SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

The Real Meaning of Giving Part of Oneself With a Gift

means a check book, or a collectory, or tickets for an entertainto, or making up a deficit, or paying box, or tickets for an entertainment, or making up a deficit, or paying a yearly subscription, or "coming across" at a drive. Most of us never the faces of the persons to whom give help. Generally some one else accial service worker, or a clergy-accial service

funds, which some one else kindly undertakes to dispense for us.

When persons apply to us first hand, we are so well trained that we refer them to agencies that in the course of time will look them up and investigate their past and present, and if everything that they have said proves true and they are actually without proper persons to support them, and are selved and unable to find a mitable. proper persons to support them, and are sick and unable to find a suitable helter well, then, either they are supported by a fund collected for purpose, and we to whom they first appealed have the satisfaction of knowing that some one is lookafter them somewhere.

CALL that round-about transthe real gift, in all its fullness, than buying stocks in a bucket shop is a real purchase of securities. And I think the reason so many "givers" of this sort are bored or grumpy or depressed about giving is because they have been deprived by all the agencies and organizations and charitable brokers of the real sensation of giving. Then, too, if they ever do manage to some face to face with the person who needs their gift they worry them-selves and their protege with all sorts I brelevant questions to which the victim if he is anything of a man will feel like retorting: "None of your business!" and turning on his heel. For, after all, the good things that have come to most of us out of the Everywhere into the Here here not come because we deserved them or were impeccably worthy—they just come The Giver of all good things from whom we have received our good things be worthy of our priceless gifts, but without any words or witnessed prom-ises. And that great faith in us puts most of us on our mettle to try to be worthy in desire at least. EVERY now and then, however, one

meets with an old-fashioned giver, what I call a pioneer giver, because in the old days when most persons were ploneers in this country they took strangers in and gave them what they needed with no questions asked—as they still do in the pioneer ranches far the west of us. I know at least one such in these parts, and the other day I was touched and heartened up at the same time by a little story of his giving which shows up both the pleasure involved in it and the pain. One day late last summer there came down the country road past his door-step a man bent nearly double carrying great bundle. When he reached rstep he paused, and spoke to the ser of the house gently and then dropped his bundle on the porch floor.

He proceeded to unroll it, and uncovered some well-woven rag rugs of rather charming and cheerful colors.

The owner sat serenely by, smoking, while the man spread out his wares. then casually, as though it did not much matter when they began or when they stopped, the two fell to talking, first of the rugs, then of the business casually, as though it did not of how far one could journey in a day

the man had no very set direction.

He had crossed the river and walked up the right bank and turned in along for her and an entirely different meaning the first promising hill road back into the country, and stopped at the first settlement of houses to begin his sales. He meant to sell all his rugs as he He meant to sell all his rugs as he swept streets. It seemed to Cleo as went, and when they were gone to find though she had passed through one those work of some sort that a weaver who had never worked except at his weaving could do without his loom. He had been turned out of his home that day—it was his wife's house and she was "tired of seeing him muss about" her wild excitement of the day and had the look of having been possibly a panic in the church, drinking man, and with it having perhaps been queer in his head at times, again, but he was perfectly himself as he sat tense h there on the porch step and smoked to drift, with the owner and driftingly told these with Car brief fragments of his tale. The point

TT 80 happened that in a big left in A one of the owner's buildings nearby there was a loom which was stored there for lack of use, and presently the two more wonderful than she had wrought-iron balcony, a sloping green men strolled over to the building and men strolled over to the building and in the fact Carey and he had wakened her roof, and a long veranda looking out mounted some dusty steps and in mellow dusk of the loft surveyed loom together and then took stock of the big unused room and of the odds ends of furniture stored there. Then without more than a dozen words etween them it was somehow settled that the weaver should stop on there and work at the loom if he chose and peddle the rugs round about the countryside as he liked, and make what there was to make by the experiment, getting his meals with the owner's workmen for what he could afford to pay for them if money came in. If it didn't, then he could pay in rugs now and then. The matter was adjusted thus to avoid any appearance of char-

ity or any restlessness of obligation on the old man's part.

And so it was settled! In the course of the day the loft was made a workshop and a home. And a workshop and a home it remained through the late the spring. The weaver made rug after traveled with his wares all through the countryside selling them at a reasonable profit. On his return he handed over ner and autumn and the winter and rofit. On his return he handed over Semetimes those profits were as much as might cover what he cost, sometimes too little to count. Very little of business was said between them and husiness was said between them and nothing ever again of the guest's pri-vate affairs. He was known to the owner as "the old weaver" and to the owner as "the old weaver" and to the men on the place as "the weaver." and seeing he did not speak of his past life no one bothered him with questions. He was friendly and quiet and casual and went about his business with no long day he did not come down to infast and the owner found him on in the morning too ill to go with his weaving. So he was taken to a room below stairs and bathed made comfortable, and next day one of the women on the place, was in charge of him, was arranglis hed fresh for him, he fell back gently in her arms—dead.

man who had befriended him hed after his welfare in his

PEOPLE talk about "giving till it hurts" as though that was the

The Unconscious Sinner

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Cleo Ridgefield is the type of girl who unconsciously tempts men to make love to her. When she refuses Dick Wheeler, he tries to commit suicide, and is saved by his guardian. Carey Phelps. Carey, helicving Cleo to be a heartless firt, succeeds in meeting her, and to obtain revenge for the fact that she has ruined Dick's life, plans to win her heart and marry her. His idea is to tell her the entire truth after they are married and he succeeds in persuading her to give up the tilea of a big undding, and to marry him eccretly. On her weeffling acy, Ciro is files with girlin doubts

Married!

WELL, Mrs. Phelps!" Carey's tone was full of a queer triumph. Puring the ceremony he had been strangely ill at ease. Once when he had turned slightly and his eyes had rested on Cleo's strained white profile into his heart, but now that it was over, he was equitant over the fact that he had accomplished what he had

set out to do. "Doesn't it seem strange?"-her voice trembled deliciously, "that I should be that, I mean? Somehow it wasn't at all like being married. When that awfol man told us in that sepulchral voice that Dr. Hampton was waiting. I felt as if I were being led to my

Carey laughed lightly. "I thought you were about to run away when you hesitated there in the

corridor."
"I almost did." Cleo drew a long "But you didn't have a chance. 1 would have carried you upstairs kick-ing and screaming if it had been neces-

"Nothing would have kept me from having you!" The words were significant, and Cleo, listening, heard only the words without realizing what lay back of them.

In the course of time it came out that plays with a moure before it strikes the

the taxi sped swiftly through the rain-"tired of seeing him muss about" her wild excitement of the day and had -and so he had come away. He had been followed by that queer feeling of

And now everything was different gain. Her heart was full of an in-

physical side of humans, was that he matter. She did not even feel strange, you know, but then look where we have plainly tired already from his tramp and that his prospects of getting a and she loved him, she belonged to ordinary glass home, it is something job that would give him a home were him. Did she really deserve to be so more, much more. See that painted

Through a Woman's Eyes

Who Is Sane? A once well-known lawyer who died "destitute" in an insane asylum left behind him this last will and testa ment which has become famous among beautiful documents as the "Madman"

4'I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory do herewith make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding

"That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volume as my property. being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of it in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal; but those things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and be-

world I now proceed to devise and be-queath.

"Item—I leave to children exclu-sively, but only for the terms of their childhood, all and every, the flowers and fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of chil-dren, warning them at the seme timdren, warning them at the same time against thistles and the thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high above the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way, to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers. "Item—I give to good fathers and dren, warning them at the same time "Item-I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and en-couragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and charge said parents to use them justly, but generously.

"Item-I devise to boys jointly all the useless idle field and common where ball may be played, all pleasan: waters where one may swim. I snowclad hills where one may coart, and all streams and ponds where one ma fish, or where, when the grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their beyhood, and all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof. the woods with their appurtenances, the spairrels and birds, and the echoes and strange noises, and all distant places, age are doing. That's not what I mean which may be visited together with at all, dear. I mean she doesn't fret which may be visited together with at all, dear. I mean she doesn't fret the adventure there found. And I give about trifles. She doesn't get flustered to said boys each his own place at the and excited about small things. She fireside, at night, with all pictures that has a modern mind, that's what I mean it the hurning wood, to mean." may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance or care.

as the needs of their children shall re-

"Item-To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by all the walls, the bloom of the nawthorn, the sweet strains of music. and aught else that may be desired to figure to each other the lastingness of cauty of their love.

devise and bequeath all boisterous, spiring sports of revelry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to well, she even feels that way about way about

ng with lusty voices.
"Item—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memor; , and bequeath to them Shake-peare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.
"Item—To our level ones with snowy!

crowns I bequenth the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their chilren until they fall asleep."

I wonder who was more sane—since

by sanity is assumed a true sense of values - this penniless man who realized how much he had still to bequeath, or the world that called him "destitute!"

Goldfish

There they are swimming around. three of them, small and gold, and flashing in and out of the green grass And now everything was different again. Her heart was full of an intense happiness that made her content to drift. She felt a sense of security with Carey so near her.

She wondered hilly where he was taking her, but for the moment it didn't matter. She did not even feel strange at heing alone with him, it was so suther than the sense to say you know, but then look where we have the strange at heing alone with him, it was so suther than the sense to say the sen

follow begin with this position, so prac-

without constraint; Heels on same line

and as near together as your confor-

mation permits; feet straight ahead; knees straight, but without stiffness; hips level and drawn back slightly;

body erect and stretched up as if you

were being held up by the head; abdo-men flat; chest high; shoulders falling evenly; arms and hands hanging natur-

straight ahead. Then, for exercise 1, from position bring hands up and outward in wide circle until backs of palms reach overhead, inhaling as you

Exercise 2 (A): From position bring hands to shoulders, fingers turned in; knuckles out; elbows close to body. Do

this and the three following movements of this exercise with a quick, sharp command: One! Two! So that you can feel muscles taut and firm. 'Repeat five

(B) : From a shoot hands straight out

at sides, stretching to fincer tips, arms in straight line from shoulder, palms down. Back, Five times.

(C): From A shoot hands straight overhead, stretching to finger tips. Back. Five times.

wrists straight, palms down, fingers nearly together; fling arms out wide; back. Do five times on sharp com-

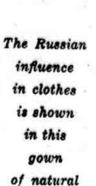
Exercise 4: From position extend arms full length; keep rest of body firm; begin to make circles with extended hands and arms; begin with small ones and increase to circles of as large dimension as you can describe without putting the body out of position. Describe five circles on forward and are on beckward-start.

mand

Exercise 3: From Position bring hands up to almost straight line on chest, elbows in line with shoulders.

to by Lands up: exhale as you them down. Do slowly five times.

palms lightly touching thighs; weight of body resting mainly on balls of feet; head erect and squarely to front; chin in but not down; eyes



trimmed

with

red.

Russian

boots are worn

with it.



Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT

A Charm of Yesterday

PAUL finished reading the letter from his mother with an odd little sigh. "She's a pretty good old girl, isn't she?" he murmured. Virginia s miled thoughtfully across the room at him. "Paul, your mother is so up-to-date, isn't she?" "My mother? Up-to-date? I never thought of her is a read of the process the room at him. "That's funny about how women around fifty-five or fixty can make or thought of her is a read of the room han. thoughtfully across the room at him.

"Paul, your mother is so up-to-date, isn't she?"

"My mother? Up-to-date? I never thought of her in that way, Virginia. I always have thought thoughtfully. "People in thoughtfully." always have thought bor peculiarly old-fashioned."

"Oh, I don't mean up to date in the manner of bobbing her hair, or smoking eigarettes or going mad about the one-step like a lot of women her

Paul smiled slowly as he patted the letter that lay in his hand.

"I call that being old-fashloned, tre-mendously so, but I see what you mean. Yes, mother is like that. I suppose there are a lot of women in the world of her age who manage to get up a terrible I know there are, for I've read their utterances in the papers time without end. Mother is old-fashioned to the extent that she doesn't consider trifles

life." said Paul thoughtfully. "People always love my mother and I're never wondered, for I supposed that people always loved anybody's mother. But I can see now that I'm getting older and accumulating a little sense and a small bit of perspective, that my mother's popular because she is keeping up with life. And yet she's infernally set in her ways, and that's why I say she is old-fashioned. Mother has just succeeded in keeping her mind young."
"It's awfully pleasant that she has," "It's awfully pleasant that she has," murmured Virginia.

"It's as pleasant for mother as it is for us—and for everybody else who knows her. I'll tell you one thing, dear, that folks of a generation ago cultivated a mental habit that is not thought about these dear." thought about these days." Yes?"

'Yep, I think one reason that mother is popular is that when she was a girl people minded their own business more thoroughly than they do in the control of He nodded solemnly. thoroughly than they do in these days, and mother's habit of thought is a nov-elty. That's what it is." elty. That's what it is."

And the more Virginia pondered upon it the more she was inclined to agree.

Monday-Another Story

them and Who'd Like a Kitten with the property of the Editor of Women's Pager in the same of the who read your please tell about them. MRS. G. G. would be seen and column might like to have them, of women's Pager in the little pet like this please and in you please tell about them. MRS. G. G. women's Pager in the little pet like this please and in you please tell about them. A Hope Chest

A Hope Chest

A Hope Chest

A CONSTANT READER.

When I was smaller, both as to have many or my finder's, and you who large in each ground in the process of you who large priced and station or my barrains. But with a purpose when the same care in the halls she doesn't went smile at ma. Sometimes when the same and address and can see that she gets all the letters.

A Hope Chest

A Hope Chest

A CONSTANT READER.

When I was smaller, both as to begin the process of the should not be exclusive the process of the should not be a firm and the size of books which is it possible to have a scruab." but is it possible to have a scruab." but is it possible to have a scruab." but is it possible to have a scruab. The process would naturally be a make of books which is know when a line? At Christmas time I was rather well sums a string I gave her a set of books which is thow when the same to plotthoday). Now the knows when the same and the halls she doesn't wen smalled at ma. Sometimes when the same scale it was on her birthday). Now the knows me pretty well, but when he move you please tell about them. May some pretty well, and two wooden knows and the same can be done to the shops some store that the same can be done to the shops some store that the same can be done to the shops some store that the same can be done to the shops some store that the same can be done to the shops some store that the same can be done to the shops some store that the same can be done to the shops some store that the same can be done to the same can be done to the shops and the same can be done and the same can be done and the same can be done and the same can b

whether one or two initials? Also what things I need?

The matter. She did not even feel strangs and know, but then look where we had being alone with him, it was so suited in the hold she really deserve to be so alone?

Cleo wheled suddenly that she and the feet his into the night. It was all so perfect, and life and love were so much for rander and the matter. It was all so perfect, and life and love were so much for rander and the matter of the more wonderful than site had seve had need to really a stoping great in the old days before she had need to really a stoping and the stoping and stoping and the stoping and the stoping and stoping and stoping and stoping and stoping and the stoping and s

Read Your Character By Digby Phillips Choosing a Hand

Here is a practical problem:

Assume that you are having lunch with two men, one of whom you are probably going to select as the manager of one of your stores—for you re one of those fortunate individuals was own not only a store, but several stores. As these men eat, you note that one of them has round, plump, short hands. The other has large, bony, hard hands, Both of these men have made good in subordinate positions, which, however, have not made very heavy demands upon their executive and commercial abilities.
Which of them are you going to se-

If all other things are equal your problem is ridiculously easy. Their hands should tell you. Make it a point to observe people's hands for a couple of days. Note how the plump, round person, whose head is widest at the ears, always has the short round, plump hand. And this person is of the vital type, the type which has the greatest natural aptitude for com-mercial and executive work. The square, large, bony, hard hand belongs to the person of the muscular or motive classification, whose natural aptitude is to-ward physical and mechanical labor.

Monday—Somber Coat vs. Flashy Necktle

Other things being equal, you would, of course, pick the man with the plump hands for your store manager.

ARE YOU HAPPILY MARRIED?"

The Driver Who Had to Be First Please Tell Me What to Do

Says "Just Pete" Is Old-Fashloned Dear Cynthia-May I state tha

If a girl wants to smoke and enjoys t, why shouldn't she, unless her folks object? The only reason I don't do it is because it affects me so horribly, makes my even water, throat dry and object? The only reason I don't do it makes my eyes water, throat dry and all that sort of thing. There are quite a few girls of my acquaintance who do smoke and no one thinks less of them they at last began to show signs of for it. Of course, they don't smoke in swakening life,

for it. Of course, they don't smoke in public.

I'm quite young myself and I don't need rouge, but from what I hear my sisters say and what I see for myself makes me think that rouge is the best thing ever. Most girls would look a fright without it. Especially those who work inside (which most of them do). I like to see a bit of rouge on a girl if she needs it, it makes her look so very much prettler, younger and healthler. My word, even old maids use it.

Oh, Peter, I believe you are fooling yourself when you say such things, aren't you? At the very least you are old-fashioned. Horribly so.

PATRICIA.

Messages to Everybody

Dear Cynthia — Since I have been

Messages to Everybody

Dear Cynthia — Since I have been reading your column for some time, I am just "filled up" with "ideas." I should be greatly relieved if allowed to express them (through your cotumn).

First of all, a word with "Doc." I feel sorry for you, "Doc," for I think you're rather narrow to judge the girls of "Philly" by what you have seen in hotels. You are liable to see the same thing in most any city. I am not a Philadelphia girl myself, yet I know that you might run into the same conditions in parts of my native city. I should not care to be "classed" with such girla I am sure from my observation there are all kinds of girls here—"good" ones and "bad" ones and those in the "happy medium." Remember this: No matter where you go, you will find the good and the bad. So don't be too hasty in generalizing.

Enough for "Doc." Now for "T. H." Cynthia has expressed it perfectly. The best place for you is Wales. To begin with, "people in glass houses should not throw stones." If you think some tall American girl is going to marry you, you have another thought coming to you. American girls want to marry men, not abbreviations of the male sox. I can just imagine the girls that like you. Snap cut of if!, Don't let conceit carry you ch', but take yourself back to Wales (where you belong). American girls don't care for you kind.

Now for "A Philadelphia Boy." I am wondering just how many "bean-eaters" you have met. I have lived in Boston for some time, and I have some very nice gentlemen friends there. Let me tell you they are "regular boya" They are made of the stuff that "real" boys are

IRISH EYES FROM OHIO.

Has a Crush on Her Teacher Dear Cynthia—Seeing that you have helped other lovelorn damsels in distress I am coming to you for some good advice. I am sixteen years old, bobbed hair, good-looking and very popular among girls. I was never in love with a boy—never had the chance—never went to a party—and never go to the movies unless it's with my mother. My parents never give me my mail unless they have first inspected it and have seen everything that is satisfying and then give it to me.

I am in the third year high school and am desperately in love with one of my teachers (she's about twenty-five), the first time I entered high school it was love at first sight. I went wild over her. This "wildness" has remained with me for two and a half years.

love at first sight. I went wild over her. It is a "wildness" has remained with me for two and a half years.

Cynthia, you may tell me this is a "crush," but is it possible to have a "crush," for so long a time? At Christmas time I gave her a set of books mas time I gave her a set of books. Here are directions for one made of which I know she enjoyed greatly.

Madam:

WHAT'S WHAT By Helen Decie

All day long the cherished treasure proved that it had been worth bother-

go near it.

After the long, watchful care given

them by every member of the family,



to remove to another State. This is a pleasant modern way of offering the "stirrup-cup" to prospective travelers who are on the eve of leaving us, "it may be for years, and it may be for-

may be for years, and it may be forever."

An afternoon tea is the easiest and most enjoyable way of conducting the "farewell courtesy."

The mother and her daughter receive the callers: refreshments are served from a side table, and a friend is asked to pour tea, which is handed about by young girls or by men, if they are present, as they are sure to be if the tea is given Saturgay or Sunday afternoon. When callers begin to leave, the hostess and the guests of honor stand near the door to receive the farewell wishes of the other guests.

Drove Right Over a Cherished Ros He Is One of Those Near-Vandals Who Would Tear Up Any

thing That Happened to Be in the Way of

Their Speed and Ease

And last evening there was a party, THE guests stayed out on the por

until darkness came, and, of course they were called upon to admire the family's pride and joy.

Everybody saw it, not a soul miss

Later on, at the proper time, course, they started to leave.

Several cars went down the drive and then two started off at the manning, one being slightly behind the other.
The one in back couldn't endure anything but right in the front of the parade, but the drive wasn't win enough for it to get past.

And so, without a noment's hesterion, the driver put on speed, whelse his car sharply off to one side an sailed around shead of the other.

JES, of course, his wheel went w The family was called out from the breakfast table to gase upon the miracle, and Jimmy again cautioned not to

YES, of course, his wheel went right on the grass, over the flower-bed and crushed that precious little resibud flat down to the ground!

Aside from the tragedy of it, the heart-felt, sincere sorrow, think of the justifiable anger that the family fat this morning, upon arising early to set the wonder of that first rose!

That anybody should be so utterly regardless of the property of some on else!

There was no doubt about the cause of the catastrophe; it couldn't be blam ed upon wind or rain, even if there has een any. For a deep furrow, made, unmit takably, by an automobile tire, re-straight across the bed and back to t

Just for the sake of a tiny bit speed, just because some one couldn't endure being behind another car. "HAT kind of disregard for every

thing but oneself and one's or pleasure—for if it had been safety that the motorist sought, it would have been permissible to sacrifice the rose bedcomes very little short of pure van dallsm.

The destruction of property is not deliberate; that is, the person wis does it does not set out for the purpose of trampling new flower beds, or break-

ing up furniture, or whatever he does do, but his indifference to what happens or the fact that it may happen smouth

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