

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page Bespeak the Woman—Let it Be a Help to Those Who Desire Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above all Let it Be a Friend to Every Woman

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES



The young lady across the way says she always hates to see one of her young men friends drift from one position to another and a rolling stone never grows fat as the old saying is.

SUMMER MILLINERY

We have received a very choice and attractive assortment of Trimmings and Special Novelties for the Season's Wear at popular prices.

W. E. HALLIGAN 989 BROAD STREET.

WANTED

Zig-Zag Stitchers, Seamers, Stripers and Inspectors.

Warner Bros. Co. APPLY EMPLOYMENT DEPT.



FULLY EQUIPPED AUTOMOBILE AND COACH PAINTING. Now is the time to get your Limousine and Electric Coupe in condition for Fall and Winter.

TRUMBULL CYCLE CAR



THE TRUMBULL MOTOR CAR CO PHONE 5420.

JOHN F. FAY 610 FAIRFIELD AVENUE

Furniture Dealer, Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker, Super for Fabrics for Furniture and Draperies. Tel. 74

Smart New Straw Sailor With a Ribbon Trimming



Simplicity and smartness characterize the new spring chapeaux of coarse straw. As shown in this illustration, the straw is cunningly interwoven with grosgrain ribbon.

TODAY'S POEM

OMENS.

The winds of March were shrill and shrill, The skies of March were gray. And nature showed her wintry mood Till the decline of day.

Then sudden o'er the western hills, Like wine from out a cresset, Was spilled the gold of daffodils And hyacinths hues.

And while the pinions of the night Swept through the rift afar, There shone another vernal light, A violet April star.

—Clinton Scollard.

CORNER FOR COOKS

MAPLE WALNUT CAKE

One and one-quarter cup granulated sugar creamed with one-half cup butter, add one cup sweet milk, two cups flour which have been sifted five times, with four level teaspoons baking powder. Add a pinch of salt and a few drops of vanilla. Fold in the stiffly beaten white of three eggs and bake in two layers. Stir sufficient confectioner's sugar into three-quarters of a cup of maple syrup to make frosting stiff enough to spread. Put between and on top. Then sprinkle broken walnut meats over the cake.

LIVER LOAF

Mince one pound of liver, 10 ounces bacon, one onion, and add salt and pepper to taste. Add beaten yolk and whipped whites of two eggs, mix well. Line a mold with butter and bread crumbs. Fill with liver mixture, sprinkle crumbs over top, dot with pieces of butter and bake three-quarters of an hour. Serve either hot or cold.

The seventy-cent gas bill was defeated in the Massachusetts House.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, SO IS THE TREE INCLINED

One of the most gratifying features of our business is that so many of our patrons return season after season for their Suits, Coats, etc.

Once a woman is satisfied that her wearing apparel is correct as well as becoming, you can rest assured she becomes a regular customer.

The Question Isn't How Cheap—But How Good.

We are showing an unusually large assortment of Suits in large sizes that are stylish and up-to-date. A large woman can't always look like a thirty-six model, but she can get clothes at Rockwell's that will make her look smart. We are featuring this week Suits especially adapted to the large figures. Prices are moderate.

COME AND SEE THEM

Rockwell & Co. 1108 MAIN STREET BRIDGEPORT

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

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WHILE HE'S MAKING UP HIS MIND

"There is nothing out of love Hath perpetual worth. All things flag but only love; All things fall and flee. There is nothing but love Worthy you and me."

Most every single, clever young man must have the knowledge in justice to himself that he can hardly expect to remain unwedded as the years roll swiftly by. He looks around and sees most everybody that he has known married and settled down happily, while the single young girls for whom he might conceive sincere admiration he scarcely knows more than by sight.

He is usually a newcomer, having changed his boarding place to a better one in some pretentious locality. Even there he finds that he is lonesome, as he turns his footsteps to the uninviting domicile, with no one to welcome him. He is determined, if there is a way open to secure an introduction to a nice young woman. He will not let the grass grow under his feet until the hope of meeting her is realized.

The woman finds his opportunity when fathers and brothers who belong to the same club he does single him out and he is drawn into the society through them, of fair daughters and sisters. After repeated meetings a mutual interest springs up between them. They look for each other as evening's twilight gathers. His friendship has merged into love and the thought of marriage and of never again being able to live without her. She is a sweet, modest girl, and although her heart has gone out to him in return, she is content by his actions, and every indication that he is deep in love's meshes, yet she is at a loss to understand why he has made no proposals all the time wherein he has come swooning her. One year after another has passed, finding him still single, the magic words she has constantly expected to hear, yet unspoken.

Her patience battles with love for the mastery of the solution of what is keeping him back from declaring his intentions. The young woman may lose many a chance on account of this. Her love's inquiries, friends, ply her with questions and jests as to when her marriage is to take place. They are profuse in hinting that pretty soon she will be on the shelf—an old maid. Her friends, who would be interested in taking up the question in her behalf, she often writes to her mother's best friends and adds a few lines before closing her letter in which she adroitly expresses the hope that they will give their opinion as to her recreant lover's course he should pursue.

Her patience when the wooing seems dull and to such a young man monotonous, while the faith of his sweetheart seemed almost lost, who is she who opens a dainty letter, an answer from the lady friend, earnestly urging that both make up their minds or allow a new suitor to be presented at a few gatherings which are to take place. If he has never made up his mind before, this little warning will loosen his tongue and a declaration of love and marriage will follow without delay. There's no other girl for him, she assures her. She has proved her faith and love for him, which he hardly deserves. "The marriage betis the sequel tells."

MISS LIBBY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, on one side of paper only. Address Miss Libby, 916 President street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIED AND SEPARATED

Dear Miss Libby:— I married seven months ago; lived three weeks with wife. I went off to work. She had had a suitor two years before we wed, but thought most of me. I came home. She did not treat me right. After I left she tried to make up. Suitor visited the house. She wanted me to go on boarding. She

comes to see me, often, says she likes me. I don't answer. She fears this fellow. I told her we could move. This she puts off. I love her better than all else. Would die for her. She was married before; has three children I was good to. Please advise.

W. W. Yours is truly a sad plight, but by patience, a heart-to-heart talk with her, good reasoning and sense enough to not allow jealousy to enter your mind you may be reconciled with each other. Warn her of the danger she incurs in harboring or fearing an old suitor now worthless.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL FOR A WIFE

Dear Miss Libby:— I am 37 years of age. For the past six months have been paying my addresses to a lady about the same age. We attend shows together, go for rides, etc. I am quite well satisfied that she does. She also writes to me when she is away any length of time. She is very attractive and accomplished; is an interesting conversationalist, and has fairly good heart. Yet, I have restrained expressing to her my devotion for the reason above mentioned. I am bent on winning her by any honorable price, but this act of hers in the play is beyond my comprehension. She is a college graduate and therefore should be well acquainted with the customs of the times. Now, as she is a woman who understands woman nature, perhaps you wouldn't mind stating, very frankly, your most candid opinion in this case. I must confess she certainly has me at my wits' end.

CAL. There are many sensible girls who think if a man has the wish to call upon them he will ask for the privilege. No doubt in your case it would be cordially granted. Like you, I admire the independent girls who would not take a step out of their way to attract or encourage a lord or a duke or even an American king. Such girls make the very best of wives. The man who wins the heart of such a lass possesses a treasure beyond price. Ask the young lady for permission to call upon her any evening agreeable to her. I think that will solve the difficulty. Tell her frankly of your regard for her, but do not attempt to make love to her, or to soon let her know that you are summarily dismissed. The right kind of a girl wants to know a man well and to be sure he is all that he professes to be ere she is willing to admit even to her own heart her interest in him could readily deepen into a tender sentiment. I like your girl and hope you will win her.

OF DIFFERENT FAITH

Dear Miss Libby:— I am a girl 18 years old; have kept company with a Jewish gentleman eight years my senior, for a few months. Have known him two years. He tells me he loves me. I love him dearly. Girl friends laugh and say "he'll never marry you because you are not Jewish." Am I foolish in going with him? He isn't ashamed of me, and to all the Jewish girls doesn't care who knows he keeps company with me. My parents like him. He never talks of marriage. Jewish girls are crazy about him. He never seems to care for their company. Please advise.

P. B. It would be well for your relatives to have a confidential talk with the young man learning what his intentions regarding matrimony are, ere they consent to your going about in public with him constantly. You are so young, you can't afford to take plenty of time to consider matrimony. Two years are not too long. There is little to encourage marriage of those of different faith, though we hear now and then of such, which has proved to be happy. Somehow, true love does not seem to recognize difference in creeds at the outset. What it will do later is another story.

SATISFACTION In footwear means more than any other part of clothes. Try a Pair of HANAN'S J. SAMUELS CO. 1127 MAIN ST.

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She glanced toward my bedroom door. "Oh, what a night!" she sighed. "I did that I could to keep her out of your bed. It was useless. I did cry, Mr. Smart. I know you must hate all of us."

I laughed. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," I quoted. "You are my neighbor, countess. Don't forget that. And it so happens that your mother is also my neighbor at present, and your brothers too. Have you any cousins and aunts?"

"I can't understand how any one can be so good natured as you," she sighed. The crown of her head was on a level with my shoulder. Her eyes were lowered. A faint line of distress grew between them. For a minute I stared down at the brown crest of her head, an almost ungovernable impulse pounding away at my sense of discretion. I do take credit unto myself for being strong enough to resist that opportunity to make an ever-lasting idler of myself. I knew ever then that if a similiar attack ever came upon me again I should not be able to withstand it. All this time she was staring rather pensively at the second button from the top of Poopendyke's coat, and so prolonged and earnest was her gaze that I looked down in some concern, at the same time permitting myself to make a nervous, jerky and quite invol-

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON



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(Continued.)

Poopendyke clutched me by the arm and drew me toward the door or I might have stood there transfixed for heaven knows how long.

"She's asleep," he whispered. It was the second time in twelve hours that some one had intimated that I was blind.

The door creaked villainously. The gaunt, ecclesiastical tails of my borrowed frock coat were on the verge of being safely outside with me when she cried out, whereupon I swiftly transposed myself and stuck my head through the half open door.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried, in a quavering voice. She was leaning forward in the chair, her eyes wide open and eager.

I advanced into the room. A look of doubt sprang into her face. She stared for a moment and then rather pitiously rubbed her eyes.

"Yes, it is I," said I, spreading my arms in such a way that my hands emerged from the confines of Poopendyke's sleeves. (Upon my word, I had no idea that he was so much larger than I!) "It is still I, countess, despite the shrinkage."

"The shrinkage?" she murmured, slowly sliding out of the chair. As she rubbed her eyes, she made a little grimace of pain, but smiled as she limped toward me, her hand extended.

"Yes, I always shrink when I get wet," I explained, resorting to facetiousness.

Then I bent over her hand and kissed it. As I neglected to release it at once, the cuff of Poopendyke's best coat slid down over our two hands, completely enveloping them. It was too much for me to stand. I squeezed her hand with painful fervor and then released it in trepidation.

"Poopendyke goes to church in it," I said vaguely, leaving her to guess what it was that Poopendyke went to church in, or, perhaps, knowing what I meant, how I happened to be in it for the time being. "You've been crying!"

Her eyes were red and suspiciously moist. As she met my concerned gaze, a wavering, whimsical smile crept into her face.

"It has been a disgusting wet night," she said. "Oh, you don't know how happy I am to see you standing here once more, safe and sound, and—amiable. I expected you to glower and growl!"

"On a bright, glorious, sunshiny morning like this?" I cried. "Never! I prefer to be graciously reticent. Our troubles are behind us."

"How good you are!" After a moment's careful scrutiny of my face she added, "I can see the traces of very black thoughts, Mr. Smart, and recent ones."

"They were black until I came into this room," I confessed. "Now they are rose tinted."

She bent her slender body a little toward me, and the red seemed to leap back into her lips as if propelled by magic. Resolutely I put my awkward, ungainly arms behind my back and straightened my figure. I was curiously impressed by the discovery that I was very, very tall and she very much smaller than my memory recorded. Of course I had no means of knowing that she was in bedroom slippers and not in the customary high heeled boots that gave her an inch and a half of false stature.

"Your mother is here," I remarked hurriedly.

She glanced toward my bedroom door. "Oh, what a night!" she sighed. "I did that I could to keep her out of your bed. It was useless. I did cry, Mr. Smart. I know you must hate all of us."

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untary digital examination of the aforesaid button. She looked up with a nervous little laugh.

"I shall have to sew one on right there for poor Mr. Poopendyke," she said, poking her finger into the ampty buttonhole. "You dear bachelors!"

Then she turned swiftly away from me and glided over to the big armchair, from the depths of which she fished a small velvet bag. Looking over her shoulder, she smiled at me.

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"Please look the other way," she said. Without waiting for me to do so she took out a little gold box, a powder puff and a stick of lip rouge. Crossing to the small Florentine mirror that hung near my desk, she proceeded before my startled eyes to repair the slight—and to me unnoticeable—damage that had been done to her complexion before the sun came up.

"Woman works in a mysterious way, my friend, her wonders to perform," she paraphrased calmly.

"No matter how transcendently beautiful woman may be, she always does that sort of thing to herself, I take it," said I.

"She does," said the countess with conviction. She surveyed herself critically. "There! And now I am ready to accept an invitation to breakfast. I am disgustingly hungry."

"And so am I!" I cried, with enthusiasm. "Hurray! You shall eat Poopendyke's breakfast just to penalize him for failing in his duties as host during my unavoidable!"

"Quite impossible," she said. "He has already eaten it."

"He has?"

"At half past 6, I believe. He announced at that ungodly hour that he couldn't have his coffee the first thing in the morning he would be in for a headache all day. He suggested that I take a little nap and have breakfast with you—if you succeed in surviving the night."

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were napping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow.

"He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were a-sleeping on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field-glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. Helene!"

"It is most fascinating," I cried. "Adorable! I love flimsy, pink language. They're so intimate. And Poopendyke knows it, bless his ingenious old soul!"

I surprised a queer little gleam of inquiry in her eyes. It flickered for a second and died out.

"Do you really consider him an ingenuous old soul?" she asked. And I thought there was something rather metallic in her tone. A night, have replied with intelligence if she had given me a chance, but for some reason she chose to drop the subject. "You must be famished, and I am dying to hear about your experiences. You must not omit a single detail. I—"

There came a gentle, discreet knocking on the half open door. I started.

"Come!" I said.

Bistochford gravely swung the door wide open.

"Breakfast is served, sir—your ladyship, I beg pardon."

I have never seen him stand so faultlessly rigid. As we passed him on the way out a mean desire came over me to tread on his toes just as an experiment. Somehow, I felt that he would say "Thank you, sir," and there would be no satisfaction in knowing that he had had all his pains for nothing.

I shall never forget that enchanted breakfast—never! Not that I can recall even vaguely what we had to eat, or who served it, or how much of the naked truth I related to her in describing the events of the night; I can only declare that it was a singularly light hearted affair.

At half past 1 o'clock I was received by Mrs. Titus in my own study. The countess came down from her eerie abode to officiate at the ceremonious function—if it may be so styled—and I was agreeably surprised to find my new guest in a most amiable frame of mind. True, she looked me over with what seemed to me an unnecessarily and perfectly frank stare of curiosity, but, on sober reflection, I did not hold it against her. I was still draped in Poopendyke's garments.

At first sight I suppose she couldn't quite help putting me down as one of those literary freaks who typify intellect without intelligence.

(Continued.)

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