

SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

Slamming the Door on a Bad Situation Doesn't Solve the Problem That Brought It About

ONE bears a great deal of bad advice given. It is often in a form such as this: "I would not stand it, if I were you."

MY MEMORY is that the last party I attended was a very successful one. It was held at the home of a friend who had just moved to a new house.

GENERAL speaking, it is not a good idea to slam the door on a bad situation. It is better to try to solve the problem that brought it about.

THE paper about a woman who had been brought up in a convent and who had never seen a man before she was married is a very interesting one.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

A False Alarm

FRATERNITY recently published a story that there are about 50,000 women in this country who are in such a state of mind that they are ready to get married at any moment.

The Woman's Exchange

It Always Comes Back

Dear Madam:—I have just received your letter of the 2nd inst. and am glad to hear that you are still in the land of the living.

SLEEVES CAN'T STAND ALONE ANY MORE



The white monkey for is an especially interesting feature.

Adventures with a Purse

HAVE you by any chance a work book or book does this year which you are wearing a hole in the cover?

Mrs. Wilson Realizes That a Good Dessert Plays a Leading Part in the Tasty Meal

And So She Presents Some That Have Sauces, Egg Whips or a Dash of Coconut to Make Them Interesting

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

Read Your Character

The Tidy Philistine

Things You'll Love to Make

Tied Back for an Evening Frock

Monday Little Lists

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Disgusted"

Yes, there are lots of nice girls and you'll find them if you look for them.

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl and would like to join some club some time ago I noticed you gave a girl signing herself "Lonesome" the address of a woman on I think it was Arch street.

Grateful for Advice

Dear Cynthia—Thank you very much for your kind advice. Just now I am glad that the girl is going to be married in a few weeks—but not to me.

Who Pays the Bill?

Dear Cynthia—I am a constant reader of your wonderful column in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, and would ask you concerning a certain condition.

Wants Him Back

Dear Cynthia—Please give me some advice. I am a girl of nineteen and I've been going with a boy friend over six months.

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The Pathetic Story of a Foreigner Who Couldn't Understand America

Carries a Lesson for Those of Us Who Are Intolerant of Human Beings From Other Countries—We Don't Try to Help Them

IT WAS a most entertaining movie, but the most interesting feature of it was the lesson that it made you learn, whether you wanted to or not.

The heroine was a little Italian wife, happy and contented with her husband and his Punctello, which made enough pennies for them to live in comparative comfort in their little home in Italy.

But the husband, Gabriel, was the one who taught the lesson. He had the America bug in his bonnet, and was not happy until he got his wife's consent to sail for the land where everybody could pick money off the trees.

How he left her behind to wait until he could find her, how he struggled to find something to do, and how she waited and watched and finally came to find him made half the story, but not the important half.

The part that made you feel so sorry began after Gabriel, at work at last in a bootblack in a barber shop, found in a friend of his a new and well-rewarded \$200 for his honesty.

The man in the shop, with a sure tip on a horse race, grabbed him and his money and made him bet on her favorite.

OF COURSE he couldn't understand. It wasn't until his hands were piled with the money that he had won that he began to get it.

There were more races, more tips and more, much more money, until Gabriel, in new, well-fitting clothes, was very rich and a successful gambler.

In spite of his pathetic efforts to explain that he had a wife in Italy, that he didn't want to marry, couldn't marry anybody else, the unscrupulous girl insisted upon his going through the ceremony, to the accompaniment of the threatening fists of her big brothers.

And it made you understand so much better the feelings of those foreigners who come to us to be hated, abused, and suffer because they cannot understand us and cannot make us understand them.

We are intolerant, many of us. WE CALL them "Wops" and lose patience with them when they talk and talk and talk in a hopeless effort to get their message across to us.

We shout at them in that foolish idea which everybody has, that you make foreigners understand if you talk loud enough to them.

It seems so silly, so "dumb" that they cannot understand what it is so simple and easy to us.

But we forget how lost we should be, how benighted, how hopeless, lonely and friendless in Italy, not knowing more than a dozen words of the language, or any of the customs.

Especially, if we were not very well educated, anyhow. Why, it would be desperate! All kinds of things could happen to us without our realizing what was going on at all.

THIS innocent man, forgetful that the little wife he had made for him had thought of doing actual wrong, had a thought of doing actual wrong.

Yet the day after his marriage, he had lost all his money gambling with a friend of his wife's, so she decided to get rid of him and marry the winner.

So she had him arrested for bigamy. And it was only through the kindness of a Judge who understood that he was a friend of his wife's, that he was released, not meaningfully, but as a matter of fact.

All these troubles that he had never had were brought about by his ignorance of a new country, and the failure of the new country to help him understand.

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