

Coquettes or Mother—Not Fair to Make That Division

IS IMPULSE TO FLIRT DEEP AND NATURAL?

Alluring Arts as Practiced by Women May Be Considered as Part of the Great Scheme to Keep Race Alive.

By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

A WRITER, with a scientific viewpoint, once divided women into two great classes. One class embraced all women who are flirtatious. The other included all the rest—those who are, or would be—mothers.



LOUIS E. BISCH

This author claimed that flirtatious women are interested in men as an end in itself—nothing more!

That is, to put it plainly and shockingly, such women are intensely selfish and care only for the pleasure and profit that men can give. The mother types, on the other hand, are supposed to like men in quite a different way. Their love and affection is projected towards men as a means to an end, and that end invariably is motherhood.

Thus to make a sharp cleavage and to infer from it that any woman is either a coquette or a mother, is manifestly unfair and inaccurate. Nevertheless, classification—provided proper reservations be made—helps often to clarify complex phenomena, and nothing is surrounded with more speculation than the mutual attitude and relationship of the sexes to each other.

Any theory that tends to make human emotions and motives understandable is worth considering anyway.

Are the two classes of women above mentioned at all recognizable? I believe we would all reply in the affirmative.

My criticism, however, is not a claim that such types as the writer specifies do not exist, but that he has taken extreme limits as representing large, average groups.

In point of fact, most women are solely neither coquettes nor mothers, but rather a happy combination of the two.

There is motherhood inherently in all women, consciously or unconsciously. There is also a bit of the coquette, at least dormant, in all of them! But, except in abnormal types, the mother tendency is by far the predominating one.

Coquetry is enticing and alluring. Is it not, perhaps, a natural and even necessary preliminary to the fulfillment of fundamental biological purposes? The more attractive women are the better. And the same applies as well to men for that matter.

But neither the 100 per cent coquette nor the 100 per cent mother should be worshiped as ideal. Here again, as in most values, exaggerated extremes redound to their own undoing.

Shall we say that 75 per cent mother and 25 per cent coquette would make the best feminine personality? Perhaps not. But certainly no mother should feel that a little dash of coquette in her make-up is ABSOLUTELY taboo.

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Some Odd Facts

Ovid (A.D.2) taught his pupils to write by using milk on dark or brown paper.

It has been roughly estimated that 10,000,000 people in England smoke four cigarettes a day.

A milk churn is narrowed at the top to throw the center of gravity very low, and thus minimize the risk of upsetting.

Domestic fires are claimed to be responsible for depositing 3,000,000 tons of solid matter on the soil of Britain every year.

A Fashion Model's Diary

By GRACE THORNLIFFE

She Warns Stoutness to Avoid Horizontal Tucks.

ALL-OVER tucked treatment in blouses is rather popular this year, but one should be careful in employing it; it emphasizes breadth terribly. Nevertheless it is a good style and if its horizontal line can be broken by jewelry or a pointed neckline or some kind of parallel trim it is most attractive. Slim shouldered women should adopt it gratefully.

I had been showing a tucked bodice dress to Mrs. Cordice for whom it was absolutely unsuited—it would have made her shoulders look simply tremendous. Fortunately, she realized it on my way back to the fitting room, however, it caught the eye of another customer who insisted upon trying it on.

The results justified the trial—the model was just right for her. Her slim shoulders carried the horizontal tucks well and there was no necessity to alter the square neckline. The dress was a combination of black and flesh chiffon—the latter being used on the upper part of the bodice and the sleeves, on the forearm of which the tucks ran into tiny flares which were pointed with a row of small buttons. Similar treatment occurred on the blouse edge the lower section of which was made in black chiffon. The skirt was of black chiffon knife pleating.

This customer bought the dress to take south with her. She also ordered one of our taffeta bathing suits, several light sport dresses and a suit of beach pajamas.

Seen on 5th Ave.

I have noticed a great deal of color contrast in some of the newest costumes. And when I say "color contrast" I mean just that. For a light-colored blouse is often worn with a beige or gray ensemble—and with stunning effect—or green with gray, and so on. Of course, one must have great taste and discrimination in selecting any costume on this order.



Afternoon Dress of Flesh and Black Chiffon.

When She Said "Yes"

By Michelson



NO, the day of miracles is not past, for the day on which the dearest, sweetest, most wonderful girl in the world said "yes" to one all-important question, that was the day you both floated through the heavens, in company with the stars.

You soared to the heights of glory and happiness in those first delicious hours. You experienced the thrill which comes but once in a lifetime. There may be other thrills, other happinesses, other wonderful things happen to you, but never, never again, will you walk with the stars. That happens only in the hour "when she said 'yes'."

When Gene was 23 he married a rich girl and went abroad. The rich girl died and he was away from his mother and didn't have his wife to boss him so he fell in love with a really impossible person. She took Gene's money and wrecked his health and spoiled his disposition and made him lose all his friends. Now Gene is looking for a job—and not finding it with the greatest success in the world.



WINIFRED BLACK

Making Men Out of Boys—So Many Ways!

By WINIFRED BLACK

TOM is going to be a wonderful man when he grows up. His mother says so and surely she ought to know.

Tom is naturally bright and naturally obedient. He wants to be good and his mother is training him—dear me, what a system she has! Rules and regulations, must and should, and should not, self control, self study and self understanding.

Poor little Tom, he hasn't had a good hearty cry since he was three years old. It isn't "manly" to cry and Tom has been trying to be a man ever since he learned to walk.

Temper—why the idea? Tom has no temper, or if he has he hides it. He never gets "mad" like an ordinary child. He just draws down his mouth and looks as if he would like to bite a nail into two. Then he "controls himself" and grins a kind of mechanical grin.

He never fights, what's the use? It is brutal to fight, it is stupid and there is no sense in it. When another boy calls Tom a name Tom walks away and if the other boy chases Tom—Tom runs.

He isn't afraid of the other boy, he is afraid of what his mother will say to him if he doesn't get out of the fight.

Good manners, a good mind, good looks—Tom ought to go a long way in the world—I wonder if he will—really? I keep thinking of two cousins I know. They are enough alike to be twins or were when they were

little. They are very different now. Gene's mother was a disciplinarian. She was a student of Child Nature. She knew every kink in Gene's brain, or thought she did, and she trained him and molded him and made him into the pleasantest most agreeable creature you ever saw.

Making Oily Hair Behave

By JOSEPHINE HUDDLESTON

DRY shampoos, are of especial interest to women because so many of us have bobbed hair and there is no question but that, in this style, it becomes oily more quickly than long hair. Nature supplies oil to the hair to keep it in good condition. This oil is exuded through ducts in the scalp and in sufficient quantity to supply long hair. In other words Nature hasn't adapted herself to our feminine flair for short hair! Consequently the oil keeps coming out of the ducts in the scalp and, not having long hairs upon which to distribute itself, doubles back on the short locks. So we have too much oil and the beauty of the hair is marred.

Some hair experts say that once in every two weeks is as often as the hair should be shampooed. Others say that once each week is not harmful. Personally, most girls and women that I know wash their hair once each week without harmful results. So use your own judgment! I don't think, however, that the hair should be shampooed more often than once each week except under very special circumstances. Then an extra shampoo can be slipped in once in awhile without injury to the life or color of the hair. All of which means that for two or three days all bobbed hair maidens must have oily hair—unless some other means than soap and

water shampooing is found to counteract the condition.

For the blonde oris root is a simple remedy even though it is ages old. Oris root can be purchased at any drug store. Just sprinkle it over the hair, then brush it out. The hair will be soft and fluffy and will appear clean.

For those who have dark hair, however, oris root is not a satisfactory remedy, for it makes the hair appear drab. This is due to the small amount of oris root that remains on the hair no matter how much you brush it. With blonde hair this is not noticeable.

For dark-haired women, therefore, I recommend the use of a no-rinse shampoo. There are several of these on the market and all of them are good and harmless. This type of shampoo comes in liquid form and a scant tablespoonful is added to one-half cupful of warm water. The liquid is then poured over the hair, brought to a full lather and then wiped off with a dry towel. The hair is then dried and will be fluffy and clean.

No rinsing at all is required and the shampoo is not harmful in any way. Despite this, however, having a sound respect for soap and water in its proper place, I always suggest that one alternate between the no-rinse type of shampoo and the regular soap and water shampoo.

KEEPING THE ORGANS IN PROPER POSITION

Many Ills Result From Careless Habits and Neglect to Control the Abdominal Muscles, Which Are Anchorages.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

IT HAS been well said that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." More and more am I impressed with the truth of this saying. Consider the human trunk. The upper half is supported by a slender, flexible column of piled up bones, the vertebrae. The bulging, cylindrical chest rests on this slight foundation.

Between the chest and another bulging of bones, the pelvis and hips, is a great filled abdominal cavity. Contained in this cavity are the liver, spleen, stomach, intestines and, in the case of women, certain organs. The kidneys are in a place of their own, but in a space which readily communicates with the abdomen.

It is remarkable that these organs, some of them bulky and heavy, are so suspended, supported and secured, that they maintain their proper positions in spite of the jolts and knocks, and all the circumstances of life. Gravity, accident and disease pass harmlessly over these structures. The average person goes through life unconscious of the abdominal organs.

Not every individual is so fortunate. There may be loss of support and a tumbling down of these vital organs. In an occasional case they may be crowded into the bottom of the abdominal cavity and even into the hollow of the pelvis. When such a thing happens there are many disagreeable and sometimes serious symptoms. Function is disturbed and life itself may be threatened by this calamity.

The name "enteroptosis" is a well-selected one. "Ptoia" is a Greek word, meaning falling or prolapse, and "enteron" is another word from the same language, meaning intestine. Enteroptosis, then, describes exactly what takes place. The abdominal organs fall from their normal position and, in an extreme case, drop into the most dependent part of the abdomen.

There may be few signs, but the group of symptoms described as "dyspepsia" is the usual result. The associated constipation is a thing which may be the cause or result. There may be such accumulation of waste material in the bowel as to make a heavy, dragging mass, capable of pulling the intestine from its normal position.

Of course this is but one of many factors. Perhaps the chief one is the too common neglect of the individual to control properly the abdominal muscles. Watch your own habits—when you stand, do you hold in your abdomen or do you let it pouch outward? "Pot-bellied" is likely to be a fault which may result in enteroptosis. Unless the abdominal wall is kept in place, limiting the cavity and affording support to the organs, there is a likelihood of trouble.

In short, enteroptosis is another one of the many human ills which can be prevented by proper living and proper physical conduct.

The heart of the fool is in his tongue—the tongue of the wise in his heart—Turkish proverb.

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DR. COPELAND

The Stars Say

For Tuesday, May 15.

By Genevieve Kemble

THE astral influences for this day point to lively and interesting situations, with some intriguing or difficult developments, and these may be turned into channels of complication and anxiety by an indulgent propensity to rash deeds and uncontrolled speech. There may be wholly unexpected events.

Those whose birthday it is are on the threshold of an intriguing year, in which complicated or inexplicable situations may arise. The day may be solved by indulging an inclination to impulsive and hasty acts and uncontrolled speech. A child born on this day may be disposed to be quick, violent and unruly in word and deed unless properly disciplined. Well educated and trained, it may be prosperous and make a success in employment or in some interesting manner.

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Love's Embers

Absorbing Sequel to "Revelations of a Wife"

By Adele Garrison

At Last the Trap Is Sprung on the Conspirators, but Not Without Cost.

LILLIAN awakened me promptly at the expiration of four hours, and helped me through my dressing and breakfast as though I were a baby.

"Your father and Allen aren't stirring yet, praise be," she said. "Neither is anybody else except Katie and Jim. You'll have time to get everything done before we break the glorious news to them."

I worked fast but carefully, and long before noon, the original code message with its transcription was in my father's hands, and I had prepared a paper so closely resembling the original that even the prince, that only an eye experienced in the Sumerian symbols could detect the difference.

"You really don't need to put so much work on it," Allen said. "The gifted Sergius won't have any chance to look at it closely, but I suppose an artist must be humored."

I flushed for there was such genuine admiration in her tone that I felt humbled. It was a tone, however, which I was to hear in my father's voice, in Allen Drake's and even in Dicky's although I knew it cost my husband something to commend me for the work which he loathed having me do.

It was an intonation of remorse and horror, however, which was in Princess Olin's voice when I told her that her own mother and father were marked for death upon the code paper she had been carrying, and that the woman high in court's favor who had paid her a "fortune" for delivering a message, had herself marked her mother's name down.

"Oh! what have I done!" the girl moaned. "I thought the message was about jewels which Maryika could not get out of the country she had left."

"It is not what you have done, but what you must do," I told her sternly. "The capture of this great plotter Sergius depends upon your coolness and courage tonight."

She drew herself to her full slender height, every inch a princess of a royal house.

"I shall not fail," she said. "Tell me exactly what I must do and I will do it."

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GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Blanche Sills

Dotty Meets the Tea-Apple Tree.

ONE day in the early part of the year, Dotty was on her way to school, she took the

through the apple orchard, and sitting on one of the branches of the apple tree, was a dear little girl, called Dotty, who was the apple tree to look at the

"Well, now, I'm just as good as a tea-apple tree," she said. "I've never met you before, I don't know your name, but I like you very much. I've ever seen a child like you. My name is Dotty and I live in the white house over at the end of this orchard."

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, Dotty," replied the girl. "I hope your father and mother are well. I hope you're happy. I hope you're healthy. I hope you're beautiful. I hope you're everything that's good and right in the world."

"I'm certainly well," Dotty said. "I hope you'll be well, too. I hope you'll be happy. I hope you'll be healthy. I hope you'll be beautiful. I hope you'll be everything that's good and right in the world."

"On her way to school," Dotty said. "I hope you'll be well, too. I hope you'll be happy. I hope you'll be healthy. I hope you'll be beautiful. I hope you'll be everything that's good and right in the world."

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