Would You Rather Be Dull and Content or Thrilled and Wretched?

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

A BEAUTIFUL young actress tried to commit suicide recently. She had drained life's cup of bitterness to the dregs. It was mere accident that prevented her death. They would not let her die.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

In many States, one can be tried for crime because he attempts to take his own life. Fortunately, she escaped being thrown into prison and having the rest of her life ruined.

Being so young, the chances are that she will pull herself together and find some happiness yet. But the horror and the terror and the agony of disillusionment that caused her to take the momentous step always will leave a deep wound that never can completely heal.

Fresh from a convent at sixteen, as ignorant as a baby, she married. The few years that followed included a hectic stage career, a scandalous divorce proceeding, and innumerable buffetings by fate. The notoriety, the terrible newspaper stories about her most private affairs, with all this it is difficult indeed to have her sanity, and it must have aided in driving her to suicide.

Yet she had had many thrills, many excitements, and much adulation. When a young creature awakes to the realization that she is beautiful; when she is inundated with flattery, and led to believe that every one worships her, it is difficult indeed not to have her head turned. The cool, easy-going folk of the world, those of us not blessed—or cursed—with glorious physical charms, can have no conception of the intoxication.

SUCH a young beauty is beset and besieged. Every man seems to be bent on her ruin, and it does not alter the facts to cynically insist that she welcomed the gayety and dissipation and flattery.

If we want to be truthful—and few of us are, in such matters—we must confess that a little pang of envy shoots through our hearts, as our imagination is fired by descriptions of the adulation and brilliance of the early experiences which led up to the tragedy. Many a spinster sighs sadly, contrasting her drab existence with that of the gorgeous beauties of the footlights. All the moralizing in the world cannot quiet the imagination or reconcile one to a lonely and colorless existence.

It is only common sense that tells us how lucky we are not to have been tossed into the maelstrom of dissipation and exhaustion and false flattery, which leads inevitably and swiftly to destruction.

Novels and dramas and motion pictures do much good in working off our desires for excitement and a taste of wild life. They give up a set of vicarious thrills, which satisfy our imagination without bringing about a chain of disasters. We eagerly seek thrills, wild western escapades often, that would never suit our temperaments if we actually indulged in them.

OF COURSE, such theatricals and fiction may be harmful, if untrue, and picturing false joys and glittering impossibilities. But on the whole, perhaps they help us over the heartaches of monotony, and ease our savage natures. There are few of us, however sedate we may appear, who do not, at least in the storm and stress of early youth, yearn for excitement and the joy of variety and intense activity.

There are those who declare that they actually would rather have a life of adventure and intensity, even when inevitably followed by disaster and catastrophe, than a humdrum, stale existence! The tragedies in the lives of the spectacular folks of history do not warn such natures to "go slow" and be cautious. Indeed, they scorn the cautious temperament, as cowardly and narrow. They say, "I want to live, not die of dry rot!"

Of course, such philosophy is foolish and dangerous. There must be a happy mean, a sane, sensible, middle course. Youth craves legitimate expression of high spirits, but it must not court violence and death. The poor butterfly's wings never can recover when singed by fire.

Becoming Fur

We cannot all wear fur hats, for they make some of us look top-heavy. But anybody could wear this charming hat of suede, with soft, haphazardly falling crown and narrow brim, on which a small bit of fur fills in the space at the base of the crown and adds to the gracefulness of the outline. The fur matches the deep collar into which the wearer of the suede cloak snuggles her chin so warmly.

The Superior Sex

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

John Steele marries Anne Temple knowing that she has a secret in her past which she refuses to divulge. He knows, too, that she does not love him, but he is determined to win her love, and on their honeymoon, they are swept irresistibly together. But having won her love, Steele begins to wonder about her secret, and the more so because after their return home, she at times disappears mysteriously and refuses to say where she has been. In spite of his terrific need of her, Steele is not happy, and a friendship develops between him and Katherine Cleveland, a girl his mother has always wanted him to marry. Then, one day, Steele returns to the apartment with all the love that he has felt for Anne suddenly turned to hate.

The Accusation

"HAVEN'T you any shame? How dare you look at me as though nothing had happened? What manner of woman are you?"

His fingers closed ruthlessly about her slim arm, but although she winced with the pain of it, she still did not turn away. Her eyes met his unashamed even while a scarlet flush crept up into her cheeks, but she did not answer him. It was as though she were waiting for him to go on with what he had to say.

"This secret of yours," his mouth twisted grotesquely as he spoke. "No wonder you wouldn't talk about it, no wonder you were ashamed of what you were hiding. But you won't have any cause to hide things from me after this. I know everything."

Even through his insane fury he wondered at her clear-eyed regard of him. Why did she look like that? He wanted her groveling at his feet; that was where she belonged. He wanted her begging for mercy, completely in his power, and instead she was as she had always been, mysterious, elusive, and worst of all, superior.

Through all the week that had passed John Steele had been beside himself. From the moment when he had yielded to the temptation to have Anne watched, to discover for himself where she went on her mysterious errands, he had for the first time in his life felt shame, and he had argued fiercely with himself in the effort to banish this ignoble emotion.

He had tried to bolster up his courage with the thought that he had a right to know, that she was asking too much from him in demanding that he trust her. And when he had finally learned the truth, triumph in the thought that he had been right all along had for a time taken the place of the shame he had experienced through spying on her.

But now, in spite of his righteous anger, there was something about her that robbed him of the victory. She was still undaunted, superior—that was the word—and at that moment he was more aware of the sick depression that had settled around his heart than of the fact that he wished to see her humble and contrite, stripped of her pride and at his mercy.

He became aware of the fact that she was trying to disengage her arm from the clasp of his fingers, and his hand tightened cruelly.

"You hurt me," came from her white lips in a whisper, and quite suddenly he flung her away from him and they stood facing each other.

"I want to hurt you," he stormed, hardly aware of what he was saying. "I never dreamed that a woman could deceive a man as you have me. I might have known when you admitted that you married me for money how little I actually counted in your life, but that you with your innocent eyes could have made such a fool of me, that you could have taken everything I had to offer and laughed behind my back, that is the thing that has driven me nearly mad."

She made no effort to speak. She simply stood there before him while he blundered on, carried away by the knowledge of the evidence he had against her.

"Who is he?" Steele demanded suddenly. "Who is this man that you love and whose child you are supporting with my money? Ah, that hurts! Did you think I hadn't the proof? Did you think yourself so secure that no one would ever discover your secret? With the knowledge I have, almost everything is clear to me. There's just one thing I don't quite understand. Why did you think it necessary to pretend that you loved me? You had what you wanted without that. Why? Why?"

Tomorrow—The Acid Test

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

Ah! So Severe

Dear Cynthia—Don't you feel sorry for Le Penseur? Why not give him the go by and the world would be better off? I can imagine him coming home to mother darling not knowing the gutter from the house. And, poor soul, to think we are a little more advanced than the caveman stage. How much more superior he is than mere woman! Such as he make women and girls as they are today. Why should not a woman be better and higher than she was years ago? I'll bet when he is on a trolley car he buries his head so deeply in his paper he doesn't see the old ladies and old men get on. Or at least he pretends not to anyway. Yet any lady who has any kind of feelings will get up for an older person. But he is so highly educated he can't see that. Deliver us from such a dumbbell as that one.

A LIVELY BUNCH WHO LOVE THE LADIES.

"Seulement Une Fille" Writes Again

Dear Cynthia—Please, may I come into your nice "letter family" again and answer S'il Vous Plait's letter? Thank you.

Really, your letter was such an overwhelming and wholly delightful surprise, I don't know where or how to begin my reply. You know, this is a funny world. Here we are, complete strangers, never saw each other, corresponding through a newspaper column (shades of horrified Mrs. Grundy), and conversing on subjects that we would never consider discussing except with intimate friends.

I'm going to answer your question first. Of course, I wouldn't pick the little old ideals away if I met you. Goodness! Wasn't the fact that you answered my letter proof of my theory? And, as you say, if we were to meet, wouldn't that be further conclusive and convincing proof? Then, too, you were so understanding, that I'm sure my intuition, or whatever that little supersense is termed, wouldn't let me make a mistake. Haven't you noticed there are some people you have been acquainted with for years, and yet you don't really know them? And then there are people whom you have just recently met, and you converse with them freely, and tell them all your hopes and plans and ideals, and talk about things really worth while. Why? Because they understand, of course.

You say I was unselfish. Now, after such a flattering remark as that my wee, sma' voice clamors for attention and tells me to be a sport and 'fess up. For, you see, it was a wholly selfish motive that made me answer that letter. I was so disappointed and so disgusted, for the one person whom I had thought really understood had proved unworthy and the hurt of the disappointment was so keen that (if I may take the liberty to quote you) "I had to say something to some one, something I really meant." If I hadn't I'd have been a fit subject for that interesting little institution at Forty-fourth and Market streets. Then, too, from your letter I imagined that you have many of the qualities that my ideal man must possess, and that, coupled with your understanding, made me write and thank you. As I said before, it brought my old ideals back, stronger than ever, for I realized that (although it has never been my good fortune, so far, to meet one) there was one man who, so far as I could judge, "measured up." Don't think by that, of course, that my acquaintance aren't gentlemen—naturally, I would insist upon that, but the continual stream of trivolous chatter called "a good time" and "putting it across," is a strain (at least to any one with my limited mentality). Fun and wit are all right, but a continual diet of them is terribly boring. It's like having only the dessert—with the substantial dinner forgotten. If you converse on anything really interesting, you're a "high-brow," and, as our friends, the flappers, would say, "left flat on the lot." I know, because, like you, I've tried it, and, like you again, it's no good. Any one upon first meeting me would have no more idea that I ever had a serious thought than that we'd see coal this winter except in Caldwell's windows. That seems to directly contradict my previous statement, in answer to your question, but then, as I said before, you understand.

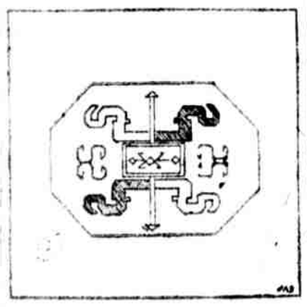
I think I've monopolized enough space for this evening, and had better cease "burning the midnight oil" or, to be thoroughly modern, electricity, and run get my beauty sleep (Heaven knows I need it) and—oh, speaking of appearance, I'm forced to confess by now you have me so interested that I'm beginning to wonder what you look like. To be quite frank, I have your imaginary description all thought out. It would be amusing to exchange and see how nearly we tally. But there, I flatter myself—vanitas, vanitas! It's awful, isn't it?

P. S.—Thanks for thinking of quoting bits of Therese Marie's letter. I'm sure that I would have more than enjoyed them, and I surely appreciate your thoughtfulness.

SEULEMENT UNE FILLE.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



Interpretation of Symbols

As so many of the various symbols had different meanings among different peoples it is possible to give here only a few of those more generally known:

The six or eight pointed star signifies divinity.

The bud, birth; the flower in full bloom, completeness of age.

The tree of life symbolizes divine power; the lotus, new life; the palm, a blessing or benediction, strength or power.

The circle represents eternity, and zigzag figures, lightning.

The old Swastika symbol, illustrated above, was a token of good luck and fortune.

The deer signifies honor and success; the serpent, darkness.

The lion is an emblem of victory and glory, and wherever seen preying upon serpent or other beast, represents the victory of glory and light over darkness.

Many of these symbols reach back into the very dawn of civilization for their meaning, and some, like the palm and the moon, have had the same meaning through various religions.

The study of symbolism is one of the most fascinating to be found anywhere. So far, history has not succeeded in tracing these symbols back further than the Egyptian, but there is every reason to believe that many of the geometrical patterns with borders of lotus and other flowers date from the very foundation of Egyptian civilization.

Tomorrow—"Color Symbolism"

Glorified!

A waist and skirt, it's true, but not the uninteresting kind at all. The waist is really worthy to be included in the blouse type, being of crepe de chine on pleasing lines, while the skirt is of pleated serge, the pleats continuing above the line of the belt to make a ruffly finish

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why Shadows Are Darker at Night Than in the Daytime

When anything through which rays of light cannot pass intercepts the light rays which are coming from a luminous body, the light rays are turned back in the direction from which they came. The part on the other side of the object which intercepted the light goes into a shade and a shadow results.

A shadow therefore is produced by cutting off one or more light rays from any luminous body. We can notice shadows when the sun is bright in the daytime, but at night when we walk along the streets lighted by street lights the shadows appear much darker. The shadows produced by cutting off rays of sunlight as above described are not so dark as those produced by street lights at night, because in sunlight the rays of light reach and are thrown back by many objects behind and on the sides of us, and some of this reflected light is cast over the place where the shadow appears. At night, however, the rays from the street lamp do not extend as brightly to the other objects behind and to the side of us, because the source of light is not so intense. Therefore there is no reflected light to illuminate the place where the shadow appears.

Light is only one of the forms of radiant energy which will produce shadows. Scientists now recognize shadows produced by the interception of sound waves. These are called sound shadows.

Eclipses of the sun and moon are, of course, the result of shadows. When there is an eclipse of the sun, it is caused by the moon coming in direct line between the earth and the sun. When the moon is in eclipse, then it is the earth which has moved into direct line between the sun and the moon, causing the shadow produced by the earth to fall on the face of the moon.

Tomorrow—What Makes Rain

The Woman's Exchange

For Dark Skin

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like to know if it is possible to bleach naturally dark skin. I have been trying peroxide for about a month, putting it on three times a day, but it has had no effect. Does it take longer than this?

A READER.

Don't keep on with the peroxide, because, used steadily as you have been doing it, it will hurt your skin. Lemon juice, applied once daily, or not as often as this, according to how it agrees with your skin, or a lemon cream will have a tendency to bleach your skin. Use it regularly and try not to be impatient with results. You will notice some difference, but you cannot change the natural color of your skin a great deal.

Celebrating Anniversary

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Late this month is the anniversary of my wedding, which will be ten years. I would like to give a party, about twenty persons, and would thank you very much if you could advise me what could be done in the way of some entertainment, refreshments, decorations, invitations, etc. Would like to keep the expenses as low as possible.

A READER.

The symbol for the tenth wedding anniversary is tin, so in decorating it is nice to use something to carry this out. Now, you cannot use tin, but tinsel is the same color, and so is silver paper. So have several vases of flowers in the living room covered with this kind of paper and finished with a row of tinsel around the top. The bowl of flowers in the dining room may be decorated in the same way, and you can have running favors of papier mache nut dishes with a band put on around the top with silver paint. These can be filled with either candy or nuts, and a small card may be attached to each one with silver ribbon to serve as a place card.

Use the regular form of invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown request the pleasure of your company on Friday evening, November 10." "R. S. V. P." and the address are put in the lower left and right corners, respectively. You can do as you like about mentioning that it is to celebrate your anniversary, but it would seem as if it were better not to do so, because to the person receiving the invitation it "sounds like a present" if you do.

If you would like some games to play at this affair, I will send them to you. Just write and ask for them, inclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. A nice menu to serve would be chopped celery and nuts in hollowed-out apples, nut bread sandwiches and coffee or hot chocolate with whipped cream.

In Other Countries

Iceland has elected its first woman member of Parliament.

Only 1 per cent of the women of India can read and write.

China has women's magazines, and women's pages in the newspapers, but they are eways edited by men.

Women Who Can't Be Bothered With Any Younger Persons at All

Make a Great Mistake in Thinking That the Freedom From Annoyance Gained by This Will Keep Them Young Longer

"I DON'T care very much about children," said the woman who preferred lap dogs. "They are very nice if they are just cleanly dressed and their nurses have taught them to keep quiet. Very pretty and all that, but I think it would be dreadful to have them running around the house upsetting everything and getting in the way. They make so much noise, and they get so dirty!"

She is really afraid that the annoyance she might have to suffer would age her a little.

She has known so many women who have wrinkles and gray hairs at forty, just because they have given so much time and thought to their children.

That may be all very well, now, although we cannot sympathize with the lady or understand very clearly just how she can feel as she does.

But later on she is going to be sorry that she felt that way.

Later on she will be getting older and showing it because of her ceaseless efforts to look young.

She will be losing the hold that she used to have on life.

It will be hard for her to pretend any interest in the affairs that she has always taken such an active part in, but she will have to do it in order to keep up with the times.

SHE won't realize how she had missed her one great chance to stay young when she was young.

But we can see it by comparing her with another woman who at the age at which the one who disliked children was keeping away from them as much as possible, had two of her own.

This woman has always loved children.

As the years have gone by she has grown up with them, keeping her interest alive in their interests, keeping her mind young by associating with her children and their friends.

Younger people have always been able to consider her their friend.

Age hasn't made much of an impression on her.

Indeed, it is only when her birthdays come around that she realizes she is not longer in her twenties.

A woman like this stays forty in her thoughts and looks younger than the woman who is trying to stay thirty.

The latter gets to a point when she can no longer keep up with the times and the youth to which she aspires because her thoughts and feelings are so much older.

It's hard for her to walk because she must not show in a halting step that she isn't feeling quite so young as she used to.

The other woman doesn't bother about that; she just walks, because she always has, and the children expect it, and lets the style take care of itself.

"OH! these grandchildren, they'll keep us young," said a grandmother of seventy-five, whose greatest joy consists in teaching young four-year-old to observe and talk about the things that he sees.

They've kept her young.

She has lived her life for her children and grandchildren—and she can go about in almost as sprightly a manner as she always has.

It's all because her thoughts and feelings are way back there with her children and grandchildren. She has lived with them and for them all her life until her own age is all mixed up with theirs.

It never pays, aside from everything else, to live entirely to and for yourself; the time comes when you are the only person who is interested about it; and more than that, it is entirely up to you to keep yourself young by your own personal efforts.

The children and younger people that the elegant lady shunned so would be a great help to her if she only realized how remarkably good they are at keeping older persons young.

Will You Have

A little party in your home this Halloween? Well, then, why not vary the usual witch and ghost ideas a bit by giving a "Hall of Fame" party? This is unusual and yet not too different from Halloween to be lots of fun. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the editor of the women's page of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, if you want suggestions for invitations, decorations, etc., for this entertaining party.

Little Girls

And little boys like unusual parties, too, and a variation from the ordinary games and stunts of Halloween is provided for them in "Garden Party," which turns them all into flowers and vegetables. A self-addressed, stamped envelope sent to the editor of the woman's page of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER will bring these ideas to any mother or father who wants to entertain some children on October 31.

Mrs. Wilson Changes Menu With Season and Now Is Time for Hot Nourishing Food

Beef Is Served With Special Sauce, and Dessert of Mince Turnovers Contains Just the Right Blending of Fruits and Spices

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE daily question of just what shall we eat is very important to the housewife who is vitally interested in keeping the family physically fit. This is particularly true when one or two members of the family are apt to be a bit finicky. No matter how much the housewife will urge or plead, they will confine themselves to just one or two foods.

The menu today will feature three meals on Sunday.

Breakfast

Baked Winter Pears and Cranberries
Cereal and Cream
Bacon Omelet Parsley Garnish
Bronnaise Potatoes Watercress
Rolls and Coffee

Dinner

Celery Home-Made Relish
Boiled Beef with Horseradish Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Buttered Beets Coleslaw
Mince Turnovers Coffee

Supper

Celery Coleslaw
Cold Cuts of Boiled Beef
Cranberry Jelly
English Mustard Cream
Potato Salad
Apple Sauce Coconut Cake

Tea

Boiled Beef With Horseradish Sauce

Wipe meat with damp cloth and tie in shape with pieces of tape. Place water in large pot and when boiling add the beef and

One bunch of soup herbs,
One carrot,
Two onions, with a whole clove and allspice stuck in the onion.

Boil for ten minutes. Place where the meat will be just at boiling point for time required to cook, allowing thirty minutes to the pound.

About thirty minutes before serving the dinner place in saucepan one cup of milk and two-thirds cup of flour. Stir to dissolve the flour in the milk and then add two and one-half cups of the stock from the boiling meat, whip up well and bring to boiling point and cook for fifteen minutes. Now add

Two level teaspoons of salt,
One teaspoon of white pepper,
Three tablespoons of grated horseradish,
One-half cup of sharp vinegar,
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.

Bring again to boiling point and it is ready to serve.

Mince Turnovers

Put through the food chopper

One cup of nuts,
One cup of seeded raisins,
One-quarter pound of citron,
Six large tart apples (do not peel apples),
Juice of one lemon,
Three-quarters cup of brown sugar,
Two tablespoons of vinegar,
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-quarter teaspoon each of ginger, allspice and nutmeg.

Blend well and stand in the refrigerator over night. In the morning roll out plain pastry about one-quarter inch thick, cut in five-inch squares, place a spoonful of the mince on the square of pastry and fold over, making a three-cornered fold, pinching the edges tightly together; place on baking sheet and bake eighteen minutes in moderate oven. Serve with vanilla sauce.

English Mustard Cream

Place in saucer

Two teaspoons of mustard,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-quarter teaspoon of white pepper,
Four tablespoons of thick cream.

Blend well and add slowly, heating in so that the mixture will thicken like mayonnaise, ten tablespoons of salad oil, adding at the same time three teaspoons of vinegar. When nice and thick add

One teaspoon of sugar,

and serve.

Coconut Cake

Place in mixing bowl

Three-quarters cup of sugar,
One egg,
Four tablespoons of butter.

Cream well and add

One and seven-eighths cups of flour,
Four teaspoons of baking powder,
Salt,
Three-quarters cup of milk,
One teaspoon of vanilla,
One-half grated rind of an orange.

Beat to fine, smooth batter and add three-quarters cup of finely chopped coconut. Turn in well-greased and floured loaf-shape pan and bake in moderate oven for thirty-five minutes, cool and ice with plain water icing and cover the top thickly with finely chopped coconut. To chop the coconut put the coconut through the food copper, using the coarse knife.

The coconut for the top of the cake may be placed on a pie plate in the oven for a few minutes and browned a delicate color. Care must be taken not to overcolor or the coconut will lose its flavor as well as appearance.

Covered Weights Feature of This Crepe Frock

BY CORINNE LOWE

If the measure of style is its weight, here is a costume which should have no trouble in passing the proper authority. For the outstanding touch of trimming on this little cafe au lait crepe Elaine frock is weights covered with dress material. These occur between folds on the three-quarter sleeves and the wide overskirt. This overskirt, by the way, reveals a rather tight underskirt. The combination of the two has been much stressed, and it is certainly indicative of a season when we take back with one hand all the width we have offered with the other.

The overskirt is gathered at the sides, and narrow bands of self-fabric stopping at the sides encircle the back of the frock.

The only touch of color is contributed by millinery leaves of brilliant autumn red, which occur at either side. Anent this touch, it will be remembered that this year the dress designer is borrowing constantly from the milliner for trimming devices. The collar is of tucked biscuit-colored net inset with real filet. This costume would be charming for the college girl.

Congress to aut

LOVE NOTS

By KAY KEAN

The Sauce of Love

Think you to capture the male species by the cold shoulder of indifference?

For his heart is entered only through the susceptibilities of his vanity. Truly, the egotism of man is more vulnerable than the heel of Achilles.

Though he pursue the coquette with enthusiasm, he would grow tired of the chase were it not for the beckoning finger.

Yet flattery for man must be like unto a bottle of tabasco sauce. A light sprinkling tickles the palate. But beware the overdose. Pampered vanity in one's husband is a consummate fire.

Even as lightning does not strike twice in the same place, so does conceit of a man flit from one woman to another.

The heart of man is like unto the susceptibility of his stomach. Be not unmindful of his hungerings. Yet take heed lest he grow weary of the flavor.

Satiety and indifference are the milestones about the neck of love.

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Don't lag. Eat little raisins and speed up.
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Furnish food-iron also.
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