

THE GIRL WHO HAD GOOD MANNERS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

THE employees of the Golden Products, Inc., had a new sensation. Fast as gossip run through the different departments of a large corporation, it exceeded the speed limit when little Louisette Bonheur went to work in the accounting room.

"She can't be more than sixteen. I thought they never considered anyone under that."

"She must have some pull!" "Did you see the way she dresses? No rouge. Not even lipstick. And skirts longer than my granny's."

"Ah-ha! The little French girl. Wish I knew her."

The last remark of course was masculine. Which was part of the reason for the chill in the air when Louisette tried to be friendly with the other girls. For she was sociable to a degree and longed for a real girl friend, such as these Americans joked about in the daily journals which were her only approaches to the life of the country that had been home so short a time. Though mother was mother, still she was hardly more than a name after so many years in the convent which was to keep for her the little lady Mme. Bonheur desired, rather than the overpressed but underclothed flapper.

And such good fortune had placed in their way this chance of a place with the Golden Products, Inc. It had been pulled, in a measure, for a neighbor of the Bonheurs, loving the lonely mother, and fearing for the experiences the daughter might have in some business office, had pleaded with the Golden chief to give Louiselette employment. So the word had gone from the private office on the top floor of the Golden building, and Louisette began the strange ordeal of earning a living. And none too soon, for Mamma Bonheur had used almost the last of her bit of money for that year of extras at the convent, when the mysteries of stenography became one of the little French girl's assets.

But something else she had not learned. That was the rushing carelessness of American business life. A day was a day, to Louisette, and she began to fight. Each morning when she entered the long room where the accounting force clattered typewriters and adding machines all day, she began with Mr. Reuter, at the nearest desk, and all the way down the room wished each one "Good morning!" She meant it, too. No one could doubt it who glanced at the eager little face and sparkling eyes. Too eager and too sparkling, some thought. Miss De Murie said so flatly.

"This is no tea dance. Nor afternoon reception. Who does she think she is anyway? Wasting time that way. Why doesn't Reuter give her a calldown? Let one of us try that racket . . . h'm."

But no one reproved Louiselette. That is, in words. Some of the girls barely answered her. Mr. Reuter nodded gravely and absent-mindedly. Miss De Murie made it a point not even to glance up from her desk, whether busy or not. Or if they met in the hall she gave the newcomer one of those stinging stares that women only can achieve.

Louiselette tried not to mind. She told mamma that she cried at night because her teeth ached. And the kind neighbor who asked how she liked her place was satisfied that she had performed a whole year's Boy Scout deed.

"Wonderful chance women have in this country, Mrs. Bonheur. I'm sure if you were back in France Louiselette would never get such a place. So careful there, too. Such a nice class of employees. Must be a real pleasure to go to business, eh?"

Louiselette longed to reply as she heard the girls in that fascinating American slang:

"Yeah? How do you get that way? Write it on the ice, all the pleasure there is for me at the Golden Products, Inc."

But that wouldn't do. A business woman, whether seventeen or twenty-seven, must consider how hard it is to get another job.

And yet, the very next day the little French girl did that unheard of thing—quit without notice!

It happened as most things do, just when life seems a bit brighter than usual.

Mr. Reuter actually smiled at her when she began her good mornings. Several of the girls added "Louiselette" to their greetings. And Miss DeMurie had not come, so there was no snub from her for a bit. She made up for it by sailing past the little French girl's desk with her nose in the air, and a flip of her short skirt to punctuate her scorn. No one noticed just then though, for a boy brought a package to Mr. Reuter. A package from the private office, with a note attached which annoyed the manager.

"Here, boy, this goes to the warehouse department. They have a repair section there, though I'm sure they can do nothing with this. Wonderful piece of work, but made abroad, this mosaic inlay."

"Can't you read, boy? This note is to Rempell, in the Thirty-third street building. Wrap this up again, Miss De Murie, you haven't started your machine yet."

Miss De Murie was not only willing to wrap the little box—a lovely piece of inlaid work, but she passed it around to the girls near her to inspect,

while Mr. Reuter answered an imperative ringing of the telephone. It had not reached Louiselette, who had left her desk to get a letter from the filing cabinet, when the door suddenly opened and the chief himself, James Golden entered. Discipline was the one thing James Golden insisted upon. Old-fashioned discipline, too. Miss De Murie snatched the box from Lily Camp and made a hasty retreat toward her own desk. Louiselette stood her ground at the filing cabinet. She saw nothing to scurry around about. She looked at her desk, next to Miss De Murie's. It was in perfect order, as always. This stern gray man they all shivered before had, as the American girls said, "Nothing on her."

It seemed, though, that something was on her after all. As it is so often.

"All right, Miss Demurie. You have the box wrapped? Here is Mr. Golden, who will take care of it himself."

No, Miss De Murie hadn't the box. She had been letting one of the girls—letting Miss Bonheur—examine it. Sorry, but Miss Bonheur took it out of her hand. Lily Camp flushed and opened her mouth to say she had had it last when, like a little tornado, Louiselette crossed the room to her desk, flung down the letters she had taken from the file, banged open the drawer where her purse was. She would walk out of that room and never enter it again. Oh, the awful, awful liar that girl was. Deny the accusation? But she would not speak to the pig! And then the poor child's hand was stayed. There on top of her purse, lay the mosaic box! It glittered hatefully. The girls near could all see it. Mr. Reuter, walking slowly down the room saw it, too. He could hardly believe his eyes. As could not Louiselette. She looked wildly about at the grave, cold faces. What could she say? Innocence needs such proof as mere words cannot give. She put down her hand to take her purse, but drew it back. She could not touch that box, that terrible thing that lay there screaming "thief" at her.

So she flung shut the drawer, pushed past the staring girls, rushed from the room.

After she had gone no one spoke for a minute. And then the brisk, curt tones of James Golden made them all come to life.

"Go after her, Reuter. She's not the thief. The girl there, at the next desk. Yes, I remember the name now, De Murie. She slipped the box in the child's desk, when you all were gaping at me. Of course, Miss De Murie will not expect to stay on. Same girl was in some trouble upstairs last year."

"But little whirlwind. . . She kept at her work when all of you were looking to see what I was like. I need a new stenographer myself. Was what I came about. The box doesn't matter. Besides I've been hearing about this 'Good morning' girl. We need some manners in the main office, as well as attention to the business of the day."

"Ah, Reuter. You found her?"

"Just come with me, Miss Good Morning."

"The Old Man" Once Ruled Roost; Now Look at Him

Students of primitive tribes and customs tell of the existence of an individual known as "the old man." The old man ruled the roost. What he said went. What he wanted done became custom and in later times this was put into writing and became law. Perhaps that explains some laws. They may represent days when the old man was suffering from his rheumatism.

If anyone dared to cross the old man he kept a stick handy and didn't hesitate to use it. Most of the records discovered of the people of that day are imperfect. Eventually the old man began to lose his strength and some day when he was dozing a younger man came along and put him out of business and became himself the new "old man."

The "old man" survives today. But how he has changed! Nobody listens to him. Nobody asks his advice. The only stick he wields is a fountain pen which he uses in signing his name to the slips of paper that others take to the bank. Where the family once feared him they now feel sorry for him. To his face they may call him "Dad," but behind his back he is usually "Poor Father."

The "old man" is still interested in customs, but he has lost the knack of making others observe them. There is no longer need to hit him over the head. He is helpless without that. Because he imagines that customs are still important, he spends his time wondering what the neighbors will think. But most neighbors nowadays have stopped thinking.

And so the "old man" who once wielded the power of life and death has become a sort of beast of burden, good for tying up parcels and buying postage stamps and running errands for the household.

Is there any truth in evolution? Ask Dad. He knows. If he doesn't, he ought to.

Salt Once a Luxury

The importance of salt in earlier times and among primitive peoples is accounted for by two causes. In the first place, the cereal and vegetable diet upon which they largely subsisted made salt necessary, and in the second place, the immense difficulties in procuring it made it scarce and, therefore, costly and highly esteemed. At one time it was regarded as such a luxury that most governments levied a tax on it, which led unscrupulous dealers to mix it with earth. It was this practice that inspired the familiar phrase: "The salt hath lost its savor."

Printed Frocks in Favor for Spring

Small Patterns Are Much in Vogue; Added Femininity Noted.

In the early spring styles the printed frock represents the essence of chic, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. The printed stuffs of highest artistic merit are used either alone or in combination with plain colors.

This season materials of many kinds are printed in patterns of almost unlimited variety and in a wealth of colors. In these is seen a tendency toward fine quality and refinement in contrast to the bizarre effects of the last few seasons. The small patterns, in both natural and conventional flower designs, are much in vogue, although attractive large designs are seen.

Styles for spring are seen in advance in the outfits for the southern resorts. These include every type of costume in printed materials. First of all, there are the new sports suits, frocks, ensembles and coats, designed this year with that added "femininity" of which so much is heard in fashion circles.

In many of the sports clothes are shown patterns of some distinctive, interpretative motif. One is a group of early American character. These are amusing, decorative and chic. They come in eight color combinations, some gay and sophisticated, others in the new pastels and off-shades.

A silk fabric with a landscape print of pussy-willow in clear, sparkling blue and white is made with a long semi-fitted bodice and belted at the waistline with a strap of the material. The front is made as a slender panel, while plaits inset at each side form the rest of the skirt. The neck is cut in a deep V, showing a narrow vest of white crepe on which is embroidered a monogram in blue.

Made With Jumper Blouse.

A cardigan ensemble with an all-over pattern of small beige geometrics on brown crepe is made with a jumper-blouse which has a sailor collar and tie, a plaited skirt, a sash to cover the place where the blouse and skirt join and a half-fitting cut finger-tip length. Another cardigan ensemble is made of crepe printed with an unusual striped brocade. In the skirt, which is plaited, the stripes are used perpendicularly, and in the coat, which is straight and short, they are horizontal. The coat is collarless. It is worn over an overblouse of white crepe finished with a band of the printed goods to form a V neck.

The sleeveless frock finds many uses with these materials. One is made of a new crepe printed with an archery pattern in shades of red on light beige. The bodice, which has revers and a tie of scarlet crepe, is extremely long, blousing just above the hips, where it has the appearance of being tucked into a flat yoke. This is cut in deep points at the lower edge, overlapping the skirt, which is plaited and of the same fabric.

Two materials, plain and printed, are effectively combined in a sports



Blue Crepe With Conventionalized Printed Pattern, in Chic Day Dress.

frock that also is without sleeves. In this the skirt is made of silk with a large crayon design of green, black and white. The blouse, of plain green crepe, has a new collar in the form of a jabot covering the greater part of the front. A detached scarf with the same crayon print takes the place of a coat.

Among the sports frocks that come from Paris a few designed for southern playgrounds are made without sleeves. These have a tailored aspect, though the material is almost invariably silk, crepe or one of the synthetic silklike materials. Jane Regny, an acknowledged authority on this type of dress, has made a clever little costume of ivory silk zibardine, tailored even to a fan-shaped cluster of plaits, starting at one side of the neck and widening toward the bottom of the skirt. A little turn-over collar and a flat plaited girdle are also fastened at

the side. The print items in this costume consist of a Deauville scarf with a Japanese pattern to serve as a protection in rest intervals and a bandeau of the same material for the head.

Cape With Daytime Frock.

Capas, large or small, worn as a separate wrap or attached to the dress as a part of its design, are very smart in the new dresses. Bias or circular flounces, tiers, plaits and shirring are all introduced in new and ingenious ways.

A costume for example, in which, with proper accessories of hat, shoes and gloves, a woman would be suitable for any informal daytime occasion, is made of crepe with small leaf-brown pattern printed on a biscuit-colored ground. The skirt has a flaring flounce which, in the flat girdle and small cape attached to the jacket, are piped with jonquill yellow silk.

In some of the latest ensembles for daytime, the blouse is made of printed crepe or satin, the skirt and coat of plain material.

Cocktail gowns, meaning the sort of dresses that are worn for more formal afternoon affairs, are shown in many of the latest printed materials—



Frock of Printed Georgette Combined With Plain, Yellow, Orange Shades.

especially the soft satins, taffetas and crepes. A model of simple design is a one-piece frock with small conventionalized flower pattern in dark blue scattered over a ground of pastel blue. A scarf is draped gracefully around the neck with one short end in front and one longer at the back. The sleeves are long and snug, and the bodice is plain, blousing slightly over a girdle made of two bands of the crepe stitched flat around the hips. The skirt is drawn into a shirred panel at one side and over this hangs a shorter panel, shirred separately.

A gown of this type is worn with a top wrap. Separate blouses made of the printed silks and satins are a practical asset in the wardrobe, for they serve equally well for sports dress and for a more formal daytime costume.

Printed Evening Dresses.

Evening dress is presented in many models made of fine printed materials. In these are shown many new features. One is an effect obtained by emphasizing the side and back drapery. Another, in a princess gown, is a decided flare and undulating hemline. Capes, peplums and many rippling frills on skirts are other points. Bodices remain untrimmied or made with little trimming, the elaboration being centered in the skirt.

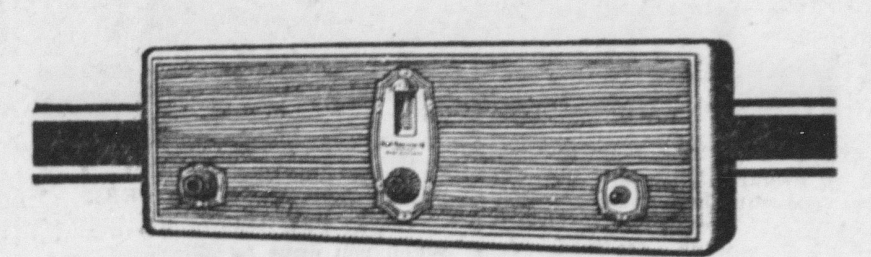
Lanvin creates a new period evening gown in printed taffeta with lifted front and a little peplum. Rose colored printed taffeta is used for a princess gown with flaring ruffles from belt to hem, and plain draped bodice lifted in front. Another princess model is made of green moire trimmed with many rows of taffeta ruching in a lighter shade of green.

The more "polite," if less strenuous, forms of winter recreation are provided for with a large assortment of costumes, all of which are shown in up-to-date and most engaging styles. Sports go by seasons as to fashion, as dances do; for the last few years skiing has been in the lead. Tobogganing somehow is never quite out of the picture so long as there is a mountain or a near-by hill, and for this amusement all sorts of colorful, snappy outfits are shown.

Two Parisian houses—Ardance, who is well known in this country, and Ytcb—have done exceedingly clever work this season in winter sports dress. Ardance is particularly enamored of jersey, which she is using lavishly in one and two-piece suits. Her patterns are striking in both the model and the treatment of materials and color schemes.

She combines black and white in a striking manner in one of her most important costumes, which has the appearance of a two-piece suit, but is really all in one. The upper part is made of jersey in black and white diagonal stripes in an extremely cubistic conception with a broad band of black jersey which starts under each arm, crossing in front to form a V, ending at a point below the belted waistline.

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 American Tourist (humbly)—No, we haven't any of those things, I admit. But (brightening up) we have our railroad timetables.

Tactful
 "Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"
 "Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"
 "At de movies."

We often hear of the sweet simplicity of childhood, but every mother considers her baby cunning.

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