Contacts of Four Women Strike Fire in Heart of One Who Understood

in my copy were acquaintances that she could tell me more about if she

cared to; and once or twice she stopped me to ask me if I did not mean this or

that and suggested a word that might be better. She was right each time and so impersonal that I liked her inter-

about Sunday pians and an excursion out of town and 'two men at least and maybe Bob, if he can get off,' and

with a remark or two about the cranki-ness of one of their late customers and

his impossible manuscript and his un-reasonableness and about there being no

WE a friend who was given a things like funerals. It seemed that writing job not long ago. Her every time they went out they met a funeral! And he would sort of look for the audience numbered more than

reds and read in their papers about ons. So now as I write I see their then back to their two rooms. into their houses and over their shoulders at their daily news and I am

The Woman at the Gate in Kansas

TT WAS raining, and the roads were sodden with wet and the bare fields just plowed were half under water. In that flat country nothing seems to run off. As far as the eye could reach great bare farms and here and there a low house and some income there a low house and some income looking outbuilding, with a few trees, reached by a long, muddy lane from the rutted high road. In the fields cattle and half-demolished hayricks and there a circle where last year's Every so often the train would rum-

ble through a smallish town with an open space round the station, a grain elevator, some cattle pens, little low tores one-storied, muddy streets with wooden houses scattered along them, and then without warning the bare fields and farms again.

"I saw the woman turn into the lane

of one farm from the muddy highway and then pause and face the train watching it as we swept by. Her arms were full of bundles of various sorts as she stood. She was in her skirt must have been bothersome for that wet, slippery walk; it was longer than modern skirts, a best skirt a dozen years or so ago. I could not see her face, but her body zpressed a sort of interest in our progress and yet indifference to ourselves.
Looking past her up the long lane to had plenty of work to go home to, and

couptiess some comfort.

"What struck you afterward was that she had held her bundles as though their purchase had meant something of an event, as though perhaps."

"What struck you afterward was the had held her bundles as though their purchase had meant something of an event, as though perhaps."

"The property of their tempers or their hold on their holds."

"The property of their tempers or their hold on their holds."

"What struck you afterward was the property of their holds."

"What struck you afterward was the business, and it was the property of their holds."

"What struck you afterward was the bundles as the had held her bundles of an event, as though perhaps her ing off to the town and getting back had meant something of a conquest, and he deliberate facing about to watch the train had had in it something, too, of bravado, as though she had said:

"I don't want to go where you are going. I do not want what you have!

going, I do not want what you have! That's not what I'm standing here

"I don't want to go where you are going, I do not want what you have! That's not what I'm standing here staring at you for. I'm only wondering if, when any of you strike St. Jo tonight, you might possibly see Jennia, my daughter, who's gone there to work in a store. If you do, tell her the waists and material came all right, and I'm taking them home this minute."

The Woman on the Embankment Near the Bayou

"A LL Louisiana seems either an emaryou, and all afternoon the train had run through express forests hung with most, and then out again into the open of the cane fields, and then across a widened river through a little town with a French name, with whitewashed cabing and resting Negroes, and so into a cypress forest again. Strong all along the track were Negro women and girls and children fishing in the diches on either side, intent, lethargic, yet chattering to one another and oblivious of us as we swept by.

Then suddenly on the edge of a wide burnt-over field two white women, one and girl in a bright sweater, stood arm-in-the fact of the control of the capt of the disciples He includes the generation of His followers who were yet them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the evil of the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the evil of the world, but that Thou shouldst take them from the evil of the many the proposed the can fields and the proposed that they may all be one, even as Thou shouldst take them from the evil of the many the proposed the propo

Please Tell Me

By CYNTHIA 'To "Bebe, Corinne and Connie" Why did you write three letters? Be perfectly natural with the young man, and do not take it seriously whether he is indifferent or seems to like you. You are too young to be worried about such things.

What to Do

writing job not long ago. Her alle audience numbered more than fullion readers, scattered all over them and speak of it later—until, well country. After she had taken the she got scared because she thought take was not up to it. She said, for thing, she did not know her andispeak of thing, she did not know her andispeak of thing. She could not visualize them.

I have her when she was in the depths the work and seemed about to give the was not up to it. She said, for thing, she did not know her andispeak of thing and the properties of them and speak of the was noarly at the end of her tether to know what to do next. If she could not leave him to tell him. She could not

Into their houses and over their shoulders at their daily news and I am some now of the things they know that I do not know, and the things that I lobby floor and there you were, almost hitting your head against the tegether, and I am no longer afraid to write for them."

I asked her to show me if she could by just a word picture some of the faddeen. And she showed me four, lost as the memory of them happened to come to her while we sat talking in her firstless.

The Public Stenographer in the San Francisco Hotel

Out went up some steps off the law written to you, but it is not for that we written to you, but it is not for have written to you. but it is not for have written to you, but it is not for have writte "Harp" Searching for Ideal Girl of which I own), dancing, swimming and ce skating. I found one and only one of the skating of th to her slippers she was quite all right as to dress, and businesslike and very prosperous as to manner. She handled my dictated matter with an amused air as though all the persons I alluded to

earn.
3. Ice skating, if she has not a pair of skates I shall or can loan her a pair. of skates I shall or can loan her a pair.

4. Be able to drive a car.

5. Like fishing and not be afraid to bait her own hook, as most girls are,

6. Have clothes for all occasions and always look nice, so that she can go anywhere on short notice,

7. Be a good cook.

"She had been working all day, yet I despise.

9. Be over five feet in height and weigh not more than 150 pounds.

10. Be fair looking, need not be a Georgia Peach, but at least more than heard her tell one worried man who appeared breathless with an important letter to go at once that she would be on hand until ten-thirty that evening, havhand until ten-thirty that evening, having a good deal of back work to make up, so that his stuff could be put through and got off before she closed for the night if he would come back. Her assistant, on the other hand, began leisurely to "doll up" for leaving promptly on the stroke of five.

"They both conversed over my head while I was re-reading my stuff, about Sunday pians and an excursion

Georgia Peach, but at least and passable.

Philadelphia, as you will admit, is a large city, but so far I have only succeeded in finding one girl who had all these requirements. But a better man than I married her. But my motto is, "Search On." and I know I shall find another one to take her place.

HARP.

You want pretty much of an "all-around" girl, don't you, Harp? Good luck to you in your search.

"Speed Ball" Disagrees With "Mutt and Jeff"

ness of one of their late customers and his impossible manuscript and his unreasonableness and about there being no time now until after ten to stop for eats, on the part of the one who was left in charge, the two separated.

"I liked them both. I liked their ability to put through their work without looking tired or frazzled or losing their tempers or their hold on their holiday. I liked their faithfulness and yet their asking and accepting no favors from each other where business was business, and it was the right of one to go and of the other to stay on and finish. I admired the buoyant, agreeable way the one who remained said good-night to me as I, too, went my way, and then the next instant was deep in the cranky one's 'impossible manuscript,' tapping it off with unhurried, decided fingers."

Dear Cynthia—Sometimes when I am looking through the paper I stop and read your wonderful column for a few minutes. I have never written by your readers. In reading your column the other day lost interested in two articles, one by two fellows signed Mutt and Jeff, the other by a flapper called Puppy and I would like to pass some criticism on them.

Mutt and Jeff write that they are disgusted with girls just because they have seen girls with bobbed hair, short skirts, etc., and they say that girls of two different created in two articles, one by two fellows signed Mutt and Jeff write that they are disgusted with girls just because they have seen girls with bobbed hair, short skirts, etc. and they say that girls of wonder what Mutt and Jeff that the manuscript, tapping it off with unhurried, decided fingers."

TOWN the content of the one who was underful column for a few minutes. I have never written by our readers. In reading your column the other day in some of the articles written by our readers. In reading your column the other day before but have been extremely interested in two articles. In would like to pass some orticles, one by two fellows signed Mutt and Jeff. the other by a flapper called Puppy and I would li

THE JAUNTINESS OF A QUILL

There is something about these stiff feathers which gives style of its own to a straw hat. This one aids it by providing a flat resting place on the front of its split brim. The heavy braiding on the coat frock is worthy of as much notice as the hat gets

Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT

TIRGINIA had obviously been think-Ving deeply upon it.
"Paul, honey, do I really nag?"



"I?" Very much surprised, he was, about it. I didn't say you nag me, and even if I said such a thing in my life." did, I didn't mean it, of course. Good-"You did, dear! You said so yes-

terday."
Paul shamelessly hugged her and kissed the adorable dimple in her chin. "Bad girl, you. Old man never said any such thing. Never in the world. Never even thought of it before—not till just now when you simply cudgeled the idea into my head." He kissed her again. "Nope, dear, that's one thing I can say about you -you never nag." She fingered his necktie, but now her

"You said I nagged you—yesterday."

He grew stern—and just the least bit
wearied with the discussion. "Now, honey, you know I never said ou nagged. It's quite impossible.

Ah, Virginia, why not let it go at that? But-no! "Paul, dear," she went on gravely,

you said that I mag you. I suppose you've forgotten it, but-Paul drew back almost terrified, but it seemed that Virginia was upon the very brink of tears.

"Oh, come, come, dearest; you know

Adventures With a Purse AM going to tell you about lead Can You Tell?

"Nope, honey—you're only a little ose," he said. goose." he said.

And he favored himself with an elaborate with his

rate wink, quite in confidence, with his reflection in the mirror above their tiny

(Continued Monday)

ness, darlin', don't let's have a silly tiff about that, Lord knows, there's

enough to worry about what happened yesterday."
"There! I knew you remembered

nagger, I suppose-

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer pencils that can be had either in Why Blue Serge Looks Best on Most Men sterling silver or in a silver finish. And

The Unconscious Sinner By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Dick Wheeler asks Cleo Ridgefield to marry him and when she refuses, calls her a heartless firt and tells her that she will be sorry all her life. Cleo is frightened at the threat, and Dick, half mad with the thought that she does not love him, is about to end his life, when his guardian, Carey Phelps, arrives in time to prevent the cutastrophe. CHAPTER VI

The Plan

CAREY'S scheme to make Cleo pay of the suffering she had caused Dick was colossal. All his life he had been cynical concerning women. He had a contempt for their weaknesses, and such a woman as he judged Cleo to be was fair prey.

His plan was to meet her, and to play her own game more skillfully than she had ever played it. He would win her love, bring her in abject abandonment to his feet and then laugh at her as

haps it was partly because of the way she feels.
women had thrown themselves at him that he thought so little of the sex; but he would enjoy a battle with an experienced coquette, a woman who had many scalps attached to her balt. It would be a game well worth playing and one which he was quite confident of If he could have seen Cleo at the

heartless coquette, or a deliberate firt. She was not even a baby vamp or a cold-blooded little flapper; but she was a very much frightened and rather disillusioned girl. She was unhappy and sick at heart because of what had happened. She was fearful of the consequences, and she actually distrusted herself because of the things that Dick

His accusations had made.

That is one of the secrets of being a successful teacher.

Children naturally respond to some one who seems to talk their language, and to know why it is a good language to talk.

They are not wise enough to make any effort themselves to meet the mind of a teacher, but they are quick to come

Through a

His accusations had made her see her own experiences in a different light, and until tonight she had been so happy. She had given herself lavishly to life, and life had hurt her. Dick, her good friend, had misunderstood her, he had accused her of encouraging him, of leading him on, and it wasn't true. Dick had always been so reverent with

There had never been light caresses and kisses between them, just a rather beautiful friendship that was now smirched with sordidness and seemed

heap and ugly. In her nightdress, over which she had thrown a light negligee, Cleo sat hud-dled at the foot of her bed. She was fearful of what tomorrow might bring. She was uncertain as to just what Dick had meant by those wild words, but that terrible suspicion persisted. Suppose he did something desperate. If he did, her own life would be over. She would never marry; she would never know what it meant to love a man with all her heart and soul, for just as Dick had her daughter to be "more like other said, he would stand between her and the man she would some day love. The shadow of his memory would be with her calling me a mean old nagger, I just always.

In the darkness she threw out her

Paul smothered another exclamation.
"My goodness, Virginia, you're not going to keep on talking about it all night, are you?"
She shivered stagily, theatrically.
"Well, if I'm really a terrible old name." I suppose..." Hot tears stole down her cheeks.

Love, what was it? Half her life intended her to be herself—not just she, had dreamed about it, and always girl. And insofar as she is unconsciously it had seemed to her that it loomed just ahead, that her days were filled with a ahead, that her days were filled with a kind of a husband waiting for its coming. And as she crouched there in the darkness, crying out her heart for a darkness. To the indifferent and uncaring we The shower broke and she stemmed the teary flood with a foolishly tiny handkerchief. He held her in his arms till it was "Paul." she murmured, lips trem-bling pathetically as she turned her face up to his, "am I a nagger?" He kissed her good-humoredly. her, but what a love! It was a love that would take all and give nothing; it was the love that Carey Phelps was planning to throw in her face after he was sure that he had won her heart.

(To Be Continued)

The Woman's Exchange

Social Service to the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly give me the information regarding how many years of schooling are required for a general Social Worker. A DAILY READER. If you are a college graduate, you can finish the course in one year, otherwise it takes two.



Why It Was That She Was Misundersta

But Nobody Will Ever Understand Her Until She Is Will to Give Sympathy in Proportion as She Gets It

"They don't understand me!" she wailed the other day. "They want me You may meet a stranger and bee appy at home.

if she goes about getting their sympathy in the way that she has chosen. She wants to get entirely without giving, and nobody ever got anything worth while that way.

she had laughed at Dick. The idea delighted him. He thought it would be great fun, and he could hardly wait to make his first move.

Carey was not a boy; he was thirtyfour, nine years older than Dick. He had a lean, swarthy face and gray eyes that had never been known to soften under the influence of a woman. Perhaps it was partly because of the way.

Knowing perfectly well that she is breaking away from all the tradition of her family, wounding their pride and asking them to appreciate sometime that they know nothing of, she still expects them to accept her undertaking with the same enthusiasm that Knowing perfectly well that she is

But far be it from her to exert her-self one little bit to understand how the idea must strike them. She wails because they don't under-stand her, but she doesn't make any attempt to find out why they don't.

VOU never can make people under I stand you unless you try to under-

By JEAN NEWTON

Be Yourself

"If she were only more like other girls!" a mother complained about her daughter, a charming child.

What specific fault she had to find I cannot now remember. I do know it was nothing victous or reprehensible just "if she were only more like other

girls!"

The child was an individual, a real person—and her mother wished she were "more like other girls!"

If we were all alke, cut after a paper pattern, what a dull world this would be! And what is the peculiar essence that is called charm, what arouses interest in us but the "difference" about us? Yet many people are afraid to be in

dividuals, to be themselves.

Like this foolish mother who wanted her daughter to be "more like other conceal their real selves which is all here is about them that is worthwhile When God made your little girl

herself will she charm.

We are all a little different from everybody else; and that this adds

at the railroad we are so many pas-sengers; in the theatre, so many to seat; to the restaurateur, so many "head." But to your mother you are "head." But to your mother you are you and your sweetheart says he loves you because you are "different!"
So be yourself. Don't try to efface the imprint of God's handiwork.

> Read your Character By Digby Phillips

Work for the Long and the Short-Headed

Maybe you are, yourself, in an ex-ecutive position. Maybe you are not, but expect some day that you will be. Here's a problem for you: Suppose you have arrived at a point where you have two jobs to hand out. One of them is the kind of position which requires attention primarily to present problems, requires concentration, and at the same time requires adaptability. Let us say that you are a builder, that you are going to employ two architects and that the foregoing work will be that of drawing plans, first for one building and then for another.

The work of the other architect will

be that of dealing with the sub-con-tractors, seeing that they do their work properly, that they don't interfere with one another, and that in spite of the friction that is bound to arise now and then, they finish their jobs in a spirit of good will toward you and will be ready to give you the best serv-ice they can in the future. Now you have two candidates who, so far as their training and experience

go, are equally good. One of them has a long head, the other a short head. To which will you give which job?

Give the drawing of the plans to the short-headed one. He has not the same tradency to drawing the short-headed one. endency to far-sightedness that other has. He's not so sociable in his inclinations and is therefore better able to concentrate on material work. Also he is changeable, and therefore would readily jump from the plans of one operation to another. The long-headed fellow, you will find, has more tendency to be far-sighted. He is essentially a planner and organizer, a politician capable of holding to a policy or a princi-ple far into the future. Monday-Wide and Narrow-Head Jobs

THE bobbed-hair girl with the great halfway to give their share of sympathy as soon as she gives her half in tryler to understand them.

wailed the other day. "They want me to do the things that they have always done for years, and I can't do it. I won't do it. I must make myself. They think it's foolish!"

She paused in very horror at the idea of their thinking her great inspiration foolish.

"They don't understand me at all!" she finished, lamely.

And they never will understand her the goes about getting their sympathy

I casual friends.

But you could stay right there for years and years if you did not happen to find a mutual interest at once, and neither of you tried to find the inner most likes and dislikes of the other. That's what friendship is, the knowledge and appreciation of some one elsewed and heart.

In the search for this you are sure to show some of your own secret desires and aversions, and so in trying to understood.

This is the surest basis upon white

heart understood.

This is the surest basis upon which to found a friendship; there are many that spring up overnight, flourish with too much enthusiasm and die a pathetic.

unmourned death in a very short time TOU'LL find this seeking to under-

I stand necessary in every phase of

riage—yet there are so many persons who have not learned this fact.

They try to manage life just as the bobbed-haired girl is doing it, or at-

bobbed-haired girl is doing it, or attempting to.

They want to get all the understanding and sympathy and leniency possible
for their whims and foibles, but it
doesn't occur to them that they should
give in proportion as they get.

And so there are misunderstandings
and so there are unnecessary quarrels,
and so there is unhappiness, and so the
bobbed-haired girl wails and moans and
feels abused. feels abused. She'll have to change her methods and so will the others if they are ever going to get themselves understood and appreciated in this world.

AWNINGS

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