Are You A Book Lover?

The Iowa Homemaker

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From the Trite to the Novel in Handkerchiefs

By HARRIETT SCHLEITER

EVER since the days of princesses and knights, handkerchiefs have been romantic little bits. Fair ladies threw them to black plumed warriors on dazzling steeds. If they hadn’t what ever would the poor dear warriors have pressed to their lips when they lay dying on the field of battle? Of course gloves might answer the purpose, but they are such expensive things to drop about on all occasions, and handkerchiefs do just as well. Besides they don’t make such a bulge in the left breast pocket, when picked up and cherished by modern planeless lovers.

Even if you don’t use them for such purposes, you always feel more swag-gerior if you have just the right kind and color of handkerchief tucked in your pocket, or your sleeve, or down your neck.

Now what I started out to say was simply, only, merely that perhaps your rather depleted supply of handkerchiefs wasn’t replenished at Christmas as you had expected it to be. Even though I remember an aunt in invariably sent each one of us a box containing a half dozen plain white ones, every twenty-fifth of December, she doesn’t do it any more, and if I always did suspect that she bought a car load and just wrapped up by the day. Hence, when the holidays loomed up and mailed them to all relatives and friends, I’m really almost sorry. It may be best though for I’d probably get so tired of plain white ones, when now-a-days there can be such a delightful variety. Not only linen but gingham, pongee, voile, crepe de chine, and the all of one kind of Irish Broc lace, the rainbow never thought of possessing. You know you can buy handkerchief linen cut in squares just the right size, and make to your heart’s content, straight threads and little embroidered flowers or appliqued designs in one corner. Pongee can be fixed in these same ways. And by the way, Lorna Doone finds fair who dote on the pongee kind. Try them on His Highness, and when you see a corner of one glistening proudly out of his pocket, and see him throw his chest out a little more when people see him, you will then be rewarded for all the times the thread broke when you were drawing it. Men, after all, are just as vain about such little things as are we women.

For dress up in light clothes for par-ties there is nothing daintier than a crepe-de-chine handkerchief with a ruffle of lace around the edge. They are such pretty things that I think from an orchid or pale blue terry can be turned into such a cunning handkerchief you’re glad it’s after Christmas and you don’t have to give it away.

Voile ones look lovely with lace edges, too. They are even more adorable made of white, with little squares of color hem-stitched on, or a wide border of another color joined with hemstitching.

And now—when the Christmas rush is over, make yourself a present of some lovely new handkerchiefs for the new year.

Are You A Book Lover?

NOW that the long winter evenings are here, it’s time to climb into the big arm chair and examine one’s book shelves. What one big arm chair and examine one’s book shelves. What one sizable collection of books, what a pleasure. How many and so varied that one can hardly get so tired of plain white ones, when now-a-days there can be such a delightful variety. Not only linen but gingham, pongee, voile, crepe de chine, and the all of one kind of Irish Broc lace, the rainbow never thought of possessing.

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er used to give you, cure all ails. What-ever your mood of the moment may be there is a book to fit it. All that you need is an R. Mifflin, proprietor of "The Haunted Bookshop," that C. Morley cre-at ed to prescribe for you.

Obviously there has been room here for only a few suggestions. If my favor-ites aren’t on your book shelf read what YOU have. One’s own personal tastes should be the criteria for the selection of reading matter. But READ—-taste, taste, taste—life, and soon you can gather your own loves about you.

We can’t all climb the Swiss Alps, sail on stormy seas, or languish under south- ers palms in tropical moon light. But in our own lives, commonplace and prosaic as they seem, books can bring to us the romance of foreign lands, can acquaint us with the most interesting of people.

And although without continued study we cannot become trained connoisseurs, clever critics, or specialists along tech-nical lines, nevertheless by reading we may gain a large appreciation and understanding of those things that are good in life.

Nor have we ordinary people an adequate means for self-expression. We cannot dance or sing, our tongues and pens are awkward, and our fingers clumsy. Our souls are buried and stifled, carried out for open spaces. Books meet this need of self-expression. When we find our own thoughts and feelings, longings and strivings so well expressed; when we see beauty shimmering and vivid, we are satisfied.

"Reading maketh a full man." Yes, and what life, what people, and what en-joyment it spreads before one. To value books, to read books, and to love books—that fellow housewife-booklover is to love life itself.