WHEN THE PLAIN TRUTH BREAKS UP FRIENDSHIPS

An Excessive Passion for Plain-Speaking Always Brings Unpopularity to the Person Who Practises It—Bluntness of Talk Means Rudeness

By ELLEN ADAIR

THERE are times when the plain stating of certain fact is as disagreeable as it is unnecessary. Nay, more, it is positively unkind. And more friends are lost in this world through too much plain-speaking and an overdose of the truth than through any lack of the latter.

Not that for a moment I would advocate direct untruthfulness. Upon the contrary, no friendship of any sort can flourish on a tissue of falsehood. It is in the very nature of things that truth and friendship should go hand in hand. Yet at the same time, there should be a clear realization that there are periods in the best of friendships when a strict adherence to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth will not breed any improvement or better understanding, but will only cause a great deal of trouble and heart-burning.

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This excessive passion for plain-speaking always brings unpopularity to the person who practices it. Have you ever met the woman who is entirely incapable of telling even the mildest little sort of fib? She is a disconcerting being, and one little calculated to adorn any gathering. Severely and strictly truthful, it is unfortunate not merely for herself, but also for others, that her line of thought is not of a particularly pleasant order. She certainly does manage to get herself disliked with a thoroughness which, in her weaker moments, she must find a shade depressing.

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If you want admiration for a new hat, she will complacently observe that, though rather pretty, it is a style very easy to copy, and that she fears the shape will soon become very common.

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If, on a chance meeting, you happen to state that you are very glad to see her, she asks, with a piercing glance and obvious disbelief in her tones, "Are you really?" She possesses the uncomfortable power of not only telling the truth herself, but of dragging it out from other people, no matter how displeasing it may happen to be.

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As a mater of fact, very few of us know, or have the least desire to know, how our personalities and circumstances strike our friends. We don't even know what our own faces are like—indeed, we are so ignorant on this point that it is always something of a shock to receive proofs of new photographs.

So we create a fictitious person, and call it "I"—and we set it in a fairyland which we call "My Life."

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Our dreams please us, and harm no one else, so that it is only natural that we should strongly resent the interruption of some strong-handed, rough-tongued personage, who shatters the fairyland and drags down the poor little fancy figure from its throne.

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What harm is there in being gentle to another's dreams? Why should we go out of our way to wake her up when she is far happier asleep? The person who goes through life shaking sleepy-heads may, perhaps, arouse one useful worker in the course of years. But with dozens of others she will merely succeed in disturbing their rest and make them turn and move uneasily before they settle down again—with a feeling of rancor in their hearts for the disturber.

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Instead of adhering to an annoying candor, which is merely another form of rudeness and not a virtue at all—though many people think that an excess of truthfulness is a virtue—it is a far finer thing to sink your own views of others in what you know is their particular view of themselves, and to speak and act accordingly. This is a courtesy and a kindness they will not soon forget.

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After all, what does it matter? You think that Mrs. Jones' new gown is frankly hideous—but when she nervously asks your candid opinion—why give it? Why not be pleasant?

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Truthfulness is one of the most valuable things in the world. But one should remember that it can be foolishly wasted on highly unimportant points. It is absurd to enter a lengthy argument when you can slip out of it by a few courteous phrases which convey nothing in particular but the one fact that you have a very kindly feeling toward the person to whom you are speaking, and that you are willing to make that person as happy and contented as possible.

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There are so many hard facts knocking about the world that there really is no reason why we should go out of our way to add our little quota to the number.

Marion Harland's Corner

Letters From a Girls' Club

"I SHOULD like to have the names of three girls about 15 or 18 years of age who would like to receive letters from a girls' club. There are eleven of us—our ages ranging from 14 to 16 years. If possible, we should prefer shut-ins.

"ESTHER J."

The idea is pleasing, and I doubt not that more than three or four nice young girls will write to us for your address. We note with approval your preference of correspondents who are confined to the house by physical infirmity, and thus debarred from amusements and occupations indulged in by healthy, active girls. The suggestion does honor to your hearts and heads.

Novelty Party Ideas

"We have a sewing circle of nine girls ranging from 17 to 19 years of age, and as we wish to have a party consisting of girls and boys in about a couple of months from now, we ask if you would please send us suggestions as to novelty party ideas of some sort. P. S. A."

Book parties, charade parties, masquerades and the like have ceased to be novelties, and my inventive powers stagger at the thought of seeking "fresh woods and pastures new." I call despairingly upon our junior members for help. Will they not think up or offer something attractive and not hackneyed? There must be the birth of novelties all the year around. Enliven the Quiet Corner by a few! Relate briefly the nicest novelty that has come to your knowledge this season.

Lending Was Losing

"I am asking if any who read your Corner can assist me in getting the two articles mentioned below. One of them is "The Lover Who Loved Me Last Spring." The other is "Kentucky Belle." I had these, but lent them to some young people, and now I have neither. The former was sent me in answer to a request long ago. Lending was losing. If some one will send either or both I will return postage and may be able to reciprocate the kindness.

"Mrs. C. H. C."

"Lending was losing!" A glance at the gaps in my own bookcase points the adage savagely. I could hold forth long and energetically upon the text "He that borroweth and returneth not again is a thief." Let that pass just now! "The Kentucky Belle" has gone to you by mail. We happened to have an extra copy at hand. "The Lover Who Loved Me Last Spring," you say, you had once. What has been may be again. We register your address and requests.

Addresses of Women's Exchanges

"Would you please publish in your Corner the addresses of some women's exchanges? I have tatting and other hand work to sell and am anxious to make a little money to help get our bills paid up. MRS. H. S."

We cannot publish business adresses in the Corner. Yet I would lend a strong hand to you if possible. There must be a catalogue of women's exchanges published somewhere, now that the work is so widespread and so successful. Will not members familiar with these matters inform us as to this?

Compiling a Cook Book

"I've conceived an idea that, with the help of a typewriter, I migh compile a cook book from magazine, newspapers, etc. I've been saving them for years, though some get burned. Do you, with your knowledge of things, think such a thing possible? I'd intersperse gems of though with an occasional joke. If any kind-hearted one can accommodate me with a typewriter, I certainly would be thankful. I am 73 years of age. I'd expect to have it returned if desired. I also should like to get remnants of knitting thread. I've found out that with coarse needles I can knit a little at a time, although it is painful. I haven't walked in over eight years and my fingers are stiff, and slightly drawn outward. M. A. R."

I wish—with pain I cannot make you comprehend—that I could encourage you in the compilation of the work you would set on foot. But (and no printer's font has capitals big enough to express the significance of the tiny monosyllable) there are 10 cook books on the market now for every possible buyer of one. Some are good, some are indifferent, and some are next to worthless. Some that sold for a dollar three years ago may be picked up for 25 cents at respectable bookstalls. Unless you can secure a large private subscription list for your collection of newspaper clippings you cannot hope to meet the expense of publication or even for printing and binding. Think of some other way of self-support. It cuts me to the heart to say all this, but it is the part of a friend to be frank.

Wine Sauce

"Thank you for the welcome to your big family. 'Have I any more such recipes?' No, there is one from the same source, but it is only a pudding sauce made with brown sugar, and I hesitate to suggest anything not out of the common to one of your experience. Say, I'll look it up. Here it is—I'll copy it just as it was written by my sister-in-law. Their table was phenomenal. Wine sauce—delicious. We use it for all puddings where sauce is required. Quarter pound of butter, five tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one egg, a glass of sherry or Madeira. Cream sugar and butter, stir in yolk of egg. Let all simmer until the consistency of rich cream. Do not let it boil. We use it for all kinds of puddings where sauce is required. Add wine last. MRS. S. M. B."

You more than justify our adoption of you into "good and regular standing" among our members. Your pudding sauce is decidedly and delightfully "out of the common." If you have other extracts from your sister-in-law's household records let us have them. We will copy elsewhere another section of your charming letter. I am sorry for those who cannot share it all with my grateful self.

RICH AND POOR VIEW PROBLEM OF CHRISTMAS IN DIFFERENT LIGHT

One Who Doesn't Know What to Buy Wants Expert Advice, the Other Has No Such Worry

17 SHOPPING DAYS LEFT

Including today there are only 17 shopping days before Christmas.

There is only one problem more difficult than to decide what ti give a young woman for Christmas, and that is to decide what to buy if one has no money. But that latter problem does not matter at all just now. For, of course, the men who have no money are going to be free to enjoy Christmas to the full and need no advice. It is the poor wretches who have money and don't know what to buy with it who have to worry and have their worries scientifically treated by Christmas gift experts.

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There is a curious old legend that once upon a time, many thousands of years ago, a young man sent to a young woman to whom he was not engaged to be married, a beautiful bracelet. She became crimson with rage at his presumption, but just before she became crimson with rage she tried the bracelet on, and it was just the very thing. It made her slender white wrist look more white and more slender—but, no; she put such thoughts from her and concentrated upon his presumption. He was called to account and forbidden ever to enter the house or address the young lady again.

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This is the only case on record of the kind, but it has served to intimidate many millions of young men who would like very much to send their young women friends something more intimate than (1) flowers, (2) candy or (3) a book. One would think that the florists, confectioners and booksellers would roll in millions every Christmas, because the above cited products are the right things to give unengaged girls. If so, they are all misers and do their rolling in back rooms, while the jewelers wax fat all the same. Maybe the young men send jewels anonymously.

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But a great many of the Christmas generosities this year are a good deal more thoughtful than the ordinary kind of charity. For example, the thoughtfulness for the needy blind. Coal, groceries and warm clothing will be given to as many of them as possible, and nearly 300 of them have been visited and their individual needs looked into. Most of them want to work, but can't; some are invalids; some very old. Dr. L. Webster Fox, 617 Witherspoon Building, is collecting funds for their relief.

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A Christmas sale of books, greeting cards and autograph editions is being held at the College Club, 1302 Spruce street. Women graduates of Bucknell, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Vassar, Smith and the University of Pennsylvania who are affiliated with the Bureau of Occupations for Trained Women are in charge of the sale.

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The Association for the Employment of the Insane is holding a sale today from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. at Harman's store, 115 South 13th street. Miss Mary McMurtrie, president of the association, will have as her assistants Mrs. George Biddle, Mrs. H. Gordon McCouch, Miss Ellen McMurtrie, Mrs. Edward Dale Toland, Miss Tyson and Mrs. Charles T. Bradford.

Christmas Hints

A collapsible pair of bedroom slippers is a very useful suggestion for the man or woman who does a lot of traveling. They are useful in most cases, in fact. Many of the slippers are so soft and pliable that they may be crushed into a tiny package, small enough for an overnight case. Almost all the wanted colorings are represented—bright red, tan, black in shiny and dull finish. The price is $1 up, according to size.

A compact little shopping notebook for milady's handbag is a welcome remembrance. It hardly assumes the proportions of a real gift. This is flat, like an envelope, with a small pad and pencil attached, and comes in plain black leather at 25 cents.

Another useful novelty in leather goods is a stickpin and cuff links case. These are just compact enough to slip in the suitcase and have compartments for securing the stickpin so it can't work loose. The price is $1.50.

A man's manicuring utensils are usually few and far between, and they must look very masculine. The latest case is shaped like an ordinary wallet, with two compartments, one for the file and scissors, court plaster and tiny comb and another for a magnifying shaving mirror. The price is $1.50.

Bayberry Candles

Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please print in your evening paper the directions for making candles from bayberries? We have collected a quantity of the berries, and I wish to make candles for Christmas. Your kindness is appreciated.

M. R. S.

Here are the directions, as given by an expert: After having gathered the berries, put them in cold water, using plenty of water, until they come to a boil. Then let them boil for three-quarters of an hour more. Set out quickly in the cold. A pale-green wax will rise to the top of the receptacle which must be skimmed off, dried and reheated. When this comes to a boil, strain it through cheesecloth. This may have to be done several times. The cleaner the berries and leaves themselves when the process is begun the fewer the strainings. The secret of successful bayberry candles lies in using plenty of water and in taking care to make them on a cold day—a warm day will ruin them, for the wax will not rise to the top. Mold into any shape you choose.

GAINSBOROUGH EFFECTS ARE POPULAR FOR THEATRE WEAR

A SMART EVENING HAT

MILADY may be as tailored or as fancy as she likes in her choice of hats this season. The Russian influence on fashion has received a great deal of space, but what it has done for millinery remains to be seen in individual instances. For an example, look at the adorable Cossack toques which are shown by Jenny in the latest fashion shows—if there is any "latest" in fashion shows. This toque fits closely to the head, like all good toque models, with a smart crown to give distinction. The middle is often smocked, being made with a soft fur brim, and a tam crown of rose or ciel blue velvet. A dainty model in Russian green with a skating cap crown had a tassel of antique gold attached to the long end, which dangled provokingly over the shoulder of the wearer.

Veils play a most prominent part in the vogue of the day. They float in a most attractive fashion from the crown of the high-pressed beaver derby. Then again, they are used to fit closely in at the chin with a broad band of black velvet, and flow in folds at the back of the small hat. A more startling usage is the harem veil, which, quite true to its name, is worn like the Turkish women are popularly supposed to veil themselves, with the lower part of the face hidden and the eyes unveiled.

Evening and afternoon hats show little variety, outside of the universally popular and quite conventional metallic lace hat. A few designers have departed from this honored institution this winter, in order to supply something a bit more picturesque, and less banal. The result is the Gainsborough hat of tapestry tints. Today's illustration shows one of this style, developed in a wonderful old-blue shade of panne velvet. The shape is a simple one, with a turned-up brim, and quite untrimmed but for an upstanding ornament of paradise feathers in the same shade. A turquoise blue evening wrap, with blue fox fur, is seen with this chapeau.

YOUR DENTAL CONDITION IS CAUSE OF MANY AILMENTS

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

AS A prophylactic the dentist is worth his weight in gold fillings. We of the healing cult realize his usefulness, nay, his indispensable help in many of our most obstinate cases. Certain severe stomach troubles, anemias and joint diseases in particular, will not respond to treatment until we call a good dentist in consultation and follow his expert advice in the management of the case.

A well-trained and studiously inclined dentist is as much a specialist, a dispenser of health, as any oculist or neurologist or other qualified expert. For example:

A middle-aged man suffered with digestive disturbance which bothered him more and more until it began to undermine his health. His family physician tried without success to give him relief and then sent him off to a great city specialist on stomach troubles.

The specialist enjoyed all the laboratory aids at his disposal. The patient, being desperate, wished to spare no expense, and gladly submitted to every test the specialist suggested. But the chemical analysis of the stomach contents, obtained by means of the stomach tube after a test meal, showed no indication of ulcer or cancer. The blood count (by another laboratory expert) showed nothing of diagnostic importance. An X-ray photograph after a bismuth-meal gave no light on the case. Then a young dentist fresh from college "butted in"—most unprofessionally—and offered some gratuitous advice, which is usually worth what it costs, but not always.

He happened to meet the patient socially, and, with natural professional instinct, he noticed certain abnormalities about the patient's mouth. "Why not have those septic stumps drawn while you're here in town?" he asked. "I feel sure that the inflamed condition of your gums has something to do with your stomach trouble."

The patient was just fool enough to accept the advice of self-constituted authorities. This is a great fault in many otherwise desirable patients. He permitted the scientific young person to extract the decayed stumps and treat the diseased gums.

From that day onward he was surprised and delighted to find that his stomach bothered him less and less. In the course of a few weeks he gained many pounds in weight and returned home to live happily for the rest of his life.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

General Development

Your talk on acne gave me such excellent results (the vaccine treatment you suggested) that I now venture to ask if there is any way to develop the bust without becoming fat all over?

Answer—Only by breathing exercises, kneading bread and physical culture to improve posture.

Dilating the Pupils

Is dilating the pupils harmful? Will it make the wearing of glasses ever afterward necessary?

Answer—Not when done by a physician. The effect is wholly temporary.

"GET-THIN-QUICK" METHODS REAL CAUSE OF GIRLS' COLLAPSE

Woman Superintendent of School Luncheons Cautions Against Abstinence From Proper Food

3 CLASSES SPECIFIED

The "Get-thin-quick" methods adopted by more than a dozen girls, pupils at a public school, are not approved by Miss Emma Smedley, superintendent of school luncheons. The story of how the girls fainted in school was first made public recently by Miss Smedley in a talk before the Mothers' club at the Rudolph S. Walton School, 28th and Huntingdon streets.

All the girls who collapsed for want of food in the instance mentioned by Miss Smedley are in what she calls the "third class" of hungry pupils. The first class is made up of those whose parents cannot afford to provide breakfast for them. Fortunately, it is not large.

The second class includes children whose parents go out for work and leave a few pennies to buy breakfast, which the little ones spend for something that they think they need more badly than the food. In the third class are the 'get-thin-quick" girls who believe that by not eating they can take off flesh.

In her talk at the Mothers' Club Miss Smedley made it plain that it is the duty of the mothers to see that their children get something to eat before going out of the house in the morning.

She was asked to add something to this talk, and she said:

"It is the cold plus the empty system that caused the collapse of those young girls. I believe there are many strenuous efforts made by young girls to be thin, but I do not approve of dieting, of eliminating any particular element from one's diet as the lack of that substance may have a bad effect on the system. For instance, take sugar. A few years ago mothers were told that sugar in any form was bad for a young child, that it would cause premature decaying of the teeth. Now the system needs sugar in some form. It is necessary that every person have a moderate amount of sugar. The evil comes in when the child or the adult takes so much sugar between meals that the desire for substantial food with the necessary minerals for the body is killed."

"Personally, I believe in a moderate diet without the elimination of starch. The fats that may be conducive to avoirdupois may be necessary for some function of the body. I do not believe in dietists, moderation is the keynote of good health."

Miss Smedley also objected to the various external remedies recommended by well-known actresses in get-thin-quick schemes.

"No external remedies are advisable," said Miss Smedley. "Why can't people let themselves alone? Why does the stout girl or woman want to change? Some are born fat, some are born thin; why these efforts to remodel themselves?

"And those who have 'fatness' thrust upon them evidently come into the same class.

"Do you know," said Miss Smedley in conclusion, "I find the stout woman more attractive than her thin sister. I don't see why women want to be thin."

German Birth Rate Decreases

BERNE, Dec. 6.—The birth rate in Germany has decreased 20 per cent. since the war began. The decrease was equivalent to 400,000 births in April, May, June and July.

ECONOMICAL CAKE RECIPE FOR ORDINARY FAMILY USE

DRIED fruit cake is an old Creole favorite, although it is not so popular in the North. A great deal of patience and a great deal of application is as necessary to a successful cake of this kind as the ingredients themselves. The following recipe, copyrighted by the New Orleans Picayune, will prove a delicious change from the regulation holiday fruit cake.

Required—3 cups of dried apples, peaches, or any other kind of fruit, 2 cups of Louisiana molasses, 1 cup of milk, 2 eggs, ¾ of a cup of butter, 1 cup of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful each of ground cloves and mace, ½ pound of stoned raisins, ½ grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, the juice of a lemon, 1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder or a teaspoonful of soda. Soak the fruit over night. Then chop very fine, and simmer in a saucepan with the molasses for 2 hours and a half. Let it cool. Seed the raisins. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, until very light. Add the yolks of the eggs, and beat till light. Now add the milk and then the fruit and molasses, stirring carefully. Beat hard for 5 minutes, and then add the flour which you will have sifted carefully with the baking powder, and beat this vigorously for 5 minutes. If you use the soda, dissolve it at this point into a tablespoonful of boiling water, and add, mixing well. Then add the raisins, spice and salt, still beating vigorously. Add the juice of the lemon, and finally the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. The batter must be stiff, but of sufficient elasticity to drop from a spoon. Bake in a moderate oven for 3 hours. Use the broom wisp test; if it comes out clean and dry, the cake is done. This is a very nice and economical family cake, if properly made.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

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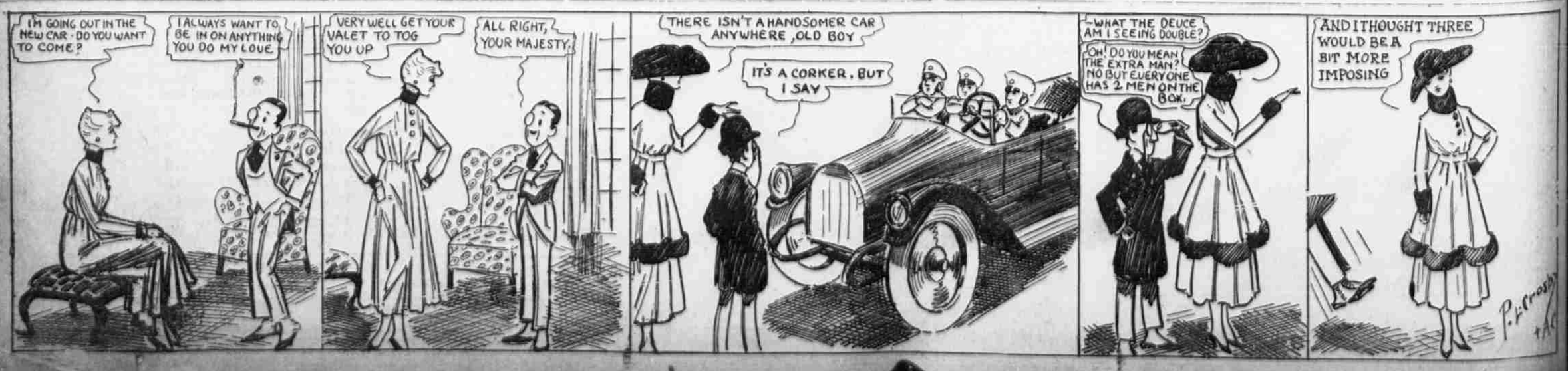

MILLIE, YOU'RE CERTAINLY A GENIUS!