SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

For the Restless Girl Who Doesn't Know Where to Look to Find Happiness

IT JUST happened that within a single week lately three persons that I was with averred in the ordinary course of conversation that they were seldom happy. They were all girls under twenty-five, and they were all three pretty girls—two of them were notably beautiful, indeed—and they were well-born and well off and well set up both as to physique and surrounding circumstances.

Anything any one of them had chosen to want very much, from an independent career to an independent motor-car, each of them had obtained with small bother and no grudging. It seemed likely that in the matter of husbands and friends they would be permitted to "go ahead and have their own way."

I was not particularly surprised that they were not happy, but I was surprised that they recognized the fact so plainly and that they were so matter-of-fact about it. They were not posing or trying to be interesting, or feeling themselves romantic. They were just bored with themselves and a little resentful at life in general. As though they found themselves in a trap and were angry at not being able to get out of it.

I WAS not particularly sorry for any one of them, because, in the hand-to-mouth life each was leading, if she had been satisfied and complacent there would have been no hope that she would ever come into her own and grow out. But I was curious to know how they were handling themselves under the strain. For it is a strain on the mind and body to feel most of the time unhappy.

I did not say anything to the first girl. I just listened and shook my head gravely and let it go as though it were a matter that would admit of no discussion and what one took for granted about one's self. But the next time the experience came my way I was ready for it.

We were driving out in the country, the girl and I, and the reds and browns and copper greens of autumn were flowing past on each side, making a background for her rather dominating, rather cool beauty. And when she said, in passing, that naturally she wasn't happy, I broke in with my question.

"WHEN you feel sorry or unhappy, how do you meet it—how do you combat the feeling, I mean?"

"I don't combat it. I just do something else all the time, so as to forget it," she said.

"Do you get bored having to do something else all the time?"

"Bored? Why, naturally." I am always bored even when I am playing a match or winning or losing a game," was her calm announcement.

"Does it ever occur to you to try religion for unhappiness by way of falling back on something great, some one infinitely great?" I asked her as casually as I could, for they hate anything that sounds like preaching, naturally, but one couldn't sit by and not offer a hand.

"No, I wouldn't know how. I wouldn't think of it anyway. How could I?" she asked bluntly.

"I was wondering if you ever prayed for a way out?" I said tentatively.

"I would not know how exactly." She paused with a frown. "I never feel the least bit religious in church, do you?"

"I have," I confessed, "but it is not a feeling that is confined to churches fortunately. It is a great feeling."

"I certainly have never had it then," was her short, crisp verdict. And after that we drove on in silence.

IN ONE way or another it has come to my knowledge that for many of her generation this verdict is true.

The thing that has happened to these boys and girls of this generation is this: They are like people sitting down to a table on which is abundant food who yet are starving because they do not know that their mouths are meant for eating as well as speaking and kissing.

They have been initiated into all the ways to spend life, but they do not know how to get life.

They have been taught better than ever their mothers and fathers were taught how to know one another and the truth about birth and death and disease and the rights and wrongs of society, but they have been left to find out God for themselves, with most of the clues that should have been theirs by right of birth discarded as unnecessary.

IN SCRAPPING the things that our generation considered non-essential in our religious knowledge we still kept a great inheritance of knowledge of God and have been immeasurably helped by what we kept. But we laid such stress upon what we discarded that the generation coming on got the impression that that was about all religion was—a discarded heap of outworn beliefs and enthusiasms. And they gave us the credit for being what we are—if there be any virtue or any praise—from our own initiative and inspiration, as though we, too, ignored God.

I think I am right in this. I think most young persons would think of their grandparents as possibly religious and of their parents as being probably good without religion and of themselves as being neither religious nor good, but probably honest with themselves and candid with their elders, if they are allowed to be, and that is the extent of their seeking after God.

A MAN may go through life and have never been in love, or may lack an artistic temperament, or may fail to be practical in business, or may never be able to get a scientific viewpoint, and still lacking one or the other of these approaches to life, not lack life. But I cannot help feeling that that girl and all the men and girls of her day and generation that are like her have something intrinsic left out of them. And that, lacking the conscious experience of religion, they are up against a proposition in everyday existence of bored futility that makes some movement—dancing or athletics—the only physical reaction possible.

They are trapped; they must move restlessly back and forth and do something different. The only way for them to live is to work or play until they are tired enough to sleep. Even going to sleep they have to have books with other persons' ideas and thoughts to carry them into oblivion. And they are really very plucky and reticent under the strain of it. One admires them.

I DO not know whose fault it is. I suspect not wholly their fault, or their parents', or their grandparents'. I do not know either what will remedy it; their fathers and mothers, themselves, or their children or some great outside revelation of the one great essential of life—religion.

It is bound to come to them—that revelation; they cannot face life as a generation without it and living. They cannot bear the weight of civilization without a belief and a hope and an outgoing love or a transcendent goodness and wisdom and power infinitely greater than themselves.

AND so, though I am silent on the verdict of the girl that she had never been possessed by religion and did not recognize it as a life force, and though I have reason to know that she and her kind do not go to church to find it nor show curiosity or interest concerning it, I am not hopeless of their coming face to face with it eventually.

Their knowing that they are not happy, their awareness that they are being diverted, their hatred of hypocrisy, their heresy—all these I take as signs, not of defeat, but of ultimate victory.

It must be their victory, not ours for them.

There is only one way the older generation can help that generation which most moves it, and that is for us not only to acknowledge the source of our inspiration, but to live inspired lives.

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

A Real-Life Pollyanna

You know what some critics said about Pollyanna, who showed us all how easy it was to be glad?—that it was all right in a play, but the "glad business" could not be made to work that way in real life.

Well, we've found there is a real live Pollyanna. It is Merry Gullens, New York's famous smiling cripple, who hopelessly deformed and helpless as he is, preaches and practices his belief that "the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

The most conspicuous thing about the little room where he has lain on a couch for the last thirty-four years is the big, gayly decorated sign reading: "Smile, please!" And as one's eyes travel from the gnarled and twisted limbs to his own invincible smile—a smile of his eyes as well as his lips—one is likely to agree with the analysts who say that happiness is a state of mind, and that Pollyanna can be a very real person; indeed, that every one of us, regardless of external happenings and influences, has the "making" of her in us.

The fact that this man is confined to a couch in a little hall room does not mean that he is lonesome. Besides his books he has a strong collection and other interests and hobbies, and one year he wrote to the papers asking the editors to appeal to their readers for a "birthday letter for him." It is eloquent of the respect and response in the hearts of our world for the spirit of cheer and gladness that every year since, on that date, this real life Pollyanna is showered with letters and gifts from thousands of other people whom history has shown some reason to be glad.

The people who have the most material possessions or the greatest gifts of nature are not necessarily the happiest. If their power to be glad depends upon externals their joy is like an soap bubble that is here one moment and gone the next. For whether it is a state of mind or a state of heart or a state of being, happiness comes from within—the real lasting kind does. It is the power to see in spite of, as well as because of the things that come to us how much we have to make us glad. Some we all have, you know, from the most generously endowed of us, down the line to Merry Gullens, whose one blessing is his power to be glad.

The Woman's Exchange

For Girls With Bobbed Hair

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As we intend having a Halloween party very soon will you please answer these questions at your earliest convenience?

What are attractive suits for girls with bobbed hair?

What refreshments should we serve?

What would be appropriate souvenirs?

What games would be suitable for the occasion? "THE BOBBETTES."

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for the party suggestions, as they are too long to be published in the column. Costumes suitable for girls with bobbed hair are Joan of Arc, Dolly Drake and Bobby Blake, Butterfly or any of the flower costumes, Dutch peasant, Greenwich Village artist and Peter Pan.

A Dancing Dress for Halloween

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — Will you kindly describe one or two Halloween costumes? I am four feet two inches tall and have light brown bobbed hair. Could you please tell me how to make a short inexpensive dancing dress for Halloween? Is there any chance for a girl thirteen to get in the stage? MOVIE FAN.

Do you mean a ballet costume? This is made with a low-necked short-sleeved bodice, usually pointed, and short skirts made of innumerable full ruffles, so that the top one stands almost straight out from the waist. Tarlatan could be used for making it and ten-cent hat flowers could be fastened here and there as trimming. A wreath of the flowers on the hair. But if you mean just a dance dress you could use any style that is most becoming: the Russian dancer, with her fur-trimmed blouse and fur-edged skirt and boots; a Spanish dancer in full bright skirt, lace mantilla and deep sash, or the dancing teacher in her accordion-plaited skirt and plain bodice.

It is very unusual for a girl of thirteen to get a chance on the stage unless she comes of a theatrical family or has friends on the stage.

Things You'll Love to Make

Spanish Boudoir Cap

The Spanish influence has invaded even the boudoir, for here is a SPANISH BOUDOIR CAP. Make a plain cap of black net as the foundation. Finish it at the bottom with a band of velvet. Then drape a circular veil of black lace over the net cap. A loop of stiff wire fastened at the back of the cap will keep the lace raised up. From side to side, under the back drape of lace, fasten a plaited or shirred piece of black chiffon. To give just the right touch of brightness to this fascinating SPANISH BOUDOIR CAP, have a flame-colored ribbon hang down over one ear. FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

He's Indifferent

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of nineteen, of the average type. I have been going with a young man two years my senior. We thought a good bit of each other, but on account of his going to school for three years could not marry.

This young man made me promise to wait until he was through and in the meantime go together steadily. Everything went fine for about a month, until a few weeks ago he became indifferent toward me. I think a good bit of him and do not care to give him up.

ONE IN DOUBT.

If he is indifferent better give him up now, for indifference after marriage is harder to bear than anything.

Stay With Your Mother

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl not quite seventeen, and have been a high school student for almost three years. I gave it up, as I was compelled to work. I am a neat dresser; like to dress smart. Am not altogether classy. I am considered very good looking, but hate to admit it. I use rouge and powder, but not too much, and never go out nights. Never went to a dance hall, neither do I care to go. Dear Cynthia, I am good to every one, try to please my parents, but they don't give me the slightest thought. I am oh, so lonesome. Sometimes I go to bed and cry myself to sleep. No one ever cares for my company with the exception of fellows, but I hate fellows, Cynthia. I had one good friend, but he hit the road and is in vaudeville. He was more than a brother to me, but I have no one else whom I confide in. I live with my mother, but she doesn't take it to heart, dear Cynthia, I am disgusted with such a life. I have received several letters from my boy friend to join him and travel, but I am only seventeen, so I don't know whether I'd be doing right. I don't tell mother, because she might get upset about it. Even though I'd tell her she'd agree that I must marry him. But I detest married life. I prefer life the way it is. So, dear Cynthia, please advise me what to do. I will be waiting to see answer in your column.

DAISY.

No, dear, don't go join this friend in vaudeville. It would not be proper nor right. Talk to your mother as you talk to me. You'll find she'll understand.

Asks Many Questions

Dear Cynthia:

First. Is it improper to go with a boy on a hike (I don't mean a stroll over the boulevard or through the Park), starting fairly early in the morning and lasting till late in the afternoon and taking same through the country?

Second. When a boy asks where one wants to go and party is more or less timid about suggesting for fear of it being too expensive or otherwise unsatisfactory, how can she "wriggle" out of the suggesting and let "him" decide?

Third. How can a girl politely inform a boy that she is not desirous of seeing him or entertaining him after he has called a number of times and proved unsatisfactory in most respects?

Fourth. Do you believe that most boys will avoid dancing with or entertaining a girl who is stout or inclined to be so? Why? Perhaps some of your boy readers will explain, as several of my "lefty" friends have complained of this fault in most boys they've met.

"AWFULLY CURIOUS."

Not improper, but not conventional, and any thinking mother would not allow her daughter to go.

Tell the boy you want him to plan the party, that you enjoy it better when he arranges it.

Try being "not at home" every time he calls.

Some boys like stout girls. It's all a matter of preference.

A Sad Plight

Dear Cynthia—About a year ago, dear Cynthia, at a party I met a young man about eighteen years of age. I had only known him about a month when he asked for a good-night kiss. I refused him, which I think was right. The next day he did the same thing. I also refused then and told him that any young girl that amounted to any thing wouldn't do such a thing. He said the last girl he had always kissed him good-night and she called herself a lady. I asked him why boys always asked for such foolish things. He answered that all boys like to kiss pretty girls. I am what some people call pretty. I have brown curly bobbed hair, blue eyes, two large dimples and a pretty complexion. But it matters not, dear Cynthia, how pretty or homely a person is, she can be a lady, can't she. I have never felt the same toward him since, dear Cynthia, although we love each other dearly.

I am very much disturbed. Every time when I and my chum are out some strange boys always shout to us from automobiles or else they start and talk to us. We don't like to talk to strange boys. We would be very grateful if you would tell us what to do.

1. Also should a young girl of sixteen kiss boys good-night?

2. Could she call herself a lady if she did?

3. How could I still keep company with this young man yet not hurt his feelings?

SWEET SIXTEEN.

No, she should not kiss the boys good-night. She could not consider herself a lady if she did.

Tell the boy you like him and want to be friends if he will consent not to kiss you.

Each Coat Must Have Something Like a Cape

By CORINNE LOWE

More and more cape-ricious becomes the mode.

Among the wraps the cape influence is apparent on every side. Often even the scarfs are coaxed into some semblance of the favored garment. As for the coats, these have a hundred different methods of announcing their conversion to cape policies.

The model illustrates one of these in a three-piece costume of blue broadcloth collared in white fox and embroidered in blue and white thread. It will be remembered, too, that the three-piece costume is one of the leading factors in the autumn modes.

WHAT LONG TASSELS CAN DO FOR A DRESS

Photos by Old Masters and Felix

The street dress with its collar and cuffs of light gray fur is given a touch of distinction and style by the long silk tassels which hang from the narrow string girdle. The afternoon frock of canton crepe, made on slim lines, makes a special point of its front breadth, but even that would not give it such an air as tassels do, drooping languidly from belt and cuffs. While in the evening, on a white satin dress, it is difficult to use regulation tassels, but we do the next best thing by having the whole front of the skirt covered with long strings of jet beads, arranged in groups as much like a tassel as possible

In These Dainty Party Menus Mrs. Wilson Satisfies the Wondering-What-to-Serve

If It's an Elaborate Affair, Chicken and Oyster Patties Are Featured, Though for an Informal One Novel Salads Are Substituted

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE question frequently arises just what to serve for refreshments at home affairs. This meal can be either very simple or as elaborate as you please. The two accepted forms of serving are, first to seat each guest at the table; and the second, to serve from a buffet—each couple hunting a cozy nook to enjoy their bite, or they may stand around the table in the dining room. Today the method is usually called the platter service.

In preparing the table, if the guests are to be seated, the usual method is to arrange a table with a centerpiece and then place the nuts, raisins, bonbons or fruit on the table and serve the meal on the plate directly from the kitchen. When the food is to be served cold, the plates may be arranged earlier in the evening so that no delay in serving will be felt.

The table arrangement for the informal supper can be made very attractive and give you a wide scope in the arrangements. This service is used with a large number of guests, when it is not convenient to seat so many.

How to Arrange the Table

The arrangement of the table for informal or al fresco supper can be as elegant as will suit your fancy and purse. For a party of twenty-five people you will need to place two leaves in the table and then cover with a silence cloth and then with a beautifully ironed linen tablecloth. Arrange a centerpiece of autumn leaves and flowers and trail either asparagus fern or smilax from the center of the table to the four corners. Now a double service must be arranged to prevent overcrowding. At each end of the table you will need to arrange

Glasses of water.
Napkins.
Forks, knives and spoons.
Plates.
Cups and saucers.
Sugar and cream.

If you will put them from right to left in the order given, it will make for comfort and harmony. Arrange the foods in duplicate at each side of the table so that it will prevent fuss and overcrowding.

Now as to the menu, I will arrange for four—two that are elaborate, and two that are simple suppers so that every hostess may feel that cost alone will not prevent her from having an "at-home" or a more formal evening entertainment.

NO. 1

Olives — Salted Nuts
Chicken and Oyster Patties
Celery and Nut Sandwiches
Ice Cream — Lemon Coconut Cake
Coffee

No. 2

Olives — Salted Nuts
Chicken Mousse — Celery Mayonnaise
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Ice Cream — Small Cakes — Coffee

No. 3

Pickles — Salted Nuts
Shrimp and Celery Salad
Buttered Rolls
Ice Cream — Coffee

No. 4

Celery, Nut and Potato Salad
Buttered Biscuits
Ice Cream — Sponge Cake — Coffee

To prepare menu No. 1 you will need

Three large bottles of olives,
Two pounds of almonds for salting,
Twenty-five patty shells,
Fifty oysters,
One pound of mushrooms,
Five pounds of stewing chicken,
Four large stalks of celery,
One pound of nuts,
Mayonnaise dressing,
Two heads of lettuce,
Three layer cakes,
Four quarts of ice cream, cut in blocks, seven to the quart,
One pound of coffee.

To prepare the patties, cook the chicken until tender and then let cool, remove the bones and cut the meat in inch pieces. Pare and cut mushrooms in large pieces and look over the oysters and drain. Now place in a large saucepan

One quart of chicken stock,
One pint of [illegible] liquid,
Two quarts [illegible] milk,
Three cups of sifted flour.

Stir with wire whip or spoon to dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil. Cook slowly for fifteen minutes and then set this saucepan in a pan of boiling water and place on the stove. Season highly and add the prepared chicken.

Now cover the mushrooms with boiling water and cook for six minutes. Drain well and then add to the chicken and place the oysters in a saucepan and heat slowly to the boiling point. Cook for three minutes and stir well. Drain and add to the chicken with

One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
One-half pound of butter.

Stir carefully to blend and then cook until scalding hot and serve in patty shells. You can make the bread patty shells by cutting slices of bread three inches thick and then trim off the crust. Remove the crumbs from center and toast. Then use.

Celery and Nut Sandwiches

Chop lettuce, celery and nuts very fine and then season and mix with two cups of mayonnaise dressing.

Lemon Coconut Cake

Bake a layer cake and then place this filling between the layers

One and one-fourth cups of water.
Five level tablespoons of cornstarch.
One-half cup of sugar.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and starch and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Now add

Juice of one lemon.
Yolk of one egg.

Beat hard to blend and then cool and use as filling. Place white of egg in a mixing bowl and add one-half glass of apple jelly. Beat, using the Dover style egg beater, until the mixture will hold its shape. Use this to ice the cake and cover with coconut. Make the cake two layers high.

Chicken Mousse

Singe, draw and wash six pounds stewing chicken, and then steam slowly until tender. Remove the meat from the bones and put through the food chopper. Add

One green pepper.
One red pepper.
One small onion.
Six branches of parsley.

Now adjust the very finest knife on the food chopper and put the chicken through again. Now place in a saucepan

Two quarts of chicken stock, free from fat.
One tablespoon of salt.
One teaspoon of white pepper.

Stir to dissolve and then add

Eight level tablespoons of gelatin.

Stand aside for one-half hour to soften the gelatin and then heat slowly to the boiling point and cook for two minutes. Strain into a bowl and let cool. Just as it begins to thicken, add the prepared chicken and one quart of whipping cream, whipped stiff.

Rinse custard cups with cold water and divide into twenty-six portions. Set aside for six hours in the icebox to mold. Turn into nests of crisp lettuce leaves and serve with celery mayonnaise.

Celery Mayonnaise

Three cups of mayonnaise.
Three cups of finely chopped celery.
One small onion, minced fine.

Season to taste.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give a recipe for preserving coleslaw for winter use? MRS. K.

Cabbage is in season all winter long and it would not be worth while to attempt to place it in jars; also the cabbage would lose its crispness, due to the process of sterilizing.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—In my rides this summer I have stopped at a roadhouse and have been served with cinnamon toast. May I have a recipe for the same? MISS W.

This recipe has appeared frequently on this page, but I will give it again.

Cinnamon Toast

Cream three tablespoons of butter,
Three tablespoons of powdered sugar,
One teaspoon of cinnamon.

Spread lightly on nicely buttered toast.

Adventures With a Purse

"EVERY once in a while," I heard a girl say, discontentedly. "I get out of things to read. I simply do not know what to get next." Do you ever feel that way? Ever wish that you had a really good book to read, and yet don't know what to buy or get from the library? Well, let me tell you about a book that is most useful to people who really want to read with discrimination. It contains a list of every worth-while English author, together with a brief account of his life and a list of his books. It is really a text book for the reader who would like a little guidance in his reading. The price of this valuable little book is $1.25.

Now in the first place, unless you have the money to buy a really beautiful necklace, there is no use in reading further. For this necklace is expensive. But oh, you should see it. It is fashioned of lovely elliptical shaped rose quartz. And each smooth, faintly flushed stone is surrounded by a band of glittering rock crystal. I can see this lovely necklace against, for instance, a black velvet gown. It is the sort of necklace one rarely sees, and, therefore, has all the charm of individuality and distinction.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Vertical Handwriting

How would you make your appeal to a man or woman who writes a vertical hand? What methods would you adopt to persuade such a person to do anything?

Would a dramatic appeal to sympathy be effective, or the stimulation of an impulse or feeling at the psychological moment?

Such tactics might stand a fair chance of achieving the object, but not so good as in the case of the person who writes a normal forward-slanting hand, and not nearly so good as in the case of the extreme forward-slanting hand.

Vertical writing indicates that the writer is more than normally influenced by reason, judgment and self-interest, in most of his or her actions. That is, it indicates it providing the vertical hand is a natural one and not merely the result of training. The way to catch the difference between the two is in hastily written messages. It is then that the natural tendency crops out in a slight variation of the slant of the letters from the writer's normal hand.

Vertical writers, however, are by no means lacking in the average amount of sympathy or impulse. But their writing indicates that reason and judgment also enter into their decisions.

Vertical writing, when well rounded, with letters well formed, is as you might suppose it to be the sign of a personality of self-control and balance, qualities indicated both by the slant and the formation of the letters.

Monday—The Sign of Memory.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Another delightful way to entertain friends on Saturday afternoons or Sundays during the season of "October's bright blue weather" is to arrange for a nutting party. The guests invited should be equally divided, allowing one girl to each man. They may engage in a progressive walking party (as described in What's What, October 8) on the way to the woods, or they may go by automobile, train or trolley car. Small canvas sacks are provided for the nuts to be gathered.

Arrived at the woods, each pair takes a tree, and, as in the illustration, the man shakes down the nuts while the girl helps him hold the sack. Lunch may be packed as for a picnic, or the whole group may return to the home of the hostess for supper. In case of rain when the guests assemble an indoor nutting party may be arranged; for instance, an old-time peanut hunt with nuts secreted in various corners of the apartment or house.

The Girl Who Lacked Personality Wants to Know How to Acquire It

This Is a Difficult Quality to Describe, but It Can Be Gained by Constant Applications of Self-Confidence and Assurance of Success

TWO girls went through business college together with equal success. With equal chances they applied for a position and took an examination.

Again they were equal in their knowledge of the course which they had studied.

But that was where it ended.

One girl was kept, the other dismissed.

And afterward the employer told his secretary that he had kept her because she had more personality than her friend.

So now her friend wants to know just what personality is and how she can acquire it.

Those are two very difficult questions to answer.

Personality is one of those indescribable things, like charm, that lead you around a circle when you attempt to explain them.

"Personality is the ability to put yourself over," you may say to yourself with every intention of making it clear, but with little success. "It is a sort of exaggerated self-confidence without being conceit. It is sort of pep; no, it's different; it's—it's just personality!"

YOU will find it easier to tell what it *isn't*, to reach what it *is*.

It isn't, for instance, the distinguishing feature in the character of the person who seems colorless, characterless, spineless.

It is rather the peculiar force of character, unassuming and unconscious though it may be, which makes the person who has it stand out from among her neighbors.

She may not realize this, but she cannot hide it from others. It compels their interest and attention, whether they like it or not.

"She hasn't an attractive personality," you hear people say sometimes, "but she certainly has got personality."

She gets what she wants when she can be described in that way.

This girl who was successful in the trial for a position probably had the kind of personality which makes her pleasant because she has confidence in making a pleasant impression on those who meet her; that same confidence in her ability to make good puts her ahead of the girl who hopes she will, but is not quite sure.

And the other girl can acquire this type of personality by developing a greater self-confidence.

Not conceit, not pride, but lack of fear and false humility.

THE humility which makes a girl assume a modest "I'll try, but I don't know whether I can or not, expression, when she knows perfectly well that she can if she just exerts herself a little, is the greatest enemy of a job-winning personality.

Success is its greatest help. But until success arrives it is necessary to look forward to it as a certainty in order to work up the self-confidence.

You know how easy it is to be winning, amiable, eager to please, strong and fearless and forceful if you are sure of success.

And if you are all of those things, then it will be necessary in describing you to use those magic words, "She has personality. I'll give her the position."

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Until Richard Blakeslee kidnapped Theodora Caldwell because he did not want to give up his private secretary, Theo herself knew very little about love. She thought she loved Jimmy Bland; she was sure she wanted to marry him, but alone with Blakeslee on his private yacht, swept off her feet finally by his passionate lovemaking, she was conscious of his strength and of Jimmy's weakness. Nevertheless she remained loyal to Jimmy until when she returned to him he reviled her, and showed his real self. Hurt to the soul at the things he said, her pride rose in arms, and erected a barrier between herself and Blakeslee, although she had broken her engagement and was free. When Blakeslee came to see her he demanded to meet the man she had promised to marry.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Two Men and a Maid

THEO started violently, and Blakeslee released her. For a moment she stood irresolute, fearing to answer the ring of the bell. Suppose by any wild stretch of the imagination it should be Jimmy! But no, fate couldn't play a trick like that. It would be too cruel. Almost mechanically she found herself moving forward slowly. She hesitated a moment before the door and then as though suddenly making up her mind she opened it.

A little scream arose to her lips and she would have closed the door, but Jimmy, for it was Jimmy, stepped forward quickly.

"Theo, I've come back; I had to come back."

Theo retreated as he came forward, and they were in the living room before Jimmy realized that they were not alone. He glimpsed Blakeslee standing where Theo had left him and stiffened. A glare of anger leaped into his eyes and for a moment the two men stood measuring each other.

Twice Theo tried to speak, but her lips felt dry and hot and the words would not come. She was conscious that she must say something, do something. They could not stand there like that forever staring at each other.

Strangely, it was Jimmy who spoke first.

"You are Richard Blakeslee, I suppose."

Blakeslee bent his head in answer. He was measuring the man before him. So this was the man Theo loved, this weak-faced boy. It was incredible.

Theo turned to Jimmy quickly. She had made up her mind to one thing and that was that Richard Blakeslee must not know the truth.

"Jimmy, this is Mr. Blakeslee," she said, and her voice did not falter, although her heart felt dead.

For a moment Jimmy hesitated, and then his inborn respect for the man higher up made him forget everything else. He forgot that he hated this man, that he had sworn in his heart to be revenged. He remembered only the fact that this was the great Richard Blakeslee whose name was mentioned with bated breath in financial circles, and whom it would be rather good to cultivate.

In a moment the entire atmosphere was changed and Jimmy was making the most of his opportunity. Theo was amazed at his self-confidence, his cheap egotism, his obvious effort to make an impression. She could have forgiven anything but that, but after he had reviled her and accused her of going off on the yacht deliberately to curry favor with the man he had accused, it was unpardonable.

Her lips curled as she listened to him and watched the impassiveness of Blakeslee's face, and she had to sit there and endure it. There was nothing else to do unless she wanted to make a scene.

"Theo told me about the trick you played on her," he said finally, laughing heartily. He seemed entirely at ease and not at all aware of Blakeslee's ironclad reserve, and Theo's strained silence. The situation was his and he made the most of it.

Blakeslee finally rose from his chair with a murmured apology, and Jimmy rose, too, and held out his hand. After a moment's hesitation, Blakeslee shook hands with him and then turned to Theo.

"I will send you a check, Miss Caldwell, for the amount due you," he said, evenly. "And I hope you will be very happy."

Theo's head went up at that challenge and she smiled into his eyes. "Thank you; I'm sure I will be; thank you for coming up."

A moment later she heard the door close on him, the door that closed him out of her life forever. With a dull ache in her heart she turned back to the living room and Jimmy.

(To Be Continued)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In Spain what odd position is woman filling?
2. How can delicate laces be cleaned?
3. Before putting earth in window boxes, what precaution will keep the box from rotting and prevent insects?
4. What is a round robin?
5. Describe a trimming that is much used on dresses.
6. How is a charming girdle fashioned?

Yesterday's Answers

1. In Texas, 16,000 is the surprising number of the farms operated by women.
2. New elastic can be rapidly run through a piece of underwear by sewing it to one end of the old and pulling this out, which will draw the new through at the same time.
3. A novel method which the Chinese use for removing ink stains from clothing is to wash the article with boiled rice, rubbed on like soap, after which a clear water rinse is given.
4. Virginia is called the Mother of Presidents because seven men who entered the White House were born there.
5. On serge and Canton crepe alike a long, loose sleeve, lined with a lighter crepe is wonderfully effective.
6. A New York actress wears a richly embroidered shawl to take the place of an evening wrap.

Saturday
doesn't find you fogged if you rested through the week on your
Never Stretch mattress

ADD
PUDDINE
For Making Ice Cream

It Is Not Too Late
For You
To Help Fill the Food Ship
If you did not send a contribution to the schools for the hunger victims of the Near East
You Can Still Get Your Offering on the Boat
A barrel of flour will keep 200 starving children alive for a day.
All Gifts of Food or Money Sent to Near East Relief Headquarters, Northeast Corner Broad and Locust Streets will be in time for Thanksgiving
Send Checks to Asa S. Wing, Treasurer Near East Relief, Broad and Locust Streets