A Beautiful Soul Is Essential, Says Winnifred Harper Cooley

IN NEW YORK'S Ghetto, or Lower East Side, or slums, there are many marvelous types and sensitive souls that Fifth avenue never recognizes.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Once in a great while some poor little foreign girl raises herself by her bootstraps, as it were, and manages to achieve fame. It is as if a wretched scrub of a geranium that you see in a pot on some fire escape managed to flower into a beautiful plant, in spite of poor soil and no sunshine or fresh air to speak of. The girl works in a badly ventilated factory or a sweatshop, earning only a few dollars a week, and lives in a foul tenement. Her surroundings are filthy and insanitary, and her life sordid and bare. Nothing could be more terrible.

YET somehow she survives, and somewhere back in Europe, amid the starvation and black tyranny of Russia's czars, and perhaps Siberia and exile, her ancestors have garnered up idealism and sunshine, and left it to this waif, this emigrant, as her sole heritage.

And so she musters up her full courage, and studies in night schools, educates herself, and then creates burning novels. The material for heartrending tales of privation and struggles upward through the mud, and of conquest, is all around her. She has only to paint word-pictures of her own friends, and the reading world weeps!

Several artists and writers have come from our slums in this generation and caused the thinking American to exclaim with terror, "Can such suffering be, in our vaulted democracy? What is it, that immortal spark in the soul of the Russian Jew?" And real students turn to laws and social betterment.

TWO such girls I number among my personal acquaintances. They have come up from poverty within the last two years. They have labored long hours in sweatshops. One worked for three dollars a week in a factory.

Bertha Pearl wrote a novel, "Sarah and Her Daughter," which showed us several generations of refined, sensitive Jewish women, and their sorrows.

Anzei Yezierska wrote "Hungry Hearts," which tore our heartstrings, with its tale of a poor girl's yearnings. Like a star, her ideal of sweetness and cleanliness and beauty shone far above her horrible surroundings, but her cry for love and joy and decent civilization was lost in the crash and thunder of elevated roads and the whir of body-racking machinery.

Two years ago, the author herself lived in a dark hall bedroom, unheated except for a gas jet. Now, it is said, she possesses fifteen thousand dollars as the royalty on two works of fiction! She still is young, but no success can efface the memory of the years before she struggled up from poverty.

IT IS a wonderful thing to know a person who has suffered and succeeded. When you talk with a woman who has created a work of art out of the fabric of her own soul, you feel abased at your own unworthiness and pettiness. A woman who has had education showered upon her through schools and colleges, and yet has done little with her gifts and little for her fellowmen, realizes how marvelous is the girl who increased her "one talent" many-fold.

Next is coming a story of a Salome of the Tenements, who danced her way into graces of a millionaire. She so longed for princely possessions, just because she thirsted for beauty, that she eagerly bartered her pride, and put up false appearances, and mortgaged her future, in the hope of gaining fine textures and soft silks and exquisite surroundings. But she learned that material things do not count for much, if your heart is unsatisfied. Her husband, so schemed for, and bought with deception, was cold and without ideals; and so, she relinquished the lesser for the greater, and went back into the real world of struggle and sordidness, earning her livelihood honestly. Soul is all-important, luxury only a pleasing environment.

THIS story has not been published. It was told me by the author. It has its lesson for all of us women. I believe it is to appear some time in a publication devoted to Beautiful Womanhood. Will we be convinced that a beautiful soul in a beautiful body is essential?

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Sunshine"

Yes, Miss Goldman is just the person to help you in every way. And she can introduce you to lots of Jewish girls that you can be friends with. Cynthia is sure you will be happy.

Good in Every Bad Little Girl

Dear Cynthia—May I say a few words for flappers? Don't you think there's a few good girls, even if they do go to dances? I know a girl who paints and powders, but I don't think you could find a better-hearted girl living. And smoking is only a fad at present. There's a little bit of good in every bad little girl if you want to go to the trouble of finding it.

I thoroughly agree with "Frank" in all his statements and would like to meet him some time, as I am from Parkland and I am always present at the dances. Thanks for the boost, Idaho. Write again, June.

ME TOO.

Going to dances has nothing in the world to do with a girl's being good or bad. It is the kind of dances she goes to and the way she behaves herself when she gets there that count.

Tells "Lonesome" to Have Faith

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly publish the following to "Lonesome"?

Dear Lonesome—It is too bad you are lonely. You have all my sympathy, but, dear, as Cynthia advises, why don't you go to the church affairs you speak of? I'm sure you would meet some boys then. As to wanting some one to love you, why, he'll come in plenty of time. Have you ever tried praying? Don't get the idea that I am a very religious person, for I am not a church member, but I do go to Sunday school and once in a while to church. However, if you could just have faith—just believe some one will come along. Don't pity yourself and think how lonely you are. Just be happy in spite of everything.

To Beth and Clare—Why don't you two girls go out together? And when you are introduced to others ask them to visit you and try to interest them in you. Some of the things I have told "Lonesome" apply to you. I am never lonely, even when my friends don't visit me for a while. I just won't allow myself to be sad. I just think, "Oh, well, something will turn up. What's the use in fretting over it?" I'll just make believe I'm happy and then I think of pleasant things, funny incidents and smile and sing."

Cynthia, will you please tell me: I met some boys (was introduced to two) the other day. I gave them both one of my cards and asked them to visit me some time. Was that the proper thing to do, even if they didn't ask to see me again? I want to become better acquainted with them. FAITH.

It would have been better if you had just casually asked them to come see you some time instead of making such a point of it.

She Speaks Too Hastily

Dear Cynthia—Though a daily reader, I am a new correspondent coming to you for advice. I always scan your column, thinking that perhaps I might find a letter from some one in the same predicament as I, so that I might be able to profit by your advice.

I am twenty-two years old, engaged to be married to the most wonderful boy in this world. I love him with all my heart and soul, and I know my love is reciprocated. He has a wonderful disposition, while mine is very ugly. Now, Cynthia, that is my whole trouble, and I think it is my only fault, and a very bad one at that. Otherwise I am very generous, am kind-hearted, sympathetic, am not a "leg-puller" and am not jealous. But I must confess that I am very hasty and at times say very nasty things, which I always regret saying afterward and am always doing nice little things in trying to heal the wounds I make. I have tried over and over again to curb myself when I mean to say hasty things, but I seem to say them before I think not to. And it seems that the boy I love is my prey. After I say these things to him there is always a lot of crying and apologizing and promises that I'll never say them again, and he puts his arms around me and says that he could never get offended, as he knows I never mean what I say.

But, Cynthia, I know the time will come when he will resent these remarks. I know that after we are married he will begin to get disgusted, and that must never be. So please, if you can, print a good sure cure for hastiness of temper (for that is what it is), for even my own family say that if they were in his shoes they would keep away from me. I love him so, and I would so appreciate some good, sound, solid advice on the subject.

SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART.

It is fortunate that you realize this fault and are ashamed of it, my dear, for you are the only one who can cure it. Will power is the only remedy. Just try harder each time to curb yourself in making a disagreeable remark and think what it means. Practice patience and learn to think more slowly. The trouble this habit brings you should be a lesson to you each time it happens, but it is only by keeping in mind the ugly consequences, the unhappiness that results from your hastiness that you can cure yourself. Stop in the middle of a remark if necessary, but don't let those harsh words get out, even if you have to bite your tongue to stop them.

IT'S THE SAME CAPE

But you can wear it two ways. If you are using it for sports it may swing jauntily from one shoulder, with the opening down one side. Later in the afternoon, over the frock that you will wear for dinner, you draw it over your both shoulders and fasten it in front. It is a convenient all-day-long wrap, made of woolen material, with a yoke of Persian cloth cut in interesting points

The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge's friends advise her not to marry Norman Wayne because he has never been known to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time. Alice Wilson's warnings make Joan vaguely unhappy.

CHAPTER II
What Is Love?

ALICE WILSON, with that peculiar frankness that has always been one of her chief characteristics, had reminded me of the fact that I might have married Herbert Livingston.

I have always liked Herbert; in fact, there was a time when I thought I loved him. Then I met Norman, and I realized for the first time what love could be.

Blinded as I was by my feeling for him, I realized that I was taking a chance on happiness. But then, I reasoned, every woman does that more or less, and the honest friendship and sincere respect and wonderful safety that I felt when I was with Herbert were nothing to the leap of the pulses and the heady rapture that I felt when I was with Norman.

The very fact that he had been in love with so many women made his love for me the more strange and wonderful. I thrilled to think that he had chosen me, out of all the rest, for his wife.

I remember telling him what Alice had said to me.

"Of course, I'm silly to care, but I wonder what she meant," I said seriously.

"You mean about taking marriage too seriously?" Norman replied. We were sitting out a dance in the cool dusk of the country club veranda, and he held my fingers tight in his hand. Occasionally he would brush them with his lips and my heart would leap in my breast. His slightest touch thrilled me. I suppose I have always loved him too much.

"That, and the fact that I'm not the kind of woman to pay you back in your own coin," I said with a little laugh.

"Thank God, you're not," he returned with sudden passion. "Of course, Alice meant that you wouldn't stoop to a sordid flirtation in order to make me jealous."

"But why should I make you jealous?" I asked wonderingly.

"Because I might first make you jealous," he said after a moment.

I drew away from him, but he caught me back. "Darling, I love you, but, after all, I'm only a man," he whispered against my hair. "Men hate being held too tightly. Leave the door open and I'll never want to go out, but if you close the door and lock it with the big key of marriage, I might try to escape down the fire-escape or something like that. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I want you to be free," I answered soberly. But even as I spoke the words I wondered if I meant them. If the time should ever come when I was no longer the one woman in the world for him, would I be brave enough to leave the door open?

Late that evening, as I was waiting in the check-room for my coat, I overheard a conversation between two women who stood just back of me. I knew them only slightly, but I realized that they voiced the sentiment of every one who knew of my engagement.

"He was clever enough to choose the type of woman he can always be sure of," said one.

"She seems rather cold to me," was the reply, "but then I suppose a man of that kind never marries the type of woman he likes to flirt with, does he?"

My cheeks burned. So they thought me cold! Cold, when I loved Norman enough to marry him in the face of everything that had been said to me, in spite of all the warnings I had received!

In silence I received my evening coat from the hands of the maid and slipped away in the crowd without being seen. But long after I had gone to bed that night I lay thinking of what those two women had said. It tallied strangely with Alice's remarks, and I could not help wondering if, perhaps after all, I was the wrong woman for Norman. This thought filled me with vague misgivings, and I did not fall asleep until dawn.

Tomorrow—The First Doubt

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Look Not Upon His Stature

One of my young friends writes me about a problem which, though really old, is ever new to the one into whose life it comes.

She has been undecided between two young men. Then suddenly her doubts cleared and she knew.

The good looking one of more prepossessing appearance had revealed himself as selfish and egotistical. He told her he loved her, but she discovered he could love no one better than he loved himself.

And this revelation helped her, she says, to appreciate the real worth of the other man, whose fine character and real devotion had earned her admiration and respect, and now she knew her love.

She loves him in spite of his less impressive manner, in spite of his plainness, in spite of the fact that he is half a head shorter than she.

She knows that his modesty cloaks not only an admirable character, but a mental caliber which must work its way to success. Indeed, she says, he has already known more success than his flashing and conceited rival.

BUT—"It's the impression he makes. He looks so insignificant, and my friends, thinking that I have not yet decided, do not hesitate to tell me so. Unfortunately I am tall, and this makes all the more conspicuous his small stature and—it is true—his insignificant appearance. My family and my friends say if I married him I would always be conscious of this and would not be happy. Do you think I am making a mistake?"

No!

With all my heart I say to you and to all other girls whose better sense may be waging a like battle with superficiality and false standards—No! Your only mistake is in weighing in the same scales with honor, manliness, worth and true devotion such flim-flam as the impressiveness of a man's appearance or the manner of a cavalier.

You are not going to live with an appearance, but with another character and heart. These are the substance that will control, in a great measure, your future happiness. Therefore you must think of them—not of the shell.

A handsome head will not take the place of the heart that would cherish you or the character that would provide for you and sustain and comfort you in dark as well as sunny days.

And when you are married a devoted glance from your husband is worth more than his ability to charm other men's wives. Then it is his real self and his attitude to your real self that will count—nothing more.

You are marrying for your happiness—not to impress your friends.

Take the real man who has inspired your love, little girl, and much happiness to you! And if in the heat of my feeling on the subject I may be accused of having preached, I can at least produce a text:

"But the Lord said unto Samuel, look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

An Unusual Hobby

Mrs. Ella M. Wellman, of Augusta, Me., whose hobby is collecting pitchers, has at present 700 different kinds in her home.

A Career Very Often Comes Up and Claims You for Its Very Own

When You Are Entirely Unaware of Its Approach—There's No Escaping It When It Arrives and, Fortunately, It Is Usually Congenial

THE girl who wanted a literary career had gone from office to office trying to peddle her poems.

At last, weary and discouraged, she stuck them loosely back into her brief case and started out of the editor's office.

Some of her papers slid out as she stood up, and fluttered face up to the floor.

They were drawings which she had made in idle moments to amuse herself and her friends, with a little rhyme attached to each one.

"What's that?" asked the editor, picking up one of the drawings. "Why, this is nice. Why didn't you show me that?"

"Oh, that's just a thing I did for fun!" the would-be poet replied, indifferently, reaching for the other drawings.

"Well, this is the best thing you have. Can you do more of these? Sit down a minute," the editor was interested in a new find.

And so it happened that the girl who wanted to be a poet or a writer of some kind had to accept a career as an artist.

Her drawings are famous now.

IT OFTEN happens that way.

Your career comes right up and hits you in the eye, slaps you in the face, before you realize just what it is going to be.

You may have your heart set on one thing, while all the time something entirely different is just waiting to pounce on you and claim you for its own.

There's no escaping when it does this.

You may keep your other ambition as an avocation, to be worked at and worried over in spare moments, but your vocation is settled for you.

Fortunately, it is always something that you can do and that you like to do which claims you.

It wasn't any hardship for this girl to take up drawing instead of writing, although probably she still yearns to write and dabbles with it whenever she has a chance, just as the funniest comedian on the stage longs to do Hamlet, while the sweet ingenue just knows she would make a hit in a rough comedy.

THE girl who talks about her career and feels that she must sacrifice everything for it very often lets her imagination run away with her.

She has the story-book idea of a career; she thinks it is something set apart from mere living and earning that living; something that you spell with a capital C and think about in noble, high-sounding thoughts.

But it isn't.

Other people talk about it in capitals and resounding words, but the girl who is pursuing it hasn't time.

The less she blows about her work the better she does it; it's work to her, not "my career."

It has come up and claimed her, and she knows that there is no way of escape for her.

She must go on with it and use the talents that she has for it.

But she doesn't feel set up over it if she is wise; she knows it isn't her fault.

SHE may be proud and feel noble and talk much about the career she would like to have, while she dabbles in it.

But the work that she knows she must do, because she has been put into the world for that purpose, needs no advertising, and will stand no stage settings.

At the Country Club

To pass the long afternoon while the men are playing golf, there is nothing like a good book and a box of Huyler's.

Huyler's

1320 Chestnut Street

Special this week: Huyler's Own Ginger Ale

Permanent Hair Waving

25 CURLS, $15

Entire Bobbed Heads, $25.00

Special process for gray hair Done by Male Experts

MME. B. L. HECKER

25 SOUTH 52ND ST.

Open Eves. ex. Wed. Bel. 10-176

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Lorelei

"I SUPPOSE a married man ought to go about with a neat little brass sign hung about his neck saying, 'I Am Married—Please Keep Off,'" remarked Paul abruptly.

Virginia served him a second helping of fresh garden peas, another table extravagance, she thought, with a slightly regretful sigh.

"Why, honey?"

Paul affected an expression half disdainful, half embarrassed.

"I suppose you will sit back and laugh yourself into hysterics if I tell you the reason," he said morosely.

"I promise not to. There must be a good reason for you to say that—."

"Oh, these darned women."

"Why, Paul, whatever do you mean?"

He wriggled uncomfortably.

"Women!" he repeated shortly.

Virginia slowly shook her head, puzzled.

"I'm afraid I don't understand, dear. You say you should wear a tag that you're married, and—."

Paul interrupted her with impatience.

"I mean that women are forever trying to flirt. They're the limit. In street cars, in the shops, in the elevators, even right there in the office. Say, you've no idea of the way women carry on these days. I never saw such stuff in my life. Why, a fellow can't glance up from his newspaper in the car without half a dozen women staring at him. It's an awfully uncomfortable feeling."

Virginia felt a wild desire to laugh, but she held herself.

"Why, honey, I didn't know women of this town were like that."

"Well, they are," muttered Paul coldly. "They make perfect chumps of themselves. Just imagine! Women old enough to be a fellow's mother carrying on like that. It's the limit. I wonder they have no sense of shame."

"Dear me, is it as bad as all that?" murmured Virginia, agonized with the fear that she would burst out into his grave face.

"I suppose you think I'm exaggerating," he argued suspiciously.

"Not a bit, dear."

"Or I suppose you have an idea that I'm getting to be a bit of an idiot."

"Oh, my dear!"

"The women of this town are flirts. And they pick out married men on purpose. That shows that women are cowards."

"Cowards?"

"Sure! They pick on married men because they can do all their practicing on 'em. They know married men will not come back at them. See?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Virginia. "But how do they know when their victims are married? I thought you said you should have a little sign that said—."

"Bah!" he growled rudely. "I spoke without thinking. A man doesn't need any label, Virginia * * * Any woman can tell at first sight. Men who are married—ah—well, they have that married look!"

And he stamped off upstairs to shave in preparation for their weekly visit to the movies.

Tomorrow—Gossip

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why Cohesion Won't Reunite Pieces of Broken Stone

The particles or molecules of a stone are held together by molecular attraction. This attraction only operates over a slight space. If you separate the molecules of a stone to more than two-millionths of an inch they lose their ability to cling together, and the stone breaks. A molecule is the smallest particle of any substance that retains the characteristic properties of the substance. If, when a stone is broken, you could put it together again in such a way that all the molecules on the broken surface would again be within two-millionths of an inch of each other the stone would hold together again. Ordinary pressure will not bring them closely enough together.

Broken pieces of gold can be brought together again by hammering. When metals are welded together the molecules are first softened in the fire so that they move more easily among one another.

Solid substances are either naturally cohesive or else man has brought together certain things with little or no cohesion and made them cohesive. In the case of the brick, he takes clay, which is only slightly cohesive, and bakes it in an oven until it becomes more cohesive, so that he can pile one on top of the other and construct a building. As two bricks have no natural cohesion for each other, however, he takes sand mixed with lime and water and places it between the bricks to hold them together. The lime, sand and water make mortar which is cohesive when properly mixed. But, used alone, neither lime nor sand has much cohesive property, and water none.

Tomorrow—What Kind of Gas is Used in Balloons?

American Women

Eighty-four thousand new members were enrolled in the Girl Guides last year.

The League of Advertising Women of New York City has a membership of more than 200.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Vermont author, is the first woman to receive an honorary degree from Dartmouth College.

Buttonholes

In making rompers for small children I make two rows of stitching with the sewing machine the length of the button-hole and so close together that there is barely room to cut between. Cut between the rows and work the buttonhole over the machine stitching. This makes the strength of the buttonhole.

[illegible] Home Economics Housekeeping.

Adventures With a Purse

I have found a very special present for our bride, and such a lovely thing it is, too! It's a hand-painted screen about five feet high and three feet wide, and it fairly emanates romance. The small brown hand of a skilled Japanese artist traced in a delicate pattern a proud peacock, whose spread tail sweeps the full length of the screen, large chrysanthemums with full-blown petals and all with a background of velvety black. The screen is framed in an orange wood frame and stands on a base of the same thing. Before a window, the light coming through and bringing out the colors, it is the very thing for which you've been looking, if you are prepared to be a bit extravagant.

The bride herself will be interested in a sale of genuine French willow furniture, which sells with one-third taken from the marked price. Roomy armchairs, inviting squat rockers, the most comfy of chaises and a perfectly fascinating array of cretonnes from which you may choose a design to have pillows made. Anything needed for the porch or cottage in the way of wicker can be had. Priced as low as $10 and as high as $30, with one-third substracted, the price is within reach.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

As long ago as 1867 George Savile, Lord Halifax, wrote: "When we look upon the rules that are made we might think that there can be no faults in the world; but when we look upon the faults there are so many that we may be tempted to think that there are no rules."

One of the most familiar "don'ts" of childhood days is the admonition: "Don't turn around and stare at anybody." Yet that is precisely what the two women pictured are doing, each of them consumed with an uncontrolled curiosity which exhibits itself in the unpardonably rude and undignified action illustrated. And no doubt each is conscious that "the other one" is doing what is unmannerly. If we could learn "to see ourselves as others see us" public demonstration of bad manners would end speedily and forever.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Sixth Analysis

Suppose you received a letter that was written in a small angular vertical hand, and you noted among other characteristics of the writer that he has a decided tendency to "cross-cut" his capitals and the first letters of words, that he makes a final "d" with an upward stroke only for the stem of the letter and that this up-stroke curves backward, puts the dot to the left of the "i," that he makes his "j," "f," "y," "g" and "z" with merely a down stroke of the pen, without a loop, and that his capital letters are a bit ornate, and that his small letters are well connected.

What conclusions would you be able to draw from the writing as to the character of the writer? Think a bit before you read further, and see how close you can come to it.

First of all, the small writing indicates cultivated mental ability. The well-connected letters indicate the logical, cold reasoning type of mind. The two together a disposition toward argumentativeness. But the back-curved "d" indicates a degree of the critical in his make-up. Vertical writing indicates deliberation, which indication is strengthened by the left-dotted "i," so that it somewhat overbalances the usual conclusion to be drawn from angular writing, that of impatience and activity, so that in this case we would say the angular writing indicated rather nervousness, precision, independence and positive views.

Tomorrow—Blond, angular writers

English Women

Search for a picturesque setting for her next novel has led Lady Dorothy Mills, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Orford, to make an adventurous trip to the strongholds of the cavemen in the North African mountains. She is said to be the first white woman to make the acquaintance of these mysterious cave-dwellers.

One of the artistes who has just appeared at the Queen's Hall, the goal of all English singers, is Miss Alice Warwick, who, until a short time ago, was a singer in the streets. One day a famous conductor heard her singing, and at once recognised the perfect quality of her voice. He took her to his study and trained her thoroughly.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

Chair Rails and Picture Moldings

There is no one item in housefurnishing and decoration about which people more frequently make mistakes than the placing of chair-rails and picture moldings. When they are in the right place, nothing can be said against their use. When they are in the wrong place they completely spoil a room. They are small features in themselves, but when misplaced their power for harm is enormous.

A chair-rail is meant to protect the wall from being scratched or marked by the backs of chairs. Consequently it ought to be placed at the usual height of the tops of chair-backs; that is to say, from thirty-five to thirty-nine inches from the floor—lower, if the chairs in the room are low-backed. It is a common mistake to set the chair-rail too high. It should not project too much from the wall.

The best place for picture moldings is immediately beneath the bottom of the cornice, or, if there be no cornice, then in the angle between the wall and ceiling. A picture molding placed a foot or more below the ceiling is a disturbing element. It destroys the dignity of the wall, makes a bad division of the wall surface and causes the ceiling to appear lower than it really is. Plate-rails are objectionable and should be altogether avoided.

Tomorrow—"Remember the Floor"

Drink Water

This is a good time of year to get the water-drinking habit. If it is too much to ask of your appetite to take six or eight glasses right away after years, perhaps, of neglect, begin with two or three the first week, add a fourth the second, and so on until you can take six glasses a day with a relish. There is no advantage in taking more than this amount. Some may find eight glasses a day easy to take, but six is enough. You may even take water with your meals, provided it is not taken when food is in the mouth. Particularly before breakfast you are urged to drink a glass or two, then between meals, and before retiring.

The Woman's Exchange

A Clever Idea

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Having several wooden curtain poles that were used some years ago to hang lace curtains on, and being in need of clothestrees, I conceived the idea of making use of the same by fixing a stout block of wood to the base of the pole, in order to make it stand erect, and fastening one-half dozen brass hooks, which are sold at a reasonable price for this purpose, in their accustomed places.

Thus, I made some very substantial clothestrees, which are very handy at the shore, where closet space is scarce.

A. L. G.

Thank you very much for your very clever idea. I am sure that the readers will profit by your ingenuity.

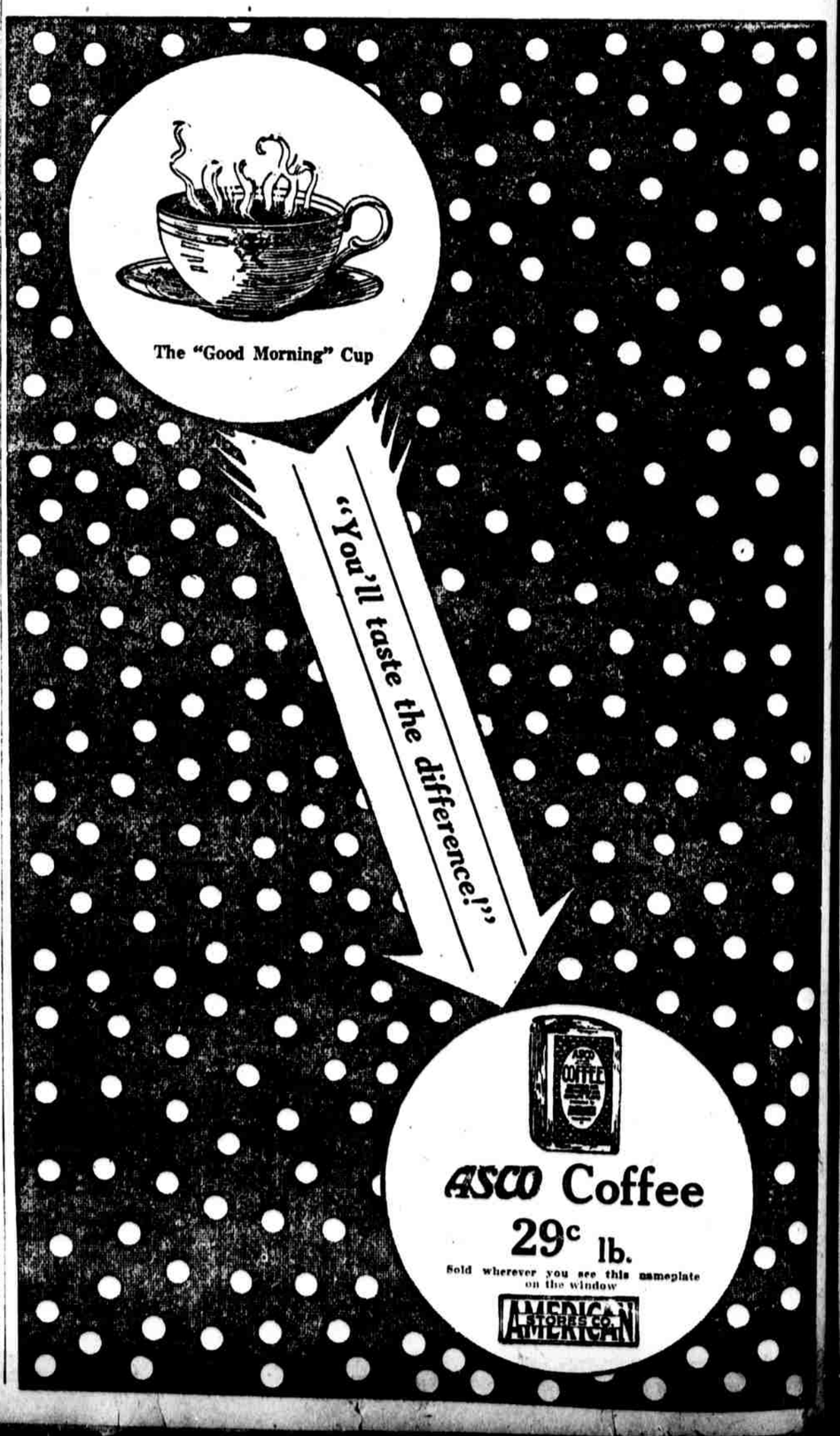
To Remove Wax From Slippers

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Recently I attended a private dance which was held on the porch. There were several Paul Joneses during the evening and in the course of the fun I got quite a lot of wax on my black satin slippers. This makes them very ugly. It is almost impossible to wear them as they are so disfigured. Could you tell me what will remove the wax? H. N. H.

The best way to remove the wax is to press the slippers with a hot iron. But first stuff the toes with soft paper of some sort and lay a brown paper over the wax on the toes. Now press with the hot iron. You will find that the heat from the iron will melt the wax.

Things You'll Love to Make

A dainty shoe-polisher is easy to make and nice to take along on your vacation or week-end trip. Cut a six-inch square of lambswool. Face the back with a piece of pretty cretonne. Cut the two flower forms and the band out of black oilcloth or patent leather. Stitch the band to the pad on each end; finish the ends with the flowers. A dainty shoe-polisher makes a nice little remembrance gift for a friend.

FLORA.