"The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Nancy Hathaway and Bruce Henderson are love cowards. Nancy hates all men and Bruce distrusts all women, and then they are brought together in a lonely house on the Massachusetts coast, where Nancy has gone as governess to Trix, Bruce's little niece. Trix is the child of the woman who deceived Bruce, and he therefore hates her and has a sinister influence over her. Nancy, because she tries to protect Trix, incurs Bruce's enmity, and one night, to punish her for interfering, he seizes her in his arms. Nancy finds, to her horror, that afterward she cannot hate him as she should, and not knowing that Bruce, in spite of himself, has fallen in love with her, she engages herself to Dr. Hunt in order to save her pride. She finds, however, that she cannot go through with it and writes Anthony Hunt a letter.

CHAPTER LIII

The Enemy Moves

IT WAS because she had given Anthony Hunt every reason to think that she cared that finally decided Nancy. She would go herself to the village to post the letter, leaving Bertha in charge of Trix. Surely in the face of what had happened Bruce would make no further effort to coerce the child. He had agreed to allow her to go away; he had even consented to Nancy's accompanying her on the trip, so surely there was no need of any further worry.

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

"Don't al'ow Miss Trix to leave the room," were Nancy's parting words to the girl, and having obtained Bertha's solemn promise, Nancy slipped out of the house and hurried away toward the village. Arriving at her destination she dropped the letter in the box with a little sigh of relief. Just the fact of having posted it made her feel better although it did not help to soothe her conscience in the least, and she started on the long walk home with her heart still very heavy. It had taken her about forty minutes to walk to the village and back, and when she reached the house the early twilight was falling. A little feeling of presentiment struck her the minute she entered the door, and with a quickening of her heart she advanced into the gloom of the hall. The lights had not been lighted and suddenly out of the shadows Bertha appeared. "I was waiting for you," she said, clutching Nancy's hands in her two cold ones. "O, Miss Hathaway, I did my best, but Mr. Bruce came about fifteen minutes after you had left and took Miss Trix downstairs."

"Well?" she said tensely. "What happened? Did Trix cry?"

Bertha shook her head. "No, she didn't, and Mr. Bruce was different, somehow. He didn't have a frown on his face, and he didn't speak roughly. That's what made me think it wasn't so bad." The girl's voice trembled, and Nancy patted her comfortingly on the shoulder.

"That's all right, Bertha; don't worry. I know you did your best."

"But do you think she's all right, Miss Nancy?"

"I don't know, that's what I'm going to find out. You stay here," as Bertha started to follow, and she slipped quietly down the dark hall. Outside Bruce's room she stopped and listened. She hardly knew what she expected to hear, but certainly what she did hear came as a surprise. Bruce's voice came to her in a low understone, and although she could not hear what he said, she knew he was not speaking as he usually did. Then as she waited there came the most surprising thing of all. It was a laugh, a soft and musical laugh, unmistakably the laugh of a little girl. It was Trix's laugh. Nancy had heard it over and over, but the fact that Trix was laughing in the den of the ogre was so astounding that Nancy could not understand it at all.

What was Bruce doing? A wild and rather absurd fear sprang up in Nancy's heart. Had he hypnotized the child? The next minute she found herself laughing at the idea of anything so fantastic. Her hand was on the knob of the door and she turned it softly. The door was unlocked, and that fact was also surprising. She released the knob noiselessly, and the next minute, with her heart drumming in her temples deafeningly, knocked sharply at the door.

There was a sound of footsteps crossing the floor, and the next minute Bruce himself flung the door wide and they stood facing each other in the lamplight that streamed out across the threshold into the dark hall.

"Nancy!" The word on his lips was like a quick caress.

She did not glance at him, but looked beyond into the room where Trix sat cuddled into a big chair. Then she had pushed lightly by him and was across the room in a minute.

"Trix," she gasped, "Trix darling!"

Trix put up her arms to Nancy, and as the girl dropped on her knees, catching the child up to her, Trix whispered softly:

"Uncle Bruce wanted to make friends, and I was sorry for him. He's been very nice to me. I think I like him."

Nancy found herself suddenly crying. It was so like Trix to capitulate instantly like this; to forget what had happened, and as she put it, "make friends." But Bruce! What on earth had changed him, what had made him give in to the extent of approaching the child like this?

And then Nancy was suddenly conscious of the fact that Trix was gently extricating herself. The next minute she had slipped out of Nancy's arms and when Nancy rose to her feet Trix had disappeared. She was alone with Bruce. In some mysterious manner he had spirited the child away, just as he always managed to get what he wanted when he wanted it.

"Nancy!" he said again.

She did not answer.

"Nancy," he went on, speaking quickly, "I won't make any attempt to excuse myself for what has happened. Some day I want you to know more about me so that you will perhaps understand more than you do now. I know that nothing I can say will make you forget the past, but at least I can look out for the future, and I want you to know that your worries concerning Trix are at an end."

Still she did not answer. She stood before him with down-bent head so that he could not see her face, only the aureole of flame that was her hair and suddenly the old Bruce, the dominating Bruce leaped into being. His humbleness of a moment ago was swallowed up by his sudden devouring want of her, and the next moment she was in his arms.

"Nancy," he was saying, madly, "it's no use. A moment ago I had determined to give you up to Anthony Hunt. God knows he's worthy of you and I'm not, and if you love him I want you to be happy. But here alone with you, the light shining on your hair, and the knowledge that I have only to stretch out my hand to touch you, make me forget everything else. Nancy, I can't give you up to another man; I can't have you snatched away from me when I want you so much. All my happiness, all my hopes for the future are wrapped up in you, and yet my love for you isn't a sane thing like Anthony Hunt's. It's a mad unleashed terrible thing. I want you unspeakably, and caring for you that way, I'm not even sure that I could make you happy." His voice died away and he released her abruptly.

"You're free," he said evenly. "Quite free, for now you know the truth and you probably won't want to see me again. I'm not sorry for what I have taken," he went on tensely, his voice very low. "I'll have that to remember." And then as though suddenly tortured with the thought, he burst out hoarsely, "Nancy, kiss me once, for good-by!"

He caught her slim shoulders in his strong fingers and drew her relentlessly toward him, and in that moment, although he did not know it, Nancy surrendered. There was no question of forgiveness; there was no longer any thought of the past, and as her head fell back on his shoulder she opened her gray eyes and met his fully. Something in their depths made him cry out suddenly.

"Nancy," he whispered hotly, "Nancy, it isn't possible that after what I've told you, after what you know of me, that you care?"

And Nancy trembling, and half afraid, gave him her lips for answer. She no longer had any fear of the future, for Bruce needed her, and by every sign that has ever been given to woman for the better understanding of such things—she needed him.

(The End)

"THE HEART PIRATE"

Stole more than a heart—he kidnapped the girl who owned it. At first he wanted her just for business reasons, because she was his private secretary and had given notice that she was going to be married just when he needed her most. But after that—well

Hazel Deyo Batchelor

knows how to create a captivating heroine that will soften the hardness of even the coldest, most impersonal business man. The action of the story begins rapidly in the first installment of the new serial

on Monday Evening

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

A Wise Woman

She is a noted woman educator and she has adopted a little boy, and promises soon to complete her foster family with a little sister.

Everybody thought, of course, that she chose the boy carefully, making sure to get just the right material to respond to her efforts and cast wisely in the mold she has already built for him.

But no, says this woman, whose shaping of young minds has made her famous. She expects him to fit into no preconceived mold. Whether he goes to her college or any other college, whether he prepares to be a doctor, lawyer or an Indian chief depends entirely upon his own choice. She will inform him, she says, of the pros and cons, but the choice must be his. For the province of parents is to inform their children, to arm them with the necessary knowledge to make a wise choice, but never to force upon them anything contrary to their own inclinations.

Wise woman! Don't we know that it is this attempt on the part of parents to force children to follow their pet plans for them, disregarding their own aptitute and inclination, that is responsible for half of the failures and disappointments in life?

You know Simmons, the grocer, whose father built up the first chain stores and would hear of nothing but that his eldest son succeed him in the business? The boy had a passion to paint—talent, too, they said. But the old man scoffed at his sensitive fingers and artist's eye and said it was a mighty good thing he had a father to give him a good berth already made. The boy balked, but on his deathbed his father made him promise to give up painting and take over the management of the grocery chain.

It is needless to say that in ten years the chain hasn't grown a link. And when you go into the inner office you see no picture of the complacent, successful business man, but a languid disappointment, occasionally picking up a pencil and scratching dreamily at what you can see immediately is the rose-bush outside his window.

You know Tommy Jones, the lawyer, whose mother had her heart set on seeing him in one of the professions? His turn was all for selling. There was no doubt about it—Tom could have sold anything from diamonds to real estate. But when it came to legal talent—well, he had nothing in stock.

In the calling of his mother's choice he is a failure and an unhappy man. Had he been permitted to follow his own bent he would have been successful and respected and contented.

You've met them all—the incompetent teacher who would have been a successful mechanic, the unwilling owner of a trucking business who wanted to be a newspaper man, the unsuccessful merchant who yearned to play the violin, even the uninspiring minister who had shown talent for the baseball bat—all victims on the altar of a foolish parent's "greatest hope in life" which they could not hope to fulfill and which kept them from fulfilling any other.

So all hail to the foster mother who says the duty of parents is to inform and to guide, but not to force upon an unwilling child a calling to which he does not respond.

To Protect Curtains

When the windows are all up at night dust, smoke and rain often play havoc with curtains, so that they present a soiled, untidy appearance. I have discovered that a simple device will keep them clean, make them last longer and prove a great convenience. By sewing a snap on each bottom corner of the curtain and one on each edge near the top, at a height convenient for you to reach, they can be instantly fastened up.—People's Home Journal.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Asks 'De Jure' What to Write About

Dear Cynthia—In response to the request of "De Jure" for me to write, I hereby state that I would like the said "De Jure" to mention any topic whatsoever he (or she) desires and we will resume the debate. Now, dear Cynthia, you will be judge in our friendly discussions. I am,

McWHIZZBURGH.

Would Marry in Elkton

Dear Cynthia—You have helped so many in your column, I am coming to you for a bit of information. Can you tell me what the fare is to Elkton a round trip, also all other expenses? How long do you have to live there? It isn't a case of running away, as we are both of age. Is there any way of keeping it out of the papers? I don't want my friends to know about it.

A CONSTANT READER.

There is no establishment of residence necessary at Elkton to obtain a license. It can be obtained on arriving there. It can probably be arranged not to have the license published. Isn't it rather a pity to go to Elkton when you can be married here? Must you keep it secret? Such secrets are always mistakes.

Regrets She Kissed Him

Dear Cynthia—Will you be kind enough to give me some advice?

I have been going with a fellow quite some time and think a great deal about same. He insists that I kiss him every time he leaves our house. I persisted for some time, but liking him, gave in, and now let him kiss me just once when saying goodnight. And now I do nothing but regret giving in, and would like to know what to do. I am past my 'teens, so you see am not so young and am in doubt about this matter. If I refuse to let him kiss me he gets angry. There is no understanding between us. Will you kindly tell me what to do? I would appreciate an early reply. TROUBLED.

Tell him you feel that you have made a mistake, that you do not feel you should kiss him unless you intend to marry him—and stick to it.

Loves Friend's Girl

Dear Cynthia—Once more for your valued advice.

My friend and I have been going with two girls for a long time. Until lately we did not know each other's girl. After being introduced to her and going out together (that is, the four of us), I have fallen in love with her. I have been going with my girl for a long time, but never have I felt toward her as I feel toward his girl.

I know that my friend also loves his girl as much, probably, as I do, which is hardly possible.

I care very much for his friendship. Oh! What an awful predicament to be in. What shall I do? B. S.

Hard luck, B. S.! Find out from your friend if he is engaged to the girl. If he is, hands off. If not, tell him you do care and you will give him first chance to tell her of his love, but after that if she does not accept him you'll have a try.

Says Help Parents

Dear Cynthia — Please publish my letter to "H. G." and I surely hope he reads it, as I think it will be of help to him.

I am doing the same as he is, working for my father, and he should by all means do the same, as our parents know what is best for us. You seem to think that your job is the hardest. Well, just think it is nothing to what your dear mother had raising you. So don't kick because they find something for you to do when you are home for an evening. I get up at 6:30 and work all day through until 10:30 P. M. and get occasionally an evening off and every other Sunday from 2:30 P. M.

I think a fellow who has a chance to work for his father should by all means do so. You seem a little worried about telling the girls that you work. Well, if you find any girl who is ashamed of you because you work give her the "gate." Would you like to have a wife who would not cook for you? No, I don't think you would. Well, the same way, a girl doesn't want a fellow who is afraid of work.

So by all means make friends with a girl who isn't afraid of a working boy, and she won't lead you astray.

Good luck to you and go to it. In other words, peg away, as success will surely come. D. F. K.

Adventures With a Purse

ABOUT the first thing the children learn after they grow up a bit is the alphabet, and there are innumerable ways, easy and interesting, to get the letters securely placed in their baby heads. Dishes, blocks, books, oh, so many things that I thought no new way remained. But some ingenious mind has devised another way, which to my mind is quite the best, although, of course, I'm speaking for myself entirely. Small blocks of pure chocolate candy about an inch square, each one having the letter on it and also numbers up to ten. Each box contains the twenty-six letters and the ten numbers, and is priced at twenty-five cents.

No matter how lovely the things bought in a store may be, they can never have quite the exquisite daintiness of the hand-made article—if there can be found the extra time to make things for one's very own house is a joy, and to receive a gift which is hand-made is always so much nicer, so much more intimate than "ready-made" affairs. Perfectly lovely tea napkins, luncheon sets and dresser covers are made from linen, with hemstitched edges and a bit of filet in the corners. One of the stores is selling real filet medallions, some quite large, others real tiny. They come with designs and others with an initial, and sell six for twenty-five cents.

Despite the fact that this is the age of jazz and hurry, anything which carries with it a suggestion of grandma's days is lovely and acceptable. I have seen a lavalliere which makes one think of lace mittens, dainty silvery curls, and one seems to hear a faint rustle of ruffled skirts. Suspended from a slender link chain is a clear-cut cameo, the pure white of the face standing out against the delicate pink of the background. The cameo is set in a narrow frame of gold, and a tiny drop pearl dances quaintly from the edge. The cameo is real, the chain and frame gold-filled and the lavalliere is priced at $1.95.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000, or Main 1601.

Things You'll Love to Make

Crocheted Worsted Window Draperies

Something new for your windows this fall—CROCHETED WORSTED WINDOW DRAPERIES. These consist of the straight valance and two straight side drapes. Measure your windows and then crochet the pieces in worsted of the color you desire. Use a very simple filet design; a little flower or geometric figure as shown. The side pieces need have just a border of the figures, the rest plain filet mesh. At each point of the valance and bottom of the drapes join a worsted tassel. Start your CROCHETED WORSTED WINDOW DRAPERIES now and have these charmingly different draperies ready when you want them. FLORA.

PARIS DECREES LONG SKIRTS

Photo by Felix

The long skirt has not taken very well, in spite of repeated attempts to bring it back. Paris will have it, and so the new frocks compromise by having their foundations a rather short length and then adding panels or overskirts that sweep the ankle. The black and white block which is combined with white in this forms part of the waist, the girdle and panels, and a band around each sleeve. Hemstitching is the only trimming

Mrs. Wilson Learns "How to Cook a Husband" From a Dear Old Housewife

Some Recipes for Johnnie Cake, O'Rourke Nut Patties and Kisses—You'll Be Pleased With the Mince for Pies

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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QUITE recently while gathering recipes for this department a dear old mid-western housewife said to me that she had the most successful recipes, that were given her by her great-grandmother, who was one of the pioneer women in Missouri. She has used them faithfully and has passed them on to many others.

GRANDMOTHER O'ROURKE'S RECIPES

How to Cook a Husband

This is a most elusive product, so you must first catch him. Some women go about it just as though the husband were a bladder—they blow him up. Others freeze him with icy indifference or else scold him by keeping him in too much hot water or hot pickle. Others continually serve him up with tabasco or tongue sauce. Now it is hardly surprising that these husbands are snappish and tart, worth very little and constantly contending with jealousy and avarice.

But if you were to discard the old methods of cooking and try this way of cooking I am sure you will be delighted with the results:

Select a large jar of faithfulness, of which almost every good wife has a large amount; then place your husband in it and put him near the fire of conjugal love and keep the fire hot, but clear and steady. Then cover him with confidence and affectionate kindness and spice with amiable pleasantry and add a few kisses and other confections, mixed with a bit of secrecy, and then garnish with modesty, confidence and devotional piety.

This wonderful dish, when cooked and seasoned, accompanied by a really attractive all-home-cooked menu, is guaranteed to be a splendid success. Try it, and then see if it doesn't prove worth while.

Johnnie Cake

The cornbread of the early pioneer days was called Journey cake. Various tongues have changed the name, until today it is known as Johnnie cake. This kind of bread was baked in a large sheet and about three-fourths inch thick, so that it could be cut and packed in saddle bags.

Old-Time Johnnie Cake

Mince fine sufficient salt pork very fine to measure three-fourths cup. Place in a baking pan and cook gently on top of stove until the pork is nicely browned. Now grease the pan liberally with the drippings and then pour the cooked pork and excess fat into a mixing bowl. Leave about two tablespoonfuls in the baking pan and add to the pork in the mixing bowl:

Two cups of cornmeal,
One teaspoon of salt,
Four tablespoons of molasses,
Two cups of boiling water,

Stir to mix and let stand for one-half hour and then add

One cup of flour,
One and one-half teaspoons of baking soda dissolved in
Three-fourths cup of water.

Mix and have the baking pan smoking hot. Pour in the mixture and bake for thirty minutes in a smoking hot oven. Serve by cutting in squares. This mixture should be about two-thirds to three-fourths inch thick when poured in a baking pan. Cold left-over Johnnie cake is delicious when toasted and spread with jelly or jam for breakfast.

O'Rourke Nut Patties

Shell and chop coarsely sufficient nuts to measure one and one-half cups. Out in the West half hickory and half walnuts are used. However, any variety preferred may be used. Place

One pound of brown sugar
in a saucepan and add
Three tablespoons of milk,
Two tablespoons of butter,

Heat slowly to the boiling point and then cook slowly for five minutes. Test, and if the mixture spins a heavy hair when tested with a fork, it is ready to remove from the stove. Let stand for five minutes and then add the nuts. Beat as it begins to cream and then drop by the spoonful quickly on waxed paper.

O'Rourke Kisses

Prepare as for the nut patties, and when ready to remove from the stove pour in a fine stream on stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, and beat until the mixture starts to thicken. Drop by the teaspoonful on waxed paper.

Potato Loaf

Pioneer folk in the Ozarks had the usual difficulty in obtaining fresh meat, and many were the makeshifts in order to satisfy the family. The recipe for this loaf has been in the family for almost 150 years.

Soak stale bread in cold water, and then press very dry. I usually squeeze it dry in a piece of cheesecloth. Rub it through a sieve to break up the lumps, and then turn in a mixing bowl and add five boiled potatoes, rubbed through a sieve and one cup of finely minced salt pork, which has been cooked until a delicate brown. Now add the browned pork and its fat to the prepared bread with:

One-half teaspoon of thyme,
One cup of finely minced onions,
One and one-fourth teaspoons of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One and one-half cups of finely chopped nuts.
Two well-beaten eggs,
Two thirds cup of thick cream sauce.

Mix well, and then grease a loaf-shaped pan well and dust with flour. Turn the mixture and spread smoothly. Cover with a little cornmeal, and then lay thin slices of salt pork over the top. Bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. Serve with cream or tomato sauce when hot and with mayonnaise or mustard sauce when cold.

This loaf has a food value equal to two pounds of meat. It is delicious either in summer or winter.

Rye Muffins

Place in a mixing bowl:

One and one-half cups of cornmeal,
Four tablespoons of molasses,
Four tablespoons of bacon or drippings,
One teaspoon of salt.

Pour over the meal two cups of boiling water and mix. Let cool and add:

One and one-half cups of sour milk.
Two level teaspoons of baking soda, dissolved in sour milk,
One and one-half cups of rye flour,
One cup of white flour,
One level tablespoon of baking powder.

Beat to mix and then fill into well-greased muffin pans and bake in hot oven for twenty minutes. It requires three sets of muffin pans to make this batch. Split the left-over muffins and then dip lightly in bacon fat and toast.

Mountain Top Mince for Pies

Wash, but do not peel, and then cut in dice

Ten apples,
Ten green tomatoes.
Chop fine
One pound of nuts.
One pound of preserved citron.

Place the apples, green tomatoes, nuts and citron in a porcelain preserving kettle and add

Two pounds of brown sugar,
One cup of vinegar,
One cup of molasses, sorghum if you have it,
Two packages of seeded raisins,
One pound of beef suet, chopped fine,
One level teaspoon of cinnamon,
One level teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-half level teaspoon of allspice,
One-half level teaspoon of ginger,
One level teaspoon of cloves,

Stir frequently and then cook until thick. Fill while scalding hot into sterilized jars and then seal and store in a cool place.

To use: Line a deep pie plate with plain pastry and then place in the mince. Fill and then place a layer of chopped dried apples on top. Place the top crust in position and then bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Good Pirates

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

The Pirates' Gift

ON THE beach of Twinkling Isle the passengers and crew of the wrecked ship mourned for their lost belongings. And as they mourned they cast doubtful glances at the pirates, fearing their rescuers might not be so good as they claimed to be.

The storm had passed away and the fairies had come from their hiding places.

"Now will you believe that the pirates are good?" asked Peggy of Magisco, the fairy magician, who had threatened to shut up the pirates unless they proved by set of sun that they were truly good.

"Not yet," declared Magisco. "The pirates have shown they are brave, but brave persons are not always good."

"I wish something would happen to show you how good they are," said Peggy. And even as she spoke to Magisco, Captain Black Eye turned toward the shipwrecked folks who were mourning for their lost goods.

"Weep not for the ship and the goods you lost," said Captain Black Eye. "New ships can be built and new goods can be bought."

"Not without money," groaned the captain of the wrecked ship. "We lost all we had when our boat was smashed on the rocks."

Captain Black Eye whispered orders to the pirates and they, giving a glad shout, hurried away toward the cave. Soon they came back again, their pockets stuffed full of something they kept carefully hidden from sight. They were grinning from ear to ear, and looked like a lot of boys up to some prank.

Captain Black Eye spread a canvas in front of the shipwrecked folks, and then spoke to them.

"For many years we were bad pirates, sailing the tossing seas," he said. "During that time we robbed scores of rich ships and took great treasures. Now we have become good pirates and instead of robbing folks we are going to do good to them. Behold the fine fortune we bring to you."

At that the laughing pirates emptied their pockets upon the canvas—emptied them of golden coins, of diamonds, of pearls, of emeralds, of rubies, of sapphires, of precious gems of all sorts.

"These will build you a new ship; these will buy you new goods; these will start you all on the road to wealth," cried Captain Black Eye, and the pirates laughed with glee as they saw the looks of delight that came upon the faces of the astonished shipwrecked folks. These couldn't believe their ears when they heard what the captain said.

The fairies danced happily upon hearing the captain's words. "When a pirate gives away his stolen gold and jewels that is the best proof he has become a good pirate," said Magisco. "Never again will I have to shut up Captain Black Eye and his bold crew."

So there was rejoicing and merry-making, and a feast of fruit.

Then the pirates invited the shipwrecked folks on their bark, the Merry Magpie. "We will take you home," said Captain Black Eye.

"Home," cried Peggy, and of a sudden she felt very lonesome. "Home! Oh, how I wish Billy and I were back in our own homes!"

And she got her wish. She and Billy were caught up in a leftover puff from the hurricane. They were borne swiftly through the air, and then, of a sudden, they were back home again in their own beds.

What became of the pirates and the shipwrecked folks, of Folly Wisher, and Flower of the Forest, and Youth of the Lion Heart, and of the fairies, they did not know; but they felt that whatever happened it was good, for they had left every one on the road to happiness and contentment.

This coming week a new story begins—a jolly story of mystery and adventure, with new folks you will like, but never have met before.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

No. 30—"Elastic" Flesh

For the purposes of reading character there are three kinds of flesh. The experts of the science call them hard, soft and elastic.

No, you don't go around poking your finger into people's stomachs or arms to probe their characters through their flesh. You can accomplish your purpose quite naturally and without exciting attention by the simple process of shaking hands with them.

Some people's hands feel hard. You've noticed it, no doubt. Others' feel flabby and soft. Still others have that springy, elastic resilliency that is, in fact, rather usual than abnormal. It is the real hard and soft flesh that is unusual, among average Americans at least.

It's not a matter of muscularity at all. It's not a matter of the strength with which a person grips your hand, though a vigorous, squeezing grip may throw you off the track if the other person squeezes first. It's the consistency of the flesh or muscle.

And here is a case where the physical characteristic parallels the mental, for the person of elastic flesh is also elastic mentally. That is to say, his mind does not run to extremes either in positive or negative qualities. He's normally and practically sympathetic. He's reasonably independent, neither overly aggressive nor submissive; progressive, but not unstable nor scornful of time-tried opinions; determined, but open to reason; in short a rather average "regular-feller" type.

Tomorrow—Long Fingers

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Not many people are deliberately malicious, but there are quite a few whose unconscious rudeness makes them "holy terrors" to sensitive spirits. They hurt without intending to hurt, but the bruise inflicted is no less painful than if it had been premeditated. The "candid friend" is one of the worst of these spirit-crushers. She prides herself upon her "absolute frankness" and she does not hesitate to tell you that you look forty, that your judgment is failing, that your housekeeping is unsystematic, that your children are "ordinary," etc.

Even those who do not believe in homeopathy as a school of medicine may find that the homeopathic principle, "like cures like," is often efficacious as a cure for rudeness. In reciprocity, rather than in retaliation, the speaker whose form of candor never acknowledges anything but defects should have her own defects pointed out in her own detailed method of expression.

It Is a Joyful Surprise to Find Your Own Summer Place on the Map

You Wouldn't Like to Live There All Year, but You Love to See Its Name and Wish You Were There

ISN'T it surprising and joyful to look over an atlas, rather indifferently, and suddenly come upon the name of a place where you stayed for a night on that automobile trip last year?

Why, you had never thought that that might be interesting to other people, too.

You felt vaguely, although you didn't really think much about it, that it was an out-of-the-way place discovered first and exclusively by your own automobile party.

But there it is, a nationally known place, spelled right out and marked with a little black dot on the map.

You go on looking over the map and there you find the town where you stopped one time on the way from Mary's to Uncle Tom's in July, to get some cinnamon buns because you were so hungry and there was no chance of lunch until late.

It was a funny little village, with most of its summer people and natives in bathing suits headed for the nearby river.

But oh, those cinnamon buns did taste good!

THERE'S the place you camped two or three summers ago, down along that point.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to be there now? It was so cool at night, so glorious all day long, right on the water, with plenty of trees for shade just back of the camp.

Where is the village where you used to go for mail? Here—no, it was south of the camping site, down here, must have been right about in there.

Well, it's pretty funny they don't have that on the map.

Why, it was a pretty little town, with quaint old white houses and lovely gardens, and shops where they sold home baking, and a postoffice where everybody in town congregated during the two times a day that mail came in.

As you remember it, the charm of it, the way you loved arriving sometimes in a car, sometimes on foot, and sometimes in a boat, you wonder what it would be like to live there all year round.

A little town that is not even on the map, closed in with frightful storms during the winter, flooded in the summertime with strange visitors who take possession and swing about the streets as if they belonged there.

CHARMING? Yes, for a month or so in summer, but all year? Two mails a day, sometimes one, and often in winter alone at all, two hours away from the nearest town on the map—oh, no.

Home gets tiresome at this time of year, if you haven't had your vacation, or if you have it so early that you have almost forgotten it, but after all, it is much nicer to live where you live and just look back on these other places.

The real charm of summer places is summer, and the fact that you are vacationing.

When you live there you get like the native who sniffed when some one admired the beautiful view from his farmhouse.

"Humph," he remarked. "It's all right if you like it. I don't."

YET, if he came to the dull, uninteresting, monotonous same winter and summer city that you and I live in, he would probably be thrilled and delighted.

Really, the greatest charm in one of these places that you visit is your ability to look over the map afterward and say proudly, "Oh, yes, there's that town. I've been there."

The Woman's Exchange

What Weight and Shoe Size?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—How much should a girl five feet eight inches weigh, fifteen years old? What size shoes should she wear? GINGER.

You should weigh about 145. A six or six and one-half shoe would be in proportion to your height.

Where Bridegroom Walks

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—In a church wedding on which side of the bride, right or left, does the bridegroom walk in going out of the church? W. T. S.

In a church wedding the bridegroom walks upon the right side of the bride both going down the aisle and coming out.

A Fattening Diet

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you kindly advise me what is the best fattening diet?

A READER.

Cream, butter, eggs, starchy and sweet foods will help you gain weight in a short time. Eat as much as you can and at regular times. Drink milk if you can, at least one large glass a day.

Washing an Organdie

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me what to wash a pale blue organdie dress in so that it will still be crisp, the same as it was when new? Also, how is it used, how mixed, etc.?

M. E. S.

After washing your dress place two tablespoonfuls of gum arabic to every quart of water in your last rinsing. The organdie will retain its crispness and iron wonderfully. Wash it in lukewarm water and soap.

Remedy for Sunburn

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have just returned from a stay at the shore and find myself very much sunburnt. I would like to know what to do to get my skin white again. Also, could you tell me what to use to prevent sunburn, as I intend going away again at the end of this month and don't relish this discoloration of the skin very much.

What would be an appropriate gift for a new-born baby? Should the gift be to the baby or to the mother?

BETTY.

Lemon juice is a fine remedy for sunburn. Apply it to the face daily and in time your skin will become white again. Cold cream is also an excellent remedy, as it does not dry the skin like lemon juice. Use it every night before retiring.

A pair of kid shoes, a cap or a pair of gold pins for the baby would be an appropriate gift and should be given to the mother.

Marriage Customs

On the day after the marriage ceremony the native bridegroom of West Africa shows his appreciation of his wife by powdering her head with fine clay.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verbena plucked by the bride herself.

In Turkestan every wedding engagement begins with the payment of a substantial consideration to the girl's parents. If the girl jilts her lover the engagement gift has to be returned unless the parents have another daughter to give as a substitute.

Shellacked Silk

A home novelty is the shellacked shade. Figured linen or silk may be chosen as the material. After it is carefully stretched in shape the shellac is applied, before the trimming is put on. The result is a fair imitation of the painted parchment shades that are so much in vogue.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In a room that is lighted by one window opposite a door, what charming old English custom of decorating will give added light as well as charm?
2. When making a bouquet of flowers in a garden where there is a grape arbor, how can a convenient holder be made to keep them together?
3. Describe a bathbrush which serves two purposes.
4. What will remove dye stains from white silk or wool without injuring the material?
5. In what piquant way is a new sweater knitted and trimmed?
6. When there is no lace to be found suitable for edging the collar and cuffs of a colored frock what edging is always appropriate and pretty?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Knobs painted in colorful designs over which curtains can be looped back from the window are useful and decorative substitutes for curtain cords.
2. In tye-dyeing a card table cover make a diamond-shaped center by inserting a diamond-shaped button mold in the center of the cloth and tying around it.
3. On a windy washday it is necessary to thicken the starch to prevent its being blown out of the clothes as they dry, leaving them limp.
4. Sprinkling with lemon juice and exposing to the sunlight will take a stain from a tomato vine out of white material.
5. If it is not desired to have an all-white lace dress, add color by means of a sash and four narrow panels on the skirt of georgette crepe to carry out the present style.
6. A white organdy hat trimmed with a white bow can be given variation by means of other bows edged with the same material as the dresses to be worn with the hat.

Redfern Corsets

There's No Secret About the Long Wear Redfern Corsets Give

It's just a question of the way they fit, for, after all, you'll naturally wear the corsets longest, that look better and feel better on you. When a corset fits properly it takes it's time wearing out.

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