months and care for him very much. He has asked me to go to his house for dinner on Thanksgiving Day. Would you advise me to go or not? I have not met his mother and father. They are very nice people. He does not live far from me. Also, is it right for a girl to take the fellow's arm when on the street? Should I accept a Christmas gift from the said young man?

BLUE EYES.

If the young man's mother invites you to dinner with them, but do not go on his invitation, tell him that you would not be at ease unless his mother asks you. She will probably invite you then; otherwise do not go.

To not accept a handsome present from him for Christmas. Flowers or candy would be proper for him to send.

Send Him a Card

Dear Cynthia—I have been going with a fellow for about a month and a half and would like to know what would be a nice Christmas present for him.

B.

Send him a pretty Christmas card. You have not known him long enough to give him a present.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DORIC

Autumn sees at one of Boston's finest of use in the Prohibition days. "Toasts" are served either in pure water or in one of the many current non-alcoholic beverages. At a notable feast, such as the Thanksgiving dinner, toasts circle around the table, beginning with the host and ending with his guest at the left. The time is usually the old "between-courses" time, that is, during the discussion of dessert. Each diner in turn proposes his toast, and all raise their glasses and drink to it.

Thanksgiving toasts should be appropriative, such as Burns' familiar "Address to the Haggis" and we can get "chummy" or more humorous, "Let us give thanks for what we have and for what we haven't." "Our Nation" is always a stirring toast.

Don't miss this!

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Nowadays simplicity of line and decoration is so much in style that we feel pretty much favored if we can get any trimming at all on our dresses. And so this schoolgirl of fourteen may well be all set up over her silk frock, even if it did not borrow any other material to make the points that trim it. They edge the flat collar and the short sleeves, and a fold that encircles the skirt, as well as the belt which starts on both sides of the front, leaving the straight effect down the front panel. There could scarcely be anything more simple than this, and yet it has all the necessary style.

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO 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 her influence over Julie, his little butterfly sister. Julie has fallen in love with a man much older than herself, and she confides in Hawthorne. Shortly after this Hawthorne discovers to her horror that Julie's lover is no other than Cranford Blake, the man she herself once loved in the past.

CHAPTER XXVII

"Who Is This Man?"

WITH Julie's promise not to do anything without first letting me know, I returned home with some of the worry that had been pressing on me for the last few days somewhat lessened.

Cranford had given me time to think, and I might possibly evolve some plan although at the present time I could not think of anything to do. But at any rate I felt better, and the warmth of the apartment, the cheerfulness of lamp light, the dear, familiar objects in my own room, the smell of dinner being prepared in the kitchen, all served to raise my spirits.

I changed from my street things into a soft blue dress that I knew Dane liked, and then I went into the living room and curled up in a corner of the couch with a book.

I actually lost myself for a time in the interest of the story, and when I looked up suddenly it was to see Martha standing in the doorway.

"Mr. Merril is late," she answered.

I glanced at the clock. Dane was late. He was usually very punctual, but the little French clock pointed to 6:15.

"He must have been detained at the office, Martha," I observed, but as she left the room an unreasoning fear filled my heart. I realized then that anything out of the ordinary would serve in my present mood to make me think that something had gone wrong.

I tried to reassure myself, to return to my book, but I could not keep my mind on the printed pages. I was restless, and I finally threw the book from me impatiently and went to the window.

I had just drawn the curtain aside to look down into the street when I heard Dane's key in the lock and I flew to meet him.

"You're late, darling," as he stooped to kiss me.

"Yes, I stopped in to see mother a few minutes."

What was there about this remark that made my nerves tingle? Surely the fact that Dane wanted to see his mother was innocent enough, and yet I intuitively felt that something was wrong.

I made no comment on his explanation, but followed him into the living room. Was it my imagination, or was he unusually thoughtful? I wanted to ask if anything were bothering him, but I hated to give in to my fancy. I must not allow myself to imagine things. Then Dane settled the question himself by remarking:

"We were talking about Julie."

"Yes?" The word was only pleasantly casual, but my heart leaped suffocatingly.

"Who is this man, this Mr. Blackton, that Julie seems so taken with? Mother says you introduced him to her."

Dane was looking at me, his eyes were fixed on my face. I felt that he could look right into my heart without the slightest trouble, but although my fingers clenched till the nails bit into my palms, I forced myself to smile.

"Why do you ask, dear, you seem so serious about it?"

"Well, mother is worried about Julie, and inasmuch as I was largely responsible for the fact that she did not return to school this fall, I am somewhat concerned at what she is doing."

"What is she doing?"

"That's just it, mother doesn't know. Julie has adopted an independence of attitude that is entirely unjustified. She does exactly as she pleases, and refuses to allow any one to interfere. Mother is afraid she is not meeting the right kind of people. Who is this man, Blackton, Hawthorne? Where did you meet him, and what do you know about him?"

Tomorrow—Deadlock

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The VITAL AUTOMATIC VACUUM CLEANER

Adventures With a Purse

I DON'T know whether you have seen this new, rather new, jewelry, but if you have not, I am sure that you will want to, and so I am going to tell you about it. The foundation is a black metal resembling black enamel, and the decorations are flowers, raised, in bright contrasting colors. One can get barpins from $1 up, bracelets in black links with the flowers at every other link. These begin at $3. And it is also possible to get pendants to match. So that you really can have a most unusual set of jewelry. I am not sure whether or not it is imported, but one could easily think so.

Wrist watches and Christmas! An interesting combination. But Christmas and wrist watches that are especially nice and particularly reasonable is a combination that you certainly should know more about. All right, then—here goes: I know of a sterling silver cloisonne wrist watch, coming, if my memory serves me correctly, in either old blue or old rose. It has a fifteen-jeweled movement, comes on a nice ribbon strap, and has been specially priced for Adventure readers at $18. Here is a bargain you must certainly see about.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In order to give a somewhat different appearance to the Thanksgiving dinner table what home-made flower vases may be used?
2. Describe a new apple corer which works very easily and quickly.
3. Of what material, and in what shape are some interesting boudoir lamps made which need no shade?
4. Who was Elizabeth of York?
5. How is monkey fur used to form the finish of an arresting street frock?
6. When a bead chain that is to be used for a girdle seems too narrow to be becoming, how can it be widened without being restrung?

Yesterday's Answers

1. For the buffet or for the serving table in a dining room a bright and original decoration for Thanksgiving Day is formed of a pumpkin, surrounded on either side by a grapefruit and an orange, each of the fruits holding an orange-colored candle to match its size, and the whole being laid on a white cover, scattered with green leaves.
2. In a monogram where the middle letter is larger than the other two placing the initial of the last name in the center is the way of arranging three initials most popular at the present time.
3. An economical "log" which is excellent for starting a wood fire can be made by rolling scraps from the waste basket inside a piece of newspaper and forming this into the shape of a log.
4. In the realm of history, Elizabeth of England was the daughter of James I.
5. To make a smart corduroy dressing robe in a different sort of way put a narrow border of braid in dull golds and colors that harmonize around the neck and down either side, tying the gown with a cord.
6. A dark waist to be worn with the suit has a deep, round-collared vest and cuffs of white voile, which can be taken off and laundered at intervals, so that the whole thing is kept extremely fresh-looking.

A High-School Boy Wrote a Composition on What His Ideal Girl Should Be

If That Is His Ideal He Will Not Have Much Competition for Her Hand—She Is Too Good and Dull to Be True

HE WAS ASKED to write a composition about the "Ideal Girl."

This is what he wrote:

First. Do not flirt. It is useless and has no definite aim. You do not necessarily have to be a sissy, so to speak, or to be stiff.

Second. Be at ease in company. The ideal girl is the same girl in public as in the eyes of a brother or sister.

Third. Don't tell all your secrets to your girl chum.

Fourth. Do not offend a girl friend because of jealousy.

Fifth. Do not worry about having good clothes. Look neat and clean in what you can afford.

Sixth. Do not try to be what you are not—but be the same girl all the time.

I WONDER what that nice young high-school boy would do if he ever met a girl like that?

Something tells me he would take one look, exchange one word—and run a mile away from her in record time.

Something else whispers that while he was thinking and getting his tongue all black with his pencil he decided to kill two birds with one stone.

Write the composition and get in right with his teacher at one and the same time.

For surely this ideal girl is just built to cater to the supposed ideas of some one else.

It must have been a very prim, prudish teacher that he wanted to please.

Imagine a girl who answers to this description.

She would be very popular among girls.

Boys would tell their coquettish, well-dressed, fickle "girl friends" that she would make "a wonderful wife"—for somebody else.

And yet this boy may possibly think that this really is the kind of girl he likes.

He does approve of her.

FLIRTING, he declares, is useless and has no definite aim.

He doesn't know one-quarter of it, does he, girls?

The ideal girl is the same in public as in the eyes of a brother or sister—does this mean that he wants her to treat him like a brother?

Oh, hasn't he ever heard how many masculine hearts have been broken by that kindly offer—"but I'll be a sister to you"?

But here speaks the eternal masculine: "Don't tell all your secrets to your girl chum."

By secrets, of course, he means all the little things he has said and confided to her.

He always wants her to keep all those delicious bits to herself instead of giggling over them with somebody who has been through the same experience.

And, of course, he feels this way because of the jealousy some of those little remarks of his have caused.

You can't blame him for putting in that qualification, he is always the cause of some girl's jealousy of another, and the other girl makes him pay for it.

BUT this about being neat and clean and contented in what you have—isn't that a boy and a man and an older man and a grandfather all over?

Of course, he wants you to look your best always for him, he wants his girl to be better dressed and better looking than any other girl—but he expects her to do it without any fuss, or any worry over "having good clothes."

How we have spoiled them!

Need we say anything about his last requirement? It stands to reason that if she fulfilled all the others she would never be anything different from the same dull, drab, prim thing that he made her.

Poor boy—some girl has probably been torturing him by trying out her various moods on him.

Perhaps that's the reason he drew up such a sorry, uninteresting, unfeminine picture of a girl as his ideal.

The very opposite of the girl he really adores and is trying in vain to please!

Kinds of Eyes

A cold, indolent, selfish disposition accompanies a feebly tinted or colorless eye.

Bright eyes are a proof of good health and a happy outlook on life.

People who talk well and love to talk usually have large eyes.

Dark eyes suggest deep and strong emotions.

If your eyes change color, as from gray to black or blue to brown, it is a lucky sign.

Making corn into corn flakes was an important accomplishment. The next big step in serving the appetite was—

Post Toasties

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To make sure of getting the best, order "Post Toasties" by name, from your grocer.

He needs it—
"The Iron Food for Vitality"

Great Mid-Day Pie!

—it revives spent energies and puts new vigor into your afternoons

TRY one down-town, at your restaurant or lunch counter, after a hard morning's work and you are tired.

First note how luscious, then how it "sets you up."

A glass of milk is all you need with this pie for a good light lunch.

For the raisins furnish 1,560 calories of energizing *sucrose* per pound.

Their nutrition, being in practically pre-digested form, gets to work at once, and you can *feel* the energy it imparts.

The *iron* in the raisins then builds up the blood and promotes a vigor that is permanent. You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need *is vital*. Get it from raisins.

There's a recipe here for your wife to try at home. Or ask for pie like this down-town today.

Delicious raisin pie is sold by groceries and bake shops everywhere. Buy of them to serve home baking. *Real* raisin pie is made with *lots of raisins*. Insist on it. First-class bakers and restaurants don't stint.

Real Raisin Pie

Men are quickly refreshed at night by a dessert like this

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon corn starch

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 3 minutes, add lemon juice. Pour in pastry which has been lined with crust, while hot cover; brush top with cold milk and bake in moderate oven until brown.

Stewed Raisins

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

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