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OUIS VELVETEEN

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THE CLICKING OF MY LADY'S HEELS "MUSIC WHEREVER SHE GOES"

WOMAN is traditionally dainty and light of foot, but nowadays, you may have noticed, she walks more noisily than man.

Time was when man enjoyed the music of his tread. He liked to hear the smart tap of his heels on the pavement. The smarter and sharper the tap, the better he was pleased.

And there were some of us who, when we got into the Army and were ironshod, just loved the firm, heavy fall of our feet. We beat the pavements and scrunched the macadam to a fine tune. And when we were on leave and went into the City to see old colleagues in their offices, we had the joy of a splendid echo in the long corridors of great buildings.

BUT post-war leather would not stand the strain. Civilian boots fell all to pieces under our tread. If we would have the music of our heels we had to buy boots of the very best, and pay accordingly. And soon most of us decided that we could not afford it. We had flirted with rubber before the war, but now we took to it wholesale. To-day the majority of us men flap and pad along, rubber-heeled and rubber-soled.

Woman, however, has clung to the music of her heels. Perhaps, being less heavy than man, she wears out her heels less quickly.

At any rate, she has not taken to rubber heels as he has. She still raps

leather smartly on the pavement. When you hear a footfall nowadays, it is nearly always a woman's.

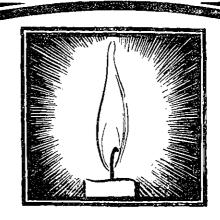
When two or three girls come down the street together, we look, expecting to see a dozen. We cannot believe that two or three can make so much noise. And we are inclined to think that of late years woman has become a very noisy walker.

BUT the change is in our own tread. Women walk no more noisily than they did of old. We, however, go muted on our rubbers, and the slow, steady beat of our heels—one to every two of a woman's—is no longer heard, and so women's heels ring out loud on the payement.

And perhaps we rather envy woman. There is, after all, a tonic in hearing one's heels beat out the way. Nine women out of ten still enjoy that tonic, but uine men out of ten have foresworn it.

Man really dislikes his ghostly walk, feels the less manly and efficient for it, and would gladly be noisy on his feet again. But he cannot stand the racket of constant repairs to heels and soles. So he goes rubber-shod. Women, however, seems to "blow the expense." She will have the music of her heels wherever she goes.

And there is no doubt about it that, hearing her heels, she does walk with a snap that we, padding silently along, seem to have lost.



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