SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

Ridicule Is a Much Keener Weapon Against a Person or Creed Than Blame or Criticism

WE WERE talking about our cousins the other day and one of the group admitted that he scarcely knew his first cousins on his father's side of the house, while those on his mother's side were like his sisters.

"I don't know," he said meditatively, "I guess they are all right and good company enough, but mother only had them at the house on big occasions. They did not interest her somehow."

We all of us began to think back at that and most of us had had a like experience. "Father's kith and kin did not interest mother as much as her own, and inevitably did not interest her own children since for the first years anyway the children that came to the house came by mother's arrangement." That was the almost general verdict.

THE question was, did his kith and kin very much interest father? Probably not to the same degree that mother's interested her. But in most men's busy lives the friends that they see and the relations that they grow fond of are those that form part of their home group, and the home group is generally gathered into a group by a man's wife.

His old friends, even his own family members slip to an outside circle unless she makes them her friends and her family.

Some wives do in deed as well as in word marry into their husband's family, in which case they see less and less of their own. But the majority of women change their names without changing their families. Sometimes their husbands are welcomed and adopted as sons of that family; sometimes they never hit it off and wander about in a kinless state, strangers in their old homes and mere guests in the homes of their law-kin.

SOONER or later this one-sidedness is bound to tell. It does not make for happiness. If a woman deliberately breaks a man from his past environment, she is bound in fairness to make it up to him, not only by what she gives him as an individual, but by what she brings into his life in the way of friends and acquaintances and family. If she finds his mother narrow and his sisters catty or stupid and his men friends bores and his women friends fast or foolish or too tiresome, then unless she is prepared to be indefinitely not only a wife, but a mother and sisters and intimate pals and flattering and amusing and heavy friends all in one, she would do well to cultivate some of his former dramatic personae to relieve her of some of the parts for part of the time.

And what is true of a wife is true also of a husband. But in our talk about our cousins some of us seemed to recollect that our mothers took it out on their husbands' families rather than on us when we were children by finding our annoying traits reminiscent of that side of the house.

Obliquely, though not in so many words, of course, they really struck at idiosyncrasies that were at least potential in their husbands as well as in their husbands' families. And, of course, being children, we had been perfectly logical and knew what they meant even better than they realized themselves.

WE MOST of us learned very early that our male parent was at times a disobliging, at times a selfish, and at times a ridiculous figure.

We were aware that our mothers found certain satisfaction almost amounting to comfort in gently allowing the males of their homes to cut rather sorry figures before certain appreciative audiences, who laughed or frowned and shook their heads and said:

"Well, what did you expect?"

We also learned that for ourselves there was a sort of under-standing between mother and child regarding "father" that made us mad, or sad, or glad for mother, at father's expense.

But the bewildering thing was that if we presumed on this tacit understanding before our fathers our mothers would have none of us and promptly changed from being mothers into being wives.

I THINK a great many women enjoy being heroines to such a degree that they will give the impression to their husbands that their families are tyrants and to their families that their husbands are tyrants and get sympathy on both sides, at the same time irrevocably widening the breach between the two champions.

I was interested in a family where for two generations this mining and counter-mining had gone on, to find that the third generation had suddenly taken a stand for loyalty and team play in their new homes, as they married. As one of them expressed it to me:

"I dare say mamma has gotten a good deal of comfort out of making my father seem absurd to the rest of us, but it was all nonsense for her to try to make us see his virtues when she made his faults so ridiculous. I've made up my mind if John turns out a fool instead of the hero I think he is now, our children will never find it out from me!"

I KNOW a woman whose husband was an unfaithful blackguard, yet who for her children's sake, without condoning the unfaithfulness, bid the breach from her family and never asked from them or from her would one word of sympathy, let alone pity for the thirty years she presided over his and her home after that. Perhaps there was something in her French inheritance that made this sacrifice to the family more a matter of course for her than for some of her friends, but as the children grew to maturity and comprehended that unbroken reserve they loved her better for it than if she had shared her trouble.

We all of us admire loyalty, I think, whether we practice it or not.

I have wondered sometimes if nowadays we were not more easily swerved from keeping faith with our friends behind their backs by laughter at their expense than by blame. I am sure if they were actually attacked, even at a risk we would spin about and front the enemy with no thought of our safety. But we are afraid to go to their rescue if they are made to look foolish.

A great many more Christians have been laughed and "con-consensed" out of the simplicity of their confidence in their faith than persecuted out of it.

A CERTAIN kind of lofty "taking-it-for granted amusement" at the foibles and fond delusions of creeds and prayers and at the teachings of Christ is very disintegrating to even a sturdy young mind. And I have noticed that the answer to that chaffing is not very successful if it is an angry rebuttal. I believe that happy laughter is a far better and more natural way of meeting that ridicule.

If one is so sure of his position that he can afford to laugh genuinely at the sheer absurdity of the attack and send the shafts lightly back with their barbs extracted he has more than stood his ground.

To use one's wit or one's wits for the sake of a great cause takes greater poise than to weep or grow angry in defense of it.

IT IS part of our religious duty, we are told, to give a reason for the faith which is in us: not just any reason, but a reason that has at least convinced ourselves and will stand the test of questioning. It is about as dangerous to go out in the world with a religion without reason as it is fatal to our development to have reason and lack religion. You can not love a man loyally unless you know why you love him. You cannot love God without in a sense under-standing Him, even though it be afar off.

"Devotion to be kept pure needs ideas as well as feelings."

SARAH D. LOWRIE

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women and that he is looking to her to exert an influence over Julie, his little butterfly sister. Julie has fallen in love with a man much older than herself and she confides in Hawthorne, who later discovers to her horror that Julie's lover and Cranford Blake, the man from the past, are one and the same. Dane accuses Hawthorne of vaunting her independent ideas before Julie, and forbids her to go near her without him in the future.

CHAPTER XXX

A Temporary Truce

I LAY on my bed a long time hoping against hope that Dane would come to my door. I wondered what I would do if he came to me. It seemed to me in my agony of mind that it would be easier to give in; that I could not bear this estrangement from him, but he did not come.

After what seemed a long time, I heard him go into his room, which was next to mine. The door between was slightly ajar, but he did not come anywhere near it. I heard his preparations for bed and then the little click of the extinguished light.

When I was reasonably sure that he was asleep, I rose and began to undress. I felt that I could never sleep, and yet I was very tired. I had gone through a great deal in the last few days, and my body was tired, but my nerves were jumpy. I tried not to make any noise, but as I had not snapped on the light, I could not see very well, and as I groped among the things on my dressing table for my brush, I knocked over a scent bottle which fell to the floor with a loud crash.

Quite suddenly I began to cry. It was the last straw and my nerves, stretched to the breaking point, gave way. I stuffed a pillow into my mouth to stifle my sobs, but in the paroxysm of sobbing I shook all over.

The next thing I knew Dane was gathering me up into his arms. I heard his voice murmuring my name over and over.

"Darling, don't cry like that, you'll make yourself ill."

Oh, it was sweet to be held against him like that, to have him solicitous about me, above all with the memory of his set features and the hard line of his mouth and jaw still in my thoughts.

I turned to him like a weary child and sobbed my heart out against his breast, and he held me. I felt his kisses on my hair and forehead. It was very blessed, very peaceful, and for a time I forgot everything but the fact that I was there.

But later when Dane had fallen asleep by my side, I realized the truth. He had taken my tears for surrender. He had held me and soothed me much as he would have soothed a refractory child, but he had no understanding of the woman in me, the woman who cried out for understanding and sympathy of a bigger nature.

Was this the way Dane loved me? Was it only for my beauty and my charm, that he wanted me, and not for the things that went to make up my real self?

My love for him was different. I should have loved him no matter what he did or said. I should have respected his views whether they coincided with my own or not.

Sometime in the night I must have dozed off, but I slept fitfully and in the morning I had one of my raging headaches.

Dane was tenderly considerate of me. He insisted that I stay in bed, and that Martha bring me some coffee and toast. He sat by my bed while I tried to eat, and no reference was made to what had happened the preceding night. He seemed to think that what I needed was extra petting, and it was quite in order to leave me at home surrounded by loving care while he left for the office to battle with the affairs of the day.

But no sooner had the door closed behind him than I struggled out of bed. Inaction was impossible, and although my head ached wretchedly, I persisted in dressing. Anything was better than staying in bed with my thoughts in a raging tumult, just waiting for something to happen.

(To be continued Monday)

Things You'll Love to Make

Cut Kid Collar and Cuff Set

Kid trimming is quite the mode. Therefore make a CUT KID COLLAR AND CUFF SET for your new flannel or silk blouse. Cut the collar and cuffs the shape you want. On the wrong side of the kid mark off scallops three inches across the top. Above each scallop mark off a one-inch square. Cut the scallops with a pair of scissors, but the squares are cut out with a sharp-pointed knife. This set looks stunning if pieces of silk of a bright color that contrasts with that of the blouse are pasted under the cut-out squares. (Use some sort of white paste and be careful it is not too wet or the kid will shrink.) A CUT KID COLLAR AND CUFF SET like this makes a most acceptable Christmas gift.

FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Brown Eyes

Better drop the subject altogether. Talking and explaining never help. The boy is evidently a cad. Have nothing further to do with him.

Again the Kiss

Dear Cynthia—I have been a silent reader of your column for years, having no troubles of my own, dared not answer other letters for fear of being scorned. This puzzles me: Do fellows test girls by asking them for a kiss? One of them asked me for one and I was very mad, saying I did not kiss every Tom, Dick and Harry, and since then he surely does drop in every five or ten months. I do not care if they never come. Another asked in such a way that it struck me as a joke, and jokingly I replied, "When apples grow on a lilac bush, I will." A few times more he asked, then I asked him, "What do you think I am?" He answered he was teasing me, and finally acknowledged that he was testing what kind of girl I was. My love and kisses are for the man I marry and I want pure and beautiful things of life, I answered. Finally he said a man never respects a woman he can kiss. Sorry to have brought this topic up again, but I am anxious to know why men insist on making the excuses that they are testing a girl after a refusal, not before.

REPUTATION.

Possibly because so many girls have allowed familiarity, some of the boys think there are no nice, modest ones left and so seek to find out in this way. Further discussion of the kissing problem will not be printed in the column. It is not a subject for discussion. Promiscuous kissing is always wrong.

"Sir Hector" on the Ideal

Dear Cynthia—We read so much about the "Ideal Girl" and the "Ideal Boy." One of the fair sex writes that the man she marries "must be tall and handsome. He must have jet-black hair," etc., etc. How different from the man they actually march to the altar. And the boys write that their ideal is a girl "who can understand you, cook tasty meals and darn socks." And the very same fellow settles down with some beautiful blonde who never peeled a potato or put the water on for a cup of hot tea.

It is undeniably amusing to hear them chatter away. They do not seem to realize that when Cupid's dart strikes they are powerless. That little fellow's eye is remarkably good. He never misses. Swish! The arrow is on its way. And when it lits, whether the objective be a young man's or a young lady's heart, zip! That person's ideals are shattered. Love is most certainly a peculiar disease.

So why talk about "ideal" girls and "ideal" boys? Really, there is none. It is so unlike to life to determine the color of hair your wife will have. You cannot put in an order for her to stand five feet five inches in her stockings. Be sure as you do Cupid will mark you out, and he'll see that your order is delivered—but not as "per specifications."

SIR HECTOR.

Most Beautiful Girl in Her Town

Dear Cynthia—Allow me to say a few words in regard to the item written by "Sir Hector" in your column last night.

I am a young girl of seventeen and considered the most beautiful girl in my home town (not far from Philadelphia). But I am not popular, as "Sir Hector" says, because I won't kiss every Tom, Dick and Harry that I meet.

I am a good dancer (I also do fancy dancing). I am a "sane but stylish" dresser. I am considered a good pianist and I can "doll up" if I care to and attract any fellow I want to. But when a fellow finds out that a girl won't let him "mush," just when he pleases, he is through with her and he goes for one who will. And I can't stand "mushing."

I have reason to believe that some day I will make a good wife for some man, because I can cook, bake, sew, mend, sweep, scrub and, on the whole, keep house very well. In fact, I have been "keeping house" for my father, brother and baby sister for the last two months (my mother visiting in the West), and I also go to high school every day (I am a senior). But I am beginning to become disheartened. I don't always want to stay "at home" and keep house. I want a home of my own. But as I don't go out and have a "wild time" with the fellows like the modern girl does, I guess there's no hope for me.

I certainly would like to meet "Sir Hector," but as I know that is impossible, I hope that some day (before I am old and ugly) I will meet some worthy fellow with "views" like those of "Sir Hector."

"LONESOME."

OLD ENGLISH LETTERS

In case you have forgotten, in the passage from A to N O P, how to work these letters, here are the directions again: Outline the letters first in a close running stitch, then fill in the spaces with a chain or padding stitch. Where a running stitch is used it should be longer on the upper side and should be more heavily padded in the center than toward the edges. The padding stitches must all be on the right side, having the stitches on the wrong side as small as possible, so as to keep the wrong side flat. The embroidering should be done in a frame, and the stitch is a simple over and over, taken evenly, always running at right angles to the padding and taken as close together as possible without overlapping.

JUST LITTLE DRIBS OF FUR

The very wrappy wrap wears them in countless white tails scattered all over its satiny surface. The coat, in addition to its long, deep collar and its close cuffs, has wheels of fur here and there over the lower part of its skirt which give it an odd bit of extra trimming. Look over those old scraps and bits of fur that you have taken off evening dresses and coat collars. Somewhere among them you will find enough to put together into trimming for that dress of yours which seems to need just a little something.

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

Mrs. Wilson Has Clever Way of Putting Up Peppers Filled With Shredded Cabbage

They Make an Excellent Ready-to-Use Vegetable—Spiced and Pickled Delicacies Receive a Warm Welcome on the Winter Menu

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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AN INQUIRY came to me—how to prepare peppers, stuffed with cabbage and packed in a crock. Following this recipe there are a few special ones which will be of interest to the housewife.

Stuffed Peppers

Wash twenty-five peppers and then cut a slice from the top and cut so as this slice will form a lid. Scoop out the seeds and wash. Now chop a large head of cabbage very fine and add

Four red peppers, chopped fine.
Three green peppers, chopped fine.
One-quarter clove of garlic, chopped fine.
One ounce of celery seed.
Two ounces of mustard seed.
Four ounces of grated horseradish.
One-half cup of salt.
Two tablespoons of black pepper.

Mix and fill into prepared peppers. Place on the slice cut from the top for a lid and tie with a piece of string. Pack in a crock and cover with boiling cider vinegar. Have the vinegar two inches deep over the top of peppers and place the lid on crock. Use a thick mixture of flour and water to form a dough. Place this mixture one-half inch deep on rim of crock and then place the lid in position. This will keep the mixture airtight. Ready for use in three weeks. If you do not have lid, cover the crock with paper, tying securely to hold in place; then cover top of paper with melted paraffin.

Preserved Ginger

Cover one pound of green ginger root with warm water and let soak two nights and one day. Place in a preserving kettle and cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender. Drain and then place four pounds of sugar in a saucepan and add three cups of water in which ginger was cooked. Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil. Cook for ten minutes and then add the cooked ginger.

Place on the simmering burner and simmer very slowly for one-half hour. Remove preserving kettle from stove and set in cold place for twenty-four hours. Next morning return to stove and heat very slowly, stirring frequently until the mixture comes to a boiling point. Simmer for half hour and then set aside for twenty-four hours. Repeat three times more and then place the ginger, scalding hot, into jars, and seal securely and store in a cool, dry place.

You may cut lemon in half the long way and then slice in paper-thin slices and cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and add to the ginger when you add the sirup.

Sweet Spiced Pears in Heavy Sirup

Wash fifty winter pears and pare and cut in quarters. Drop in cold water until all are ready, then place in the preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until pears are just beginning to be tender. Drain. Now place in preserving kettle

Five pounds of granulated sugar.
Three cups of water in which pears were cooked.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and bring to a boil and add

One lemon, cut in paper thin slices.
One pound of seedless raisins.
One cup of preserved ginger, cut in small pieces.
One tablespoon of mustard seed.
One ounce of stick cinnamon, broken in small pieces.
Two tablespoons of allspice.
Three tablespoons of cloves.
Six blades of mace.
One bottle of maraschino cherries, cut in pieces.

Bring to boil and cook for ten minutes. Now add the pears and one and one-half cups of sharp cider vinegar. Bring to a boil and simmer slowly for forty minutes. Fill into sterilized jars and seal securely and store in a cool, dry place.

Spiced Quinces

Have quince jelly made at the same time. Wash twenty quinces and then pare, cut in half. Now, with a sharp knife, cut into paper-thin slices. Place in the preserving kettle and cover with boiling water and cook until tender.

Drain the quinces and measure the juice. Return juice to preserving kettle and boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Now add three-quarters cup of sugar to every cup of juice. Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Turn into sterilized glasses and store in the usual jelly manner.

To Spice Quinces

Place four pounds of sugar in a preserving kettle and add

Six cups of boiling water.
Three tablespoons of allspice.
Two tablespoons of cloves.
One-half tablespoon of mustard seed.
One package of seeded raisins.
One lemon, cut in paper-thin slices, parboiled until tender, then drained.
Cooked quinces.
One cup of cider vinegar.

Bring to a boil and cook very slowly for one hour. Fill into sterilized jars and seal securely. Store in cool, dry place.

Pickled Red Cabbage

Wash three heads of red cabbage and shred fine. Place in a preserving kettle

Three pints of strong cider vinegar.
One medium-sized root of horseradish, grated.
Two tablespoons of celery seed.
One-half cup of mustard seed.
One-half cup of prepared pickling spices.
One-half cup of salt.
One cup of brown sugar.
Three tablespoons of mustard.
One and one-half tablespoons of black pepper.

Bring to a boil and add cabbage. Stir well, and just as soon as the mixtures reaches the boiling point, time it and cook just three minutes; then fill into all-glass sterilized jars and seal securely and store in a cool, dry place.

White cabbage may be used for the same purpose, adding to the white cabbage

One-half dozen onions, chopped fine.
One-half dozen green peppers, chopped fine.

A tiny bit of garlic is a real improvement.

It is quite important to use all-glass jars in canning foods that have acid or vinegar mixture in them. The metal tops are liable to foment a very active poison.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly print a recipe for making the crumbs for the coffee cake?

MRS. E. M. M.

Crumbs for the coffee cake.

Place in a bowl

Six tablespoons of flour.
Four tablespoons of brown sugar.
Two level tablespoons of shortening.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.

Toss lightly through the fingers until like a fine brown sugar, then spread over the cake.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Because our time is crowded with modern activities, it is difficult to be so punctilious as the people of a more leisurely era could afford to be. Then, a long letter was answered by a long letter, and a call was repaid by a call. Pressure of other business and the convenient telephone have changed many formal usages into twentieth century short-cuts.

For instance, it is possible nowadays to answer either a letter or a call by telephone, if there is no time to write or to pay a visit. In returning the call by wire a pleasant apology is always in order, or a gay little query, "May I visit you for five minutes by telephone?" In the correspondence-call it is necessary only to say, "I received your letter, and thought it best to call you up promptly and let you know," etc. The telephone should not be used to answer formal correspondence such as invitations to weddings, receptions, dinners, etc.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

HOW SHE HOLDS HER HUSBAND

The girls had gathered together for tea and they were talking about the little "hen party" they had had the night before, while their husbands, all friends, too, had attended a class dinner. They had all been at the "hen party" except Margaret, whose husband Bert did not go to the dinner, as he never cared to go to any place where Margaret could not join him.

"Great Scot," one of the girls was saying now, "tell us how you do it, Madge. Every one knows that Jack is perfectly devoted to me—but to turn down a class dinner because I can't go, too!

"At first," she went on, "we all thought it was just a protracted honeymoon with you two and that you would soon get over it. But it is six years now and really no one but we girls who know absolutely would believe it could be true. Do tell us, Madge—how do you manage to keep that hubby of yours dangling so securely from your watch chain?"

"I don't 'manage,' said Madge. "It just seems natural (with apologies to present company of course!) that Bert and I prefer being together to any other company. That's the reason we married. We have the same interests and like the same things and we seem to make the most satisfactory society for each other. That's all there is to it."

Madge did not have to manage—it just seemed natural.

Just stop a moment to consider—who are the people you want most to be with, the ones you naturally look for and turn to and who are the very first whom you would miss? Are they the people you love the most?

But you might have an older sister who, if it came to the point, would be dearer to you than your chum, yet in your everyday needs is not nearly as close to you. And that is the situation with many husbands. They love their wives and are entirely faithful to them, but for understanding of certain of their problems and community of interest in some things, they actually need other society. This they find sometimes in a man chum, sometimes in a business partner, or in the company of other men in general. And the reason why these men are more common than the man who enjoys nothing in which his wife cannot share is that the ideal wife is still unusual.

Madge's friends were all cultivated, intelligent girls, and accordingly they were not ignorant of the work and interests that engrossed their husbands. They knew that their men had married them not only for the curve of their cheeks and the down on their complexion, but for their companionship. They were not foolish enough to imagine that a good permanent wave can compensate a man for mental vacuum. They know enough to make interested and good listeners to their husband's business discussions, and when it comes to politics, finance and the other subjects that mean something to all wide-awake men, they look intelligent and occasionally even say something clever. But their response is not like that of other men.

And Madge?

In the first place she is thoroughly conversant with the details of her husband's work, and her consideration and judgment on his various problems are something that he counts on more, perhaps, than he himself realizes. Then in the outside matters of general interests she is absolutely up to him. In fact, the greater leisure which she enjoys enables her while taking full part in everything her husband does, still to have time for other interests in which he cannot share. So he finds her not only satisfying to his own mental needs, but intellectually refreshing and stimulating.

Madge does this naturally. But it would not require very extraordinary effort with any one of her equally intelligent though more frivolously inclined girl friends to cultivate the same habits of thought and so make of her good-naturedly devoted husband a passionately appreciative pal.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Blue Eyes and Dark Hair

You have seen in previous articles that the typical blonde has a very different temperament from the typical brunette. The quickness of thought and action of the one is balanced by the slowness and sureness of the other. The fire of one by the patience of the other. The combativeness of one by the endurance of the other.

But, you have also doubtless noticed it is the exceptional rather than the usual person who can be classed as a pure blonde or brunette. When a man has dark eyes, dark hair and a dark complexion it's easy enough for you to class him as a brunette and read his character accordingly. And it's not hard to place the seldom-encountered girl who has real blonde hair, blue eyes and an honest-to-goodness peaches-and-cream complexion.

But suppose she has blue eyes and very dark hair. What then? Or suppose her hair is golden, but her eyes are a deep brown? And if her hair is that in-between neutral sort of tint that is neither light nor dark, her skin is dark, but her eyes are, say, a light gray?

The rule is to observe the eyes first, for they constitute a better indication of a blonde or brunette temperament than hair and skin. Make your first estimation of character by the eyes. Then modify it by your observation of the hair and complexion.

Monday—Fine Writing

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In what artistic fashion is a new tea wagon fashioned?
2. How can the wastebasket imitate the lampshade near which it stands?
3. What is a convenient device for the lady who cooks?
4. How was Elizabeth, Queen of Rumania, given the title of "Mother of the Wounded"?
5. For skating or other sport wear what sturdy sort of sweater is immensely attractive?
6. Describe a charmingly trimmed dress of tan Canton crepe.

Yesterday's Answers

1. A good-looking and extremely useful piece of furniture for the living room is a tall, table-like article of wicker or mahogany finish, with a rack for current magazines at the top, and a shelf for pet books below.
2. If a flower-pot is to be placed on a window-sill, a sensible sort of mat to put under it is made of oilcloth, painted in a plain color.
3. China figures of old-fashioned men and women, of dogs, and of gayly colored birds are again becoming popular as ornaments.
4. The famous Queen Elizabeth reigned in England from the middle of the sixteenth century till the beginning of the seventeenth.
5. An odd and brilliant comb for the hair is fashioned high, in Spanish fashion, and is made entirely of gay feathers.
6. A cape-coat and hat that matches it of Scotch plaid make a striking costume for the schoolgirl.

The Very Idea of Eating Lollypops While Walking Sedately Up the Street

Made Two Youths of Eighteen Laugh Reminiscently at the Folly of Their Youth—But They'll Recover Some Day

THEY were fourteen, and they were growing so fast that their skirts seemed to their mothers to be continually getting shorter, even too short for this age of short skirts.

Their spirits were very young and animal-like, of course, but feminine fourteen, as a rule, is just beginning to notice behavior and criticize it in others.

Consequently they were much disgusted and shocked to see the brother of one of them, and a friend of his walking along on the other side of the street eating large lollypops!

The girls spoke very distantly. They would have liked to have some candy, but they would not be seen speaking to two great big boys who didn't know any better than to suck lollypops like two big babies walking along the street.

BUT time went on.

The boys reached the age of long trousers and dignity.

A dreadfully trying age. It's so necessary to keep up a good appearance, and so difficult to keep the hair properly shined, the tie correctly placed and the sporty effect around the collar of coat, overcoat and scarf effectively arranged.

Especially when there are younger sisters who are critical, but scornful, of the trouble it takes to look properly.

Of course, you can't expect a younger sister to look right—she's always tearing something or having dirty hands or walking around with her stockings all wrinkled or something.

And so, when these two, so near of an age, went into a candy store not long ago, they paused and smiled reminiscently at a tray of huge lollypops.

"Let's get some of those," suggested one boy facetiously.

The other glanced at him quickly, then caught the twinkle of indulgent humor and smiled his own brand of superior smile, adding an amused laugh.

"Wouldn't we look great!" he scoffed lightly—nothing is ever done heavily at that age, except suffering—"Wouldn't we look great walking up the street eating lollypops!"

And they both had to laugh at the very idea.

TIME will catch them again some time.

They'll go to college perhaps, or they'll get stuck out in some little mining town or somewhere on the outskirts of the world.

They will glory in walking across their sacred campus eating lollypops, or hot dogs, or cinnamon buns or anything they can get their hands on.

Or they will think nothing of striding down the main "street" of their small village chewing enthusiastically. Indeed, lollypops will be a luxury then.

OH, WE do get over the dignity of our extreme youth in time.

It's only when we have the responsibilities of the world upon our strong young shoulders that we realize how important a good appearance in every little particular is.

As we get older we forget a few details, things like that.

And then, too, we recover from that feeling, so strong in our youth, that all the world is looking right at us all the time.

We know that once in a while we can slip something over on it without being caught.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Reciprocity

SHE arrived home at 6:10.

It was the very first time that Paul had leaped up the steps and burst his way into the house to find no waiting Virginia.

Disappointed, of course, but when she came home a few minutes later he checked the mild reproof that was on the tip of his tongue.

Virginia was flushed and excited.

"Oh, I've had a wonderful time, dear, but——"

"But what?"

"Paul, we've got to stay in our own class."

"What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

"I've been out shopping with Jennie MacPherson all afternoon—in her new car," said Virginia.

She ducked her pretty head into the big house-apron and fairly flew about the business of getting dinner.

Paul followed on out into the spick-and-span white kitchen, and watched her with tender eyes as she smoothed the sirloin on the ribs of the broiler.

"Well, what about her? Goodness, she's not so terribly swell that you are uncomfortable about shopping around with her, is she?"

Virginia tossed her head impatiently.

"Oh, that isn't it, honey—but she sort of patronizes."

Paul snorted.

"She should patronize," he muttered. "If I got a lot of money the way Bill MacPherson got his—well, I'd move to Honolulu or gay Paree or somewhere, so I'd never meet any of my old acquaintances."

"She patronizes—and she sponges," said Virginia, paying no attention to Paul's savagery. "Yes, sir, she patronizes and she sponges.

"How come?"

"Well, she phoned up that she'd like to have me go with her shopping, and said she'd call for me. Well, she did. And then when we got downtown, she said she hadn't had time to have luncheon at home, so we went into the Rabbit Shop. And, Paul, what do you suppose that woman talked about all the time we were eating?"

"Search me."

"Her car. She talked about nothing but that car. What Bill had to pay for it. And how much the freight was to get it here from the factory. And how much the tires cost. And the oil and gas. And the repairs. And washing it every week. And the garage—and—and everything about the car. Honestly, dear, I thought I would have to scream. And then, when the waitress came up and asked us if we wished for two checks, that woman was just struck dumb. She simply smiled absently and stared up at one of those canary cages they have in the Rabbit Shop—so——"

"So—yes, I see, dear," said Paul soberly. "I know a lot of men like that. * * * So you said put it on one check and then you paid it. What?"

Virginia nodded and looked at him. They broke into a gay laugh.

"You were simply paying your hire for the car, dearest," said Paul grinning. "I know a chap who tells funny stories, and he always is asking me to go out to luncheon with him, and then when the check comes this bird is just telling his very funniest story and he can't visualize the waiter at all. Yep, it's old stuff. I know it well."

"But, Paul, wouldn't you think she'd be above such things—Bill having all that money, and the car, and everything?"

"Those are the kind, hon', who get money and cars," said Paul wise unto his generation.

Monday Is Paul's Day

The Woman's Exchange

Easy to Decide

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please help me to settle an argument with a few of my friends.

My friends say that the girl A is the richest girl in the United States, and that the girl B, who also lives in the United States, is the richest girl in the whole world.

My argument is that if A and B are both living in the United States and B is the richest girl in the whole world, therefore she is also the richest girl in the United States, and it cannot be said that A is the richest girl in the United States.

S. S.

If B is the richest girl in the world and she lives in the United States she is naturally the richest girl in this country.

For Thinner Ankles

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have been worried lately very much, so at last I have come to you for advice.

I am a girl, seventeen years old, and am average looking, built right but for one thing. I have fat legs. My ankles are fat so that though my legs are shaped nicely they appear stout.

I dance a lot, so maybe that makes them fat. Do you think so? Would walking make them thin, or swimming? Please tell me what to do that they may become thinner.

WORRIED.

Your dancing would not have a tendency to make your ankles stouter. In fact, it often makes them slimmer. Swimming and walking are good exercises for this, too. But here is a simple kind and one which you could practice every evening, with splendid results. It consists of standing with heels together, and raising and lowering the heels, as many times as you can do so without tiring. Of course, standing on tiptoe this way is apt to be hard at first if you do too much of it, but practice it gradually and keep at it. I'm sure it will give you the slimmer ankles you want.

Adventures With a Purse

IF YOU have ever tried to balance a teacup and saucer and a sandwich and any other little dainty the hospitable soul of your hostess has tempted her to provide, you know what a difficult feat you undertake, and will, therefore, be interested in the new tea cup and saucer arrangement that is becoming very popular. Instead of the regular saucer comes an oval-shaped plate. At one end is a ring in which the cup is set. And the rest of the plate has plenty of space for sandwiches, cakes and all the other odds and ends that help make afternoon tea so delightful. You can get these in old rose or dark blue. The price is $1.85.

Here is a Christmas gift suggestion that may just be what you are looking for. Have you ever thought of giving a nice Japanese print to the friend who is interested in pictures? You know that it will give constant pleasure and you can be reasonably sure that that friend will probably not receive another one. Well, there is a shop I know of that has a most amazing collection of Japanese prints that were brought over here from Paris last year.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1001 between the hours of 9 and 5.

For Flavoring Cakes Use
PUDDINE
Three or four large tablespoonfuls of any flavor Puddine sifted well into the flour will give a cake the decided flavor of any Puddine used. No other flavor is needed, as Puddine will give sufficient flavor and adds a richness which cannot otherwise be obtained.
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At All Grocers, 10c, 15c
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