

American "Ugly Ducklings" Know How to Turn Into "Swans"

They Know the Coquettish Role Is Not for Them, Therefore They Just Try to Please and Be Good Listeners, and Gain Real Charm

Eleventh Article in a Series on American Girls and Women, as Seen Through the Eyes of the Brilliant English Author.

By May Christie

Copyright, 1922, by May Christie.

At first I thought there were no homely girls in America. The pathetic genus didn't exist in the United States.

And then I met one, an adorable, as 't were, and unprepared for the daily battle. (No—battle's not the word—I should say "victory.")

She was staying in the same house-party for the week-end and I strayed into her room in search of something and found her with her head tied up in a towel and her face all smeared with a weird concoction known as tissue-builder, after what I think she called a "mud facial," though I don't know what that is.

She laughed. "I'm as homely as a mud fence, don't you think?" said she, staring at her little pug nose in the glass.

That was a loser. I've been so accustomed to good-looking girls since landing in this country that the sight of a plain face startled me! And my wits deserted me, so I said nothing.

"Watch how I do it," she proceeded, chattily.

Well, I'm not here to give away any beauty secrets, though I'll say she was extremely clever and when she'd bronzed her face over with ice and done a few little tricks like that, she looked considerably better.

But, even so, how was it that I hadn't thought of her as homely, heretofore?

That day I watched her. And I learned exactly why it is that the homely girl isn't homely in America (though she generally is, in other countries!) and why the men of the party all liked the pug-nosed girl, and the most eligible of the crowd attached himself to her!

So I'll divulge the news.

First of all, she'd done her best with her appearance, and then forgotten it. (Oh, what an art!) No brandishings of the powder-puff and lip-stick before the men! No listening with one ear to his prosy tale of business deals and two eyes on the nearest mirror to observe exactly how she looked! (Men hate a "distracted" girl.)

Early in life I think she'd learned that it was not for her the part, coquettish role of her prettier sisters. She must never be airy, flippant, coy, or "difficile."

She must always, always strive to please. To say the nice thing, the right thing at the right moment, evince the proper amount of sympathy and intelligent interest. To flatter skillfully and continuously, while avoiding fulsome shoals.

"Her will to please, I gathered, was terrifically strong—and in proportion to her homeliness. She had forced herself to be unselfish. She was sympathetic to nth degree. She was an excellent listener. She had read a lot, and—though she didn't brandish her knowledge in the faces of the men—could meet any of them on a higher mental plane than could the other girls.

And always she was nice. Nice manners, nice expression, nice ways of doing unobtrusive little things.

"I think Miss Blank's awfully fascinating," said a man to me.

"I think she's charming," I replied—and meant it.

And I knew he'd never, never know she'd ever been the ugly duckling that had turned into a swan!

Feed the Brute Favorite Recipes

Lemon Pie

By WILL DEMING, Editor.
THE FILLING: In a cupful of sugar mix thoroughly a heaping tablespoonful and a half of flour. Grate the skin of one lemon and add the juice. Then add the yolks of two eggs and a cup of water, also a pinch of salt. Stir this thoroughly, all together. Put into a double boiler and let it cook until it is thick and smooth. Then pour it into the cooked pie crust. Add a teaspoonful of water to the whites of the eggs and a pinch of salt. Then beat until stiff. Cover your pie with this mixture and then sprinkle granulated sugar on top of the meringue. Don't mix the sugar and the meringue. Put under the broiler to brown.

THE CRUST: Mix two good sized tablespoonfuls of lard with one and a half cups of flour. Mix this with your fingers thoroughly until it feels like corn meal, although much larger. Add ice water until the mixture holds together; then roll on a floured board. In baking the crust for a lemon pie, either puncture the crust all over with a fork or bake it on the outside of your pie tin. This will keep it from creeping.

Copyright, 1922, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Fables for the Fair

Anywife's Letter to Santa Claus

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) Press Publishing Company.

MORAL: Better a Red Rose Where Love Is, Than a Christmas Check and Indifference Therewith.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: I know you have a lot of things on your mind at this time of year— I have, myself! (I simply must remember not to send back to Sally the little china boudoir clock she gave me last year. And which was a nice present. Except that I haven't any boudoir. And the clock stopped after running two hours. But I've kept it wrapped in tissue paper. And it will be all right to send to one of the girls— Only not to Sally.) Probably, too, the children are driving you mad, Santa— (They are me!)— Since all the ten-year-old girls want inlaid enamel dressing tables and all the boys want automobiles! Nevertheless, I'm going to join the throng of your petitioners And ask you a great favor—this is it:

Please whisper in the ear of that deputy of yours who is my husband, And tell him what to give me for Christmas— And what NOT to give me! First of all, Santa, tell him to buy something for ME— Not something that is advertised as "what every woman wants"! He ought to know me well enough by this time To know that I don't wear breakfast coats and boudoir caps. Because I think they're sloppy! "Every woman" may want them— I DON'T! I hope, too, that he won't try to make my Christmas merry By giving me something useful and domestic, Such as new chairs for the dining-room. I know that ever so many married persons Exchange house gifts on the twenty-fifth of December. And if they like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like! But when I am remembered in such a fashion, Santa, I feel as defrauded as the child whose sensible parents Pin Christmas tags on shoes, or on a new coat, and let it go at that! Nevertheless, Santa, there's something worse my husband can do— He can say it with a check! Don't let him, this year! When a man gives his wife a check for Christmas, it means that he's forgotten to buy her anything until too late. Or that he hasn't enough power of imagination, combined with power of observation, To choose a gift for her; Or that he doesn't care any longer. And is paying his Christmas tax just as he pays all his other taxes. In the easiest and quickest way. What I really want my husband to give me Christmas morning is a lover's gift! It needn't cost a lot, unless he can perfectly well afford it, but— it must be something just for me—not for any one else in the household; Something I'd never buy for myself. Something he's heard me wish for. Something I didn't expect— Oh, Santa Claus, you know—and he ought to know! And whatever it be, he must seal it with a kiss— THIS kiss means "I love you!" For Anywife's present from her husband Is about as tender and affectionate and merry a tribute as ALIMONY Without that Christmas Seal!

Lampshade and Phone Cover You Can Make for Xmas



By Grace M. Black.

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) Press Publishing Company.

A SA RULE lamp shades are rather difficult to make, but any one who is handy with a needle can very easily make a shade like the one shown in the smaller of the two photographs above. It is made of porcelain blue transparent tulle ribbon, lined with rose colored ribbon and is trimmed with narrow rose colored ribbon to match the lining.

Tibbon wide enough to cover the widest space between the wire divisions is required. Bind the wire frame with rose colored silk to form a foundation to which the rest of the material can be sewn. Then sew the blue and rose colored ribbon together so that the wrong side of one will be facing the wrong side of the other and attach it to the frame by covering one panel at a time. The ribbon should be sewn on lengthwise beginning at the bottom and working up until the top is reached. Then cut off and do the same to each panel until the shade is entirely covered. Each panel is outlined with narrow rose colored satin ribbon which is pleated. This not only forms trimming but covers all joinings. An oval design of the pleated ribbon is placed in the centre and lower part of each panel and is caught at the bottom by a small flower. This shade is particularly effective when a light is placed under it as the rose color showing through the blue is very pretty and throws a soft cheery ray over the room.

The other interesting article featured can be made to serve two purposes. It can be made to cover an ugly telephone or it can be used as a shade for a night light. It is extremely simple to make as there is no limit to the number of ways it can be designed. The one pictured is designed for a telephone cover. In making it the first thing to do is to take two pieces of light blue ribbon wide enough to go over each shoulder and arm of a doll especially made for articles of this kind and bring them down in the front and back so they will cross each other and fasten them

at the waistline. Then gather the ribbon at the back and front to the waistline to form the skirt, leaving twelve inches loose at each side for the loops, which are made by tacking the centre of the loose ribbon to the side of the doll. Ribbon wire can then be placed in the centre and on the wrong side of the loops to make them stand out. The skirt is left open in the front so that the flaps can be drawn back when the telephone is in use. Narrow pale pink ribbon which is pleated is used to trim all the edges.

"First Love" By Caroline Crawford.

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) Press Publishing Company. You Can Begin Reading This Story To-Day.

Jessie Jackson and Peter Manton were sweethearts from childhood until their last year of high school. Soon to enter the business world they are still lovers. Others enter into their lives and many instances arise which might have parted them. Begin this story to-day and see if a deep love, begun in childhood days, can surmount temptations to thwart it.

FIRST LOVE FLICKERS. COUSIN BILL fairly took Jessie's breath away. When Peter introduced him after school one bright, snappy winter day Jessie passed through all the stages of "love at first sight." First love is usually a Paul and Virginia affair, beginning with children and lasting through the adult stage, but love at first sight is something which simply takes you off your feet. It is more refreshing than a breath of ocean air or a cool shower on a sultry day in August. When Jessie Jackson came out of school after a long, hard examination consisting mainly of conjugations of Latin verbs, and looking into the face of a keen, shrewd, strapping fellow of twenty-five who was young enough to have a boyish, clean-cut complexion and old enough to say just the right thing, the whole world took on a different hue. First love flickered down to a tiny flame while love at first sight loomed to the sky.

"Peter has written me scores of times about Jessie Jackson but letters never describe people the way they are," smiled the young man. "I am an Ohio man, but this is not my first trip to New York. If I had known just what type of girl Jessie Jackson was I am quite certain I should have been more dutiful in visiting my relatives while in the city." The trio turned into the park. Jessie noticed that Peter realized his mistake in introducing the two. He was silent and wore a gloomy expression as he trudged along, feeling that "two is company and three a crowd."

"Tell me all about yourself," what you want to be and what you are going to do," said Bill as he took her arm and led her to a bench which was screened by warm fur trees. Squirrels frisked by them, stray sparrows perched on the back of a nearby bench and in the West a bright red sun was slowly sinking lower and lower.

"I'm going to business as soon as I get out of high school," she told him eagerly. "I have been taking a regular stenographer's course right along. I wish I could work somewhere in the vicinity of Wall Street."

"But surely you don't intend to be a stenographer all your life?"

"No, only I think every girl of the present age feels that she must be able to earn her own living. We no longer like to depend upon our fathers or the men we marry." Then he told her what he was going to do. He had never had an opportunity to go through high school. His father died when he was fourteen and he had been thrown on his own resources and obliged to support a widowed mother. But he had studied and read and he knew twice as much as Peter. Now, he was head buyer for a large department store in Ohio and wanted he get twice as much salary as the average man of his age.

The sun was disappearing. Even the sparrows had left them. They took her to the station and just as the train was about to pull out a certain look from Jessie made Bill hop on the train and wave adieu to Peter. Monday—Jessie's Father and Bill,

Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) Press Publishing Company.

By Maurice Ketten



Going Down!

DEAR DEPRESSED ONE: So long as the spirit of giving is in the air, why not give thanks? You are, at least, alive and should be grateful for that. Be thankful for all the presents you receive and perhaps you will have more next Christmas. Be sure to remember that the spirit of giving should last all the year around—every day should be Christmas. Faithfully, ALFALFA SMITH.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) Press Publishing Company.

"I WONDER if you will be very busy to-day?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, about as usual," said Mr. Jarr.

"Then please telephone about my fur, and stop off at the store that advertises white kid gloves for a dollar ninety and see if they are any good and, if they are, order a pair home C. O. D., because the sale is just for to-day, and even if I do get a chance to go downtown I have so many things to attend to that I won't be able to go to this store, and I suppose it will be just crowded with Christmas shopping women. Why do they always turn out when a thing is advertised and jam around the special sales till a person can't get near?"

"I promised Mrs. Kittingly you'd get some theatre tickets for her," said Mrs. Jarr, hesitatingly. "She wants them for to-night but they told her at the theatre that they were all sold out for three weeks and she just won't pay speculators' prices." "Well, Mrs. Kittingly can afford to wait," replied Mr. Jarr. "Besides, when I told you that I would be busy today, as usual, I meant by that I would be very busy. I certainly will not have time to run the gambler at any bargain counter and order you home any gloves. And I certainly won't and cannot get any theatre tickets for Mrs. Kittingly at box office prices when they are all sold out ahead for weeks. By George! Women have a nerve! She hasn't a single thing to do but to run around, and she expects me to go get theatre tickets for her!"

"I told you she did try to get them," said Mrs. Jarr, "and she will be disappointed if you do not get them for her, because I told her you could."

"Well, I can't!" snapped Mr. Jarr. "And I don't intend to try, and I suppose you'll be sore about it!" "Me? I guess not!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll tell her you forgot about it. She wouldn't put herself out to do anything for me, so why should we put ourselves out for her? And you needn't mind about the gloves, either. I'll wait till I can be fitted, and perhaps they don't exchange those bargain sale gloves."

"I'll telephone about your fur, though," said Mr. Jarr, surprised that he was not being reproached for refusing to do things for his wife and home and friends.

"Oh, you needn't mind about them, either," said Mrs. Jarr amiably. "I don't think we'll have very cold weather for a while yet and, anyway, they promised to fix them up right away and send them to me; telephoning them wouldn't make them hurry any more than they are."

Mr. Jarr went down the street muttering to himself. Was he getting crazy or was there something wrong with Mrs. Jarr? Should he have her go see a specialist; was there anything wrong? But—and then Mr. Jarr grinned to himself and remembered that it was Christmas-tide, and that the tactful wives at this season of the year believe kind words are as broad upon the waters.

Wild Oats

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) Press Publishing Company.

HE was tall to look upon. Tall, slender, strong—the idol of his mother's heart, the pride of the family. And he could not help but know of his charming manner. That brought him longing looks and sweet smiles. With many a tryst. Many a rendezvous and many an escapade of the heart. But always the fond parents cried, "He is so young; he is sowing his wild oats." "Let him alone!" came the day when they were called upon to save him from dire distress and when disgrace came a matter of the heart. They came forward—those who loved him—and paid the price that he might go scot free. And again and again he followed his natural bent. And again they paid the price of his adventures and care-free ways.

"More wild oats," they said. "Experience he must have." And even smiled reprovingly on their beloved. Then came a lovely creature into his life—a trusted soul—and he took her to wife. But soon he broke her heart. And ended it all. Then came the big tragedy. When poverty came and the wolf howled at the door. They begged her beloved to go out into the world. And do for them in some measure what they had done for him. "Ah, but you have not let me do anything." "But sew wild oats and I know nothing else to do." And they loved him reaped what he had sown—wild oats. And they learned this lesson. That wild oats, like babies, continue to grow. Until they reach a brown. And ever bring weeds of woe.



Kitchenette Kinks

From Evening World Readers.

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World) Press Publishing Company.

SOAP MIXER.

GET an empty evaporated milk can, remove the top and make a handle of cord, punch about eight holes in bottom of can. Put in a cake of soap, hang on hot water faucet and, by letting the water run through the can, you get plenty of sudsy water for your dishes or washing without handling soap. G. L.

WATCH 'EM COOK.

I use the glass covers from my heat resisting pudding dishes instead of tin or enamel pot covers when boiling potatoes or anything that needs watching. I can easily see through the glass cover what progress the cookery is making without lifting up the cover and letting the steam escape. B. E. E.

PAINT BRUSH FOR CAKES.

I keep a small paint brush in my kitchen for the purpose of applying white of egg, milk or melted butter to bread, pie crust or desserts. The

B. E. E.