Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Male Flirt

THE cat is the coquette de luxe. He has been called The Great Lover! His methods of courtship may not be admired by the human beings who chance to live in his neighborhood during his moonlight serenadings, but they are highly appreciated by his lady-love, and that is the only important issue.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

There are many points in his technique which men would do well to emulate: he does not hasten unduly, for he regards suspense as an important element in amatory adventure and never desires to spoil his success by being too precipitate. Then he gives piquancy and variety to his wooing by sundry serenades and fights with rivals. No lady cat can fail to be flattered by the animosity and fierce jealousy of her suitors.

NOW, the adored one is very coy and uncertain and hard to please. She is not a new cat, in being strong-minded and matter of fact. She keeps up all the little coquetries of the past and shamelessly encourages bloodshed. But after all she capitulates, and that is all that is important. When domesticated she is a wonderful mother. No feline pleadings can lure her away from the adorable babies.

Here, too, we may learn a lesson, for some human mothers neglect their offspring because they are still fair of vanity and coquetry.

I wonder if flirting really is out of fashion. It seemed to go naturally with crinolines. How heartless were the Southern belles of Civil War days, who led their numerous suitors such a love-chase that some of them committed suicide. If we may believe grandmother's tales, many a prim and well-bred miss of the old days of decorum would be engaged to a full half-dozen men at the same time. Yet these were the maids who became such stilted and moral mothers.

COQUETRY is born in one, yet can be cultivated. The intellectual modern woman who declares she will meet men with logic and common sense misses something very delightful and precious, and incidentally she misses the men, too. No matter how we reason about it and no matter how satisfactory a comradeship founded on congeniality of tastes may be, there is something fundamental in nature that makes the male long for an uncertainty and struggle, and the female enjoys hugely the game of keeping him guessing.

In the animal kingdom this influences the actual appearance. A bird grows exquisite and brilliantly colored feathers simply to dazzle his prospective mate. For, strangely, it is the male bird that is impelled to do the coquetting and attracting. The peacock struts around exhibiting the most magnificent array of feathers ever dreamed of by painter. The female is a modest, unattractive person. The gentleman peacock is selected solely on the merit of beauty, and if he hopes to perpetuate his race he must display rare and unusual charms and take the prize in the competitive struggle. The lady, or peahen, selects him as the most perfect specimen available (for she believes in eugenics), and they settle down to the real business of life—the bringing up of a handsome family. One could cite thousands of other examples.

IN PAST times and other countries coquetry has seemed to go hand-in-hand with secretiveness and deception and chaperons. Of course, Spain furnishes the finest examples. Behind the duenna's back the exquisite girl with mantilla and fan and raised eyelids invites the toreador to a stolen rendezvous. Everything is made difficult, however, to whet his appetite for romance and adventure.

Even in lands where women are trained to be so modest as to seem like shy little children, such as Japan, they use their tiny, subtle arts and lure the men to love and declarations.

Today—ah! today in prosaic America and in the business world. Is there any coquetry remaining to the millions who hustle forth at an early hour to earn their daily bread? They know even when very young that they must not be too coquettish, but rather must surround themselves with an armor of dignity and coldness for actual self-protection.

It would be fatal to their jobs, and perhaps to their peace, to lure or invite attentions. Often they must keep a cool head and seem to be dull and impersonal, so as not to tempt or encourage men in business.

Out of hours it may be the girls of the big world can use their arts and have their little flirtation, but in the rush and the competition of the millions of girls available to city men it would be bad policy to tease and torture their admirers lest these weary and drift away from them. And so there is apt to be a rather practical and prosaic interchange of courtesies, and couples seek the shows and the dining places with a mutual desire for a "good time," for fun rather than for coquetry.

IT IS a foolish girl, however, who is too matter-of-fact with a man. There are innumerable ways that she can keep up his interest. To pretend not to understand him, to keep him mystified and in some concern if he has not said or done just the right thing, to accentuate the numerous differences in the man and woman viewpoint, is to cause him continued and pleased interest. The popular girl subordinates her own egotism and flatters the man's, unless, of course, he is a conceited one, and then he is not worth bothering with. Coquetry really merges with tact.

But why give advice and recipes? Coquetry lives today; it is charm, and it is instinctive, and it never will die so long as love is a goal.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

She's Pleasantly Plump

Dear Cynthia — I am a young girl, nineteen years of age. I am not very tall, not fat, but pleasantly plump. I am forever being teased about being short and fat. I would like to hear some of the opinions of your young men as to whether they prefer stout or thin girls.

TILLIE.

Would Ask for Photo

Dear Cynthia—I am a devoted reader of your column in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, enjoying the topics discussed therein, and the way in which your broad-minded answers appear, and shall feel pleased to find my query in print, may I say, real soon? Thank you.

I am about to escort a lady friend of mine to a show in the near future, and am desirous of obtaining her photograph.

Would it be proper for me to ask her on the way to the show, after the show, or should I write her a note asking for it a few days after I have taken her to this show I speak of?

VERY GRATEFUL.

Ask her when you find a favorable opportunity. Any time will do.

Thinks He Does Not Care

Dear Cynthia—I am seventeen years old. Please answer my letter in your column as soon as you can.

The first questions is, I went with a young man several years older than myself and thought a great deal of him, but never could have the nerve to answer him so. He always said he cared a great deal for me. Now of late I do not see much of him and I would like to know what reason he has for acting this way and yet always says I am his only girl.

Second. I would like to regain his friendship. Please advise me what to do. It seems I cannot be satisfied with any one I see.

Third. We had many tiffs off and on, in particular, being very stubborn. Do you think it is my place to make first advances, since I do not hear from him?

Fourth. Would he think I am bold and running after him?

UNDECIDED.

Cynthia is sorry, dear, but she cannot tell you the young man's reason for his actions. He alone could tell them. If you have quarreled with him, he probably thinks you do not care about him. You are young to be in love. Better not bother over it, unless you feel you have been to blame, then apologize.

The Truth About Kissing

Dear Cynthia—Many and varied have been the treatises on that much-discussed subject—kissing. Permit me to offer just a few of my observations on the matter.

First of all, what is kissing? Kissing is essentially a sign of affection. There are varying degrees in this regard for one another. For example, the kiss a mother bestows upon her child is not the kiss one woman gives another on meeting. Nor is there anything particularly exciting in the kiss a brother gives his sister. He looks upon it as a duty rather than a pleasure.

The kiss which exhilarates and causes a multitude of indescribable emotions is that "practiced" by the younger folks of today. I say "practiced" because that word seems best to describe the situation. Of the many girls with whom I am acquainted, there are only four, at the most, who have never been kissed by a man. This is not mere hearsay. It is the absolute truth. These girls are respectable and of good families. I, myself, have kissed more than half of them, and the others I have caught in the act of being kissed by other men. The four whom I mentioned as never having been kissed are the best of the lot. However, they are not the most popular.

The substance of my article is this: The average girl of today is not averse to kissing. She thinks she enjoys it, and therefore indulges promiscuously. Gradually she loses her self-respect, and soon she is "out of the running"; for having once lost it she loses the respect of every one with whom she comes in contact.

Kissing as it is practiced today is immoral. I have found it so, and in so finding it, I have seen the light. For the past four months I have not kissed a girl. Shaking her hand and saying: "Good night," seemed rather awkward at first; but I stuck to it—knowing that I was right.

It must be done away with, just the same as the jazz dance and the shimmy. The loose conduct permitted during the war is directly responsible for the conditions existing today. Like Rome, do we want to fall? There is only one way to break it up, and that is, convince yourself that it is wrong—and stop it.

SIR HECTOR.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. When a comparison of head, eyes and hair belonging to the average man and the average woman is made, what differences are found?
2. What extremely convenient feature does an attractive kitchen table of white enameled zinc have?
3. Describe a quaint little pair of candleholders for milady's desk or dressing table.
4. Of the Catherines famous in history, who was Catherine I?
5. How is a striking scarf fashioned?
6. In what way is a pair of brown satin slippers made unusual?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Ninety-four and four-tenth words a minute without error, for ten minutes, is the astounding record of Miss Olga Tikouri, a sixteen-year-old Detroit girl, who has won the world's typewriting speed contest for college students and employed girls.
2. Two burners that can be set over solid alcohol canned heat form a new type of kitchen apparatus for this sort of heat, which is a great improvement over former ones.
3. To the woman who has a card party occasionally, pencils with tiny symbols of heart, diamond, spade and club on the ends are attractive enough to prove a delight.
4. Of the Catherines famous in history, Catherine of Braganza was the wife of King Charles II of England.
5. The pretty fashion of wired drapery on the sides of the skirts of evening dresses is again becoming the mode.
6. A black satin afternoon frock with the long, flowing sleeves, is striking; trimmed with two bands of crystal sequins across the waist and vertical bands of these around the skirt.

ARE YOU BLUE-BLOODED?

If you curl your little fingers, it is a sign that your blood is true blue—so it is said. Below are some other things that your hands tell about your character

IF YOUR fiance has square fingers you may count on his being firm in his opinions, reasonable and quite an orderly person.

If his fingers are fat, he's lazy. The same applies to his fiancee.

The ambitious person has long fingers.

The amiable, easy-going person has short fingers.

Large fingers mean slow intellectuality and common tastes.

Small, thin fingers bespeak a clever, acute mind, somewhat given to deceit.

Lean fingers indicate simple tastes, perhaps leaning too much toward penuriousness.

Markedly pointed fingers indicate religious fervor and imagination.

A coarse, brutal nature is disclosed by fingers as large at the tips as at the roots.

Thumbs that curve downward show shrewdness and miserliness.

Thumbs that are coarse, heavy and undeveloped belong to rude and ignorant persons.

Never trust a woman who hides her thumbs in the palms of her hands.

If the thumb turns back it is a sign that you love to spend money.

A short thumb is a sign of humble origin.

It is a sign of a weak mind to sit with the thumbs turned in and held by the fingers.

Thumbs that bend up indicate a curious disposition.

A small, narrow thumb denotes a weak character.

If the first finger leans toward the second, power is shown weakened by melancholy.

If the second finger leans toward the first, it is indicative of the energy that will conquer every obstacle.

The second finger leaning toward the third indicates good fortune and large gains.

The third leaning toward the fourth denotes celebrity and fame.

If the fingers curve upward it is a sign of generosity.

If the fingers curve downward the person is niggardly.

If your middle finger is much longer than the palm of your hand you have a keen, active mind.

If the end of the little finger reaches higher than the last joint of the ring finger he or she will rule the house with ease and the other will be easily obedient.

You can attain any object you desire if you can make the tips of the first and fourth fingers meet over the back of your hand.

If you clasp your hands together, interlacing the fingers, and the right thumb unconsciously comes on top, you will rule the home; if the left, you will be ruled.

The Woman's Exchange

Wants to Join Girl Scouts

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl fifteen years old and five feet four and one half inches tall. How much should I weigh? I weigh 135 pounds now.

I should like to become a Camp Fire Girl or Girl Scout. Is there any place near Seventh and Market streets, Camden, where I could join? How much does it cost to join?

M. McG.

You should weigh 128. The Camp Fire Girls have no headquarters in this city, and I have not been able to locate any branch in Camden. The only Girl Scout troop in Camden that is on record here is at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. That is not very near you, is it? But if you ask there you can find out whether there is any other troop that is nearer. The charge is fifty cents a year.

To "F. V. W., a Reader"

Unless your lessons are given without charge, I could not advertise for pupils for you through the column. You would have to insert an advertisement in the regular paid advertisement columns of the paper. But I shall be glad to keep your name and address on file in case I have any inquiries about a teacher of this kind.

Going to Business College

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As I went to college before, and time and business failed, I had to stop and go to work in a factory again. As I saved up a little money I would like to go back to school in the evenings. Would you advise me to go to business college for typewriting or to take the entire course, which would take two years? Where can I take up dictaphone in the evenings? What is the salary for typists nowadays?

BOBBED HAIR.

If you really want to have a thorough business education I should advise you to take the whole course. There are many things outside the regular lessons which you can learn from your teacher and the other students in a longer course, and they will all be beneficial to you when you come to get a position. Typewriter companies who sell dictaphones give the lessons in their use. Salaries vary according to the standing of the company by which the typist is employed, the success of the individual employer or the skill of the typist.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

One of the numberless varieties of bad manners is the peculiar form of egotism which seeks to magnify self-importance by belittling the importance of others. In business life, conceited girls may be more numerous than men of the same type, although it is not unusual to hear one man say to another with an air of frank good-fellowship: "Of course, what you are doing is mere routine detail, but my work—well, honestly, nobody could do it but Myself!"

Hear a woman now: "My dear, you write very nicely, but as Mr. Bossky knows, one can go out on the street and hire a hundred secretaries for $20 a week, while it is next to impossible to secure a woman with My executive ability."

All this is as futile as it is rude, for when the time for promotion comes, "Mr. Bossky" has a way of ignoring the self-promoters in favor of those who have shown their good sense and their good manners by allowing their work to speak for itself.

HAIRS' HIDDEN BEAUTY is brought to light with a Golden Glint Shampoo.—Adv.

Adventures With a Purse

WHEN you see the good luck soap figures, you will understand why I am taking this time and space to tell you about them. "They are imported," I explained to one who saw them. "Of course they are," was the reply. The one I have—oh, yes, I had to have one—is pink, a little jolly person who looks somewhat like an Indian. He has real earrings in his pierced ears, and a necklace of beads. And such a droll expression. By all means stop in and see them when you are in town. Incidentally, I can imagine nothing more charming for the top of the Christmas stocking. The price of one is seventy-five cents.

Of course you have noticed how fashionable aquamarine rings are becoming. I have no doubt that you probably are counting on having one just as soon as you can afford one. Well, one of the shops that are particularly nice to adventure readers is making a special price on some aquamarine little finger rings. They are square-cut and of a clear green that seems to hold captive the clear fresh color of sea water. The stones are square-cut—oh, yes, I've already said that, haven't I? Well, anyhow, they are set in solid gold hand-chased mountings. Their special price is $12.

If you are one who delights in sewing or crocheting rag rugs, you have probably found one serious setback. That is the difficulty of getting enough rags. But did you know that you can get cotton pieces ready cut in narrow strips for forty cents a hank? One hank contains, I believe, 352 feet. And you can get these hanks in virtually every color of the rainbow. In finding these I feel that I have come upon a real discovery.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Soft Skin

If the man you marry, or the girl you marry, will have to go through a great deal of physical hardship with you, or live a life which is largely composed of "fight," either mental or physical, a soft skin is going to prove a serious handicap.

It's not a case of the skin itself being unable to withstand the ravages of the weather or hard work. Any skin, even a soft one, will toughen up in that sense. The point is that a naturally soft skin does not indicate the type of mental characteristics which are capable of taking such hardships easily.

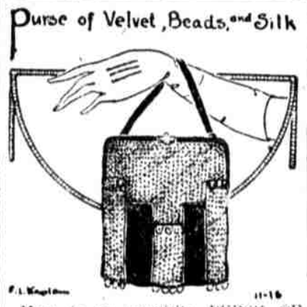
There are people who don't mind wearing rough, serviceable clothing, but they're not the soft-skinned people. There are those whose dispositions are impervious to drab surroundings, but the soft-skinned ones are not numbered among them.

The soft-skinned ones have a fine sense of discrimination. They are capable of much keener suffering, and are considerably more sensitive than the average. But, on the other hand, under favorable conditions, they are capable of getting much more enjoyment out of life. They are not "diamonds in the rough," and lack stamina, but they are not so hard as the rough diamonds. They respond more readily, their perceptions are quicker, and their adaptability to anything except ugliness and sordidness is more marked.

Tomorrow—The Mento-Vitals

Things You'll Love to Make

Purse of Velvet, Beads, and Silk



Here is an exquisite PURSE OF VELVET, BEADS AND SILK. Make the body of the bag of soft black velvet. Cut a piece of silk to fit across the top of the bag, a piece for the back and one for the front. Make them two inches shorter than half the length of the bag. This silk may be of gray or of any color you like, perhaps of a color to match your frock or wrap. Cut the lower edges into square tabs as shown. Bead these silk pieces with small steel or black beads, set closely together. Now cut three strips of silk for each side; they should fit across the tabs as illustrated, and reach to the bottom of the velvet purse. Bead these strips, too. Stitch these beaded strips to the velvet and fasten all into the frame. Finish the bottom of the tabs and strips with loop of beads. This PURSE OF VELVET, BEADS AND SILK is exceedingly attractive and out of the ordinary.

FLORA.

The Girl Who Wore the Beautiful Dress Thought It Looked Stately and Classic

But a Man Who Saw It Thought It Looked Like a House Afire, and Was Amused at Her Graceful Walk

WE WERE looking over a magazine which had some theatrical pictures in it, and it just happened that we ran across a show girl from a musical comedy that one of our number had seen.

"That dress just put your eye out!" he exclaimed. "It looked like a fire in a garage, all red and yellow running through it, the most brilliant colors you ever saw."

We read the description of the dress printed under the photograph: "Sequins make the striking design on this interesting gown of green chiffon velvet," it read calmly.

Green, red and yellow, looking like a fire in a garage?

And then he noticed the train, sweeping gracefully about the feet of the lady in the picture.

"Oh, yes," he remembered. "There was one of these dinguses sort of coming around here like this, and then she had another hickey-doo just like it on the other side. And when she walked—that amused me—she did like this."

He took an attitude in the middle of the room, showing how the girl brought one foot forward, gave it a little shake like a cat with a wet paw and then planted it down, heel first, following the same proceeding with the other.

The idea being that the side trains curled about her feet as she walked, so that she had to work her way around them before she could go on.

AND that was a man's impression of the beautiful, stately lady who was put into the show for the sake of pleasing the eye, especially the masculine eye, with her beauty, her grace and the becomingness of her green chiffon velvet gown.

To say nothing of her voice, which evidently did not reach him at all.

Aren't they funny? Men, I mean. You never can tell just what it is that will appeal to them.

Is it the women, after all, who are pleased by the gorgeous costuming, the carefully studied gesturing and posing of the beautiful girls in a show?

It would seem so, for another man, pointing to one of the least decorated, simplest frocks in the group of pictures, said, "That was about the best in the lot. It had more pep than the others."

PERHAPS we don't give them enough credit.

We take it for granted that they will like only beautiful things, gorgeous, striking, obvious costumes.

We expect them to be attracted only by a vivacious manner, a pretty face, coquettish eyes.

But every once in a while they startle us by announcing a preference for some plain, simple frock that fairly glistens with style.

There's nothing about it that would be expected to appeal to the masculine eye; but they put it ahead of a dainty little affair all done around with roses and tulle.

Surprising!

And the next minute they knock us down again by turning from a peppy little be-curled flirt, to a plain, "sensible" girl that we have always felt rather sorry for.

All the well-known truths of a lifetime go tumbling down—why, such a thing was never heard of before!

OH, you can't tell about them. You think you're pleasing them, and you find that they like just the opposite from what you've always supposed.

In fact, sometimes they have a good deal more sense than you thought they had!

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that Cranford Blake has once played a part in her life. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women and that he is looking to her to exert an influence over his little butterfly sister, Julie. Julie has fallen in love with a man much older than herself, and driven into a corner, she tells her mother that she has met this man through Hawthorne. Shortly after this Hawthorne sees Cranford Blake at a hotel, and the next morning he calls her up on the telephone and demands to see her. She hangs up the receiver while he is speaking, but is sorry afterward because it has simply meant postponing the issue.

CHAPTER XXI

Running Away

"WHO was that Martha?" I asked as the maid came through the hall on her way to the kitchen.

"Oh, Mrs. Merrill, is that you?" she said, starting. "I'm glad you're feeling better. It was a man who has called up several times since you went to lie down. He did not leave his name, but this time he left a message for you."

"Yes." I shot the word out tensely.

"He will call you up at six o'clock. He asked if I thought you would be in then, and I said you would be here for dinner."

"All right, Martha," I managed to say, but I felt faint. How diabolically clever he was. He knew of course that Dane would be in at that hour and he meant to punish me for hanging up the receiver this morning. What was I to do? The impulse of the weak, to evade the thing, to postpone the issue until I had had more time to think, was too strong for me.

I flew to the telephone in the library and called Dane's office. After a wait of a few seconds his voice came to me deep and wonderfully reassuring.

"Hello."

"Dane dear, this is Hawthorne. I've been ill with a headache all day, and I thought it would be nice to eat dinner out this evening." I felt ashamed of my shabby subterfuge as I said the words, but I was in this thing too deep to draw back.

"All right dear, I'm sorry your head has bothered you. We'll go anywhere you say, but I'll be up at the usual time to change."

"Don't bother to do that." I hurried on feverishly. "I'll meet you downtown. I'm just leaving the house now to do a little shopping."

Dane hesitated. He hated to go anywhere in the evening without coming home to freshen up. He was as fastidious as a woman about his grooming and as a rule I loved it in him. Tonight it loomed up as a fault and for a moment I was impatient to the point of exasperation.

"I'll let it go tonight," came his words and my relief was so great that for a moment I felt almost light-hearted.

We arranged the meeting place and I rang off. Then I went out to tell Martha that we would not be home for dinner.

I had turned away when she spoke to me, and I was forced to turn around.

"Oh, Mrs. Merrill, that man who was to call up, what shall I tell him?"

I felt the blood flushing my cheeks and it took every bit of my strength to speak naturally and with a light laugh.

"I don't know who it could have been, Martha; you say he didn't leave his name?"

"No, Mrs. Merrill. He just said he would call."

"It's probably of no importance," I said quickly, "and of course I won't be here. Tell him to call up tomorrow morning, that I shall be at home then."

A moment later I was out of the house. The air was crisp and cool and blew into my hot face refreshingly. As I walked briskly along, my spirits rose with every step. My thoughts became clearer and I was able to think logically.

The thing to do was to make no more fuss about it, but to see Cranford immediately. When he called in the morning I would adopt an entirely different attitude toward him. I would show him that I was not afraid. But the thought of his danger when he called up at six o'clock to find me out, brought a reaction. I had said once before that I must see Cranford immediately, and yet when the time came I knew I should lose my courage just as I had when Martha gave me his message this afternoon.

Tomorrow—Deception

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Today Is Virginia's: She Entertains

THEIR first formal party—a dinner—was a success.

There were Mr. Stevens, Paul's superior at the office, and his wife; and the Becks and the Shaws and Miss Trent, seven guests in all.

They had enjoyed a jolly evening and Paul and Virginia had sped the parting guests.

And then they faced each other, still gay, but a bit tired; even a little bored, but neither would have dreamed of admitting such a thing.

Virginia sighed.

She surveyed the festive table with dismay.

"Dear me," she cried, clasping her pretty slender fingers, "nobody even tasted the India relish."

"Too many good things to eat," said Paul, dutifully.

"But, darling, that was one of the luxuries! I got it at the fancy grocer's in town," protested Virginia. "It cost ninety-five cents for a little bottle, too, and now I've opened it, it will spoil. Oh, dear!"

"We'll eat it up for breakfast," said Paul brightly.

"Don't be an idiot."

"And they didn't touch the spiced peaches, either," said Paul with an appraising eye on the remnants of the feast.

"Roast was twice too big," countered Virginia.

"There was celery enough for a couple of regiments."

"And, of course, the cake—well, I could have gotten along just as well with a couple o' dozen lady fingers, instead of buying that two-pound fruit cake."

Virginia sighed again.

"But the ice cream went well," said Paul.

"Went well?" Virginia laughed a little nervously. "Good heavens, Paul, there must be a gallon more of it out in the kitchen."

Paul stared.

"A gallon more?"

Virginia nodded weakly.

"I ordered two quarts and the people must have misunderstood, or something, because they sent two gallons. Isn't that perfectly awful?"

Paul dared not figure up the cost of their first party—but he made a firm resolve, and his Virginia sensed it instantly.

Their eyes met and both nodded soberly.

"Well, dear——" she started.

"I know, honey—but we have to learn, you know. We'll know better next time."

And he kissed away the tiny tired frown from between her adorable eyes.

Tomorrow—Paul's Luncheon Gaming

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Not Weakness—Just Self-Preservation

WHEN a physician pronounces a man fully recovered the erstwhile patient is presumed to be restored to good health.

Yet on his parting visit the doctor, as he shakes hands and nonchalantly pockets his fee, will advise:

"Be careful now. Eat three square meals a day. Keep regular hours and get plenty of sleep. And whatever you do, be absolutely sure that you never again expose yourself."

Which illustrates that a man who has been really sick will not for a while at any rate be in as good condition as he was before, even when the cure is said to be "complete."

And this is because every disease leaves behind it a legacy of traces and irritants. And it usually takes considerable time before these potential troublemakers are effectually erased.

If, however, exposure follows before they are entirely gone, then these tag-ends may become sores, the sores festering spots, and before you know it, the disease has returned full-fledged, more tenacious than previously, with the odds against recovery more than ever unfavorable.

About the same thing is true of the after-effects of mental diseases, or habits.

The man who thinks he has rid himself of the mortifying and costly sickness of "temper," for instance, must be more than usually vigilant to steer clear of situations which may provoke or rouse his ire, causing him to indulge his anger—and bringing all his good resolutions to naught.

There was a certain temperance lecturer who was once a poor, wretched drunkard. A short time after his conversion he was asked to speak in his native town, and when he came on the stage he found that strong liquor had been poured all over the floor so the fumes might rise into his very nostrils. Without a word, he quit the stage and took the next train for the nearest "dry" town. That man simply would not be tempted.

Of course, it may seem like a confession of weakness to do all in one's power to avoid "exposure"—but how much more sensible than to brave it? And how much better to confess weakness than to run the very real danger of "suffering a relapse"?

The only safe way for a man to stay "permanently cured" of any physical or mental disease is to refrain from feeding it, to do nothing that will encourage or give it a chance to "develop." And if you can at the same time substitute something good in its place, so much the better.

And, come to think of it, this course is not weakness at all—not any more than it is weakness on the part of the burnt child to refuse to fumble with fire—or of the man who has had smallpox to keep as far away as he can from a stricken city.

It is just self-preservation.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE To Have Your Rugs & Draperies Cleaned Before Thanksgiving

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As a Cake Filler Use

PUDDINE

Take a pint of sweet milk, the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter and one cup of sugar. Beat the eggs, sugar and butter together and stir into the milk while boiling. Mix a heaping tablespoonful of Puddine, of any flavor desired, in a little cold milk to the consistency of thick cream. Pour into the boiling milk and continue to boil for one minute. When partly cool fill into the cake.

At All Grocers, 10c, 15c

Fruit Puddine Co., Baltimore, Md.

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