Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Why Married People Fight

"HE WOULD not get up and let the cat in"; "he put a mouse in my bed and caused me mental anguish"; "he heated a poker red-hot and flourished it at me." "She made me nervous, declaring there were spooks"—these are some of the reasons seriously put forth in the divorce courts for separation of couples who had sought each other as life partners!

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Does any sane person believe that these trivial and contemptible reasons given were the real causes? Every one knows that hate is as mysterious as love. We are drawn toward some human beings and detest others, actuated by laws as strong as the gravity that holds the earth in its place, or causes the sun to blister, or ice to freeze one. Chemical affinities are understood and electrical ones. The magnet draws any piece of steel and it clings madly, so that force is required to pull them apart.

No one underrates the terrific force, yet when certain human beings feel a very real and definite predilection for each other, there are grave uncertainties and doubts, and persons "blame" them for the feeling, which is a perfectly natural manifestation of life force.

IN THE opposite category are the persons whom we naturally shrink from, and in some cases feel a positive loathing for. It is of no avail to inform us that it is our duty to conquer this feeling and to like them; we simply cannot endure their presence. Hatred we may control by compelling ourselves to be humane and decently courteous and to fill our minds with other persons and interests, so that we do not become morbid and cherish our hate, fanning its flames. But nothing can make us like or love one.

It is mysterious that a couple who have felt sufficient attraction to wed should later react and feel exactly the opposite sensation. Sad and horrible indeed is this sequel to the delights and charms of intimacy. Perhaps the reaction is due to laws as yet undiscovered, but in any case it is useless to try to hold together those who have degenerated into a nagging, squabbling, quarreling pair. To deliberately plan small tortures shows a mind so depraved that the public may safely guess that there were other and more vital reasons for the separation than the trivial acts it seemed best to give to the world. Our inhuman and vulgar necessities of proclaiming in open court and in the newspapers the most secret horrors of marital failures, with intimate details, are a blot on civilization and are not countenanced in some countries.

THE public may laugh, and compose comic songs about celebrated divorce proceedings of wealthy couples, and the world may express contempt for trivial causes given, such as mice and jeering at the husband's bald head, but any wise and sane thinker realizes that these are but camouflage and thin veneer of excuse to hide the facts in the case. To be sure, the husband did the contemptible and nasty thing of heating a poker and brandishing it about, to terrorize the wife, but what caused him to do this? It was a vicious disposition, a secret spite or grudge, a desire to torture and inflict pain. That was sufficient cause for a wife's fearing and detesting her mate.

So that, even if it did amuse the public and cause the moralists to declare that folks nowadays rushed into separation proceedings without any real justification, there was a vital reason under the surface which was not funny at all. It was human antipathy and detestation. Such couples would better not remain tied together, daily pushing at each other's throats.

HORRIBLE indeed when love really has existed once that frail and foolish men and women will jeopardize their life and happiness by permitting minor discords to jar their tranquillity. To be a good husband or wife, one needs to be a good person, a rational, fair, kindly soul, honestly endeavoring to deal kindly with his fellow-men. The sole reason that married pairs fight is that human nature is frail, and we are yet far from being civilized.

JUST A CAPE AND A SKIRT

Of course, this particular cape with its beaded fringe does not provide the warmth that a cape is generally so accommodating with, but it does come forth with a brand-new idea and forms the sleeves of the dress of chiffon. The quaint air that it lends is carried out still further by a skirt that is brought up far enough to give a short-waisted effect. As for the sequin trimming which brightens the frock, call that anything you like, but it's certainly attractive

Central News Photo.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Her Phantom Rival

OF COURSE, it was Virginia's fault in the first place.

She had bidden Paul remain downtown for dinner because she was to spend the whole afternoon and stay for dinner with Madge Sarver over on the other side of town.

But Paul needn't have overdone it.

"Mercy, dear," cried Virginia, as Paul let himself quietly into the house with his latch key. "It's 10 o'clock and I've been home for hours and hours."

He smiled mysteriously as he wriggled out of his ulster and came into the living room.

"I thought you'd be at home when I got here," said Virginia, a bit plaintively. Fact was that Virginia had been somewhat dismayed to come home from her dining out to find the house dull and lonely without him.

"You didn't sit over your dinner all this time, did you, honey?" she asked, pressing the point.

"Oh, no," he said airily. He took his accustomed seat by the tiny fireplace and lighted his pipe.

"Well, then——"

He turned his quizzical eyes upon her.

"To tell the truth, dear, I went to see a very beautiful and charming young lady," he said mildly, but with eyes averted.

Instinctively Virginia felt herself stiffen.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Mighty clever girl, too."

"Paul, don't tease," begged Virginia. "Who was it?"

He puffed contentedly at his pipe for a moment before replying.

"Her name's Priscilla."

Virginia sniffed.

"Paul, I believe you're fibbing," she said, half doubtfully.

"Oh, very well." The brute reached for a book and pretended to be intensely interested at once.

Virginia hesitated.

"Paul! Priscilla who?"

"Oh, you don't know her; or that is, I don't believe you do."

Virginia wriggled with real interest now.

"Paul, if you don't stop teasing me, I shall pinch you. * * * I didn't know you knew a girl named Priscilla. How long have you known her, anyway?"

"I never saw her until tonight," Paul answered calmly.

This was too much.

"Paul, if I thought you would deliberately flirt with a girl, even if she did have a nice name like Priscilla, I believe I'd run away and never come back."

Paul vouchsafed no answer, but his eyebrows went up in a terribly irritating way.

"Paul?"

"Well?"

"If you'll tell me who she is I promise you I'll never, never go out for dinner and leave you all alone again as long as I live."

He turned a stern face toward her.

"Promise?"

"I promise."

"Honest Injun?"

"Cross my heart and hope I die."

"Well, all right. I'll forgive you then," he said.

"Paul—Priscilla who?"

"Name's Priscilla Dean. Went down to the movie near the office and saw her in a wonderful thriller—log jams and narrow escapes and a hero and villains and——"

But further speech was muffled. She had smothered him with sofa pillows.

Tomorrow—Once in a While

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne refuses Nick Tracy twice because she does not love him. Nick is desperately in love with her, and takes her refusal very hard. Then one night he is introduced to Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Revelers," and finds her very different from what he had imagined a chorus girl would be.

CHAPTER VIII

Playing the Game

OF COURSE there were times when Daisy's crudeness grated on Nick's nerves, when he cried aloud in the agony of his heart for Carol. He had not ceased to love her, he wanted her none the less, but he was forcing himself to abide by her decision; he was steeling his pride against humbling himself before her, for he had decided that it was all useless.

Sometimes he would dream of Carol's caring for some one else. In his imagination he would see her blue eyes warm with emotion; in fancy he would imagine her in the arms of some other man, and it would drive him nearly mad. If it had not been for Daisy's friendship, Nick might have done something desperate when these moods came upon him, and gradually Daisy came to mean some one he could rely on—some one whose sympathy and friendship he needed more and more.

In all her life Daisy had never tried so hard to please any man as she tried to please Nick, and she had planned sooner or later to make him ask her to marry him.

He was not as rich as other men she had known, but he had enough, and he had other qualities that she liked. As Daisy put it, "he was easy to get on with," and although she was no more in love with him than Carol Rathbourne had been, she had no scruples about marrying a man for other reasons.

One night when Nick was taking her home from the theatre she snuggled her small hand into his in the darkness of the taxicab and leaned against him confidingly.

Nick looked down at the blonde head on his shoulder with varying emotions—a certain affection, a little pity and some tenderness.

"Poor little tyke," he thought. "It isn't the easiest thing in the world to keep her and happy when one works as hard as she does. And what about the time when the show ends? She'll be out of a job; she'll have to look for work again, and yet she never grumbles or complains."

It was a dangerous frame of mind for a man to be in, and Nick felt somehow indebted to Daisy. But when the taxi skidded around the corner and into the street where Daisy lived she lifted her head suddenly and, meeting his look with wide, innocent blue eyes, she said with just the proper amount of embarrassment:

"I was so tired. I hope you won't think wrong thoughts about me or that I'm used to doing such things."

"Don't be asburd, child," Nick returned quickly. And he left her later with a warm little glow in his heart.

"What a dear little thing she was, and what a child!" He wondered what she would do if he gave her a gift of some kind. He had never sent her anything, not even flowers or candy, and in imagination he could see her childish face light up and her voice pitched high exclaiming over something he might send to her.

It was rather a pleasant picture, and he decided to send her a big box of assorted candy the very next day. But in the meantime Daisy was seated before her dressing table, a contented little smile on her full, childish mouth.

"He's weakening all right," her thoughts ran gayly, "but I mustn't be in too much of a hurry. Wouldn't it be a joke if I should end by falling in love with him? I hope I won't be such a fool as to do anything like that, for then if anything happened to upset my plans the joke would certainly be on me."

Tomorrow—The Serpent's Tongue

Moth-Proof

Chests made of the heartwood of red cedar in good condition and thoroughly tight are effective in protecting fabrics from clothes moths, it has been found by the United States Department of Agriculture, provided proper precautions are first taken to beat, brush and sun all articles before they are placed in the chest. Experiments with cedar chests from the time of manufacture until they were one year old indicate that chests which are cared for properly will retain indefinitely their value as protectors against moth ravages.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What remarkable record in selling real estate has been made by Mrs. Margaret E. Long, of Chicago?
2. With what simple action can a picture be arranged so that it will always hang straight?
3. Describe a new device for peeling and scraping potatoes which keeps the hands entirely free from stain?
4. How is a good-looking stand for a bedside candle made?
5. In what easy way is the very newest of waists for an evening dress made?
6. What unexpected turn is taken by a hat that is made on interesting Spanish lines?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Riding 1000 miles on a motorcycle without stopping is the marvelous feat which Mrs. Janson is the first English woman to have accomplished.
2. By treating a sample of it with concentrated hydrochloric acid an all-silk material can be tested to prove that there is no cotton mixed with it; if it is free from this it will dissolve very quickly.
3. For tired feet, rubbing with camphor is a soothing remedy.
4. In an interesting way candles are painted with the same small flowers that adorn their wooden holders, and the latter also attract attention by having square bases, while the parts that hold the candles are put on right above these.
5. A well-cut vest and a sailor hat, both of henna suede, make smart finishing touches for the sports suit.
6. The girl with bobbed hair can arrange it in a charming manner by wearing a narrow folded band of crepe de chine to match her dress.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The present 6th of January was December 25 in the old calendar. When the calendar was changed two centuries ago, January 6, Twelfth Night, was called Old Christmas or Little Christmas, the end of the holiday season.

From time immemorial, Twelfth Night has been the "bean feast." At a dinner or supper party given on this night, a cake in which a large bean has been baked is the distinctive feature of the feast. Each member of the family and each guest in turn cuts a section of the cake and whoever draws the portion containing the bean must play host or hostess for the remainder of the evening. As "Master of the Revels" or "King of the Bean," the temporary host must order games or other forms of entertainment, and all must do his bidding. If he feels unequal to the task he may present the bean to a more resourceful guest.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Swinging Arms

Ever notice the way people carry their arms when they walk? Of course you have.

But did you ever realize that they are revealing their characters thereby, or at least, parts of their characters? The chance is that you never did, except perhaps that you have been vaguely and subconsciously influenced in your judgment of a person by it.

When the arms swing freely and the walk is an energetic one, you have a character of the fearless, vigorous and alert type. Such people are alert in the sense that their mental processes are keyed up, not in the sense that they are always craftily on the alert. They're alert, but they're not unduly suspicious.

Generally you'll find them well poised and sure of themselves both mentally and physically. And for the most part they come under the classification known as the motive type. That is, they are predominately people of action. They are the doers and accomplishers rather than the planners and the "highbrows."

They are also the people who are inclined to be a bit reckless, quick if not always careful in their decisions, and seldom oppressed by fear of any description.

Tomorrow — The Pumphandle Handshake

Mrs. Wilson Gets Winter Desserts From Aunt Hetty Up in New England

Making Cake With Graham Crackers Is a New Idea Learned From the Cosmopolitan Kitchen—Butter Cream Icing Is Worth Remembering

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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COLD, frosty days sharpen the appetite, and give the folks a real zest for their food. Aunt Hetty Walcotte, a New England housewife, says keen weather just naturally makes the folks eat you out of house and home. Aunt Hetty is a splendid cook and takes a real personal interest in this fact; she makes many of the old-time, delectable goodies that the New England housewife is justly famous for.

While visiting her many of the neighbors run in for samples, or to borrow a special recipe, and here in a real home community her recipes are of value. Sample them. You will enjoy them, too.

Scalloped Apples

Melt one-quarter cup or two ounces of butter or good substitute in a pudding pan and then turn in two cups of bread crumbs and rub the butter well into the crumbs. Now turn the crumbs from the dish.

Now place a layer of the bread crumbs in the bottom of the dish, spread over one pint (two cups) of thinly sliced apples; season the apples with a little grated lemon peel, a little grated nutmeg, spread five tablespoons of brown sugar over the apples, now place a second layer of the bread crumbs and then repeat, using the same amount of apples. Season as directed, and then pour four tablespoons of maple sirup or honey over the apples; sprinkle lightly with bread crumbs and bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes. Serve with thin apple sauce.

Yankee Indian Pudding

Place in a saucepan

Three cups of boiling water,
Three-quarters cup of molasses,
One-half cup of cornmeal,
One-half teaspoon of salt.

Stir to mix free from lumps and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Then add:

One-half teaspoon of ginger,
One-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg,
Three-quarters teaspoon of cinnamon,
One cup of seedless raisins,
Grated rind of one-half lemon,
Three cups of milk.

Beat to blend and then turn in a pudding dish and add three tablespoons of butter and stir until the butter is melted; bake in a slow oven for one hour; stir twice during the first thirty minutes of the baking time. Serve with thin custard sauce.

Maple Bran Cookies

Place in a mixing bowl

Three-quarters cup of maple sirup,
One egg,
Six tablespoons of shortening.

Cream well and add

One and three-quarters cups of flour,
One teaspoon of baking powder,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
Three-quarters cup of chopped raisins,
One cup of bran,
Five tablespoons of milk.

Mix and drop from the spoon on a well-greased baking sheet and bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven.

Fig-and-Nut Pudding

Chop fine

Four ounces of figs,
Four ounces of beef suet.

Place in a mixing bowl and add

One cup of brown sugar,
One and one-quarter cups of flour,
One-half cup of finely chopped nuts,
One and one-half cups of bread crumbs,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Grated rind of a lemon,
One level tablespoon of baking powder,
One well-beaten egg, in one cup of milk,

measuring the milk into a bowl and then adding the egg, and beat to mix.

Turn in a well-greased and floured mold and steam for one and one-half hours.

Serve with lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce

Grate the rind of a lemon and ream out the juice and set aside until needed. Now place in a saucepan

One and one-quarter cups of water,
One cup of sugar,
Four tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve and bring to a boil; cook for five minutes, then add the grated rind and the strained lemon juice. Beat to blend and serve.

Baked Mackerel, Spanish Style

Soak a salt mackerel in plenty of cold water over night, placing the skin side up. In the morning, cover with boiling water and let stand for ten minutes. Now lift to a baking dish and remove the bone. Now pour over the fish

One and one-half cups of canned tomatoes,
Little bit of garlic,
Three-quarters cup of finely sliced onions,
Four olives, chopped fine.

Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes and then sprinkle with bread crumbs and two tablespoons of grated cheese, return and brown nicely.

Boston Cream Pie

Place in a mixing bowl

Three-quarters cup of sugar,
Yolks of two eggs,
Four tablespoons of shortening.

Cream well and then add

Two and one-half cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
One and one-quarter cups of milk or water,
One teaspoon of flavoring.

Beat to blend and then cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the two eggs and turn in two well-greased and floured layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Let the cakes cool and then place together with a cream filling made as follows:

Cream Filling

Place in a saucepan

One and one-quarter cups of milk,
One-half cup of sugar,
Seven level tablespoons of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt.

Stir to dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil. Cook slowly for ten minutes; now add

The yolk of one egg,
One teaspoon of vanilla.

Beat to blend and cook for two minutes, cool and use as a filling; placing the cakes together, dust the top with powdered sugar.

Graham Cracker Cake

Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-quarter cups of sugar,
One-half cup of shortening,
Yolks of two eggs.

Cream well and then add

Two cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon,
Five level teaspoons of baking powder,
One cup of milk.

Beat to a smooth batter and then add

Two cups of crushed and sifted graham crackers.

Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and turn in a well-greased and floured round cake pan and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes; then cool and ice with Japanese butter cream icing.

Japanese Butter Cream Icing

Place in a bowl

Three level tablespoons of butter,
Three tablespoons of boiling water,
Two tablespoons of marshmallow whip,
One teaspoon of vanilla.

Beat to mix and add sufficient sugar to make a smooth mixture and beat hard all the time that you are adding the sugar. Spread over the cake.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give a method showing how to steam puddings, and what utensils are necessary? I use a closed can and set it in the tea kettle, but find that this is not successful. Does one run the suet through the meat grinder? Also please name a good oven thermometer. Mrs. S. T. R.

Place the pudding in either an open or closed mold; and then place in a steamer. This utensil may be purchased at the house-furnishing stores quite reasonably, and will soon pay for itself in time saved in cooking the puddings; also it can be used for cooking vegetables, old chickens, etc.

Run the suet through the food chopper, dusting it first with a little flour. If you will send me a stamped envelope I will send you the name of a good oven thermometer.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give a recipe for the white dressing on potato salad; the kind that they use on the salad sold in the stores?

Mrs. F. R.

This dressing is made by reducing mayonnaise with equal parts of vinegar and sour cream, beating well to blend.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Amused at "Handsome"

Dear Cynthia—Just a few lines to "Handsome":

I think you must be very stuck on yourself, judging from your letter. You may be handsome, but you cannot be beautiful. I never heard of a man being beautiful.

Also, you say you have such a good disposition that instead of being jealous of you, all the young men seek your company.

If this is true, it is very foolish to admit it, even to yourself. I wish to thank you for the amusement you furnished for my friends and myself, however. BEAUTIFUL.

Says Girls Have Ideals

Dear Cynthia—Please insert this in your column to "Bachelor of Thirty-six." His idea of life and marriage of today is well founded, and I agree with him in everything except that all girls are not of the baby vamp type.

I fully realize there are a great many who are going through the flapper age, but what do men admire in them, or do they take any pains to show them a good time?

Let me tell "Bachelor," too, that girls are just as independent of marrying as men are, for there seem to be a great number of men who consider a girl of no feelings, acquire her affection and sincerity, and then throw them to the four winds.

I myself have had the latter experience, and have become skeptical concerning the attentions of the man I am going with now. I gave up my male acquaintances because I preferred his company to them, only to meet his rebuff that I was foolish to do that, as he did not want me to give them up for him. I did this because I loved him and found no pleasure with any one else. He having been coming to see for five months, I naturally thought he cared something for me, or he would not call so often. However, I intend to remain on my guard, for he and others have taken the faith I had in their sincerity and crushed it. I am not a "flapper," and never intend to be. I use rouge, but moderately. I can keep house and do not abhor children.

So I say in closing to "Bachelor" that he must keep on looking for the right girl and stick to his ideals, and she will present herself at an unexpected time and fulfill all his expectations, for there are some girls who have his ideal, too, and are waiting for that type of man to marry. INDIGNANT.

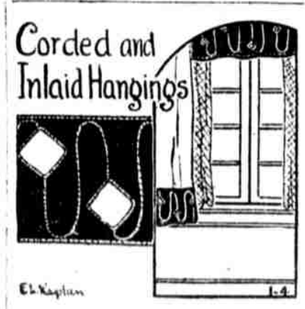
Three Stenogs Write to Handsome

Dear Cynthia—We are three constant readers of your column, and therefore kindly ask that you publish this where "Handsome" can see it. Thank you.

Dear Handsome—We are three beautiful modern girls who have read your letter and can, or think we can, give you the advice which you seek, along with our opinion.

We do not believe your parents brought you up to be as conceited as you are and surely did not mean to make you as handsome as you claim to be, but to be a full-fledged man and not to be standing in front of the mirror all the time admiring yourself. Up until now we always thought that the word "conceit" applied to girls only, but, believe us, they have nothing on you. Since your mother has stopped telling you good-night stories and you have put on your first pair of long trousers, which evidently have helped to make you handsome, you should be placed in a store window for a show. It seems also that you love yourself more than all your relatives. We would love to meet you at one of your so-called parties just to satisfy our curiously, as we have never seen a fellow as beautiful as we pictured you to be after having read your letter. All you need is a high hat, spats and a cane, as well as a Ford runabout, because handsome fellows like you do not need beautiful cars, as your looks alone will attract the girls. It is certainly a shame you weren't born a girl with such looks as yours. We wouldn't be surprised if you had told us that you wear rubber gloves while working (but you really should not do such a thing with your looks) for fear you may soil your pretty hands, and it is a pity that you can't take the part of the handsome hero in some movie film. Our advice is that you apply for such a position, and thus have the opportunity to let the world see the most handsome fellow in the United States. If you have as much as you have looks, you must be the catch of the season, so our advice is, Handsome, try to keep your good looks by going to bed early, rising early and do not use cosmetics, as they are harmful, as such beautiful fellows are hard to find. The best thing you can do it is buckle down and make for yourself and stop praising yourself, as self-praise is a poor recommendation, and at the age of nineteen you should still believe in Santa Claus instead of running to parties. S.

Things You'll Love to Make



CORDED AND INLAID HANGINGS are stunning over plain net curtains. Use a light-colored silk for the upper part of the side drapes, for the cordings and inlays. Use a darker shade of silk or velvet for the valance and borders. Cut out of the borders and valance squares about five inches on each side. Cover some cable cord with bias strips of the lighter-colored silk. Turn back a small edge around each square, and bind with the covered cord. Edge the valance and bands, top and bottom, with the cord. Join the squares with zig-zag lines of the cord as shown. Set a square of the lighter-colored silk under each cut-out square. Place the darker border over the light silk so that the light silk forms a lining for the bands. Line the valance with the lighter-colored silk. These CORDED AND INLAID HANGINGS are exquisite on living room windows.

FLORA.

She Doesn't Think He Can Write Because He Has Only His Imagination

But If That Is Strong Enough He Should Be Able to Start Now and Get His Experience as It Comes

"I HAVE a friend who thinks he can write" says a young correspondent. "He has written several small articles and stories, some of which have been printed and for one of which he has been paid. The only knowledge he has, he has derived from the various books which he has read. I have argued with him that an author must have actual knowledge; that is, knowledge derived from experience, travel, etc., before he can write something real to interest people, for, according to my theory (and I may be wrong) you can only go a certain length of time in writing stories from your mind and from ideas from books read, before you have to start all over again if you don't want to get 'stuck.' For your stories would be purely imagination and made-up, and I think there is nothing like actual experience to make a story 'real.'

"Please let me have your opinion, for I am always willing to stand corrected if I am wrong." R. R.

THE best proof of your friend's ability to write lies in the fact that he has his stories and articles accepted and paid for.

And it is true that a writer can make things that are purely imaginative so convincing and real that they sound like actual experiences.

Edgar Allan Poe, for example, could not possibly have lived through all the horrors that he describes so vividly in his stories.

Yet they seem so real that you shudder for days after you read them.

Jane Austen made no attempt to write adventurous, exciting stories.

She drew upon her imagination merely for ordinary events that might happen to a very usual family of her day.

Her life was just as quiet and serene and undisturbed, even rather dull, as the lives that all her heroines led.

Yet her books are still read and enjoyed more than a century after they were written.

SO, YOU see, it is possible for your young friend to be a success which-ever course he follows.

Travel and experience would help him, of course, but if he has imagination enough he can at least start without either.

After all fiction doesn't have to be true. You get a trifle bored reading a book that sounds like a chronicle of historical events.

Actual experience makes feelings and memories more vivid to a writer, but if he understands human nature well enough he can imagine how any one would feel under given circumstances, anyhow.

A slightly fanciful touch lights up a story very pleasantly now and then.

YOU see an author gets his experience as he goes along in life, writing his crude attempts at first and gradually learning more and more about the world and life.

Writing is just a mixture of personal experience and knowledge, with imagination and "your own mind."

Success depends largely upon the ability of the writer to mix the two harmoniously.

THERE are lots of people in the world who think they can write, because they have had such profound knowledge and experience—and nothing else.

But when somebody with imagination but no knowledge or experience comes along and manages to get his start without them, he is the one who is going to go on to real success.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Unworked Mines

THE chief was in a communicative mood.

He had just finished a hard but agreeable morning's work and now he was leaning back in his chair puffing away at his inseparable pipe.

"J. Pierpont Morgan," he commenced, "once told a newspaper reporter friend of mine that he had to be rather careful in the matter of giving interviews—his time was worth more than $1000 an hour.

"My friend used up about $500 worth of Morgan's minutes, but that isn't the point. What I've often wondered about is how often it occurs to so many of us who are careless with our hours that our time is worth just as much to us as Morgan's is worth to him. Maybe more.

"Take the odds and ends of moments we fritter away, the spare minutes we frequently waste waiting, the precious evenings we dissipate, chinning or what not—how many of us are aware that these are unworked mines, out of which we could extract untold treasure, if only we would—and into which the great majority never even sink a shaft?

"Take the average young fellow and tell me what he does with the few minutes he has left after lunching, how he spends his Sundays, holidays and nights—and I'll tell you almost to a dot what he will be doing at forty if he lives. He is making himself or breaking himself in his 'time off.' Have you ever stopped to think that most people who go to the dogs are ruined after supper? While the men who have done things worth while have manufactured their climbing paraphernalia out of time's ragged edges.

"There is no investment that can begin to pay the big dividends that self-investment pays—coining bits of leisure into health and the kind of knowledge that is power. Take any field of activity you will and examine the lives of the men who stand out in it, and you will find one thread running plainly through them all—the thread that connects all a man's spare time.

"The future never takes care of itself," concluded the chief; "it is taken care of, shaped and molded by the present. And as the stream can rise no higher than its fountain head, so today is what you made it yesterday, and tomorrow will be what you make it today—especially during your leisure hours—your unworked mines."

The Woman's Exchange

Not Wise to Do

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me how to prepare and use sage tea for darkening gray hair?

A CONSTANT READER.

It is not a good thing to use this to darken the hair.

Missed One Paper

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—On Saturday, November 26, you printed in your issue of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER the Old English letters N, O, P, and have not published the letters J, K, L, M of your previous issue, the letters I would like to have. I have all the letters up to these letters and would like to have them.

A REGULAR READER OF THE PAPER.

The reason you did not see these letters was probably because they were in only one edition, the extra. You can get this from the Circulation Department, on the third floor of the Ledger Building, 606 Chestnut street.

Wants to Reduce

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young girl eighteen years of age. I weigh 152 pounds, my height is five feet two and I would like to reduce at least twenty to twenty-five pounds. Is there anything that could be done? Are there any places where they have exercising for reducing weight?

My hair had been bobbed last year. I only had it down for a while and put it up again, for I didn't like it. It's one year now, and my hair only grew as far as my shoulder; don't seem to be growing any longer. I don't curl it or do anything to it. What can I do to let it grow as it was?

I am an American by birth, but my grammar is very poor when speaking. I use too many slang words. I would like to improve my English. If there is a way you could, please help me, for it means so much to me. I left school in the sixth B. ANXIOUS.

Yes, you can join a gymnasium class at the Y. W. C. A. to get reducing exercises. But a careful diet will help as much as anything. Try eating just a little less of everything, without actually cutting out any one thing.

Get a good hair tonic from the drug store and put this on your hair, rubbing it into your scalp every other night for a while. Brush your hair very thoroughly every night before you go to bed, and keep it clean and shiny.

If you are really very anxious to improve your English you could study at home, but there are public schools which have night classes where you could learn the same thing more easily. Call Locust 0500, the Board of Education, to find out what school is nearest.