Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Easy Errors

"GEE WHIZ," said Paul slangily. "I wish it were New Year's."

Virginia stared.

"Well of all things! Why, honey?"

"I want to swear off."

She pretended to be shocked.

"Swear off?"

"Yes. I want to swear off—swearing."

"Paul!"

"Fact, dear. I don't suppose you know about it, because I just naturally don't cuss any at home. But I imagine I'm on the verge of beginning, at that. But down at the office I've fallen into the habit of cussing a lot. Queer about it, too, because I never went in for that sort of thing much. But it's getting to be a habit. All the fellows down there seem unable to carry on a conversation without punctuating their remarks pretty freely with a lot of cuss words. I guess I fell into the habit unconsciously."

"Paul—I'm surprised."

He grinned cheerfully.

"Well, I don't say I'm incurable, you know."

"But the girls around the office! I should think the men would be——"

"But that's another funny thing about it. I heard one of the girls say only the other day she didn't mind it. Said she liked to hear a good hearty cuss-word rip the atmosphere once in a while. Seemed sort of manly and red-blooded, she said. So you see!"

Virginia sniffed.

"I think oaths are terribly vulgar, and cheap, if nothing else."

"So does anybody. But I didn't realize how bad we were getting down there till the other day."

"Boss say something about it?"

"The boss?" Paul laughed shortly. "Why, the boss is worse than any of the rest of us. He just explodes sometimes and cuss-words shoot up like the balls out of a Roman candle on the Fourth of July. No, indeed, the boss didn't say anything."

Virginia waited for him to confess and be purged.

"A stranger came in applying for a job. You know I've got a vacancy in my department and the boss sent me out to interview this chap. Well, we talked for about half an hour. And he knows all the works from top to bottom. And as we talked, something seemed to impress me very favorably about him, but at the moment I couldn't determine in my own mind just what it was. The upshot of the interview was that I recommended him to the boss and he was engaged. He comes to work Monday. And after he'd gone I got pretty enthusiastic about him to the boss, and the boss agreed with me in every way. And what do you suppose it was that impressed us like that?"

"His personality?"

"Personality nothing. It was just the simple fact that the fellow had talked half an hour, a blue streak of enthusiasm, and he hadn't said 'damn it' once, and he had omitted slang and just shot the good old English language at us, minus all ornaments and italics. That's all. By George, it's funny, but his conversation was almost brilliant, just because there was an absence of cuss-words."

"That ought to be object lesson enough, dear," said Virginia.

"Ought to be, but it's a tough habit to break off," muttered Paul, earnestly. "I'm going to try like——"

"Paul!" she warned him. And he blushed guiltily.

Tomorrow—The High Crime

The Unconscious Sinner

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Cleo Ridgefield is the kind of girl who unconsciously tempts men to make love to her. When she refuses Dick Wheeler, he tries to commit suicide, and is saved by his guardian, Carey Phelps. Believing Cleo to be a scheming adventuress, Carey decides to win her love for the purpose of paying her back in her own coin. On the evening of his first call, he arrives just a few minutes after she has gone through a scene with Bob Ellsworth, a man she has never thought of seriously. Carey's resolution to make Cleo suffer is intensified when Bob rushes by him in the hall, and later when Cleo faints, he believes that the fainting is merely a clever trick. He is surprised, however, when Cleo asks him to leave her, and although she is certain that his first call will be his last, he carries on his campaign to make her fall in love with him, in the days that follow.

A Strange Encounter

THAT night after he had left Cleo at her home, Carey found himself filled with conflicting emotions.

As they had been leaving the theatre the surging crowd in the lobby had flung Cleo up against him. She had been pressed close to him; an intangible fragrance from her hair had drifted up to his nostrils. Her white evening coat had slipped back and he saw the slender perfect line of her young shoulders and the fresh wonder of her skin like faint pink velvet.

His fingers had closed with unnecessary force around her arm where he held it above the elbow, and he had seen her catch her lower lip suddenly between her small white teeth.

She loved him. He was sure of it. She was his for the asking, this delectable bit of womanhood, this siren who had been desired by many men, and suddenly there stirred in Carey something that he had never felt before.

He realized the emotion as dangerous, it might have swept him away if he hadn't been so sure of himself, so certain of what he intended to do. But it was an emotion born of the fact that he had carried Cleo beyond any desire on her part to play tricks, to lead him on as she had led on her victims in the past.

She was in his power. He might do as he liked with her, but because of this sudden feeling that had been born in him he must watch himself carefully. Frank with himself, he was forced to admit that if circumstances had been different, if he could have honestly respected this girl, if he had not known her for what she was, he might cast discretion to the winds and make a fool of himself.

He was thinking of all these things as he strode along, and suddenly he became conscious of the fact that a man stood in his way and was deliberately barring his progress. It brought him to himself with a start, and in the light of a nearby street lamp he recognized the white angry features of Bob Ellsworth.

For a moment the two men stood facing each other, and in that moment Carey realized that Bob was not himself.

"You thief!" Bob burst out suddenly. "I suppose you're congratulating yourself on having taken her away from me, but you'll find out the truth. You're only another victim like the men who have gone before you. She doesn't love you, she's not made that way. But if I thought she did, I'd kill you, do you hear that? I'd kill you!"

Carey hesitated for only a minute as to what course he would take, and then he suddenly slipped his arm within that of the boy's and forced Bob to walk along with him.

"See here, old man," he began quickly. "You don't mean that, you have no real grudge against me. What good would it do you to get me out of the way? It wouldn't make things any better for you."

For two hours the men walked through the city streets, Bob at first sullen and hard, until finally under Carey's influence his callousness dropped away and only his misery was left. He was only a hurt boy and Carey felt toward him very much as he had felt toward Dick. When they finally separated Carey was certain that Bob was no longer actuated by any desire for revenge, but all the harshness that he had felt from the beginning toward Cleo had returned to Carey fourfold. He had forgotten that vague stirring of emotion that had come to him earlier in the evening, and there remained to him only the desire to make her suffer, to hurt her, to make her pay for the misery in Bob Ellsworth's eyes, and the even greater suffering that she had caused Dick.

Tomorrow—Carey's Decision

A New Thing

If you always wear modish things a little bit before every one else does, you'll want to copy the new fad in handkerchiefs. Of course you will want to choose a tailored or a sports costume to wear this particular hankie with. I say wear it, because that's exactly what you do. It is a large thing, as big as a man's, made of foulard which gives the effect of a bandana, and into your suede belt you tuck it jauntily.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

"Oh, Wind, if Winter Comes, Can Spring Be Far Behind?"

When Shelley so beautifully sang these lines, he was voicing a fundamental principle of nature. Time's cycle turns. The blasts of winter must be a promise of spring. The more withering their onslaughts the nearer the fulfillment of the promise.

Leaves dead and fallen are a forerunner of the new bud. The shortest day in the year means more sunshine from tomorrow on. After April showers come May flowers; and night's darkest hour heralds dawn.

There are few of us who have not known times of disappointment and sorrow, who have not once voiced the sentiment, "It never rains trouble—it pours." Setback and misfortune came one after another until life seemed to promise nothing but utter despair.

In times of illness when concern and faint hope have given place to doubt and fear, the loved one's sufferings becoming more intense, resistence weaker, comes the darkest hour when the sufferer seems able to bear no more, when the dreaded tentacles seem to tighten and horror grips the watchers' hearts—but lo, a light comes up from the East and there is a change in the sunken face. It is dawn; and in the awed silence the voice of the doctor is heard: "The crisis is past—all is well."

If we will think back to any time of great struggle we must recollect the darkest day, the ebb of hope to have been right before the rainbow of promise shot across the sky. It was when you felt you could bear no more that the reins slackened and the burden lifted.

So in the darkest hour, when the worst seems to have come, remember: "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

The Many-Hued Girdle

You know the song—it's old now—about always chasing rainbows? Well, the girl of today does that with her clothes. Perhaps it's a rainbow sweater or a shaded scarf, or an organdie that takes several of the rainbow's colors. And then again it may be a girdle of narrow grosgrain ribbons. This kind of one would be so pretty with a periwinkle blue dress. The twisted ribbons would not be too bright and, falling sashlike on one side, they would make a graceful trimming.

Plaits Finish the Fashionable Cape

So far we are not yet sleeping in capes. But that represents our only vacation. Otherwise, every little moment has a caperrice all its own. From the stunning sports capes with which we attack the day to the films creations with which we end it, we are never free from them.

Of course, much has been written about the matching cape, but the literature extant cannot do justice to the popularity of this costume. Sometimes the wrap is of color and fabric of the gown. More often, however, it develops merely the trimming touches of the model beneath it. Thus, with a foulard frock trimmed with bands of serge we find often a smart little cape of the serge lined with the same foulard and otherwise acknowledging the sovereignty of the silk in collar and other decorative touches. The same may be said of matching coats.

Today we show a frock of old rose georgette crepe girdled in silver roses with leaves of black faille completed by a cape of the latter material. This wrap is lined with the old rose frock fabric and for the rest depends upon its unusual employment of plaits. Speaking of plaits, they are being waged successfully now in all manner of attire and some of the most stunning crepe de chine capes and coats depend entirely upon the bounty of this treatment.

CORINNE LOWE.

Antoinette Donnelly interviews the most beautiful woman on the subject of her lovely eyebrows and dainty, carefully kept hands. She tells of the simple methods used every day by this beauty in order to be ready for the camera at any minute. They aren't hard to follow.

WERE you to inscribe an ode to the one most impelling force in a reputation as the most beautiful woman in the world, you would direct it to Miss Katherine MacDonald's lovely eyes.

They are eyes that lend themselves whole-souledly to the muse for fine poetic description. Like purple pansies, they are soft, velvety, large, expressive luminaries; but designed for seeing, just as eyes within which lies no such glowing inspiration.

And so, having gazed and marveled at their loveliness, Antoinette Donnelly asked the famous beauty the secret of their healthfulness. And learned of no magic potion nor any particular element of care.

"You have to have the strongest eyes in the world," said the beauty, "to work in pictures. The lights are deadly. I must have been born with the strength, for I have never had a grain of trouble nor used an eyewash. And every night I read in bed, as that is about the only time for reading. But I am particular about having a bed light adjusted so that the light comes over my left shoulder, and the light is shaded."

Normal, healthy eyes need no ablutions other than that given with the daily rinse after the face wash. Only when strain begins to be felt should one resort to boracic acid solutions. And one might reasonably judge that eyes beautiful in color and shape are purely gifts of the gods. One cannot change them.

With eyebrows it is different. One may be scantily endowed and one may be overindulged, and yet by clever artifice remold the fine short hairs into a most artistic line.

Plain yellow vaseline and a tiny eyebrow brush are given credit by this beautiful woman for her finely arched brows. Every day—often twice and sometimes thrice—they get attention. It depends upon how often the make-up goes on and comes off. But the tiny brush is dipped into vaseline and the line of eyebrow followed cleverly. "This has promoted their growth," she confessed, "and it has trained them into the way they should go."

On the street she never uses any darkening artifice. For picture work she does. Her eyelashes are brushed with the vaseline, too, and perhaps their luxuriant growth may be in part attributed to the practice.

Miss MacDonald waxes eloquent on the subject of hands. Studying hands is her favorite form of character analysis.

"I observe hands first. I do believe I form a photographic impression of the hands of every person I meet. They speak of character. We have the power to conceal our thoughts and eyes may lie—but hands never."

Perhaps that is why hers are so beautifully kept. They are artist's hands, extremely graceful, slender and shapely, with long, tapering, pink-nailed fingers. To be truly beautiful hands must have a touch of the practical within their grasp. Character, that's what they must have.

"I have always been rather proud of keeping my hands in good shape," said this most beautiful of women. "It has just grown into a habit which I acquired young. I never used to be able to afford manicures, so had to learn how to care for them myself, which is a simple enough matter, after all. Now, I have a manicure every week, and aside from the practice of pushing back the cuticle with the towel after every hand washing and using a buffer lightly I do nothing."

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Who Discovered Woodpulp Paper?

The discovery of many valuable things can be traced to the door of accident. Until the year 1840 paper was made of rags. In that year a tiny wasp, building her nest of selected wood fibers, softening them to pulp with saliva and kneading them into cells for her larva, led to the discovery that paper could be made in much the same manner. Gottfried Keller accidentally stepped upon a wasp's nest. He stopped and examined the crushed mass beneath his feet and found it to be pliable and yet tough in texture—of a texture much like the paper he was manufacturing from rags. After a close examination Keller decided that the wasp had used wood fibers.

With a friend, Hendrick Voelter, Keller began his investigations. They decided to imitate the wasp, and started to granulate wood as they saw wasps do. Selecting the fibers of spruce wood, which the wasp did also, they ground it under an ordinary grindstone. In place of the saliva used by the wasp in converting the fibrous material into pulp, they substituted sweet water. Their first experiment resulted in a pulp very similar to that made from choicest rags. This they carried through to manufacture, adding a small proportion of rags, and they had the first wood-pulp paper. It was of good quality as well as of great advantage over rag paper, in its quick absorption of printing ink.

In Berkshire, England, early in the nineteenth century, a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing during the manufacture of a large quantity of paper. Upon trying to write upon a sheet of it, it was discovered that the ink spread all over the surface, making a blot. It was sold under the name of "blotting paper" and from this incident has developed the blotting paper industry.

Tomorrow—How Did Roads Originate?

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Selecting the Quick Ones

There is no question that a man's temperament is a big factor in determining his value, to himself and to his employer, in the particular kind of work he takes up. An employer can learn a great deal about the fitness of a prospective employe, before he sees him, simply by analyzing his handwriting.

Suppose, for instance, that you are in need of a salesman, and that the particular proposition you have to offer demands the type of man who is quick, instinctive and practical; the kind of a man who has energy and acts on his own initiative, who uses his head and gets the results in his own way, who is a good talker and who will not let himself get into a rut or follow humdrum methods.

Now, on your desk you have a pile of letters from applicants for the position. Aside from the information and records of their accomplishments contained in these letters, what are you going to look for?

Hunt for the letter which bears the evidence of hasty writing, writing in which the first letter or so of each word has been fairly well formed; but in which the succeeding letters have been slurred over and sort of trail away into meaningless wiggles.

This is an infallible sign of a quick mind. It is the natural result of it in fact. It shows that the thoughts are constantly ahead of the hand. This writing means "pep," initiative and energy, and in nearly every instance the writer is accomplished in some one direction at least. It remains for you to find out whether this particular accomplishment fits your needs or not.

Tomorrow—Picking a Prudent Representative

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

When visitors are present, and children of the family are ready to retire for the night, it is the correct thing for every child in turn to say goodnight to each visitor, mentioning the names as he does so. If the guests remain overnight, the morning greetings are made in the same way by the children—not merely the curt "Good-morning," but "Good-morning, Mrs. Prescott," "Good-morning, Dr. Prescott," etc. The utterance of the name of the person adds a pleasing personal courtesy to any greeting.

When children pass a group of visitors without seeming to notice their existence, the parents are to blame for this rude ignoring of guests, which is evidence of a total lack of training in good manners. It cannot be repeated too often that lessons in courtesy are quite as important as other lessons in preparation for the conduct of adult life in the world.

Adventures With a Purse

HERE is a machine that would delight the children, and which, if I am not greatly mistaken, would appeal to the older folks, too. It looks somewhat like a flashlight attached by a bar in a horizontal position. And it is a projector for pictures. By putting up a sheet, you throw the enlarged pictures on your screen. Fifty films come with it showing photographs of favorite movie stars, together with scenes from pictures in which they have played. Such a machine would be nice for the summer camp. It has its own battery, so no electricity is required. The price is $4.25, including the battery.

One of the shops has a special on birthstone rings. They were $10, but have been repriced at $7.50. They have the new basket mountings in fourteen karat gold, and make nice rings for the little finger. You can choose the stone of the month in which you were born.

When It Comes to Hats

This season organdie and straw have taken to going about together. Other years, they must have grown tired of always seeing each other, and never getting any further than a bare nod of recognition. But now they're both seen on the same hat, and they certainly look well together. The brim is leghorn, large enough to be called a picture hat, and the crown is tan organdie, doubled and folded just enough to give a certain softness to it. Flowers are also introduced on the front of the hat, slightly to one side. These are orange and tan in color, and there is a piping of the tan organdie around the straw brim.

Slips Are Back

Yes, the old-fashioned colored slip is worn again under a dress of another shade. One white frock of all-over eyelet embroidery is made over a pink silk foundation which peeps through the holes and matches the edging on collar, cuffs and pockets. Another pink slip, of satin, this one, glows delicately through a dinner frock of pale gray georgette crepe. A rose of the same material and color adds more contrast at the waist of the dress.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Is Lonely in a Strange City

Dear Cynthia—In reading the daily columns of your paper I could not resist writing a few lines to you. Not being acquainted here, it is sort of lonesome to me, for I like many friends. Such letters as "Haze!" or "Blue Eyes" write appeal to me, and would be very pleased to meet them through your column.

I am seeking friends that are for jolly times in the line of sport, as swimming, dancing, etc. Hoping this will be an invitation for girls in seeking friends such as I wish to be in a line of respect as a pal. Thanking you in advance, will be waiting to see this in your column to cheer along. "APPEAL."

It is too bad you are lonely. Have you no friends who will introduce you to nice girls, so that you can have a good time?

Admires "Paul's" Letters

Dear Cynthia—What a fine letter our friend "Paul" writes. It is a credit to your column. If all young men were so nice and if all the girls were as good as he would like we would have fewer bachelors and "old maids." I mean bachelor girls.

How amusing it is when some flapping "flapper" wants to know if she should smoke or drink. Well, when she doesn't know or pretends not to know right from wrong she certainly needs advice, doesn't she? The girl who is ill-bred, etc., attracts and lures fellows by her badness. It is only too true, but, then, I pity them, because they get the worst of the bargain every time. Although they make it harder sometimes or embarrassing for other girls, because all fellows are not as gentlemanly as they should be.

But my experience has always been as stated by "Paul"; you can attract by personality (and how much better that is), and what good friends a girl can have who is like that. PAT.

"Eleanora" Has a Word for "Woman-Hater"

Dear Cynthia — Just a word to "Woman-Hater."

If you are a college man and have the mentality to carry on college work, doesn't it ever occur to you to stop and consider your state of mind? Your lengthy discourse on the modern product of the "fair sex" is appalling. Any one as bigoted and cynical regarding women as your written word indicates had better clean out his brain and take a new conception of things. No so-called "sensible girl" wants a scowling, fault-finding husband, and if you don't watch out you won't "fill the bill" for any type of girl.

I'm no flapper. I wouldn't know how to start to be one; that is, a real one, but you know there's generally something likable in every one of us, and the best thing for you to do for yourself and your future wife is to keep an open mind that isn't hampered by overbearing criticisms. Oh, I can just see you! Doesn't your sternness and soberness bore you at times? I should think it would, you poor, dear, amusing thing!

ELEANORA.

Jilted, but Not a Man-Hater

Dear Cynthia—I have never as yet written to you, but I read your column daily, and I read one that I would like to reply to. Please publish my letter, so the "Woman-Hater" may notice it.

To the "Woman-Hater"—I sure would like to meet you, for I am eighteen and was in love with a young man and was engaged to him. We were to be married in June. But one evening he never showed up, and I have not heard of him since. Pretty mean, don't you think so? and I have no bobbed hair and do not go to extremes with paint and powder, nor wear too short a skirt. I was not a big-timer, and that is the reason he jilted me. So you see what thanks a girls gets for being straight. I dance, but gave it up for this fellow. Now, "Woman-Hater," as you call yourself, I do not class all men alike. I do not say I'm a man-hater, but I sure am disgusted, for that isn't the first time, but the third. But I will not give up, for I am determined to make those fellows realize their mistake. "Woman-Hater," you may call me foolish for saying I'm in love, but it's no joke to me, who is the sufferer, for I would have done anything for that young man, but he did not appreciate a good girl, so I will ignore him. Perhaps he will come to his senses. I hope to hear from you again, and thank you for not classing all women alike.

DOWN-HEARTED.

She Goes With Older Men

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of sixteen years of age, in my last year of high school. I have been going with girls much older than myself and really look as old as they do. Going with these girls, I have met quite a few older fellows and gradually found myself wrapped up in them so that I had no younger friends.

Receiving an invitation to a party one evening, I invited a gentleman to go with me, and when we returned he left me at the doorstep, making no future engagement. Now, Cynthia, I can go out with a crowd and have a wonderful time, but any more I never have a "date." Why is it? Can you explain?

Our class is having a promenade and I intend to ask this same gentleman. Do you think this proper, since he has not taken me out since the last time? What would be the proper words to use in asking? Must I dance every dance with him?

What color shoes and stockings would look well with an orchid dress?

A WONDERING BIRD.

By all means ask this same man to go with you if you like him. Call him up or write him a little note and word it very informally. For instance, you might say, "Our class 'prom' will be on such and such a date and I'd be awfully glad to have you go with me if you can." Ask him to let you know soon and say you hope he will be able to come. It will not be necessary to dance any but the first, last and two other dances with him, although it is proper to do so if you want to. Gray or white would look well with your orchid dress.

Probably your older friends think you are a little too young for them to ask out. They like you at parties and enjoy going with you, but you know boys always like to be thought older than they really are, and taking a younger girl out would give them away.

The Woman's Exchange

Finding Directory

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Having just recently moved here from a Western city and having some friends who live here I wish to look them up, but do not know their addresses. I have asked several people and they have told me to look in the City Directory book. Would you kindly tell me if there is a book of this kind, where I can find it, and what I must ask for? How much does it cost?

DISTRESSED.

You don't have to buy this book in order to consult it. They will let you look at a copy at any drug store. Simply ask to see the City Directory.

At a Dance

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—How are dances exchanged at a semi-formal dance? Is it necessary to wear gloves when one does not wear a hat? Does the gentleman precede the lady out of the taxicab when there is no one to open the door?

If the lady has asked the gentleman to the dance is it necessary to thank him for escorting her? ANXIOUS.

If a man wants to dance with you he arranges a dance and your partner puts it down on your program. He also may obtain dances for you. It is better to wear the gloves in going to the dance. Yes, the man would get out of the taxicab first so that he could help you out. He will, of course, thank the girl for the good time he has had. She should not thank him for going, but can tell him she is glad he was able to.

Using Leftovers

Doris is making some underthings, but, having started on a nightgown, she doesn't want to pay anything for trimming. She won't have to, either, because she's found some scraps of colored linene left over from some handkerchiefs she once made.

We Are All Too Afraid of Giving a Sincere Compliment Now and Then

We Have So Much the Idea That This Is Bad for a Child That We Forget How Helpful It Is to a Level-Headed Grown-Up

"ONE trouble with marriage," said a married man, "is that we don't give each other enough compliments."

An then he went on to tell of a married couple who were celebrating their golden anniversary.

One of the guests complimented grandfather upon grandmother's appearance.

"Yes," said grandfather, "she looks just as pretty as she did on our first wedding day."

When some one told grandmother the compliment, she didn't believe it at first.

At last, convinced that he really had said it, she was as radiant as a schoolgirl with her first compliment.

Probably it was just about the first out-and-out compliment from her husband in many a year.

BUT it isn't only in marriage that we give too few compliments.

Everybody is a little afraid of expressing admiration for fear of spoiling the object of it.

And with some persons and in some cases this is necessary.

It isn't well to compliment a child, tell her how pretty she is or how well she sings or dances or plays her various games.

For when her mind is not matured enough to take the praise for what it is worth and let it go at that, she is all too likely to start a collection of compliments and let them turn her head.

So you cannot spread your flattery about too carelessly.

BUT as the child develops into the young graduate, the young business girl, the bride, the young mother, and so on through her life, she can stand compliments better.

And she needs them; we all need them.

There's nothing quite so conducive to good cheer and self-confidence as a compliment when you're a bit downhearted.

Everybody likes to be well thought of—why, you know what a pleasant glow goes over you when some one tells you that your dress is becoming or that there is no one else who can bake cake the way you can.

It doesn't make you conceited or increase the size of your head to be told something nice about yourself once in a while.

But if you never do hear anything nice about yourself it does often have the opposite effect of making you rather discouraged about yourself.

YOU go on day after day trying to come up to your own ideals and, as far as you know, succeeding.

But nobody ever tells you whether you are being good at it or not; you have nothing to go by but your own judgment.

If you are naturally self-confident you will be apt to lean over backward in self-confidence and self-satisfaction, if nobody ever tells you how good you are.

An occasional compliment, given with that gracious, rather surprised tone that goes with such praise, often checks a flood of conceit by its very unexpectedness.

IT IS the surprise which works in the opposite direction, too.

But when the person to whom it is given is naturally diffident and modest, the thought that it brings is, "Did other people really think that? I hoped so, but it's so nice to be sure!"

Don't let's be so afraid of our compliments.

Let's give them now, while there's time, and while the telling of them may help some one to more self-confidence, more content and more power.

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