Must Women Do All the Adapting That Is Done for the Sake of Marriage?

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

WORD comes from England that women are backsliding from much of their independence and are trying to adapt themselves to men's ideals in order to get themselves husbands!

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Every one knows all about those awful statistics—that there are a million "superfluous" women in England, because the island is so small that it cannot support its population, and thousands of younger sons must go to the provinces to earn their living.

This wholesale emigration that goes on forever leaves a disproportionate number of girls in the little mother country, and, of course, the competition for the few existing males (who are the heirs and older sons and more rich and prosperous of each family) is keen.

American girls are apt to look with amazement and some scorn at the large flocks of English girls who do nothing in the world but stay at home and attend garden parties or teas, and try to make themselves attractive to the few eligible men, because they are so desperately in need of a husband! Our girls can afford to be independent, especially the Western ones, because we have so many men near us all the time that they are just around our feet, so to speak!

IF SUCH have been the conditions in England for years, how much must they be accentuated since the war has taken off millions of the young men, the blood of the nation?

And so, we are told, the innumerable unmated females are trimming the sails of their independence and forsaking their careers, and the work of which they were so proud in wartimes, and trying to fit themselves into the old narrow sphere once called woman's sole world. All to please men, and be what they think men want them to be.

I wonder what men really want us to be!

The average unthinking man would respond readily and automatically to any question of this sort, and use the most stilted and conventional terms. But if he stopped to consider actually desirable girls he knew, he probably would find that they did not measure down to the standards he was describing! Words sound well, but facts are important.

WE KNOW a bachelor who has all the traditions of chivalry and old-time narrow fireside life, and will announce that he does not admire a woman who has talents, that she has no appeal for him and that he is not flattered if one who charms thousands by her music shows a preference for him. In vain, you can argue, "But are you not a bit thrilled that a girl who is almost famous, who delights multitudes, and could have her pick of many men, still shows a fondness for you?" But he insists that it does not flatter him at all. Some other girl, who merely is pleasant and a capable cook, interests him just as much—he says!

But one evening we saw him showing to some men friends the scrapbooks of the young prima donna! And how proudly he turned the pages, and explained her triumphs, and how honestly delighted he really was, to let these men know that this wonderful girl was his friend!

And so we believe that men do not know what they do want.

And we suspect that if the English women who are adapting themselves to men's narrower ideals, and giving up many activities that they themselves hold dear, really are doing this, it is with mental reservations! Probably, if we could see them alone, they would say, "Oh, my dear, it is only camouflage! The dear men think they want us thus and so—why not humor them?"

NOW men need women just as much as we need them. Why should we do all the cramping and "adapting?" Why don't they strain to change, to please us?

THIS DAY AND YOU

By Ralph Waldo Trine

Author of "In Tune With the Infinite."

That Royal Middle Ground

A knowledge of the spiritual realities of life prohibits asceticism, repression, the same as it prohibits license and perverted use. To err on one side is just as contrary to the ideal life as to err on the other. All things are for a purpose, all should be used and enjoyed; but all should be rightly used, that they may be fully enjoyed.

It is the threefold life and development that is wanted—physical, mental, spiritual. This gives the rounded life, and he or she who fails in any one comes short of the perfect whole. The physical has its uses just the same, and is just as important as the others.

The great secret of the highly successful life is, however, to infuse the mental and the physical with the spiritual; in other words, to spiritualize all, and so raise all to the highest possibilities and powers.

It is the all-around, fully developed that we want—not the ethereal, pale-blooded man and woman, but the man and woman of flesh and blood for action and service here and now—the man and woman strong and powerful, with all the faculties and functions fully unfolded and used, all in a royal and bounding condition, but all rightly subordinated.

The man and the woman of this kind, with the imperial hand of mastery upon all—standing, moving thus like a king, nay, like a very god—such is the man and such is the woman of power. Such is the ideal life; anything else is one-sided, and falls short of it.

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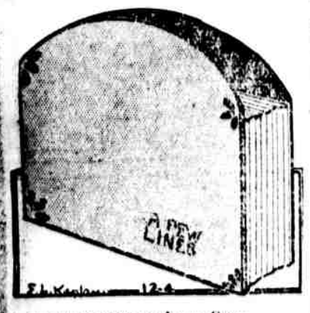
Adventures With a Purse

DO YOU remember when you were little and looked forward with interest to the advent of Santa Claus that some one usually gave you a big, expensive present that you liked, but was so wonderful as to be awe-inspiring? And when no one was looking you would put the big present aside and get out the box of blocks? All youngsters like things they can play with and not have to exert caution over and, besides, they like a variety. There is a shop in town selling a toy box, each box having ten different toys. There's a little tin soldier and a couple of animals, perhaps a wooden house—oh, all kinds of things that to the small persons will be as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The boxes are priced from $1 to $5.

When the children come home from school they don't always want to run upstairs to get cleaned up, and it will stay a lot of argument if you purchase one of the mirror stands and towel racks a wise mother I know bought. The stand holds a goodly supply of absorbent paper towels, which when used are crumpled and dropped into the fire or a basket. There is an excellent mirror with the stand, before which the hair can be smoothed. A very handy thing for your own use in the kitchen to glance into the mirror when the bell rings and you have to go to the door. A supply of towels and the stand can be had for $3.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor, or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1661 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Things You'll Love to Make



A Handy Correspondence Case

For a few nasty lines a handy correspondence case is very convenient, and will, therefore, make an appreciated Christmas gift. You can make one yourself. Cut two pieces of heavy cardboard the shape of the front of the case shown. Have the dimensions of the lower part a little larger than the usual correspondence card. Pad the boards slightly, then cover them with silk, cretonne or imitation leather. Cut an inch strip of heavy muslin the length of the back of the board. Cover and then face it with some of the same material. Glue the strip to the back edge of each piece of board. Glue the ends of a piece of one-half inch elastic to the middle of the front and back edges of each board. Face the inside of each board with the same materials as the outside. Slip the envelopes and cards under the elastic.

FLORA.

Russian Lines

The long, svelte velvet frocks that are so popular this season follow an interesting silhouette which includes a collar flaring up about the throat and edges with the fur which trims the rest of the dress.

An Exquisite Lampshade

She's just making it, but has reached the point in her careful work where she is all ready for the design. The shade is one of the rather flat, round ones that fit on to a reading lamp, and, when the light is on, it has the color of [illegible] which turns magically into something creamy and glowing [illegible] electric button. You see, it is better to learn of this lovely effect just before hearing how it is carried. Because it is hard to believe that such commonplace materials as cheesecloth, linseed oil and varnish can be turned into anything so very, very lovely. But it is true. The frame is first bound, and then covered with the finest of cheesecloth. Afterward, it is brushed on both sides with linseed oil, which is allowed ten days to dry thoroughly. Next comes the coat of white damar varnish, all of which so alters the appearance of the original cheesecloth that it seems to have been turned into some fairylike substance, of the texture of parchment, but delicate and with more of a glisten.

When this has been done, the shade is ready for its [illegible]. The one you have been hearing about is going to be painted so that it shades from palest yellow to a soft, deep-orange color, capable of shedding a warm, mellow light around its corner of the living-room. But it can be seen easily enough that a regular design of any sort could be applied.

UNUSUAL DILIGENCE

Always faithful to the duties of her position, a model for other stenographers, the near approach of the holiday season will unquestionably result in even greater diligence on the part of Cam O'Finge. Follow this energetic character in the All-Star Comic Section of the Sunday PUBLIC LEDGER. "Make It a Habit."—Adv.

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 personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

Ask Her, It's the Only Way

Dear Cynthia—I am a boy nineteen and would like your advice in a certain matter I will state.

There is a certain girl I know with whom I am in love, but this young girl has plenty of fellows. I never went out with this girl, but only know her to speak to. How could I get this young girl to go out with me? I am afraid to ask her, for she is always speaking of her dates. ANXIOUS.

The only way to find out is to ask her. You must overcome your shyness and next time she speaks of dates say "Why not make one with me?"

Asks Two Questions

Dear Cynthia—Permit me to say a few words to "Sparrow."

"Sparrow": Your letter amused me very much. To my mind you are either a young kid, trying to have some fun, or you are in a pretty poor class. Listen "Sparrow," I want to ask a couple of questions: Is the girl nice you are palling with now? Is she the kind of a girl you would bring to see your mother, to walk up the aisle with, to be your pal and most and above all the mother of your children. Is she?

Now, girls: Is "Sparrow" the kind of a man you would want to give up your home for, to live with, to work for and be his pal, to feel that you can absolutely depend on him, and that he is your protector and the father of your children?

No girl can be decent, no matter who says it, that lets any man make love to her; and worst of all helps him along if he is kind of slow. ZARA.

Let us hope your letter will make some of the readers who agree with "Sparrow" stop and think.

Writes to "C. W."

Dear Cynthia—A few words of advice never killed any one, so here goes for Mr. C. W., who seems to enjoy knocking "Knecker."

He claims that when a fellow takes a girl out for an evening of pleasure he should be rewarded with (at least) a kiss. Well, Brother Ivory, or otherwise "C. W.," allow me to explain: If you had a sister who kissed every Tom, Dick and Harry I guess you would feel very proud to call her your sister, also to tell everybody what a wonderful sister you have, wouldn't you?

You really think that a person who thinks the same as you is what Mr. Webster considers broad-minded. Well, don't you know when a person becomes too broad-minded he actually makes himself narrow-minded? Now, if you were going with a girl whom you thought the world of you wouldn't mind her kissing and sitting in dark places with any one who happens to take her out, would you. Mr. Broad-minded? You know deep down in your heart if you married a girl who had been a "regular fellow" with any one who had the price of a movie you would never trust her. Fellows like you, who are looking for a 100 per cent return and begrudge every nickel you spend, should look before you leap, and look hard.

P. A. T.

Her Opinion of Some Writers

Dear Cynthia—I have never written to you before because I always found the information I wanted by reading the advice you gave to others. But the other day I read "Boheme's" and "Mocking Bird's" letters, and thought I would like to write and tell them just what I think about them.

This is to "Mocking Bird": I want to know how you get that way when you say a girl is decent even though she allows a fellow to hug her? Why did "Marge" lose by not letting fellows kiss her? Of course, there is much in a kiss from your sweetheart, but what do you get from kissing every Tom, Dick and Harry? You only lose your respect and decency. Why can't a girl save all her kisses for her one and only man? Where are the girls (and I know there are some) who are of the highest caliber and yet think of kissing a fellow at a snap of your fingers? I don't know of any. Perhaps they are decent to you because you fool around with them only. I think you would find girls who would not allow you to kiss them, and perhaps they would reform you, so that the next time you write you would not think the way you do about the girls who refuse to kiss fellows.

Now for "Boheme": You say that you have gone out with fellows and have kissed them when you knew them only five minutes, and yet they claim they like you. Why shouldn't they? The fellows spend money on you, and in return you kiss them; should they not want to take you out again and again? You don't know what you are talking about when you say that all girls nowadays are out for a good time. I return do and should lavish a few kisses on the fellow. I am not one of them, thank God, and yet I do not [illegible] because I don't kiss a fellow. I can bet ten to one that any one of all the fellows they take out will not propose marriage to you. I will stick to my number, and I am sure that more of the readers of this column will agree with me. I don't mean to be quite that "Sparrow" or "Mocking Bird" will agree with me, but then again if they and many others were the least bit broad-minded they would. You ask a fellow if he will marry a girl you take out for a good time. I know the answer you get—out for yourself. Where do you get all "gal" stuff when you say go girls—all in for good times and fun? Fellows with kisses to show how you appreciate their kindness in taking them? What do you think a girl thinks a fellow is a small thing if he does not ask for a good-night kiss? He is a gentleman. Maybe he pays for the girl he will have regrets later, but if he takes a different girl home that night he will kiss her. A kiss does not cost anything in money. And that is the main reason you should be careful to whom you give it.

One thing I want to say that I certainly am in agreement with you, and am sorry for those fellows such as you to solve a problem like kissing when she has said over and over again that kissing is not proper unless engaged to be married, and she sure is right.

KEW KOO.

A very good letter, "Kew Koo." Stick to your principles and you'll be a fine woman.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

When a visitor calls and is shown into the reception room, hall or living room by some one other than "the lady of the house," he or she is usually asked to take a seat. As the hostess enters the room, the caller, whether a man or a woman, should rise to greet her, and should not sit down again until asked to do so, or until the hostess takes a seat.

The same rule applies when the door is opened by madame herself. After an exchange of greetings, both enter what is the reception room for the time being, whatever else it may be called at other times, and the visitor does not sit down until the hostess asks her to do so, and seats herself. It is very bad form for a caller to take a seat while the hostess is standing, as the visitor illustrated is doing.

THAT CHIC TOUCH MAKES THE COSTUME

One of these printed silk scarfs in bright colors and odd design would make a splendid gift for that girl who likes those smart little accessories which lift her appearance out of the commonplace into the interesting and chic. She can wear it around her neck as a finish for her dark dress, under her fur coat as a protection from the dust-carrying fur or twisted cleverly about a felt hat of the distinctly sports variety

The Reckless Age

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Aline Foster is a spoiled member of the younger set who thinks men were made for her amusement. She engages herself to Charley Tyne without loving him, and when because of her flirtation with Mason Long, a writer, Charley breaks the engagement, Aline turns her attentions to Long. Here the unexpected happens, for she finds herself actually in love with Mason Long, but she has hardly had time to realize this when she discovers that he has been paying her attention merely because he is using her for copy in a novel he is writing on the jazz age. Her pride is leveled to the ground, and she plunges into a series of social affairs to try to forget. Just at this time Charley Tyne's engagement to Mabel Collins is announced, and to Aline it is the last straw.

Revenge

"I MUST laugh. I must be gay. I must never let any one suspect the truth." That was Aline's slogan, and in the weeks that followed her discovery of what Mason Logan really thought of her, she took part in the giddy social whirl as she never had before. Her object was to give herself no time to think, but day by day distaste for the life she was leading became greater, and, because she persisted in it restlessly, she acquired a hard veneer through which it was impossible for any one to reach the real Aline.

During this time Julian Warwick asked her to marry him.

It was a characteristic proposal, and happened one night when a masquerade ball was at its height.

Aline had gone as a Spanish dancer. Her costume was scarlet and the satin skirt reached just to her knees. Her slim legs were clad in scarlet silk stockings and she wore black slippers with high red heels studded with rhinestones. Over her black hair was draped a lace mantilla, and she carried a black fan heavily spangled.

She had never looked so lovely and she had never been so brilliant. Over the edge of her fan she flirted scandalously with every man who danced with her. To Aline it was merely a role she was playing. She cared nothing at all for any man present, but it was her wish to be desired, and even though she definitely disliked Julian she flirted as much with him as she did with any of the others.

Just before the supper dance he carried her off to the conservatory. From the way his fingers closed about her slim arm she knew she had either to go with him or make a scene, and deciding that she might as well have the thing over once and for all, she allowed him to have his way.

In the dim scented room he faced her, white lipped, and shaking.

"Aline," he said hoarsely, "you drive me mad. I can't go on with this any longer. I want you, and you know. You're not a child. You can't go on playing like this always, and even though you don't care for me, I'll make it worth your while if you'll marry me."

"Thanks," she drawled insolently, "I appreciate the honor, Julian, but I'm not thinking of marrying any one. You're quite right, I don't care for you, and you don't love me either. You'll never love any one as much as you love yourself, and your wanting me is quite a different thing entirely."

"What do you mean?" He brought out the words heavily.

"Just what I say. Because a man wants a woman doesn't mean at all that he loves her. In three months you'd take me as a matter of course, you're that kind." And she laughed with slow insolence.

In a flash he had reached out and caught her arm in an agonizing grip, but she did not flinch.

"You're cold as ice," he stormed. "You deliberately play with a man's emotions for your own amusement."

"And what if I do?" she returned lightly. "I never denied it, and surely you men ought to be able to take care of yourselves."

With a muttered imprecation he flung her arm away from him, and then to her amazement she saw that his shoulders were shaking. She could hardly believe it. Was this Julian, Julian Warwick who had always considered every pretty girl fair prey? But it was only for a moment that she softened, for suddenly memory swept over her. Hadn't she suffered, and because of that suffering hasn't she a right to be revenged?

With a shrug of her shoulders, and a light laugh, she turned away and left Julian alone, but for days afterward the real woman in Aline was ashamed of that episode and hated the memory of it, although she did not consciously admit it.

Tomorrow—A Cloud on the Horizon.

LOVE NOTS

By KAY KEAN

Why Marry?

Some people marry for a reason. Others look for an excuse. But if you must satisfy yourself with an explanation for marriage you will never be able to satisfy yourself with a husband.

Men invariably marry to settle down. Women usually marry so that the men can settle up.

Getting married is like putting rouge on one's face; the older one gets the more temptation there is in it.

Yet an old bachelor only succumbs to wedlock when he discovers that living without a wife does not, after all, prevent old age and baldness.

Marriage does not, necessarily, tie you down just because it ties you up. Yet, sooner or later, it is pretty sure to rope most of us in.

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Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Why the Mercury in a Thermometer Rises When Heated

The older scientists considered heat to be a fluid which passed out of substances when they became too full of it. They thought this superfluous fluid entered the mercury in the thermometer, causing it to swell out and rise. The only scientists who had a different belief about heat up to the nineteenth century were Lord Bacon, who said heat was motion, and La Place, who explained heat in the same way a hundred years later. Most scientists, however, still considered heat a fluid which they called calorie until Count Rumford proved that heat could be produced by rubbing two metals together and developing it through friction. He succeeded in causing water to boil by rubbing the metals together under water. Shortly after this Davy tried the same experiment with pieces of ice in a vacuum and developed sufficient heat to melt the ice completely.

These experiments proved that heat is motion—a vibration of the small particles of bodies caused by their effort or tendency to separate from each other. When you put a pan of water over the fire the heat from the fire passes through the saucepan into the water and causes the particles of water to try to get away from each other. They are still held together by the ever-present power of attraction and the alternate struggle between these forces causes them to vibrate to and fro. This produces the heat we feel when we come into contact with it.

In the case of the thermometer the waves of heat affect the particles of mercury through the glass tube. These are set in motion, causing the mercury to swell in the tube and rise. The greater the vibrations the higher the mercury rises and the greater the heat the greater the vibrations.

Tomorrow — Of What Use Are Our Eyelids?

The Woman's Exchange

Squeaky Shoes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a pair of new shoes. Oh, dear madam, when I walk they make a noise. Please tell me how to stop this. Please answer just as soon as possible, because I must wear them.

Please tell me what I can use to make my finger nails clean. LENA J.

Take these new shoes back to the store where you bought them and ask to have them fixed. They will do this free of charge, for no shoe is supposed to squeak, and there is something they can do to them that will make them fine. In addition to a nail file, use a small nail brush for your finger nails. There is a kind that comes specially for this purpose, and if you use it and rub them hard with soap and water you'll find they will be beautifully clean.

Learning About Today

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I do not know whether or not my question comes within your jurisdiction, but I hope you will favor me with a reply.

Can you tell me a course of reading that would broaden and be informative on present-day affairs? Also, what does an "academic" course at college imply? I feel more or less ignorant when in conversation with better educated persons.

What could I do to stop getting so easily excited even over the most casual things. It puts me at a great disadvantage with more self-controlled people. I am very nervous, but feel very silly afterward. I am no school girl, either, having been married past eleven years. ACADEMICIAN.

There is no better way to keep informed on what is going on in the world than to read the newspapers, and also keep in touch with some periodical that deals with current topics. You can have a number of these recommended to you at any newsstand. Then the magazines are full of present-day things, too. Keep up with book criticisms and try to read some of those you think would appeal to you, for, even though they do not give you actual news of the day, they do give you the spirit of the present, while they are entertaining you.

An academic course in college is the regular course, and includes such things as literature, mathematics, physics and history, while it excludes vocational subjects.

Try to think less about yourself and not analyze yourself so much. You'll find getting interested in present-day things as you want to do will help you and make you feel more at ease with people. And, although it may sound silly to tell you to try not to get excited over little things, that's what I am going to tell you, for, in trying, you will surely be able to keep calmer.

Here's a Girl Who Is Really Anxious to Start Earnest Thinking in Her Set

If She Goes at This With Enough Perspective to Keep From Getting Too Solemn and Somber She Will Do Something Worth While

IT'S too bad that we are so quick to condemn the whole on account of a part that is unworthy.

It's also too bad that, in so many cases, there has to be that large minority of "imperfects" for us to judge by.

There is that, of course.

In all this talk about the younger set, who get so much more notoriety than they either want or deserve, there is a good deal of truth.

But to offset this, comes a letter from a girl who wants to start deeper thinking among her set, or rather among girls of any set of her own age, for she makes no distinctions.

"Everywhere I go, in the course of conversation," she writes, "I hear the remark that the younger generation, particularly the girls, are totally devoid of mental aspiration, and that in this great city it would be difficult to find more than a dozen who would sacrifice their pleasures to the serious pursuit of higher ideals, if the quest involved any outlay of time, effort or necessary study.

"I am one of the younger generation myself, and I am determined to test the truthfulness of this horrible indictment. I want to broadcast an invitation to the earnest-minded girls in any walk of life, to meet at my home once a month, to form the nucleus of a movement to cultivate a knowledge of the high, the real, the true and vital phases of thought pouring into the world at the present time."

SHE proposes to have twenty girls, who are absolutely earnest, thoughtful, intelligent and aspiring, to meet at her home once a month for the sole purpose of pursuing higher thoughts and culture.

There will be no formality, she declares, no costs, no dues, no officers or organization, only a young woman as hostess who will "endeavor to make the evening profitable and agreeable and who will direct the discourse and discussion and outline the program for study."

Now surely this shows that there are some thinkers among the younger set.

It may be hard for this young hostess to get her twenty girls, but I doubt it.

Perhaps in her own set she wouldn't be able to find them, but she is wise in approaching every walk of life, for she will surely be able to gather up some earnest, thoughtful girls somewhere in the neighborhood.

THERE is just one little word of warning that I'd like to put in, while heartily indorsing her plan and wishing her all success.

It is almost as bad to be too serious and too earnest as it is to be too light.

Just as a certain amount of common sense and intelligence will never hurt anybody's good time or charm, so does an equal amount of lightness help every one's thinking and studying.

The pursuit of high ideals is pretty risky business; undertaken by one who has vision enough to keep her feet on the floor and her mind anchored to her body, it is fairly safe. But a group of girls who announce that they are going in for serious thinking and uplift are apt to carry the thing too far, lose their sense of perspective and try to live on the airy clouds on which they have parked their ideals.

This can't be done.

It will get on their nerves and emotions and turn them into fanatics or cranks.

No, there must be something lighter to keep the balance even, just as in the tragic plays of Shakespeare, and every one else, if you notice the construction, there is comedy relief just when you need it most.

THIS doesn't necessarily mean that some hilarity or a jazz selection by the phonograph must be stuck in during the evening.

It means that the hostess guide must be careful not to get too dreadfully, deeply, exclusively serious.

She mustn't revel in studious gloom; she must remember that there are other things in the world as important, as earnest, as necessary and as fine as the things she is working over, and that if she takes them too seriously she'll look ridiculous.

Let her take them sincerely, yes, but not solemnly or with somber dignity.

Extremes are always bad. If this girl can really bring about a sensible, well-balanced scheme of studying and thinking over things worth while, without getting hysterical, she will be doing a big thing.

If she, a member of this younger generation which is supposed to be so very light, can prove that she and those whom she interests in her plan are sincere and earnest, she will have the admiration and respect of her own set as well as the elders who are so quick to criticize.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

Modern Upholstered Furniture

There has probably been a greater development in the purely mechanical side of the upholstery trade lately than at any time since the invention of springs. This is largely due to the employment of down as a filling material.

Before the use of down, extreme softness could not be obtained with plain surfaces, because the softest materials then known separated and became uncomfortable unless confined by tufting. This is why so much deep-tufted upholstered furniture was used in the latter part of the nineteenth century. When the English and Colonial wing and cushion chairs came into favor, about twenty years ago, upholsterers began to experiment, and as a result the down cushion as an adjunct to upholstered chairs and sofas was made a permanent feature.

Of course, the application of down upholstering depends upon the type of chair to be upholstered, but we find that standard shapes have been only slightly altered, and it is even possible to adapt, for loose-cushioned upholstering, frames that have not been made for that particular style of treatment. It must be borne in mind, however, that the limit of any type of cushioning is governed by the height of the seat of the chair or sofa from the floor.

Tomorrow—"Curtain Trimmings"

Look for the Red Band

When you buy codfish from your grocer ask for Beardsley's *Shredded* Codfish—and *look for the red band on the package.*

Ask your grocer for the free recipe book "The Daily Question". It gives recipes for 14 delightful ways of preparing *Shredded* Codfish for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

BEARDSLEY'S Shredded CODFISH

J. W. Beardsley's Sons, Newark, New Jersey

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Prices Always Moderate

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A Real Christmas Shop!
Where a choice assortment of merchandise and pleasant shopping conditions make selecting Christmas Remembrances wholly delightful.
Christmassy Novelties
Both beautiful and useful. A fresh unimpaired stock—now is the time to buy.
Baskets
Ribbon and flower trimmed—exceptionally pretty. For the clever workwoman there are untrimmed models suitable for varied styles of decorations.
Holiday Linens and Laces
A unique stock. We call special attention to our Italian Linens—7-piece sets of scarf and six oblong doilies; 13-piece sets of scarf and twelve doilies.
French Lace Table and Bureau Scarfs and Chair Backs. Beautiful Lace Pillow Cases
1008 Chestnut Street

Saves Home Baking
Ask for luscious raisin pie—fresh and juicy—at your grocer's or a neighborhood bake shop. Just telephone for one to try.
Once taste it and you'll agree that there's no longer any need to bake at home.
Serve tonight for dinner. Let your men folks decide.
Made with delicious
Sun-Maid Raisins
Had Your Iron Today?

TETLEY'S
Makes good TEA a certainty
TETLEY'S GREEN LABEL India Ceylon Tea gives you a fragrant, refreshing cup of full-bodied tea that will delight you. Try it.

YOUNG WOMEN
During the month of December is the time to start as a Bell Telephone Operator. While other young women are taking up temporary "jobs" which means a "lay-off" after the holidays, you can secure a position which will be permanent. No better work in the city. It's clean, pleasant, congenial and there are Recreation quarters and Cafeterias. The earlier you come the better because after December 16th we expect to take on very few beginners. No experience necessary. Ask any telephone operator what she thinks of her position. Then come and see me. Miss Stevenson, 1631 Arch St., 8:30 A. M. to 7 P. M.
THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF PENNA.