

SPECIAL FEATURES OF INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

The Seven Ages of Woman in Love Chapter Two--When Twenty Awaits King

BY WINNIE LEE. The second of the Seven-ages-of-the-woman-in-love is around and about 20. Prince Charming has had his day. It is now time for the King to approach. A few Twenties listen for the horn of his auto, but most of them like him just as well if he comes a-wooing of the beggar maid in any ordinary disguise. Twenty demands that the King shall kneel before his Queen. Or he is no King. His willingness to do so is often the only proof of his devotion which Twenty asks. Woman in the First Age of Love is almost never conscious of her sex. But Twenty poses on the highest pedestal of sex. She doesn't know it, so she isn't blamable. She has only arrived at a full knowledge of sex as a feminine asset. At last she understands what mother and teacher and preacher mean when they echo each other: "Be good, if you want a husband!" Of course she does; and of course she's good; and of course she quite naturally expects the reward of goodness. But the trouble is, she lets man suppose that she is PERFECT IN EVERYTHING ELSE. She gets an idea that just being virtuous and nothing more entitles her to the adoration of man. She may be vain, and selfish, and extravagant, she may hate to work, she may loathe children, she may gossip, she may lie, and yet believe that her virtue alone qualifies her to rule forever in the kingdom of love. And so she mazes the King bow very low indeed, as one who recognizes and meekly confesses his own unworthiness. It is an excellent thing for society that woman should always keep the highest value on herself. It is one of the barricades which protect her from evil. But--the King is human. And soon he discovers that the Queen has some pretty UNREAL WEAKNESSES. And, moreover, he gets pretty tired of the kneeling attitude. Now unfortunately there are women who expect to be adored forever. They never get beyond the second age of love. And when the weary King rises from his romantic worship and changes into a plain and practical partner in the business of living--well,



Twenty demands that the king shall kneel before his Queen. Love means giving service as well as accepting it. Love means paying homage, not demanding it. And that is what every girl must learn in the second age of love, else she will develop into a petty domestic tyrant--and so lose her queenly crown.

Cynthia Grey's Answers

Engagement Isn't a Mortgage. Dear Miss Grey: I would like to get your opinion, although I am old enough to know without asking. I am past 40, and engaged to a young man of 35, whom I love dearly. She is going away on a visit for a few months, and she tells me she intends going with other men while away, knowing I don't want her to do so. Is she right, or wrong? What shall I do? A MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW. A--An engagement fortunately does not have a mortgage attached. She is honest in telling you her intentions. Why don't you trust her? A woman often must forego many pleasures unless she has a male escort, and on her visit she would make herself very conspicuous should she refuse all invitation from men. Be sensible, and unselfish, and she will think the more of you for it. Only One Way Out. Dear Miss Grey: How can I make the acquaintance of a young man whom I have spoken to once or twice? I know only one young man who is acquainted with him. A DANCER. A--Looks like "Hobson's choice." An Uncertain Love-Affair. Dear Miss Grey: I am a man of 28. About eight months ago I met a lady who was working for me, and after that we started to love each other very much. The 1st of May she said she was going on a visit to her parents and would come back and we would be married. I got about two letters a week, and I answered promptly. The last I heard was two weeks ago, and when I did not get a letter for 10 days I wrote and asked what was the matter, and was she coming the first of the month, for if so I would come to meet her. I got my letter back, with "Not at home," and "Refused," written on the front, and was she coming, but got no answer. Miss Grey, I love this lady very much, and I know she loves me, too. Is there any way to win her back, or find out who returned my letter? She is a widow with a child, and is a good lady, and I love her, that is all. Waiting for answer. D. S. A--If you will send a registered letter she cannot receive it without signing for it--neither can anyone else get it. If you find she does not care for you, be a man. Wedding Customs. Dear Miss Grey: What is the origin and significance of throwing out shoes at the departing bride? can you tell me? B. W. A--The custom originated in the days of the cave men, who rushed from his cave and stole his bride from her parents and friends. The old shoes, which today typify the missiles the angry parents threw at the savage man. Buffet Wedding Luncheon. Dear Miss Grey: Will you please tell me something nice and inexpensive for a buffet luncheon at a quiet, home wedding, where just relatives and intimate friends will be present. Please answer soon as possible. BRIDE-TO-BE. A--Chicken salad sandwiches (can be made from old hen, boiled with tablespoon vinegar, and ground very fine), olives, cheese straws, a frozen ice, besides cake, and coffee, and fruits and candies.

15-Year-Old Deaf Mute Is Expert Floriculturist

"I SHALL MAKE HORTICULTURE MY LIFE WORK," DECLARES GIRL WHO RAISES DAISIES AS BIG AS SUNFLOWERS, BUT WHO CAN NEITHER TALK OR HEAR.



Elizabeth Kenealy, deaf mute student in the public school, expert floriculturist, working in her garden of prize daisies. LOS ANGELES, July 8.--Twenty-seven deaf and dumb girls and boys ranging from 10 to 17 years of age are being taught to speak, read, write stories, sew, make biscuits, solve arithmetic problems, spell and garden at the Sixteenth st. school here, where an exhibition of their work was held recently. Miss Elizabeth Kenealy, a 15-year-old girl, is creating a sensation at the school because of her wonderful success in raising flowers and vegetables. In a middie blouse and dark skirt, Miss Elizabeth works in her gardens, one at home and the other at school, producing daisies three times the size of the ordinary flowers, and beets that make the average vegetable look like radishes in size. Elizabeth is striving hard to master the sounds of the English language and is making unusual progress, but she finds the language of the flowers much more simple and expressive. She is planning to make a specialty of flowers, making horticulture her life vocation. Although Elizabeth has been at the school only three years, she is able to articulate and readily understands all that is said to her.

Girl Explorer Goes Alone To Alaska to Study Tribes

Far into the wilds of northwestern British Columbia, and beyond into the wilderness of Alaska, where the Carrier Indians live in primeval simplicity and a white woman has never been--that is where Miss Mary L. Lobe of New York is going to spend the summer and early fall. And she will be all alone, except for two Indian guides.



Miss Lobe is a pretty girl of 23, who has been looking forward to such adventure ever since she left Bryn Mawr college six years ago. She is now instructor in history in the New York Normal college. Here is her "trousseau" for the trip: First, a corduroy suit, Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, with a green jaeger hat, a red kerchief tied around her neck, and high, heavy shoes. Second, a khaki suit made from the same pattern, with the same accessories. Her provisions will consist mostly of bacon and beans. Also tobacco--for the guides. Her luggage won't weigh more than 40 pounds. There isn't much to it, except a light tent and blankets, a camera and some maps. Miss Lobe has had experience in several expeditions, including two that she made into the Selkirk and the Canadian Rockies. And she has learned the advantages of "traveling light." She is a good swimmer, a tireless walker, can shoot straight and isn't afraid of anything. She will go first to Prince Rupert, the new Canadian port on the Pacific, then by boat up the Skeene river to Hazelton, where she will meet her Indian guides and strike out into the wilderness on foot. Aside from her love of the wild, she has a serious purpose, which is to study the Carrier or Athabaskan Indians and write a book about them, illustrated with her own photographs. She speaks their language and anticipates no difficulties.

A Prince and a Princess--Just Little Folks

You never could tell, by looking at them, that their fathers are kings, could you? The pretty girl with her short socks and cunning slippers and fluffy hair is Princess Beatrice, one of the children of King Alfonso of Spain! The dear little chap in a sailor suit and cap is Prince Humbert, or Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne! Princess Beatrice is learning, just as fast as she can, all her small head will hold. And the Prince of Piedmont--well, he is an accomplished rider already. And he has commenced a course of military training. He will be 7 years old in September!



run to him! And slowly they revive him! He opens his eyes, looks into the face of the beautiful girl bending over him and thinks, right away, that she is the one who has saved him from drowning. Some one calls for help and the prince is taken to the nearest house! The poor little mermaid, almost heart broken, drops back into the sea! (To Be Continued.)

Wonderful Evangelist at 18

This young girl is just 18. But she is a wonderful evangelist. What would you think if you went to church some Sunday morning and saw a slip of a girl go up into the pulpit instead of the minister who usually preaches there? Well, that is what this 18-year-old girl does, and great throngs of people go to hear her. Her name is Helen Coulthard and she is a native of Bolton, England. Just lately this wonderful girl preacher has been speaking to crowds of people in the south of London. She doesn't come from a rich family where she could have had all sorts of opportunities to become familiar with books. She wasn't taught how to speak in public by a private teacher. But everyone says she is wonderful, and everyone is interested in this young girl who soon will make a long tour of big cities as an evangelist.



The Little Mermaid

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE. CHAPTER II. "Oh, the prince, the prince," she cries. "He must not die. He must not die. I must save him some way!" She swims right up to the wreckage on which he is now clinging; takes him round the waist and swims with him to land. The poor prince's eyes are closed. He has already given himself up for dead, and when the little mermaid lays him on the sands he looks as if he never could speak again. She is only a mermaid. How can she bring him back to life? She wonders and wonders. Then she puts his head high and turns it to the sun; takes a long look at his handsome face and drops back into the sea. "Why do you suppose she leaves him?" This is the reason. Bells began to ring in a nearby convent tower. A group of beautiful girls come skipping along on the sands, looking for shells. The little mermaid is afraid of these human beings. That's the reason. "Will the girls see the prince?" asks the little mermaid of herself. She doesn't want them to do so, because SHE has fallen in love with him. She climbs up onto a rock and looks around the edge of another rock so that she can see what is going on without being seen. Yes, they see the prince! They

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