Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Still More Wives

THERE is a certain wife who tortures her husband while pretending to love him!

They have been married twenty years and have several children, but of late she has decided to elude him, and yet to hold him in a tight grasp. It is a sort of belated coquetry. If she really had grown weary of him and found him actually obnoxious, he would be the last to urge that she endure his embraces; but such is not the case; she professes the warmest love for him. Indeed, she will not allow him out of her sight. Yet, when he tries to take her in his arms she eludes him as if he were some stranger.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

He happens to be as nearly a human angel as one often finds in this imperfect world, and he has grieved over her attitude, and studied it and worried, until he is a nervous wreck. Reasoning that she experiences some distaste for him, he asks her frankly to tell him; but she repudiates his idea with surprise. She adores him, and wants him to make a continual fuss over her, yet his demonstrations must be as restrained as those of a bashful high school boy.

That wife is either fiendishly cruel, or subnormal, or amazingly ignorant of the laws of life and love. She wants to "have her cake and eat it."

IF HE were not superconscientious, he would go the way of many husbands, and drift away, amusing himself with more affectionate women. It is a strange thing, however, that he feels himself abused, yet adores his wife and dares not justify any infidelity. He compromises with his conscience and nervous system by staying away from home for months at a time. Fortunately, he has an immense and exacting business, which demands much of his time and energy, and he travels from coast to coast. He knows that even congenial labor never wholly compensates for lack of love, but he does the best he can to make life supportable. Most men would not be so patient.

The type of wife who is extravagant to the point of criminality in city living has been dished up so much in motion picture dramas, and cheap, sensational fiction, that we need not dwell on her. She may not err more than her spouse in the mad rush after extravagances and pleasures, but her spending is more noticeable, perhaps, because she does not earn, and therefore knows little of the value of money.

It is a hard thing for one young wife to see another lavish huge sums on the beautiful garments so dear to most feminine hearts, when she herself is denied them. Substantial virtues of economy and thrift and self-suppression are not characteristic of this age, or of post-war living.

It is not always the heartless, lascivious and vain women who are the greatest sinners in spending more than their husbands' income can justify. Sometimes it is the most unexpected woman who lavishes huge sums without the wherewithal to back them up. We can only assume that such a wife is lacking in ability to understand the first principle of economy or self-control, and is naturally a wretched "manager."

ONE odd case illustrates the modern tendencies. A dentist who was growing old had an extravagant wife and daughters. Every one of those females dressed as if she were a millionaire. There was no thought of being unkind, or exploiting father in a cruel way, of joking about his being the bankroll or provider, as one sees it in some homes. They professed to adore him, and I think they did, but they killed him just the same! He stood at his task innumerable hours, to make enough to pay the enormous bills which in his innocence he believed wholly unavoidable, until he dropped dead, and was the recipient of lamentations.

Some natures are enthusiastic and bubbling over with joy and faith. To achieve their high hopes and dreams, it is absolutely necessary for them to keep untarnished the light that guides their footsteps, and also to have the one nearest and dearest believe in them. We may call it weak, or dependent, or foolishly supersensitive, but they are born that way.

Why do such clinging, affectionate and hopeful natures so often tie up to the cold, materialistic woman? She may in her heart wish him well. Indeed, it is to her interest, even from the most selfish standpoint, to promote her husband's schemes, and aid him toward success. But she is possessed by a mania for criticism of a destructive kind, which is deadening to a sensitive soul.

The mental scientists would tell us that reiteration and constant "suggestion" of failure actually produce it! Undoubtedly this is true, with natures highly strung. It breaks their heart to have one they love doubt their ability. Whether designedly, or stupidly, such a wife throws cold water, and sucks the blood of ambition and joyful self-belief, until the spirit is killed and only a corpse remains. Onlookers turn away in horror from the ghastly sight.

ONE type of wife is the tactful, always anxious-to-please variety. She is commoner than cynical bachelors suppose. She is apt to keep up the agreeable effort all her life. She believes that it is worth while to keep herself as well-dressed and lovely as possible, even in the inner sanction of home, and to study her husband's whims, and be patient with his faults, and to keep the altar fires burning. Such a wife may be unusually unselfish in small ways, but from the standpoint of joy and permanent happiness, she really is wisely selfish, for she reaps a rich reward!

The Time Has Come Round Again for Mrs. Wilson's Friday Market Basket

This Week Artichokes Are the Special Feature, While Baked Ham Is the Chief Dish for Dinner on Sunday

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE artichoke appears on the autumn's market stalls, and while it may be classed as a luxury, there are often times when it can be found in special sales reasonably priced. There are two distinct varieties of artichoke—the globe—so named from its globular shape — and the Jerusalem variety, which is a tuber or root-shaped plant and resembles a poorly shaped potato.

Both varieties are great favorites with folk who have eaten them when properly prepared. The artichoke belongs to the thistle family and may be served as a salad, with hollandaise sauce, pickled and just plain boiled.

It must be thoroughly washed in plenty of water to remove the sand, and then let it stand head down in sufficient cold water to cover for several hours. It is then trimmed to discard the dark and discolored parts and cook in boiling water until tender. It is then drained and served hot with hollandaise sauce or cold with vinaigrette sauce.

The Jerusalem artichoke is pared and cooked in boiling water until tender and then drained and seasoned with a little grated onion, salt and pepper and a little vinegar and butter, or it may be served au gratin or browned in butter after cooking.

A Suggestive Weekly Marketing

This features three meals on Sunday.

BREAKFAST

Sliced Orange Powdered Sugar
Cereal and Cream
Stale Bread Waffles Bacon
Honey Coffee

DINNER

Fruit Cocktail
Baked Ham Apple Sauce
Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Turnips
Coleslaw
Frozen Mousse Coffee

SUPPER

Cold Cuts of Ham
Potato Salad Coleslaw
Apple Sauce Spice Cake Tea

The market basket will require oranges, apples, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, parsley, bacon, five pounds of butt end of ham.

Stale Bread Waffles

Soak stale bread in plenty of cold water until soft and then turn in cheesecloth and squeeze out the water. Rub through and remove the lumps. Now place in a mixing bowl:

Two cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
Two level tablespoons of baking powder.
One-quarter level teaspoon of nutmeg.
Two tablespoons of sugar.
Two tablespoons of shortening.
One cup of milk.
One egg.
One and one-half cups of the prepared stale bread.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then bake in well-greased smoking hot waffle iron. Use the bacon fat to grease the waffle iron. Garnish with nicely browned strips of bacon.

Fruit Cocktail

Pare and dice:

Two small apples.
One large orange.
One banana.

and then add two tablespoons of sugar. Divide into five sherbet cups and pour one teaspoon of lemon juice and one tablespoon of strup from a maraschino cherry bottle over each portion and then garnish with a maraschino cherry.

Baked Ham

Have the butcher cut a butt end from a plump young ham on Saturday and then wipe with a cloth. Place in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. Let the ham cool in the water. Sunday morning lift the ham from the saucepan and remove the skin. Now place in a small bowl:

One cup of flour.
Five tablespoons of water.

Mix to a paste and spread on the cut end of the ham. Place in a second bowl:

One-half cup of brown sugar.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of allspice.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.

Mix and then put into the fat part of the ham. Place it in a baking pan and sprinkle one-half cup of flour in pan. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Baste every twenty minutes with:

One-half cup of water.
One-half cup of cider vinegar.
Two tablespoons of brown sugar.

Boil the turnips in water in which the ham was cooked until tender, then drain and mash. Season lightly with pepper, salt and a little grated onion and butter. Pile in a baking dish and sprinkle over the top of the turnips a little coarse bread crumbs and two tablespoons of grated cheese.

Frozen Mousse

Place one tablespoon of gelatin to soak in four tablespoons of water. Place in a mixing bowl:

Whites of two eggs.
One-half glass of apple jelly.

Beat with a clover egg beater until mixture holds its shape. Heat gelatin to dissolve it and then add very slowly to the white of egg and jelly mixture and beat in hard. Now fold in:

One-half pint of whipping cream.
One-half cup of finely chopped nuts.
One-half cup of confectioner's sugar.

Rinse the mold with cold water and then drain and turn in the mixture. Cover and mold and then pack in the mixture of salt and ice. Use three parts ice to one part salt for three hours. Serve with chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce

Place in a saucepan:

One cup of water.
One cup of sugar.
One-half cup of cocoa.
Four tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the cornstarch and sugar and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and then remove from the stove and add:

One teaspoon of vanilla.
One-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon extract.

Beat to blend thoroughly.

Things You'll Love to Make

Coral Beaded Black Velvet Hat

Here is a stunning CORAL-BEADED BLACK VELVET HAT. Large shapes seem to lead this fall. Therefore, start with any becoming large black velvet shape. Stitch small coral beads around and around the crown in circles quite close together. String some of the beads on a strong silk cord several inches longer than the circumference of the crown. Fasten this string of beads half way around the lower edge of the crown of the hat. Let the other half hang over the turned-up brim. Finish it with a beaded top and a silk tassel. A CORAL-BEADED BLACK VELVET HAT looks very chic worn with an evening cape.

FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Waiting"

It's always nice to be able to play popular airs on the piano. It's entertaining for others and often brightens an otherwise dull evening.

As this boy belongs to the same club and will go to the dance anyhow, better let the offer to take you to it come from him, and if he does not offer, go with your brother. Why not make some other friends if these take you too much for granted? It's better not to get into a rut in anything—friends, books, habits, ideas. Be independent.

To "Somebody's Stenog"

Dear Cynthia—Just a few words to "Somebody's Stenog."

Because you have not yet met a fellow who wants a girl for a "pal" it does not prove that they are all alike. To say that all fellows are thinking of dancing is not right. What is your idea of an enjoyable evening? It seems to me that most girls care only for dancing, but I won't say they are all alike. I am sure you will find many young men who would like to have a good girl's company without asking for good-night kissing. And my advice is, you would better wait to judge until you meet the right one.

C. A.

Writes to "Youth"

Dear Cynthia — Please print this to "Youth." Thank you.

Dear "Youth"—I am sorry that you are down on me. But you are only sixteen, and I used to be like you, and take a fool's advice if you will, "stick" to it. "Youth," I had known this young man for at least three months, and he told me that he loved me and wouldn't give me up for any one. That was before I found out he was married, and I loved him dearly, and one day he told me that he was doing me a great injustice, and that he was married. So there is the story, "Youth." I do not blame you for not calling me respectable. But nevertheless I still love him and will never forget him. It must be only as a friend.

I hope your life will be one book of happiness and joy.

TEMPTATION.

Various Questions Asked

Dear Cynthia—This is the first time I have written, but you have so kindly helped others I am sure you will help me to answer these questions, as I have no one to ask:

First. What is meant by steady company?

Second. If a girl has accepted steady company from a gentleman, may she go with others also?

Third. If a boy friend kisses you unexpectedly, should you continue the friendship? What should you say to him?

Fourth. Is it proper to correspond with a gentleman friend who lives in another city if the acquaintance is to be merely a friendship?

Fifth. Should he use all sorts of endearing terms when he writes?

IGNORANCE.

Answering your first question — A man and girl decide to go together exclusively, and not with any other man or girl. They intend eventually, if they care for each other, to marry; but it is not an engagement and neither is bound by it. It is a mistake to keep "steady company." It excludes other friends, and often lasts for years and does not end in marriage. A girl should tell a boy who likes her that she will not keep up her friendship with him if he ever again attempts this familiarity.

It is always wiser not to correspond with a man unless you have been old friends for a long time.

Friendship does not employ all sorts of endearing terms to those of an opposite sex. But letter writing is a temptation to that sort of thing and it's other lot to carry on a correspondence.

Cinderella's Frock Made Fashionable

By CORINNE LOWE

Just when we fancy that disarmament has been accomplished—behold, the arm comes back! Let it not be fancied, indeed, that we are committed entirely to the sleeve. Renee, for example, made many of her frocks this year with short sleeves.

And the woman who, like the lady in the "Mikado," possesses an elbow that people would come miles to see, still has opportunity for a coveted publicity. The fact of it is that many of our sleeves, consisting as they do of mere strips of material floating idly in the breeze, don't really affect the arm at all.

The above costume of navy serge and black satin possesses these predigested sleeves in a marked measure. For, instead of depending from the top of the arm, the strips float from the under side. Ribbons of Chinese red, from which hang the various narrow panels of serge, contribute the only note of color.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a disguise for Halloween that is entirely out of the ordinary.
2. In laundering fine linen how is an exquisite gloss obtained?
3. How is a wooden spoon made to match a good-looking chafing dish and tray?
4. Of what novel which has recently been dramatized for the screen is the Duchess of Towers the lovely heroine?
5. In what way is a smart hat for the winter suit fashioned?
6. For an overblouse of black crepe de chine, what makes a charming trimming?

Yesterday's Answers

1. For Halloween a Black Cat suit, made bag-like out of black lining material, with a head made of the same stuff which has the cat's face painted on it, would delight a little boy or girl.
2. Quaint china beads make a square to fit under the teapot which is a unique and useful accessory for the teatable.
3. Upholstery may be cleaned and freshened without removing it from the chairs by first removing all the dirt that has accumulated in it, then applying a lather of pure white soap and warm water, and finally going over the surface with a strong solution of alum water, made by dissolving alum in boiling water which is cooled before using.
4. "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore, and "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte, are two famous English novels, each of which has English novels each of which has title.
5. By purchasing three-quarters of a yard of red duvetyn and making a wide, loose girdle of this, and also collar, cuffs and narrow piplings which go around the edge of the skirt and form a yoke-like effect in the waist, the appearance of a dark serge dress worn last season can be changed so that it looks charmingly new.
6. A pearl button surrounded with cut steel beads, and having a tassel of the beads, is a striking fastening that is used for the strap of an aluminum cloth slipper.

FULL TO OVERFLOWING

There are so many feathers on our chapeaux nowadays that some of them have to fall off. In our sport hats of duvetyn they are made into wreaths which droop gracefully over the brim. But when we get really "dressed up" in a little toque made of huge roses we stick languid tendrils into every flower, so that they hang in profusion over our eyes. And not content with that, we allow a lace veil to cascade down the back.

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery, after battling with herself for several days, decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women.

CHAPTER V

The New Home

DANE has just been telling me about Julie, his little sister. It is quite wonderful to hear him talk about her, and rather perplexing to see her through Dane's eyes.

Of course I saw her at the wedding, but up to that time I had hardly known her. I haven't said two words to her alone, and I know nothing of her ideas about life.

She is an exquisite little thing, small and beautifully made, with silky brown hair wound close about her head, and brown eyes heavily veiled with lashes that are almost black.

"I expect you to have a great influence over Julie," Dane informed me. "She will naturally turn to you for advice, and I should like to have her with us a great deal. You see, sweetheart, I am already beginning to inflict my family upon you."

I laughed, but I couldn't help thinking that Julie might not be willing to take advice from me. She has been frightfully spoiled and has already formed a great many of her ideas. Then, too, she has been brought up in luxury and I think she is snobbish and self-willed. However, I know I shall love her for Dane's sake, and I shall try my best to be friendly and, as Dane says, to be a good influence for her.

We came home yesterday from our honeymoon and are almost settled in our new apartment. How I love everything, all my beautiful new possessions and most of all the fact that Dane and I are at the threshold of life. I like to feel that when the front door closes we are alone together, that we are sharing things. For the most part I move around in a perfect daze of happiness.

Janet came in this afternoon and found me unpacking.

She is the same old Janet, brisk, assertive and impatient of sentiment.

"Well?" she interrogated. Fixing me with her bright, blue eyes. "Still living on the heights?"

"Yes, you old cynic," I said laughingly, drawing her to a chair and curling up opposite.

The afternoon sun was streaming into my bedroom. It bathed Janet in a clear, relentless light that was most unflattering. Her shoes were clubby, and I was suddenly impatient with her tailored suit and four-in-hand tie. It seemed so unnecessarily unfeminine.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass and flushed guiltily. How quickly I was absorbing the luxury about me. How quickly I was forgetting the fact that once I had worked for a living.

"I got through early this afternoon on purpose to see you," Janet was saying. "Thank God the forms are c[illegible] and the magazine has gone to press for another month. I'll have a breathing space of a week or two now."

Instantly I forgot how Janet looked. It was swallowed up in my realization of the fact that she counted in the world, that she was respected, admired, that she worked shoulder to shoulder with men, and that clothes were of secondary importance to her.

Later on Dane came in while we were having tea. He greeted Janet pleasantly enough, but he did not show her the deference he always shows to me.

After she had gone he said to me thoughtfully, "I wonder why your friend, Miss Ford, always gets herself up to look like a caricature." If he had not spoken so seriously I should have been hurt, and as it was I felt suddenly guilty for having had the same thought of Janet just a short while before. "I suppose she is typical of that class of women."

"What do you mean, Dane?" I asked quietly. "You know you picked a wife from the working class."

He laughed boyishly, and my heart leaped as it always does when he responds to me.

"But you're beautifully feminine," he insisted. "Fancy having a wife who dressed like Miss Ford."

His words made me thoughtful. I should hate it if Dane and Janet should decide not to like each other. I want more than anything to have them friends.

Tomorrow—An Amazing Confidence.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Laughing Hair

Perchance you are familiar with that rollicking melody entitled "Pollywollydoodle." If so, you remember the reference to "curly eyes and laughing hair."

It's not nearly such nonsense as it sounds, no matter how much it may tickle your risibilities, for in the science of character analysis "curly" and "laughing" mean pretty much the same thing, and laughing eyes and hair do naturally go together.

"Laughing hair," of course, is curly hair, and in everybody who has curly hair you will find a certain tendency to light-hearted laughter, a vivaciousness, an impulsiveness and a liking for variety.

If you haven't curly hair yourself you'll sometimes find it difficult to follow the moods of a curly-haired person of the opposite sex. You'll find yourself wondering sometimes at their queer conceits and fancies. You don't always "get them."

More than likely, too, the curly-haired person has a quick temper, and is as ready to flare up as to laugh. This tendency is more marked when the person is a blonde. It is more restrained and less likely to crop out in a brunette. Again, the exact way and degree in which the tendency manifests itself is accentuated or modified by the shape of the forehead, nose and chin. Convex features denote speed, activity, snappiness; concave show slower thought and action, combined with greater patience and stamina.

Tomorrow—Loud Voices

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Home in the Woods

By DADDY

Jack and Janet go with their fathers and mothers to a new home in the woods. There they find a surprise awaiting them—two Shetland ponies to be their very own.

CHAPTER V

The First Ride

JACK and Janet whooped like two little Indians. What boy or girl wouldn't whoop if they peeked into a dark shed and found there two Shetland ponies to be their very own?

"Have you found the surprise?" laughed Jack's father.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! cried Jack and Janet. That was all they could say.

Jack's father led the two Shetland ponies from the stable, and when Jack and Janet saw them in the bright daylight they were still more delighted. The ponies were as sleek, pretty and clean-looking as circus ponies. They were as like as two peas, the only difference between them being that one had a star on its forehead and the other had none.

"This is Janet's pony," said Janet's father, leading to her the pony with a star on its forehead. "Its name is Topsy."

"Oh! Oh!" was all Janet could answer as she petted the pony.

"And here is Trixie, who is to be Jack's pony," said Jack's father, handing Jack the halter of the other pony.

"Can we ride them?" asked Jack eagerly.

"To be sure," answered his father. "That is why we got them for you. There are no street cars up here in the woods and you will have to ride on the ponies when you go to the village to school."

"And you had better take your first riding lesson right now," said Janet's father, bringing two saddles from the stable. These saddles were strapped on the ponies, and then Jack and Janet rode about while their fathers led the ponies by the bridles.

It didn't take Jack and Janet long to learn to ride. Indeed, the ponies were so gentle it wasn't a bit hard to sit on their backs and guide them.

"You may ride all you wish, but don't go ever into the big woods alone," said Jack's father. "You might get lost."

Jack and Janet promised not to go into the big woods alone. They rode around the yard and up and down the lane until they thought they were very good riders, then they asked if they might go to the village.

"Yes, but don't go into the woods," was their answer.

They set off gayly for the village, and didn't have a bit of trouble getting there. The lane led to a trail and the trail ran right into the little town.

The village was so small they soon saw all the sights and turned back for home. They were almost to the lane leading to their new homes when a rabbit scurried across the trail and darted up a side path.

"Let's see where that rabbit goes hopping!" cried Jack. He turned Trixie up the path. Jack had forgotten all about his promise not to go into the woods.

Janet, also, was eager to see where the rabbit was hopping to. Like Jack, she forgot for a minute the promise not to go into the woods. She turned Topsy after Trixie.

Mr. Rabbit heard the ponies coming and looked back. Perhaps he thought a hunter was after him. When he saw it was only a little boy and a little girl on ponyback, he didn't dart away as he would have done had it been a hunter. He just hopped along ahead of the ponies. Every now and then he branched off into a new side path, and finally he left the paths entirely. He stopped on a hill, wriggled his nose at Jack and Janet, bobbed his stubby tail as if making fun of them, then popped out of sight.

Jack and Janet looked around, but they couldn't find him.

"I guess we had better be starting for home," said Jack. But when they came to start for home they didn't know which way to go. The woods all around them were just alike. There was no path. They couldn't tell north from south, nor east from west. They were lost in the woods.

(How Jack and Janet are found and who finds them will be told tomorrow.)

It's a Good Thing to Have More Plans Than You Have Time to Carry Out

The Hours Seem Too Short Then, but That Is Better Than Having Them Seem Like Days Because You Haven't Anything to Do

LAST year, when the senior class was about ready to pack up its diplomas and depart for the summer, one of the teachers made a funny remark.

"I hope," she said with a smile that was funny, too, "that you will always be like me—that you will always have more plans than you have time to carry them all out."

The seniors snickered politely and wondered what she meant.

Afterward some of them began to wonder seriously what she did mean. More plans than time to carry them all out—why, that would be an awful way to live.

Always hurrying to catch up with yesterday, so that you could begin today before it was over.

Why, what in the world did she mean? That was queer advice for a teacher to give, somebody who is supposed to approve of a well-ordered life, with its files all in alphabetical order.

They gave it up. Maybe it was one of those things they would understand later in life.

A NUMBER of months have gone by since then, and some of them are beginning to realize very distinctly just what she meant.

They are the ones who have not taken up any profession, have not gone on with any studies, have not gone to work and have no hobby.

Instead of having too many plans for their time, they have too much time and no plans at all.

It is a dreary, dull, lonely kind of existence.

Other girls and boys are hurrying here and there with books or tools, talking about things that interest them, lamenting the fact that there aren't more hours in the day because there are so many things to fill them up.

And these derelicts, with whole days of emptiness stretching out before them, feel out of the swim, left behind in the progress of the world about them.

THEY know now what that teacher meant, and why she smiled her funny smile when she made her funny remark.

She knew there would be some of them who would think themselves lucky to have nothing to do.

She knew how depressing that can be and how it makes you slow and dull.

Work gets tiresome lots of times; school, especially during the last year, gives you the desire to clear your life of everything that you have to do, leaving it free for all the lazy, slow, useless things that you want to do.

But those can be done in a few weeks or months, and when school and work time comes round again, when the tang in the air puts energy into your veins and muscles, empty time becomes a burden.

YOU feel so alone.

Everybody else is busy, interested, worth while; you are listless, seedy, rather sheepish.

And you have so little to talk about. The petty doings of a neighbor become remarkably interesting and you find yourself well on the road to becoming a gossip.

Oh, there is nothing more deadly tiresome than having lots of time on your hands with no plans to fill it up.

And nothing so enlivening and vitalizing as having more plans than you have time to carry them all out.

Adventures With a Purse

ONE shop has nice soft kid gloves which would do very well for every-day wear. This glove comes in almost any color you would want, and was, I understand, originally priced at $2.50, but has been reduced to $1.49 a pair, which seems fair enough.

Beaded bags are coming down in prices, although I have not noticed any waning in their popularity. These that I saw are imported bags, of very good design and color combinations. They are flat, and are rather triangular—a totally different shape from any others I have seen. The strap handles are also beaded. The price of these bags is $3.45, which represents mighty good value. Incidentally, how about this for a Christmas suggestion?

Many people like a low light burning in the bed room all night long, particularly if there is any illness. One shop has a display of lamps that should appeal to you. The one I have in mind reminds one of a powder-box figure, only of course it is larger. It represents a woman leaning over looking into the base of the lamp. It is in colors, and the lamp is inside the figure, so that although it gives a subdued light, it is just about the right strength for that sort of illumination. It would look very nice on toilet table or dresser. The price is $7.50.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 5000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

A Little Girl's Idea

Blaine is making Christmas presents, beginning early as is the way with ten-year olds. And, all alone, she has thought up the most beautiful idea, which when carried out is so pretty that surely there will be some other small girls like herself who will want to copy it. She took a grape basket and enameled it a shiny black, handle and all, taking plenty of time over it and getting it done in a careful way. And then she decorated it with two crayoned apples on each side, surrounded by several green leaves. For a nice surprise she even put a smaller one of these on the bottom of the basket, knowing full well that the owner would discover it at some time or other. When finished it was ready to hold flowers for the living room or fruit for the dining room.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Long ago, when nearly all men wore flannel undergarments, implements called "back-scratchers" were on sale in the shops. Even match-safes testified to the then prevalent irritation caused by the fuzzy wool tickling the sensitive skin. These exhibited the back of a cat in black velvet, to which were glued the match-case and a strip of sandpaper, with the legend, "Scratch my back."

But even in the neediest of the red flannel days of yore, no gentleman obeyed this injunction in the presence of ladies. If he lacked the proverbial endurance of the Spartan boy, perhaps he slipped away and rubbed his shoulders against a wall when the tickling of wool became too annoying. There is no excuse for a man who permits nervousness, absent-mindedness or actual physical irritation to exhibit itself in mixed company by such uncouth actions as scratching the head or the nose or any other portion of the body, as illustrated in the accompanying sketch.

Be fair to your family! Give them the fare they'll fare well on and never want to say fare-well to—

New, Coated, Sanitary Wrapper

ANCRE

With the Genuine Roquefort Flavor

CHEESE

Made by SHARPLESS, Phila.

Have you ever seen this before?

BUY YOUR MEATS WHOLESALE

IT MEANS THAT YOU CAN GET YOUR MEATS

FROM OUR RETAIL MEAT DEPARTMENT

At the same prices our wholesale trade gets, no matter how large or how small your order

Veal and Chuck ROAST 16c lb. | 4 lb. SHARP Cheese 95c | Rump STEAK 16c lb.

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF FRESH FISH & SEAFOOD Maurice River Cove Oysters

MITCHELL'S MARKET, Inc. 10 & 12 S. DELAWARE AVE. "AT THE FERRIES"

Father Says

PUDDINE

Is GREAT

Buy a whole or half Ham

All Smoked

Hams

23c lb

At all our Meat Markets

AMERICAN STORES CO.

You remember the story of the Pitcher—

It made a good many trips to the well and it came back in good order.

"I can take care of myself," it said—"they don't need to talk about risks to me."

But it went once too often.

After that it was only part of a pitcher, and they didn't need to talk to it about risks—it knew.

A lot of people won't believe coffee can harm them until it does harm them.

"Nonsense!" they say, "it never disturbs me."

When it does disturb them, then they know.

Often the disturbance which they then recognize is the result of irritations to nerves and digestion which have been going on for a long time.

If you have to lie awake at night and count the clock ticks, after an evening cup of coffee, then you know that it's better to be safe than sorry.

The risk of coffee's harm is gone when the meal-time drink is Postum.

Here's a delightful and satisfying table beverage, with charm for the taste and without harm for nerves or digestion. You know you're on the right road with Postum; there's never the possibility that you'll go once too often.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.