SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

What It Really Means to Be Pure in Heart

A MAN, wise in the ways of the past, once pointed out to me a curious fact concerning the beliefs of the Jews about God, as they are recorded in the Old Testament. No writer of that great race of believers in Jehovah ever claimed that he had at any time seen God. Even after their great national heroes, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, David and the Prophets, had cast off mortality, it was never assumed of them, even in a material, spiritual sense, that they were at last face to face with the Almighty.

One forgets this, because compared with our own prophetless, seerless age, the prophets and seers of the Bible ages seem so near and intimate with God. But when one sets out to find a specific instance of one or another of them seeing God, there is nowhere a trace of a claim to such an experience. They had visions and dreams of God, the glory, or the fire, or the voice, or the miracle symbolizing the Deity they did experience, but the very name Jehovah, which was not a name at all, only the broken, disjointed syllables of a name that none dared so much as pronounce for fear of bringing death on himself for sacrilege, the very word Jehovah bore testimony to the awe with which the Jews regarded the Almighty.

Nor did Jesus contradict this awed belief. He is reported to have said specifically:

"No man hath seen God at any time," adding this concerning His relationship and participation in this mystery: "the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

THOSE of us who have been brought up on the stories of the Greek and Germanic myths as well as on the Old Testament have got used to the idea of men seeing their gods, but even in Greek and other pagan lore the ability to see the god implied a kind of superhuman power, some transcendent quality in the seer, more than mortal beauty, or valor, or wisdom or birth.

In an age when this was the Gentile belief and when his fellow countrymen, the Jews, held that such an idea was sacrilege, Jesus announced a great spiritual fact. He said:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

One cannot feel that He belittled the awe, or ignored the world traditions, rather did He sum up all the groping beliefs in one encompassing belief of the attainment inherent in mortal man, an attainment possible only by the dedication of a life.

IN THAT brief statement everything is implied, immortal vigor, completeness, perfection of purpose, infinite satisfaction beyond the possibility of satiety, love triumphant, eternal life! Here is a transcendent reason for life, a triumphant goal, a justification for all high endeavor—seeing God!

Men have endured untold privations to find and see the truth, and the historians, publicists, statisticians, philosophers, sociologists, reformers, explorers, scientists, artists and poets have been the heroes of the race who searched for truth that they might see it. Yet here is the Source of all Truth—God! Valor and zeal and unflinching purpose are required of those who seek to know the mind of God, what of those who would look on God Himself?

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

To be pure of heart is not only to be valiant and steadfast and zealous, it is to be that far more difficult thing—selfless.

"Not my will, but Thine."

PURITY is not innocence. A man is not born possessing it as one is born beautiful, or a genius, or masterful, or industrious. Purity "is gold tried in the fire," it is "a heart purged as with hyssop," it is a "fortress built on a rock," it is the "losing of a life," "the striving to attain," the "obedience to a heavenly vision," it is "a life hid with Christ."

Purity is more than genius, more than heroism, more even than self-denial. It is the result of a daily dedication of a soul to God. It is a heart given, not once, but a thousand times, a long trial as by fire, a life of love. Such a life, weathering all the chances and changes, comes at last to flower, eternity lies resplendent before it. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I knew one such life. She was very humble of her worth, very deprecatory as to the value of her gift of herself. For she had wished to give herself so often, and failed of a perfect gift because something was kept back. Toward the end of her long and gallant struggle she had given all of herself but one ambition, and that was for her son! Perhaps she hardly realized that in her thousandth hour of dedication love had done its perfect work, her desire had burned itself into a white flame and even that ambition to shape the destiny of one dear to her was voluntarily withdrawn in favor of a Higher Claim than even hers. I do not know, but I am told that she had a very happy look.

MY SAYING that purity is not innocence reminds me of something that happened to me not long ago on a visit to one of the Salvation Army rescue homes for women.

It is a place to which girls are taken, married or unmarried, who are about to become mothers.

I was downstairs in the little parlor talking with the officer in charge, a quiet, little, wiry Scotchwoman, when one of the girls passed the door on her way upstairs. She was young and not unhappy looking, a pretty girl, and with possibility of goodness and strength in her face.

"Are all these girls what you call 'fallen girls,' commandant?" I asked.

"Well, what you might mean by fallen and what we might mean in the army can't be quite different," she said. "We never call a girl 'fallen' who is having her first baby. It may be the beginning of her new life."

"Do you have many failures then?" I asked her, trying to adjust myself to this point of view with a very genuine admiration of its simplicity and goodness.

"I have never yet had a failure, unless you count the ones who are mentally unfit failures," she said looking at me thoughtfully.

And just here her superior officer broke in to explain.

"The commandant does not find a girl or woman hopeless quite as you might, because she has seen such rescues. We were celebrating the sixth birthday of one such rescued woman lately. She had been a drunken outcast for fifteen years. You might have called her hopeless."

I nodded. "Well," he said, "she was not hopeless, you see, and for six years she has worked in the lowest dives and for nothing but love and thankfulness. She is six years along in that new life."

I HAVE thought of her many times since, of her and others like her who have "arisen and gone to their Father." For them who have come out of great tribulations is that goal of steadfast joy—purity of heart.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

"The Marriage Gamble"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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After having married Nick Tracy without loving him in order to prevent him from ruining his life through infatuation for Daisy Castleton, a chorus girl, Carol Tracy finds herself strongly attracted by Jervis Britton, who is used to having his way with women. Carol and Britton are in the cast of a play to be given for charity, and are thrown constantly together. On the day that the play is to be given, Nick leaves town, presumably on business, and that night Britton asks Carol to go away with him. She is shocked and horrified, and realizes suddenly that her feeling for him has been nothing but infatuation while her whole heart turns to Nick. She endures agonies waiting for him to return, and the next afternoon Daisy Castleton calls on her.

Broken Barriers

DAISY had come there for a specific purpose. She had made up her mind to tell Carol what she thought of her treatment of Nick. Now that she was here, however, it wasn't so easy to say what she thought, and at Carol's grave "Won't you sit down?" she sank into a chair and drew a long breath.

At any other time Carol's reaction toward Daisy's presence would have been entirely different. As it was, she did not even feel curiosity. The feeling uppermost was to find out what Daisy wanted and to get rid of her.

But Daisy's determination to blurt out what was in her mind was too strong for her. She forgot her pity for Carol, as her thoughts went to Nick and, sitting up straight in her chair, she began to speak.

"I suppose you are wondering why I came here, but I had to come. I had to see you. I wanted to see with my own eyes what type of woman you were."

"But why?" Carol asked wonderingly. Daisy's vehemence had startled her out of her self-contemplation.

"Because," Daisy flamed, "because I love your husband!"

Into Carol's eyes leaped a look of pain, but Daisy hurried on. She had seen that look and it had somehow touched her, but she had no intention of allowing pity for Carol Tracy to keep her from saying what she had come to say.

"I love him," she repeated; "I love him more than you have ever loved him, because I love him enough to make him happy. Don't you suppose that I know he is miserable, and yet I have to stand by and see him suffer. Why, there isn't anything I wouldn't do to bring him joy and yet my hands are tied because of you."

"You mean because he isn't free to go to you?" Carol asked the question almost in a whisper.

Daisy stared. She hadn't expected this. She had expected indignation, anger, and Carol was neither angry nor indignant.

"No, I don't mean that; it wouldn't make any difference if he were free, because he loves you, and you're not worthy of him. No woman who treats a man as you have treated him is worthy any man's love. I think you're cruel and heartless and contemptible and some day you'll suffer just as you have made him suffer. I hope when that time comes you will remember."

There was a moment's silence, and then Carol slowly raised her head. An impulse to confess the truth to this girl was gripping her. Carol, the proud, the haughty, the woman who had never confided in any one, was suddenly honest with herself and the knowledge made her humble. In her heart she realized that she was not nearly as fine, for all her advantages, as this girl who had so proudly confessed her love for Nick, this girl whom Carol had always scorned as common clay.

"If it is any satisfaction to you," she said hesitatingly, "I am suffering. I've been everything you said I was, heartless and cruel and contemptible, and now, when it may be too late, I realize it all, because, you see, I love him."

She said the words quite simply, and Daisy, impulsive, warm-hearted Daisy was instantly as ready to admit as she had been a moment before to arraign. She was across the room and kneeling by Carol's side almost before she was aware of her change of feeling, and the next moment Carol was sobbing her heart out on Daisy's shoulder.

It wasn't strange that neither woman heard the rattle of a key in the outer door, and it was so that Nick, pausing in the doorway, saw them, and without making a sound turned on his heel and left them together.

WHEN Nick let himself into the apartment a second time that evening Carol was in her room just finishing dressing. Her door was ajar and she heard him come in, but he did not knock at her door or come near her.

She waited for a long time trying to decide what to do, and trying to reassure herself with Daisy's parting words.

"He loves you; he'll always love you. Don't worry about that part of it."

How generous Daisy had been, and how fine!

Nick had gone into his own room and closed the door. Carol could hear him moving about in there, and involuntarily she glanced at the door between their rooms, the door that had been closed for such a very long time. If she went to that door and knocked at it what would Nick say?

With a fast-beating heart she moved swiftly across the room and knocked at the door.

"Nick," she said softly. "Nick, may I come in?"

"Certainly," he returned. "I didn't know you were there."

A moment later Carol had turned the knob and stood irresolute on the threshold.

He had turned toward her with his usual unfailing courtesy, but there was no encouragement in his dark face. His expression was merely one of polite surprise that she should have sought him out, and her heart failed her.

She had been right. He no longer loved her. He had decided, and rightly, to put all thought of her out of his heart. If that were the case, then how could she tell him the truth?

At her continued silence he stirred uneasily.

"Was there anything in particular you wanted to say?" he asked finally.

Carol's pride suddenly flared up.

"Nothing at all. Only you've been away. I thought you might want to speak to me."

She turned away toward the open door, but his voice, speaking her name, made her hesitate.

"Carol?"

"Yes." She half turned toward him.

"Why was Daisy Castleton here this afternoon?"

"You knew she was here? You saw her?"

"I came in while you were together."

Carol lifted her blue eyes suddenly to his. "She came to tell me that I was cruel and heartless and contemptible; that I wasn't worthy of your love."

An exclamation from Nick stopped her. "How dared she do that? How dared she come here and say things like that to you?"

"But she was right," Carol insisted, gathering courage as she hurried on. "Don't you suppose I know? And when you went away and left me——" she faltered; it was so hard to go on.

"I went away to leave you free to make your choice. I wanted to be fair."

Carol threw back her head suddenly. "And while you were away I found out the truth," she said desperately.

"Yes?" Again that tone of polite inquiry.

Suddenly Carol knew that he intended to give her no encouragement, but she no longer cared whether he loved her or not. Whether it hurt her or not, he must know the truth.

"Nick," she cried, throwing out her hands in a pitiful little gesture of surrender. "Nick, I love you. I must have always loved you, only I have been blind."

He did not wait to hear any more, for in two strides he was across the room and had seized her roughly in his arms. She clung to him desperately, her face raised to his, and when he kissed her lips he realized that at last she was his; that no power on earth could ever take her from him. For Carol had met his kiss fully, as he had sometimes dreamed she would kiss him, when, proudly and of her own free will, she would give her heart into his keeping forever.

THE END

Helping Others

Thirteen thousand women hold membership in the American Association of University Women, which aims as far as it is possible to help women who cannot afford it to a university education.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

One of the surest indications of good breeding is a certain measure of indifference to other people's personal affairs. Thus the man or woman "to the manner born" never shows the slightest curiosity about the clothes, jewelry, furniture or other possessions of his or her fellow-mortals. Even a child who has been trained in the fine art of courtesy learns to control all inquisitiveness concerning the belongings of his playmates.

The visitor—man, woman or child—who stares at every object in the room or asks questions regarding the cost of this or that article, is merely exposing a lack of the early training which would have prevented this naive rudeness. The woman—usually the type of culprit is a woman—who permits herself the liberty of examining the texture of garments which belong to others gains nothing from her self-appointed inspectorship except the not-to-be-envied reputation of low-bred inquisitiveness.

A RED AND WHITE COSTUME

A plaid crepe de chine is something that we do not see very much and so is a crepe de chine cape. The red ground of the frock with its bias bars of white lines, is relieved at one side by a frill of embroidered white batiste. The cape is the full-gathered kind, without any particular shape, but with enough style to make up for any lack that there may be. The hat is a red kid toque trimmed with red flowers, topping off a very obvious costume in a decidedly apparent way!

Photo by Central News

After Marriage, What Then?

Is a man content to have his wife cook him good meals and keep his house and herself neat and clean? Will he be satisfied with just a good housewife? Women who think so are

"DELUDED WIVES"

like Judith Carlyle. But Judith's husband loved her, and took her with him in the search for beauty. It wasn't until she saw him becoming infatuated with another woman that she realized what he really wanted—and tried to give it to him.

Hazel Deyo Batchelor

has drawn a stirring picture in this new serial, which begins

ON MONDAY EVENING

Adventures With a Purse

WE WERE having a discussion about all the lovely spring things in the shops. "Of course," said one of us, "spring isn't really here yet, but somehow one does want to buy things."

"Yes," was the reply, "and the worst of it is that if you do not get what you want now when you do want it it won't be there. Like buying Christmas things early." And there's a lot of truth in that, too. Which is why I tell you about the vests and cuffs now. Nice gingham "fronts," Peter Pan style, in blue and white, yellow and white or green and white. The collar and cuffs are edged with pointed heavy white material. Such a set you will want for your sweater when the days are warmer. But I doubt whether later you can get these for their present unusual price of $1 for the set. That is why I tell you of them now.

Oh, yes! and the dolls. They are running. They are of cardboard and stand about six feet high. One has on a smart little yellow frock with ducks painted brown. Her skirt lifts up to display a frilly little net petticoat. But here is the surprise. The petticoat is filled with luscious little gum drops. My but this doll would delight some small lady's heart! Her cost is $1.25.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 8000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Interesting Women

The Rev. Norman Camille Brown, of Bloomington, Ill., well known as a preacher and temperance worker, first occupied a pulpit when she was but fifteen years old.

Commandant Emma Westbrook, seventy years old, has been a soldier in the Salvation Army for forty-two years. During nearly the whole of this long period her labors have been confined to cities in the Southern States.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Where was the first women's hospital in the world founded, and how many years ago was it established?
2. In what careful way should brushes be washed and dried to preserve their fresh stiffness?
3. When one wishes to dye something, what shade can be successfully attained by starting with any color material except navy or black?
4. For women of from thirty-thirty-four years, who are four feet eleven inches tall, what is the right weight?
5. What kind of blouse is sure of a delighted welcome from the little girl who wants to wear one with a plaited skirt?
6. Of what stuff and in what manner are the newest and smartest of sweaters made?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A number of the girls of Siam follow the unusual occupation of being guides.
2. By having the curtain parts of cream-colored dotted swiss, with a piece of cretonne covered with gay animals tacked across the lower half of the shade itself, some window draperies for the nursery give a touch to the room that the child who plays in it will love.
3. In order to keep a comb clean it should be soaked frequently in cold water to which several drops of ammonia have been added; after a half hour of this treatment the comb is cleaned finally with a small hairbrush, rinsed and wiped dry.
4. The weight of a girl from twenty-five to twenty-nine years old, whose height is four feet eleven inches, should be 116 pounds.
5. Of finest white wool, loosely woven, with a border designed of bright colors or each end, is a smartly attractive knitted scarf.
6. To wear with the always nice Peter Pan collar, a crepe de chine tie, about two inches wide, which is made double and tied softly in a bow, is a perky little bit of fanciffulness.

BUFFALO BILL'S ANNIVERSARY

See the "Memorial to Buffalo Bill," by Charles W. Duke, to appear in the Magazine Section of next Sunday's Public Ledger.—Adv.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Invite Him Up to Dinner

Dear Cynthia—I have been ashamed to write before, but I thought delaying would be no help, so that is why I am writing. I have been going with a very nice boy for three years. He always took me out, so I got to love him more and more. Now, I moved a distance from him and see him less. He seems to have forgotten completely about me. I love him too much to give him up like this. Please tell me, dear Cynthia, how I can get him to take me out again. ROMONA.

Cheers for American Girls

Dear Cynthia—Please print following to "Foreign Girl." Do not think, miss, that America is proud of any country but her own; also, Miss Foreign Parentage, what is worth being proud of is worth fighting for. And you cannot be for more than one country at a time. As for me, I am 100 per cent American, with not a drop of foreign blood in my veins; nor have I any Indian blood. But all American, every bit of me. And no other but American girls will do. If they do not want me no foreign girl can have me. In 1776 when we were fighting for freedom, maybe your father was at war against us. And now you are over here trying to make war on American girls. Well, that won't go with American girls' brothers.

If our fathers did not want our sisters to have pride they would not have brought them up that way. So long live Miss America. MR. AMERICA.

Parents Are Separated

Dear Cynthia—I would like to ask you a question or two which I cannot go to my mother or father about, as my mother and father are separated. There was a disagreement between them and they do not live together. At this time I am staying with my mother, and she says I should not go and see my father. I am past seventeen years of age, and would like to know if it would keep a fellow away from going with a girl if her father does not live home, and want could she tell a young man who takes her out and asks where her father is? My father is living a distance from me. I do not see him often. Should I go and see him, or is my mother right? I work in a factory and make my own living.

A DOWNTOWNER.

The separation of parents is always very hard on the daughter, but it should not keep her friends from seeing her. If any one asks, it's usually more simple to say that your parents are separated. Otherwise keep your own counsel.

It's perfectly all right to go see your father or have him come see you. Because he and your mother have quarreled is no reason why you should quarrel, too.

In a Quandary

Dear Cynthia—About three years ago I met a young man and we became very good friends; in fact, our friendship grew into love. He asked me to marry him, but I explained I could never marry him on account of religion, of which my father would strongly disapprove.

Now, there is another girl this man knows and had taken out long before I was ever acquainted with him and this girl has found out we are friends and were almost engaged. This made the girl jealous, however, and she is trying every possible thing to separate us. She even went so far as to write my parents an anonymous letter condemning this man to the lowest; at the same time she is after him every chance she gets. This man has told me himself he never loved her. This girl I found out through experience is very sneaky and I was informed she is making trouble when and wherever she can.

Now, this man keeps telling me how he loves me, but still he takes this other girl out once in a while. Should I ask him why he does this, as he says he doesn't love her, or should I ignore it? I also had a date with this man one night and he didn't show up (the first time he ever did this). Later I was told he was out with this girl on the same night. Do you think, Cynthia, he loves this girl in any way? I'm sure he loves me when he proposed to me. Please tell me what you would do in my place, how to act toward this fellow and girl. Should I ask this man why he takes this girl out when he doesn't care for her or would it be better not to ask? This man's birthday is pretty soon; should I give him a gift? If so, what would you suggest, Cynthia? I like this young man very much and I certainly wouldn't want to lose his valued friendship now.

IRENE N.

If you will not marry this man you cannot hold his friendship exclusively. He has proposed to you, you have refused, and probably wisely, but you cannot object to his going with other girls. You have no right to.

Send him a birthday present if you want to, a fountain pen, a silver knife, a book or some such thing.

Things You'll Love to Make

A FRENCH NOVELTY POWDER-BOX makes a delightful accessory for your dressing table. Use an ordinary pasteboard powder box as the foundation. Cover the top with white silk or paper. Paint the face upon it as shown. If you think you are not able to do this, find a picture of a pretty or attractive face that will fit the top of your box and paste it on. Loops of worsted glued to the box form the hair. Use either orange, yellow or black, whichever you prefer. Glue a ruffle of lace or ribbon around the edge of the cover. Finish this fascinating FRENCH NOVELTY POWDER-BOX with a bow of ribbon perched jaunty at one side of the head. FLORA.

Somebody's Mother Has Lost Her Cheer Since Somebody Went Away to Study

You Cannot Be Very Jaunty When a Person You Love Very Much Seems to Forget All About You

SOMEBODY'S mother is not happy. She used to be so jaunty and cheerful, too.

That was before Somebody went away. Somebody, you see, is the only one, and Somebody's Mother just lived for her.

But last year Somebody got the idea that she must express herself in art, and, of course, it wasn't possible for her to study properly at home.

She had to go away to another city that is almost a day's journey distant, in order to get the right kind of instruction and environment, and all that.

Somebody's mother was heart-broken at her decision, but, as always, glad to give her what she wanted and proud of her determination.

So she helped her get the "trousseau" ready, picked up some nice little things here and there that would brighten up a room in a boarding house, and then took the almost-a-day's journey to do the brightening herself.

As she has been doing ever since Somebody first appeared, she accepted the situation and then exerted herself to make it as pleasant as possible for Somebody.

But it was hard, desperately hard, to come back to the house and know that Somebody wouldn't be coming back for at least a year.

That empty bedroom!

THE year is almost up now, but there have been very few letters from Somebody.

Of course, the work is absorbing, and there are new friends who take up much time, and then Somebody has never had to do anything much that she didn't just exactly and thoroughly want to do—so there aren't many letters and no week-end visits at all.

And, oh, but Somebody's Mother does feel it!

The jauntiness is all gone and the cheerfulness is not very deep now.

She doesn't dress so well as she used to—there's nobody to tell her what is becoming and what isn't.

THERE are so many somebodys' mothers!

Sometimes Somebody gets married and goes to a distant place to live. She is happy and interested in her new life, her new friends, her new home; after a while there are babies to look after and think about, and her old home can take care of itself.

Mother is just Mother and she ought to know how much there is to do around a house, especially with young children.

And so another Somebody's Mother is made lonely and depressed and sad.

IT ISN'T that she wants to run things for her daughter, or keep a watchful eye on her, or interfere in her life.

She has no desire to do anything of that kind because she knows that that would make Somebody unhappy and discontented.

Somebody's comfort, contentment and happiness have been the one aim and thought in the life of Somebody's Mother for so many years that she would not be likely to change now.

No, it isn't a frustrated desire to do anything like that which makes Somebody's Mother so bewildered and unhappy now.

It's just the fact that Somebody seems to have forgotten all about her.

It hurts more than anything that Somebody's Mother has ever had to bear.

A LITTLE thought now and then, a short remembrance, a piece of love wrapped up in a hasty but frequent note isn't very much, do you think, to give some one who has always given you all her thoughts and all her love?

Even if it does cost you a little trouble?

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Limitations

Did it ever occur to you what a pity it would be to have everything?

All the fun there is in striving, the joy of succeeding, the pleasure in each improvement in our lives, would be denied us.

The poor little rich girl who is born with a room full of toys waiting for her never knows the ecstasy the cook's child experiences over her first rag doll. And unless she is gifted, too, with very wise parents, she will all her life miss other joys because they came to her as ready-made fixtures in the setting to which she was born. She is likely, too, to miss the thrill there is in healthy wanting, working and acquiring.

But the fun for us who have less in getting more is not the greatest advantage. It is what such limitation makes of us that counts most.

I heard a brilliant and famous lawyer discussed the other day by a well-known old Judge, who said: "He deserves double credit for his success because he started with the disadvantage of a rich father and powerful connections."

And the keen old Judge spoke the truth. For just as poverty is a powerful spur, wealth and "connections" are to a young man dangerously like an inviting crutch that may eventually make him lame. They rob him of incentive. And if he takes advantage of these things he may never know success. And something in him that counts more than either will have been wasted.

It is not only to the big things that some of us owe everything we have in the incentive of our limitations. In many of the lesser elements that still contribute so much to making life richer and more interesting it is frequently a limitation that brings us our greatest boon.

A girl I know, for instance, who had always been looked upon as rather commonplace, is now quite a personage in her set as an authority on interior decorations, which she first studied to enable her to make an attractive home out of the slight resources of the young man she married.

Of the women who owe their sole claim to distinction and the most colorful interest in their lives to a one time need to earn extra money, there are legion. And I know scores who are real personalities with a meaning in life only because of some limitation, not always financial, that forced them into what is now one of the most absorbing things in their lives.

So, when we are chafing over something we have not got or something we cannot do or envying somebody who is not so restricted, we may be cussing a limitation that holds more for us in happiness than we could possibly get out of having what at the moment we think we want.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

On Gallantry

"PAUL!"

"Huh!" he grunted absently.

"Paul, do you take off your hat when you ride in an elevator with ladies?"

He twinkled across the room at her.

"Do I? Well, that depends on what elevator it is."

Virginia chuckled.

"Now I was just sure you'd say that. What difference does it make? I've noticed it for ages—it all depends on what elevator it is, and, anyway, why should a man take off his hat when riding in an elevator with women? What's the difference?"

"It isn't a difference; it's a distinction."

"Oh, Paul—words, words!"

Paul shrugged.

"Oh, I don't know, honey. It's a custom that nobody started. I guess it was automatic."

"Well——"

"Of course, a man takes off his hat when he rides in an elevator in a hotel or a department store when women are aboard."

"But——"

"But not in an office building.

"Why?"

"Search me," he growled cheerfully. "I don't know. We just do it."

"Why does a man stand on the street with his hat in his hand and talk for ages to a woman. Why?"

Paul looked troughtful.

"Not many men do. It depends on the age and appearance."

"Nonsense! The age and the appearance!"

"Of the woman, I mean," he said quickly.

"Oh!"

"Men make their own rules for that stuff. It all depends, I imagine, on individual temperaments and environment. Single men are not inclined to be fussy about that sort of thing. I've noticed."

Virginia considered thoughtfully.

"Yes, that's the sad part of it. Men seem to forget those nice little courtesies—after they're married."

He chuckled—the effish.

"But married men have more respect for the woman in a way. You never catch a married man standing in the car—that is, giving up his seat to a woman there—you get."

Virginia stared at him with something close to a glitter in her blue eyes.

"Do you call that having more respect for women?"

Paul wriggled in his chair.

"Sure, honey! A married man knows that a woman is more than his social and economic equal. Why should he insult her by assuming she is weaker? Why should he hold her up to public ridicule or sympathy by assuming she is a cripple or——"

"Paul!"

He returned her stern look with composure.

"Well! That's what it amounts to. Why, no woman, with any pride, any self-respect, would think of accepting a man's seat. I should say not. Why——"

He paused.

"Do you mean to tell me that if you saw me in a car you'd not get up and give your seat, you old fraud?" demanded Virginia.

"Oh, that's different. The theory doesn't apply to good looking young girls. I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that you recognize to stand. We were talking about ordinary women. I've got an idea——"

He spoke to deaf ears. The person in question was gone.

"You darling old fellow," she said. "I'm for you, Paul, and the rest of them. Oh, how silly you are."

He pretended to be serious.

"Yes, I didn't a young boy named Lincoln about for a number of years ago," he said thoughtfully.

(Continued Monday)

The Woman's Exchange

Her Dress Is Spoiled

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a green organdie dress (pea green) and black ribbon was drawn through the neck and sleeves, and when the dress was washed the ribbon faded and the black ran all through the dress. Can you tell me of anything that can remove this?

EVER FAITHFUL READER.

I'm sorry, but there is nothing that will take out the black without taking out the green, too. You could dye the dress all over again, a darker shade of green or a dark blue, so that you can still use it, for it would be too bad just to lose it entirely. Or you could take out all the color with javelle water and wear it white.

Not Too Old to Learn

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl of twenty-two years and five feet three inches tall. I weigh 134 pounds. I would like to learn dancing, that is, toe dancing and esthetic dancing. Would I be too heavy or too old to learn this? Dancing has been my sole ambition, but I have not had an opportunity before of learning. M. L. L.

You are a little over weight, but stout people can learn to dance lightly on their feet, and there is nothing to prevent you learning to dance, although you could never use your knowledge for stage work if anything like that. And would not be possible for you to learn to dance. That should be started in childhood. But plenty of girls of your age have started in and have become very graceful and skilful in esthetic dancing. Perhaps if you work hard you will be able to use your skill in amateur theatricals or in a small way on the professional stage. Only your teacher can tell you that as you progress. I hope you will enjoy it and be very successful.

Getting Rid of Them

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As you have helped me before I am trying again for advice.

I am greatly troubled with red ants, particularly in the kitchen closet. They get on the dishes or anything else put in there. If I put cake away in the buffet and go after it in an hour or so it is covered with ants. They are in the refrigerator, too. So you can see how disgusted I am. PEGGIE.

Strong soapsuds are very effective in chasing the ants away. Or you can sprinkle powdered borax around.

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