SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

Sensitive, Weakly Faces in Old Church Windows Fail to Show Real Heroic Qualities

I ONCE asked a young college boy whom I know rather well how he liked a sermon he and I had just heard from the rector of a great city church in this town. He looked dazed for a moment, and then said apologetically:

"I didn't hear him much, I was counting."

"Counting?" I asked. "I don't see how you could see all the people in the pews back of you and in the gallery."

"It wasn't the people I was counting, it was the number of feet in the stained glass windows. I think you notice them somehow more than the faces," he said meditatively, "maybe it's because they are kind of soft and bare."

THE next time I was in church I verified his count. There were forty-seven feet, all bare, and as the boy said, rather soft looking, yet in a way more interesting than the faces of the saints, apostles and martyrs above them, just as the faces of the men and women who followed Christ in any of the scenes of the windows were actually more interesting than the face of their Master. For in most of the stained glass windows the gentle, dreamy, not very strong face that is given to Him has little about it to suggest a strong man, let alone a God.

For nearly a century almost all sacred art—so called—that is used to decorate our churches and our religious books and papers has been of the sentimental German sort, of which Hoffman was the most successful exponent. And Christ, according to Hoffman, was a pretty sensitive boy, and later on a gentle and uneducated and rather pretty peasant who was doomed for an early grave because he lacked masculine robustness and natural vigor and a commanding mentality.

Yet modern painters know how to draw heroes of a wonderful sort.

THE boy who had found counting the feet of the stained glass saints and martyrs in church more uplifting than speculating on their faces had been brought up on Howard Pyle's and Edwin Abbey's and Maxfield Parrish's and N. C. Wyeth's half gods, half men, of the Greek and Arthurian and Norse and Indian and Mohammedan legends. He was a connoisseur in heroes. And the meek Mystic, who was knocking at a closed door; the mild person with children swarming about Him, and the robed frail man pointing skyward with a meaning smile of [illegible], wasn't either a hero or a god or very much of a man to his thinking.

AND indeed most of the stories that he had been told began with Christ being a peasant woman's son, and, therefore, born in a manger, and because he was poor and his parents of little account, later on working in a carpenter's shop, being without learning and always walking about the roads and being threatened by the rich and powerful. Finally, after wandering up and down the country for a few years and losing most of the friends He had, He had died a very painful death, and after that rose from the grave looking very much the same as before, meek and mild and delicate and beseeching, never masterful and almost never naturally dominating, never suggesting mystery or genius, but just sensitive and serious to the very moment when He suddenly went up, up into the sky like a picture drawn up by an invisible cord, with every one looking at the ascent, a little surprised, but not in the least terrified nor overwhelmed.

OF COURSE if this had been the actual history of Christ, His followers would be bound in honesty to teach it after that fashion, but naturally it was not. His history, and the apocalypses, His purely earthly aspect, and one wonders, therefore, why those who make pictures of Him, either in words or in art, are at such pains to leave out half the facts about Him and [illegible] a wrong [illegible] the facts that they actually state. And one wonders, too, whether the reason He is less interesting to this generation of boys and girls, who are brought up to be athletic and to delight in prowess and to admire the heroic and the adventurous and the successful and the superb, is not because through ignorance or thoughtlessness or plain wrongheadedness He has been made to appear none of these things, but generally quite the reverse.

I VENTURE to say a modern boy or girl or young man, even a college man or girl, would sit up and look surprised if the facts about Christ were told straight from history.

Suppose in Soviet Russia of today the last of the two families nearest to the inheritance of the throne of the Czars were somewhere in hiding within a day's journey of Moscow, and that of the [illegible] marriage of the two remaining members an heir was to be born.

Suppose it was necessary to register this birth in Moscow and have the child christened with all the ancient rites of royalty in the Kremlin. Suppose in order to save their lives and the life of the child that was coming his parents were living in obscurity and because they could not openly claim their possessions [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the child's father had an occupation, that of a builder.

[illegible]

AND [illegible] Soviet Government [illegible] [illegible] to get the child [illegible] [illegible] in Moscow. [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] Polish border, over which they were got safely in a way that they never [illegible] for the sake of those who had risked much to help them.

In Poland and later in Russia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

AND suppose in [illegible] of endurance, in bearing hunger and fatigue, in meeting danger, in mastering mobs and [illegible] and [illegible], in rebuking violent men in high places and in quieting fearful men and strengthening cowards, then he had shown himself in his twenties physically and mentally masterful and ready. Well, you would have a hero who would hold the admiration and the devotion of any modern youth of today!

But all this was true of Christ, historically true! It is beyond dispute! Every detail of history fits into the [illegible] of His life, and only enhances the impression of awe and fascination which is reflected on the faces of His contemporaries, not only of His followers, but of those who conspired to destroy Him, but He destroyed the [illegible] by the [illegible] of His teachings and examples.

AND that He could raise his friends and His foes and refuse to [illegible] the throne of David, when they had asked these things of Him [illegible] His legal place as King, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Him out from all other heroes [illegible]

How did He know that great [illegible] [illegible]

NO OTHER son of king had ever [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Undecided"

Treat the whole matter as a joke and if he sends the perfume through your sister-in-law tell her to thank him for you. And change the subject when she talks of him.

Would Be Trained Nurse

Dear Cynthia—[illegible] of age, and graduated from high school [illegible] becoming a nurse. Will you tell me what I should do? Is it necessary to have influence to get into a hospital? H. S.

Special influence is not necessary. Apply to a hospital's head nurse for instructions and be prepared to give references as to your character and [illegible].

Writes to "Dorothy"

Dear Cynthia—Although rather late I want to say a word to Dorothy. Dorothy, you seem to think [illegible] puffs are very attractive. [illegible] they are the style with some they [illegible] by no means [illegible] [illegible] Dorothy, tell me, do you ever see [illegible] girls with their hair like that? [illegible] they may wear their hair in puffs but they are pinned up off their faces [illegible]. To Germantown Girl: I [illegible] You are right, Miss Germantown, in your statements. As I am from [illegible] [illegible] of Germantown I do not feel at all strange. Dorothy, please let both us Germantown girls hear from you soon. Which do you think the most [illegible] [illegible]

GERMANTOWN GIRL [illegible]

Shall He Treat Her Rough?

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man married, and have a family. I work hard every day and I work on Sunday [illegible] [illegible]

No, do not treat her rough. [illegible] [illegible]

A Letter From Missouri

Dear Cynthia—Please tell me [illegible] [illegible]

BETTY [illegible]

A WHITE DINNER FROCK

There are lots of times when an all-white dress makes a welcome change from the all-black or the brilliantly colored frock. And when it is thoroughly covered with sequins and [illegible], like this one, [illegible] catches all the light and throws it out in little green and red and golden sparks, the all-whiteness is not too glaring. And the lines are so good! The round neckline, the slashed sleeves, the long waist, girdled with metallic ribbon, and the uneven hem are all of the very newest.

Mrs. Wilson Tells Interesting Origin By Indians of the Word Cranberry

The Birds Who Ate This Fruit Suggested Its Name—All Sorts of Deliciously Original Sauces Can Be Mixed With It

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE crane berry, or cranberry, as we now call it, was so named by the Indians to the Colonial settlers of New England [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Cranberry Raisin Pie

[illegible]

Cranberry Roll

[illegible]

Cranberry Sauce [illegible]

[illegible]

Cranberry Brown Betty

[illegible]

Old-Fashioned Nutmeg Sauce

[illegible]

Beat hard to blend. Now add the white of egg until very stiff, pile the stiffly beaten white of egg on end of egg beater and place in hot sauce. Beat hard to thoroughly blend. Now cook

[illegible] [illegible] and rub into flour. [illegible] for water if too thick.

Cranberry Dumpling

[illegible]

Rub between the hands to blend and then [illegible] jelly [illegible]

Cranberry Cream Sauce

[illegible]

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Round, Plump Hands

You've seen lots of round, plump hands. Sometimes they are soft, sometimes [illegible] and sometimes hard, with [illegible] skin.

[illegible]

Monday—Hasty Hands.

Things You'll Love to Make

[illegible] depend upon the length of the BRAIDED KNITTED SCARF. FLORA.

CLOSE TO THE END

The alphabet of Old English letters for marking linens is getting down toward the finish. There will be two more installments—U, V, W and X, Y, Z

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once loved a man who was unworthy of her. She is tortured with fear lest he discover the truth, for although she has done nothing wrong, he is very narrow in his ideas about women. When she discovers that Julie, Dane's little butterfly sister, is in love with Cranford Blake, the man from the past, Hawthorne is horrified. She longs to tell Dane the truth, but Blake threatens to show her girlish love letters if she interferes. Hawthorne and Dane have their first quarrel over a matter of independence of attitude, and by her evasive answers she arouses suspicion in Dane's mind.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Another Way Out

MY EYES must have shown something that was going on in my mind, for Dane sat and stared at me for what seemed a long time without saying anything. Then he spoke.

"You're not like yourself, Hawthorne. I've never known you to act like this before. I am not asking you questions because I think you have done anything wrong, but since you have suggested it yourself, why are you so excited, why can't you answer my questions without becoming hysterical?"

"I'm not hysterical, but I've been half ill all day," I began.

"I know that, and I'm sorry to worry you, but you must know my anxiety about Julie, and that's why I am asking you to help me. Julie is impetuous and foolish. She may take it into her own hands to ruin her life if she isn't curbed. I want to know more about this man Blackton."

"But I've told you all I know," I persisted. "And that doesn't satisfy you. You ask me what kind of people I went about with in the past, just as though I associated with low criminals or worse."

"Merely because I wanted to know through what kind of people you met this man Blackton," he said concisely.

He was so logical, so absolutely reasonable, and so entirely in the right that he made me feel more than ever guilty. I felt that he was waiting for me to enlighten him, to answer the question he had put to me, and I didn't know how to answer it.

"They were not the kind of people you would want Julie or your mother to know," I burst out. "They worked for a living, and were very poor, just as I was."

He was pushing me into this defiant attitude by his manner, better defiance than abject fear, better to anger him than to make him suspect me of anything worse.

"You evidently think me a snob," he said stiffly. His mouth had hardened and suddenly something seemed to snap in me.

I rose to my feet unsteadily and in a moment had flung myself into his arms.

"Oh, Dane, I didn't mean to talk to you like that, and we mustn't go away from each other, not even for a moment, I can't bear it. Be patient with me, dear, I'm not myself tonight, and I've told you everything I know." My arms were around his neck and his were holding me tightly against him. My head lay on his shoulder, and for a little moment I tasted happiness; everything else was forgotten. I wish it were possible for Dane always to hold me in his arms just as he was holding me at that moment. When we were close to each other it was impossible for other things to creep in. I was his and he was mine and everything was very simple. Things became complex only when thoughts were allowed to enter in, and yet it was impossible to get away from thoughts, they followed one everywhere.

I lay there in Dane's arms for a long time, and when he finally raised his head to look at me, his eyes were tender, and the hard line of his jaw had softened. But I knew that he was not satisfied, that once I was away from him he would begin to think again and would realize that he had discovered nothing through his talk with me.

"Why not take Julie away for a little trip?" I suggested. "That might solve the whole problem."

"Would you be willing to do that?"

"Yes, Dane, of course, if you would trust her with me." My lips curved into a smile. I felt suddenly immensely happier. To run away from it all, and to have Julie with me seemed an easy way out, even though for a time it would mean separation from Dane.

(To Be Continued Monday)

Satin Slippers

They should be sponged with a weak solution of benzine soap and rinsed in clear benzine on a sponge. Don't touch the soles with the benzine, as the color is sure to run.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In the [illegible] [illegible] what old-fashioned English names have lately been revived in good [illegible]?
2. Describe a novel lamp for [illegible]
3. How is a dressing table [illegible]
4. Who was Mary Hope [illegible]?
5. In what [illegible]
6. How can a [illegible] [illegible]

Yesterday's Answers

1. There is an unusual [illegible] [illegible]
2. A basket of colored glass, filled with [illegible] flowers, is a [illegible] [illegible] for a small table.
3. The [illegible] [illegible]
4. Mary I., Queen of England, was [illegible] Queen Elizabeth's half sister.
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]

The Atmosphere Unique
Belle Claire Tea Room
Fortieth St. & Parkside Ave.
Delicious Food—Moderate Prices

The One Woman Saw a White Raveling on the Other Woman's Nice, Neat Skirt

And She Looked at It in Such a Way That There Was No Mistaking Her Meaning—Was She Kind or Rude?

A CONTROVERSY has arisen. Come and help solve it.

This is it: Is it better, when you see a woman walking down the street with an unsightly white raveling on her skirt, with her underskirt showing just a trifle, or a lady bug walking on her shoulder, to tell her about it?

Or it is kinder not to embarrass her by calling attention to the fact?

Here is the incident that led to the controversy.

One woman was walking up the street, another was walking down.

As they passed the one woman noticed that a long white raveling straggled across the other woman's skirt, making her look rather untidy and carelessly groomed.

So the one woman, who knew the other woman, but not to speak to, gazed at that white raveling as she went by.

And, crossing the street a moment later, she glanced back.

The other woman, with halting steps caused by a slightly upraised knee as she walked, was pulling the raveling off.

Which made the one woman rather remorseful and apologetic, but at the same time glad.

SHE had made the other woman uncomfortable by her stare at that one spot on her skirt, but at the same time she had added to her appearance by causing the removal of that untidy-looking string.

And so the controversy arose—was she kind or was she rude?

Solve it by putting yourself in the other woman's place.

Suppose, although nicely dressed, and neatly arrayed, you had in some unaccountable way allowed the belt of your coat to hang unfastened and free.

It would look pretty silly, and altogether careless.

Would you, as you walked jauntily down the street, so interested in your thoughts or your neighbors that you did not bother to look at yourself in store windows, rather go on walking that way?

Or would you prefer having some one tell you about it? Not in words, but with that unmistakable lift of the eyebrows which means "I wonder why that woman doesn't fix that?"

Of course you'd prefer that, wouldn't you?

BUT, on the other hand, there is a great deal to be said against this practice which so many persons follow of gazing with apparently keen interest at, say, the third button of your coat, or the bottom of your skirt, or your shoes.

"Why, just look at that!" they seem to be saying merrily to themselves.

You wait until they have gone by and until everybody who may have seen them has gone by, and then you look down, frantically, frenziedly, your face hot with dread and embarrassment.

What is it, why should they look at you that way? But there isn't a thing wrong that you can find, and all your worry is for nothing.

That kind of questioning look can be done away with and nobody will suffer without it.

BUT still, even that has its other side; it's splendid as a defensive weapon against some one who stares at you unceasingly in a trolley, a train, a theatre, anywhere.

When you have stood it as long as you can, just fasten an interested, surprised and studious gaze on a coat sleeve, a shoe, or a button; the starer will stop staring in order to writhe.

Yes, it's quite a controversy.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

To Market, To Market

THE telephone trilled and Virginia, wondering who in the world would be calling her at 9 o'clock in the morning, hastily answered. It was Muriel Vincent.

"Virginia, dear, I'm going to market this morning. Wouldn't you like to come along, too? If you will, I'll stop and get you."

"To market?"

Muriel laughed from the other end.

"Surely! Why, dear, I always go to market Saturday morning and buy the things for Sunday dinner. It's great fun. And, besides, I save money. It isn't that the amount I save is so terribly important, but I just like to feel that I've got a business streak in me." And she laughed again.

"I'll be awfully glad to go," said Virginia.

And in half an hour the two brides were in the midst of their marketing, each with a large basket on an arm. It transpired, however, that Virginia had been called upon to stop in a kitchenware shop to buy her basket, while Muriel's was well worn and a veteran in the service.

"Isn't it fun?" trilled Muriel, as she bargained with the green-grocer for lettuce and celery.

"Awfully good fun," returned Virginia, in turn bargaining for green peppers.

"Three for a dime, lady," said the clerk.

"Three for a dime? Well, what do you know about that?" cried Virginia, [illegible] to Muriel.

Muriel shrugged.

"Of course! I told you. Why, the grocer I used to have and from whom I ordered by telephone always charged me fifteen cents for half a dozen. And more were wasted, because three were plenty for me. But one can't very well order three, you know. Not by telephone when the price is quoted at half a dollar for half a dozen. It just isn't done."

"No, it isn't done," said Virginia thoughtfully, as she hastily reflected upon her own extravagant telephone habit from which she had only lately reformed.

"And just look at those oranges," cried Virginia. "Sixty cents a dozen. Why, I've paid as high as fifteen cents apiece for them—before I bought my market basket."

"And so have I, dear," responded Muriel.

The two brides turned as they heard a hoarse chuckle behind them. A man in a long smock had stood piling fruit behind them and had overheard.

"Well, ladies, you'll excuse me if I butt in, but the whole secret of getting the best, and getting it at the lowest prices, is to come and see for yourself. Take your pick. Pay your money cash and carry it away. That's the reason we can afford to sell for less. I know a grocer over on the East Side who simply has to tack on 25 per cent for delivery. He can't help it. It costs him that. And then he has to tack on about 20 per cent more for losses on spoiled stuff. You see not many ladies come to his store—they send in their orders. So he gets stuck on a lot of perishables."

With laden market baskets Virginia and Muriel staggered happily to Muriel's coolest little town car and were borne home, gay and triumphant.

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig," caroled Virginia happily, as she bore her burden to the bright little kitchen and waited impatiently for her Paul-man's homecoming that she might tell him of her triumph.

Monday—The Rover's Way

The Woman's Exchange

Proper Food for Dog

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you kindly print in your column the proper food to give my Pekinese dog about eight months old? M. S.

Give your little dog any leftover food from your own table except potatoes. The potatoes or any sweet or starchy [illegible] not good for his digestion, but other vegetables or a little meat [illegible] will be wholesome and [illegible]

Question Was Answered

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please tell me how to get blue dye which I accidentally spilled over a white petticoat off and also please tell me what kind of a club or organization "Old Timers' Club" is, what it stands for, what age, etc., and please tell me what the name Mary means. MARY JANE.

Javelle water will take out this stain if the petticoat is cotton. You can get this at the drug store, and the directions are on the bottle. If the petticoat [illegible] use [illegible] of soda.

Your question about the Old Timers' Club was asked by some one else, and the reply was published Friday, December 2, in this column. The president of the organization wrote about it.

Mary is a Hebrew name meaning [illegible].

Adventures With a Purse

I WONDER whether these lamps are as new to you as they are to me? [illegible] [illegible]

About the latest price I have ever seen for Madeira napkins is $5.25. One shop has a number of patterns at this price. There are several designs from which to choose, many of them quite elaborate, and the napkins are [illegible].

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

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

Cream Vanilla
PUDDINE
is delicious when served with cream. But to make it doubly delicious pour over it a sauce made of Chocolate Puddine. It gives a delightful finishing touch at any luncheon, tea, party or dinner.
Eight Flavors
At All Grocers, 10c, 15c
Fruit Pudding Co., Baltimore, Md.

Fresh from the Gardens
"SALADA"
The Tea that is sure to please.
Sold only in metal packets
NEVER IN BULK
B294

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

To Make "Mother" the Happiest Woman in the World

A short time ago President Harding appointed as the new Under-Secretary of the Treasury, at a salary of $10,000 a year, twenty-eight-year-old "Spark" Gilbert, who, in the absence of Secretary Mellon, holds the portfolio of the Cabinet member and head of the Treasury Department.

The youth of the new appointee attracted so much attention that statisticians set to work into the old records of Government departments, but could find no record of an official of his rank young enough to admit of comparison.

But distinction is nothing new to "Spark" Gilbert. He has always been first—first at school, first at high school, at college and at law school. Then when there was important work to be done in the Treasury Department during the Wilson Administration [illegible]

[illegible]

A New Science

In London there is to be established an International Academy of Beauty, which is to devote the same skill and research to the cultivation and preservation of feminine physical beauty as the Royal Society devotes to science. Beauty, in fact, is to be made a science.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

[illegible] girl's escort asks for her first dance, [illegible] afterward finding as many partners as possible for her. A man seldom dances more than twice with the same girl. [illegible] his second dance he asks the daughter of the hostess or one of the girls [illegible] with her. A man [illegible] [illegible] to present him to any girl whom he wishes to ask for a dance.

[illegible] there are programs [illegible] [illegible] to put his name down for a number, otherwise he asks, "May [illegible] this dance?" After the dance [illegible] find chairs and [illegible] [illegible] interest is mutual [illegible] [illegible] for the dance, [illegible] and remains standing chatting [illegible] music resumes, when he bows [illegible] her to seek his next dancing [illegible] for a successful dancing party [illegible] must keep themselves "in cir-