The Girl Who Allowed Her Anger to Make Her Lose Her Dignity

Only Got Laughed At, but the One Who Placed Herself Above Her Offender and Gazed Down in Contempt Was Successful

AS THEY came out of the restaurant the girl turned halfway around to stare into the back of the room.

"What are you looking at?" asked the man as he caught up with her.

She looked at him with her expression unchanged from the stare.

And she resembled a cat that has just slid under a narrow hole in a fence with the expressed and determined idea of starting a fight.

Her eyes were narrowed, her face was red—even where the rouge stopped—and all her features had that mad, flattened look.

"I'm trying to find out what's the matter with that fool back there!" she exclaimed.

Everybody in the place heard her, and of course everybody gazed about to see who "that fool" was.

Nobody showed any signs of having insulted the lady, nobody seemed to have been staring at her especially hard, and nobody looked like a fool!

All she got for her temper was an amused laugh.

Of course she succeeded in ruining the evening for the man with her.

He couldn't do anything but ask wildly, "Who? Where? Why?" and hurry her on out the door.

IT IS that kind of resentment of insult or offense which doesn't get anywhere at all.

How much more successful was the quiet dignity of another type of girl.

As she entered a trolley car and paid her fare her mind was on something else and she started on without her change.

Then as she realized her mistake she went back to the conductor, who had serenely overlooked it himself, and asked for it.

He was the "jawing" kind, and gave her flaming, blazing looks as he grudgingly counted out the change and handed it to her with the noisy admonition to "watch what you're doin' when you pay your fare."

It was offensive and rough, and it didn't end there, for he kept on casting his angry glances at her and muttering about "must think I've got all day" and "why don't you watch what you're doin'?"

BUT the passenger didn't say anything.

She didn't squelch him with haughty words, or give him "as good as he sent."

She merely stared at him, very straight, and very much in the eyes, and the expression she wore suggested that she was looking at a bad little boy who had been naughty and disobedient and disagreeable.

In a few minutes he met that steady, scornful, quiet gaze—and turned away from it.

To show his indifference to it he again muttered threateningly.

That disconcerting stare kept on, though, unafraid, unshaken, dignity and contempt mingling in such a way that it was impossible not to cringe before it.

After catching the conductor's eye three times, the girl completely ignored him until the end of her ride.

AND then as she stood beside his box waiting for the car to reach her corner, he waved her graciously toward the door, smiling.

"Step right down, madam," he invited, cordially.

If she had had any sugar he would have eaten right out of her hand!

Poise always has so much more effect than a tantrum.

There is something so amusing about a person who flies off the handle and shouts her rage in loud tones all over the place.

Of course we've all done it at times, and have rather enjoyed ourselves doing it. But it has never got us anywhere.

THE times in which we have controlled our temper and have assumed that dignified contempt which is so hard to face down, have always been much more successful.

For nobody can quite laugh at you when you show that you are feeling so utterly beyond and above them in every way.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Saying It With Flowers

"PAUL, honey, don't you think the custom of laughing at married folks because they are still fond of each other after years of being together is silly?"

The Perfect Husband regarded her mischievously.

"Is there such a custom?"

"You know perfectly well there is. Why, a husband can't bring a box of candy home to his own wife, or send flowers, or do any of those delightful, sweet little things without the neighbors wondering what he's guilty of."

Paul chuckled.

"Those are comic-paper jokes—neighbors really don't think anything of the kind."

"Ah, but they do! That Mr. Waiff has been sending flowers home to his wife, and Paul, the whole neighborhood is gossiping about it. I think it's just shocking."

"Maybe it's a bag of groceries he sends home."

"Don't be absurd, dear. I saw the florist wagon with my own eyes, and the driver left a great big, beautiful basket of flowers. Why, dearest, I saw it myself. I—ah—I just happened to be out in front of the house."

She colored guiltily under his accusing glance.

"But——"

"And Mrs. Fidget happened to be out in front of her house, too, and she laughed in an awfully mean, sarcastic way, and said something about when men do that sort of thing after they've been married ten years, it's a sign they've been doing something queer, something they're ashamed of."

"That woman's a fool," muttered Paul darkly. "As a matter of cold fact, all men want to keep right on paying those decent little attentions to their wives, but the attitude of the women make it impossible. Now, can you imagine that woman's husband daring to fetch her candy or send her flowers when she has a mind that is disorganized like that?"

Virginia stared.

"Dear me, Paul, I had no idea you were so experienced—and—and psychological about such things."

"I suppose not," he retorted mildly. "But I have observed that husbands are always thinking of neat little compliments, polite little attentions to pay to their wives, but they usually balk at the actual accomplishment—I guess they're scared out of it, fearing the women will fancy they're getting foolish or sentimental—or as our neighbor suspects, they've been doing something and are easing a guilty conscience."

Virginia shrugged and sighed.

"It's an awfully unhappy misunderstanding, isn't it, Paul?"

"It's foolish, that's all. I guess a lot of married couples do get self-conscious after a few years have rolled around. Men hate to think of how spoony they used to be, and I suppose the women think about fellows they used to have courting 'em." Paul twinkled. "But that's the regular run of married folks."

"Oh, of course! I'm sure we'll never be like that, will we, dear?"

"Absolutely not," he assured her gravely, and said it with an honest smile.

Tomorrow—Governess Under the Glass

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Faces of Women

She was a pretty woman, still quite young—except around her eyes. Her eyes were old.

True, they shone brilliantly, but they reminded one of the forced and artificial radiance of the actress who must sing and dance and sparkle though her head throb or her heart be breaking.

She was really young, but her face showed the preserved youth of careful grooming rather than the spontaneous youth of other women of her years. She looked suppressed—that was it, suppressed.

And it seemed strange. For she had no known cares, they were people of means, and her husband was charming, at least all the other women thought so. And there lay the key to the mystery.

He wanted to be charming—to other women. And with his attentions to them he tormented her. One does not care much whether or not there was "anything in" these attentions. The point is that he tormented her. He made his lordly favor uncertain. He lined her up in a race with others. And she, poor fool, took her place in this race in which she could never catch up. Hence the artificial sparkle and the heart hungry, suppressed look about her eyes. Hence she laughed only with her mouth; her eyes remained silent.

Women who are happy, who have the love and protection of their husbands, do not look that way. They may be tired from overwork, they may have wrinkles from other cares, they may have crow's feet from lack of sleep. They may have older skin because they cannot afford to care for it. But their hearts are young. They may not sparkle, but there is about them no constraint. They are sure of themselves. They don't make you wonder about them or feel like pitying them. When they laugh they laugh with their eyes, which is the best of laughter.

These women may be rich or poor, young or old, have leisure or many duties. But you know they have a good husband.

And when you see a frightened, sad, suppressed or artificially gay little woman, a woman who has a "preoccupied" look without the natural glow of happiness, when something seems dark about her—look to her husband, whether he appears to be charming or not. For the natures of men must be judged by the faces of their women.

Often the Sleeve Makes the Costume

No sleeve has to remain long in the Bide-a-Wee. It soon finds a home on some sort of costume. Never was there a time when sleeves were so various and so original. Perhaps the most prominent of the models is still the long, wide, flaring one. This is often slashed to show a brilliant lining, and the latest version exploits an inner sleeve of some transparent fabric like organdie in a band not quite two inches wide.

Above we show a sleeve of plaited white georgette crepe terminated by wide cuffs of the cream-color crepe de chine achieving the frock. These cuffs are trimmed with the same red satin finishing the hem of the skirt. For girdle and sloping neckline there are embroidered bands in red, blue, and silver. The single motif is carried out in the same colors.

CORINNE LOWE.

THE WRAP THAT BRAINS MADE

It wasn't a wrap at all, it was the remains of an evening dress and a hat. The dress part of metallic silk was gathered on a yoke to make the cape, which is ideal for summer, being of such a cool, light material. Then the hat remains—ostrich plumes were sewed cleverly around the yoke to form a fluffy, dainty collar that the wearer can snuggle into without getting too warm

SUMMER STYLES PLEASING TO THE "LADY OF FASHION"

She Is Always Attractive, Whether in Sports Clothes or Attired for Luncheon, Garden Party, Dinner or Dance

A slender arm slowly emerges from the depths of snowy bed linen, a shell pink ear comes to view, a tiny, most polite yawn is heard and the Lady of Fashion awakens for the day.

She ventures a tentative polished finger tip to test the temperature of her bath and slips from her shoulders her robe de nuit. It was made of the finest linen, a cheery tone of orange. Threads had been drawn and replaced with slender black threads, which ran crisscross over the shoulder and down the front and back.

The most fascinating of pink and blue rosebuds, embroidered, are dotted where the black threads cross, and such a luxurious thing because it was every bit handmade.

Across the back of the chair in the boudoir is thrown a chemise of the same material and design. These lovely linen underthings are quite the newest which the Lady of Fashion is wearing.

Carelessly turning over a page of her engagement book, she discovers that the day for her begins with a motor ride with the man who always does the right thing. And 10 o'clock, the appointed hour, finds the Lady impatiently tapping her foot, awaiting.

The Clothes She Wears

Her lithe form is perfectly groomed in a dark blue knitted jersey sports costume. The skirt, neither too long nor too short, is quite wide and made perfectly plain. The overblouse is made with a Peter Pan neck, and tailored linen collar and cuffs serve as the touch supreme. A girdle of the material catches the fullness of the blouse about the waist in graceful lines.

A raisin blue felt hat, a perky feather striking a precarious angle, crowns a mass of dark hair, and low-heeled gray suede and patent leather pumps, which fasten about slender gray silken ankles, turn out the Lady of Fashion all that could be desired.

The flush of the keen air during the motor ride is still on her cheeks as she traces a finger over "1:15—luncheon at country club." This is to be a few hours with the man who raves over the old-fashioned girl, and a critical eye is swept over the wardrobe.

From it is brought a frock of cream-colored wash silk, a tiny green stripe running throughout. About the neck and sleeves are soft frills of cream-colored silk, and pearl buttons dot the front panel and cuffs. The Lady of Fashion casts an approving glance at the reflection in the mirror, as she crushes on her head a large green straw hat, with a wreath of garden flowers about the crown.

She Prepares for a Garden Party

At the better shops approval of the wash silk frocks being worn so much. All sorts of combinations can be had, white with blue figures, a polka dot, oh, so many ideas have been worked out. Is it not complex to choose the best?

It is cool on the clubhouse porch overlooking the courts, but in the back of her fair head runs the idea that there is a garden party, and so she climbs into the roadster and starts home.

The cynical man of the world will be at her home soon and a wisp of womanhood shook into the house. And who would suspect that the cool, dainty apparition who is a conspicuous figure of fashion at the garden party is the same flurried miss of such a short time ago.

Lace is being used so much this year that she has chosen a white lace frock, which is a creation almost too lovely for words. Long panels of the lace hang below the hem line on either side, and as she walks about the wind catches them and they trail after her in graceful ripples.

Short sleeves, just abbreviated enough to show a dimpled elbow, are gathered in at the end and caught with a tiny rosebud. A large soft silken rose is the only decoration at the waist, the only touch of color to relieve the white of the dress. The Lady of Fashion notes with satisfaction that against the green of the lawn, white is the prevailing color of party frocks.

The man who smokes foreign cigarettes, arriving for dinner, is greeted by a slender maiden in a gown of scarlet crepe romaine. Heavier than georgette, yet possessing the same softness, it is made with a round neck and no sleeves.

One side of the skirt is draped, while the other balances a huge bow of shiny black ribbon, the ends of which reach just a bit below the bottom of the skirt. And the skirt is almost, if not quite to the ankles. The Lady of Fashion is happy indeed that sports clothes retain the short skirts, but the dinner and evening gowns are so much more graceful with longer skirts.

Perfectly fitted black satin slippers with jet buckles are slipped off, and with a sigh, the lovely scarlet dress is too. It did go so well with her blue black hair.

On With the Dance

But with a happy cry of delight, the Lady of Fashion is fastened into the rosebud dress, tabs of taffeta, perhaps two or three inches long and an inch wide, go to make up the most fascinating skirts. The bottom tabs are of a deep red, which shades into a faint pink about the waist line, making fully four distinct shades which blend one into the other.

A straight, sleeveless bodice, with a silver ribbon girdle, has a silk rose caught across the front. Indeed, one could almost imagine that the drifting petals of such a rose had been caught to make this lovely affair which makes the man who adores her fairly gasp as her silver slippered feet dance to meet him.

The softest of black satin capes is thrown about her shoulders, a platinum fox fur clasped about her white throat, and with a happy sigh the Lady of Fashion is tucked into the purring machine and whisked away to the dance of the season.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why Telegraph Poles on Curves Are Never Upright

To many who have observed this leaning habit on the part of telegraph poles, when the line is built around a curve, the reason for leaning as they do may not be clear. Some of them, and perhaps the great majority, have concluded undoubtedly that they just acquired the habit of leaning toward the track after having been erected, but this is not the case. This leaning toward the track is premeditated by the builders. If the poles were planted upright, as in the the case of a straight line, the wind would put such a strain upon the wires that the poles would be uprooted. The poles are made to lean in, therefore, so as to relieve the strain when the wind blows.

Undoubtedly it took some time for the builders of telegraph lines to learn this, just as it was only after much experience that they learned numerous other tricks which are now a part of the telegraph business.

Tomorrow—What Is a Loadstone?

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Picking a Cook

Ordinarily you would pick a cook either by asking questions to see how much the applicant knows about cooking, as a result of a practical demonstration, or on the basis of recommendations.

Nevertheless, if you wish, you can get a bit of help from characteroiogy.

There may be cooks who cook well by rule, without possessing in themselves any particularly well-developed sense of taste and appreciation of good dishes. But as a general thing the best cooks are those who themselves enjoy good eating.

And this ability to appreciate food, in short, a refined and sensitive palate, is always accompanied by a good development in a certain part of the brain.

This spot is immediately in front of where the upper, front part of the ear joins the head. It is between the temple and the ear. You will do well to discount the claims of the applicant who has a hollow space or slight depression here.

Tomorrow—Selecting the Cautious

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Five Disgusted With Men" Are Still Disgusted

Dear Cynthia — May I come again? We were reading your column last night and saw where a mere man said he's disgusted with girls would like to meet the "Five Disgusted With Men." I bet ten to one (not bucks, for I'm broke till my ship comes in!) if a doll came on one side of the street (Fifty-second street or Chestnut) and us on the other he would not even as much as glance our way. Would it not be grand if we could meet somehow, and then wouldn't there be a lot of funny-looking creatures longing for husbands, wives, and you know the rest of our troubles. You men all say you are disgusted with the girls of today, but why do you run after them and are tickled to death when one happens to smile or look your way?

"Hot Dog," you say wait! How long must we wait? Till we're old and gray, ready for the old maids' home, I guess. Well, here's hoping you get your hope, for I have given up in despair of ever getting a good, regular man not afraid of work and the cares of a home, with its burdens. Thank you for wishing to hear from us again. Cynthia can tell anything about my future or disposition from writing.

BETTY, HELYN, NANCY, DOT, ANN, FIVE DISGUSTED WITH MEN.

No, Cynthia is not able to read character from handwriting.

"Jack White" Used to Know a "Betty"

Dear Cynthia—Please print this in answer to Betty's two letters. Thank you.

Dear Betty—What do you mean you do not know much about this world? No. I am not married and will not do so until I meet the right one. I am sorry you did not meet your Romeo, and hope you will soon.

It's no use hoping to meet me because Cynthia will not introduce us through the column. But there is hope. Why not use the Personal column? I am sure Cynthia will not object to it, and why should I be disappointed in you? I am going to tell you something and you will think I'm kidding you, and it's the truth.

I once knew a girl named Betty. We worked in a mail-order house. She was hard to make friends with. I did not go so far as to find out if she was easy to get rid of. I know you do not believe it, but it's true.

I am not a man or a boy, but a foolish young man building castles in the air for the girl I am to meet some day. Write soon and let me know what you think of my idea. JACK WHITE.

There seems to be some mixup about your "Betty," "Jack White." Some one else has been using her name. Better straighten them out before you go any further.

"Sunflower" Speaks for the Girls

Dear Cynthia—According to the discussion of late, one would think that the woman of today was going to "rack and ruin."

Out of our bunch of an original number of fourteen—seven boys and seven girls—there is only one girl who is a "vamp" and parasite. She uses scarcely any powder or rouge, no flapper pumps, no bobbed hair or frightfully short skirt. The rest of the bunch are powder and some are rouge users; one has bobbed hair in a Dutch cut. Two of the girls smoke. All of them save the one mentioned above are good girls, popular ones, and possess a personality plus above-average looks. Their education varies considerably, but they are all friends. There has not been one real "crush" or love affair to spoil the girls' friendship with the boys.

Why is it one cannot do as one pleases; without an eternal nagging from the boys? Bobbed hair is comfortable and "chic"; flapper models of footwear are recognized as healthy; smoking cigarettes in moderation is fun; dancing correctly is exercise. I must say I detest rolled stockings, as they look so sloppy and immodest, but I know adorable girls who roll their own, so I guess that lies with the girl herself.

There are nice boys and nice girls, far more of them than naughty ones, so why worry? SUNFLOWER.

If there were more groups like yours, in which common sense friendships were encouraged, there would be much less reason for people to criticize the flapper and her ways.

Says Smoking Helps Their Dispositions

Dear Cynthia—In this my first letter to your column I feel as though I must say a word to "Just Pete" in defense of the girls who smoke and paint.

We girls of today, who are rather chummy with the boys, started to smoke and were surprised to find out we enjoyed it, and we kept on. We find some days, on going home from a trying day at the office, that we are blue and disgusted, and we just go up to our room and have a quiet smoke and feel immensely cheered. When we feel angry and sarcastic we quickly light a cigarette, and when we lay it down the cutting words have died on our lips, and when some one hurts us and we want to "get even" we just go off to a quiet corner and have a smoke, and it makes us feel like heaping coals of fire.

Has "Just Pete" ever thought why we girls of today rouge and powder? It is just to make ourselves look just a little prettier for our boy chums, and there is not one boy chum I ever had who did not appreciate it and tell me it was becoming. I don't mean to paint and enamel like a circus, but just the tiny touch.

Has "Just Pete" ever thought of the girls' clothes of today? How some make us look dead and some make us look like a blood orange, and I ask you, what would the girls look like without a touching-up with rouge or the toning-down of powder?

Let "Just Pete" realize we are living in 1922 and rouge did not originate, nor powder, in this century, but was used by the first Americans, the Indians. "Just Pete" is a wee bit narrow, like our home town.

BUSINESS GIRL.

Adventures With a Purse

My silk undervests have the same history as the stockings. A goodly supply of them came my way at Christmas time, but, alas, they are now faded, and some of them show signs of wearing. That means a new supply and with so many other things to be purchased I don't welcome the necessary expenditure. And so, I was glad indeed to come across a special sale of some silk shirts which will be excellent for summer wear. They are made of drop-stitch silk jersey, a pale shade of pink, hemstitched about the top and narrow ribbon straps over the shoulders. Delightfully cool and remarkably reasonable, as they are reduced from $1.95 to 95 cents.

Experience is said to be a good teacher, but I must confess that there are certain things I will never learn, should I live to be the proverbial hundred. And one of my greatest temptations lies in passing a candy shop or counter where a pan of smooth, rich-looking fudge is displayed. Experience tells me that most "boughten" fudge is not all one could desire, and yet I always hope I'll find some that will be. Once again have I been tempted by a sign reading "home-made fudge," but this time I have been rewarded. For in truth it's just like mother used to make. Plain or made with nuts, the best of ingredients are used, and the results excellent. Popcorn with plenty of nuts and made with brown sugar can also be bought, $1 a pound, or in half-pound boxes for 50 cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1661 between the hours of 9 and 5.

With a Little Patience You, Too, Can Make Elaborate Icings, Mrs. Wilson Teaches

Don't Attempt Covering the Cake Till You Have Practiced, Then You'll Be Delighted With the Daintiness of the Result

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE last lesson featured the plain, or water icings, and the various combinations that could be made from them. This week the finer grade of icings and the methods of plain decoration will be the feature. The decorative and fancy icing is used on cakes for special occasions, such as birthday, wedding and similar affairs. The housewife has always had a belief that this variety of cake icings can only be made by specialists or a fine cake baker. This is a real mistake. The young housewife, if she is willing to take the time, and will have the patience, to practice, and teach her own hand the cunning little tricks, may soon decorate a cake as finely and as daintily as the most experienced baker.

Decorative Icing

This icing is used first to cover the cake, and then the balance is used to decorate it.

Place in a mixing bowl
White of large egg.
Five tablespoons of cold water.
One teaspoon of cream of tartar.

Now add slowly two cups of confectioners' sugar, beating with a wire spoon to mix; beat about five minutes in beating this amount of sugar; then add sufficient confectioners' sugar to make a mixture that will spread; then beat until the icing will hold its shape, and flavor as desired, using any variety of flavoring, with the exception of vanilla.

If for any reason this coating should be discolored by crumbs then allow it to dry and ice again, using the plain water icing. Cover the icing in the bowl while you are coating the cake, so that it will not dry out. Now to decorate the cake take two sheets of white typewriting paper and make into a cornucopia, taking care that the closed end is twisted tight and is in needle point. Pin to secure. Now cut one-half inch from this edge and cut the letter M in the part that is in the opening you have just cut. This will make the rose shape tube that is used to make tiny roses about the edge. Place in part of the icing and try out on plate as follows: Fold in the top part of the cornucopia, after placing in the icing and hold upright in the hand, gently squeezing out just a little of the icing. Now stop, push the cone down gently and then lift quickly. This is how the rose edge is formed about the edge of the cake.

Do not attempt to put this edge on the cake until you can make it well. Just practice on the plate and then scrape up the icing after you are done practicing with it and return it to the cornucopia and try it all over again. When you are sure that you can do it nicely then place a rose edging on the cake.

Then take two sheets more of the paper and make a second cornucopia exactly like the first; now cut off the tip end about one-quarter inch, making a small hole about the size of a black-headed steel pin; color part of the icing a delicate green and place in this tube and press out to make the stems. Then place some white icing in the same style tube, and form little dots of the white icing to form little lilies-of-the-valley on the green stem. Have the lilies alternating on the stem, finish the side of the cake with the same design.

Spread the green stems for lilies-of-the-valley across the top of cake. Cut the tube with the green icing in it by trimming the edges from the side near the cut end, forming the letter V, and press out the mixture forming leaves in between the lilies-of-the-valley. This is a very attractive design and is quite easy to make. Practice every step before you attempt to work on the cake. This is important for the real success.

Butter Cream Icing

Place in mixing bowl
White of one egg.
Four tablespoons of butter.
Three tablespoons of water.

Begin to beat slowly, adding sufficient XXXX sugar to make a creamy mixture that will spread. Use to cover the cake with this icing, spreading even and very smooth. The cake is now ready to decorate, as follows: With toasted almonds, shed the almonds, using slicing machine, or else cut in thin pieces the long way of the almond, and place in baking sheet and toast in moderate oven, watching very carefully. Use to cover the sides and top of the cake.

Caramel Icing

Place in a saucepan
One and one-half cups of brown sugar.
One-half cup of water.
One-half teaspoon of cream of tartar.

Stir to dissolve and bring to boil; cook for five minutes; take from the fire and add two tablespoons of cold water and sufficient confectioners' sugar to make a mixture that will spread; beat hard to blend, then add one teaspoon of vanilla and sufficient caramel or maple coloring to give the icing the desired shade. Beat in the flavor and coloring well and then use to ice and decorate the cake.

All the icings in this lesson can be thinned down if they become too dry while working, with just a few drops of boiling water. Take care and add just a few drops at a time and beat well.

Any pure vegetable coloring may be used as desired, keeping in mind that all colorings must be worked in well.

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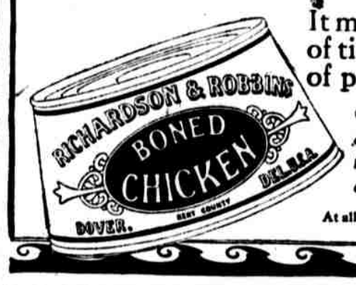

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Drawn from actual photograph of Charles Villiar Sparr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sparr of Prescott, Iowa.

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