Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Too Much Money in Paul's Pocket

AS HE left the house Paul thrust a tentative hand into his trousers pocket and found—nothing.

"Humph!" he muttered. His fingers sought the vestpocket where he often found vagrant dimes, and even greater coins, but this morning there was no treasure to reward the search.

"Darn funny!"

But it was a fact. He was broke so far as current silver was concerned, and he reluctantly reached into another pocket and fetched out the old billfold in which there reposed a solitary $5 bill.

"Gosh, and today's only Thursday—a long wait to Monday for the old ghost to walk."

As he rode toward town his thoughts were given over to the problem—what had he done with $5 since Monday morning. He was stumped. He didn't know.

"Hello, there——" a voice over his shoulder and its owner sat down beside him.

"Greetings," said Paul. He smiled at Jack Rutherford.

"Well, week's half gone," returned Rutherford. "I split the week up into sixths," he grinned amiably, "and I count 'em off every day. I sure do like to see Saturday come around.

"Take half a day off?"

The other man shook his head and laughed.

"Nope. Saturday's salary day in our joint," he replied inelegantly.

Paul wondered. What a life! To start thinking about one's salary from Monday morning—and then start all over again the next Monday worrying about it.

"You see," went on his neighbor, "I had always been pretty much of a fool with money—before I woke up. I used to carry my pay around in my jeans, and say, do you know that by the time Thursday came around I'd be down to the last V-spot."

Paul colored guiltily and wondered if Rutherford was by any chance a mind reader.

"But I cut it out," said Rutherford, with that peculiar gusto reformed spendthrifts revel in when discussing their late indiscretions. "Yes, sir, I cut it out. And now I can't wait till payday comes."

He laughed again as he caught Paul's puzzled glance.

"Oh, sure," shrugged Rutherford. "I used to be on pins and needles to get my salary Saturday—because I needed it. I'm just as impatient now, too, for Saturday to roll around, but not to get my hands on the cash for that reason."

"No?" questioned Paul politely, beginning to be a bit bored.

"Nope. I grab it now and hurry right over to the bank and throw in about 20 per cent of it, and then I take my little book home, and the missus and me get a pretty good thrill out of that last entry. I want to tell the world. Well, so long," and he left the car.

And Paul stared with unseeing eyes at his morning paper all the way to the office.

Tomorrow—Upstairs or Down?

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Why Men Marry Homely Girls

"Tell me," said a facetiously inclined young man to a little group where they were asking all sorts of silly questions, "why some men marry homely girls?"

This was greeted with the usual gust of laughter. But one young man, who had been rather quietly amused at their sallies, looked up seriously and said:

"That's no joke—I'll tell you why. And it's the same reason why I'm not looking for the winner at a beauty show.

"The girl who has not been told from the cradle how beautiful she is will in all probability make a much better pal for any man. Instead of wondering constantly whether she is looking her prettiest and whether she is being admired enough she will give a thought to others. She will be interested in a fellow as a personality and not as another admirer and certain prey for her killing glances.

"My brother married a girl who was considered neither pretty nor particularly good looking. But she has more charm of manner than the best-looking girl I ever met. What have the two to do with each other? Everything. Her charm comes of being interested in other things and other people, in considering them, in her utter lack of self-consciousness or conceit.

"On the other hand, her pretty, pert little sister thinks the only thing of interest to any one in the universe should be her sweet little self. I can almost hear her saying, every time we meet, 'How do you like me in my new hat? Don't you think I am quite irresistible? No, you haven't a chance in the world, young man—there are too many ahead of you.'

"That is why," he continued, "some men like myself are not in the running for these popular and complacent young ladies, but prefer the plainer but really more worth-while girl who has not been spoiled and will therefore make a better pal and life partner."

I have taken this from an actual conversation. And while it is a rather strong indictment of the pretty girl and its application to all pretty girls would be manifestly unfair, still it seems to me that there is something in it. What do you think?

The Woman's Exchange

Taking Care of the Hair

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly advise of a remedy to remove an oily odor from the hair? I am very conscious of it and quite distressed. W. E. M.

Since your hair is quite oily it would be well to wash it often. Do this once every two weeks and in between times use a tonic for oily hair, which you can have recommended to you at any drug store. Massage with the tonic about two evenings a week and on the other evenings use cold water. The same method is used in each case that is applying the finger-tips to the scalp in an outward circular motion.

Who Would Like Mitzi?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a very pretty female kitten, maltese and white about five months old, and I would like to find a good home for her. She is very affectionate, good natured and also very clean. I would like to give her to some one who is fond of cats. She had four brothers, and I found homes for all of them. But I have to ask your help to get little Mitzi a home. Once before I asked help from you through your most interesting column and was successful. And I feel sure that among the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER readers some one will want Mitzi. K. A. B.

I'm sure some one will want Mitzi—such a cute name for a kitten. Your name and address will be kept on file to be sent to any one who will call on the telephone or write to the editor of the Woman's Page asking for the cat.

Lettering

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly advise me if there is any demand for show card writers? I have been contemplating taking up a course in this line and would like to know if it would pay me to do so.

Any advice you can give me on the subject will be greatly appreciated. A READER.

You would have to inquire at various places of business in order to find out if there is much demand for person in this trade. Of course, there would be nothing lost in taking it up too. You could attend the night classes at one of the art schools in the city and take a course in lettering. As you are interested in this sort of thing it would be a splendid idea, and you would have had the fun there is to be got out of studying it, even if you are unable later on to take it up as a profession.

Has the Correct Idea

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a pug dog. A

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Heavy Writing

This is a type of handwriting that is by no means rare. It is also an exceptionally good sign of character, yet it is doubtful if many people ever give it a second thought from this angle.

Heavy writing is usually done with a stub pen, the heavy writer naturally preferring it, but even when he uses a fine-pointed pen his hand is characteristic, because he bears upon the pen heavily.

It denotes a vigorous nature, of the type which is not very sensitive to fine shades of difference, has rather less than the normal sympathy for others, and rather more than the normal amount of self-interest.

People who write this sort of hand are not bashful. They have a great deal of assurance, and often are aggressive to the point of being pugnacious, and in extreme cases of being bullies.

These are the signs of character which heavy writing betrays to me. In women the story is pretty much the same, though the mental tendencies show themselves in the desire to dominate and be coaching of others.

Tomorrow—Low Brow

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. When wearing a fur coat or a fur neckpiece, how is it possible to keep the inside collar clean without wearing a stiff scarf?
2. In what unusual way can a coat be kept aggressively fashioned?
3. Describe a charming and unique fastening seen on one of the newest bags?
4. What name did the wife of King Edward IV of England bear?
5. How are some exquisite buckles for evening wear fashioned so that they are miniatures of a type of leather ornament seen on the sport shoe?
6. For sports wear, what sort of hat is worn and why?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Get four small eggplants, cut off the top and hollow out the center to make them into unusual looking vases for yellow chrysanthemums on the Thanksgiving table.
2. A new apple corer has a strong spring in the center of the knives, which pushes the core out as the knife cuts it loose.
3. Some interesting boudoir lamps which need no shade are made of thin china in the shape of vases with lids, with the wire entering at the base of the stand.
4. Elizabeth of York was the wife of Henry VII and lived in England in the latter part of the fifteenth century.
5. Monkey fur, in white, is used as a fringe to form a finish for an arresting street frock.
6. If a bead chain that is to be used for a girdle is too narrow, fasten the middle of it on a wider belt made of the material of the dress.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Everyone has automobile friends and most of these are very generous in their motor hospitalities. But nobody likes to be asked to change place at the behest of every one invited for a ride. The "nerve" of some automobile guests is colossal. They accept as if they were conferring a favor, and then declare that they prefer some route other than that chosen by their host.

Good manners are as requisite to motor parties as to any other social gatherings. The guest must not dictate to the host and hostess, but must accept gracefully whatever program may have been arranged. The owner of the car is quite within his rights when he quietly declines to alter his itinerary to please the whim of any one, except an eminent visitor who may desire to see some point of interest not included in the proposed drive.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Sorry, but "It Can't Be Did"

Dear Cynthia—The writer is a Penn student. I would like to meet Miss 1921. STUDENT.

A Puzzled Girl

It's gotten on your nerves and you are probably self-conscious when the boys pass. Just forget about it and do not notice them and they will not annoy you.

What Is Meaning of "Big-Timer"?

Dear Cynthia—Can you kindly give me the definition of "big-timer," used by some of the young folk? I would like to hear what these words mean. Is there any bad meaning in that, or does it mean that a girl goes out a lot? In this case it is a girl.

Please let me have this definition as soon as you can. BLUE EYES.

Ordinarily speaking it means that a boy or girl is always on the go, not satisfied to stay at home, but must go to shows, parties and dances all the time. As a life devoted entirely to pleasure is not a normal or wise one, it is not a praiseworthy thing. But badness is not implied by the term.

About Present-Giving

Dear Cynthia—I would like a little advice from you. I have been going with a girl, eighteen, for a little more than six months and I would like to know what I should get her for Christmas as a present. She has a sister and I would like to know if it is necessary to buy her a Christmas present. And is it necessary to buy her mother one? JIMMIE D.

Send the girl a handsome box of candy, and you might send her mother a few flowers. There is no occasion for sending a gift to the sister, nor is there any obligation to send to the mother. It would be a very courteous thing to do, however.

If you want something a little more personal to send the girl you might buy her a fan or a book or an umbrella.

She Wants Friends

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of eighteen and could pass in looks. Have only been in Philadelphia three months as I have lived in Chicago, and that's where I left all of my friends. My nationality is Polish, and friends is my problem. We have no relatives at all in Philadelphia.

Now, dear Cynthia, where can I meet people of my own nationality? I dance, play the piano and sing, so it wouldn't be so hard for me to get along. But the idea is where? I have very nice parents and could entertain all the company I wish to have at home. Can some of your readers also help me if possible, because I certainly do feel strange and lonesome. MISS CHICAGO.

Miss Goldman at 1509 Arch street knows all about various girl clubs and ways of making friends, and she will help you, I am sure, if you go to see her.

Going to a Party

Dear Cynthia—I am invited to a dance and reception on November 26. It will be the first one I ever attended. Please tell me what I should do and what I should say to those who sent me the invitation.

I have a new figured Canton crepe dress with black sleeves. Would that be suitable for me to wear with black satin slippers? I am only sixteen years of age, but look older.

If a chap takes me home, should I ask him to call or just thank him?

The invitation read at 8:30. Should I get there before or after? E. A. B.

Arrive at the party about 9 o'clock. As you go into the ballroom, seek out your hostess and make some pleasant remarks about how delightful it is to be there and that it was very nice to be asked. If you have a light dress (white or a light color) wear it in preference to a dark one. Girls of sixteen should wear light colors at parties if at all possible.

You should have your brother or father call for you to go home. Do not trust to some one asking you. You might have to go alone.

He Speaks Incorrectly

Dear Cynthia—Once more I have a little problem to present to you. I am sixteen and have recently met a boy one year older at a dance. He seemed to like me very much, danced with me a lot and asked to take me home. When we got home he came in for a little while and met mother and daddy. Before he left he asked me to go to a fraternity dance with him next month. I consented, with mother's permission. Now here is my problem. I like this boy very much; he is attractive, good looking and well-mannered. There is just one thing that I object to. He speaks very poor grammar. He says, "I done it," "I was laying down," etc. Do you think, when I know him better, that it would offend him to mention this? I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, but I hate to have that little thing spoil a nice boy. Also, in passing, may I express my opinion on bobbed hair? If a girl is tough and common she is tough with bobbed hair, in puffs, or hair any other way. I've bobbed my hair and I wish I'd done it long ago. It's so little bother, so comfortable and so much more becoming. BOBBED HAIR.

When you know him better you can perhaps call his attention to his failing if you do it very carefully. Very often a boy or girl can tactfully help another in these matters, but it must be tactful.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

Pop was smoking behind the paper after supper and ma sed, Willyum, I want to show you my new hat, now Willyum, I want your candid opinion so don't say you like it if you don't, because if you dont theres still time for me to change it.

And she went out of the room and came back agen with her new hat on, being a red kind of a hat with black yello things, ma saying, Now mind Willyum, dont say you like it if you dont, now take a good look at it fersst.

And she started to wawk erround the room with the hat still on so pop could see it all erround without wawking erround it himself, pop saying, Well, its a nice hat, I think, all things considered I think its a nice hat.

Wat do you mean by all things considered, Willyum? sed ma, that sounds as if you had a secret reservation or a dubble meaning or something, and pop sed, Not at all, not at all, ony perhaps for one thing maybe it has quite a good eel or red on it, you mite say.

Wy Willyum the deer, you mite say nuthing of the kind, one reason wy I took this partick er hat was because it was so inconspicuous, you dont know wat youre tawking about, Willyum sed ma.

I sippose not, dont notice me, ony I thaxt perhaps the hole hat, in a way of speeking, looks a little large for you, sed pop.

Large, well upon my word Willyum, you must be blind or crazy or something this evening, the hats small if enything, if you want to know the truth, sed ma, and pop sed, Im a great beleever in the truth and Im glad to know the hat is all rite and its bin a grate plezzure and a unforgettible experience to have you listen to my judgment with sutch an open mind.

O Willyum, do you reely and truly think its all rite? sed ma.

Absloolty and positively o. k., sed pop, and ma sed, O Willyum I think youre too swee for anything, I know I could trust your judgement, then Ill keep the hat jest as it is, as long as you say so.

Its a grate life if you dont weken, sed pop, and got behind the paper agen.

HE'S STILL THE HERO OF THE DAY

Times have changed since the first Thanksgiving, but we cling to one custom which will never grow old-fashioned—we still hunt for turkeys for our dinner. But whereas it used to be the men of the family who fared forth into the snowy, blowy weather and prowled about the wilds of New England seeking fowl with their fearless blunderbusses, it is now the women of the household who arm themselves with house money and market baskets and roam about the city seeking the cheapest place to buy the fowl. However, it is still the women who prepare and cook and serve it after they get it

Mrs. Wilson Recommends the Spirit of Early New England Housewives

Hospitality to Those Less Fortunate and Thankfulness for Their Own Blessings Were Expressed on the Old-Time Thanksgiving

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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SITTING in the dim twilight in a large New England city, a dear old lady nearing her ninetieth year was reminiscing of the days that have passed. She spoke with a thought of her own days, when, as a young housewife, hedged around with the stern traditions and customs of the time, she had labored for nearly two weeks before this auspicious occasion to have her house and pantry in order so that when this holiday, which is second to none in the New England States, arrived, she would be able to do it ample justice.

Open fireplaces and clumsy cooking utensils, together with more or less scarcity of many needed ingredients, gave the housewife of those days a real concern. But like her doughty pioneer forefathers, she had an array of prepared foods on her pantry shelf that today would do real credit to our modern hotels. Homemaking was, indeed, a laborious task in those days.

The housewife of 1921 has much indeed to be thankful for, not only in modern conveniences and utensils, but also traditions and customs are so very gradually changing that she no longer feels it necessary to overload her table and stuff the family with over-rich and highly seasoned foods that usually require a day or two of home doctoring before the victim has recovered.

Let the spirit of true hospitality urge you to bring to your table this day one who is less fortunate. A lonely soul, away from kith and kin, who must spend a cheerless day eating in a restaurant and then attempting to find solace in a theatre.

This should be a day when the family council, meeting together after Thanksgiving dinner, arranges for the holidays which quickly follow. Plan a Christmas tree by all means, and this need not be an expensive or overly decorated tree, just a small pine or balsam tree loaded with the homemade novelties and goodies that the family can easily make in the evenings after supper.

Plan the usual season goodies—the mince, the fruit cake and small cakes and candies. Remember that these delicacies and old-time dainties make very acceptable Christmas gifts. The giving of homemade gifts brings a true hospitable spirit of Christmas cheer to every heart.

Let frugal economy ever be your motto with a heart overflowing with praise and thanksgiving for the blessings from the Most High, that you are today able to spread palatable attractive foods before your family. Be proud and thankful with a true housewifely dignity that today's bounteous meal was the real visual effort of your own hands.

Plan, in the real Thanksgiving spirit, to gather your family close about you like a true all-American mother, for the coming year, and know that with an intimate and loving home-sheltered life, the American family prospers and improves the years by diligent service. Teach the children that home is best. Give the young daughter a real opportunity to early learn those housewifely tasks that made the early doughty pioneer housewife the true founder of the real thanksgiving spirit in the early Colonial days.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly publish the temperatures for baking cakes and pies? Where can an oven thermometer be purchased? MRS. M.

Three temperatures are used in baking cakes and are as follows: Sponge and angel cakes, slow oven, 250 to 275 degrees Fahr.; layer and some loaf cakes, moderate oven, 350 to 275 degrees Fahr.; jelly roll and some layer cakes in a hot oven, 425 degrees Fahr.; fruit and rich pound cakes, slow oven. If you will send me a stamped envelope with your address and repeat the request I will give you the name of the firm that makes the oven thermometers.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please tell me how to make green tomato pie? MRS. J. A. M.

Green Tomato Pie

Line a deep pie plate with plain pastry and then fill with very thin slices of green tomatoes, filling the plate quite full; a few raisins may be added if you desire. Now place in a bowl

Three-fourths cup of brown sugar.
Five tablespoons of flour.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
One-fourth teaspoon of cloves.

Mix and spread over the tomatoes and then place a top crust over and brush the top crust with melted butter and bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly tell me how to make citron jelly? I have a few in my garden and would like to use them. MISS F. C.

Citron Jelly

Pare the citron and cut in small pieces; cover with cold water and cook very slowly until the citron is very tender. Then measure both the citron and the water; let stand over night and in the morning add juice of two lemons, one-half pound of finely chopped preserved ginger and one cup of sugar for each cup of the citron and the water in which the citron was cooked.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil, cooking slowly until the mixture is quite thick. You may add a spice bag if you like the flavor, using

Four blades of mace.
Two teaspoons of cinnamon.
Three quarters teaspoon of allspice.
One-half teaspoon of cloves.

Tie securely in a piece of cheesecloth and remove before turning the jelly in the glasses.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you give recipes for filet of sole, also tartar sauce and Russian dressing? MRS. L.

Filet of sole is made as follows:

Season the filets and then roll lightly in flour, then dip in beaten egg and milk, then roll in fine breadcrumbs, then fry a golden brown in smoking hot fat.

Tartar Sauce

Three-quarters cup of mayonnaise.
One sour pickle, chopped very fine.
One half onion, chopped fine.
Tiny bit of garlic.
One-quarter cup of finely chopped parsley.

Beat to mix.

Russian Dressing

One cup of mayonnaise.
One raw grated beet.
One raw grated onion.
One raw grated carrot.
Bit of garlic.
One-half teaspoon of music.
Two teaspoons of sugar.
Juice of lemon.

Beat to mix.

Canton Crepe Frock Has Smart Linen Vest

By CORINNE LOWE

Naturally the subdeb gets the subwaist. For she shares in all the mature modes, no matter how simple, and why should she not in the elongated blouse of today's fashion? This frock for the girl of from fourteen to eighteen—it is quite as good for her older sister—is of navy canton crepe with pleated side panels falling from steel plaques attached only to the sides. An unusual detail of this model is the vestee of finely plaited handkerchief linen. This may be of either white or red.

Adventures With a Purse

YOU do not need me to tell you that to keep your hair in good condition you should keep good circulation in your scalp. That goes without saying, if you know what I mean. The question then resolves itself into how best to keep that circulation—or—circulating. Well, here is one way: You can buy a scalp comb, which differs from the garden variety of comb in that it is perfectly round. And the method is this: You apply the comb to your head with a circular motion. This promotes good circulation and keeps your scalp in good condition. The price of this comb is twenty cents.

And while we are on the subject, for the benefit of those who have not read of them before, and whose hair seems to be regretfully but irrevocably departing, there is a tonic comb that has been used successfully by many who are—well—harassed by hirsute difficulties, to put it kindly. This comb costs fifty cents. To the end is attached a rubber bulb to be filled with a good hair tonic. The teeth are hollow so that when the comb is applied to the scalp the tonic in the bulb comes through and is carefully and easily distributed through the hair by means of the hollow teeth. This is, of course, about the most thorough method one can find for applying a tonic to the hair.

One shop is having a sale of those black Japanese quilted vests for wear under the suit coat on cold days for $1.65. The original price of these jackets was $2. If you have ever worn one you know what a comfort it affords in cold weather. And it is so light in weight and bulk that it takes up practically no room under the tightest fitting suit coat.

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

To Bleach Cottons

A bleaching fluid for white cottons and linens may be made as follows: Four pounds of carbonate of soda, one gallon of boiling water, and one pound of chloride of lime. Put the soda in an agate kettle, add one gallon of boiling water, boil fifteen minutes. Stir in the lime, breaking up the lumps with a stick. Let cool and settle, then pour or siphon off into bottles. Use one cupful to a pail of water for bleaching yellow goods. This can be used only on cottons and linens, will destroy color, and must either have several rinses afterward or an ammonia rinse to neutralize it. General proportion 2 per cent.

Things You'll Love to Make

Wool Medallion Girdle

An interesting touch is given a serge, tricotine or silk frock by trimming it with a WOOL MEDALLION GIRDLE. Crochet enough two-inch square worsted medallions to fit around the waistline when they are joined corner to corner. After joining all the squares, tack the upper and lower corners to the frock. Run a crushed ribbon or silk belt under the medallions. Tack some of the medallions down one side of the skirt and run a sash under them. Have a long end hanging below the hem. Make the medallions of this effective WOOL MEDALLION GIRDLE of brightly colored wool and use ribbon or silk of a darker shade than the material of the frock. FLORA.

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You Have to Be About Eight or Ten to Have the Ideal Thanksgiving

Do You Remember That Day That You Used to Have, With Its Customs and Its Anticipations and Its Glorious Realizations?

IT OUGHT to be a cold, very blowy day to be the ideal Thanksgiving.

And you should be about eight or ten, getting up in the morning with a sense of anticipation and excitement.

You don't get up so very early, because there's no school, but you go to church with the family, and the excited feeling gets a bit subdued because it seems so much like just another Sunday.

But on your way home you find that it isn't Sunday, because you can walk along the curb and fall off noisily, and make friends with a strange dog and throw a stick for him without having mother tell you not to make so much noise.

And then you meet Sally Ann, your best friend, before lunch—and you never do that on Sunday—and play around with her for a while.

Neither of you has on her Sunday best, so that proves that it's just a holiday.

THEN there's lunch, a light affair, usually, because you are all going to grandma's for dinner in the evening.

Oyster stew is its principal feature, although of course there are other things to keep you from getting hungry in the afternoon.

For at half-past one you all start out, the family and sometimes Sally Ann and some of her family, to walk to the football field.

That's very exciting.

The wind is cold and exhilarating and the family is in good humor, which keeps you laughing and having a good time right along.

Then the game is always fun, only your feet and your nose get so cold that you can't think of much else toward the end of the afternoon.

But there's warmth to be found in fast walking home again, and then a big fire in the fireplace, and you get all warm and comfortable, and hungry and almost sleepy.

AFTER that comes the real event of the day.

Upstairs in your own little room your white dress is all ready for you, and you get all bathed and dressed, and your cheeks are as bright as the beautiful ribbon that you put on your hair.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas you always wear a bright red ribbon, red being the proper color for those two occasions.

Then a shivery, quick trip down to grandma's, and then the most wonderful dinner—except Christmas—of the whole year.

A pumpkin in the center of the table cut out like a basket, with fruit and flowers in it, candles on the table, a great long expanse of white, with dishes of celery and olives placed temptingly near you—oh, it's wonderful.

A long wait while everybody else is served, and then, at last, a drumstick for you, and mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce, and vegetables.

HOW you eat, while the grownups talk and laugh and are generally festive.

Footballs filled with ice-cream for dessert, because pumpkin pie isn't good for little girls!

Nuts, candy, and after dinner somebody playing the piano and everybody singing and talking some more, and dancing a little and laughing a lot, and getting late and sleepy, so sleepy, and so full of good food, and so-o-o-o sleepy.

And finally home and bed and deep, dreamless sleep.

Wasn't it wonderful, that Thanksgiving of the little girl who used to be you?

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women, and that he is looking to her to exert an influence over Julie, his little butterfly sister. Julie has fallen in love with a man much older than herself, and she confides in Hawthorne. Shortly after this Hawthorne discovers to her horror that Julie's lover is no other than Cranford Blake, the man she herself once loved in the past.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Deadlock

FACED with Dane's question, I realized that I had to say something. O, Dane, little did you realize how you tortured me as you sat there opposite probing me with your questions!

I resolved to make light of the entire thing.

"I think you're worrying needlessly about it, dear. To tell the truth, I don't know Carroll Blackton at all well. Julie was with me one day when I met him, and I introduced them then."

"And this friendship developed from such a slight thing? It's incredible. Why didn't you speak to me about it when you knew Julie was seeing him?"

"I didn't know until just a few days ago."

"When did you first meet this man?"

"Long before I was married."

"And you didn't know him well?"

I tried to speak, but the words would not come. I shook my head and Dane looked at me suddenly as though he didn't believe me.

"Hawthorne," he cried out sharply, "you're telling me the truth, you're not trying to conceal anything from me?"

Now was the time for me to throw myself on his mercy, to tell him everything I knew, to ask his help and protection. But I had glimpsed the coldness in his eyes, I had heard the sudden harshness in his voice, and I was afraid of losing something I might never regain. Words rushed to my lips and I heard myself speaking.

"Why, Dane, of course I'm telling you the truth. Why do you doubt me, why do you look at me like that?"

Something like relief softened his features suddenly.

"Because I wanted to be sure. I couldn't bear it if you deceived me about anything."

Martha appeared in the doorway and announced dinner. It was with a sigh of relief that I rose, and we went to the table together. Dane's arm around me. He was mine again, all mine, and during the meal we chatted casually, the subject of Julie temporarily abandoned. But afterward he returned to it, and this time from a different angle.

We were sitting together in the living-room, I with my book and Dane with the evening paper. Suddenly he threw it down, and spoke to me.

"Hawthorne, I'm afraid Julie is getting her independent ideas from you. She's trying to copy you in everything. That time when you insisted upon going to dinner and the theatre with Janet, do you remember? I suppose you told Julie all about it."

"I may have mentioned it to her, I don't remember. But, if I did, what of it?"

"A great deal. Julie is not eighteen yet, she's nothing but a foolish child. I warned you in the beginning that you could do a great deal for her, that you could influence her in many ways, but I'm afraid you're influencing her in the one way that is bad for her."

Again Dane's voice was cold and hard and the injustice of his remark stirred me to sudden anger.

"Dane, you can't wrap Julie up in cotton wool; the times are too advanced for that. Julie is a twentieth century girl and naturally she wants independence. It's good for her, just as it's good for me or for any other woman."

"I don't agree with you." Dane returned stiffly. "Independence and freedom are all right for the woman who has to earn her own living, but women in your class must abide by the conventions. In the future I don't want you running around at night alone or with another woman. I don't like to issue an ultimatum, but I want that fact clearly understood."

Tomorrow—Misunderstanding.

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