Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Free Though Married!

SEVERAL women writers of late years and now, a painter, or designer, have given rise to excited controversy, and received widespread publicity, because they married and lived apart from their bridegrooms.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

There is no reason why one should criticize a couple dwelling a deux, instead of together, any more than criticizing them for having a purple carpet or green curtains. But the attitude these unconventional young moderns take is that they have discovered a vital and brilliant solution of the marriage problem, and they expound the advantages of living apart with great earnestness.

THE delightful "freedom" seems to consist in being alone when one wants to, and avoiding the intimacies of customary wedded life, which are supposed to destroy privacy, independent action, coquetry, novelty.

There is no denying that the old-fashioned marriage of exclusion from the vital, outside world, of possessiveness and monotony and intimacy, tended to bring about satiety and disgust. Men and women who admitted no interests beyond the selfish ones of their own home became narrow and crabbed. In rural communities couples are paired off, like the animals in Noah's Ark, even at a guest table, dining side by side, whereas in more sophisticated and intellectual communities, married men and women are separated, the husbands and wives sitting at dinner next to others of the opposite sex. Such mingling would strike terror to the rustic mind, and suggest impending immorality.

EVERY thoughtful married person realizes that materialistic familiarities put a damper on romance, and that is why any credence at all is given the eccentric new practices. It is all right to accentuate the need for occasional aloneness even when couples are extremely congenial. Years ago one of America's most brilliant women—herself a wife and the mother of eight children—wrote an essay on "The Solitude of Self."

It is a vital necessity for any nervous or high-strung person, or one who does creative work at home, to have some individual den into which he or she can retire and be wholly undisturbed. No mate should penetrate this sanctuary, forcing companionship, or intruding upon one's work.

A room, yes; but a separate house, absurd!

NOTHING novel is of the least importance unless it offers a universal solution! For a married couple to maintain two separate and distinct establishments is utterly impracticable as a working plan for the generality of pairs, for it presupposes wealth, or a tremendous earning capacity. The economic waste of two sets of servants, two rents, etc., is preposterous.

But this is not the all-important matter, after all. There is something in romantic love that demands close proximity. It is well and good to live apart from your parents, or your sisters and brothers, even when you are extremely congenial. But the married couples who are content with infrequent and casual visits are not truly mated!

LOVE demands constant rekindling, continuous caresses. It may recognize the theoretical liberty of each unit, and respect the privacy of the individual in matters of delicacy. It may realize the necessity of being entirely alone, in hours of concentrated creative work. But always and forever those who are truly mated desire nearness, the delicious knowledge that the beloved is within the touch of human hand. For those who experience the bliss of conjugal affection, every separation is torture.

Separate travel may be necessary, even once in a while advisable, but time spent together is so precious to those who are ideally in love, in their march gravewnrd, that any deliberate staying apart is unthinkable. Ask the gloriously happy if they would willingly and deliberately dwell in houses even "next door!"

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Cyril"

Better finish school if possible and then work on in your music.

Anent the 1921 Girl

Dear Cynthia—In answer to "Perplexed" as to the 1921 girl, I would like to tell him that he is right about the majority of the girls of today, but the young men of the present age are equally bad. Instead of giving this kind of girl the razz, they are only too delighted to take around and show good times to the "Jazz Babies" and "Powder and Paint Dolls." I am a sensible girl of eighteen years, do not go to dance halls, do not use rouge and very little powder, belong to church, but by no means am dull, but full of life and ready for a good time in the right way. I have found out that that is not the kind of girl the boys of today prefer, for unless a girl tries some of the vamp stuff on a fellow, gives a silly line of talk and has the dance craze for such such dances as the Washington Johnny, Chicago or Camel Walk she is considered slow.

For myself I don't think that these fellows are worth bothering with, and I'm also of the opinion that there are very few clean-cut and clean-living fellows in these days, but would like to tell "Perplexed" not to give up hope, as there are plenty of sensible girls who are hardly seen for the increasing amount of "would-be vamps," but if he looks long enough he will find the right kind of a girl. DISGUSTED.

Wants to Forget

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl in my early 'teens, keeping company with a young man twenty years of age, as nice as any one would want to meet; but as he very "hard looking" my mother doesn't care for him. His ways are very nice and he is very mannerly, which a good many others are not. Since I've been going with him mother keeps saying, "Why don't you get some one with a little more classy dress and better looks if you want any one?" but as I go out very seldom how can I? Said fellow cares for me, because he has as good as asked me to become his wife. I also care for him, but as mother is always nagging about him I would like to forget him for a while to make things go a little better at home. Will you kindly advise how to forget said young man? Also tell me how to stop the nagging and constant "bawling out" which I quite often get. What is the proper amount of spending money for a girl of seventeen years?

DIXIE BLUE EYES.

You do not love the young man or you would not want to forget him, even temporarily. Seventeen is not the early 'teens; thirteen, fourteen and fifteen are early 'teens. You had better not encourage the young man at seventeen. Obey your mother.

The proper allowance at seventeen depends entirely on a girl's parents' circumstances. It is for them to decide.

He Is Very Shy

Dear Cynthia—Will you please publish this and your answer in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER as soon as possible, as we are very perplexed and this problem will soon come up. We are two girls of sixteen summers and have been meeting a fellow two years our senior for a year. Said young man is rather shy. Now our parents do not know we have been meeting said young man in the square near us. We girls are not what you call flirts. We do not go to dances or anything that gives you a light reputation. This young man has asked to take us to the Park with a cousin of his whom we have not as yet met. We have asked said young man and his cousin to call at our house, but he has refused to do so, being a shy fellow. He wants us girls to meet his cousin and him in the park (around our home) and then take us to a show. Would it be right for us to go and meet him and then go to the show without our parents' consent? Would we need a chaperon? If said young man now introduces us to his cousin, of whom he has spoken very often, what is the proper thing to say? DOT AND BETH.

Better not meet the young man without your parents' knowledge. Shyness is not an excuse for a want of proper respect. Tell him you will receive him and his cousin at your homes, but you will not meet him outside. Nice girls do not do it.

IN CASE SANTA CLAUS FORGETS

Sometimes when he is so busy there there are a few names that will slip out of his pocket or out of his mind. Here we have two assistants of Santa Claus busy fixing up all kinds of toys that have been played with before, but are still good enough to be played with some more. Are there any toys like this on your shelves? And do you know of some child that Santa Claus will have to forget?

Mrs. Wilson Prepares Directions For Fascinating Holiday Candies

There Are a New Fudge, Several Delightful Fruit Concoctions and a Fondant That Can Be Used for Anything

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE making of Christmas candies in the home brings forth the real spirit of the holidays. The children and many grown-ups really anticipate and enjoy making these goodies. So, mother, gather your supplies about you and prepare to make the Christmas candies.

Pecan Filets

This candy is made from my new fudge recipe. Place in saucepan

Two cups sugar,
One-half cup evaporated milk,
One-half cup sirup,
Two tablespoons butter.

Bring to a boil and cook until mixture forms a firm ball when tried in cold water, or 245 degrees using a candy thermometer. Remove the sirup from stove and add

One teaspoon vanilla,
One cup marshmallow whip.

Beat to blend. Now pour one-half of this mixture in well-oiled oblong pan, spreading evenly. To the balance of the fudge in saucepan add

Five level tablespoons cocoa,
One cup pecan nuts.

Scrape from pan to large meat platter that has been well oiled and as soon as you can handle work into shape like sausage, having the roll about one inch thick. Let cool and cut in slices with a sharp knife, cutting the slices about a half inch thick.

Cut the fudge that was turned in the oblong pan in small squares and place a half of walnut on each piece.

Oriental Cream

Place in saucepan

Two cups granulated sugar,
Two-thirds cup boiling water,
One-half teaspoon cream of tartar.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil. Cook until the mixture will form a firm ball when tested in cold water, or 245 degrees Fahrenheit on the candy thermometer. Remove from the stove and add

One cup of marshmallow whip,
One teaspoon vanilla,
One teaspoon almond extract.

Beat to blend thoroughly and then turn out on a well-oiled meat platter. Let cool. Now add

One-half cup of candied cherries, cut in bits,
One-half cup of candied pineapple, cut in bits,
One cup of candied nuts, cut fine,
One cup of dry coconut,
One-half cup of citron, chopped very fine.

Mix and knead well as for bread dough so as to distribute the fruit evenly.

Line oblong pan with heavy wax paper and pack in the mixture firmly, using a potato masher to pack with. Let stand twenty-four hours, then turn from pan and cut with sharp knife into blocks and oblongs.

Yum Yum

Place in saucepan

One and one-half cups sugar,
One-half cup sirup,
Six tablespoons evaporated milk,
Three tablespoons butter.

Stir to dissolve sugar and bring to a boil. Cook until the mixture forms a firm ball when tried in cold water. Remove from stove and add

One cup marshmallow whip.

Beat until well blended; now add

One cup of seeded raisins,
One cup of finely chopped nuts,
One-half cup of finely chopped candied ginger,
One-half cup of finely chopped candied pineapple.

Beat and work with heavy spoon to blend in the fruits. Now turn in a well-oiled oblong pan, pressing down the candy firmly. Let stand two hours in cool place, then cut in oblongs.

Fondant

Place in saucepan

Two cups sugar,
Three-quarters cup boiling water,
One teaspoon cream of tartar.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and bring to a boil. Cook slowly until mixture forms ball in cold water or 245 degrees on candy thermometer. Remove from the fire and add

One large teaspoon vanilla,
Three large tablespoons marshmallow whip.

Beat mixture until creamy. Turn on well-oiled meat platter and knead until smooth like bread dough. Place in bowl and let stand in cool place, covered, to ripen, for six hours. This fondant can be worked between the fingers into a thin sheet and used to cover nuts, candied fruit, etc., or it may be melted in double boiler and used for dipping.

Every variety of candy may be made from the fondant. It can be molded to suit the fancy. This fondant is also used for stuffing dates and prunes, and the fig cream is made by placing a layer of this fondant between two layers of figs and then cutting into pieces the size of a caramel.

All of the above candies may be chocolate-coated, using either the bitter or sweet chocolate.

To successfully coat with chocolate the home candymaker must keep firmly in mind the fact that all chocolate must be melted at a temperature of 95 degrees and that a strong heat causes the chocolate to lose its color and become gray and streaky; this also affects the flavor. A double boiler is best. Fill the lower compartment with boiling water and then place the chocolate. Cut in small pieces on top compartment and to every half pound of chocolate add two tablespoons of butter add a piece of paraffin the size of a small walnut.

Melt chocolate slowly and stir frequently.

Use good grade of salad oil in place of butter for candymaking when greasing pans and platters.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Hungry Crocodile

By DADDY

Jack and Janet, while with Dame Instinct seeking a summer bird that sings spring songs in the winter time, are turned into Slumber Sprites. They go with Sleepy Woodchuck and others on a trip to Egypt.

CHAPTER I
Old Gray Rat Bites

JACK and Janet, turned into Slumber Sprites, were on the steamship Warmland bound for Egypt, where summer never ends.

The Kindly Captain, the two orplans he had adopted and the crew were very happy. Jack and Janet, through a trick, had freed the ship of all but a few of the thousands of rats which had swarmed the decks and holds, so they had nothing to worry about except storms they might meet at sea, and true sailors do not mind storms.

Jack and Janet felt queer thrills as they saw the shores fade away as the steamer sailed out to sea. They found it jolly fun sailing the ocean blue, and as they were Slumber Sprites they did not suffer from seasickness.

"How soon shall we get to Egypt?" they asked Sleepy Woodchuck.

"Just as soon as you want to," was Sleepy Woodchuck's strange answer. Sleepy chuckled as he saw how puzzled they appeared over his reply. "You know you are Slumber Sprites now," he explained. "Slumber Sprites can close their eyes and wish time to fly, and fly it will."

Jack and Janet thought it would be nice to get to Egypt all in a hurry, without the long sea voyage, and were just about to close their eyes and wish when they heard an angry squeaking behind them. There was Old Gray Rat wriggling his bristly whiskers at them.

"Eek-eek! You thought that a smart trick telling us this ship would sink so we would flee from it," squeaked Old Gray Rat. "We are going to pay you for that."

"Huh! Huh! Huh!" barked Sleepy Woodchuck. "You ought to be glad we scared those other rats ashore. You will have more now to feast on."

"Yes, but we will not have so many jolly companions to feast with," snarled Old Gray Rat. "Speaking of feasting, I'd like a nice fat woodchuck for dinner." Old Gray Rat scowled greedily at Sleepy Woodchuck, while the other rats of his gang glared at Jack and Janet, and Chip and Chipper Chipmuck, and Colonel Croaker, the frog.

Sleepy Woodchuck chuckled. "Have a leg," he said to Old Gray Rat, just as though he were offering a helping of Christmas dinner. He held out his paw toward Old Gray Rat. Quick as a flash Old Gray Rat snapped at it. And as Old Gray Rat snapped, his teeth came together so hard they hurt him. At the same time the other rats leaped at Jack and Janet and Chip and Chipper Chipmuck, and Colonel Croaker. But the same thing happened to them that happened to Old Gray Rat. Their teeth clashed together so hard they got a toothache.

Old Gray Rat was mad. He glared at Sleepy Woodchuck. "Have a bite of rail," chuckled Sleepy Woodchuck. He held a tail out at Old Gray Rat. But it wasn't his own tail. It was the tail of a rat he had snatched up. Old Gray Rat didn't notice this. He just grabbed the tail and bit hard on it.

"E-e-ek! Wee-eek!" squealed the rat who owned the tail. He whirled around on Old Gray Rat, and pitched into him. There was a battle royal for a minute, until the rats saw how they had been fooled.

Old Gray Rat was in a fury.

"I know you now," he raged at Sleepy Woodchuck and Jack and Janet. "You are Slumber Sprites. We can't bite you, as you are only air. But you are friends of the Kindly Captain and his two orphans. We will hurt you by eating their food or spoiling it."

The Second-Story Windows of Shops Have Unexpected Interest and Charm

An Unimpressive Shoe Store Has a Quaint Little Din Into History Over Its Entrance—The Same Old Tiresome Trolley Route Has Many Possibilities

"OH, I get so sick and tired of the same old street every morning!" sighed the business girl. "The same old trolley and the same old stores every single day!

"That's one thing about Monday, they do change the scenery in the shop windows; but they can't change the looks of the outside of the place, or the dingy old street."

Doesn't it get tiresome?

You feel sometimes as if you were living in a cage or a prison, moving about, changing your location, doing different things at different times of day, but never seeing anything new or different, never able to look out beyond the high walls that hem you in on all sides.

You get so that just the thought of that daily ride on the trolley between the two lines of building that you know by heart has the power to depress you and dull your thoughts.

But there is a way to vary this.

YOU don't have to do anything more laborious than raising your eyes.

Not to the people who stand in that early morning trance in front of you swaying with the motion of the car, gazing with unseeing eyes at whatever may be going past the window.

Not to the men who engage one another in loud conversation about it's all depending upon the kind of dyes you use, or it's being so useless to sell a dollar and a half bond, or some other technicality that interests only themselves.

Not to any of them; but through the gaps between them, out the windows, at the second stories of the shops.

No, that isn't so silly as it sounds.

You'll find things that surprise and interest you up there.

ONE ugly, brown little place which has one of the most uninteresting windows on the street, has the most charming second story.

There is a dormer window in the middle, with two funny little ridges in the roof coming down on the sides, giving a quaint old-fashioned effect.

You find yourself looking back to see whether there isn't a pot of hed geraniums showing between the white curtains, or a picturesque old lady in a Paisley shawl.

How different from the brown and blackness of the shoe display in the downstairs window with its depressing signs, "$12.50," "Reductions," "$14.75" and so on, which have been there for weeks.

A hairdresser's window, in which they change the wigs now and then, put a new brass advertisement in the front, or give the beautiful, smiling, painted lady a rose-colored velvet dress effect instead of an old gold one, every other month, has real romance just above it.

Long casement windows with amber glass made into small diamond panes.

You half expect to see Juliet peering out in search of Romeo, and with the half dreamy state of mind that your early rising has left you in, you imagine how Romeo would look standing there opposite the smiling painted lady in his doublet and hose, his velvet and satin, his lace ruffles and his curls.

How the brokers and ribbon clerks and stenographers would stare! How the newsboys and schoolboys and errand boys and office boys would shout and laugh and gather round and hoot!

AND by this time half your journey is done and you aren't bored yet.

You'll find unexpected displays occasionally in the second-story windows of some shops, as if they thought they were New Yorkers and had to cater to the bus-top trade.

You'll find blouse shops, people who do beading and hemstitching, shoe stores with delightfully low prices, all kinds of opportunities that you never notice otherwise.

And you'll feel surprisingly free and released from your high walls if you try this second-story work.

There really is a great deal in the world that you haven't yet discovered, even if it is the same old tiresome place.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

One Way to Judge Your Possibilities

SOCRATES used to bring many friends unexpectedly for dinner into the house. It is said that is about all he brought in, but that is beside this story.

The fact is that a particularly flagrant abuse of this habit once incited his wife Xantippe to a terrific fit of scolding, which she concluded by throwing at him a bucket of icy water.

Whereat, all Socrates did was simply to remark nonchalantly:

"After the thunder comes the rain."

Socrates knew that poise is power; that self-control is the better part of valor.

This idea he did his best to inculcate in the ancient Greeks, who crystallized it into the proverb:

"They whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

Racine, undoubtedly, had this thought in mind when he wrote:

"*Ne veuillez pas vous perdre, et vous etes sauve*"—meaning, "Don't insist on destroying yourself, and you are safe."

These truths are as potent today as they were at the time they were first enunciated; the fellow who loses his temper still gets the worst of the deal.

A racing, uncontrolled automobile is dangerous and may be deadly. If it is not checked, it will be wrecked. Also humans.

When you get "mad," you stultify your sense of reasoning. You say and you do things which in sane moments you would never think of saying or doing. All else being equal, what chance would a boxer who lost his temper have against another who had complete control of himself? The man who is "mad" is in the position of the "mad" boxer. He just hits around wildly and hurts no one but himself.

Most of us, perhaps rightfully, do not care overly much about the man who never gets angry.

But the man who does get angry, and who does not lose his head—who remains master of himself—that man usually commands our respect and admiration.

And this is because we realize from personal experience exactly the vast extent of this man's victory—and we know he has within him possibilities for big things.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Despot Melts

PAUL rushed home through the sharp, winter wind and, as he removed his overcoat, stepped across the living-room and laid an inquisitive hand upon the radiator.

It was as cold as ice!

He frowned and stimulated the circulation of his blood with a brisk rubbing of his hands.

"Say, Virginia, what's the matter with this heat, anyway?" he demanded, as the perfect wife came into the room with her accustomed smile.

"The heat?"

"Certainly, the heat. What's the idea of no heat on a Sunday? Does the landlord think we're going to mope around here all day without any heat?"

Virginia frowned.

"It's the janitor, dear; it's his fault. And you know how janitors are!"

Paul paused upon the threshold.

"No, I don't know how janitors are," he said coldly. "I only know about the jokes in the newspapers about 'em, and I'll tell you that I'm not one of those poor spineless creatures that any janitor can bluff. I'm going down stairs and start something. I'll have heat up here in five minutes or there'll be a good reason why not."

And with that he clumped off downstairs.

"Oh, dear," fluttered Virginia, listening to his hurried descent.

But he was back quickly.

"There'll be heat in ten minutes," he mumbled. "Janitor overslept or something."

But ten minutes had gone and ten minutes more—no heat!

Paul stirred restlessly in the big chair, glanced at the clock every thirty seconds, and finally flung the magazine section of the Sunday newspaper into a corner of the room.

"By gad," he exclaimed angrily, "I'll——"

"Wait, dear," soothed Virginia. "Wait a moment. I am sure there'll be heat very soon."

She slipped out of the kitchen door and went below by the back stairs. Indeed, she was gone such a brief moment that Paul was totally unaware that she had left the apartment.

And presently the steam pipes began a noisy rattling, and the first faint jets of steam puffed through the exhaust of the radiator. In no time at all the blessed warmth was in full swing and the room became comfortable, cheerful.

Paul thawed.

"Funny," he muttered.

"What's funny, dearest?"

"Oh—janitors," said Paul vaguely. "It's odd that a janitor imagines he can get away with anything. You know why? Well, it's because he manages to do just as he chooses weekdays?"

"Why weekdays?"

"Ah-ha! That's it, you see! He does as he likes weekdays because there's no one at home but the womenfolk. But, by jiminy, he finds out differently on Sunday when the men are at home. You bet he doesn't get away with any of that forgetful stuff on Sundays. I talked to him like a Dutch uncle. That's the way to get the heat."

The perfect wife bent over the fashion page—that he might not see the smile in her eyes.

Tomorrow—Squash!

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEVO 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. Later she discovers that Julie, Dane's little butterfly sister, is in love with the same man, and although Hawthorne knows that Cranford Blake, or Carroll Blackton, as he now calls himself, is entirely unworthy, she is afraid to tell the truth. But when Julie threatens to run away with Blake Hawthorne is forced to tell her, and that night she also confesses to Dane. He treats her as though she has committed some terrible crime, and Hawthorne feels that there is nothing to do but leave him. She turns to Janet Ford, her best woman friend, and Janet tells her that she has done the one thing to bring Dane to his senses, and broadcast his ideas. Hawthorne expects Dane to come to her, and she waits all the next day for him.

CHAPTER XLIX
The Old Job

BUT Dane did not come, and by night I was half frantic with fear. The thought that by my impulsive action I might lose him forever nearly drove me mad, and I was ready to go to him, to ask his forgiveness, to do anything at all, even abase myself, if only to see him again.

Janet came in while I was pacing the floor, and I accused her violently, as though the entire thing were her fault.

"I haven't heard from him!"

Janet took off her things before speaking. She was so deliberate, so sure of herself always.

"Well, Hawthorne, I hardly thought you would so soon."

Why couldn't I be calm and resolute, and proud? Why couldn't I wait in dignified silence instead of behaving like a half-crazed woman? But it seemed that I had no control over myself, and when Janet suggested that we go out to the theatre, I turned on her.

"How could I sit through dinner and a play?"

"Aren't you ever going to do anything but sit at home and wait for something to happen?" she remarked imperturbably.

"You think, then, that I won't hear?"

"I'm sure you will, eventually, but I don't think that Dane will come to his senses all at once. I told you last night that it would be hard for you, that you would have to be patient. I know what you are suffering, dear, and I want to help you, but I do feel that you must control yourself, and make up your mind to fight a hard battle."

"But I am in fault. I ought to make the first advance. Besides, he does not even know where I am."

"Last night you were certain that he would know you had come here," Janet reminded me.

And finally, because I was ashamed of myself, and because I felt that Janet was right, I allowed myself to be persuaded, and I went with her to one of the smaller hotels for dinner. Afterward we went to the theatre, and the play was good, a sparkling satire. But there was always the coming home, and I dreaded Janet's apartment and the long night.

After I was in bed it seemed hours before I finally fell asleep, but I discovered that by forcing my mind to become a blank I could doze off, and once asleep I rested fairly well.

The next morning at breakfast Janet startled me by asking me if I would like my old job back.

"It just happens that Miss Breen is leaving to be married, and it would give you something to do."

I revolted against the idea of going back to work. It seemed as though the establishment of my independence would separate me from Dane forever. He would feel that my position as his wife must be protected, and besides if I took an office job it would look as though I had no intention of going back to him.

I had done enough now to make him want to put me out of his life, but if I went back to work the break between us would be final. I was sure of it.

"That would mean the end," I said slowly.

"Not if he loves you as you love him," Janet said firmly.

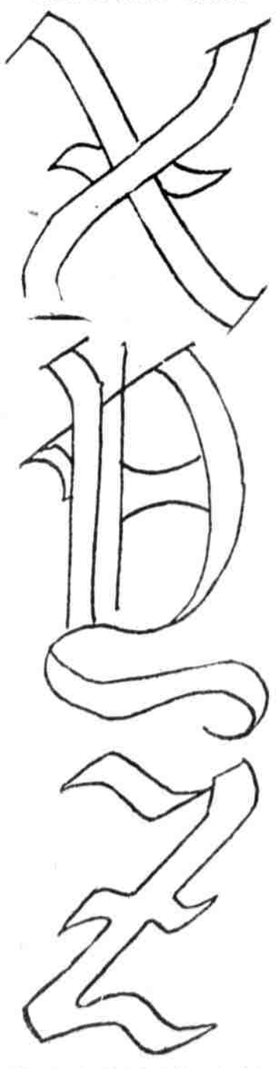
"But men don't love that way, you said so yourself," I argued wildly. "If I took this step it might separate us forever, and I'd rather go back to him on any terms than never to have him at all!"

Tomorrow—Amazing Youth

A Nice Thought

Fashion experts say the styles today are more becoming and make the woman of thirty look younger than she did ten years ago.

THE VERY LAST



This is the first installment of the Old English letters which have been appearing from time to time on this page. The dates on which the other letters appeared are as follows: A to C, October 20; D to F, October 31; G to J, November 3; K to M, November 11, in the Extra edition only; N to P, November 26; Q to T, December 3, and U to W, December 9. The papers can be obtained at the Circulation Department on the second floor of the Ledger Building, 606 Chestnut street.

The Woman's Exchange

Finding Out

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could a high school graduate receive a good position in a department store as a saleslady without experience or a business education? If so, about what pay would she get a week?

What is the meaning and origin of the name Breita? A READER.

You would have to apply at the store itself to find out this information.

The name Breita is seldom used, and I have not been able to find the meaning of it. Some reader may be kind enough to tell you this.

Going to New York

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young girl of fifteen years. I am five feet six inches tall and I weigh 123 pounds. How much over size am I and also am I under weight or over weight for my size? What size shoe should I wear?

I have long, thick, dark hair, and I wear it up. Please tell me how to wear it in a becoming fashion.

Will a facial soap rid my face of freckles?

I have a girl friend who lives in New York, and I correspond with her very often. She has invited me to come and stay with her over the Christmas and New Year's holidays, but I haven't made up my mind whether to go or not. If some one put me on the train and she met me at the station, would it be proper for me to go alone? My aunt, with whom I live, is willing to let me go, but I would like to know if it is all right for me to go unchaperoned. ORPHAN.

The average weight for your height and age is 132 pounds. There is no "set" height for a certain age, so do not worry about this. I cannot tell you what size shoe you should wear. There is never any rule for this, either, other than having your foot measured at a shoe store and getting the correct size for it.

Unless your forehead is quite high, comb your hair back from it and pull it down slightly, so that it makes a soft line about the face. Coil it in an "eight" knot at the back. A facial soap will not remove freckles. Use lemon juice for this if it agrees with the skin.

It would be all right for you to make the journey alone, provided your aunt is willing and you will be put on the train and met at the station, as you say.

Adventures With a Purse

YOU will remember that some time ago, I promised I would tell you when the Christmas numbers of some of the foreign magazines arrived in the shop which has them for sale. They are here. You will find the Illustrated London News, Punch, Almanac, the Tatler, Graphic, Pears Annual, and L'Illustration. They have come in all their festive Christmas clothes. But they are very popular, and go fast. So, if you are interested, you had better see about them at once. Otherwise there will be none left for you.

She showed them to me with great pride. "You must write about these," she said. And what she says is law to me. So here goes. She was referring to a combination cotton and wool hose that can be had in brown or black. They are about a medium weight, keep the foot warm without being so very heavy and prickly, and, if you please, are priced at 75 cents, which you will agree, is an amazing bargain.

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

Shrewd Thumbs

You might not think that a little thing like the length of the thumb has much to do with reading character. But it has. There are quite a number of things that can be deduced from the size of the thumb and the manner in which it is habitually held.

If you are a salesman, make it a point for a week or so to observe the thumbs of your prospects as they sign "on the dotted line." Then check up the thumbs against what you have learned of these customers. Which were the shrewd buyers, who knew exactly what they were doing when they signed? Which were the conservative, cautious ones who kept their thoughts and opinions to themselves?

On the average, you'll find that it was the ones with long thumbs who were the canny buyers, who did not sign the order before they were sure they were taking no chance. And you'll also find that where these long thumbs were held close to the hand their owners were the cautious, conservative ones who kept their thoughts and their plans to themselves.

Of course, a single indication, like the length of the thumb, will hold good only on the average, for there may be other character indications in the particular individual which contradict it, either wholly or in part. Character is a complex thing, and it may be read with absolute reliability only where the balance of the total of the indications is struck.

Tomorrow—Plane Faces

Things You'll Love to Make

Fringed Towels

There seems to be a revival of FRINGED TOWELS. A pair like the one shown above would make an exceedingly nice Christmas gift. Cut a yard length of heavy linen toweling for a full sized towel, or three-fourths of a yard of eighteen-inch toweling, for guest towels. Fray out the ends until you have a fringe nearly twice as long as the finished knotted fringe is wanted. Divide the threads into small equally-sized groups. Knot each group as shown in diagram A. This is the simplest form of knotted fringe. If you wish to put more work on these towels continue as follows: Measure the distance from the edge of the towel to the knot. That same distance below the first row of knots make a knot with the second half of the first bunch of threads and the first half of the second bunch. Knot the other half of the second group with the first half of the third group. Continue in this way, keeping all the knots on the same line. Make one or more rows of hemstitching above the fringe to finish these FRINGED TOWELS.

FLORA.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What novel sort of school has been instituted in Boston?
2. For an original and striking monogram on letter paper, what new fad is being followed?
3. Describe a unique bag which may be carried with the winter costume.
4. How is an enchanting little mechanical water toy fashioned which would please a child at Christmas?
5. What dainty trimming is found on a tan felt hat?
6. When a dark dress is worn, what exquisite new ornament would look well with it?

Saturday's Answers

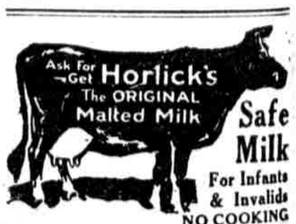
1. A nosegay worn on the wrist, and made of silk with a pocket inside, gives a surprising note to the evening costume and provides a place for the handkerchief.
2. In Paris the newest hair arrangement is a very wavy pompadour, held down with a bandeau, and a loose, large puff at the back.
3. The desert gives the inspiration for the camel inkstand, mummy paper holder, etc., which make up a new desk set of dull brass.
4. The little girl who makes her own Christmas gifts would please her teacher with a bookmark made of a half yard of narrow ribbon with a circle of pasteboard pasted on each end, with a pretty picture cut from a magazine on one side and a snapshot of the little girl herself on the other. The backs could be covered with silk, neatly sewed around the edge.
5. Many of the newest fur coats are belted with metal girdles so that they blouse like a dress.
6. Brown and black lace veils are coming back again into favor in the realm of fashion.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

While What's What has been urging with all the fervor of a Dickens Christmas story that the holiday spirit should soften our manners if not our hearts, a little caution must guard the generous impulses of youth. With the best intentions on earth sometimes it is advisable to heed the crossroads motto: GO SLOW!

For instance, a warm-hearted and home-loving girl in an office may take sudden pity on a strange girl who has confided to her that her Christmas will be lonely, as her people are too far away for a holiday visit. The other girl's first thought in response to this pathetic statement—which may or may not be true—is to say, "Why not spend Christmas at our home?" although she knows nothing whatever of the character or history of the newcomer. The home girl's wisest way to go slow will be to consult her mother first, from whom, in any case, the invitation should come.



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