Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Aldermen Try to Run Women Instead of City

AND now a Brooklyn alderman is exhausting himself trying to pass a local law against women's smoking!

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

With six million souls needing a city of good houses and moderate rents; with hundreds of thousands of workers unemployed; with zero winter upon us, and coal high and landlords grasping and babies starving in the slums, and tenements without adequate fire-escapes and impoverished and wretched creatures soon to be begging to sleep in churches—with midnight breadlines and criminality and vice rampant, here is one of the city fathers agitating himself over ladies in restaurants enjoying an occasional puff at a cigarette!

Can you beat it? as the street urchin would say.

NEW YORK has more than six million folks trying to hold soul and body together. It has girls paid as low as $7 a week, in these days of high cost of living. It says it is the richest and finest and greatest metropolis on the globe. It has miles of streets filled with dirty little pushcarts and thousands of tenements almost pitch dark and foul-smelling. Fires break out in deadly cold nights and it is discovered that the landlords had not provided decent fire-escapes. Factories burn down, and it is found that exit doors were locked and girls perish in the hot flames, roasted alive. Male and female criminals ply their sickening trades.

Yet the Brooklyn alderman is worried because his little suburb (Greenpoint) patronizes Manhattan restaurants and theatres sometimes, and sees an elegantly dressed woman smoking!

I don't know just how much an alderman could do to stop the crime-waves of great cities. I don't know how much good any arbitrary law does in actually cleaning up uncivilized conditions. I do not think that one can legislate kindness and humanitarianism and morality into the human heart. But this I know: the men who represent the citizens and cost the city a big sum of money should concern themselves with the real problems, and tackle the tremendous puzzles, and let women and their tiny personal habits alone.

SMOKING is a mere habit, a foolish one, perhaps, but one that induces a certain calm and tranquility. It is claimed that it fosters a gentle, optimistic philosophy, and acts as a safety valve for irritable nerves. In any case, it is quite personal, as is candy-eating.

Times have changed the last few years, fortunately, for although the newspapers have given wide publicity to the matter, the proposed measure has not called forth a storm of anti-smoking propaganda, or outbursts from passionate and narrow reformers. On the contrary, the best type of men and women have denounced it as trivial and contemptible. Conventional women who are home-makers and care nothing for cabaret life, have exclaimed that although they personally care nothing about smoking, they do not regard it as any of the male alderman's business, if women do smoke.

One most respectable and high-class Brooklyn matron says: "If a woman wants to smoke, why, let her!"

PERHAPS the trend of the times toward sanity and toleration and the recognition of women's freedom as adult human beings, is best shown by the views of the Commissioner of Health, Dr. Copeland, who is a conservative, intellectual, efficient man:

"Women have to bear all the burdens men bear, don't they? Well, then, women should have all the rights, privileges, perquisites and prerogatives men have!

"Women who are accustomed to see men smoke may be expected to bear up under the sight of women doing the same thing!

"If I were on the Board of Aldermen I would oppose Mr. McGuinness. If men are smoking in a dining-room, then I am satisfied to have women smoking as well."

WOMEN now vote. Doubtless an occasional one will become an alderman. Perhaps she will introduce a bill to prohibit men from wearing derbies or shaving, or eating milk chocolate, while the city strains under the burdens of high rents, unemployment and starvation!

Mrs. Wilson Offers Suggestions For Winter Fruit Preserving

Oranges Can Be Put Up to Be Used for Breakfast as Well as Dessert—Pectin May Be Bought "Ready-Made"

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THAT the canning season can no longer be considered a period every housewife should acknowledge by persons interested in the conserving of seasonable foods. Winter canning has many points to recommend it to the housewife who is alert and anxious to supply the table with the very best that she can afford.

Winter canning will prove very satisfactory from a bacterial standpoint, as well as providing food for the period between the succession of the Southern crop and the maturing of our early fruits and vegetables. The chemist and dietitian have for years studied the problem of helping the housewife with not only the canning, but also with the jelly making, for the housewife has known for a long time that the manufacturer of jams and jellies must have found some dependable aid to help him solve the problem of a pectin basis, and so today the housewife may select a pectin basis and rest assured that she can make a jelly or marmalade as fine, sweet and as wholesome as any that is sold.

Cranberries, oranges, lemons and grapefruit all offer to the enterprising women great possibilities for making jellies, jams and conserves.

Oranges

Have you ever tried canning oranges for a breakfast or dessert fruit? If not, put up a few jars this season and note the pleasure of the family when this fruit is scarce and high-priced next summer.

Remove the peel from eighteen oranges, and divide into separate segments; pack in a fruit jar and fill to overflowing with a thin sirup. Adjust the rubber and the lid, partially tightening the lid; place in a hot-water bath and process for one and one-quarter hours, counting the time from the minute that the water starts to boil in the bath. When the limit expires remove the jars and seal securely at once, and when cold dip the top of the jar in melted parawax. Try canning just a few jars without the sirup, using just plain boiling water.

Oranges canned by either method may be used for fruit salads, cocktails and in cooking.

Grapefruit Pulp

Grapefruit pulp can be canned for a breakfast fruit, or it may be used in fruit salads, salpicons or cocktails, and will add a pleasing variety to the menu, when this fruit is either quite expensive or poor in quality. For this method you will find the curved grapefruit knife a very handy tool to speed up the work of preparing the fruits.

Cut the fruit in half, and then cut a small circle about the seed pockets and remove the seeds; then cut the pulp from the fiber, keeping as large as possible. Pack into sterilized jars and when the jar is full fill to overflowing with a thin sirup, adjust the rubber and partly tighten the lid; place the jars in a hot-water bath, and process for one hour, counting the time from the minute the water starts to boil. When the time limit expires remove from the bath and seal securely; when cold dip the top of the jar in melted parawax and store in a cool, dry place.

For variety a few jars may be canned without the sirup, using in place of the sirup just plain boiling water.

Lemons

Lemon juice may be canned in jars and will be found to be a welcome addition to the preserve closet.

Ream out the juice of the lemons and add

One cup of sugar to every two cups of lemon juice.

Let stand for one day and then filter; fill into one-half-pint all-glass jars and adjust the rubber and partially tighten the lid; process for one hour, counting the time from the minute the water starts to boil. When time limit expires remove and seal securely. Then dip the top of the jar in melted parawax. Store in a cool, dry place.

Half-pint and pint, all-glass jars should be used for all of the above recipes. To filter, line the colander with two thicknesses of paper napkins, and pour in the sirup and let drip through. The sirup needed for the above fruits may be prepared as follows:

Place in a saucepan

Two and one-half cups of sugar.

One and one-half cups of water.

Boiling to a boil and cook for ten minutes. It is then ready to use.

Orange Marmalade

Pare very thinly the yellow rind from twelve oranges, then shred fine, using a pair of scissors. Cover with cold water and stand away over night. In the morning place on the stove and cook until tender.

Pare the oranges and cover the white pithy paring with just enough cold water to cover and simmer slowly for one hour. Drain and save the water. Now place in the preserving kettle

The drained orange peel that has been cooked.

The water drained from the white pithy peel.

Juice of twelve oranges.

Juice of three lemons.

Measuring each ingredient as you place it in the kettle, stir and cook for twenty minutes. Then add

One cup of sugar for every cup of juice and peel.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and bring slowly to a boil. Cook until the mixture is thick like jam. It is best to use an asbestos mat under the preserving kettle. Fill into sterilized glasses and when cold cover with melted paraffin.

Grapefruit Preserve

Remove the pulp from six medium-size grapefruit, chop the peel fine and cover with cold water and let stand for twelve hours. Then bring to a boil and cook for one hour; strain, add the water to the pulp and measure. Place in a preserving kettle and add

One cup of sugar for every cup of liquid pulp.

Stir to dissolve and cook slowly until thick like jelly. Fill into sterilized glasses and when cold cover with melted parawax.

If you desire to use a candy thermometer, cook the above recipes to 223 degrees Fahrenheit.

Care when melting the wax used to cover the jellies and jams will eliminate the trouble caused by the wax shrinking from the sides of the glass when the wax cools. The real secret in having the glasses of jelly or jam well covered with the wax is to melt the wax slowly and have it as cool as possible and yet keep the wax in liquid state, before pouring on the jellies, so that when the wax becomes firm and cool there will be no shrinking.

The tart and piquant cranberry deserves a place in our diet the year round. Aside from its tart and pleasing flavor it has valuable mineral salts that we need daily. Its anti-scorbutic virtues are well known to the dietitian and dietist, and should be well known to the housewife.

The cranberry has been accredited with helping to eliminate and neutralize the acids in uric acid conditions, and to provide the needed vitamines to the growing youth, so for this reason can plenty of the little, bright health-giving berry of the bogs.

Use the cranberry juice for teas, lemonades and for sauces. Cranberries can be canned without sugar and will be found to be very pleasant.

Canned Cranberries

Look over the berries carefully and place in the preserving kettle. To every five pounds of berries add one quart of water. Bring slowly to a boil and cook until the berries burst. Fill into jars, adjust the rubber and partially tighten the lid and process for thirty minutes in a hot-water bath, counting the time from the moment the water starts to boil. When the time limit expires remove and fasten the lids securely. Store in cool, dry place.

Cranberries may be conserved like rhubarb in cold water, but they must be used at the beginning of the hot weather.

Cranberry Conserve

Look over berries carefully and discard all soft or bruised ones. Wash and turn on a cloth to drain

To five pounds of berries add

Six level cups of sugar.

One and one-half cups of water.

Cook slowly for twelve minutes, then add the berries and cook for thirty minutes, or to 225 degrees using the candy thermometer. Pour in sterilized glasses. The pectin prepared by the manufacturers is ready for use. It eliminates all chance of failure and the long boiling so necessary to secure perfect results.

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne refuses Nick Tracy twice because she does not love him, but when she hears that he has become infatuated with Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Reelers," Carol's decision wavers and she writes to Nick. In the meantime, Daisy, who knows how to manage men, has almost made Nick propose to her.

CHAPTER XII

Remorse

WHILE Nick stood hesitating before her, Daisy's eyes slowly narrowed. If she had done at that moment what impulse impelled her to do, she would have stamped on the floor and pounded Nick's breast with her little white fists. But she fought for control while hate surged suddenly into her heart.

She had expected him to ask her to be his wife and something had made him hesitate. He was not so easy as she had thought and she had played a trump card, thinking that her sudden surrender to his arms would mean an instant capitulation on his part.

Then suddenly there was the sound of a key in the lock, and Daisy had just time to throw herself into a chair before the door opened and Luella came in. Nick, who was fussing with the magazines on the table, breathed a sigh of relief, and as soon as he could, took his departure.

Daisy came with him into the hall, but although she lifted her face as though she thought, of course, he would kiss her good-night, Nick did no such thing. He mumbled something about seeing her soon, shook hands with her quickly and hurried out.

Of course it was Luella who bore the brunt of the whole thing, for Daisy went back to the living room and had hysterics. She blamed Luella for coming in at the wrong time, she buried her head in the cushions of the couch so as to stifle her screams, and because Luella understood and felt sorry for her, she brought smelling salts and ice for Daisy's head, and soothed and quieted her until she felt better.

"He's still thinking of that other woman," Daisy jerked out between sobs. "Of course he has never mentioned her to me, but I know he loves her still."

Luella reassured her, kneeling by the couch.

"He's crazy about you, Georgia said so to me just the other day. Come on, buck up, Daisy, this isn't like you. He'll come back, you wait and see; they always come back."

And all the while Luella was wondering how much Daisy really liked Nick Tracy. Was she in love with him, or was she simply piqued and angry because Nick had not come to the point? It was hard to tell, and not for the world would Luella have asked. If Daisy did not vouchsafe a confidence, neither of the other two girls would have asked. It simply wasn't in their code to pry, although any one of them would have fought the other's battles without an instant's hesitation.

When Nick reached home he found Carol's letter waiting for him. His hands trembled as he tore open the envelope and read the few words on the card within, and then miraculously all doubts and fears vanished from his mind. He forgot all about Daisy; it was as though he had never known her.

Carol had written to him, she missed him, she had sent for him, Carol, Carol, Carol! He said her name over and over in a frenzy of delight. Carol had sent for him, but why?

The thought occurred to him that she might have heard about Daisy, and with that thought the memory of the evening surged over him. What a fool he had been to think that he might console himself with Daisy, and yet he had deliberately sought her out! He had spent a great deal of time with her. Tonight he had held her in his arms and kissed her. He was suddenly sick with self-loathing and disgust. Had he no decency, no sense of honor? Suppose he had made this girl care for him, was he to cast her off now like an old glove? Of course he was no better and no worse than any other man and he had not taken advantage of Daisy in any way. Many a man would have put all thoughts of a woman like Daisy out of his mind, but Nick was different. He had certain ideals about women, and he felt that he could not go to Carol knowing that he had deliberately broken another woman's heart.

Tomorrow—"I want to love you."

Well-Gowned in Gray Is This Lovely Lady

By CORINNE LOWE

A soft chiffon turneth away wrath—also criticism. And there is certainly a great deal of this placating material being used nowadays for both afternoon and evening wear.

For both gray seems more secure than ever in the affections of the fashionable, and today we are showing in gray chiffon a delightfully simple little model with a blue satin corsage showing beneath the draped upper section and a wide girdle of silver tissue. The same frock would be equally charming in gray tulle.

AT LAST—A NOVELTY!

Photo by O. C. Masters, Central News

We have lots of peasant blouses and straight skirts in mahogany-colored canton crepe, and we have had lots of braiding. But never before have we had anything quite so original in its arrangement and combination as this frock. The vest, with its inquisitive point at the waistline, and the flowing cuffs are of cream color, braided in silk that matches the rest of the dress. A narrow panel of the cream runs down the side of the skirt, too. Small wonder the wearer of this interesting costume looks so pleased with herself!

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Social Whirl

PAUL eyed the richly engraved card of invitation which Virginia handed across the dinner table, with disfavor.

"It means a lot of expense—and just now I don't think we ought to try to break into society," he said succinctly.

Virginia laughed with frank amusement.

"Paul—why do you call it breaking into society?"

"Well, it is, isn't it?"

"Dear me, no! Just a lot of people we've known for ages. And a dancing club is such good fun."

"Costs money!"

"So does most everything that's fun."

"But we can't afford it."

"Ten dollars for four dances?" cried Virginia. "Why, that's cheaper than going to the theatre four times, and we'll enjoy it ever so much more."

"My dress clothes look funny," he hastily interposed.

"Nonsense, dear. Your dress suit is only a year old—you bought it right after we were engaged, and I'm sure you haven't worn it a dozen times since, and surely it's not out of style so soon."

"And I don't know any of these new dances."

Virginia twinkled.

"You know the waltz and the fox-trot and the one-step," she reminded him.

"But I don't know the Argentine or the bunny-hug or the——"

"Oh, Paul, don't read the stuff in the comic papers. The people we know don't dance any of those odious things. The waltz is really quite the thing this winter," said Virginia, reassuringly.

He wavered.

"Well——" he said, tentatively.

It was Paul's first experience "in society" since he had assumed the responsibilities of marriage.

And he enjoyed a wonderful evening. He had feared a stiffness—a spirit-

ual stiffness. He had expected that young folks—he meant unmarried young people of his acquaintance—would neglect him or overlook him.

Nothing of the kind happened.

He danced three times with Virginia and for the rest of the evening was only aware of fleeting glimpses of her. She was flushed, laughing, gay.

And he, too, was as gay as any cavalier.

"Have a good time, dear," murmured Virginia sleepily, as she slipped out of the clinging black frock he had so admired.

"You bet I did, honey," he said, kicking off the patent leather dancing shoes he had affected to regard as a wanton extravagance.

"Seemed like old times—before we were married," smiled Virginia.

Paul turned a warm, affectionate look upon her from where he stood by the dressing table.

"It's opened my eyes," he said slowly. "I mean it made me realize in a sort of new way—how lucky I am. I mean how happy I am with you, dear. I've read a lot of twaddle about the happiest period in life being when we're young and unhampered and free—but that is not true. That is, it isn't true with us."

"I—I don't believe I understand," said Virginia, vaguely, sleepily.

"I mean that if one has the spirit of it, there's more real fun in being married and taking the responsibilities as a part of the joy of living." He hesitated. "I don't want to be sentimental, honey, but a chap doesn't really begin to live until he's married to somebody wonderful and sweet—like you."

Long after he was asleep Virginia lay awake and smiled into the dark.

How wonderful is the first year!

Tomorrow—His Night Off

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

"It's Just My Nature"

"YES, I know I do that; but I can't help it. It's just my nature."

Have you ever heard it?

Have you never said it?

If you suffer from an expensive or mortifying fault, don't try to escape behind the skirts of "nature," rather concentrate your determination and energy upon its correction and riddance.

Even "nature," it is being proved thousands of times every day, is a puny, helpless thing compared with determination and energy focused to conquer it.

Determination and energy being so much a matter of the mind may seem to be as light and fleeting as a snowflake; but just consider for a moment the cumulative force of snowflakes.

There was a meeting between a passenger train and falling snowflakes.

The snow fell slowly at first.

Its gentle flakes dropped into the hot smoke and exhaust of the engine and were consumed in a breath.

They piled against the hot boiler jacket and were licked up in an instant by the heat.

They crept under the wheels and upon the fenders, and then disappeared entirely as the great heavy train rushed on.

What chance of life or influence had a snowflake against sixty tons of iron and steel driven by the power of steam?

Countless millions were hurled aside, unwept and unsung, a sacrifice to the great iron horse and the necessities of men.

But on came the tiny flakes, silently, swiftly, thicker and thicker.

Where a million were consumed a million more leaped to the sacrifice and flung their starlike shapes under the roaring hoofs of the monster, as if glad to die to serve the collective life.

And soon, despite its mighty strength, the great locomotive's pace began to slacken.

Slowly and more slowly it moved until at last, with an expiring burst of frenzied effort, it stood still, panting and powerless in the whirling white.

As is the power of the snowflake, so is the power of determination and energy.

The first efforts directed against the things that impede your progress may disappear as though they were feeble snowflakes.

But effort after effort, hurled into the fray in endless procession by man's indomitable determination, beats down all barriers and makes easy the way to ultimate triumph.

Determination and energy—these are the things that enable men to accomplish the seemingly impossible, because determination plus energy can be balked by no barrier—the bigger the barrier the harder the resolute man tries to overcome it, and trying, succeeds.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Wants His Friendship

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl in my teens. I have bobbed hair and am good looking, also very popular with both sexes. Not long ago I met a young fellow four years my senior. He is wonderful in all respects. I think a great deal of him. A girl friend of mine also is crazy about him. She is very good looking, a blond with bobbed hair. I have dark hair. I am afraid he cares more for her than for me. My reason for thinking this is because at a dance he usually gives her more dances than he does me. Please give me some idea of how I can make him care for me. I think a great deal of this girl and would not like any hard feeling between us. Please advise me. BOBBY.

Be friends with the young man, but do not try to attract him away from this other girl. If she attracts him more, let it go at that.

A Mixed Marriage

Dear Cynthia—Will you please publish the following letter? Perhaps some of your readers will voice their opinions of the facts which are very puzzling to me.

Now, a few days ago some of your Jewish readers wrote to you regarding a Christian keeping company with a Jewish girl. I am a Christian fellow, and am keeping company with a Jewish girl. I think very much of her, and she does the same of me. This girl has a sister older than her, and she won't go out with a fellow unless he is a Christian. They are both very nice and refined girls; and naturally we get talking about this matter, and they say that they don't feel at ease if they are around Jewish fellows. To tell the truth, I couldn't explain the reason for this, because I never associated with Jewish fellows. If a Christian loves a Jew, why can't he marry her? I know I will, because I don't understand. It will have to be made clearer, and I hope some of your readers will help, as it is very perplexing to me. SHANGHAIED.

A Jew can marry a Christian. There's no law to prevent it, but as they think very differently on a subject which is very close to each one, it is seldom to be advised, just as marriages between Protestants and Catholics are not advisable.

She Needs Advice

Dear Cynthia—It seems strange to me, and yes, wonderful, that there is a column so human and so helpful in this horridly commonplace world as yours.

I do not read other newspapers much, and so yours is the first thing of its kind I've read. Every night, home from work, I devour your letters, which vary from pathetic, miserable cries for advice to the silly, conceited writers who but dilly-dally with your splendid answers. And never did I think that some day I, too, would need your help.

But it is true, and here I am—a lonely orphan—sans parents, friends, home and advice, coming to you with my problem, the first real venture I've had into the mysterious realms of the lovelorn.

About six months ago I met a young man in the office of my employer and was instantly attracted to his being different. I had rather avoided men before that, and he was rather a novelty to me.

On my way to work a few times I have met this young man and have spoken to him. I think I love him and would like him to love me, but there is my problem—"why"?

I am not unattractive, to be candid, and dress neatly if not gorgeously, for I cannot afford that. He is not engaged or otherwise in love. Please, Cynthia, help me with this, my first real trouble. How can I attract him?

I know you can't fail a

LOYAL FRIEND.

Put the idea that you love him out of your mind, my dear. You do not know him well enough, and the thought of it might make you self-conscious and you might show that in your manner. Treat him in a friendly way when you meet. If you talk with him at all, be interested in what he is doing and talk intelligently about it. Be bright and witty and as attractive as you know how, but do not show that you are too much attracted. Talk of other men you know and don't be too eager to tell everything you know. Reserve on the part of a woman is always admirable. If he asks to call, encourage him to come, and if he does not ask, but shows interest in you, you can manage, if you are clever, to interest him so much he'll want to come.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

The Meanings of Diseases

Perhaps it never occurred to you that there was any connection between a person's character and the diseases to which he or she is particularly subject. But there is.

The connection is a decided, though a general one. That is to say, a single instance of disease does not reveal the individual's character infallibly. But certain types of characters are truly more subject to certain kinds of diseases than others. Medical and character records prove it.

You might think that the motive or active type of character, the decisive, dominant, aggressive, physical type would be immune from such diseases as indigestion, rheumatism and the like, yet the records prove the opposite.

In a general way, rheumatism, indigestion, imperfect circulation, biliousness and liver trouble are the indications of the active, physical temperament. Generally, too, their troubles are chronic.

Monday—Truthful Wrinkles

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In olden times, what unique custom did a girl who was not engaged follow in order to signify her willingness to marry or her desire to remain single?
2. Describe the attractive manner in which a runner for a long table lends just the right note of fresh color to a room.
3. For the average woman, what height should the kitchen sink be so that she will not be tired by having to bend over it?
4. What is the required amount of sleep for a child of four years?
5. Describe an unusual and charmingly piquant trimming for a blue felt hat.
6. How is an evening gown of apple-green taffeta given a becomingly old-fashioned air?

Saturday's Answers

1. The habit of piercing women's ears so that they can wear earrings has sprung from the barbaric old custom of mutilating the body to please the gods.
2. A delightful piece of furniture that will please the little girl who has her very own room is a small dressing table with a triplicate mirror, all painted pink or blue.
3. Overcome the strong odor from a pot of glue by adding a few drops of oil of sassafras or cloves.
4. An inexpensive pair of glass candlesticks may be daintily painted in an unusual way with luster paint in any desired design.
5. Reaching to just below the armholes, a dress that is half suspender and half slip-on, is cut in points in front and back, which are attached to narrow suspenders going over the shoulders.
6. When a bell sleeve is worn on a winter frock make it less breezy by binding the part that fits about the wrist and allowing the ribbon to be long enough to tie together in a bow.

The Great Man's Eccentricity Was in Sewing on His Own Buttons

But His Wife Spoiled the Illusion by Announcing That She Always Finished the Job for Him—Most Wives Do

THE story is told of Ibsen, the great playwright, that he always sewed on his own buttons.

He wanted to be sure they were tight, he claimed, and he wouldn't trust any tailor or seamstress or anybody else to get that necessary tightness.

Of course that may have been one reason he sewed them on, and then another reason may have been that he was a genius and had to have some peculiarity.

Sewing on buttons was a peculiar enough thing for a man to do to make him stand out as something different from his contemporaries.

But later on, when the story had had a good deal of circulation, the great man's wife ruined it all by a very simple statement of fact.

She merely announced serenely that while her husband did sew the buttons on, she always finished up the job after he had done all he could.

ISN'T that typical of—well, of a man and a woman all the way down through the ages?

You'll always find the man admired for some remarkable thing that he does.

It may be in business that he is such a marvel, or it may be in politics or in the law that he is such a prominent figure.

Or perhaps it is some eccentricity like sewing on his own buttons or wearing a special kind of collar or tie that makes him remarkable to his friends and acquaintances.

People look up to him and talk about him, and he may even be so well known as to cause whispers when he walks along the street or enters a theatre.

And all the time there is some obscure, modest, unpresuming little wife at home who is finishing up the tightening of his buttons, or tying the tie in that strange way or furnishing the inspiration for most of those brilliant speeches and ideas that have made him distinguished.

HE WOULD hate to admit that.

Boys and, as they grow older, men always do hate to believe and confess that any woman can do things better than they can.

As little tots they begin boasting about how many long trains of cars they can push off the track, and betting that "you couldn't do that, could you?"

The conviction of their own skill grows with the years, and it would be very distressing to have to give credit for any accomplishment to a mere helpless woman.

And what about the mere helpless woman who sits by the fire and lets her influence, her industry and her inspiration make some man famous?

Why should she live in such oblivion?

ONE probable reason is that she loves to do it; she loves the man himself and she loves to let him feel that he is doing all his wonders all alone.

And then there is a certain satisfaction in telling her corner of the fireplace that, after all, if it were not for her, he wouldn't have been such a marvel.

How Mrs. Ibsen must have smiled when she was alone with herself before a mirror, at the recollection of some one who nudged his neighbor and whispered in awe. "That's Ibsen—he's a genius, and he sews all his buttons on himself!"

EVERY woman has looked just that way at some time during her career as a wife, a mother and even a sister.

"He thinks he knows how to do this," she has said, with that expression on her face as she has straightened up the wrinkled, mussy bed that he has declared himself perfectly able to make. "But he'd hate it, if he had to sleep in it this way."

I suppose Eve must have given that indulgent, knowing smile lots of times even way back there in the beginning of things!

Fur Sale

Everything in our complete stock of high-grade Furs reduced in price. These prices are lower and furs of a better grade than those of stores, as they are made in our own shop.

Jacques Ferber
Philadelphia
1316 Walnut Street

A Wise Mother and a Good Dessert

"I wish I could find something for the children that they would like as well as cornstarch pudding or blanc mange," said Mrs. Matthews, as she and Mrs. Edmonds sat talking one afternoon. "They're such a nuisance to make, and one never knows whether they are going to turn out right."

"Why don't you make Puddine? That always turns out right," replied her friend.

"Puddine?" questioned Mrs. Matthews, with interest. "What is it? Another dessert that sometimes is a success, but generally isn't?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Edmonds emphatically. "Puddine is a perfectly wonderful dessert that always turns out right. You just add milk and sugar to it and boil for three minutes, and you know that when it has cooled you will have a nice, rich mold of delicious creamy dessert."

"It sounds wonderful," interrupted Mrs. Matthews.

"It is wonderful," replied Mrs. Edmonds. "You can get it in a number of flavors—chocolate, vanilla, orange, lemon—and you can use Puddine for all sorts of things. It makes the most luscious cake and pie fillings, and smooth, velvety ice cream."

"Is it expensive?" asked her friend.

"Oh, no, indeed! You can serve seven helpings from a 10c package, of fifteen from a 15c package of Puddine. And then what I like about it is that I can let the children have as much as they want, because it is pure and wholesome."

"I certainly shall get some Puddine," said Mrs. Matthews. "I'm glad you told me about it."

A week later the two friends were talking together on the phone. "By the way," said Mrs. Matthews, "my whole family simply loves Puddine. I think they'd like to have it for every meal. I certainly am glad you told me about it."

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