Do Women Shape Men's Morals? Winnifred Harper Cooley Is Asked

"GOOD young girls usually prefer fast, immoral men, those who have sown their wild oats, who have wasted their manhood on vulgar women, and have nothing pure and lofty and fine in the way of life and ideals to give a wife, when they condescend to 'settle down.' These lovely maidens scoff at a decent, quiet young fellow, who cherished such moral conduct for himself that he struggled against temptation, and kept himself clean. His suffering and triumph are unappreciated and wasted. It is terrorizing."

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

That is the substance of an indictment sent me by a very young and intelligent and high-minded man of Pennsylvania. It is a remarkable letter.

He tells of his intense and vital interest in girls, and his bitter disappointment at the knowledge, slowly gained, that most of them prefer really destructive or "bad" men for lovers and husbands!

HE SAYS, "I began to analyze girls closely and with the highest ideals of them and for them; but to my chagrin I noticed that, in their esteem, the clean, upright, inexperienced boys appeared to be undesirable!

"A charming and refined girl was a few years older than I, or twenty-five. She became engaged to a traveling man who boasted of his affairs and conquests in every town. She knew her man, knew his past, yet coolly declared that she did not care how loose his life had been! His shabby treatment of women who had formerly loved him did not frighten or disgust her; yet surely a man who is unfair and corrupt with one will be so with another, as soon as the novelty wears off."

This young man does not seem prudish and shallow and "goody-goody," but speaks with more dignified poise and knowledge than one usually sees in a youth of twenty-two. He goes on to tell how girls and women seem almost universally to accept and condone the double standard of morality, that which says that an act which is "sinful" in a woman is permissible in a man. He explains that men, instead of being pleased that women will allow them their wild licentiousness, and then marry them, sometimes are disappointed at the low standards set for them by women friends!

"I WAS dismayed. What she implied was this: 'After Charlie has given the best part of his young manhood to loose or lascivious women, or has ruined young girls, and been irresponsible and dissipated, I am willing to take the leavings, for my sole and only love, my life partner, and the father of my children'! I was amazed that a sweet, highly bred girl who seemed wonderful to me should display such a low and distorted moral viewpoint.

"And yet I notice that many good and sweet girls reflect this attitude, and settle down with complacency with husbands unfit for them. They laugh at their brothers' dissolute affairs with women, and accept men friends whose reputation is unsavory, and against whom people warn them. I have heard respectable, pure girls jest about their brothers' all-night parties at roadhouses and notorious resorts!"

THIS young man says it is not sour grapes or some personal bitterness that causes him to speak thus. He does not draw these cynical deductions from the attitude of two or three girls, but from that of dozens. Also, he has asked other men of all ages about the matter. They agree that most girls want a seasoned roue, because he flatters them, and it seems to them that it is a high compliment to be selected as a wife, after a man has jilted or fooled or amused himself with many women!

"They scorn a clean young chap, believing that he is a weakling or cold-blooded and indifferent to feminine charms. They seem convinced that if he has not sown wild oats before marriage, he will break loose and go to the devil afterward. Now, do tell me if this is true:

"Men say that it is women who hold the key to the situation; that they set the standard of morals for men, and can force them to be decent!"

This is a severe indictment for us women, and must contain some truth. I am inclined to think that girls are so extremely ignorant of what really constitutes immorality in men that they speak foolishly and boastfully, whereas they ought to thank God for a decent and idealistic husband. A fast, licentious or dissipated husband, whose relations with women have been selfish and unfair, never can become a kind, unselfish, high-minded one! Crime begets disease, and future generations are punished for the sins of the fathers. Girls simply do not know these things.

WHAT women think they admire in gay men is not the life of sin, but a certain wily flattery, and a gift of making themselves fascinating. Women of experience realize that the well-poised and decent man is the only one who is dependable, or even really attractive, as a permanent companion.

On Friday we will go more deeply into young men's temptations.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Round Faces and Round Writing

If you have been following this series of articles on the physical indications of mental characteristics you have probably noticed how often the physical indication happens to be just what you would think it ought to be.

The reason for this is that for centuries we have unconsciously been reading character and giving figurative meanings to words denoting the physical characteristics which unconsciously we have noticed accompany certain traits of character.

We speak of a man being small when we refer to his size, also when we refer to his character. We have subconsciously approached a scientific fact in doing so. Meanness is more often a vice of the person who is physically small than of the large person. Likewise it is more often that the physically big person is generous and broad-gauged in his attitude than the small one.

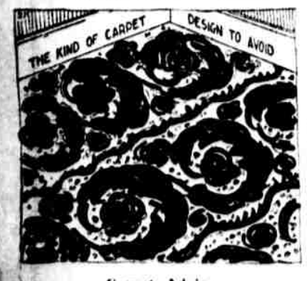
All people, big and small, have their virtues and vices, but on the average there is a real difference in the character of the vices and virtues of small and big people. But remember, this is an average proposition. It does not mean that, exceptionally, a person who is small in stature may not be broad and generous in mentality.

But consider the parallel between faces and writing. It is not an exact one in most cases, but it comes close to it in the case of the round face and round writing. The round face indicates the person physically rather inert, inclined to like luxury and comfort, economical of effort, most often careful in thought. Easy-going is the best all around word for it. And well-rounded writing indicates a tendency in the same general direction.

Tomorrow—Motive Writing

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



Carpet Advice

Color and design are the two most important points upon which advice is needed in the choice of carpets, that is, from the decorative point of view, because the quality of the material must be decided very largely by the purchaser's pocketbook.

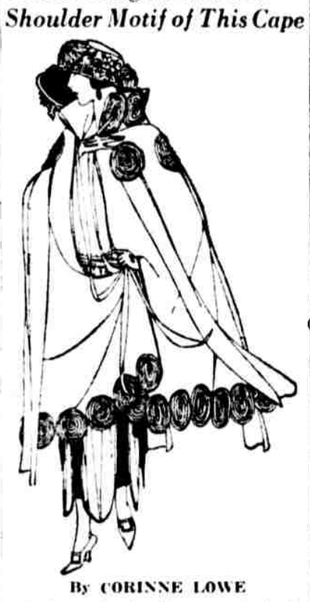
The kind of color suitable has already been mentioned in the preceding article, but the design needs further comment. The design, whether much or little, must be "flat." That is, it must seem flat and a part of the carpet, not apparently standing out from it. By a "flat" design is meant a conventionalized pattern as opposed to a realistic or naturalistic representation.

For example, a design of roses or other flowers shaded to represent nature would be naturalistic. It is plainly inappropriate to be treading on such things. On the other hand, an iris conventionalized as a fleur-de-lys is flat and makes an excellent decorative pattern.

Beware of noisy, over-elaborate designs and startling contrasts. Don't be misled by imagining that a veritable "Joseph's coat" or a realistic flower garden will be cheerful. It will prove a quarrelsome tyrant where quieter colouring and a flat design will be a real pleasure to live with.

Tomorrow—"The Choice of Rugs"

Panels Hang From Each Shoulder Motif of This Cape



By CORINNE LOWE

A dramatist should not overlook the possibilities of today's universal trend toward capes. Suppose a young man were instructed to meet a girl upon whom he had never previously laid eyes. Suppose the only clue furnished him as to her appearance was that she would wear a crepe cape and a flower-trimmed hat. Can't you just imagine the comedy of errors that would ensue, the hundreds of strange ladies whom he would be obliged to accost before he finally located the right girl?

Our cape-acity includes many models with the spirals of tiny folds of self-material illustrated in today's model. These are by no means a new thought, but they have maintained their prestige among various more novel forms. Here they are diversified by panels of self-material affixed to each one of the motifs following the shoulder line.

These panels may be unlined or they may show the same contrasting crepe or silk lining as the cape itself. As to the spirals themselves, these are found plentifully on the frocks, as well as the wraps of the season. For example, one crepe frock has its skirt made up of rows of these motifs, diminishing in size from the huge ones finishing the hem to the small ones at the hipline.

The Woman's Exchange

About Knickers

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly advise us as to whether it would be proper for two girls fourteen and sixteen to wear knickers on hikes, picnics, etc.?

Would it also be proper for knickers to be worn while traveling on a train from the city to a place about thirty miles away?

Do you think knickers will be worn by high school girls during the coming school term?

TWO WOULD-BE FLAPPERS.

It is perfectly proper to wear knickers on hikes and picnics and for general sports wear, but not on the train, unless you are on your way to a picnic. It is impossible to tell what high school girls will be wearing next fall, but it would be extremely bad taste for them to wear knickers for every day.

Noises in Her Head

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young girl of sixteen, and for more than a year have been suffering from hardened wax in my ears. I went to several doctors, and now the wax has been removed. Whenever I bent my head down the least bit during that time the blood used to rush to my head, causing me to feel dizzy and faint. Now since the wax has been removed I can hear no better than before and the head noises are going through my head continually.

Do you know of a remedy for head noises? If you don't, perhaps some of your readers may be able to help me.

DISGUSTED.

Have you consulted your doctor again? I'm sure he will be able to do something to stop the noises in your head better than any one else. It probably is the change from deafness which causes this, and will wear off gradually.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Perplexed"

If you married before obtaining a divorce you are not married to this second man and could be punished by the State for bigamy. Consult a lawyer on the matter.

Obey Your Parents

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl sixteen years of age, and considered pretty by both sexes. Now, Cynthia, my trouble is this: I have long, beautiful, brown hair, which I wish to bob. My parents object to this and I have often quarreled with them. Whenever I go out the girls I go with have bobbed hair, and I feel as though I am not one of them. Please tell me, Cynthia, should I run away from home and bob it or should I do as my parents say? My parents have told me that if I bob my hair they would never let me come into the house again.

A LONG-HAIRED GIRL.

Of course, obey your parents. You are not "out of it" at all. It's only a fad and most girls are allowing theirs to grow now.

In Love With Stranger

Dear Cynthia—I wrote to you once before, but received no answer, so I have decided to write again.

I am a constant reader of your wonderful column and have come to you for some advice.

I am a girl of seventeen, have not finished high school and I am greatly in love with a boy whom I have never met. What I am asking of you is to please tell me how I can meet this fellow. I see him very little, although I used to see him every day. There is no one that I know who would introduce us.

I think that it would be grand to have a personal column, as some one else suggested. It would help some of the "newcomers" to our city to get better acquainted and not feel so lonesome. Perhaps there are a great many of the boys and girls writing to you that would "second the motion."

BLONDY.

You cannot be in love with an utter stranger. So better put him out of your mind. There is no way of meeting this man if you have no mutual friends.

They Crave Excitement

Dear Cynthia—We wish to know a gentleman's idea of a flapper. We would also like to know just what a flapper is. We are in our teens, and are craving for excitement. We go to many dances and are considered beautiful and able to dance well by both sexes. At a dance the other night two fellows asked us for the dance, and we refused because we did not like their looks. Was it proper? The next dance two exceedingly good-looking fellows came up to us and we accepted. After the dance the latter gentlemen asked to escort us home. We allowed them to, and when we reached home they wanted us to kiss them good night, but we refused, because we had read in your column that it is improper to kiss a gentleman any time he wants you to, because he will soon get tired of you. Now they are angry with us, and we want to try to get them back to us. We feel very bad about it, because we have found that we had fallen in love with them at first sight.

Please give us your suggestion about it.

We wish you and your wonderful column the best of good luck, and hope you will answer us as soon as possible.

THE "DUKANETTES."

You boast of craving for excitement as if it were something to be proud of. Rather think very deeply about it and see what you can do to curb this craving. Make it a rule not to go out in the evening more than three times a week, and spend the other evenings at home with your families. You would do far better in so doing than in going about to dances where strange boys ask you to dance and you accept. Nice girls do not dance with or talk to men to whom they have not been properly introduced. You are not funny Dukanettes; you are just silly.

Difference in Religion

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl eighteen years of age and have been going with a youth for seven months, who is two years my senior. I am of a different religion and he does not believe in his religion, so I had to meet him on the street corners, because I knew my parents would be against him for this reason. For the last month I have not been out with him and whenever he sees me on the street he just scares at me and will not even say as much as hello. We never had a quarrel and always got on nicely together. He has often told me of his love for me. Now, Cynthia, I love this fellow with my whole heart and soul, and have gone out with a great many fellows of my own kind, but do not care for them. I see this young man every day, and I have tried to forget him, but I simply cannot.

Dear Cynthia, this is not puppy love, or just a passing fancy, but it is real love. I would like to regain this young man's friendship. Would it look as if I was running after him if I wrote him a letter asking for an explanation for his actions? If our friendship is renewed, I have decided to try to put this young man in my parents' favor. How can I do this? This young man is obstinate, and I know this is the reason for his not speaking first. Please tell me what to do, as I cannot go on living without him. Will you and some of your kind readers tell me if religion should overpower love as strong as mine?

HEARTBROKEN.

A radical difference in religion is apt to be the cause of much unhappiness in married life. If the young man has stopped speaking to you for no reason, better let him alone. Moody persons do not make good life companions.

She's Tired Out

Dear Cynthia—What is the best cure for a chronic case of blues? I don't know how else to describe my condition, but I seem to have completely lost interest in everything and everybody. I have a fairly good position, but I have lost interest in the work—books have lost their charm and even my own family and friends are beginning to get on my nerves. The only explanation I know of is that I know so very few people and I have so little opportunity to meet new ones. The ones I know, the men especially, seem either dull or silly and are altogether impossible. This situation is beginning to tell on my nerves; I am losing my poise and the ability to converse easily with people, have no stock of small talk at all; my sense of humor seems to have gotten lost somewhere and I have to catch myself up sharply to keep from making sarcastic and cynical remarks on everything in general.

All my life I seem to have been, in the opinion of everybody that knows me, a model of common sense, and I am just beginning to realize what a handicap it is to be so labeled. How I envy some of your flapper correspondents. They seem to flit through life without a care or worry, like butterflies, gay, piquant, foolishly light-hearted, with one flirtation after another. How wonderful it must be to go through life like that. Even though my flapper years are but a year or so behind me, I know I was never like one of these. I'm afraid life has always seemed a rather serious matter to me. Since my father died it has taken the combined salaries of my brother and myself to just about make ends meet for a family of six, and financial worries, like the poor, are always with us.

Still, for all that, I haven't any real trouble, and I can't understand this restlessness. Cynthia, why can't I be satisfied with things as they are? I know it is given to very few people to reach the heights, but life for me seems to get duller every day. I hope you or some of your readers can give me a little advice on how not to lose my pep; how not to be always reaching for the moon; how to "carry on."

JEANNE.

You are tired, my dear, and need rest and a good tonic probably. Do you get any exercise? And what about sleep? Take up swimming if you can manage it. Cynthia would not advise commuting every day for that distance; it's hard on the nerves and there's little time for exercise. Consult a good doctor. It's probably entirely physical.

LITTLE SISTER'S BESTEST

She has her Leghorn for every day, when she can be made to wear anything at all over that bobbed hair, but for Sundays and outings she needs something more dressy, more like this, for instance. Georgette in her favorite color is the material used

The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. Norman is the kind of man who has never been known to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, while Joan is inclined to be too possessive. She is determined, however, not to show her jealousy, and even when she has reason to suspect that Norman has taken a mutual friend, Alice Wilson, to dinner only four weeks after their marriage, she fights against the jealous feelings that sweep over her.

CHAPTER VIII

Woman Against Woman

UP IN my room I had taken off my clothes and was standing in nightgown and kimono brushing out my hair when I heard footsteps on the porch.

My heart leaped in my throat and involuntarily my eyes flew to the little French clock on my dressing table.

That must be Norman now! He had taken the 9:53 after all, for there had been just enough time for him to have walked up from the station.

I stood there with my brush poised, waiting for his key in the lock, and then suddenly, to my amazement, there came a sudden sharp ring at the bell. Without stopping to think I stood absolutely still waiting for Mary to open the door, and then, as the bell rang again, I realized that Mary had gone out that evening. I myself had told her to go to the movies.

With my kimono held around me, I hurried down the stairs, my mules clicking on the polished wood at every step, but when I reached the door I hesitated. I was alone in the house. Was it wise to open the door at this time of the night to any one?

"Who is it?" I demanded suddenly, and was rewarded instantly by Alice's gay tones.

"It's I, dear. I saw your light and had the taxi man drop me here."

In a minute I had flung open the door and Alice, looking as usual, as though she had just emerged from the competent hands of a French maid, came into the hall.

She exclaimed at my negligee.

"I didn't get you out of bed, did I?"

I shook my head. "Of course not. Come on into the library." And I led the way switching on lights as I went.

Was it my fancy or was Alice too glib, too eager to talk? As soon as we were seated opposite each other she began to chatter almost feverishly.

"I've been in town shopping, and I knew you were alone, because I ran into Norman this afternoon, and he told me he was staying in for dinner. My dear, I bought the most ravishing new gown for the dance next week. I couldn't resist dropping in to tell you about it." And she began a detailed description of the dress in question, leaving me little chance for anything in the way of conversation but an occasional monosyllable of exclamation.

When she rose to go about fifteen minutes later she kissed me affectionately, and advised me to hurry upstairs so as not to miss my beauty sleep. I could not help admiring the way she had handled the entire situation even while my blood boiled at the thought of the cool way she had attempted to deceive me.

Of course I saw through everything.

She and Norman had dined together, and then, in order to throw me off the track, Alice had returned to Hilton on the 9:53 in order to establish an alibi.

How cleverly she had mentioned seeing Norman in the city before I had had a chance to say anything. In that way she had thought to rob me of all suspicion, for, from the way she had spoken, I would naturally suppose that she had seen Norman for only a very few moments. It was clever, very clever, but not quite clever enough. There had been moments while she had sat there talking about her new gown, when I had wanted to laugh outright, but I had kept a straight face, although I hardly knew why.

Upstairs in my room again, I faced the situation with a new pain in my heart. The thought that Allee and Norman had deliberately planned to deceive me was intolerable. It was one thing to determine not to be jealous, but it was quite another to believe Norman capable of plotting with another woman against his own wife. My pride was up in arms, but I was so angry that it was almost impossible to decide what to do.

Tomorrow—Confession

Saving Oilcloth

The housewife is always complaining of the short life of oilcloth covering on the kitchen table. While the top is still virtually new and shiny the corners will begin to get all cracked. An excellent idea to prevent this very thing is to pad the corners with some soft material before putting on the oilcloth. You will find that this simple and clever method will prolong the life of the oilcloth.

HOW RUTH LEARNED TO BREATHE

By ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

SOME weeks ago I spoke of a girl who wrote to me and signed herself "The Unhappiest Girl in the World," because she thought she was the homeliest girl that ever lived. I spoke of her coming to see me, and my promise to make her over to the best of my ability. This, then, is the beginning of that story of what exercise and diet and tasteful dressing did for Ruth.

Being only twenty, she had every right to happiness and to wear the badge of it on her countenance, so I extracted a promise that she would follow directions implicitly as I laid them out for her.

First thing I did was to send her to a physician to be reassured there was nothing chronically wrong with the girl. His pronouncement was "underweight, undernourished, nervous, but heart, lungs, etc., in fairly normal condition." He found no chronic ills,

which frequently are at the bottom of the "skinny" girl's troubles. Then, with the most abiding faith in swimming, as the exercise is without rival for developing a figure, I enrolled her in a gymnasium, which allowed her the daily instructions of an expert. She never had swum a stroke before.

So the first thing Ruth had to learn was that water would not do any more harm to her in a tank than in a tub or washbasin. Before breathing or leg and arm movements were discussed, she was introduced to the dead man's float, which means lying face down in the water, face immersed to the ear levels, arms straight forward, and feet straight out behind. A little preliminary work on this was to hold on to the side ropes with the hands until it could be done and until she did not mind getting her face wet.

You can't go down on the dead man's float if hands are straight out and feet straight back. You may try and perhaps succeed if you direct the legs down toward the pool floor. But that doesn't matter if you come right up and try all over again. During this, Ruth was told to hold her breath and keep her mouth tightly closed.

The next step was to sit on the edge of the pool, with knees straight but not rigid, and "flutter kick," feet fluttering up and down alternately, allowing three or four inches' distance for length of kick. That learned, she combined the flutter kick with the dead man's float, feet just breaking surface; as they say, "making the water boil."

The arm stroke was then rehearsed on land drill—which naturally means out of water. "One arm at a time," she was instructed, starting forward at shoulder level, pulling arm down past side and almost up to back shoulder level without turning the palm; then turn palm as arm is swept out to side, crooked at the elbow and carried forward over the surface for another stroke. After rehearsing each arm separately they were done together, starting with right arm forward and left back. These mechanical movements fairly well in mind, combining arm and leg movements was her next job.

Last of all the breathing was taught her, this in the water when the breath was taken through the mouth and exhaled through the nose. When her left arm was coming out of the water and back her face was turned toward the left side; with right cheek on water, a full gust of air was taken open-mouthed, then head turned forward and face down when the air was forced out through the nose with mouth closed.

It took six or seven lessons before perfectly harmonious co-operation began to manifest itself. From then on it was pure, unadulterated exercise.

This daily swimming, a walk, which was never more than two miles at the most, but done every single blessed day, and three deep-breathing exercises were all in this line I asked of her. The deep-breathing work was essential in her particular case, as she had been in the habit of breathing through her mouth entirely, with no excuse of adenoids or any nasal obstruction.

So the first thing mornings for several minutes and last thing at night she did these:

Before an open window, clad loosely, hands on hips, she filled her lungs with five long breaths, slowly, and exhaled slowly.

The same thing again, except she brought her hands up from sides in outward circle until back of palms met overhead, inhaling deeply; slowly returning hands to side, exhaling slowly and completely. Five times. The third movement was raising arms from sides to shoulder height, raising from heels to balls of feet at same time, and taking a slow, deep breath on upward move; exhaling slowly on return to position.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Don't Cheat Yourself

"Next to reading my weekly check," says Jim Henry, "I enjoy nothing more than reading my own 'ads' in the magazines."

"I haven't seen his magazine 'ads,'" remarked my friend, "but I'll bet a dollar to the hole in a doughnut that they're humdingers!"

Lucky the man whose work is his pleasure and whose heart and soul are fused into the product of his hands and head.

The gladness of the tiller of the soil as, gazing over his waving fields and grazing herds, he whispers to himself, "It is by my own toil that the ground has been made to give up its riches;" the delight of the scientist when, delving into the realm of nature's mysteries, he discovers a hidden truth which will bring comfort and happiness to mankind; the joy of the painter as, deftly applying the finishing touches to his canvas, he looks upon his work and realizes it is his work and it is good; the satisfaction with which the stenographer regards her neat and errorless transcript; the joy with which the accountant watches the workings of the new "system" he has installed—these are the evidences of live men and women, of the men and women who supply the motive power for the driving wheels of industry, who have decided to do something and to be something worth while.

Observe the man who has no pride in his work and you observe a man who lives in a tomb.

"Man," says Emerson, "is only half himself; the other half is his expression."

The bookkeeper who will get on, the scientist, the farmer, the mechanic, the stenographer—all are proud of the expression of themselves, of the crystallization of their efforts, the embodiment of their pains. All are enwrapped in their work; all pulsate with happiness as they view the fruition of their labors, aglow with the fire that it is by their own skill and their own will that it has been produced.

It is this burning enthusiasm that sustains men and inspires them to keep on through the drudgery inseparable from the accomplishment of any great work; it is appreciation of the fact that what they are doing is preparation for bigger things, foundation for better things that goads them on and guides till anticipation becomes realization.

We are not all alike, therefore, we do not all like the same work; but in the long run there is work enough and varied enough for most of us to choose to do what we enjoy doing and what we are fit to do; to do what we do with zeal, with our whole energy and with our full being.

If we do not, we cheat ourselves.

Adventures With a Purse

A SUPPLY of blouses to be worn with white skirts is essential and one really cannot have too many of them. Perhaps your taste runs to expensive ones, the kind you'd like to have, but really can't afford to buy. I saw a few of that very kind marked at a special price. Handkerchief linen, fine, soft material—and such nice shades. Old rose, blue, a very lovely tan, quite a number from which to choose, and they were reduced from $8.75 to $3.95. Just a few of them, so don't delay looking them up.

Of course you'll be wanting a summer wrap of some kind, if you haven't already purchased one, and I'm sure that you'll look at silk capes. They have the advantage of being warm enough to keep out the chill, and light enough not to be uncomfortable. One of the shops has a model, reduced, made of Canton crepe. A soft roll collar of the silk fastens about the neck, and two rows, about ten inches deep, of lovely silk fringe are about the bottom of the cape. It is priced at $35.

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

Mother Says
PUDDINE
Is Delicious
and Mother knows, too! Many present-day mothers remember how they enjoyed Pudding when they were young, and they know how nourishing it is for their kiddies.
Eight Flavors
Recipe folder on request.
At All Grocers, 10c, 15c
Fruit Puddine Company, Baltimore, Md.

The Management Told Its Waitresses to Add Extra Courtesy to Service

And the Result Was That the Tearoom Was Well Patronized. It Would Be So Pleasant if Everybody Did That

HALFWAY through the dainty meal which she had served us, the waitress, quaint in the gray and white costume imposed by the tearoom, came up to the table and smiled at us.

"Are you enjoying it?" she asked solicitously.

"Very much, thank you," we replied heartily; for we were.

"That's good," said the waitress gently and stepped back again.

Thus a pleasant feeling "was had by all."

The next time we went there, and of course we went again after such a hospitable reception, we had a different waitress.

But this one was just as cordial.

"Is it all right?" she wanted to know, as we started to eat our tomatoes stuffed with chicken salad.

"That's nice," she announced when we told her that yes, it was fine.

What a very unobjectionable place this world would be if everybody took the trouble to be so amiable as that!

OF COURSE we realized that it was the management which saw to it that its waitresses added that little extra touch to their service.

But suppose every management arranged for an accompaniment of courtesy with the dealings of its employes with outsiders.

Wouldn't there be a difference in some places!

Think of having the girl who sells you your crepe de chine dress smile as if you were her equal, instead of gazing down upon you as if you had really surprised her by your forwardness in coming into her part of the shop.

And think, on the other hand, of having your customers come in with a pleasant greeting as if they really thought you were a human instead of just a part of the store.

Think of having the clerk who gives out information behave as if she really wanted you to understand her.

And think, on the other side of the window, of having the women who come up and ask you those tiresome, unnecessary, trivial, ceaseless questions, show some concern for your feelings.

ISN'T it deplorable that mere politeness, the smile that costs nothing, the agreeable manner that is so easy, the act or word of courtesy that is only natural, should be so rare that you have to stop and discuss the matter when you unexpectedly run into some?

Why shouldn't every waitress be solicitous? Why shouldn't every saleslady and all her customers exchange pleasantries? Why shouldn't every clerk and all her patrons be mutually considerate?

You will find some waitresses who do it naturally, some saleswomen who allow their natural amiability to have full play during their working hours, and some customers, clerks and patrons who realize that they are dealing with human beings like themselves.

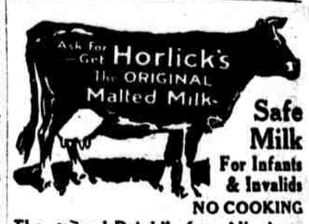
But everybody is so afraid of being patronized, or thought less important than some one else.

Unbending to the extent of offering a pleasantry might possibly indicate a lowering of position.

And it seems to require an unusual person to take that "risk."

STILL, I suppose it would be monotonous if there were no people carrying grouches around with them to interfere with our good humor and give us something to be grouchy about now and then.

For, of course, "we" are always among the gracious, good-natured ones!



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Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why Sea Foam Is White

The white you see in sea foam is not confined to the water in the ocean. All foam is white. We often say, as we look at the ocean, "How can blue water make white foam?" We are so in the habit of thinking of the sea as blue that we fail to remember that the blue we see in the ocean is not the color of the water at all, but merely a reflection of the sky on a bright day. On cloudy days the water does not look nearly so blue. If, however, the water were actually blue, the foam would still be white. If you beat the contents of a bottle of black ink until it is foamy you will have white foam. The same would be true of red ink.

This is all due to the laws regarding the reflection of rays of light. Any form of matter which reflects all the light it receives—in other words, one that does not absorb any of the rays of light, will appear white. No substance which we see about us has any natural color. What we call color in an object is produced, and its colors are determined, entirely by its power of absorbing some of the sun's rays and reflecting others. Those rays which they are unable to absorb are reflected back to the eye, and the length of the reflected rays determines the color of the object. Objects that look black to us are those which have absorbed all the colors from the sun's rays. Objects look white to us for just the opposite reason; they are those which have absorbed none of the colors of the sun's rays. A bottle of black ink looks black because it has absorbed all the colors of the sun's rays which fall upon it. But when you beat it into foam you have produced many small spheres or globules filled with air. You have destroyed the power of light absorption, and have produced something which reflects all of the light rays.

Tomorrow—What Is the Poison in Wood Alcohol?

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