

THE WAY WE WALKED.

I met a woman on life's way, A woman fair to see; Or caught up with her, I should say, Or she caught up with me, The way is long when one's alone, I said, "and dangerous, too; I'll help you by each stumbling stone, If I may walk with you."

I saw her hang her head and blush, And I could plainly see The fire that caused the fevered flush; I whispered, "Walk with me. Thou art of all the very maid A brave heart wants to woo, And I'll remember long," I said, The way I walked with you."

Then on we went; her laughing eyes And sunny smiles were sweet; Above us blue and burnished skies And roses 'neath our feet, "I'm glad your sunny face I've seen." I said; "when life is through I'll own the best of it has been The way I walked with you."

And on we went; we watched the day Into darkness merge; My fair companion paused to say, "Here's where our paths diverge." I answered: "Yes, and one more mile Is fading from our view, And all the while lit by your smile This way I've walked with you.

"I do not say my love, my life, Will all be given to grief When you are gone; the ceaseless strife Will bring me much relief. When death's cold hand the curtain draws When life's long journey's through, 'Twill not have all been bad, because I came part way with you." -Cy. Warman, in New York Sun.

FRESH FROM THE FACTORY.

At 8 o'clock on Monday morning Harry Westcott Blake burst into the office of Albertson & Co., factory representatives of the Dyer motorcar peo-

There was really no need for Harry to enter like a comet, except that it was his way. He was perpetually bursting in or out of somewhere. 'Greetings!" he cried, despite the

fact there was no one to greet except a slender young woman at a desk far across the room. She looked up at his word and returned his salutation with a faint, somewhat amused smile. He crossed the room to where the

girl sat. She was busy with some correspondence. But his approach was comet-like enough to cause her to give up her work and look at him. Harry's stride was masterful; to

the observer it looked as if he were fighting his way through countless obstacles. He gave the impression of struggling against the air; unlike Don Quixote, he didn't need windmills to fight-he fought the wind. On the streets people got out of his way. He had the step of a conqueror.

Also, he had good-humored eyes, in which the fire of determination could burn; a ready smile; and an air of self-confidence so overwhelming that it inspired respect in most people.

You better get that trousseau together, Margaret," he told the girl, because you're going to need it very

"Why, Mr. Blake!" she protested. "I told you-

"I know you did," agreed the man, "but you didn't really mean it. How could you? I love you, and I think in fact, I'm sure-that you love me, though you're trying to hide it from And we're going to be married Margaret, just as soon as I sell those twenty-five cars to Hammond of the stage line. That will be today!"
"But——-" Margaret Hughes gave

a breathless little gasp. "But I've known you for only a week! Why, I couldn't think of it! Why——"

'That's all right, darling. No need to think of it. Just get ready for the big event. I'll sell those twenty-five cars today—I've got an appointment with Hammond-and my commission will amount to-well, figure it our for yourself. That will give us a grand young start. And Albertson will raise my salary, and— Get the trousseau ready!"

"But, Mr. Blake-"Call me Harry!"
But she didn't. She was really too

breathless to call him anything.
"Your very amusing!" said Mar-"Your very amusing!" said Margaret. "On the second day after we met you proposed to me. Isn't that absurd? And you've assumed that I will marry you. That is even more absurd. Yes, you are very amusing. And I am not flattered by your atten-

tions. They augur too much experience of a kind." "Oh, Margaret!" protested Harry, with a sad look. "You know that isn't

"I don't!" she stubbornly replied. "And about Mr. Hammond, of the stage line. I wouldn't, if I were you, try to sell him the cars. Mr. Albertson wants to handle that matter himself. He would not welcome your interference.'

"Ho!" laughed Harry, his confidence restored. "Hasn't he been try-ing for weeks? Didn't he tell the wholesales department, Saturday morning, that he'd give anything to land Hammond? He didn' ask me, personally, to go after him, but I'm going to do it just the same."

You know that Mr. Albertson will not welcome your assistance," rejoined the girl. "And if you should fail, as you probably will, it will mean—"
"Fail?" cried Harry, as if he had never heard the word. "Fail? Well,

never heard the word. "Fa what do you care if I do?" "I-I don't!" Margaret was stub-

born, but unconvincing. She discovered, after he had gone, that her heart was beating at an alarming rate. Yet she was thrilled and happy. That feeling of happiness angered her, and she began to wonder about herself and Harry.

that, he had nearly upset it. Mr. Albertson himself was quite a conservative, and his sales force echoed his own personality. The coming of Harry was something like the approach of a tornado. No one was left in doubt for an instant that he was a

live wire of heavy voltage. He knew Dyer cars. He had built them in the famous factory. Moreover, he knew that he knew them; and At t he knew how to tell others what he knew.

He had been held down, at Albertson's, by the red tape of the organization and by his employer's conservatism. And, during the week, when he had not been allowed to go after business—Albertson felt that he should first of all become familiar with their methods—he had been as restless as a race horse held back at the starting line.

Now he was going after Hammond, without Alberston's knowledge or conset! Hammond, of the new stage line, buy Dyers. But so far he had not been able to get a decision from Hammond. Restless and impatient, Harry had decided to take a day off and make the sale! That was like him, thought Margaret. Somebody should really take wind out of his sails. He was altogether too confident; he was too fresh—fresh from the factory!

And yet she had not meant to wish him bad luck. After all, despite his audacity, his attentions to her were flattering. That is, many of the girls in the office would have been flattered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Albertson," she said as her employer entered. Because she was his secretary, she worked earlier and later than the other girls in the office. "Mr. Blake was in. He left his memo for you." Mr. Albertson was a man in whom

only golf had prevented obesity. Ordinarily he was calm and self-possessed, having a good digestion and a philosophic outlook on life.

But the memo from Harry came very near to producing an apoplectic stroke. Indeed, it seemed for a moment that Mr. Albertson would do a St. Vitus dance, or, at least, the Charles-

His body shook, he trembled with rage, and he became almost incoherent, Margaret, being a competent secretary, understood him.

What he was trying to say was this: "The idiot! The insolent young idiot! The preposterous— Of all the nerve! Did you tell him not to interfere? Did you tell him I wanted to deal with Hammond?" He turned to Margaret, since she was nearest him, to vent his wrath upon her.

"Yes, I told him," she answered. "And that didn't matter!" exclaimed Albertson with a new surge of indig-

"Phone Hammond's office," directed Albertson. "Phone his house. Phone everywhere! And send in Bates, Russell and Parsons—we've got to stop him! We've got to think of some way to stop him! The idiot!"

and didn't say it.

On her way to the telephone, as Albertson had directed, she found herself hoping that they wouldn't be able to stop him. Then she laughed. "Stop him?" she said to herself. "You might as well try to stop a hur-

Much can be done with a 2-cent stamp. It can be made to carry a message so vital and forceful that the most reluctant of men-Mr. Hammond of the State Stage Lines, for example-are constrained to read and, having read, to act.

Harry had written Mr. Hammond such a message. He was, he stated truthfully, a factory man. He had helped to build Dyer cars. He knew them inside and out.

Would Mr. Hammond give him two hours for a complete demonstration? He promised the stage man that he would not bore him with no sales talk. The car would sell itself, or it wouldn't Mr. Hammond, who had been har-

rassed by loquacious salesmen, replied that he would meet Mr. Blake at his home at 9 o'clock Monday morning. Harry Blake was there at 8:30, seated at the wheel of his own Dyer.

Albertson & Co. had not provided him with a new car for demonstration purposes. Therefore he drove his own should have been painted with service thing for him. stripes.

By the time Mr. Albertson had sucless pursuit of Harry the latter was across fields and over streams, in low, high, intermediate and reverse.

'I brought this old car," he explain-"because I wanted you to know that Dyers hold up. Three years old and as good as new! Any new car will perform well, but for stages you need cars that last. Watch this!' He drove around a "street closed"

sign as if it did not exist and started up a long, steep hill. The street was prepared for paving, and the roadbed onsisted of loose sand and dirt to the depth of a foot. The car, in low gear, climbed steadily upward and reached the top with plenty of reserve power under its hood.

At the summit Harry turned around and started down. He allowed the car to go at an alarming speed. Below them was the intersection of a crowded boulevard. As they sped down-ward, throwing up clouds of dust, Mr. Hammond closed his eyes and drew a long breath.

"Stop it!" he cried. And midway down the hill Harry threw on the brakes. Instantly, it seemed, the car came to an abrupt

"I just wanted to show you what Dyer four-wheel brakes will do," grin-

Mr. Hammond's face was white.
"Don't do that again!" he begged.
"All right," smiled Harry. "But a stage ought to be able to stop any-

Hammond made few comments, but Harry knew that he was impressed.

Mr. Hammond looked at his watch.

"You asked for two hours," he said,

"and you've had them. I've an important appointment. Can you get me to 8th and Broadway in twenty min-

"Sure!" promised Harry.

Hammond. "Sure!" agreed Harry. "We can do

we can keep up this pace for hours. Can't hurt a Dyer engine!" They were doing nearly sixty miles an hour when, about a hundred yards

ahead of them, they saw a woman and a child start across the street. The woman did not see the oncoming car; was in the market for twenty-five she was looking in the other direction.

Cars. Albertson hoped that he would Harry shut off the gas, but the momentum of the car carried them forward.

"Can't you stop it?" demanded Mr. Hammond. "Sure!" Harry replied, with his usual confidence. "Just watch!"

'The woman now saw the approaching car. She stopped, gathered the child in her arms, and stood as immobile as a statue. Her eyes were that he had failed. Failure, so closed and she waited, holding her made him seem more human. breath, for the automobile to strike her. She was unable to move, paralyzed with fear.

Harry put on the brakes. The car slowed down, but its momentum still carried it forward at an alarming rate. With the gas off and the foot brake on, it was moving at perhaps twenty miles an hour.

The woman and her child stood directly in its path. To avert an accident Harry swung the wheel to the left, at the same time reaching for the emergency brake. He pulled its two passengers forward. A little to the left, and five feet from the woman, it had come to a standstill.

The woman slowly opened her eyes. They were wide and frightened. She drew a long breath, clasped her child more tightly, and then smiled. "I-I-I was scared to death!" she

admitted. "I'm sorry we frightened you," said Harry, with a responsive smile. "I was going pretty fast, but with this car I can always stop when I want to."
He looked at Mr. Hammond, whose face was white and drawn. He sat there speechless, looking with terrified eyes at the woman before them. Befor he had recovered Harry had again apologized to the woman, she had crossed the street safely, and Harry had proceeded townward.

As they neared Mr. Hammond's destination Harry turned again to the stage man.

told you," he said, "that I wouldn't bore you with a lot of sales talk. But now you've seen what a Dyer will do. When you decide to buy 'em, look me up at Albertson's. Margaret discovered that she was on the point of saying, "He is not an idiot!" but she discovered it in time "I wouldn't go through a demon-

"I wouldn't go through a demonstration like this again for a hundred thousand dollars!" announced Mr. Hammond positively. "You haven't bored me with sales talk, young man, get but you've knocked ten years off my life!"

And, ignoring the card which Harry was offering him, Mr. Hammond got out of the car and strode off, without so much as a word of farewell. For once his confidence was shaken: Hammond seemed really quite angry. He hadn't even said good-by; he had

ignored Harry's card. Was he sold on Dyers, or wasn't he? That was the question uppermost in Harry's mind, and he could find no

answer to it. But after parking his car in the garage he burst into the Albertson office with his usual comet-like speed and brightness. Of course Hammond was sold! As soon as he recovered from his shock he'd call him up and close the deal. Harry's confidence was completely restored.

"There he is now!" exclaimed three men as Harry entered.

And they ran toward him like three deputy sheriffs about to arrest a desperate criminal. One of them was Mr. Albertson himself.

Margaret Hughes, witnessing the attack upon Harry from her desk across the room, half rose from her which was three years old and had chair. Poor Harry, she thought. And seen so much hard usage that it she wished that she might do some-

If Harry was surprised by the enthusiasm with which he was welcomed ceeded in organizing a somewhat aim- to the office he quickly recovered. Before Mr. Albertson, more apoplectic driving Mr. Hammond up hill and than he had been two hours before, down dale, through sand and mud, could speak, Harry took him by the

"Greetings, boss!" he said cordially. "Come into your office—I've got a lot to tell you."

He led his angry, inarticulate employer into the latter's sanctum, closed the door upon the other two men, and sat down in one of the most comfortable chairs.

Margaret's heart stopped beating pity Harry, and it was impossible not evaporated, and Margaret and Harry to be over-whelmed by his amazing In the privacy of Mr. Albertson's

office Harry launched forth upon an account of his morning's work. He had plenty of opportunity for his employer could not recover control of his anger and voice for some fifteen minutes. By that time Harry had explained his activity of the forenoon.

But, once started, Mr. Albertson was himself no slouch as a speaker. And when he began to speak Harry Westcott Blake hadn't a chance.

Mr. Albertson's words came so fast and furiously that Harry sat, mouth open in surprise, and allowed himself to be talked down. At the end of his oration, without wasting words or seeking soft synonyms for harsh terms, Mr. Albertson delivered a mas-

terms, Mr. Arbertson denvered a masterly summary of all he had said.
"You're a blasted, impertinent young idiot!" he charged. 'You knew that I wanted to handle Hammond!

ing the Dyer go through its paces. Mr. nerve. I knew Saturday that you was a heartiness in his voice and manwouldn't do. You know cars, I suppose, or the factory wouldn't have recommended you as it did. But you don't know anything else. I had planned to let you out gently today. Now you're plain, ordinary fired! And the sooner you get out the happier I'll

"But-but I think I've landed Ham-

At this hour the boulevard had relatively little traffic, and Harry was familiar enough with the habits of traffic officers to take a chance.

"That's fast enough!" cried Mr. Hammond.

"Was a weak heart! You could never land him that way! Get out!" Harry rose, dignity and belligerence

eighty if we want to. And we can take a turn at sixty. What's more, "But if I have landed him," he said calmly, "when you couldn't, and none of your salesmen could, perhaps you'll be fair enough to pay me the commis-

sion due me."
"If you've landed him," agreed Mr. Albertson "you'll get your commission. But I ought to sue you for damages for ruining our chances with him. I could have landed him!" "Yes, you could!" Harry was im-

pertinent enough to say. Then he left the room and wandered very unlike a comet now, into the outer office. Margaret saw him emerge from Mr. Albertson's sanctum, saw the look of

dejection on his face, and knew a queer kind of happiness in the thought that he had failed. Failure, somehow, It was lunchtime. Harry made his way to Margaret's desk. His approach was diffident and unassuming.

"Miss Hughes," he said with a little smile—and he had always before child—would also kill me. dared to call her Margaret!- "I guess you needn't get that trousseau ready just yet. But will you please have lunch with me?"

Margaret hesitated, but she accepted. Harry led her to the best restaurant in the near neighborhood and then chose a corner table.

Harry leaned forward, and, although his wonted confidence seemed lacking, he gave the impression of a deeper sincerity.

"The boss informed me of my shortcomings," he said with the same smile. "It seems that there are many of them. He didn't leave me in doubt about a single one. It appears that I'm a complete dub, and fired besides! That's what gets me—why, I've never been fired in my life before! Imagine -firin' me !"

"But Mr. Hammond——" said Margaret. "You didn't sell him the cars?

"No, I guess not. The boss says I didn't, and I don't know. He's got a weak heart—Hammond, I mean, not Albertson-and I didn't know it. I just about scared him to death, and, according to the boss, he won't be able to think of a Dyer now without faint-Well-

He looked so subdued that Margaret was quite touched.
"Well," said Harry, "I guess I did
fail, as you said I would."

"I'm sorry," Margaret had to hold her hand firmly under the table. Otherwise it would have reached out and touched him. "I-I didn't really mean

"You didn't?" cried Harry, and he leaned forward with some of his old eagerness. "Margaret, go ahead and get that trousseau ready! Let's get married, will you? haven't a job. But I can get one-I'll jump into a shop as chief mechan-

ic. There are only two or three firstclass mechanics in this town. I'll make enough, at that, for us. At least for a beginning. Will you, Margaret?"

Margaret didn't answer. There were many things to be considered, she felt, but how could she consider any of them with her heart beating that way, crying out to her to say 'yes" in loud and no uncertain terms She shouldn't think, and she couldn't

speak.
"We won't have much for a while," went on Harry, "on a mechanic's wages. But it will always be enough. And with you—to give me confidence -I'll do really great things!" "With me-what?" gasped Mar-

garet. "Why, to give me confidence!" Harry repeated. "There's nothing like love, so I've heard, to give a man confidence!"

Margaret laughed. "If you had any more confidence," she said, "you'd be unbearable!" "Well, then- Well, marry me anyway!"

Margaret studied him for a mo-"I think I'd rather marry you ment. on a mechanic's wages," she said, "or even on less than that than if you had sold those cars to Hammond. You're quite-Well, lovable-when you don't look so Napoleonic!"

"Then you will?" demanded Harry. And Margaret, studying him for a moment longer, followed the bidding of her overworked heart and nodded affirmatively.

So engrossed were they thereafter that they might have been alone together on a desert island. The walls of the restaurant melted

Margaret's heart stopped beating away and were replaced by roseate and she smiled. It was impossible to clouds. The other eaters likewise were isolated as if they had scarlet fever. They saw nothing, heard nothing, save each other. At another table in the same rest-

aurant sat Mr. Albertson. He was eating from force of habit, for his appetite, usually hearty, had been destroyed by his anger of the morning. Concentrating upon the loss of Hammond's business, he likewise saw and heard nothing. If he had been aware of Harry's presence he would have left the restaurant in a temper. Luckily, he was not aware of it.

As he brooded upon the stupidity

of fresh young men Mr. Albertson was suddenly distracted by a hearty greeting. Looking up, he beheld the smiling face of Mr. Hammond. This, in itself, was unusual. Hammond almost never smiled; he ers were benefited.

was afraid it would affect his heart. Mr. Hammond's weak heart was widely advertised; it was generally

ner that did not suggest the invalid. He took the chair opposite Mr. Al-

"Well, old man," he boomed heartily, "I want to congratulate you."
"Me? What for" Mr. Albertson scowled. He didn't care for jokes on himself.

"Maybe you don't know it," laughed Hammond, "but you've got in your employ a boy that can give all the specialists four aces and beat 'em at their own game. Why, if I had met him two years ago I would have saved \$5000 in medical fees!"

"What do you mean?" "Why, that young fellow that works for you—Lake, Blake, or whatever his name is-the one that gave me a demonstration this morning-he-

"I fired him this morning!"
"Fired him? Why, man, you're crazv!' "Huh!" snorted Mr. Albertson. sible. Twenty tea guests can be cared "Didn't he almost kill you? Yes, I for in even a small house or apartfired him as soon as he came in! Say ment. -you're not by any chance still con-

sidering Dyer cars, are you?" "Considering them? Heavens, no. Will have to be supplied by a florist, I've made up my mind. I'm buying them! But I'm only buying them from the most appropriate decorations for that young man—Lake, Blake or reception and dancing rooms. In the what he did for me?"

I want to see room for dancing, however, the decorations should not interfere with the dancing. Ferns and plams to screen

"What?" "He cured me! That's what he did! ous wreck when he got through demonstrating that car. And the doctors told me that a shock like that last one Service Required, Formal:—A man

"Well, it didn't! Do you understand? It didn't! Right after that er in dining-room to each twenty demonstration I dragged myself to an- guests expected and one on duty at other specialist-just came from him punch bowl. this minute—expecting to drop on the street. This new specialist—cost more than any of the others—I asked him stay in the dressing-room, and one to if I was going to die. He laughed at assist between kitchen and diningme. 'Why,' said he, 'your heart's good room; two friends to pour tea and for fifty years, if the rest of you is chocolate.

just as good!' "Do you see what that means? It means"—Mr. Hammond's voice rose to a pitch of delight—"that I can play golf and bust speed laws, and get mad when I feel like it? And that young fellow—Lake, Blake or whatever his No salads, patties, or food that rename is-it took him to show me that was all right!"

Mr. Albertson could think only of one thing at a time. "And you're buying Dyer cars?" he asked.

"Sure! Twenty-five of 'em!" Mr. Albertson was a bit dazed, and he smiled.

"Wait a minute, Hammond," he said, "I'll be right back." Mr. Albertson rose and walked across the room. He paused near Harry's table.

"And you don't mind me—being a failure?" Harry was asking.

table and to Hammond. "I was going to tell him," he pointed to Harry, "that he was still on the payroll, but he wouldn't know what I Oh, I know I heart now."-By Eric Howard-From

the Public Ledger.

Farm Women Want a Building at College.

Recommendation that the State provide a new and fully equipped building for the instruction of young women in home economics and home-making at the Pennsylvania State College has been made by the Society of Pennsylvania Farm Women.

ing of home economics instruction at State College, and are disappointed that facilities there have not grown qalified girl applicants to be enrolled as students. Less than 150 home economics students can now be accommodated by the college.

For many years past the college trustees have appealed to the State Legislature to set aside funds for wear hats harmonizing with their such a building among others sorely needed, but these efforts have been to by ladies who receive when the tea is no avail. The last building appropriation was made six years ago and was fair is formal or informal. specified by the Governor for use in the erection of a men's dormitory.

Having pledged their support to a program which will aim at provision of better facilities for home economics instruction at the college, the Society of Farm Women will present ther introductions required of hostheir plea to members of the Legis-

165 Murders Die in Electric Chair.

One hundred and sixty-five first degree murderers have paid the death penalty by electrocution in the Rockview penitentiary at Bellefonte during the past twelve years, the State board of pardons has announced. Forty-nine were executed during the four ears of the Brumbaugh administration; 71 during the Sproul administration and 45 during the Pinchot administration. 238 death warrants were issued during the 12 year period; 53 commutations were granted; nine under Brumbaugh; 17 under Sproul

and 27 under Pinchot. Four death sentences were recalled, and in five instances condemned men died before the date set for their excution. Six doomed first degree murderers are now awaiting execution.

Treasury Returns Taxes to Payers.

Washington,—The government has refunded \$174,120177.24 in taxes ifegally collected, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon reported to the House. A total of 287,000 tax pay-

Among the largest refunds listed Tobacco Company, New York, over He had come, a week ago, from the Eastern factory, where the famous Dyer cars were made, and had joined the Albertson sales force. More than less thrilling lines, with Harry mak-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. The kindest and the happiest pair Will find occasion to forbear; And something, every day they live,

To pity, and perhaps forgive. FOR THE HOSTESS. TIME AND PLACE DECORATIONS-

SERVICE. Time and Place, Formal:-In a large city, from 4 to 6. In smaller places, 3 to 5. (a) Home of hostess if size of rooms

permits. Dancing entails three rooms, one cleared for dancing, one for receiving guests, dining-room for refreshments. (b) Private suite at club or hotel, charges to be arranged with club

Informal:-Time, same as for formal teas. Home of hostess always when pos-

steward or maitre d'hotel.

Decorations, Formal:-Since the floral decorations for a formal affair

the orchestra are usually sufficient. Informal:-In winter, softly shaded Of course, I was just about a nerv- lights, open fires. In summer, cool flower arrangements in living-room or

-where he almost killed a woman and at curb to open motor doors, a butler at front door to announce guests:

Informal:--A maid or a young girl

MENT. Menu, Formal:-Tea. chocolate. small sandwiches, tea biscuits, olives, small fancy cakes, tiny pastries, salted nuts, bonbons or stuffed fruits. quires use of knife and fork. Punch

WHAT TO SERVE-TABLE ARRANGE-

when there is dancing. Informal:—Tea, chocolate, thin bread and butter or dainty sandwiches, wafers, small cakes, salted nuts and bonbons.

Table Arrangements, Formal:-Dining-room table covered with fine white his eye roved the room. He was a cloth embroidered, or inset with lace; fair man, and just. When his eye fell or, on a highly polished table, a lace upon Harry who looked very humble cloth or runners may be used. Low as he gazed into the eyes of Margaret, centerpiece of cut flowers, balanced by candlesticks or candelabra. Or large candelabra for centerpiece, with bowls on either side filled with cut flowers. At intervals, small dishes or comports filled with nuts, olives, stuffed fruits and bonbons. Decorative plates (or trays) with sandwiches and cakes. failure?" Harry was asking.

"I don't mind," whispered Margaret dreamily. "I love you."

"Darling!" said Harry.

Mr. Albertson ambled back to his table large urns for tea and chocolate, cups and saucers, spoons, sugar, lemon, cream. Waiters servesugar, lemon, cream. Waiters serve and pass all refreshments.

Informal:-Table sets as for formal tea above, except that at either end of table is arranged service for lawas talking about. He's got the weak dies who assist: at one end, teakettle of water over spirit lamp, teapot, bowl of cut sugar, pitcher of cream, low dish of thin slices of lemon, tea strainer, small bowl for dregs, tea caddy with tea, and six or more cups and saucers. At other end, chocolate pot or pitcher, bowl of powdered sugar, bowl or pitcher of whipped cream, cups and saucers. Refreshments are passed by young girls or by men guests; or guests help themselves.

REPLIES TO INVITATIONS-DRESS. What to wear, Formal:-Hostess The women of Pennsylvania were and guest of honor, afternoon gowns primarily responsible for the start- (long sleeves) of satin, crepe, lace or velvet. Debutante guest of honor, frock of taffeta, lace, georgette or chiffon; string of pearls or delicate with the greatly increasing demand by pendant. Assisting young girls, lightcolored afternoon frocks. Hostess. guest of honor, and assistants all wear opera or one-strap pumps with lightcolored silk stockings in harmonizing shades. No hats or gloves.

Informal:—The ladies who

afternoon frocks. Hats are also worn given at a clubhouse, whether the af-What to do, Formal:-Hostess, with guest of honor or debutante, stands just inside the drawing-room door. Butler announces guests. Hostess offers her hand, introduces guests to debutante or guests of honor. No fur-

tess. Guests entertain each other and

find way to dining-room. Hostess

does not leave her post during hours named in invitations. Informal:—Hostess mingles with guests, rising to receive each new arrival. Performs introductions. Does not take refreshments until last arrivals are being served. At club teas president receives with other officers. or club's guest of honor. Members of hospitality committee pour tea and chocolate. Special committee assists in performing introductions. If the tea is a very small one the hostess presides at her own tea table in the

iving-room. Replies:—Invitations bearing the letters "R s. v. p." acknowledged promptly by note written on personal stationery. Visiting cards are never used in replying. If reply is not requested, guests do not answer invitations but leave their visiting cards on day of tea, leaving an extra card for debutante or guest of honor. Those who cannot go send the correct number of visiting cards by messenger or post to arrive on the day of the tea.

Follow-up Courtesies:-A tea, formal or informal, does not require a party call. Cards, left or sent, take place of call. If tea is given for de-butante or visitor, friends of hostess give a tea, luncheon, dinner or dance within a few weeks for the debutante are the following, British American daughter, or, during her stay, for the over out-of-town visitor. Men who cannot Wil- attend a tea send their cards by post