Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Sex War

ONE often hears that there is an eternal battle between man and woman. How can that be, and why should it be?

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Nothing is so strong on earth as the sex urge, except hunger. To sustain life is the first vital need of every living thing; to perpetuate it is the second. From the first dawn of existence male and female have been drawn to each other by the strong power of the steel to the magnet.

Civilization has added a thousand charms and delights to the primal desire. Imagination endows the creature we love with a hundred attributes of beauty and sweetness. Nothing is so precious as the man a woman loves, except the child that is the result of that love. Nothing is so valued by a man as the woman he loves and has endowed with all charming qualities.

ALL this is truth, yet there seems to be an opposite side to the picture—a sex antagonism. Fond as men have been of individual women, a real and frightful injustice amounting almost to persecution has been meted out for centuries from men in general to women in general. It is difficult to understand. Why should man, adoring and feeling grateful to his giver of supreme joy, deny her and her sex freedom and activities of a rational kind which women wanted as human beings?

It is all very well for the gallant to murmur or the orator to expound the assertion: "Dear ladies, they are the sweetest thing God ever made, and they can have anything they set their little hearts on." The facts remain incontrovertible that men caused wives to be burned alive on their husbands' funeral pyres, that they herded them in harems and forced them to bind their feet and blacken their teeth, to cover their faces with veils and wear many absurd costumes. They denied women education and a chance at earning a livelihood in agreeable, highly paid professions. They denied them the vote or an opportunity to make the world better by their public efforts at reforms.

ALL this from a sense of possessorship, jealousy, desire to keep to themselves their women and help all men to do the same. The women's desires were not consulted. The moment leaders among women forged ahead, blazing a trail into new pathways for their sisters, they encountered sneers and violent abuse, insinuations against their character, and had to be brave indeed not to falter and turn back into the easiest way, the line of least resistance. Sex antagonism and sex jealousy were at the root of male opposition to women's progress.

If you think this exaggerated, even today, when folks are almost liberal, try out the average man on the woman question. Nine out of ten ordinary men will speak heatedly and with prejudice, consulting only their own handed-down beliefs and inhibitions, with no regard for the feelings or rights of women themselves. "My wife shall not do that." "I won't let my woman relatives do this" and "It's all right for men, but women haven't any business to, and I, for one, won't stand for it." So they declare.

SPRING any ancient and feeble joke about the dependence of women on men financially in an average crowd and you get a laugh and a hearty response. A wife asks her husband for money as she starts to leave, and he says jocularly, "What did you do with the last I gave you?" or twits her on her extravagance. It is an insult to her to compel her to ask in public and a further insult to joke about her necessity. Yet most men enjoy this hugely. Men stand together and women are learning to do so, and there are certain divisions clearly marked, deadlines, No-Man's-Lands, and on either side the battlefronts are thronged with men and with women.

How terrible and wasteful and destructive! How satirical that the two divisions of humanity that cannot live without each other and draw their greatest bliss from each other should descend to quarreling!

The professional man contemptuously excludes women from his calling or his clubs. The cub students in the conservative boys' colleges scornfully bar the girls out from their opportunities. Press and public opinion formed largely by the dominant males openly wage war or subtly ridicule any new activity or endeavor of femininity.

WHAT nonsense! What tragedy! How many useless heartbreaks! Women, too, have grown to speak contemptuously of male characteristics, and declare that no man is to be trusted and insist that they abominate the tribe.

Let us have done with sex warfare and freely co-operate in the real issues of life and together find the joy of living.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Slang!

"GORGEOUS—I call it!"

Paul stared at her sternly.

"That's a terrible word to use," he said. "Really, honey, you use a lot of slang lately. I don't see where you pick it up."

Virginia smiled over at him innocently. She noticed he was reading a British novel — which accounted for his meticulous discernment of her slip.

"Is gorgeous a slang word, honey?"

"It is—used to describe a lemon meringue pie," said Paul, a little stiffly.

"How would scrumptious do?" she asked wickedly.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh, dear, but those words do clutter up one's vocabulary and they give other people a wrong impression."

"Who cares?"

"Why, Virginia——"

"Those words are a pleasure to use. At least, give me credit for not saying something is 'so extr'ordinary,' and I never say anybody is 'so fascinating'——"

Paul grinned.

"Oh, I know what you're hitting at. But people do say those things in a perfectly proper way. There is a sort of parlor brand of slang that is going about these days; phrases and expressions like scrumptious and elegant and gorgeous, that are worse, in their way, than hully chee and holy smoke and other Bowery argot."

Virginia sighed. When Paul did wax didactic he could be so tiresome.

"But you use slang——"

Paul coughed behind his hand.

"Not often, dear. I cut it out because it makes a bad impression in business."

"You cut it out?" repeated Virginia with a twinkle.

Paul colored.

"I—I mean to say, I am careful not to use slang any more."

Virginia giggled and Paul looked miffed.

"Business men get a wrong hunch on a chap who uses slang," went on Paul impressively.

Virginia eyed him closely, but he was quite innocent of his break. So she let him run on — gave him plenty of rope and let him hang himself neatly.

"A chap who is forever peddling slang gets the rep. of being a regular roughneck. A slangy bird is as bad as one of these babies that is putting on a lot of swank, a lot of dog, all the time. Older business men are wised up that they are not serious-minded. They are human vacuum bottles, you know."

"So you are cutting out slang?"

"Absolutely," said Paul.

"I think it is a good thing, rather," agreed Virginia. "Slang is so unnecessary—our language is expressive enough without dragging in a lot of cheap expressions. They're so unnecessary."

"You said something, Virginia. You said something—a mouthful."

"But one falls into the sin so easily."

"Yes, but if you're careful and think——"

"Yes, that's it, Paul dear. One has to think and then slang is easily avoided."

"I'm off it for life," said Paul.

And Virginia giggled again.

Tomorrow—Pretty Soft!

The Woman's Exchange

To "Mrs. H. I.," Germantown

I am forwarding your letter to Mrs. Wilson, our cooking expert. She is always glad to help housewives arrange their budgets so as to get the real worth of their money in nourishing food. I know she will be most willing to tell you how to spend your household money.

Height Cannot Be Increased

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—This may sound strange to you, but nevertheless it is true. When I graduated from high school six years ago my height was 5 feet 1 inch; now it is 5 feet. What is the cause of this? I am twenty-three years old. My sister has, on the other hand, gained two inches in height this last year. Is there any possible way to increase your height? P. L.

You must have made a mistake in your measurements or perhaps you were wearing heels the first time you were measured. It is not possible for any one of your age to shrink an inch. And it is almost as impossible for you to grow an inch. Sometimes stretching exercises will pull you up a little, but there is always the danger of stretching yourself, and the pain of that is too bad to risk for the sake of a little extra height. Perhaps your sister has been exercising a lot this last year or all her life. That will often add height if you do it regularly and if you start as a child. But now it is too late. You will just have to wear your hair on top of your head, affect long lines in your frocks and wear narrow hats that have crowns or high trimming to make you look a bit taller. And try to be content with being small. Think of the tall, tall girls who are wishing that they could be as small as you are!

Start All Over Again

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—My cupboard has, for the last few months, been infested with small red bugs much the same in appearance as red ants, but of a longer body and slow-moving. These seem to have come in through the cereals, but now I find they invade the flour can, sugar can and all packages, even though they seem sealed fairly tight.

I have scalded the shelves and sprinkled powdered borax around; they continue to dwell in my packages, however.

I have suffered quite a loss in this respect, as I can't seem to feel right in using a package of foodstuffs in which I find one of these little red pests.

Can you tell me what will destroy them? MRS. R. E. A.

All you can do is start all over again once more. Burn the cereal boxes, and scald all your flour, sugar and other cans, and then scald the shelves once again. Spread strong soapsuds around on the shelves and do not put any of your things back for a while—if you have another place where you can keep them. Then, whenever you get any packages from the store look over them carefully before you put them away to be sure that nothing is being brought in. Perhaps the closet is too warm, or perhaps the store where you buy your things is at fault. But whatever the cause, the only sure way of getting rid of these pests now they have started is to take everything off the shelves and start in all fresh again. Keep the borax there, too, as well as the soapsuds. It won't hurt to have two remedies in case one fails!

Things You'll Love to Make

Corded Flowers

CORDED FLOWERS are among the newest frock trimmings. Cut bias bits of silk. Seam them. Run cords through the coverings of silk, pick off with pencil where you want the flowers to be on your frock. (A short overskirt and the lower part of the sleeves are nice trimmed with these flowers.) In the center of each flower sew a colored bead. Loop the cords around to form the petals of the flowers and sew them to the frock. Cut the cord and conceal the end. Continue till all the CORDED FLOWERS are made. The effect is stunning. FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Broken-Hearted"

The idea of a young man of twenty-two worrying himself sick and poor because of some unfeeling girl! Put her and your dead fiance out of your mind once for all. Don't dare to doubt or question God's goodness. Put a brave face to the world and you'll soon get work. No one will employ a man who is a gloom. There are lots of other girls in the world.

Would Win Him Back

Dear Cynthia—As I am very much interested in your wonderful column, and finding there many cases similar to mine, I am asking your advice.

I am a young girl in my teens, having brown bobbed hair and violet blue eyes. Last year I met a young man two years my senior and became very friendly with him. Then the trouble began. My best girl friend told me he had a bad reputation, and so the next time he came to see me I told him I didn't wish to see him any more. It seemed the proper thing to do then, but now I feel that I should have at least given him a reason for stopping his calling.

What should I do to regain his friendship? Shall I send him an apology or not? PETER PAN.

It's not likely that you could regain the young man's friendship after your unreasonable behavior. Better learn the lesson now, never to act on hearsay, no matter who it is who tells you the story.

Don't Marry Without Love

Dear Cynthia—Am writing to you because I feel sure that you will be able to advise me what to do. I have known a young man for the last three years. At first when we started to go out once in a while it was just as friends. After knowing him for about one year, he asked me to become engaged to him. I told him that I did not love him, but he said he was sure I would learn to love him. This young man is very handsome, comes of a very good family and is in business for himself. We did not become engaged, but we went steady for about six months. It seemed that I could never find anything interesting to talk about with him. And we bored me very much. Then we stopped going with each other. I did not see him for about one year. Then I suddenly met him again and as old friends we went out once in a while. He again started to make advances. Now here is the thing that bothers me. My people think a lot of him (I think a lot of my family's advice especially of my mother's). They tell me I would be foolish to give him up. What shall I do? Do you think if I married him I would learn to love him? Certain things that he does, little things, bore me very much. I just can't seem to get used to him. When I do not see him, I like him, but when I go out with him I just feel miserable half the time. He keeps asking me all the time to become engaged to him. Have been putting him off. PERPLEXED.

If you do not love him, do not marry him.

A Domestic Worry

Dear Cynthia—Being a constant reader of your column and reading of how much good advice you have given others, I venture to ask you some, too. I am a young married woman, being married for the last twenty-six months. The first year of my married life we lived with my husband's people, and although my mother-in-law is a very nice woman to get along with, still being constantly together our ideas would clash and there was many a cross word exchanged, which although never leading to any serious results, still they did help to change my feelings toward her, and which I am sure would never have happened had we lived apart. The second year my husband and I went into business, and although it was slavery, still I felt a sense of freedom and was happy and have gotten along much better with all my in-laws.

But now we have sold our business and are going back to private life and my husband wants to move back to his people, and you can imagine my feelings, as I have reasoned with him to the best of my knowledge and have pointed out to him every way and reason why it would be best to live apart, and still he does not see it, as he says that he feels sorry for his people, as they have only one daughter at home and she is always going out and that they are alone most of the time and he doesn't see why we should not live with them, as it would make them feel so much better. Now, dear Cynthia, what shall I do if I move back with them? I know I will feel miserable, as I can't live according to their ideas, and although they or my husband would not force me to, still it is not a good, pleasant way of living. As I don't want to say anything about it to my in-laws, I wish you would give me advice as to how I can convince my husband and he could smooth things over with his people.

WORRIED.

A wise husband will not ask his wife to live at his family's home if he can possibly provide a home elsewhere for her. A man never realizes what a woman suffers even from the best of in-laws when living under the same roof. Better tell your husband plainly what happened the first year and say you fear it may lead to a serious breach. He will listen to you, I am sure. Take a pretty firm stand on it, but be perfectly willing to go often to their home to see them. Stay for week-ends, drop in often for meals, but have your own home.

Smartest of Sleeves on Little Girl's Frock

By CORINNE LOWE

She is a Christmas Eve of from three to seven years, bent upon convincing you that no good mode should be excluded from kindergarten circles. So she spreads out her arms to show you wide sleeves of plain white crepe ornamenting a knife-plaited frock of the same material. The sleeves are embroidered in black and French blue twist, and the fur is gray rabbit. The same model would, of course, be equally good—if not better—in color. For example, light blue or shell pink would both be delightful.

Of course, this is a French model and over there they bring up little girls with the idea of individuality in clothes. The lines are simple, but there is always the touch of trimming or the deft combination of color distinguishing the frocks of "mamma" herself.

However, this model, falling straight from the neckline, is the one favored in this country as well as in France for the tot of from two to seven, and there are so many of these little dress-up frocks in crepe nowadays that one can violate no principle of "simple styles for children" by offering this costume.

THE OLD FULL SLEEVE AGAIN

Fashion is always pretending to have something new, even though everybody knows she is calling out old styles that she thinks are forgotten and dressing them up in new clothes. These full sleeves, gathered into a cuff that fits very nicely, are really not new at all. But Fashion has decreed that the newest frocks shall be equipped with sleeves of this kind, and as they are decidedly different from the scanty, short things we have been wearing, we accept them as a distinct novelty and feel all set up about having them on our dresses

Photo by Central News.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Do You Imagine?

THE history of individuals and observation of current success in the marketplace show us invariably that the worst failures are among those who are servers of the hour—who do, not what they should do, but what they think it is expedient to do today, who forget or neglect the necessity for a visioning of the long-life purpose.

Assuming that a man is working his hardest in order to succeed, he must have imagination—he must see definitely in the near or distant future the perfect thing which he wishes to obtain, he must imagine the ultimate result of his endeavor.

If we divide the word "imagination" like this—"image—ination," the making of images, we get a clearer conception of what imagination actually is.

Did you ever try to image the important thing you wish to do? Its results? Its end?

Did you ever realize that the man who has a hazy idea of what he is going to do puts forth the same hazy efforts trying to do it?

The indefinite idea produces the indefinite man, the certain man produces the certain result.

Most men are discontented; but what do they really want to do?

Find them an object to work for and they grow contented again.

We fail, it is said, because we do not attempt more; but we need loyalty to an ideal to do our most and best.

Working for a definite result, we work at greatest pressure with the greatest speed.

So there must be definite thinking about definite work as the first essential to realization.

After definite thinking about our work comes the arrangement of our daily life in the way most effectively to accomplish.

Most men are hopeless because they are thoughtless—they blame the devil and Dame Chance for much that is due plainly to their failure or refusal to imagine.

Adventures With a Purse

LET me tell you of an imported soap—a big fat luxurious cake of smooth delicious soap that comes direct from Paris. It is the sort of thing you like to have and keep for special occasions, when you are going to parties, and want to look your very best; for, of course, it is much too luxurious and expensive to use for just everyday purposes. Its original price was $1 a cake, but it is now selling at one shop for fifty cents a cake. The first time you are feeling sort of extravagant stop in and get a cake. Its very possession will delight you.

One shoe shop to which I always go first when I need shoes has a few odd sizes of nice tan sports oxfords. They have squarish toes, and are lavishly perforated. The heels are low, and the soles are good and heavy. Worn with wool hose they would be very smart. They have been reprieved to $8.50.

Then there are the imported woolen scarfs, of excellent quality, many of them striped in excellent colors, others plain. They are soft and woolly and warm. The original price of these was $3.50, but they have been lowered to $2.50.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1501 between the hours of 9 and 5.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Which State was one of the first to appoint a woman to fill the office of State Librarian, and when did this appointment take place?
2. Describe a clever new electrical device that makes dusting an extremely simple matter.
3. In what novel way are some striking portieres of tan crash finished?
4. For children of eight to eleven years, how much sleep is required every twenty-four hours?
5. How is a good-looking dark overblouse fashioned?
6. What absolutely original and bizarre sort of trimming for hats is now being experimented with?

Yesterday's Answers

1. The city of Denver, Col., has 30,000 women wage-earners.
2. Vari-colored cord (of the kind that has been made into knitting bags) is a unique substitute for rags which is used to crochet immensely attractive rugs.
3. For typewriter operators who are blind a new invention lends a great amount of aid by enabling them to insert sheets of paper in the exactly correct position, to take them out, and to tell when the end of a line is reached.
4. When a child is between the ages of five and seven years he should have from eleven to twelve hours of sleep a day.
5. To wear gracefully with the afternoon frock an effective long chain is made of ivory beads, with every other bead a black one, and on the end is a black and white cameo-like ornament.
6. A tan cloth dress takes upon itself daintily elaborate sleeves of chiffon that matches, each sleeve being striped with vertical bands of dull gold beads.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Stubby Hands

Don't confuse the "stubby" type of hand with the "knotty" type, for both in the physical appearance of the hands and the trends of character they indicate there is a big difference.

The knotty hand, which denotes the philosophical temperament, is usually of generous proportions. The knuckles are bony, and it may be a very muscular hand, but its structure is decidedly what might be termed "rangy."

The stubby hand is almost the direct opposite. It is compact and rather shapeless by comparison with the other, though it is quite a different thing from the small, plump hand, or the hand which is shapeless from fat.

It has a thick, hard palm. The thumb is short and blunt. The fingers, likewise, are short, thick and blunt. It is a compact, stiff sort of hand which seems built to stand rough usage, but it is awkward and clumsy.

This hand indicates an elementary type of nature. It denotes the person in whom instincts are strong, and to whom concise, definite thinking comes very hard. Failure to get ahead in the world seldom bothers these people. They are content to follow along in the grooves in which they find themselves. You'll never get much out of them by appealing to their ambition. Often they have violent tempers, but while generally hardy and patient, they are rarely capable of courage that endures.

Tomorrow—Thick and Thin Hair

Good Shoes

London journals claim that British women are now as smartly shod as those of any other country in the world.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The uninvited guest at meals is not a friend; no real friend would think of coming unasked, or without telephoning. It is the grossest rudeness to visit the house of a mere acquaintance at mealtimes, taking advantage of the old law of hospitality which always made room for one more at the table. That law belonged to a time when traveling was difficult, and when the accident of unexpected company might happen in any house, where, moreover, capacious storerooms and linen rooms held provisions for any emergency.

No such conditions exist today, and the hostess who greets the uninvited guest need not follow the old rule unless she chooses. It is quite permissible to give the visitor a magazine to read in the living room until the meal is finished, or, at most, to send tea and cake to her on a tray.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Wolves in the Woods

By DADDY

Jack and Janet go coasting with the rabbits in the woods at night. They hear the distant howls of wolves.

CHAPTER III

The Strange Dogs

HOPPITY-HOP RABBIT and Hippity-Hop Rabbit pricked up their long ears and listened. So did all the other rabbits.

Far off through the woods arose a howl—a forlorn, terrifying howl—the howl of hungry wolves.

"Oh-oo-oo!" shivered the rabbits. "Wolves are prowling in the forest. We must hurry and hide in our burrows."

Jack and Janet felt creepy, but they were not scared.

"Those howls are coming from a long way," said Jack.

"Push off!" cried the rabbits. "We will coast out of danger!"

Whiz! Rushety! Whoopety! Again the sleds sped down the long hill. Again Jack, Janet and the rabbits felt the delicious thrills that come from wild, swift coasting. Down to the lake, a mile away, they scooted over the crusted snow. The sled runners roared and twanged beneath them. Once again they slid into the bank on the shore; once more they overturned and sprawled in a jolly heap of rabbits and children.

Jack and Janet yelled with joy.

"Whoop-ee! This is fun!"

"Whoop-ee! Whoop-ee!" echoed the rabbits.

Then Jack and Janet looked back up the hill. It seemed a long, long way to the top. They were getting a bit tired.

"I wish we had some one to pull us up the hill," sighed Janet.

"Wouldn't it be dandy if Toddie Pupkins and Johnny Bull were Eskimo dogs?" said Jack. "Then they could pull us up the hill and coast down with us."

Suddenly Jack and Janet saw two dark forms bounding toward them across the crusted snow.

"Here are Toddie Pupkins and Johnny Bull, now," cried Jack.

But no, the dark forms were not Toddie Pupkins and Johnny Bull. They looked much like the collie, but they were strangers.

"Oh!" cried Janet when the animals suddenly halted in the shadow of a pine tree. "We thought you were our dogs. Perhaps you are Eskimo dogs and will pull us to the top of the hill."

The strange animals looked at each other and seemed to grin.

"No, we are not Eskimo dogs," replied one of the animals in a husky voice.

"But we are their first cousins," quickly spoke up the second animal in a voice still more husky.

"And we will draw you to the top of the hill!" offered the first animal.

Jack and Janet were glad of that, and they quickly harnessed the strange animals to the sleds.

Then Jack and Janet seated themselves and they were ready to go.

"Hop on, everybody," shouted Jack, turning to where the rabbits had been. But there were no rabbits in sight. They had vanished.

As Jack and Janet wondered where they had gone, the strange animals set off at high speed for the top of the hill, dragging the sleds and the children behind them. And at the same time from far ahead came the howl of the wolves.

(Tomorrow will be told how Jack and Janet find out who the strange animals are.)

"Hot Water, Quick!"

Mary put her coffee cup down on the air yesterday morning, as we have all done at least once in our lives. The cup didn't break, but the coffee did spill and there was a nasty stain on the snowy cloth that spread and spread and spread. This was unfortunate, but Mary didn't stop to mourn over it. She hustled out to the kitchen, put some water on to boil and got a basin. Placing the basin directly under the stained part of the cloth she raised her pot of water on high and poured it directly upon the stain. The force of the strike and the cleansing power of the water did something that only chemists can explain—possibly it frightened the coffee, for the stain faded and the cloth resumed its snowiness. All that remained was to let it dry and then press it off with a warm iron to make it just like new again.

The Boy Behind the Soda Fountain Deserves a Word or Two of Admiration

His Graceful, Swooping Energy-Saving Movements Are Worked Out to a Science and He Is as Fearless as an Acrobat

I THINK it's about time somebody said something about the man behind the soda fountain counter.

We talk about the man behind the gun, the hand that rocks the cradle, the stenographer who uses the touch system, the skill of the professional cook, and the precision of the surgeon or any one else who has made a study of his profession and his art.

But nobody says anything about the white-capped, white-coated, soiled-aproned boy who wields the spigots and glasses of the soda fountain.

And he is about as skilled and precise in his movements as any one I should ever care to see.

With one motion he leans over, takes your order for limeade in his ear and your check in his one hand.

With another he brings the other hand up to "first position," tears up the check and drops it in a bowl.

One half step with his foot takes him near enough to the shelf behind him to take down a glass with one hand, and in a single sweep, he lifts it down and sets it on the counter.

The other hand in the meanwhile is picking a lime out of a bowl and placing it ready to be cut.

The hand that has put down the glass picks up a knife, cuts the lime and helps the other one squeeze it.

And as yet the boy has taken only one little half step and about three seconds of time.

HE SWINGS about to face the counter, makes a flourish with one hand which results in filling the bottom of the glass with ice, and then begins those mysterious performances which nobody not "in the know" can ever quite follow with the naked eye.

With graceful swooping and swaying of his hands, he gets the required amount of lime juice, soda water and fizz into the glass, and sets down before you the most delicious, tempting-looking thing you can imagine.

Before you have time even to get your gloves off and your veil raised!

You watch him fascinatedly as you drink the lovely stuff.

Somebody orders something that ought to have fluff on the top.

In order to get that fluff he first shakes the liquid in one glass, fitting another glass on top of it so that it will not spill.

Then, with as little thought of fear or fear of mishap as an acrobat about to somersault from one trapeze to another, he loosens the top glass, turns it right side up, and holding it at arm's length from the other one, swishes the drink from one to the other so that it looks like a ribbon as it goes.

And never spills a drop!

WITH a calmness that he certainly cannot feel he places the fluffing glass down on the counter, makes his graceful bow to another customer and remarks casually "What's yours?"

NOW, of course they don't all do that.

But then, there are some gunners who cannot hit the mark, some hands which prefer rings to cradles, some stenographers who can neither spell nor space.

I'm talking about the expert soda fountain boy, who has made his "work" an "art" that is pretty to see.

And I think it's time something was said about him.

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne refuses Nick Tracy twice because she does not love him, but when she hears that he has become infatuated with Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Revelers," Carol's decision wavers, and she writes to Nick. However, when he comes to her she realizes that she does not love him and it is only Nick's consideration that helps her through the ordeal of promising to be his wife.

CHAPTER XIV

The Gift

IN THE days that followed, the situation between Carol and Nick was little different from the old days when they had been merely friends. Nick's joy at having Carol admit that she wanted to marry him made him content to carry on their engagement in a more or less platonic fashion. He was more tender with her, but he did not force his love-making upon her, and although there were times when he wanted to crush her in his arms and tell her what she meant to him, he kept for the most part a tight rein on his emotions.

He had not seen Daisy since Carol had promised to marry him, but he knew that sooner or later he would have to go to her and tell her the truth, and this fact preyed upon his mind and interfered with his happiness. As for Carol, she had an overwhelming curiosity about this girl who had played a part in Nick's life. She would have given anything to know more about her, and the fact that this girl might have displayed more affection for Nick than she was able to give him made her restless and unhappy.

She despised Daisy Castleton because, having been brought up in the average conventional way, she was narrow concerning girls of the stage. She judged them all by one standard, and although she would not have lowered her pride to the extent of questioning Nick concerning Daisy, she wished with all her heart that he would broach the subject himself.

Then one day something happened. Nick had brought Carol a gift, an exquisite pendant on a slender platinum chain, and after exclaiming delightedly over it, she had handed it to him to clasp around her throat.

Nick's eager fingers touched the soft skin of her neck and they trembled so that he fumbled awkwardly with the catch. They were standing before a mirror and Carol, raising her eyes suddenly, saw Nick stoop and touch with his lips the chain that he held.

As she stood there gazing at him, he raised his head, met her eyes, and like a flash he had whirled her about and was crushing her against his breast.

Carol's first impulse was to struggle, to demand to be released, and then like a flash there swept over her the consciousness that if she would hold Nick, if she would bind him to her securely, she must not meet his every advance with aversion. Although she was inexperienced, intuition told her that a woman of Daisy Castleton's type would have thanked him for the gift in a far more appropriate way, and the thought conquered Carol's fear.

Swiftly she raised her face, and for the first time in her life gave her lips to Nick's. Strange as it may seem, it was the first time Carol had ever been kissed by any man, and it was a very different kiss from any that she had experienced up to that time.

If she had been in love with him nothing would have mattered, but as it was hot rebellion surged up in her. A mist swam before her eyes; she could have burst out crying like a child, and all the while he held her, his strong young arms like bands of steel around her, his lips demanding, insistent.

Then suddenly he released her, conscious of what he had done, and yet still dizzy with her unexpected surrender and the glad consciousness that she had voluntarily kissed him for the first time.

The platinum chain had slipped from his fingers to the floor and he stooped to retrieve it, and in that instant of time Carol realized that she must not let him know her true feelings, she must pretend, she must keep on pretending all her life. It was like glimpsing a brief and terrifying vision of the future.

Tomorrow—Nick Says Good-by to Daisy

Will your "Good Morning" last all day?

Easy to start from the breakfast table with zest and enthusiasm, but how easy is it to keep on?

Does ambition last, or lag, as the day develops?

The afternoon "slump" is a factor to be counted upon, in business or social life.

Usually, there's a reason.

Nerves whipped by tea or coffee won't keep on running, and they won't stand constant whipping.

Many a man or woman who has wished the afternoon would be as bright as the morning has simply been wishing that the nerves wouldn't have to pay the natural penalty for being whipped with the caffeine drug.

Postum gives a breakfast cup of comfort and cheer, without any penalties afterward. There's no "letting down" from Postum—no midday drowsiness to make up for midnight wakefulness; no headaches; no nervous indigestion; no increase of blood pressure.

Think it over. There's full satisfaction in Postum—a cup of comfort for anybody (the children included), any time.

You can get Postum from your grocer or your waiter today, and probably you'll begin to have better tomorrows, as so many thousands have had, who have made the change from coffee to Postum.

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