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...OF...

Interest to Women

IT'S THE GENTLE, ADMIRING GIRL WHO
WINS THE BEST HUSBAND

And the Smart Business Woman Who Would
Land One Must Learn the Art of Flattery

(By Kathleen Norris)

Dear Mrs. Norris: I am an office worker, 28. I'm tall, good-looking, with fine eyes and good hair, perfect health and intelligent enough to make myself valuable to the finest law firm in our town. I'm popular, and have had my fill of dances and movies and dinners, always, of course, with the requisite masculine escort.

Men like me. But the right men don't like me enough. They go to a certain point, and there they stop. Flirting, flattery, dates and then I'm home again with nothing gained except perhaps a free dinner and show.

I'm not complaining; I've pleasant times and popularity days go by only too fast. But if you have any ideas on the subject of why men ask certain girls to marry them, and don't ask others, I'd be glad to hear them.

I've friends; I've a dozen hobbies; I'm content, even if I'm not as contented as I sound. But I would like to have six men ask me to marry in the next year, even if it was only for the satisfaction of saying 'no.' There's a wall up somewhere; there's an invisible obstruction between friendship with me and love for me, and I want to know where it is—Helena.

Helena, I think the trouble with you is that you are too much absorbed in yourself, too joyously, contentedly pleased with your own side of a friendship, to give a man a chance.

Men are strange creatures; we never can understand them, and certainly no one of them really understands one of us. But we can grasp this fact: that usually a man's interest is developed only as far as himself. He may say he likes books, likes women, likes sports, but he likes them only as they satisfy his moods of idleness, vanity, loveliness or desire to shine.

Don't try to impress the next man you like with your own superiority; appear to be flattered by a sudden realization of his own.

Listen: don't talk. Don't rush right over him with an animated description of your hobbies. Men hate hobbies in women; they bore them to death. Happy, independent, money-making women with hobbies rarely marry, or if they do they marry inferior men. Such women terrify the average man; he wants comfort, quiet, praise, the sense of being the protector; the stronger vessel.

If you toss your head up at this, and I rather think you will, and say airily that you don't care to flatter a man into believing that he is your superior, then don't marry. The only men you will have a chance to marry will be weaklings.

It was Disraeli, I believe, who said wearily that all women liked to be flattered outrageously, and that when it was a Queen it should be held on with a shovel. This is equally true of men. And incidentally, the man with an attentive, affectionate, sympathetic wife usually makes a faithful husband. We all want exactly that, in marriage or out; a sense of being considered, being admired, being quoted. Gentle little admiring girls will continue to win the best husbands until smarter girls learn that simple truth.

But don't think I'm advising any sort of trick to win a man's attention. I'm rather suggesting that you develop an honest interest in lives other than your own. I'm suggesting that for a given period of time—say a year—you obliterate yourself, and make important the person to whom you happen to be speaking.

A FEW TIPS TO THE YOUNG COOK SAVE MANY A MINUTE

Sugaring the Sponge Cake For A Crust — How
To Use the Fermented Jelly

(By Frances Blackwood)

If all the little things that women have discovered to make short cuts of work were gathered together what an encyclopaedia it would make! How many cooks would be delighted!

For instance, if you wonder how Mrs. Jones gets that rich brown crust on her sponge cakes without cooking them so dry they taste like their namesakes, she probably sprinkles a little fine white sugar over the top just before she puts the cake in the oven.

If you find it a nuisance to wipe up the table after you pour gelatin or jam into little molds, use a pitcher to mix the things in and they will pour into the molds without wasting a drop.

If you have a jar of jelly that has fermented a little don't consider it a complete loss. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ as much water as you have jelly, bring to a boil. To a cup of jelly add from 2 to 4 tablespoons of sugar, boil 3 minutes. Mix 1 tablespoon of cornstarch with water to make a thin paste and stir into the boiling syrup and cook, stirring about 5 minutes until it is clear and

thickened and use it for a sauce for such puddings as Brown Betty or a cottage pudding.

If you never seem able to get the nice brown crust on your biscuits that your husband likes—stop greasing the pan. Sprinkle it with a light dusting of flour instead—the bottoms will brown to perfection. Works well with pie crust, too.

If you find sour milk difficult to have on hand—don't pass up a recipe that calls for it. Add two teaspoons of vinegar to a cup of fresh milk and use the recipe just the same.

Don't forget your kitchen scissors—they serve you well in shredding lettuce, cabbage and many other vegetables. As well as in cutting roots off spinach, fins off fish and other trimming jobs.

Spend a few minutes experimenting on seasonings. Mix salt, pepper, celery salt, onion salt, a little powdered poultry seasoning or sage, marjoram, mace, etc., to your taste and put the mixture in a large pepper shaker—saves time and wear and tear on your forgettery in seasoning many a roast.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

At the Christmas season more than any other time of the year, is brought home the realization, that the greatest medium through which one may find happiness is by bringing joy to others.

Why does one give gifts at Christmas? Is it not because through the medium of gifts that one seeks to express friendship, trying to convey the impression of an unspoken affection? The Christmas gift should never be reckoned in terms of how much money was paid out for it, but rather by the friendship, the love and the affection it personifies. Not the gift but the thought behind the gift.

A single flower given by a poor little ragged urchin, may bring more joy than the costliest gift could ever have produced. And simply because it was given in sincerity.

In this mad struggle for money, power and the things that money can buy, we are too prone to reckon in the light of monetary values. Let Christmas be a time for charity—true charity—not giving with an eye to the glory—but from the heart with a sincere wish, a hope that our small gift will, in some measure, bring joy and gladness to another heart.

The gift is but a symbol, a humble token of the love we bear each other. In many instances where a custom has been handed down through the years, the original thought, the idea that inspired the first act is lost, and the carrying out of the custom becomes a mere matter of routine. Let us this Christmas season, turn our minds back into the far past, and appreciate the God-given privilege that was bestowed on the Wise Men from the East, when they were chosen as the first ones to ever lay a gift at the feet of the Babe in the Manger.

Dusk Is A Kindly Mood

A gentle mood and kind is dusk, Made for the dreaming mind; So much we missed in broad daylight In twilight we can find.

Back over day's tremendous paths The heart will searching go, And clearly in the darkening light The more of past day know.

Too hurried were the hours of light To fully see the best, So much of worth was then passed by Its interest scarcely guessed.

But as the mind goes back at dusk A thousand tender things Are clear and in soft night their joy, Their worth and beauty sings.

—George Eliot.

Enjoy tea at its best

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The Song Of Christmas

Chant me a rhyme of Christmas—
sing me a jovial song—
And though it is filled with laughter,
let it pass pure and strong.

Sing of the hearts warmed over
with the story of the day—
Of the echo of childish voices that
will not die away.

Of the blare of the tasseled bugle, and
the timeless clatter and beat
Of the drum that throbs to muster
squadrons of scampering feet.

But, O let your voice fall fainter, till
blent with a minor tone,
You temper your song with the beauty

The Weathervane

The weathervane stands on the roof
forever—
A golden horse of the sun;
He tells the way of the running wind,
But himself he can never run!

—E. Merrill Root.

or the ply Christ has shown.

And sing one verse for the voiceless,
and yet ere the song be done,
A verse for the ears that hear not,
and a verse for the sightless one.

For though it be for singing a merry
Christmas glee,
Let a low, low voice of pathos run
through the melody.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



"They'll laugh when they see us coming in a sleigh—"
"They'll cheer when we hand out the Sweet Caps!"

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