Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Fifty-seven Varieties of Husbands: Inefficient

THE bride received a series of shocks that caused her a kind of terror as to the future.

No, he was not coarse or vulgar. He was kind and considerate and fond of her. He did not suddenly develop, or rather, exhibit, a habit of getting drunk. He did not show criminal tendencies. It was simply that he was inefficient.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

You may scoff at this, and consider that a wife who worries about a mere lack of great ability is splitting hairs. "Go to!" you may say, "modern women are very exacting and unreasonably. Every man cannot be a financial wizard. If he is sweet and agreeable, a wife ought to be tickled to death, and, as Shakespeare said, 'Thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.'"

But did you ever try living with a person who never does anything promptly and correctly? Did you ever feel that your own hands were tied, even when you were naturally a fine manager, and unreasonable to doing everything expeditiously and well, tied merely because of the tradition that your sex should be shrinking and reticent? It is like dashing one's head against a stone wall.

This bride discovered the second day of her wedding trip that her husband was easy-going and inefficient. He called it amiability. "No use to fight." Later she called it "the heavenly drawl" and "passing the buck." There are some natures that refuse to do anything disagreeable—some interesting types—they merely shift the responsibility to others.

In the hotel their honeymoon was broken. There was no excuse for the management's not getting a carpenter to the scene at once. They claimed all the other rooms were taken. The bridegroom had engaged the room weeks ahead. He had every reason to insist on proper conditions and service. But he hated "rows." He would rather put up with anything.

Now, no woman likes a quarrelsome mate. The man who always is in a mood to criticize and fight, who talks in a loud voice and makes a disturbance with head waiters, embarrasses his wife, and is apt to find "every one doing the wrong thing," if that is his mood and nature.

But there are cases of expecting proper attention and insisting on one's existence running smoothly. This man lay down under the first test.

He took the wrong train to a suburb, where they were going to dine with friends, thereby causing hours of delay and consultation, and making the hostess indescribable trouble. The bride was humiliated.

The young thing of past generations would scarcely have realized what had happened, or what her spouse's deficiencies were. But this young woman was unusually capable. She had taken parties to Europe. She knew the intricacies of timetables and transportation. Yet the customs of marriage could not be overturned without humiliating the husband; it was the conventional thing for the man to plan trips and buy tickets and catch trains. The worst element in the situation was that he never realized his delinquencies, but regarded each exasperating experience as a mere accident. There were no regrets or apologies.

Indeed, he firmly believed that his many inefficient practices not only were in no way responsible, but were a virtue. It was his permanent policy to take life easy, and let the other fellow do the worrying. Of course, the other fellow was his wife.

If you had these experiences with a friend, you would insist on being the one to do the managing. Tactfully or nagingly, you would declare: "Never again! Hereafter I'll arrange the details." But for a wife to do this is to break traditions, and the smaller the man's nature the more violently he insists on his prerogatives.

In time this wife did take over most of the burdens, but in every instance she was obliged to use so much finesse that it was doubly exhausting. The most tragic part was that she had the credit of being combative and disagreeable. "Deliver me from a 'managing' wife," would be the delicate insinuation of the husband to other people. His known amiability and easy ways protected him like a shield from all the daily disagreeable encounters. Bill collectors always had to struggle with the wife. Mistakes in financial matters had to be adjusted by her. It was up to her to make peace between him and all the landladies that come into the girls' domestic experience if it proves.

Situations have stood this, however, for she was very capable, and always solved the problems and straightened out the kinks. But what she did resent was being calculated as a scold and badgered. Also it was maddening to be obliged always to work indirectly. It was through him that she must secure anything necessary to their comfort. Even if it were a matter of determining rent reductions, or proper schooling for the children, always she must do it in a crafty, self-effacing manner. "My husband thinks it would be better——" "Mr. R—— wished this."

Some of the strong-minded sisters answer being: "Rubbish! Why not go after what she wanted and hit straight from the shoulder?" It was because she herself had a horror of seeming to run everything and be an unpleasing or aggressive type. Had she had a husband who really was fine and big, he would have had the spirit of "Go ahead, you are a wonder. I cannot bear details and am no good, but you are unusually clever at them. However, if anyone makes it hot for you, he will have to settle with me!" Such a man would be a Rock of Gibraltar to one's consciousness. But the weakling who knows secretly his own inability to cope with conditions jealously guards his prerogatives of male supremacy!

The wife received no appreciation or pity. She could not solicit sympathy. Had her husband been a drunkard every one would have treated her with loving consideration. Instead, folks actually believed her a shrew.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

"But Can Thim That Helps Others Help Thimselves?"

"BUT can thim that helps others help thimselves?" asks Mulvaney in one of Kipling's inimitable tales of the Orient.

And O. Henry, probably with a similar thought in mind, makes one of his heroes philosophically remark:

"If every man could do as much for himself as he can do for others, every country in the world would be celebrating millenniums instead of centennials."

Come to reflect upon it, is it not a curious fact that we can do so much more for others than we do for ourselves?

One instance that comes to mind immediately is that of a famous sanatorium where thousands of men and women have been cured of the terrible drug habit. I have it on good authority that a former director of this sanatorium was a morphine addict.

"Bankers never have any money," said a well-known financier not long ago; "they are the most thriftless men in the world."

Did you ever live in a small town? Then, on more than one occasion, you must have enjoyed the spectacle of seeing the temperance lecturer hopelessly "under the influence" shortly after his eloquent plea for teetotalism.

Preachers of the gospel whose station and ration depend upon how pleasingly they can save souls every so often lose their own.

The average "speed stenography" instructor cannot write shorthand as fast as a skilled pleman can write longhand—thus perhaps exemplifying Bernard Shaw's famous dictum that those who can do—while those who cannot, teach.

Mrs. So-and-So would advise any woman whose husband is ever careless enough to treat her this-and-so to leave him on the spot, to sue for a divorce, to exact or extract heavy alimony, etc., etc., etc., but somehow it has not worked out in her own particular troubles.

Everybody knows perfectly well what is best for everybody else; but the peculiar thing is that in 999 cases out of a thousand the last person on earth to do what you think she or he ought under certain circumstances to do is Number One.

If one-quarter the advice that is given in this world were followed by those who gave it, there would be practically no need to give advice, for there would be practically none who needed it.

Ask any young man what he is going to tell his son by the time the "hopeful" is twenty-one, and in a hundred-to-one shot he will say to you that he intends to advise him to revere women, to defer to age, to be scrupulous about debts and money, to look after his personal appearance, his associates, his reading, his ideals, and—if—control his—but be very careful all the while not to inquire too minutely into how the proximate father of a genius himself regulates his own life.

"But can thim that helps others help thimselves?"

"If every man could do as much for himself as he can do for others, every country in the world would be celebrating millenniums instead of centennials."

And yet—why not?

The Woman's Exchange

Housecleaning Time

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please tell me how to thoroughly housecleaning one room. The house usually presents such a forlorn appearance during this period. Last year I concluded my method was wrong.

CONSTANT READER.

You know it is certainly impossible to have things looking attractive when you are housecleaning. But if you can do a little at a time and in a way manage to have things straightened at the end of each day. For instance, you can do one side of a room one day and thoroughly sweep some day the rugs, wash the pictures, dusting the woodwork and the windows, clean the closets and do other things that keep house fairly tidy at all times. If you do not attempt too much at a time and accomplish your work systematically keeping to several rooms and not spoiling the rest of the house, you will find that you can keep things comfortably neat.

Two Dresses for Florida

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly give me an idea of how to make a green velvet dress and a brown silk taffeta. The material is to be worn by a middle-aged woman, middle-sized, with rosy skin. I am in doubt as to the dresses and ask.

A VERY INTERESTED READER.

Of course, it is hard to tell what style is most becoming to you, but if you can wear a long-waisted dress it would be pretty to make the green velvet on long lines. Make a wide collar that will reach to the waistline with a neck cut square at the front, and a vest of silk in a lighter shade of the green. Then make a wide girdle of either the velvet or silk to match and tie horizontally in front. The velvet, pleated on the edge, hang down below the hem all the way round. You could have either four or six panels as you prefer. This gives a long-waisted effect. The brown silk could be made with a front and back of the waist sending below the belt in approaching points, edged with simple embroidery which could be carried out in a bead embroidery or beads. Have a V neck with a bodice of the embroidery around it, set in front, and sewn a dainty little lace collar to turn over the back. Make the gathers of the material long and narrow in the back, the side ones being wide and flat.

Mrs. Wilson's Answers

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give through your department the way to serve pate de foie gras?

MRS. A. N.

Pate de foie gras is the Strassburg goose liver and can be served in many ways, as for example: Canapes, by spreading on slowly toasted strips of bread and then dusting with paprika; in croquettes and cutlets, using either mashed potatoes or cooked mixture as for the coarse croquettes; also in tiny dainty sandwiches; also in a pate when combined with mushrooms and hard-boiled eggs and baked in a deep mold, first lining mold with pastry.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you give me recipe for whipped cream pie?

MISS M. R.

Line a deep pie plate with pastry and bake in a slow oven a delicate brown. Remove and cool. Now place in a saucepan:

One cup of milk.
Two tablespoons of sugar.
Two level tablespoons of flour.

Stir mixture for the flour and sugar. Bring to a boil and cook slowly for ten minutes. Remove and cool, then flavor with vanilla and add one cup of cream, whipped stiff. Turn in the prepared pastry shell.

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Theodora Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Bland, and to her surprise is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, that she is leaving to be married, and because he feels that she has no rights aside from his wishes, he kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht bound for a South American business trip. After two days at sea the propeller shaft breaks and they are forced to make for shore, but not before Blakeslee, seeing Thea for the first time as a woman instead of an office machine, falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. He is amazed at her refusal, for he has always had what he wanted out of life. But Thea is determined to be faithful to Jimmy, in spite of the fact that Blakeslee has swept her off her feet. When she reaches New York she finds Jimmy absolutely unworthy of her faith, and breaks the engagement. Blakeslee follows her on the next train and in the station meets a woman friend whom he asks, on the spur of the moment, to have dinner with him.

CHAPTER XLV

Gracia Learns the Truth

AS RICHARD BLAKESLEE faced Gracia Dangerfield across the table he realized for the first time how little he actually knew about women. He had no intimate women friends, and their little arts and graces had been lost on him up to this time. He could not help but notice that Gracia was making herself very agreeable, and inwardly he was amused. He contrasted her dimpled pink and white charms with a girlish face white with scorn, and suddenly his soul was sick within him. With all the countless thousands of attractive women in the world there was just one for him. No one else would bring him any measure of happiness.

Gracia's voice came to him breaking in suddenly on his thoughts.

"What are you thinking of, Richard? You haven't been doing anything naughty, have you? Such as falling in love, or anything like that? Do you know we women have always considered you rather a problem? You never seem impressed by any of us. I believe this is the first time you have ever invited any one to have dinner with you alone."

"I haven't had time for women," he said bruspuely. "I've always looked upon them as recreation, but you see I've never had time to play."

"That's because you've never met the woman who could rouse enough emotion in you to make you forget yourself."

He startled at her; his dark brow wrinkled in a frown.

"Do you know, I believe you're right."

"Of course I'm right. You see even if you don't know women I know men; you're sort of a one-woman man."

He looked at her narrowly and suddenly grinned. Her cleverness was amazing, uncannily so. She had him sized up rather well.

"And when you love you'll be ready to throw everything else to the winds, you'll neither beg nor borrow, you'll steal, even if the woman happens to belong to another man."

"Rather hard on the woman," he observed.

"No, you're wrong there. A woman loves that kind of thing. She adores being swept off her feet, she's as primitive under her twentieth century artificialities and assertions of independence, as she was in the dark ages. But, see here, I'm giving away a lot of state secrets. I ought to be making a stand of sorts for my own sex, and here I am giving you inside information."

She studied the impenetrable reserve of his face with mischievous blue eyes that saw a great deal. Gracia Dangerfield cared for Richard Blakeslee; at the slightest encouragement from him she could have loved him madly, any woman could. He was that kind of man. But Gracia was sensible, and she had a never-failing sense of humor. The elation that had swept over her when he had first asked her to dine with him had given way to another feeling, and inwardly she was laughing at herself.

"Whatever reason he had for asking you to dinner, dear," she said to herself mockingly, "had nothing to do with his caring for you. Now, what are you going to do about it; be catty or human? I think you'd better try being human."

Gracia often had these little talks with herself, and she obtained a great deal of satisfaction from them. She smiled across the table at Richard now, and went on calmly with her dinner, but her thoughts were rather turbulent.

"It's a woman," she thought. "Some woman he loves, and the way isn't clear to her. But he'll get her. He always gets what he wants, and I for one will say she's the luckiest woman in the world, whether she knows it or not."

At that very moment Jimmy had just taken leave of Thea, and the luckiest woman in the world was curled up on the floor, her head buried in the seat of a chair, crying her heart out.

Tomorrow—Storming the Fortress

Going to a Party?

Well, then, you want an original costume, something easy to make and good to look at. The editor of the Woman's Page will help you out with ideas and suggestions for all kinds of beautiful, novel, funny and clever costumes.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Letters of thanks for wedding gifts should be sent as promptly as is possible, before the wedding if there is time; if not, as soon afterward as convenient.

These letters are written by the bride or bride-to-be, but she should begin them in the name of the bridegroom-to-be-wedded pair. Always she should mention the article sent, a sincere expression of appreciation regarding your present, suggests a more formal letter written to all alike. Supposing that Mr. and Mrs. John Ashwin have sent a reading lamp, the letter of acknowledgment might be worded this way: "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Ashwin: Our friends, of ordinary acquaintance, Mr. Christopher Robert and I appreciate the beautiful reading lamp which you were so kind as to send us. It will give us much pleasure through many a long evening in our new home where we shall hope to see you on our return in November.

"Cordially yours,
Mary Robins Carstairs."

PREPAREDNESS FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

Photos by Old Masters, Central News and Shelton Looms.

Matinees and invitations to lunch do come along as the winter season advances, and it is necessary to have a dress that is dressy enough to wear to them without being too elaborate. This one in velvet or duvetyn is extremely simple, but the deep border, cuffs and collar of fur cloth give it the distinctive touch that relieves the monotony. And there must be at least one dance frock, a dainty thing like this with a modest neck and little sleeves, chiffon bodice and scalloped band of pussy willow around the skirt.

There Are Uses for Every Left-over, So Let Mrs. Wilson Help You Find Them

Meats, Fish, Cooked Cereals and Even Water in Which Vegetables Have Been Cooked May Be Utilized Attractively—Enticing Salad Dressings

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE question of planning the menu so that left-overs may be utilized the following day is a real economy of time and money and material. I have known of housewives who plan each day just from meal to meal, and consequently have just a little bit of this or that left over, which is usually placed on a small plate and stored in the icebox, and then, in a day or two, thrown into the garbage pail.

After you have marketed and brought your food home, sort and store each variety so that it will be kept under the best conditions. I have small carrier baskets left from the fruit season which are painted white. I divide the vegetables into them, and place in each basket just enough of two vegetables needed for the meal. This I find a wonderful help, and every bit of food purchased is by this means accounted for. It also keeps the space where you store your foods in a slightly and orderly manner.

Be it just a small nook in the tiny kitchen apartment or the cellar, it will be a matter of neatness and tidiness to use a plan like this. At this time, too, it is an economy to have a basket of potatoes and sort them into several sizes, the smallest size potato to boil in skins, for sauteing, potato salads and au gratin dishes. Use the next size for boiling, while the largest ones may be kept for baking and roasting. It is poor economy to cook several sizes of potatoes at the same time. Naturally the small ones must be overcooked and water-soaked before the larger ones are tender, or else the larger ones are underdone when the small ones are ready to serve.

Pick from the bones, remove all fat and gristle and chop fine leftover meat. These are to be used in croquettes, hashes, meat pies, croquettes or cutlets and meat loaves. Season nicely and add just the tiniest pinch of cloves.

Remove the bones and skin from leftover cooked fish and serve as flaked fish cocktail, cream or au gratin, in croquettes and fish salads or in fish cakes.

Leftover yolks of eggs may be used for hollandaise sauce, mayonnaise or dropped into boiling water and cooked until hard; or placed in a cup and covered with cold water, and then used in custards and cakes. The white of egg may be used for Caledonian or ambrosia and white cakes, meringues, fillings, soufflés or puddings.

Gather the cold leftover milk and cream into a bowl and cover with a little cold water. Beat with a spoon before using. Sour milk can be substituted in place of sweet milk in biscuits, waffles, hot cakes and other recipes without changing the quantities and no baking soda is necessary.

Each day dry all the leftover stale bread, then put through the food chopper and sift the crumbs through the colander. Place the coarse crumbs in a fruit jar for au gratin and scallops and store the fine crumbs for dipping oysters, cutlets and croquettes.

Split, toast and butter and serve with cheese or creamed or au gratin dishes all leftover biscuits, muffins and rolls. Utilize leftover breakfast cereal in meat loaves, croquettes and sausages.

The water in which vegetables are cooked, if used with equal parts of milk, makes a delicious, well-flavored cream soup, while leftover vegetables make delicious appetizers such as vegetable cocktail, entrées and a macedoine for salads.

Often it is wise to cook a double portion of vegetables to save time and fuel. The leftover vegetables may be reheated and served next day in cream, au gratin, or in omelets, by adding to stews and hoosed.

Plan to have the fresh fruits on the table while they are in season. Serve them in place of puddings, pasties and pies and dessert. Try serving fruit salad for dessert after the evening meal. Almost endless combinations may be arranged and served with a fruit salad dressing.

Fruit Salad Dressing

Place in a saucepan:

One-half cup of sugar.
One cup of water.
Four level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the starch and then bring to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and then add:

Juice of one lemon.
Yolk of one egg.
Juice of one-half orange.
One teaspoon of vanilla.
Very pinch of paprika.

Beat hard to blend and then fold in the stiffly beaten white of one egg.

Caledonian Cream Fruit Salad Dressing

Place in a bowl:

White of one egg.
One-half glass of apple jelly.

Beat with a dover style egg beater until the mixture holds its shape, and then fold in:

One-half cup of finely chopped nuts.
One-half cup of finely chopped coconut.

and serve with salad of fresh fruits on crisp leaves of lettuce.

A New French Dressing

Place in a bottle with a wide mouth:

One teaspoon of sugar.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.
One-half teaspoon of mustard.
Two tablespoons of finely minced parsley.
Two tablespoons of finely minced onions.
Two tablespoons of finely minced green peppers.
Two-thirds cup of salad oil.
One-third cup of cider vinegar.

Shake until creamy and this dressing will keep for three or four days in the icebox. It is delicious, not only on salads, but also on roasts, stews and steaks and chops.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Congratulates "Somebody's Stenog"

Dear Cynthia—Will you please print this letter to "Somebody's Stenog." Here we are, three of us in a bunch. You would not seem a bit odd to us; reason is, the first two of three have female friends like yourself. But our friend No. 3 has not. He says "Dance-hall Johnnies get Dance Annies, but home boys must get home girls, and they are scarcer than white mule for a bootlegger." We'd like to meet th's "Somebody's Stenog" and complete the No. 3. I must hustle to show her that we are here.

ANXIOUS MATES WAITING.

She's Lonely, Too

Dear Cynthia—I'd like to say to "Patsy" he isn't the only one who is looking for a pal. I came to this city from a little town up in New York a little over a month ago and I do certainly find it lonesome here. I only wish I could meet this "Patsy," but, of course, I am wishing the impossible. I am in my teens and considered good-looking and I have met many young men down here, but have found none I'd consider real pals.

JUST SOME ONE WHO IS ALSO LOOKING FOR A PAL.

Cheer up, Betty; after you've been here a little while you'll find plenty of friends.

He's Very Young

Dear Cynthia—I am a young fellow, nineteen years of age. A month ago I was introduced to a girl by a friend of mine. I grew to like this girl immensely and the friendship grew into love. I have already taken her out a few times and she tells me that she loves me. Am I too young to ask her to marry me? Should I ask her to wait for me? I am a senior in high school and intend to take up medicine. C. E. O.

You are young to marry, especially with a college career ahead of you. Could you support a wife while studying medicine? Since you have spoken of love to each other you had better talk it out together. It would seem better to have an understanding that you will marry in a few years if you still care for each other, but do not have an engagement.

"Michel" Answers

Dear Cynthia—I am writing to your column again, as you said I was welcomed in my last letter to you.

It seems that I got myself in wrong with Mrs. X. A. MSS, as she says I got nasty and misunderstood her letter. I think she read my letter wrong because the advice she gives me does not work. I have tried that all the time, and it always seems the same.

There is no such a thing as a girl sitting at a dance all evening and then toward the end some fellow asks her for a dance and she gets nervous and doesn't want to dance. The trouble is that when a man asks them for a dance they look him over and unless he wears those funny sailor-bottom trousers and tight coats and patent-leather shoes and has shiny hair, they turn him down. I have traveled to nearly all dance halls in town, and it's like this all around. It is true that some fellows are not fit to ask some nice girls for the dance, but they are not all the same. For the girls that go to dances can all the time enjoy themselves, if only they would treat the plain and not shiny but neat-dressing fellows right.

I will now end, as I do not want to take up too much space in your wonderful column, as I know there are more waiting. MICHEL.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What extremely old sort of parasol was recently carried by a Parisian woman?
2. Describe an easy way of drying net curtains that will insure their hanging perfectly straight after they are dry.
3. By what simple device will clothes that are placed on wooden coat hangers be prevented from slipping off?
4. What author first originated the phrase, "the almighty dollar"?
5. Tell the furs that are most popular this season.
6. How is an effective bandeau for the hair fashioned?

Yesterday's Queries

1. Queen Elizabeth of England considered the fan an article of which she was very fond, the only present a sovereign could accept from a subject.
2. A square bag of black duvetyn has a new and attractive design of steel beads, which are placed across the top and extend below in long oblongs, with the black showing between each one.
3. In a decorative way a clever barometer which will look well in the room and can be relied upon seems to be a small paper rosebush in a flower pot; but while the roses remain pink when it rains, in sunny weather they turn blue.
4. The Yosemite Valley is in California.
5. For many of the new frocks fashion has ordered a straight, beltless tunic to replace the usual girdle.
6. A hat that has a quaint charm is fashioned of a soft blue velvet, and has a tiny brim of shaded silk roses.

It Is Only in a Sudden Emergency That We Show Our Real Characters

An Unselfish Thought Came First of All to the Polo Player Who Was Badly Injured—Would You Show Up Well in a Crisis?

ONE of the members of a polo team was painfully injured not long ago in a game and had to be carried off the field.

He had been a dashing figure seated on his skillful little pony, intent on the game, sweeping across the field, darting back suddenly, swerving about in the midst of every play.

The pain was so intense that he was scarcely conscious when he began trying to talk.

And his first coherent question was about his horse, that game little friend who had carried him so loyally and had died from the effects of the fall which had hurt his rider.

It was a strong indication of character, that first question, and showed the unselfishness that was part of the man's nature.

Have you ever wondered how you would show up in an emergency like this?

It is a serious question to face yourself with.

Would your first thought be of the other person concerned in the matter?

Or would your first words be a complaint about your own suffering?

IT IS in a crisis of this kind that the underlying character of a person is so clearly shown.

One person seems about as fine as another in the everyday tasks that come along.

But then something happens which requires extra effort—a calamity which strips away all pretense, all veneer; a blow which strikes deep.

And then you find out.

You see beneath the superficial gloss of good manners, careful training and restraint right into the real character.

You may find a whiner behind a queenly exterior.

A weak sister may live in a nature that has always seemed high-handed and somewhat stubborn.

The meek, unassuming little girl very often proves herself the real heroine at such times.

And the one who gets what she wants by crying for it may have better stuff in her than the self-sufficient lady who reasons things out, when it comes to an emergency.

BUT it's the everyday person who most frequently furnishes the surprise.

She doesn't seem to have much depth, because—well, perhaps because you have never sounded her.

You don't believe she has a great deal of character, because—well, because she never seems to show anything extraordinary in the way of force or strength.

You find out when you are in trouble and she helps you; you discover her strength when sorrow overtakes her; you see her character in the emergency that arises in her life and the way she meets it.

There is nothing spectacular about her; there seldom is in really strong characters.

She is just steady, strong, firm in her decision and her actions.

And unselfish.

There must always be that quality in any nature that is going to show up well.

IT IS never quite fair to judge a person by what you see of her in ordinary circumstances.

For her own real self may be all covered up with a manner that does not half do her justice.

And likewise it is not safe for yourself to assume any qualities or any character that you are not sure of being able to hang on to when your time of trial comes.

And that is the time when you will be found out; when your own peculiar virtues or vices will show themselves and proclaim you conclusively worth while or not.

The polo player whose first thought was for not his injury, not his pain, not himself but his horse, had not rehearsed his behavior.

He never expected to be hurt when he went into the game.

It was his own, unselfish inner self which spoke that question out of the depths of pain and faintness that threatened to overwhelm him.

Would you show up that well under the same trying circumstances?

Unexpected Satin Is Feature of Dress

By CORINNE LOWE

The wit of the dress-wright is a great deal like the wit of some playwrights. It consists in saying things upside down and wrong side out. The autumn models are filled with such paradoxes.

A flower is often put on slyly as a bomb at the back instead of the front of a girdle; millinery trimmings wage a continuous guerrilla warfare; skirts turn all sorts of somersaults, and in sleeves we behold a capacity for the unexpected, equaled only by G. K. Chesterton.

The above delightful model of royal blue crepe de chine partakes of this theory of dress wit through the medium of a yoke of black satin which is inverted. The black satin is repeated in panels and the motifs of embroidery are worked out in gold thread and black.

Two Games for Halloween

For older boys and girls and grown-ups there is a delightfully spooky party with secrets and surprises on all sides called "The Veil of Mystery."

For younger boys and girls who don't care much for ghosts but just love to have a good time there is the nicest little party called "Mother Goose's Halloween Party."

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page for the directions for these two parties, invitations, decorations, stunts, refreshments and favors.

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"The proof of the pudding is in the eating"—
was only half through

He started a good pudding-proof, but he didn't finish it.

There's a lot of trouble in the world from puddings that taste good but don't do good.

They "eat" well, but that ends the recommendation.

Sanitariums are full of pudding-eaters who stopped the test at taste and forgot to inquire whether their food gave the body what it needed—until the body rebelled.

Grape-Nuts is a food that tastes good and does good. The proof of Grape-Nuts begins in the eating and goes on through the splendid service which Grape-Nuts renders as a real food. Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley—delicious to taste, easy to digest, and exceptionally rich in nourishment for body and brain.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Food-Iron for man-power

Get enough iron with your food; and your "drive" will have force and your work "punch."

It's the source of red blood and vitality, of endurance and energy.

You need but a small bit of iron every day, yet this need is vital. You must get it in your food—medicinal iron isn't as natural.

Raisins are a stimulating iron-food.

Eat raisins in some dish once every day, for

Raisins are the Iron-Food

ask for the SUN-MAID brand

They are most delicious