SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

On "Givers" Who Possess Their Own Souls and Are Unselfish Enough to Share Them

THE other day a man, in commenting to me on a friend of his family whom I had met often at his house, said in a puzzled way:

"She is good and unselfish and amusing but she fairly saps my wife's vitality and I cannot put my finger on the reason!"

I thought of his quandary a day or two later when I came across that classic story of the Great Physician who pressed upon on every side in his walk through a town by a crowd, curious to see one who was accredited with performing miracles of healing, suddenly stopped and said:

"Who touched me?" as though every one was not touching him.

And when a frightened woman who had actually touched him with the hope that she would be healed of a disease from which she had suffered came to Him and confessed, He gravely and kindly undertook her case and healed her. His remark on the occurrence being that her touch differed from the ordinary jostling and fingering of the eager crowd. He instinctively responded to it:

He perceived that "virtue had gone out of Him."

I THINK that most of us understand that feeling of "virtue going out of us." Sometimes it is a person, sometimes it is some happening that exhausts our vitality so that we feel literally sapped!

And on the other hand more than once I have been conscious of being exhilarated, positively made stronger and calmer by contact with another personality, as though virtue had gone out from that soul to me.

And again one may feel oneself giving, yet not losing, as though in some spiritual sense there was an actual exchange of gifts.

So that in one's daily contacts with "just folks" there are the "sappers" and the "givers" and the "exchangers." The men and women who take it out of others, and the men and women who can be counted on to rest and refresh and even create something in others, and now and then these last generous spontaneous souls find other men and women with whom they can rest and refresh and recreate themselves.

WHAT I want to know is: What is the secret of the givers and what is the weakness of the sappers? Why do some persons make you pant for breath, as though their mere presence created a sort of vacuum, and why do others make you feel as though they were a trip to the seashore and mountains combined?

I asked a doctor once about the "virtue" of the givers. He said it was a real physical buoyancy, and came from a mental mastery of one's mind and body. I think he called it poise and said it was what in physics would be equilibrium, and in mathematics, balance. He said in the matter of choosing a nurse that quality was more than half the battle. Just patience, and unselfishness, or cheeriness would not describe it. One might be too meek and have the kind of unselfishness that makes the patient very selfish—a doormat selflessness with "salve" woven in, that isn't fool proof; and the kind of cheerfulness that makes you want to say: "Oh, dam!"

He also remarked that persons whose lives had been difficult and even tragic ones, so far as outward circumstances went, made excellent nurses when they possessed that buoyancy and reticent good temper and kindly but unsentimental sympathy that to his mind belonged to the givers, out of whom virtue went.

He said the "sappers" [illegible] among the patients or among the [illegible] the people who had all their ideas second hand, and he left it at that.

I HAD a clue the other day that threw more light on the whole subject of these who possess something to give away mentally and spiritually than the doctor was able to show me.

A woman whom I had always admired for the perfection with which she gave herself to the affair of the hour or the person of the hour, whether it was her husband, or a child, or a friend, or a stepper-in, was very fagged and irritable over what would in ordinary times have been passed off with a gay competency that would make a molehill out of a mountain of a trouble. She suddenly looked over at me ruefully and said with a little break in her voice:

"I have not been enough [illegible]. It is necessary to be alone even from those you love, just a little. And first one person and then another, day in and day out, until I do not feel as though I owned myself."

"YOU ought to go to Sarah Jane's house," I said to her. And then I told her about an odd, breezy friend of mine who has a great theory that part of the practice of religion is to work by one's self—preferably in a garden—once in so often, so that in the quietness of some still place one can listen to all sorts of thoughts that never have a chance to get into words or even rise to the surface under ordinary circumstances, or with people all about demanding one's attention.

Her small house and little place went by that name, Sarah Jane's house, among her friends and acquaintances, and she put it at their disposal if they wanted to escape—if only for a day—into its sunny stillness to be alone with themselves.

A good many availed themselves of the chance, and when they announced they were going off to "Sarah Jane's house" their families were generally rueful and conscience-stricken and slightly peeved.

"I should think you could rest here at home, dear," one injured husband said to his wife who was going off for a day to Sarah Jane's. "The children can keep away from you. I'll see to it."

"But you won't keep away from her, father!" the children chorused.

"Oh, well, she likes to have me!" their father announced serenely.

One isn't surprised to know that the lady persisted and spent her day at Sarah Jane's.

I ASKED her what she did there. She looked vague and beatific.

"I sat wherever I pleased, in the sun or the shade, and walked a little without being asked where I was going, or, when I came back, where I'd been. No one called me to the phone, or [illegible], or expected me to do something. I took a nap, and when I got tired of being silent I hunted up Sarah Jane and we sat in the garden and looked at the sunlight through the flowers, and laughed at what [illegible] and nearly cried over something that was sad, and read a little from [illegible] that was lying open on the bench, and then evening came on slowly, and I sat watching it grow dark, while some one was playing and singing beautifully in the house by herself—another friend of Sarah Jane's who was resting there, and presently it was really evening and dinner time and my husband drove up in the car to take me home.

And it had been a lovely day. I had not had to listen or to talk to any one as a duty, even a dear duty. I had just lain fallow, and the silence and beauty and serenity were all that counted."

She told me later that her family was so awed by the runaway day that she had only to breathe a threat of going to Sarah Jane's to have them grow apologetic and understanding of her.

"[illegible]" has a great fact of nature in its [illegible] testimony.

I suspect that all great givers are possessors of their souls.

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

The Child and the Name

A friend of mine has just given birth to a beautiful bouncing boy. And what do you suppose they are thinking of naming him—Vladimir!

Think of an "honest-to-goodness" American boy who is going to play football and, let us hope, make his varsity team to have to sign himself Vladimir!

Imagine the other fellows trying to coax their tongues round those consonants. Can't you just hear the nicknames to which they are going to subject him? Let us hope he will be all boy and a perfect terror so he can hold his own and ward it off. If he isn't—if he is just a quiet little chap with hair that is easy to keep down—he'll have an awful time as Vladimir. The name will just ruin his life!

His mother admits it is neither attractive nor appropriate—he is Mrs. John Blake. But the child just must be named after her father. Some one suggested that her father might be remembered by using his name as the family name for the boy's middle name, but she feels that middle names are a poor compliment because they are never heard. The young father thought the purpose would be served with a shorter and easier name as long as it began with a "V." But she must have Vladimir. It's the only way to remember her father.

The pity of it is that the name of the dear man's existence was [illegible]. He, too, was all American, a real John or Bob or Jim, but never Vladimir. Somewhere along the line there had been a Russian nobleman whose daughter or granddaughter fondly insisted upon passing on his name. And that is how it is getting into the Blake family even though the poor man whose memory it is supposed to honor would turn in his grave if he knew that after keeping him in hot water all his life it is going to be passed on to his daughter's son.

Of course this is an extreme case. But every day we see lovely babies [illegible] with names that are unattractive or difficult or inappropriate—to honor some one else. The [illegible] of a nationally prominent man, for instance, is called "Edison." Most people will see nothing beautiful or [illegible] in that name, nothing [illegible] suggestive of an attractive real boy. But his father had perpetrated and insisted upon it as a compliment to Thomas Edison of whom he was a great admirer. The child who was to bear the name was given never a thought.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—but [illegible] it might have a harder time getting [illegible]. We are told that [illegible] [illegible] people must see us before they can [illegible] impression [illegible]. Don't people [illegible] before they ever see [illegible]. And about the name [illegible] frequently is known only by the name and never has a chance to be seen [illegible] upon whom the [illegible].

There is something in a name. [illegible] are [illegible] to the wrong name can be a very considerable handicap through life. And a child [illegible] a member of [illegible] honored and [illegible] loving remembrance [illegible] name without making [illegible] will prove [illegible].

The Woman's Exchange

A Helpful Idea

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Burnt [illegible] ware can be cleaned by placing the ware over a gentle heat, either stove or [illegible] radiator [illegible] a pan stand several days if necessary. The ware must be [illegible] over the heat. So if [illegible] the heat would necessarily be very gentle. It is a very satisfactory method of removing burnt particles of food from aluminum ware that will [illegible] to any other way.

MRS. A. B.

Useful suggestions [illegible] always more than welcome, and I am sure the one offered [illegible] will prove useful to many others.

Some Difficult Stains

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—In the laundry a dark blue sock was wrapped in a light blue chambray dress and there are big blotches of dark blue in most prominent places. The dress has quite a lot of white French [illegible] and I would not be so anxious to [illegible].

I have a raincoat which looks [illegible] or mohair, on right side, which [illegible] stiff and wrinkled. Is there any way to smooth it out?

Can you tell me how to take out a brown water stain from a cream-colored [illegible]

[illegible] the original color [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] the wrinkles out of silk, and if you leave the coat there until it is dry again, its own weight should "iron" it out.

If the [illegible] on your [illegible] will [illegible] white material, but that would take out the cream color as well as the stain and so the carbon tetrachloride would [illegible].

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

They Are Gossiped About

Dear Cynthia—About six months ago a young man whom I had met during the winter commenced to take me out. It started with once a week, but finally rounded up with two, three and sometimes four times a week. While I enjoy this young man's company yet I never gave a serious thought to the matter. Can also state that said young man enjoyed mine also. During that time I ceased to see all my acquaintances, not because I truly wanted to do same, but it came about automatically.

Rumors started about said young man and myself being engaged. He knew all about this, yet he never said anything to me. It has come to a point where our friendship cannot continue to go on as it was, yet I don't want to [illegible] our friendship. Dear Cynthia, what can I do?

[illegible]

It is never wise to allow one man to monopolize you time, unless he does want to marry you. Better not make so many engagements with him. See him about once a week, but receive others too.

Don't Fight for Him

Dear Cynthia—Like unto the holy [illegible] of Egypt we mortals come to you as to [illegible], pouring out our grief, anxiety, [illegible] on your shrine, waiting patiently for that ray of light that brightens and soothes the ailment.

Everybody has a little bag of trouble, but mine seems to be outweighing me, and your advice and the opinions of the readers of this column will be greatly appreciated.

Some uncontrollable power had brought two beings together that were not introduced conventionally. Attachment, respect, love and honor had sprung up between us until, as the saying goes, an old flame appeared. They were never engaged, but had kept company for [illegible] years, and now that she had heard of his new adventure she appears with that old stuff of having loved him all the time and that he rightfully belongs to her, since he took up all her time for three years.

Upon mother's advice I urged him to go back to her. They are going to be engaged and the injustice of it all hurts. As it was I who had really inspired him to the high position he now holds; it was I who had taught him to see and appreciate the better things in life; it was I who had brought out his finer traits. Should I now forget him or shall I fight this tigress to get him back?

"PORTIA."

If, after all you have done for him, he is willing to drop you for this other girl, better let him go. He's not worth fighting for.

What "Youth" Thinks of the Young

Dear Cynthia—I've never written to you in spite of the fact that I am a devoted reader of your column. I have been tempted many times to answer some of your correspondents, but as I am a very poor correspondent have refrained from writing until I read "Temptation's" letter. Now, Cynthia, I've just reached my sixteenth year and haven't expressed any of my opinions in regard to the present situation concerning young girls of today. Here goes.

I think that the trouble with "Temptation" is the same as with lots of girls, wherein they do not know what "respectable" and "refined" really mean. "Temptation" claims that she powders and paints but is respectable nevertheless. The girls are indignant because they are accused of being not respectable, and can't see where powder and paint can change any one's reputation or respectability. To my mind it isn't the powder and paint materially that waive all claims to respectability. It's the motive. "Temptation" [illegible] reputation and respectability and when it comes to flirting with other women's husbands. Your motive for [illegible] wasn't an innocent one, that is, for just trying to make yourself better looking for your own sake, but to attract other women's husbands. Also, if I thought [illegible] I'd take myself in hand and make up my mind to [illegible] as I [illegible] respectable honestly and truly.

"YOUTH."

Scores "Just Twenty"

Dear Cynthia—In [illegible] to "Just Twenty," who doesn't know one who [illegible] would you [illegible] a gentleman [illegible] the following. In [illegible] of serious thinking people a bobbed-haired girl who wears bobbed hair and short skirts is certainly nothing but capable of judging a gentleman. I have never seen a bobbed-haired girl yet who could take enough time away from arranging and fluffing her hair to observe the [illegible] one of the opposite sex long enough to determine if he were a gentleman. And when she is sitting down she is so busy futilely trying to straighten her skirts in a vain attempt to cover her bare knees and her false modesty that she has no time for anything else. And as for to carry on an intelligent conversation that would be impossible, even if it were within her power to do so, simply because her entire time is taken up with the motions just described or an occasional "Gee" or "I don't know" or the inevitable "gum."

There is another important element [illegible] enters into the case. Women nowadays are becoming so [illegible] that men are not so gentlemanly as a few years back. This is strange—yet not so strange after all. It is observed that the women who say this are they themselves lacking in the so-called womanly attributes. In their mad business rush they slight just as do the men, taking little advantage of male courtesies or necessity which, if they were, commented on appall them. It is these little things that to [illegible] many men's minds cause a woman to forfeit all the little courtesies which she claims are her right, and which every manly man is [illegible] for her [illegible] grudging [illegible].

I think I [illegible] state that we are not [illegible] the little amenities and courtesies which are a part of our social system and our civilization. It's just that [illegible] woman and the kind who signed herself "Just Twenty" demand so much when they give so little and in their [illegible] so [illegible] more prone to find fault with the other.

ONE OF THE OTHER SEX.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

A [illegible] straws [illegible] in the sanitary "straber" are now generally served with all sorts of beverages, including [illegible] and the different milk combinations concocted at soda fountains and in cafes. There are hygienic reasons for the use of these cleanly tubes, each of which is discarded after use, but there are other reasons, too, and these are concerned with seemly table manners.

For instance, if a glass of milk is ordered, or a milkshake, or frosted chocolate, or hot chocolate with whipped cream, or ice-cream soda, and no straws are served with the order, it is difficult to drink the liquid without getting a "mustache" of milk or cream or milky chocolate around the lips. This disagreeable-looking milk-up effect may be avoided by taking the beverage through a straw. It must be done without making any whistling or gurgling noise during the tube-drinking [illegible].

Halloween Is Close

And there are two parties all planned and arranged for you, ready to send out on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope from any reader who wants them.

One is for little tots who like Jack and Jill, Little Bo-Peep, Tom Thumb and the rest of the boys and girls who will be seen at "Mother Goose's Halloween Party."

The other is for older children and grownups who like mystery, and strange forms in shadowy corners and queer surprises. This is "The Veil of Mystery."

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Drooping Mouths

The drooping mouth is a character indication that really requires no scientific reading. You're almost sure to read it intuitively. In nearly everybody's mind the drooping mouth is associated with discontent.

The downward curve to the corners of the lips is the natural expression of this feeling. It may be a temporary as well as a permanent expression.

Try it out on yourself. Assume the expression and hold it for a bit. Actually you experience a vague, disgruntled sort of feeling coming over you. That is one of the peculiarities of the facial expressions, of the mouth particularly. They work backward to a certain extent. By determining to look angry you can actually work up a sort of anger. By registering discontent you really begin to feel it.

The habitual expression of discontent, then, quite clearly indicates the habitual feeling of it. The permanently drooping mouth (the expression of which is more "set" than that of the temporary expression) also is a danger signal of irritability, of fault-finding and of cynicism.

There's a cure, however, for every weakness, and in this case it's a remarkably simple one; merely to cultivate the habit of smiling. The smile reacts on the emotions in exactly the same way that you can make the drooping mouth react upon them.

Monday—Selfish Handwriting

Things You'll Love to Make

This "APACHE" MASQUE COSTUME will be very nice to wear at a Halloween party. Use either black crepe paper or black cheesecloth or thin lining. Make a long, high-necked slip of any thin material. Cut a strip one and a half yards wide and long enough to reach from under the arms down to the ankles. Cut it up into fringe and join it to the underslip. Cut another band one yard wide and long enough to reach from the neck to four inches below the waist. Fringe this band and join it to the neck of the slip. Cut a strip of crinoline to fit from ear to ear and from the crown of your head to your neck. Cover this with black fringe. Face the top and bottom with bands of red. Fingle the top of this headgear with chicken feathers that have been dipped in brightly colored dyes. Wear a band of these feathers joined to a red band around the arm. Your "APACHE" MASQUE COSTUME will be very different from all others.

FLORA.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a pretty way of making a "moonlight" costume for Halloween.
2. In what convenient style is a decorative tablet for telephone numbers made?
3. What dainty bit of usefulness for the bedroom can be fashioned out of cardboard and some bits of cretonne?
4. In what famous novel is the character of Amy Robsart found?
5. How is lace combined with velvet to make a charming dinner gown?
6. Of what is a convenient little bag made to keep a flat powder puff in the dressing table?

Yesterday's Answers

1. "Mother Goose's Halloween" party could easily be worked up for the younger children, and could adapt itself well for costumes. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for details.
2. Many of the stores now sell inexpensive strips of rags in various colors to be used in making crocheted or braided rugs.
3. The man who is fastidious about his neckties will welcome a device consisting of a board the exact shape of a full tie, which fits into them and holds them straight over night.
4. Lady Babbie is the principal character in the story of "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie.
5. The girl who has a blue gingham dress can add a red or yellow apron edged with white lace, a black bodice and a white starched cap, with turned-back edges, to make the Belgian peasant costume.
6. Some new door stops suitable for a living room or hall are made of iron in the shape of bells with long, thin handles.

THE DISTINCTION THAT A GIRDLE GIVES

It gives the long side lines that Paris considers so necessary when it is made of soft crushed georgette crepe, beaded heavily on the ends and worn with a fuchsia-colored satin frock. It forms a yoke about the hips when made of satin, held in place with a large buckle in front and used as the sole adornment of a black lace gown from Paris. On the velvet and brocade dress it crosses itself in front in order to give a pleasingly novel appearance to the costume.

Photos by Old Masters and Paris

Mrs. Wilson's Readers Furnish Her With Recipes Which Have Proved Good

Among Them Are an Old-Time Harlequin for Using Up Left-Overs and a Tasty Way of Preparing Meat

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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MY DEAR Mrs. Wilson—In using up odds and ends of food the other day, I found a tasty combination. Place one-half head of cabbage in a saucepan and add

One large onion, sliced.
A bunch of small carrots cut in half after scraping.
One large tomato, peeled, or
One cup of stewed tomatoes,
One cup of stale bread

and sufficient cold water to cover. Now add two pork chops cut from the shoulder and four tablespoons of rice. Cook slowly for one hour. Season with salt and pepper to taste and add four potatoes cut in large dice and parboiled.

Serve in soup dish. We found this to be savory and tasty and we are planning to have it again very soon. This will serve six people.

MISS E. J. LOSE.

Thank you, Miss Lose; this old-fashioned harlequin is delicious, particularly on a cold night.

From an interested reader comes this splendid suggestion—how to remove baked fish from the pan. Place two strips of muslin or cheesecloth, cut about two inches wide, under each end of the fish when placing them in the baking pan. Have the strips of muslin sufficiently long so that the fish may be easily lifted from the pan to the hot platter. Tuck the ends of the muslin while the fish is cooking, close to the fish.

This method can also be used for broiled fish. It will lift the fish unbroken to the platter.

From Mrs. Besloe, in the White Mountains, comes this tasty supper dish:

Snap

Mince sufficient salt pork to measure one-half cup and then turn into a skillet and add one cup of finely chopped onions. Cook very slowly until the onions are tender, but not brown, and then add four tablespoons of flour and stir to blend. Now add one cup of thin stewed tomatoes and cook for five minutes.

Place a layer of diced stale bread in a baking dish and cover with the prepared tomato mixture and then sprinkle with grated cheese. Repeat until the dish is full and have the bread on top. Now place

Two eggs,
One cup of milk

in a bowl and beat to blend thoroughly. Pour over the prepared bread and cover the top thickly with grated cheese. Bake in a slow oven for forty minutes. Serve in place of the meat.

Pork Fritters

Mince sufficient salt pork fine to measure three-quarters of a cup. Place in a saucepan and then cook slowly to a delicate brown. Now lift and place in a mixing bowl and add

Two and one-half cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Four teaspoons of baking powder,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
Two teaspoons of grated onion,
One well-beaten egg,
One cup of milk,
Four raw potatoes, grated.

Mix and then drop by the spoonful into smoking hot fat, left from cooking the salt pork. Turn over and brown on both sides.

Buntown Cake

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of sugar,
Seven tablespoons of shortening,
Yolks of two eggs.

Cream well and then add

Two and three-fourths cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
Seven-eighths cup of milk.

Beat to a smooth batter and then add

Two-thirds cup of finely chopped nuts,
One cup of finely chopped pared apples,
One-half cup of cocoanut.

Mix well and then fold in stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and turn in well-greased and floured loaf-shaped pan and bake in a moderate oven for fifty minutes. When cold, spread with icing, made as follows: Place in a mixing bowl

Two tablespoons of butter,
One-half cup of brown sugar, rubbed through sieve,
One teaspoon of cornstarch.

Blend until smooth and then add one tablespoon of boiling water and then spread on cake.

Sometimes this cake is baked and when one day old it is cut in slices and then the slices are covered on the flat side with the icing. This gives an iced cookie effect.

Mrs. Jessie Fleurette, of Boxtown, makes and bakes this cake in the regular loaf-shaped pan and, when one day old, she splits the cake into four thin layers and then spreads each layer first with icing and then with jam and puts it together and ices the whole cake. This makes a delicious rich confection that may be served for any occasion.

Stale, leftover cake is served with a sweet custard sauce.

Boiled Apple Pudding

Scald the pudding cloth with boiling water and then wring very dry. Rub well with shortening and then dust with flour. Place in a mixing bowl

Two cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.
One-half level teaspoon of nutmeg.

Rub into dough six tablespoons of shortening and mix to a dough with

Two-thirds cup of milk,
One well-beaten egg,
Three cups of apples, pared and diced,
One cup of seeded raisins.

Turn in the pudding cloth and plunge into a kettle of boiling water which is sufficiently deep enough to cover the pudding. Boil for one hour. Lift to a colander to drain. Serve with angel sauce.

Angel Sauce

Place the white of egg in a bowl and add one-half glass of apple jelly. Beat with a dover-style eggbeater until the mixture holds its shape. Now place yolk of egg in a second bowl and add

Two-thirds cup of powdered sugar,
Two tablespoons of butter,
One teaspoon of vanilla extract.

Cream well and then add two tablespoons of boiling water. Beat hard and then fold in the prepared Caledonian cream made of the white of egg and apple jelly. Beat to blend thoroughly and then serve.

Her Unaffected Sweetness Must Come From a Good Warm Heart

Even Clever Acting Could Not Make Her Seem So Lovable If She Were Not So Sincere and Natural

"SHE'S just perfectly sweet!"

The remark was made by—well, everybody who ever saw her, men, women, boys, young girls and little girls.

She is an actress, and so there are plenty of people who see her and make this same remark about her.

There is no other adjective which exactly fits her as this one does.

It does not mean sugary sweetness, goody-goody sweetness, the slow-pouring molasses kind, or the smooth, carefully cultivated kind.

No, indeed, they always get tiresome after about fifteen minutes or half an hour, and this dainty little person never gets tiresome.

It is just natural, unaffected, inborn sweetness that makes her so charming.

She is so convincing; she makes you feel certain that it is not art, clever actress that she is, which makes her so appealing; it is not just her part which brings out the lovable side of her nature, it is herself rising above the art, showing through the role she plays.

No one with a different personality off the stage could possibly assume such a captivating one on the stage in so easy and natural a manner.

There would surely be a trace of temper somewhere in the expression; a hint of temperament, a suggestion of hardness, or the slight droop at the corners of the mouth which tells the story of selfishness and pettishness.

BUT this quaint personage looks out upon the world of theatre-goers which falls in love with her so quickly with the unspoiled, unaffected sweetness of a child who doesn't know how dear she is.

And it takes her straight into the hearts of her admirers; girls who haven't had "crushes" since their school days come back all fluttery from seeing her. Older women find her the embodiment of the ideal daughter.

If she were not a good actress, if she were not so very pretty as she is, if she had not the lovely voice, the dainty mannerisms that she has; if, indeed, she were not herself at all, but an unbecomingly dressed little girl in the neighborhood where anybody lives, she would still be just as much loved.

She would be one of those neighborhood pets, unassuming, naive, surprised that anybody should think her anything but a perfectly ordinary person.

SUCH a person is so rare that she gets more than one person's share of love and admiration wherever she appears, in your neighborhood, behind the counter, among the factory girls, in your class at school, in your office, working for her cap in the hospital, or bowing to applause from beyond the footlights.

Many girls start with this sweetness, but with constant admiration their heads are turned and the sweetness is changed to self-conscious posing.

Others find they can use it to their own advantage and they let it become stale, unnatural, unconvincing.

While still others, in chasing pleasure, forget all about it and lose it altogether.

This quality cannot be cultivated; cannot be used for selfish purposes; it is only real when it comes from the heart, without the help of any artificial help.

UNSELFISHNESS, thoughtfulness for others and warm-heartedness form its foundation.

Without these qualities the little actress would have a hard time making anybody believe that she really is what she seems to be.

But in her case everybody just knows she is.

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The old story of two men and a maid. The man who was determined to have what he wanted though the whole world stood in the way; the man who lost out, and the girl swept off her feet by primitive lovemaking, and yet bound down by her conventional up-bringing.

CHAPTER LIV

The Choice

AT THAT moment Theo felt that she hated Richard Blakeslee. He left her no choice. If she refused to marry him now she would be placed in an intolerable position. His manner terrified her, and to marry him, to trust herself to him in this coldly calculating mood of his filled her with fear. At that moment she even thought wildly of giving him her promise, and then breaking it and making her escape at the first opportunity, but she knew even while she entertained the thought that, having given her word, she would go through with it.

If only she had a little time to make up her mind; if only he would be merciful instead of hard and unyielding. Once she had been sure of her love for him, now she was sure of nothing, she was so frightened.

"Well," he asked again as the car began to hug the curb, "have you decided?"

"Yes," she said suddenly.

His eyes flamed suddenly, but he dropped his lids quickly over them.

"What is it to be?"

"I'll marry you."

"You give me your sacred promise to go through with this thing?"

"Yes."

At a word from Blakeslee the car came to a stop, and Theo turned on him suddenly as he rose to help her out.

"But I'll hate you always for doing this to me, always!" she said passionately.

"I'll take that chance," he returned abruptly.

A moment later they were climbing the steps of the City Hall.

Within half an hour Theodora Caldwell had become Mrs. Richard Palmer Blakeslee. She wore on the third finger of her left hand a slender band of platinum exquisitely carved and terribly portentous. In a daze she had murmured the words that made her his wife, and now she belonged to him utterly.

Very little had been said between them. It was as though a gulf of some kind separated them, even though they were bound together by the closest tie of all.

Across his consciousness as he had slipped on the wedding ring had leaped the knowledge that although she was his own under the law, he had taken her knowing that she loved another man. Now that the step was irrevocable, this fact had arisen as though to torture him, although he would not have had things any different.

In silence he handed her into the car. The warm summer twilight had set in, and lights were agleam all around them.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked suddenly, turning to her. Then suddenly he remembered. The yacht had steamed into port that day, why not take Theo there?

Leaning forward, he whispered a few words to the chauffeur and they were off. Once more he was Richard Blakeslee, the all-conquering, the imperious, entirely satisfied with his own ideas, but when the car thundered down the wharf Theo stirred suddenly from her impassive attitude.

"The yacht; are we going aboard?" she asked quickly.

"Yes."

A strange little thrill ran along her nerves; the deadly cold feeling lifted from her heart, and suddenly, miraculously, she realized that he was no longer the stranger of that afternoon. The change in her attitude brought the blood to her face in waves, and when without a word he lifted her from the car and carried her across the gang plank, she turned her lips to the rough tweed of his coat and blushed hotly at her temerity.

Everything was the same as it had been in those agonizing days when she had first realized how much she loved him. It was as though time had been suddenly turned back, only that she belonged to him now and there was no one else in the world who mattered. She loved him a thousand times more for having forced her to take this step for making her his own against her will.

There was a sudden humming of the engines and then the yacht began to move. In another moment she saw him moving toward her and there on the deck she waited for him.

"You'll find some things in your cabin," he said evenly, and then as she did not speak he leaned toward her quickly.

"My wife!" The words were husky and tender; there was more of the lover in them than the all-conquering male, and Theo, with a laugh that was half a sob, surrendered.

Afterward, with her head on his breast, she told him the truth, and above the moon laughed wickedly at the inconsistency of woman. After all, it was the same old story—the way of a man with a maid!

The End

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