Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Resisting Love

"IT HAS always seemed to me that love should be resisted. One should fight the battle stubbornly, yielding inch by inch, to the rich warmth of it, and suffering defeat in the end, with ecstasy and pain!"

That from a bachelor.

What is the matter with men today, or with the old, weary world? Are people so blase that they cannot feel the fresh gay coming of spring, the energizing joy of some loving one's faith? Are the moonlight nights of summer wasted on the denizens of this century? Is a sense of boredom with sentiment, or a selfish desire for material luxury that might possibly be diluted or curtailed, if shared, responsible for this monstrous sentiment?

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Have we read too many cynical, clever epigram-makers, who grow witty with half-truths? Are we poseurs, fancying ourselves men or women-of-the-world because we scoff at romantic, eager passion? Are we merely tired?

NOW, in general, femininity is eager for love. We seek it from the cradle to the grave. Fiction, whose sole problem is, "Does the hero get the girl?" sells into the hundred thousand copies. New editions are being brought out yearly, because people pant for the vicarious thrill of romantic love-making. The motion picture magnates wax rich from dishing up thrilling love episodes for us to enjoy. Resist love? We ransack the earth for it! We mistake base metal for refined gold in our eagerness to recognize it. We rush into precipitate marriages with impossible males, blinded by our sweet illusions.

And then this bachelor comes along, and says that men should resist it!

Why?

IS IT that they are so jaded, that they must whet their appetites with artificial excitement? That they must simulate a chase, even when they know the woman is willing? That may be a human characteristic, but is it not a rather base one? If two persons are extremely congenial and believe that surrender to Cupid will bring "rich warmth and ecstasy," why not be honest and take what the gods provide?

Does not life force upon most of us more suffering than we can well endure? Why then should we harrow ourselves up with fictitious agony, prolong "surrender" to the joys of mutual affection, resist, fight a battle, yield only stubbornly, and after long suspense?

THERE is something either morbid or degenerate in the whipping up of the passions through resistance. Love should be as fair and sweet as a magnolia-scented breeze. Fate usually plans enough pitfalls and barriers to whet any appetite, for a calm and even existence of comradship.

The man, even while counseling struggle against the emotional joy, admits that final defeat is inevitable! Why not then save oneself sorrow by capitulating early? And why, necessarily, the "pain"? Is it a matter of real suffering to give up a bit of one's comfort or selfish ease, or independence, when we merge our individuality a little in that of a mate? One risks perhaps a future incompatibility; but who with such delights in view would crabbedly forecast a probable failure?

MEN are not the only sensational ones who declare that they will not yield till captured, bound and gagged, and dragged to the altar. We know modern women who fancy that "independence" is worth more than love. Sometimes they declare that "a burnt child dreads the fire," and that in youth they suffered so much from love abused or desecrated, that never again will they allow a single emotion to disturb their tranquillity!

Perhaps they are wise. Those who never breast the ocean wave are fairly sure of tranquility on land; but they miss the mighty surge of the vast and godlike deep! And then, the sea is not always stormy! At times, it is sunny and sapphire and calm.

There should be no fighting between the sexes; they should welcome Love with outstretched arms!

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Pegg" and to "Buddy"

My dear, there is no receipt for winning love. Be your natural self, and if you really do attract him he'll tell you of it.

Speak Next Time You Meet

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of fifteen, and "I ain't nobody's darling," as the song goes. I like a certain boy of my age, but he is so slow. I had a quarrel with him not long ago and now I want to make up with him. How can I bring it about? I meet him at parties and dances; he looks as though he would like to speak, but is too bashful. If I make up with him how can I get him to converse sociably? BLONDY.

Speak to him when you next meet and start talking to him about things which interest you and he'll soon begin to talk.

What Gift Shall She Make?

Dear Cynthia—Have been going with a young man for about seven or eight months; although there is no definite understanding between us, I think we are quite serious. What could I give him for a Christmas gift that would not be too personal? Would jewelry be too personal? I have met his parents more than once and have been to his home several times. Would it be necessary for me to give his mother a gift or would a pretty Christmas card be sufficient? IN DOUBT.

If you can crochet, make the young man a handsome cravat or give him a silver or gold knife or pencil.

He Takes Another Out

Dear Cynthia—I was introduced to a boy some time ago. I have played tennis with him virtually all summer. But I have never gone out with him, and now I have truly found out that he takes another girl out. I feel awful about it, for I like him very much. Dear Cynthia, please tell me what to do about it. AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Why on earth should he not take another girl out? You have no claim on him, my dear. Why should you mind? Because he plays tennis with you is no reason why he should not have other friends among the girls.

Anent Corresponding

Dear Cynthia—I am sure you can answer me a question which I have been thinking about lately. I know a boy whom I have very seldom been with, but whom I should like very much to see more of. I saw him the other day, and in the few minutes I was talking to him he brought up the subject of our correspondence. Cynthia, he told me he thought it was a girl's position to write first, as it is a known fact that a girl always speaks first. I had never known that it was my place to correspond first with a boy. Will you please tell me? This boy does not dance and there have been several occasions when I should like to ask him to a dance or party. Can you tell me of some method I can use for encouraging him to like dancing and have more confidence in himself?

I shall certainly appreciate your advice on these two questions. They will make considerable difference in my acquaintance with this boy. You see, he may not want to write to me, but to be polite he says it is my position to write to him first. EDITH R.

Better not start corresponding with the young man, at least till you know him better. Little good comes of letter-writing between boys and girls, and very often sorrow comes from it. Ask the boy to your parties whether he dances or not. He will probably become interested in learning to dance. You might offer to teach him if you have a talking machine in your home.

Betty Advises the Men

Dear Cynthia—Merely for the purpose of starting what I think would be an interesting discussion in your column and not because I presume to be an authority on the subject, I would like to offer a few suggestions to your male readers on what I think they should and should not do:

First. Do be as courteous as you possibly can. Girls appreciate little acts as politeness far more than you suspect. If there is anything that gives me a thrill, it is to see a man take off his hat in an elevator.

Second. Don't wear extreme clothes.

Third. Don't brag, and use the pronoun "I" as little as possible.

Fourth. Don't chew toothpicks.

Fifth. Don't clean your nails with a penknife.

Sixth. Don't imagine, if you own a car, that you are popular for yourself alone. Nine out of every ten girls don't care what a man is like if he has a car.

Seventh. Don't try to make a big hit by spending a lot of money on a girl the first few times you take her out. A real girl is never impressed by a big display of money.

Eighth. Don't grow a mustache to make you look manly. If you are not manly looking, a mustache won't fool anybody and most girls hate them.

Ninth. Don't try to understand girls, because you never will. A girl hates a man who has that I-know-all-about-women-they-can't-fool-me look.

Tenth. Don't be too anxious to sow a lot of wild oats or perhaps you'll be surprised some day if "the nicest girl you ever knew" turns you down.

I guess that's enough for the first time, but I've got a lot more up my sleeve. I hope some of your male readers will now give up their side of the question. What do you think, Cynthia? BETTY.

A very good list of don'ts, Betty.

JUST STRAIGHT PIECES

Of striped chiffon velvet form this charming dinner frock. The neck is straight across and the sides of the two pieces are drawn together to form interesting straight sleeves. The only trimming is a huge rose at the waist, which has all its younger sisters, down to the very littlest, tagging on down the skirt.

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

"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 is tortured with fear lest he discover the truth, for although she has done nothing wrong, he is very narrow in his ideas about women. When she discovers that Julie, Dane's little butterfly sister, is in love with Cranford Blake, the man from the past under another name, Hawthorne is horrified. She longs to tell Dane the truth, but Blake threatens to show her girlish love letters if she interferes. Hawthorne and Dane have their first quarrel over a matter of independence of attitude, and by her evasive answers, she arouses suspicion in Dane's mind. In desperation, Hawthorne suggests taking Julie away for a time.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Rebellion

BUT on being approached with the suggestion that she go away with me for a time, Julie looked at me with a slow anger dawning in her eyes.

"Hawthorne, what are you up to?" she asked finally. "Have you and Dane been discussing me?"

I flushed under her indignant glance and tried to parry the thrust of her remark.

"It isn't strange that we should talk of you occasionally," I said lightly.

"You've been taking about Carroll, haven't you?" said quickly. "I knew that mother said something to Dane about it the other night, and I suppose he went right to you with it."

"Yes, inasmuch as I was supposed to have introduced you to this man, he did speak to me." The words were out before I thought what I was saying, but I hurried on. "He naturally holds me responsible. He has asked me all kinds of questions."

"You didn't tell him the truth?"

"What truth?"

"That you had nothing to do with introducing us?"

I shook my head. "Certainly not."

Julie sat back in her chair and drew a long breath of relief.

"And so Dane wants you to take me away," she said after a long silence.

"Why don't you humor him, Julie?" I began eagerly. "You hardly know this man. How can you be sure that you like him as well as you think you do? We'll have a lovely time together and you can think things over. It's really better not to do anything hurriedly."

We were seated in the Merrill living room, a room I detested because of its heavy furnishings. It depressed me, and reminded me always of Dane's mother with her icy reserve and her conservatism carried to the nth degree. Even at this moment I felt that it was no place for a live, vivid young thing like Julie; she was like a flaming jewel among the somber browns and greens of the room. I felt her restlessness, her eternal conflict with the older generation, but in a way I was powerless to help her. She had been looking at me as I spoke, from under her lashes, and suddenly she stirred and sat up straight.

"Hawthorne, I think you have gone over to the ranks of the enemy. I'm sorry I told you about Carroll, or that I introduced him to you. Do you think I could go away feeling that you were my chaperone, that you would watch me, that I shouldn't be free? It's that that has driven me crazy here at home. It isn't strange that I should turn naturally to Carroll. He doesn't want to repress me. He's eager for me to be myself. I'm sick of this kind of life, and I won't have you and Dane discuss me as if I were a child. I'm nearly eighteen. I'm a woman and I know what it is to be in love. Do you think I'm going to let you spoil things for me? No, indeed, I'll take matters into my own hands. I'll tell Carroll. I'll ask him to take me away from it all."

Her voice rose to a sob, and she sprang to her feet.

"Julie," I protested. "Julie, darling, listen to reason. Don't be foolish."

I tried to put my arm around her, but she shook me off.

"Don't touch me, and don't try to influence me because it won't do any good. I'm going. I'm going now, and I'll never come back." She fairly flung the words at me, and before I could stop her she had fled into her own room. I heard the key turn in the lock and I stood in the hall dumfounded. The blood was hammering in my head and my hands were icy cold, but I knew that somehow I would have to reach Julie; that I would have to force her to listen to reason.

Tomorrow—Julie Prepares to leave

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Underground Singer

By DADDY

Jack and Janet go with Dame Instinct, seeking a summer bird that sings spring songs in the autumn woods. Their search leads them underground into the burrow of Hackee Chipmuck. Through Dame Instinct's magic the children become young chipmucks. After feasting with Hackee Chipmuck's family, all go to sleep.

CHAPTER I

Out for Fun

JACK and Janet were awakened by a tickling feeling. Something was nibbling at their toes.

They drew their feet up with a jerk and their eyes popped open. For a moment they were bewildered. They did not know where they were or what was happening.

They found themselves in an underground room. Close beside them was a beautiful fairy sound asleep. Beyond the fairy slumbered two grown-up chipmucks. At their feet were the ticklers—a grinning chipmuck boy and a giggling chipmuck girl.

Then suddenly Jack and Janet remembered where they were. They had come with Dame Instinct into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hackee Chipmuck while seeking the summer bird who was singing spring songs in the autumn woods. The beautiful fairy was Dame Instinct herself, the grown-up chipmucks were Mr. and Mrs. Hackee Chipmuck, while the boy and girl chipmucks were Chip and Chipper Chipmuck. And Jack and Janet were chipmucks, too, made so by the magic of Dame Instinct.

"Chip! Chip! Be quiet," whispered Chip Chipmuck. "Do you want some fun?"

To be sure Jack and Janet wanted fun. They were wide awake in an instant and ready for what Chip Chipmuck might propose.

"We are going for a ride," giggled Chipper Chipmuck.

Dame Instinct had left her underground auto standing in one of the passageways leading from the main room of the chipmuck house. Chip Chipmuck climbed into the auto, and Chipper Chipmuck got in beside him. Jack and Janet held back when they saw what the young chipmucks were doing.

"Dame Instinct might not like us to take her underground auto," said Janet.

"Chip! Chip! Chip!" laughed Chip and Chipper. "What does Dame Instinct use the underground auto for?"

"Why, to find the summer bird that is singing a spring song in the autumn woods," said Jack and Janet together.

"Chip! Chip! We will use the underground auto to find the mysterious singer for Dame Instinct, and save her all the trouble of looking. Hop in!" said Chip Chipmuck.

Jack and Janet still hung back.

"We don't know where to look," said Jack.

"I do," said Chipper Chipmuck quickly. "When I was down in our deepest cellar today I heard singing. Perhaps it was the singer you seek."

Jack and Janet became eager when they heard that. It would be fun to find the singer and surprise Dame Instinct with him when she woke up. So Jack and Janet hopped into the underground auto.

They waited for the underground auto to start, but it didn't move.

"How do you make autos go?" asked Chip Chipmuck anxiously.

"Why, with self-starters and clutches and such things," said Jack. He looked about for the usual levers and buttons an auto has, but this auto was different. It didn't have any lever or buttons—nothing but seats.

Then Jack remembered this was a magic auto. Dame Instinct had started it just by talking to it.

"Gid-dap!" cried Jack, as if he were talking to a horse. Away glided the auto smoothly and quickly. It darted into a long tunnel, gaining speed as it went. The path ahead, a turning, twisting hole in the earth, was made plain by the auto's bright headlights.

(Tomorrow will be told how the auto bumps into a fighter.)

They Weren't Both Happy for One Day After Their Defiant Runaway Marriage

But They Wouldn't Listen to Any of Their Parents; They Were So Much in Love That They Would Be Married Right Away

LAST summer they were just crazy about each other.

She was sixteen and he was nineteen.

Of course, they were both under age, and they knew their parents would object if they got married.

But they were just so crazy about each other that they had to get married, and they couldn't wait until they were older.

For one thing, it was so tame to wait two whole years, and anyhow, that kind of thing wasn't being done.

If you wanted anything the thing to do was to have it, whether your parents or anybody else said you could or not.

And it sounded so exciting and interesting to run off and be married.

So they did.

THE boy had no money, so the girl paid the expenses of their wedding trip, because, of course, they couldn't wait until he garnered enough money to take care of them.

Indeed, they couldn't even wait a few months to have the "regular wedding" which the bride's mother promised.

No; nothing would do but an elopement.

So they eloped.

And spent their honeymoon in Texas.

And suffered.

And quarreled.

And separated.

And sued for divorce.

And declared that the man who said "marry in haste, repent at leisure" knew what he was talking about!

And are now giving advice to others afflicted with the same desire for elopement that they had.

"Don't elope!" they both say, though not in concert. "It never turns out right. It isn't what it's cracked up to be."

BOTH declare they are through with marriage; he was happy one day after the elopement, she was never happy at all.

They will always remember this unpleasant experience, even if they do repent and marry persons who are more congenial when they get a little older.

And the whole thing might have been avoided if they had just been willing to admit that they were too young.

It would have been a long engagement, but it would probably have been quietly and amicably broken long before any date was set for a marriage.

There would have been regrets, perhaps, but not all these wild recriminations and bitter feelings.

WHY won't boys and girls listen to older people?

Some elopements do turn out right; this disillusioned bride is wrong there. But it is only about one or two out of ten that are not mistakes.

But they are usually planned after a friendship of a week, courtship of another week and engagement of another week.

The girl is a young thing still in school, with her head full of romantic books and plays.

And the boy doesn't know or care anything about supporting even himself, except, perhaps, on his hands on the beach.

And so they are married, knowing each other that well. Is it any wonder they grow to hate each other after a short time and to look upon marriage as a horror?

It's very smart to defy all your elders and their "silly conventions," and all that.

But it is often very troublesome and worrying before you get through.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The foreign mail service having become almost normal again, many people with friends overseas will be sending calendars and other Christmas gift packages this year. The senders should keep in mind that, although the mail steamships are coming and going constantly, there are not so many of the fast steamships as there were prior to the war, when packages mailed to Great Britain and Ireland and the Continent of Europe ten days before Christmas would have been sure to reach their destination by Christmas Eve.

Nowadays a longer time allowance must be given. All Christmas gifts intended for Europe should be forwarded before the 10th of December in order to insure timely arrival. This applies to Christmas cards and to money orders, as well as to holiday packages sent by trans-oceanic express.

To Remove—

Sealing wax: This may be removed with alcohol.

Shellac: This dissolves in alcohol and sometimes in benzine. That shellac does dissolve in alcohol is the reason that woodwork is often marred by drops of perfume or camphor. It is likewise damaged by heat, and tables thus hurt should be polished with oil until the color is restored.

Chocolate
PUDDINE
Only those who have tasted this delicious, flavorful Puddine can know how perfectly delightful it is. Its smooth, creamy velvetiness makes it a fitting finishing touch to any luncheon, party, tea or dinner.
Eight Flavors
At All Grocers, 10c, 15c
Fruit Puddine Co., Baltimore, Md.

Dressed and *addressed* with Dennison's!
Your gift will be dressed for the occasion, and will be doubly welcome, too, if it feels the distinction of a wrapping in Dennison seals and tags that radiate the holiday spirit. At Stationers, Dept. Stores, and Druggists, *Everywhere.*
Dennison's

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Rover's Way

ACCUSTOMED as she was to Paul's temperamental display — of his vivacity when there seemed no particular occasion for it —Virginia wondered at his ecstatic greeting when he came home from town on an earlier train than usual.

"Heavens—you old bear—don't crush me to death," she gasped, as he hugged her close and kissed her.

He laughed gayly and held her off at arms' length.

"By George, I'm proud of you," he cried.

"And now why? What's happened now?"

But instead of answering directly he patted her smooth, white rounded arms and kissed her again.

"Oh, Paul, you old goose, behave—what's the cause of all this—ah—an this riot?"

He followed her into the living room, through whose tiny diamond-paned windows filtered the last brittle shaft of the setting sun.

"Well," he said, cramming the old pipe with tobacco, "well, sir, I met Jim Townshend downtown at luncheon today." He stared absently at his wife.

"Well, honey, surely he didn't tell you to come home and rumple up your family, did he?" she asked, archly.

"No," replied her Paul-man gravely, "no—he didn't. But it was what he said that—well, sort o' got on my nerves. And the more I thought of it this afternoon there in the office, the more it troubled me." He coughed behind his hand. "Jim's been married only a year or two—and, well, it's pretty sad. He—he doesn't love her."

Virginia sniffed disdainfully.

"Well, all I can say is, that he must be a queer sort of fellow to tell about it."

"He didn't," said Paul. "But he chatted all during the banquet about his bowling-alley pals and the athletic club and the country club and — well, everything to indicate that his wife is never with him—anywhere."

"Oh, men like to talk like that," Virginia was scornful.

"But I'm afraid that in Jim's case—looks as if he doesn't care much to go home evenings. I asked him in a jesting way what his friend wife thought of his seven evenings a week off, but he only frowned and shook his head and muttered something about their bent following in different directions."

Virginia's eyes twinkled and she turned her face toward the windows that he might not see the sly smile that curved her pretty lips.

"Well?" she said shortly.

"Huh?"

"Paul, don't say 'huh'—it's horribly vulgar."

"Well, what is it? What do you mean by——"

"Oh, gracious, what did you come home early for, and behave so terribly? That's what I want to know. What has this chap Townshend's affair got to do with us? I——"

He bear-hugged her again and pressed his cheek against hers.

"You little minx, you know darned well."

And of course—she did!

Tomorrow—Virginia and Psychoanalysis

The Woman's Exchange

Table Is Marked

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you, through your valuable column, tell me what will remove white stains, caused by medicine, from a circassian walnut table?

H. M. S.

A little alcohol rubbed on these spots will make them disappear.

To "Beth"

Have your cards engraved "Miss Anna Travis Jones." The full name should be used.

Why don't you call up the establishment you speak of and ask how much they charge for the facial massage, and then inquire whether they would recommend it for the trouble that you have? The treatment does not take more than an hour or an hour and a half.

Soften your skin by bathing it in hot water until you perspire, and then rub cocoa butter on it. This will make it smoother and softer, so that you can get it clean. Do this every night before you go to bed until you get the desired result. You might make your friends some of the new handkerchiefs which have a line of contrasting color drawn into them around the border. You can get the linen all ready to make them at a novelty shop, and they are not hard to make. Or you might get some small pieces or remnants of silk and make little bags for powder puff or larger bags for sewing or knitting. I am answering your letter without publishing it, as it would take up so much space in the paper with the answer. I hope you will find all your questions satisfactorily answered.

Things You'll Love to Make

Covered Eyeglass Case

If one of your dear ones has an eyeglass case that has become worn or shabby, present him or her with a COVERED EYEGLASS CASE for Christmas. Cut a piece of brocaded silk, leatherette or cretonne the shape of the case when it is opened up wide; allow for the front piece if it is this kind of case. Scrape off any remaining parts of the old cover. Cover the entire outside of the case with glue. Lay the cover material over the case and rub smooth. Trim the edges. If you do not care for such a fancy covering, you can scratch off the old paint, enamel or whatever covering was on the case. Then enamel it the color you wish, and decorate it or initial it in the contrasting color. This COVERED EYEGLASS CASE makes a [illegible] gift. FLORA.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. From what odd sort of plant has a Frenchman invented a fabric for women's dresses?
2. Describe an individual chocolate set so cunning that "to see it," or even to hear about it, "is to love it."
3. How can a strap for the baby-coach be made to add charmingly to the appearance of the coach?
4. In what way was Anne of Russia famous?
5. What unique trimming does a chic French hat use about its brim?
6. In what new and attractive way can a frock of peach-colored chiffon achieve the longer side-panels that are so much worn?

Saturday's Answers

1. In the christening of girl babies, old-fashioned English names, such as Joan, Nancy, Hilary and Peggy, have lately been chosen a good deal.
2. The bronze figure of a bear which stands inquiringly in front of a round white ball through which light pours makes a novel lamp for the living-room.
3. A painted, old-fashioned china lady with a painted black dress flecked with silver holds a powder and puff box that matches her costume charmingly in that it is of silver cloth and black satin.
4. Mary II of England was the wife of William of Orange, both of them becoming sovereigns of the realm.
5. A slip-on dress of serge is made in a new and good-looking way by having the front of the waist slit, so that the long-waisted white blouse underneath lends the effect of a vest.
6. If the sweater is made with round or V-shaped neck, and so that it buttons down the back, it will be easy to get into, and good-looking if the coat happens to be thrown open.

Taffeta Frock Has Color That Changes

By CORINNE LOWE

Looping the hoop—this is a feat performed by some of the new dance frocks. For, instead of having the hoop in its original zone, some of the designers—notably Lanvin—have placed it down near the hem. Many of such frocks are in shot taffeta, and lovely are the colors found in their billowing skirts. Above we show one of these taffeta dance frocks in mauve gleaming with rays of green. This dress, designed for the debutante, has no hoop, but the fullness of its skirt is emphasized by flowers of green chiffon studded with silver spangles and centering strands of taffeta ribbon. The bodice and sleeves are also trimmed with the silver spangles.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

What Chance Has the "Baby"?

NEWSPAPER writers frequently receive queer letters. And one of the queerest came in the mail the other day.

It is from a boy of sixteen, who, strangely enough, is number sixteen in a family of sixteen.

He is terribly down-hearted because all his elder brothers and sisters are so much brighter, cleverer and abler than he is.

We have been looking up this matter of large families and have run across some rather interesting facts—one of them, that a surprising number of occupants of the world's scroll of name and fame are younger members of big broods.

Luther Burbank, for instance, is the thirteenth child of a family of fifteen. Henry Steinway was the youngest of a family of twelve. John and Charles Wesley were two in a nice little circle of nineteen.

Daniel Webster was the eleventh little Webster. Theodore Parker was also the eleventh and last in his family. Frederick Froebel and Beethoven were preceded by big broods that achieved oblivion.

James Oliver was the baby in a family of eight. And Benjamin Franklin was one of a family of seventeen—last except "another baby," or so. However, the soul of Ben goes marching on, while those of his brothers and sisters have long since rested in peace.

Witness, also: Samuel Gompers, Russell Sage, Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field, Jacob Gould Schurman, Richard Mansfield, Enrico Caruso, Ogden Armour and a host of others the editor has called a halt on who were "one of many."

Cheer up, son; the fact that you are the "baby" of the family seems to put you in Destiny's favored class. It should stimulate you to "show" them—just as it has no doubt done to those leaders who stand out, and who were preceded by a goodly assortment of perfectly respectable brothers and sisters, whose chief claim to distinction lies in their being next of kin to the last or next to the last little, wailing, surprise party.

Adventures With a Purse

A SHOP that I particularly like has a habit around this time of the year that I also particularly like. This shop brings in a number of tables filled with the most enchanting array of Christmas novelties dear to the feminine heart. On these tables you will find powder boxes different from the ones usually seen. And frilly toilet sets covered with old rose or blue silk moire and adorned with bright nodding flowers and dainty lace. And handkerchiefs that are not to be found elsewhere. And dainty toilet cases equipped with scissors, nail file and the other necessaries for the particular woman. It is a delight to wander among those tables, and many a time one will find the gift one wants for the friend who is especially hard to choose for. Prices are moderate.

I saw a little frock you might like. It is black crepe de chine, with the new large flowing sleeves. And running up the sleeves and the sides of the skirt are flat green beads of a rather light shade. These flat beads seem to be new this year, and certainly they make most effective trimming. The neck is round, bound with green. The price of this frock is $15.75. If by any chance it should be sold by the time you have an opportunity to see about it you may find something else you will like equally well.

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

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Hasty Hands

In this article we are not considering the hand as a physical member, but as a product, meaning that we are speaking of handwriting.

While the hasty temperament may not always be revealed in writing, there is a certain kind of writing which inevitably betrays it to you when you see it.

It is writing which is indistinct, but not the kind which is indistinct from ignorance or unfamiliarity with writing. You can easily tell the difference. You can see that the letters are not painfully and slowly made. The stroking of the pen is decided enough, yet the letters are half formed or completely unformed. You have to read it in jumps and starts, recognizing word by word by its relation to the rest of the text, and if but a single word were shown to you you'd have difficulty in telling what it was.

You divide this writing into two classes. The first is the kind in which the writer only forms the first letter and then trails the rest of the word off in a number of unformed strokes. In the other you can count the number of letters intended easily enough, but they all look pretty much alike and you have to guess at their identity.

These handwritings denote the same things, up to a certain point. They reveal a writer who is impatient, vivacious and more than usually alert mentally. Nearly always you'll find him or her accomplished in some way or another. Ability to talk well and interestingly also is indicated. Such a person is always original, and too impatient to follow rules and conventions very closely.

Here you split your judgment. The first mentioned writing indicates a certain degree of diplomacy and artfulness, in many cases reaching the extreme of dissimulation, the ability and tendency to make things seem what they are not. The other writing does not indicate these things.

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