The Girl Who Tries to Be Mannish Wins Only Contempt for Herself

And She Gets No Sympathy From Other Women When a Man Makes an Insolent Remark to Her, for She Has Let Herself In for It

THERE'S only one thing less attractive than an effeminate man, and that's a mannish girl.

Not the boyish girl.

She is rather charming, because it is in her naturalness and straightforwardness that make her seem boyish.

She may wear straight cut clothes and collars that call for string neckties without being anything but attractive because she is merely wearing what she knows is becoming.

That's feminine and therefore permissible.

But the girl whom nobody can endure except special friends of exactly the same kind is the girl who tries to be mannish.

The girl who copies not only a man's dress, but also his mannerisms.

She doesn't wear her high stiff collar because she looks well in it; she puts it on because it should be worn by a man.

And she doesn't always wear it; sometimes she'll wear as good-looking a frock as any of her more feminine sisters could wish for.

But she doesn't take off her swagger with her tweed.

She struts around with long strides that would do an athlete credit, but would probably be spurned by him as too much trouble.

HER hair must not be becoming—that seems to be the most rigid rule of mannishness.

It is worn straight, usually drawn back tight, with no soft fullness about it at all.

And one of the most maddening things about this type of girl is that nearly always she has hair that wants dreadfully to be beautiful.

A feminine girl who loves to look her best and prettiest will wave her hair, fluff it out, fuss with it and have to spend the longest time in fixing it, in order to have it look well at all, while this lady-who-wants-to-be-a-man could beat her by two or three miles without any trouble—and doesn't!

All human nature is perverse to a certain degree, but it isn't quite necessary to carry it that far!

ANOTHER perversity you'll often find in the mannish girl—she's man crazy.

Always talking about men, always deeply interested in every new engagement, always angling for one of her own.

And never having any luck.

In the first place she uses the wrong method. She does the calling up and inviting herself, offers her own cigarettes (oh, yes, she always has her own special brand), and altogether poses so consistently as an equal of the man she is trying to "get" that he is disgusted.

The most delightful "squelch" which was ever given to a girl of this type was perpetrated by a man, a famous artist.

A group of girls and men on a house party had come in from riding in the afternoon and were having tea.

The mannish girl was standing up, leaning on the mantel, just like the "other men," in a masculine pose, her cigarette held lightly in her fingers, a cloud of smoke about her head, and her costume duplicating to the smallest detail that of any man in the room.

She even talked in deadening, casual, swaggering tones, her idea of reproducing a man's voice.

The artist stood opposite her, taking in all her unconvincing "swank," and then sprang his insult.

He rubbed his hand thoughtfully over his chin and directly addressed the lady.

"I'm going to shave before dinner—are you?"

NO DOUBT she was much insulted and thought him a boor and several other things; but she had let herself in for that.

She won't find many women who will sympathize with her on that score; everybody feels that it was coming to her.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish a personal answer that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

Another Girl Interferes

Dear Cynthia—Let me have your opinion on the following, also the readers' opinions.

I have known a young lady for more than a year. A few months ago she had an argument with her girl friend and they separated. During the time of this separation I took her out on an average of twice a week, but "them days are gone forever." It seems that she has made up her dispute with her friend. Now when I call to make a date with her she tells me I have to get a friend to entertain her girl friend. Now, dear Cynthia, how can I do it when, ever since meeting her, I have played a lone hand, giving up the only boy friend I had because of an argument she had with him?

LONE JAZZER.

This kind of a thing is all wrong. No one should dominate another to such an extent as to interfere with his or her friendships. Tell this girl that you want to make a date with her, not with her friend, and if she persists, let her go. It's a poor way to treat a man.

Would Hear From French Girl

Dear Cynthia—It has never been my good fortune to meet a French girl. I was brought up on the Pacific Coast where there are no French people or, at least, none that I met. (By the way, how do your Pittsburgh friends get that way calling it part of the West? It certainly isn't West spelled with a capital letter.) I expected to go to France during the war, but finished at a flying field in Texas.

On going back to college a letter came to my fraternity house from France for one of our fellows who had been overseas and had died of influenza after returning to this country. I took it to his parents, who read it and gave it back to me, asking me to answer it if I cared to. It was from a girl in Bordeaux and a most adorable letter, oddly expressed in English, but evidently written by a girl of culture. She described her studies and told of her plans to go to the Sorbonne in Paris.

She closed, telling of our friend's death, asking again on my own responsibility and several times thereafter I never heard a word.

There was something infinitely fascinating about that letter, and I would like to read another by a girl of the same race, as it is hardly possible for me to read one by the same girl. There are surely French girls in Philadelphia, although I have never met one. Evidently girls I have met actually have told me that they were French, but later I found out their names to be Riley or Baumgartner.

SIL VOUS PLAIT.

Cynthia cannot indorse any letters or introduce them outside the column. If any French girls want to write to "Sil Vous Plait" through the column, I will print the letters.

Good Ideas

Dear Cynthia—Have you noticed how natural a thing is personality? How its presence becomes an entity, an individual and how, no matter in what way it is manifested, it is a mark, indisputable and certain of charm and distinction?

From all the correspondence which finds its way into the crucible of your column, those which tells us instinctively that the authoress possesses of charm—of character and intelligence, stand out from the rest like a single gleaming star in a clear and cloudy sky.

Your correspondent who signs herself "All By Myself" is my particular star. Shades of nonsense and, frankly, it is a matter of wonder to me that a girl so evidently a lady, yet equally evidently a regular fellow can be living how she can fail not only to make friends, but how she can fail to attract them.

A word to you, little girl. Each of us, who is healthy and alive comes into some daily personal contact with our fellows. Not in the case of those persons whom you meet but to are none in whom the divine spark of friendship has gleamed for you. It is passing strange. I cannot believe from your letter that you are of the kind that would refuse a bright and sunny smile to those with whom you come into contact, and a cheery "hello" or a cordial manner of friends. And for friendly souls are really easy to be found, and friendship and even a person is irresistible. I do not mean to overlook the convention of which every lady must always be cognizant and tempered with good judgment and understanding, the conventions be from the lonely person's and help you with your intelligence, with an open mind and smiling face and words, and you will quickly get many desirable friends. I cannot conceive how you can long be lonely.

There seem to be so many lonely girls. I wish I could meet them all and that they must each day meet people because of their selves. I feel that largely due to an unjustified shyness, or coldness of demeanor of which possessor is not aware.

Won't you try my plan? I'm sure it will help, and would be interested in hearing from you. All you lonely folks send for "Make Yourself Popular" by Edith Lyle, and then go ye, if ye be not dead, and do likewise unto him.

AMARIE.

Says Something Is Wrong

Cynthia—Please tell me what is with me. I don't seem to [illegible] But then, I don't like myself.

I am with. I am eighteen years [illegible] I go to school [illegible] about five [illegible] am very slim [illegible] I get [illegible] and succeed a little [illegible] me I am [illegible] I can dance a little. I can play a little. I speak a little [illegible] or a little. But I will say that I am very much over-[illegible] People tell me I am a [illegible] and that I am very much [illegible] well. I have read a great deal [illegible] else to do. I love to read. [illegible] I don't get the impression that I read because I have nothing else to do. I can talk on those books that I have read. I can talk on topics of the day. But I am also trying to master the art of being a good listener. It is that I ever did talk a lot—far be it from that. I am never self-conscious [illegible] matter in whose company, always perfectly at ease. I never deliberately try to create an impression. I am always my natural self. Now tell me, is there anything repulsive about me? What is wrong with me. There must be something wrong somewhere. Does it [illegible] so? Please tell me. I [illegible] dear. I never had any friends. I have three girl friends whom I can call real friends. As for [illegible]—well if the truth must be told, young men have never asked me to go out with him.

Last summer I met a young man who was the first to ever take any interest in me. We saw each other a lot but he never asked me out. It was when I was away for the winter. He has written to me a few times since I have come home.

I love this young man, but, of course, he shall never know it. Because I know he does not love me and I know he never will. He can marry a Princess if he chooses. So why should I ever know that he could love me? I know he wants to keep our friendship, and sooner have that than nothing at all.

That is the way it has been for me always. I can never expect great, good things for myself; if I do, they never come then, then I am disappointed.

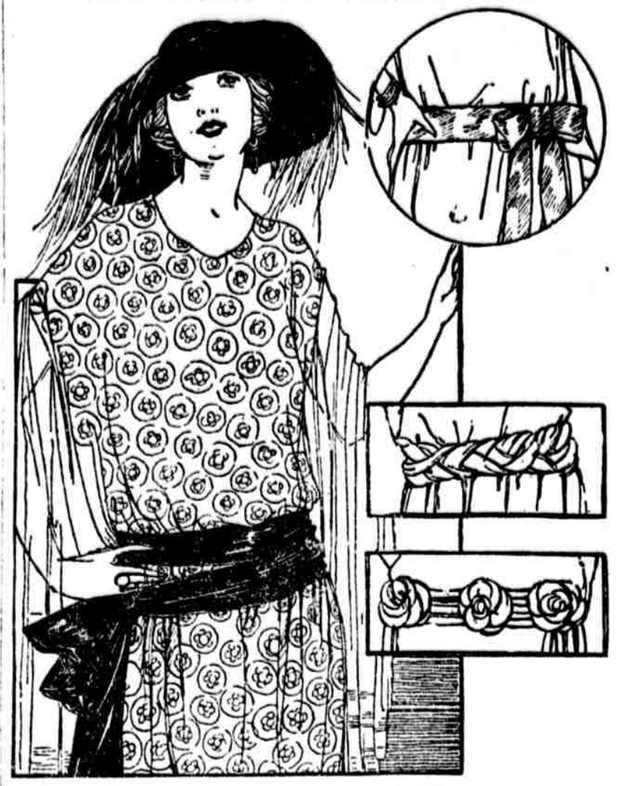
Please, Cynthia, tell me what is the matter. Why don't the boys ask me out? I do meet them. I go to dances and parties that my friends make. I have all the chances in the world. Yet they never bother with me.

Perhaps some of your readers will help also.

MEDDIE.

You may not be self-conscious, but you are too introspective. Stop thinking you are queer and different and you'll soon find you are not. Have you asked this boy to your house? Why not do so, and get the girls to come and bring boys with them? That's a good way to do.

KEEP YOUR FROCKS LOOKING NEW



A new girdle now and then gives an entirely different appearance to the dress it is worn with

A CERTAIN young woman who doesn't want her name to be used always manages to keep a fresh, just-bought look about all her dresses. "It's the girdles," she explained when questioned about the matter. "I make new ones myself and alternate them with the ones that are on the frocks when I get them. They're easy to make, and it's fun to see them grow under your fingers." Above are shown some samples of the kind of girdle you can make to fancy up your new dress. You see dresses with a more or less draped, wide girdle of the dress material tacked on so that a long waisted effect is given, and where the fastening comes, a graceful loop and one end will make the finish.

These girdles are usually of the dress material, sometimes showing a lining or facing of a gay, contrasting color where the girdle is allowed to turn back a trifle so the color will show. If your new dress has a plain girdle add the contrasting lining yourself. These draped girdles are usually nine or ten inches in width, and while a piece of material cut on the bias will drape more easily, it is possible to use a straight piece. Girdles made of roses of the dress or other material are most attractive and effective. Take a delicate shade of gray crepe for instance, and make the roses of the crepe, tacking them to a foundation of silk or crepe, and make them so they just meet easily everywhere. Where the girdle fastens have several streamers of ribbon or of the crepe, making these different lengths and letting a couple reach to the hem of the skirt. Georgette or the silver or gold tissues make up wonderfully in these flower girdles, and if one likes several colors they could be artistically blended to look well together. One evening gown seen recently was most simply made and the finishing touch was given by the girdle, which was of gold roses, long narrow streamers of the blue moire ribbon hanging at the left side of the front.

Double girdles are also a novelty, the one at the waist line being lighter looking than the one at the hip line—not a lighter shade of material, but not so wide or thick.

Another attractive idea for girdles is to combine materials of two or three materials and even colors, and braid them loosely together, using this braided strand for a girdle—satin and chiffon in different colors, for instance.

Grosgrain or moire ribbon makes pretty girdles worn easily about the waist and finished with a tailored bow with short ends or in long streamers.

A lovely afternoon frock of printed organdie had a piece of velvet ribbon four inches wide put around the waist and the ends crossed—not tied—at the left side, and brought around the right side, where they were tied about at the hip line in one loop and two ends—the drapery puffing slightly above the bow at the hips. It was one of the prettiest girdles of the season and might be copied very prettily for a silk dress.

Mrs. Wilson Gives Spicy Relishes

One Is Made From Recipe Which Originated in England More Than Two Centuries Ago

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE housewife will find on the market stalls green tomatoes, some late corn, lima and snap beans, as well as cucumbers. All can be used in making relishes for the winter.

Celery and Cabbage Relish

Put through the food chopper sufficient celery and cabbage to measure three pints (half-pint measuring cups) of finely chopped celery.

Two pints of finely chopped cabbage
One pint of finely chopped onions
One pint of finely chopped red peppers.

Place in bowl and add one cup of salt. Mix salt in well and turn in cheesecloth bag. Hang up to drain for three hours. Plunge bag in pan of warm water and quickly press dry. Turn the celery, cabbage and peppers into preserving kettle and add

Two cloves of garlic tied in piece of cheesecloth
One cup of sugar
Two tablespoons of white pepper
One tablespoon of paprika
Three tablespoons of mustard
One teaspoon of turmeric, dissolved in one-half cup of cold water
One ounce of mustard seed
Two tablespoons of celery seed
Three-quarters cup of pickling spices

and sufficient white malt vinegar to come within three inches of covering the celery and cabbage in the preserving kettle.

Bring to boiling point and cook for twenty-five minutes. Then fill into all-glass half-pint jars. Adjust rubber and seal securely. Place in hot-water bath, having the water just to the neck of the jar. Process for fifteen minutes after boiling starts. Remove, cool and store in cool, dry place.

This relish is delicious with all cold meats, with fish, fried oysters and also with baked ham.

Green Tomato Relish

Wash and cut in small pieces twenty-five green tomatoes. Add fifteen onions cut in thin slices and six green peppers chopped fine. Add one cup of salt and turn in cheesecloth bag. Hang up to drain for three hours. Dip the bag quickly in warm water and press dry. Turn the tomato mixture into the preserving kettle and add

One pound of brown sugar
Four cups of cider vinegar
One-half cup of pickling spices
One ounce of mustard seed
Two tablespoons of celery seed
Two tablespoons of black pepper
One tablespoon of paprika
Two cloves of garlic cut in tiny bits
One teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon, allspice, cloves and mace
One-half teaspoon of caraway seeds
One-quarter ounce of cumin seeds.

Cook until thick, like preserve, and then fill into half-pint all-glass jars. Adjust rubbers and lids and seal securely. Place in hot-water bath, having the water just to the neck of the jars. Process for fifteen minutes. Remove, cool and store in cool, dry place.

Mrs. Dunham's English Chow

This recipe is over 200 years old and is a prime favorite with the gentry in rural England. Place twelve cucumbers in a brine made of three and one-half cups of salt to four quarts of water for ten days. Then remove from the brine and cut in pieces an inch square. Pour boiling water over two quarts of the tiny pickling onions and let stand until cool. Peel and place in the preserving kettle with the pickles and onions. Separate two large heads of cauliflower into separate flowerettes and parboil for ten minutes, counting time from the time the water returns to boiling point, after adding the cauliflower.

Twelve red peppers, cut in inch squares
Ten green peppers, cut in inch squares.

Add two quarts of cider vinegar and bring to boiling point. Simmer slowly, while preparing the following mixture. Place in small bowl

One and one-half cups of sifted flour (measuring the flour after sifting)
Four ounces of dry mustard
One ounce of white pepper
One-quarter ounce of paprika
Two tablespoons of ginger
One teaspoon of allspice, cloves and mace
Two tablespoons of turmeric
Three cloves of garlic, grated or chopped very fine
One small bottle of Worcestershire sauce
Two cups of cold water
Three-quarters cup of salt
One and one-half cups of brown sugar.

Mix well to blend and then add slowly to the chow that is cooking in the preserving kettle, stirring well with a wooden spoon. Boil rapidly for ten minutes, then fill pint all-glass fruit jars. Pour two tablespoons of salad oil over the chow, and adjust the rubber and lids and seal securely. Store in cool, dry place.

Drawing the Line

The segregation of the sexes among certain barbarian peoples goes so far in many cases that each sex has virtually a different language. The Caribs have two distinct vocabularies — one used by men and women when speaking to men; the other by women when speaking to each other, and by men when repeating some saying of the women.

Things You'll Love to Make

A Band and a Circle Make This Fetching Little Hat

Your young daughter will surely appreciate the comfort and smartness of a modified "tam." Cut a curved band the shape of the pattern at the side of the above illustration. Make it of one of the new rough finished materials, or if you prefer you can use the same material as her frock or wrap and embroider it with wools. Cut a circle of cloth or velvet. Gather the circle on to the curve edge of the band. Gather a small circle at the middle top of the circular crown. Fasten a wool pompon to it. Finish with a long wool tassel.

FLORA.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why Lightning Is Sometimes Forked

The forked or zigzag lightning flashes which we sometimes see when viewing an electrical storm occur only when the lightning cloud is at a great distance from the earth, or when there is a great expanse of air between it and the earth.

The lightning condenses air as it meets it in its path and the great resistance to lightning which the air exerts against it causes the electric current to jump from side to side, seeking the course of least resistance. When there is only a straight flash of lightning you may know that it comes from a cloud comparatively close to the earth, for the distance it has to travel is so short that the air makes no marked impression on it, and it comes to the earth in the shortest course.

Lightning is more common in the summer and autumn because the great heat produces greater evaporation at that time of year and the conversion of water into vapor always develops electricity. The distances from which lightning flashes and thunder comes to us explain also why we see the flash always before we hear the thunder.

The interval of time between the sight of the flash and the sound of the thunder represents the difference between the speed of light and sound. While the flash and the noise occur at the same instant at the point of origin, there is always this interval of time between the flash and the sound. Lightning, or any light, travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Sound travels only at the rate of 1100 feet per second. If you should count the number of seconds which elapse between the flash of lightning and the sound of its accompanying thunder, and multiply the result by 1100 you will know the approximate distance in feet at which the lightning occurred.

Tomorrow — Who Discovered Oxygen Gas?

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

Great genius is more than likely to accommodate itself to normal ways. Most often it is the tiny talent that emphasizes its littleness by outbursts of "temperament," so called. This was as true in ancient Greece as it is in modern America. More than two thousand years ago Dionysius laughed at "musicians who were overexact in tuning their instruments while they neglected to tune their manners."

Talent is no excuse for failure to keep engagements, or for neglect of the small courtesies of life. Gifts should be an ornament, not a disfigurement to behavior. The scribbler, the tune-thinker, the poetaster, the dauber, may affect "temperament" to conceal their shortcomings and to camouflage their discourtesies, but the possessor of genuine talent owes it to himself or to herself to bear the native gift worthily. Noblesse oblige; and genius is nature's nobility. Save in rare instances, superior intelligence is superior to all rudeness.

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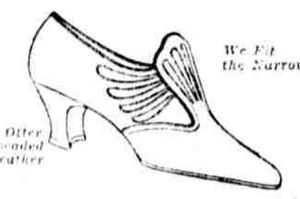

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The Superior Sex

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

John Steele takes Anne Temple home with him on a stormy night when he finds her asleep in his car, and weak from illness. During the fight that ensues for the girl's life, he falls desperately in love with her, and in spite of the secret in her past, which she refuses to divulge, he marries her. Waring Steele, his mother, disapproves of the match, but he makes the best of it. From the beginning there is no question of love on Anne's part, and Steele promises never to ask more from her than she is willing to give. A desperate need of money has urged Anne into taking this step, but on the honeymoon trip in the tropics, Steele's considerateness and generosity gradually undermine Anne's resolution never to trust a man. The time comes when Steele's iron will breaks and the two are swept irresistibly together. But Anne's elusive personality baffles him, and even in the midst of their love he does not feel sure of her.

The Shadowy Past

STEELE did not know how rare happiness was to Anne. He did not know that with the love she gave him there had been first a breaking down of certain inhibitions in her. Life had taught her that love meant pain, and pain had taught her many things. In her girl's heart she had resolved to have no more to do with love. For a time she had shrunk in terror from the very idea of such a thing, but Steele through having first won her trust had disarmed her, and when he had caught her in his arms that night, she had forgotten everything but the fact that she loved him.

As the days passed, she loved him more and more. She loved the thrill of him, the poise, the breeding. Womanlike she thrilled to that domineering quality in him, she loved to feel herself mastered, and yet the husky tenderness of his voice, the adoration in his eyes belied his fierceness, with her, and there were times when the tears would well up into her eyes with the wonder of it all.

It wasn't until they were on the steamer bound for home that an unlooked-for happened that was far-reaching in its after effects. They became friendly with a Mr. and Mrs. Norris, who happened to sit at their table in the dining salon. The acquaintanceship was not brought about through Steele, but through Anne, who took a great fancy to Grace Norris. Steele did not like Payton Norris. He hated the way the man's rather bold eyes rested on Anne, but he appreciated the fact that Anne craved the companionship of another woman, and tried to be agreeable.

But after two days of this stormy friendship it was plain to be seen that Payton Norris was doing his best to have a flirtation with Anne. It wasn't important. Norris was not a stage villain, he was simply rather self-grained and obviously bored with his wife, and Anne seemed entirely competent to manage the situation. Her Norris' attitude were not important; the effect of it upon Steele was. He felt a sense of fury toward Norris that was out of all proportion to the importance of the thing itself. It reached a point where he could hardly criticize himself, and yet because of Anne he did not want to precipitate a crisis. He was hardly civil to Norris, but the man was so thick-skinned or else so accustomed to rebuffs of this kind with husbands, that he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong.

One night Norris maneuvered things so that he and Anne walked together on deck while Grace and John were bored to follow them. Steele, with his eyes fixed on Anne's straight, slim back, was tense with anger. He did not say a word to his companion and Grace, who realized how things were going, was inconsiderate enough to refrain from making conversation. She thought it rather ridiculous that Steele should be so jealous, and it was jealousy that burned in his heart. For the first time he realized that after all he knew very little about Anne's past. He had never asked about her secret, he had thought it unimportant, but now he began to see things in a new light.

Had Anne been loved by other men? That was the question that kept darting through his mind. How could it have been otherwise? Her witching loveliness was a target for all eyes. At Colon, the officers had gone mad about her. Then how could he, Steele, have been fool enough to imagine that he had been the first man in her life?

That secret of hers! Was it connected with some man? Anne's scornful attitude toward men in general. Didn't that point to some experience in the past with some one who was unworthy? The more he thought about it the more convinced he became that he was right and the idea was agony to him.

Tomorrow—An Unworthy Attack

Skirts Often Behave Like Cornucopias

By CORINNE LOWE

For the Birthday Cake

"What'll I do, what'll I do?" sighed the person who had just made a call for suggestions for birthday. "You're probably going to think that cool-eggs-burned-or-something-like-that, but as it had been a long time since I had been in the kitchen when the [illegible] I was terribly interested in [illegible] thing. But the [illegible] were the candles to be put on the cake, so soon as they would be lighted, little pink candlegrease would begin to trickle down and form lots and lots of tears on that white icing.

Somebody would be in the car to get, and she had no candleholders. If [illegible] could come to the rescue, though, so that when she set the cake before [illegible] some time later each candle was burning merrily, with no danger of dripping on the cake, because it was encased in a small circle of tissue paper that perked itself up around it like a flower.

Halloween

Almost rhymes with "Hall of Fame," and the two are combined in a party for October 31 that is distinctly novel. Invitations, decorations, interesting ways of unmasking, and stunts that are lots of fun, are included in the suggestions which the editor of the woman's page has all ready to send out. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy of them.

The Woman's Exchange

Cleaning the Mirror

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a mirror that is spotted and streaked. Will you kindly tell me if there is any way I can do it up at home?

R. I. H.

Yes, you can clean your mirror yourself. Washing soda and boiling water will remove the spots though you must take care to apply it so that the water does not get in behind the glass.

Wants to Be Law Student

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please advise how I can take up a course of law at home, and from whom. Does one have to be a graduate of high school to go to the Temple University to take up law?

WAITING.

There are correspondence courses in law which you will find advertised in the magazines. I cannot recommend any one course to you. You would have to be a high school graduate in order to enter this profession at Temple University.

For the Halloween Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — Would you kindly suggest a menu for a Halloween party to be given on a Friday evening, omitting meats?

C. P.

You can carry out the Halloween color, orange, in your menu, and have it simple and attractive, by serving a fruit cup, consisting of oranges, grapefruit and grapes, pimento cheese sandwiches, cakes with orange-colored icing, and coffee.

The Junior Class

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — Our class (Junior High) wishes to organize, but we do not know any good mottoes or names to use. Would you please print some very good mottoes and names, which would apply to a Junior High School class?

M. B.

Your motto could be, "Not for ourselves, but for all." Or "Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter," or "Do well and doubt not." Call yourselves the Honor Band or the Co-operative Class.

Fruit Stains

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me how to remove chocolate-cherry stains from a henna cotton crepe dress? They seem to have taken the color out. How can this be restored?

MARY.

A colored silk is difficult to work with, and if you [illegible] not able to take the stains out with plain warm water, there is nothing you can do. I cannot tell how much of the color has been taken out of the dress from your description. Should the part that has been stained have a decidedly faded appearance, you will have to dye the whole dress.

To "L. B."

You want books that will educate as well as interest. Well, one of the best ways to broaden your knowledge is to read about the manners and customs of another land. If you read Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" you're going to enjoy the comfortable ease of the little essays, while, at the same time, they will give you a series of colorful pictures of a foreign country. Then take Kipling's "Kim." That will lead you into India, and will give you a story to fascinate you. "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson, tells of the old California mission country, and will surely interest you. Of course, any good book that you read is going to increase your vocabulary in some measure, though you may not be conscious of this. Read some more of Stevenson, such as "Treasure Island," "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Kidnapped." Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" and "David Copperfield." George Eliot's "Silas Marner," Kipling's "Light That Failed" and Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" will all be splendid. You'll enjoy Barrie's plays, too. And if you like to read some poetry, get Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and one of the collections of modern verse. All the books I have told you about may be found at a public library. Read some of the new books, too. They'll be glad to recommend some to you at a library or bookshop.

It may be that your reading will improve your spelling, but you cannot count upon it. The most definite way to do this would be to buy a plain or lined spelling book, and study it by yourself, a little at a time.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

Screens

Screens have been in use in all countries for a long time. Their usefulness is obvious; their decorative value immense.

In the bedroom a screen at the foot of a bed prevents draft and cuts off light, while permitting a desirable circulation of air. A small screen may hide an unsightly radiator or cupboard. In a drawing room a beautiful bronze or paint screen forms an excellent background for a group of table, chairs and light. In a library a leather or needle point screen keeps drafts at bay or renders a corner for writing and study secluded.

A screen is almost a necessity before the service door in a dining room, and may be found today of almost any variety to harmonize with the decoration of the dining room itself. Dim landscape and flower effects against a dull gold background, brilliantly designed modern panels in the Chandler spirit, or pieces of old embroidery set in suitable frames give one a wide choice.

The use and beauty of fire screens must not be forgotten. Both the rather large square panels, which stand directly in front of the blaze, and the small and often brilliant movable and adjustable screens have their place in a room gladdened by a real and useful fireplace.

Some quite beautiful screens can be made by framing panels of the very well-designed modern printed linens also. In fact, the choice is endless, and the only sad thing is that so many hideous screens find themselves on the market.

Tomorrow—"Cushions"

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

By MRS. HENRY J. ALLEN

(Wife of the Governor of Kansas)

Tomato Pickles

Two gallons sliced tomatoes,
One gallon sliced cabbage,
One gallon sliced onions,
One ounce turmeric,
One ounce celery seed,
One ounce whole cloves,
One ounce allspice,
One ounce black pepper,
Half pound white mustard seed,
One and three-quarters pound, or nearly four cups, of brown sugar,
About two-thirds cup of salt,
One gallon vinegar.

Mix together; boil from thirty to forty minutes. Keeps well.

Tomorrow—Peppermint Ice Cream, by Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker

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