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SOCIAL NEWS AND ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

Items for the Social Page must be in the office of the Society Editor before 10 a.m. for publication in the Sunday papers.

Develop The Ankle, Use Good Tonic For Falling Hair

BY VIOLA PARIS

Dear Viola Paris:

Is there anything that can be done to make the ankles slim without exercising? Are fat ankles a sign that a person has a weak heart? I have often heard so.

What will help my hair, which has grown thin and is falling out?

ETHEL L.

Answer: Why do you want to avoid exercise? You will never reduce that way! No, fat ankles have nothing to do with the heart. Unless you are suffering from some malady which absolutely forbids any exertion, it would suggest that exercise can do you nothing but the most positive good. If it is only laziness from which you are suffering, then do make up your mind to be more active. Fat ankles generally go with sedentary habits, in that case, general reducing measures are indicated. Here are some exercises that are excellent for beautifying the ankles and legs.

Stand with heels together, arms hanging at sides, and squat by bending the knees. At the same time, swing the arms straight back. Then suddenly spring upward, raising the arms and going as high on the toes as possible. From this position, resume the squat, and repeat the whole performance several times with vigor.

Stand erect, feet close together, hands on hips. Keeping ankles together, rotate the whole body from the ankles. Ten times in one direction, 10 times in the opposite direction.

The last exercise may be taken while seated. Extend one leg, point the toe downward. Then rotate the foot outward from the ankle 20 times. Repeat with the opposite foot.

These exercises, like any others, must, of course, be done persistently and regularly.

I should advise you to adopt a good tonic for your hair, massaging it well into the scalp each day. Also, give up any sort of artificial wave for not less than a year. Apply hot castor-oil to the scalp previous to the regular shampoo.

Dear Viola Paris:

The calves of my legs are large, but I have slim angular ankles. What will develop the ankles? M. R. C.

Answer: The very same three exercises suggested above to reduce the ankles, will serve in your case to make the calves of the legs slimmer and to round out the ankles. The reason why the same remedy works a different result is because these movements are designed to beautify the legs, overcoming whatever faults they may have.

This also replies to questions about ankles from "Marie Louise," "Babe," "Esther," "Mrs. M. M." and others.

Dear Viola Paris:

Does walking make big feet? I walk quite a good deal. My feet are rather large as it is, and I am not anxious to make them more so.

PEGGY.

Answer: No, walking or any other exercise does not make the feet any larger than they are intended to be. Most normal people take thousands of steps every day, and they are in every way benefited by the activity. However, that is not the real point. The size of one's foot is relatively unimportant. No size is too big or too small if it is in proportion. And the fact that a shoe has flowing lines and is neat in appearance is of far more importance than the number and letter by which it is designated.

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Society Personals

William E. Fort, Jr., who is a student at Georgia Tech University, will arrive home Dec. 21 to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Fort, at their home on Fourteenth Avenue, South.

* * *

Mrs. Ellen Rew has returned from a stay of four months in Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn.

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Mrs. Lee D. Blackwelder, of McComb, Miss., is the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Burns, for the Christmas season. She will be joined by Mr. Blackwelder in a few days.

* * *

Mrs. George Rendurant has returned from a visit to her daughters, Misses Frances and Trusheart Rendurant, who are students at the University of Cincinnati.

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Mrs. Brenton Fisk is returning to her home in Pelham, N. Y., Sunday after a week's visit to Mrs. Priestley Toulmin.

CAST IN LITTLE THEATER PLAY

Photo by News Staff Photographer.

MRS. L. C. FARNHAM

Mrs. Farnham, formerly of Ocean Springs, Miss., who came to this city in September, to make her home, will have the leading comedy role in Lonsdale's play, "Aren't We All?" which is to be staged at the Little Theater soon.

Kahlil Gibran, Syrian Poet - Artist, Tells How, Why He Wrote 'The Prophet'

* * *

Eastern Author Is Only One On Record Who Never Sought One Of His Own Books, Gladys Baker Finds

* * *

BY GLADYS BAKER

"Life is beauty: therefore live it beautifully."

THUS spoke Kahlil Gibran, Syrian poet and artist, in an effort to sum up the philosophy which has guided his own destiny and made it possible for him to write a book which has been translated into 21 languages and read by millions of truth-seekers whose joined hands would circle the globe. The book is "The Prophet," a slender, forceful volume, which not a few critics consider the outstanding contribution of this age to the realm of practical metaphysics.

I climbed four flights of steps in a red brick building in Greenwich Village to reach the studio of Kahlil Gibran. It was a raw day at the beginning of December. Through the windows on each landing I could see that the snow had begun to fall steadily in tiny flakes, which beat against the panes like raindrops. But it was a warm oriental voice which greeted me as I entered a large room where the rich love for beauty and color was reflected. One wall was hung in altar cloths and antique vestments, worn by some Catholic cardinal; another was entirely covered by an Egyptian rug of the early twelfth century. Against the walls were hand-carved Italian chests and bookcases lined with the literary masterpieces of every nation. Here and there, scattered about the room, were choice pieces of brass which sent dancing lights to far and shadowy corners. One felt that the room was peopled by living, vibrant personalities. This was due to the portraits of famous people which looked down upon you and the creamy tones of Gibran's nude figures which attain spiritual loveliness by reason of their occult significance.

I ran through several books of a mighty pile heaped upon a broad-surfaced table. They were autographed editions of friends, and here were names of authors who are household words in more than one country. In an inconspicuous corner were the works of Gibran, most of which are printed in his native language. I daresay this Eastern poet is the only author on record who never sought one of his own books, having ever had the good fortune of being presented with beautiful first editions by his host of literary admirers.

How He Wrote "The Prophet"

Although Kahlil Gibran, during the 12 years he has lived in America, has written many books, only a few have been printed in English. These have been "The Madman," "The Forerunner," "The Prophet" and "Sand and Foam." Of these "The Prophet" is undoubtedly his masterpiece. It is the opinion of many that the book was written entirely through inspiration.

I asked the author about this, and he sat in silence for a full moment before he gave me an answer.

"I do not think it was written the way most people think," he finally declared. "When the average person speaks of any literary work being inspired he seems to mean that the words were dictated from a higher source or some such super-human procedure. Of course," he went on, "I believe all creative work is more or less inspirational, but I wrote 'The Prophet' just as I write my other books. It required about 30 minutes to do each of its chapters."

This was almost unbelievable. These deep and vivifying passages on love and pain, religion or marriage mightwell be the crowning achievement of a lifetime effort.

"I wanted to write 'The Prophet,'" Mr. Gibran continued, "ever since I was a lad of 16, when I began writing it in the Arabic language. However, my mother discouraged it, imploring me to wait until I had become older. This I did, and the next time I set my hand to do it I was studying art in Paris. But the atmosphere seemed not just right for it, so again I put it aside and it was not until I reached America that I began work on it in earnest, this time seeing the whole thing in English." He walked across the room, picked up a copy of the volume we were discussing and stood looking at it steadily—almost impersonally. "I think I've never been without 'The Prophet,' though, since I first conceived the book back in Mount Lebanon. It seems to have been a part of me," he concluded.

How The Public Received It

"Did you rewrite and polish it?" I wanted to know, recalling how each word gleamed like a jewel in a precious necklace.

"No," he shook his head with its patches of gray at the temples, "but I kept it for four years before I delivered it over to my publishers because I wanted to be sure, I wanted to be very sure that every word of it was the very best I had to offer."

Then I told the poet from the East in what esteem his book was held among a few of my acquaintances. I spoke to him of a man who is noted for his brilliant mental attainments and his unselfish work for others, who uses "The Prophet" to bring back his strength and ambition and love of life when his spiritual coffers are empty; how another had declared to me that "The Bible" and "The Prophet" were the only books she really needed if all the rest of her library were swept away from her; how another friend kept it always beside her on a bedside table, reading a fragment just before retiring; and how still another finds relaxation by tramping off into the woods with the small black volume and absorbing its lyrical pages upon a bed of pine needles; and what was even more typical of the book's appeal was the story I told him of a young debutante stopping me in the lobby of a New York hotel, while I was trying to catch a boat for Europe, to read me parts of "The Prophet" which she had just discovered that morning at a nearby bookdealers.

"And so you see," I concluded, "it appeals to young and old. There's a sort of universal agelessness about the book which furnishes inspiration to everyone who reads it."

Has Humbleness Of Spirit

The author of the volume we were discussing turned his head aside but not before I had noticed that his piercing brown eyes were misty. "It touches me so, when they feel like that about my little book," he explained his emotion. "Letters have come from all parts of the world saying things like that," he continued, and the humility of the man was beyond question.

The modesty of the truly great has been dwelt upon so often that it has become a truism; nevertheless this same humbleness of spirit is the learned Easterner's chief characteristic. He dislikes compliments and at a word of praise will shake his head and put out his hand as if he would stop you forcibly.

Perhaps he looks upon his work impersonally or else it is so sacred and born of such intimate communion with the Unseen that he is self-conscious about it. He would much prefer telling you about his good friend Krishnamurti or the great Debussy or some of the other notables who set to him for their portraits. Or perhaps just sit and talk of great spiritual truths which open your eyes a little wider to glimpses of the Infinite.

Kahlil Gibran is not only an oriental poet whose words sink into one's consciousness like the whisper of muted violins, but he has brought this same quality into his drawings. The work of his hands has been exhibited in the most prominent art galleries of Europe and the original drawings which were used for illustrating "The Prophet" have been eagerly sought by several art organizations in this country with the view of placing them among their permanent collections, among these being the Metropolitan Art Museum. His drawings are done with an ordinary pencil, of which there are a number scattered about on bookcases and tables. No trick modernism has brought this wide recognition of his work. Rather is it that same ethereal quality which pervades all of his creative activities; that illusiveness which made it impossible to reproduce his original drawing of "The Prophet."

Writing Life Of Jesus

Kahlil Gibran is now working on a book which will be brought out by Knopf in the Autumn. It will be called "The Son of Man" and is the life of Jesus. It will be handled in the same style as "The Prophet," Lyrical prose I think one would call it.

In the book the writer tells the life of the Master in the words of 160 different persons who knew him. He read me parts of the original manuscript and it is the most enkindling tale to which I have ever listened. It seemed to me that this poet of Lebanon is peculiarly fitted to add his version of the life of Jesus to that long list of volumes which has accumulated through the ages, for he is imbued with the very spirit of the country in which the Nazarene wandered and taught the gospel.

"The place in which I was born," he told me, "is about as far from Nazareth as New York City is from Hartford." Thus he has geographical kinship and knows well the legends and traditions of this great historical section. He has made personal research into the lives of the people of the country made immortal by the presence of the Master.

Rare Combination

In this new version of the life of Christ the author will not attempt in any sense a new translation, nor quibble with former writers. Rather will his volume be a series of word pictures drawn in swift, pungent sentences, but, withal, clothed in mystical garments of beauty.

The illustrations for this new work are blinding with spiritual radiance. Two portraits of the Master are so

YOUR BABY and MINE

BY MYRTLE MEYER ELSED

THE TEASING AND BULLYING CHILD

Life in a large family is often made hideous for the mother by the propensity of the older children to tease the younger ones. Every child has experimented and experienced the kind of joy which comes from baiting a helpless person. It seems to be inherent in our make-up that we want to stir things up. The placid, mind-his-own-business child or adult is fair game, for he inspires every beholder with the most fiendish desire to prod him into animation. The baby playing quietly with his blocks lures mischievous brother to see what will happen if he runs away with them. And how many small boy's fingers have itched to yank the unmussed hair of the unconscious girl in the seat ahead of him?

The teaser wants to see his victim rage, and he enjoys the sense of mastery their futility gives him. Needless to say he ends his teasing when his opponent can give as good as he gets.

This does not exactly solve the problem for the mother and it can't be solved all in a moment. If she whips the teaser she simply reverses positions and makes herself the mistress by her strength. For one should may stop the home teasing but it sends the whipped bout out to another victim whose mother isn't at hand to defend him.

Help the younger child to understand that the teaser only pretends to want to hurt him or his property. Indifference or laughter is one's best weapon because it's no fun at all to tease a person who doesn't seem to care.

Build up in the older child a real admiration for those heroes who protect the weak. Don't let him see some older, thoughtless person tickling a small baby, or your work is well nigh undone.

Separate the two children who cannot play together in peace. Put the older child in a room where he can see, but be no part of the family activities. He'll soon learn to play in a manner that makes for contentment. So the mother has two tasks to perform. She must prevent the younger child from becoming a whining "tattletale" always running to his mother for aid and sympathy; and teach him how best to hold his own. She must help the older one to a realization that it is not admirable to take advantage of an opponent who is too weak to fight his own battles. She'll have to take this lesson home to herself or she may point exactly the opposite moral.

MRS. REYNOLDS HONORS MRS. COTTEN AT LUNCHEON

Mrs. Harry Reynolds entertained with a bridge luncheon at her home in Arlington Place recently complimenting Mrs. James Cotten, of Tampa, Fla., who is the guest of Mrs. R. W. Reynolds. The house was decorated with an arrangement of red roses and four tables were arranged for the bridge games. After luncheon was served, a series of games were played and high score prize awarded Mrs. Felix Best. Mrs. Reynolds' guests were Mesdames Doris Barker Goodall, Felix Best, Fred J. Bodeker, Guy Roberts, N. J. Driskell, L. M. Shannon, Hubert Drake, Jack Winslett, Ward Martin, Larry Powers, Eugene Lee, Bert Clarke, Robert Borders, Jr., Mrs. Wade Reese, and Mrs. R. W. Reynolds. Consolation was won by Mrs. Hubert Drake.

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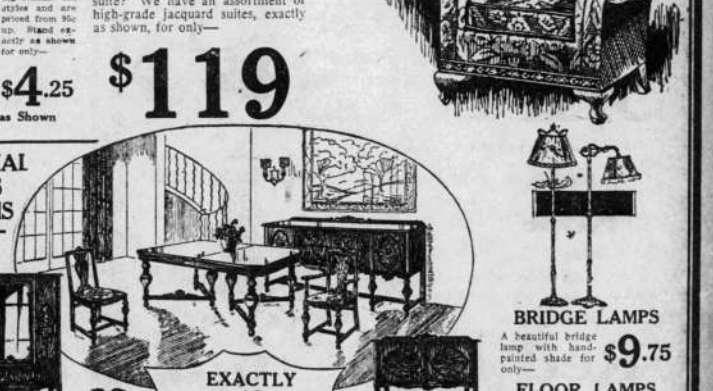

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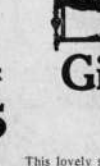

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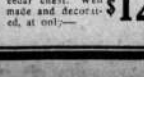

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