that climbs

A Song Which Expresses the Needs of the Soul in Times of Trouble

I WAS with a woman today who by today by a man fresh from the laboracalled upon to make a decision that was

cho-analysis and the modern discoverfee from Freud's time to this, of the subconscious self, which is popularly How supposed to have so large a part in the decisions and the thoughts back of the

decisions of the individual.

The book gave a great deal of advice as to the understanding and the utilizing of that unconscious or subconscious self for the purpose of development of the conscious self—the conscious self being the part of one that says "I" when one is awake, and the subconscious self being the part of one that Bays "I" when one is asleep. The argument of the book was that the subconscious self being the part of one that conscious se f was unmoral and in its realm unassailable, but that its con-nection and influence with the conscious self could be greatly modified if its character and its reasoning and its bias. for or against, were fully analyzed and recognized and discounted by the waking self.

THIS had to be accomplished by mem-Tory chiefly, memory of dreams and memory of childish impressions stowed away in some recess of the brain and almost completely forgotten by the

This process of disinterring old impressions and evanescent dreams was acknowledged by the writer of the book to be an arduous and painstaking one, but he was very serious about its being also a most necessary labor, on the part of the mind, as a cure for every form of abnormality, for many forms of hysteria and neurosis and insanity and for misfitted energy and misplaced affec-tions and for habits of revolt against the laws of health or of human so-

What made me sleepless, I suppose was the cumulative effect of these fu-tile remedies for a cure of evil by the interpretation of dreams and the at-tempt of the author to marshal the sins of us mortals with the physical disorders we are subject to under one gen-

orders we are subject to under one gen-eral head of disease.

As a physician he blamed the Chris-tian Scientists for calling disease sin!

But he equally blamed Christians for calling their conscious breaking of the laws of God sins! In fact, there was no God on his horizon apparently, the nearest thing to a "Be-ail and End-ail" for human endeavor was an imaginary being which he spoke of constantly as a perfectly normal man.

THE book had been well read by somebody, all its leaves were cut and stood on a night stand by a bed when I came across it, as though it had a place with the books of devotion that were near by. I found later that it had no place with them in the mind of

its owner, but she had picked it up as being the popular version of the hour on a much-talked of subject. Just at present the words "nor-maley," "balance," "functioning," are much used to define what used to be included in the term goodcess. We are not told to strive after perfection, but urged to be normal. If there is any hint that we can attain a higher level than that of normalcy, it is not by a spiritual process, but by a physical ascendency of becoming supermen; not by being a little lower than the angels. but by being considerably like Her-cules or Siegfried or even Napoleon.

But I am quite sure that for most of us the word normal does not answer the wish within us, as the word good-ness does. And the idea conjured up by the word superman does not measby the word superman does not measure up to the word perfection. Back of all our physical illnesses is the ideal of health, back of all our misdeeds of mind is the word goodness. And back of all our unhapppinesses is the word perfection. And we haven't got those words from one another, they have come straight from some one who is good and who is perfect. Nor is a superman like Hercules or Napoleon of wise, you simply stand in the chancel. In spite of yourself, your superman like Hercules or Napoleon of wise, you simply stand in the chancel. come straight from some one who is good and who is perfect. Nor is a superman like Hercules or Napoleon of any real use to us in striving for goodness and in believing in perfection. Power cannot help us as just power. It has got to be power and goodness, which is why the one who called Himself not "the superman," but "the Son of God,"

T FINALLY put myself to sleep, not by remembering my dreams and sub-jecting them to the analysis of the dream interpreter, but by saying from my heart the great confession of a soul that recognized in God Himself the that recognized in God Himself the great Psycho-Analyst of all time!

God-the Psycho-Analyst of Man

"O Lord, thou has searched me and known me, Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue. but lo. O Lord thou knowest it altogether. Thou has beset me behind and before and laid thine hand upon me "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, it is high. I cannot attain

Always just here in that 139th Psalm memory comes back to me out of the far recesses of my childhood, of the first time that I sensed the meaning of the words. It was on a Sunday morning and my grandfather was readwhile the family, his children and his grandchildren sat decorously by at "family worship." Over the fireplace of that room and directly back of his big chair, therefore, on the wall was a very large engraving of the Guido Aurora, the god Phoebus driving the horses of the day across the skies with hours flying about his chariot.

A proper amount of pattern is desir
A proper amount of pattern is desir
A proper amount of pattern is desir
Finally with a swerve of the car should be read and into a sent-lights. ing the Psalm in the sitting-room, while the family, his children and his pose some grown-up had explained the picture to me, but as my grandfather's voice rose and fell in the rhythm and granted that the words and the picture

The Wings of the Morning "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Whither shall I flee from the pres-

whither shall I hee from the presence?

"If I ascend up into the heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in the grave, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

THE lines which follow in this song

The Origin of Man

bound to affect not only her own future but the future of many who were dependent upon her in vital matters. She looked across at me from the telephone in the pause of the momentous conversation with her questioner at the other end of the wire and said:

"What would I do without religion? How do people get along without it?"

I had been asking that same over the or thou hast possessed my reins, thou has covered me in my mother's womb.

"For thou hast possessed my reins, thou has covered me in my mother's womb.

"My substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance yet being unperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuation when as yet there was none of them."

This was not written by Darwin, it

This was not written by Darwin, it I had been asking that same question of myself during a rather sleep-less night. The sleep essness was the result of a book I had read the previous religion, is in the conclusion of the song even to the truth that what one thinks evening on the general subject of psy- about, in his subconscious state, influences his conscious mind :

> NIGHT THOUGHTS How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand. When I awake, I am still with Thes.

Search me, O God, and know my heart.
Try me and know my thoughts.
And see the way in me, and lead me in the
way everlasting.

The truth of the matter is every new light men get on life is reflected back to the beginnings of thought and reveals in even greater glory the truths by which the race has struggled on and up. What a Hebrew sinner who needed to fight his "natural man" if ever a son of Adam did—what he discovered of the truth about God and himself and condensed into a formula of the soul is still of impropagation. still of immense value to the sin-andtrouble-possessed men of the twentieth century. The truth it asserts is not a paliative nor a sedative, nor is the attitude it suggests for the mind a mere restoration to some past state of carefreeness. It offers no nirvana of forgetfulness; "Search me and know my heart. Try me and know my thoughts. And lead me in the way averlasting." everlasting.

THERE is in it capitulation and renunciation, but there is also and beyond all else the desire and the will to lead a new life not alone of the body

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Adventures With a Purse

There will be bridge at the club this summer and you'll be asked to contribute a prize, so I know you'll be interested in the very pretty night glasses one of the stores sells. The glass fits in a tray which is made of a golden colored ware; this permits of putting the glass on the mahogny table by the bed. A cover is made of the same golden ware, and fits snugly on the top to keep out the dust or inquisitive fly-by-nights. For a prize, your own convenience or a gift, the night glass is useful and acceptable and

One of the shops is selling some crepe de chine "undies" which would be a "thing of beauty and joy forever" to any beauty loving woman. It was quite dark now at her eyes turned resolutely the window. She did not be see them before buying any other. It saw three different shades nale blue desperately afraid that to crepe de chine "undies" which would be a "thing of beauty and joy forever" to any beauty loving woman. For our June bride, for your own hope chest, or if you are in need of them do see them before buying any other. I saw three different shades, pale bluc, shell pink and a salmon pink. Fine lace about an inch and a half wide trims the edges. Practical, cool and just as dainty as the most fastidious would desire for \$1.48 a pair, reduced from \$2.95.

The Woman's Exchange

#### The Woman's Exchange

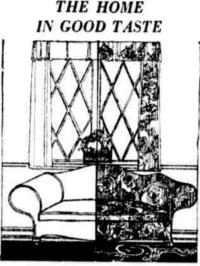
To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam-My niece is to be married the latter part of June at 3 o'clock. I am to be matron of honor, so will am to be matron of honor, so will out please tell me just what is required you please tell me just what is required of one acting as such. Also, what color do you think would be pretty? It is to be a church wedding. The colors will be rainbow ones, but I have my choice. I am of a light complexion. Do you think a hat of the same shade as the dress necessary? My little boy, six years old, is to be ring bearer. He is of a light complexion, with large blue eyes. If he is to be in white, just what material would be nice?

MES HEA MRS. H. E. A.

the only attendant of this sort. Otherwise, you simply stand in the chancel with the bridesmaids. Any pale shade would be lovely to wear—green, pale blue, pink or yellow—so pick out to one you like best, since the choice is left to you. Of course, you should wear a hat of some sort, but it doesn't necessarily have to be the same color as the dress, so long as it harmonizes well. The little ring bearer generally has his sult made of white satin.

THE HOME



mble in order to prevent monotony; too much pattern fairly squawls and jangles. A room in which the upholstery on the chairs and sofas, the wallpaper, the hangings and the carpet or rugs all display strong pattern will have a clearly Core of the road and into a they turned off the road and into a they turned off the road and into a they turned off the road and into a clearly contract the road and into a strength of the road and into a strengt or rugs all display strong pattern will into a clearing. Carey at her side, sudhave a hoperessly jumbled effect and be about as restful as a boiler factory. Instead of agreeable contrast there inothing but discord.

If the upholstery has a pattern, keep the walls plain. The hangings may have a pattern but will be safer without. If the upholstery is plain the hangings may have a pattern, while the wallpaper is plain, or the wallpaper may have a pattern, in which case the hangings will be plain. However the arrangement way he carried out, the important this carries police dout, the important that no other officer on the force cared to accept. may be carried out, the important thing is to avoid excess and conflict of pat-tern. All the value and charm of pat-tern disappear when too much of it

creates a decorative jazz. Monday-"How to Make Curtains"



### By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Cleo Ridgefield is the type of girt

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, believing Cleo to be a heartless flirt, succeeds in meeting her and winning her heart. meeting her and winning her heart. He persuades her to marry him secretly and on their wedding night, in order to avenge Dick, he tells her he despises her. Cleo makes an attempt to run away which he fore-stalls, and they start for Carey's cabin in the mountains. During this cabin in the mountains. During his time, Carey realizes that it is necessary for him to whip up his contempt for Cleo, for he is danger of falling captive to her charm.

A Ride by Night

WHILE they were in the diner, Cleo asked Carey what time they would

trying so hard to play.

Carey consulted his watch and then smiled across the table at her. That s was no more than a flashing of his teeth and a sudden lift of his features, for his eyes were cold and brilliant, and his tone as he spoke to

her was mocking.
"We reach Wayne's Glen at 10 o'clock," he youchsafed, "and then we

his words her heart had leaped in

be utterly alone with him! A little shudder ran through her at the thought and all her pride rose up in arms, wasn't true that she loved him. exerted a power of some kind over her. but certainly she no longer loved him. He had killed her dreams, he had laughed and made light of everything tender and sacred and holy. Love was tender in her heart and this emotion. dead in her heart, and this emotion that had set her heart to beating wildly was fear of him, only she must not let

im suspect the truth.
She forced a smile to her face and shrugged her shoulders lightly. Then as though his words had not been of enough importance to notice, she said evenly: 'Shall we go back to the other car? It's more comfortable

Two hours later, Cleo stood on the platform of the deserted little station and watched the long train whiz away into the darkness like a sky-rocket. Then Carey was helping her into a rickety old car, and they were off at a seemingly impossible speed for such

(To Be Continued)

The unique distinction of being the only weman in the United States holding the position of commandant of a soldiers' home belongs to Mrs. Susan M. Sheple, who has been placed in full charge of the Rhode Island Soldiers' Home at Bristol.

## Paul and Virginia by HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Gift Credo



going to be married learned —"
next week and I can't "Paul! Do hush up! make up my mind selecting a nice ap-what we ought to give propriate gift for Dick them. We are so fond of them we ought to ding is a serious afgive them something fair, and I do wish gave Alice Carey and you'd just reserve that We gave Alice Carey and real nice. We gave Alice Carey and Tom Hodge a silver pickle dish, but

"That's a nice useful thing." Paul bluntly. "A silver pickle dish. I suppose they'll get to use that about once a year, some night when Alice decides to have a Dutch lunch." 'You can be so provoking, Paul,

"And I suppose Tom was tickled to death with it, seeing he's an efficiency engineer and a crank on strict and stern utili arian stuff."

Virginia remained calm. "But we're so fond of Dick and Margaret we ought to give them some-thing better than a pickle dish. Of course, a pickle dish was perfectly proper for us to give Tom and Alice,

"Why? Are they such confirmed pickle hounds as all that?" he asked innocently. "Stupid! I mean that we are not so terribly well acquainted with Tom and

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

And Funny Races

Are included in the directions for this Fourth of July piente which is all ready to be sent out to any one who wants it. Send a self-

addressed, stamped envelope to the Editor of the Woman's Page if you

are going to spend Independence Day out of doors and want to know

stunts that will fill the day with

Alice, so the pickle dish was just right WHAT in the world are we going to give Dick and Margaret, ment.

"It was? If you don't know people "Give them? What's well enough to borrow "Give them? What's the matter with them? Are they broke or something?"
"Darling! Don't be so stupid. You know perfectly well they are going to be married going to be married."
"Paul! Do hush up!

comedian talk until later on. I just "Why not give Dick a couple of outing shirts and Margaret half a dozen

handkerchiefs-something nice lancy, you know?" Virginia stared. Are you altogether mad?" Her husband assumed an air of in-

'Isn't that all right? Good and use-

"How absurd you can be without half trying, my poor husband. I'll tell you, I do believe a half-dozen orange spoons would do nicely."
"They're wild about 'em, eh?"
"About what?"

"Oranges."
"How do I know?" "Then why the spoons built just for oranges? Can they use them for oatmeal and prunes and—"
But she had smothered the fiend with sofa pillow.

Monday-Another Chapter

Can You Tell? By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

The Meaning of the Crosses on the

An interesting story is connected with the origin of the British flag, dating back to the time of the accession of James VI of Scotland to the English throne as James I. At this time the White Cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, and the Red Cross of St. George, the patron saint of England, were combined, forming the first "Union Jack," which was flown from the main top of ships. The English still flew the Cross of St. George at the foretop, and the Scots the Cross of St. Andrew. This question is often asked: "Should man offer his right or his left arm o a woman when occasion calls for it, uch as when he is usher at a wedding.

At the death of Charles I, the union such as when he is usher at a wedding, solved and England used the Cross of when he is taking a girl in to a dinner party, or when he is escorting her back to her place after she has danced with him?"

The old rule was that the left arm should be affered to a woman. This once invariable law dated from the times when a man was not merely a consent of the consent of

The old rule was that the left arm should be offered to a woman. This once invariable law dated from the times when a man was not merely a casual escort, but a woman's protector, her defender and her knight-at-arms. So, as her champion, he kept his fighting arm—his right arm—free for the punishment of possible assaliants. Nowadays, some men offer the right arm, and break no armor-clad rule by so doing, but for the sake of consistency, it is better to follow the old convention, so that in any sort of escorted procession the men will be always at the right side.

The flag continued in that form until 1801, when the white cross of St. Patrick was incorporated. It was a difficult thing to combine these three crosses without losing the characteristic features of each. The problem was finally solved by making the white broader on one side of the red than the other. While this breaks the continuity of direction of the arms of the St. Patrick cross, it permits the Irish and Scottish crosses to be distinguished

and Scottish crosses to be distinguished from each other.

The red cross of St. George used on the English flag is supposed to have originated during the Crusades. The story goes that during a great battle at Antioch, the English soldiers, discour-Antioch, the English Soldiers, discouraged at the strength of the enemy forces, were about to give up in despair. At this moment a great number of heavenly soldiers, St. George, St. Maurice and St. Demetrius appeared, and the enemy turned and fled.

Monday-What Is Meant by the Graphic Arts?

### Please Tell Me What to Do

Etiquette After a Quarrel

Dear Cynthis—A girl has a quarrel with a fellow over the telephone. They have taken pictures together. The girl asks the fellow to return the pictures. He returns them and writes on the back of them "As Granted."

Now, Cynthis, is it necessary for the girl to reply saying she received she pictures?

This would be the courteous thing to do, but as courtesy must have been discontinued during the quarrel, it might rather supprise the young man. However, if you feel that you would like to smooth things over, and be friends again, this would be the best way to start.

Answers "A Modern Man-Hater"

Dear Cynthis—After reading the letter of "A Modern Man-Hater". I decided to take my pen in hand and try to defend the modern man. Our friend says she has attended several Penn dances, but it does not fill her with pride to admit it. Well, why did she ever attend the second dance if she did not enjoy the first? Our friend also take for us wearing out parlor furniture if we were permitted to. Well, why not? Should a man always be taking a girl out? I suppose you are also head. Now, don't think I squeeze the head of the Indian on a penny, because you of the Indian on a penny because you of the Indian on a penny

of the Indian on a penny, because you will be mistaken if you do. But I am just beginning to realize how foolish one is to trot around with the "Modern Gold Diggers."

IT IS on the same order as arriving at 3:02 for a train that you know goes at 3:10. I have a question for your readers,

Cynthia:
What do girls mean when they say.
"He does not kiss well"?
I hope the "Modern Man-Hater" will
change her views.
"A MODERN MAN."

Two Girls Are Lonesome

Two Girls Are Lonesome

Dear Cynthia—Although I am a constant reader of your wonderful column, this is the first time I have written to your column and at last have decided to write one myself. My girl friend and I are very lonesome, as we do not have any place to go and have no other friends, as they are all too small for us. We cannot meet the right kind of boy or girl. We are not pretty, use very little powder and no rouge. We would very much like to meet a nice crowd of boys and girls. We are very fond of sports and like a good time. We have both itust passed our seventeenth birthday. I know it is impossible to meet any one, as you do not publish addresses, but when I read Jack White's letter he spoke about a personal column, which I would like to know about myself. Well, Cynthia dear, we will be very grateful to you to see this letter published, and won't some kind reader help two lones one girls? BETH AND CLARE.

Why don't you join the Y. W. C. A. and take some swimming or tennis lessons? You would make some friends that way, Or else apply to Miss Goldman, at 1508 Arch s'reet, for admission to the Girls' Service League, where there are parties and all kinds of good times.

Don't Let Him Monopolize Your.

Han not arrived.

But you can't find that 3:10 which you know was there before.

There's a 3:42, and 2:58, but no 3:10.

And then the person who has to catch that 3:10 in order to make connections at the junction, discovers that you have been looking at Sunday trains instead on the weekdays!

You go right down to the bottom of the class two or three times at once when you do not publish addresses, but on 3:10.

There's a 3:42, and 2:58, but no 3:10.

There's a 3:42, and 2:58, but no 3:10.

There's a 3:42, and 2:58, but no 6:10.

You go right down to the bottom of the class two or three times at once when you do not publish addresses, but on the front of the class two or three times at once when they are anxious to get off a trolley car.

The anxious to get off a trolley car.

The anxious to get off a trol

#### Don't Let Him Monopolize Your

Dear Cynthia—As a daily reader of your column and paper I come to you for advice on a very delicate matter. Several months ago I became acquainted with a young man who was also a neighbor until three weeks ago, when he moved. This young man has taken me out and has treated me nicely. Now, sometimes he is very attentive and others he seems indifferent, although he calls nearly every evening tentive and others he seems indifferent, although he calls nearly every evening on some pretext or other. Now, what I would like to know is whether he is serious or not, as I have learned to think a great deal of him, and every time I speak to a cousin of his, also a young man of his age, which is twenty-two years, he tells me he doesn't like it. If I ask him why he will not answer me. I am about three years younger than said man. Your advice will be greatly appreciated, and wishing your column a great success, I am GREATLY PERPLEXED.

It doesn't sound as if he were exactly

It doesn't sound as if he were exactly indifferent if he comes in every evening. Don't let him monopolize your time unless you are engaged to him. If the cousin wants to call on you, let him come, and do not allow the other man to think he can question you about it. Let him understand by your actions that if he is serious he will have to declare himself so.

ASCO

### We All Have Those Moments in Which We Do Very Stupid Thing

Other People Dislike Us for Doing Them, but No More The

goes at 3:10.
You know because you have looked it up on the time-table, and time-tables are never wrong.
Yet 3:10 arrives, 3:12, 3:15, and you

look first at your watch then at the time-table again, to see why the train has not arrived.

But you can't find that 3:10 which you know was there before.

There's a 3:42, and 2:58, but no 3:10.

a dollar.

But just before you got up to get off the car you looked to be sure that you had the exact fare right there in your bag so that you would be able to reach in and get in when you got to the conductor. conductor.
Somehow it has disappeared.

Things You'll Love to Make





Warm Weather Comfort —"ICED"—

So easily made and so delightfully refreshing. Your grocer sells Salada in sealed metal packets only.

**ASCO** 



Ever had a cup?

ASCO



# The cup of cheer

You have to drink a cup of Asco Coffee to realize how exceptionally good it is. We could write volumes about its superior qualities—its rich, rare aroma—its delicious flavor-but an actual trial will be more convincing than anything.

When you take your first sip, your brain will send little joy telegrams tingling through you—"Ah! That's splendid coffee!"

-and you'll be delighted to learn of the low price of Asco Coffee—only a few pennies more than ordinary

Coffee 29

Sold wherever you see this nameplate on the window

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ASCO

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ASCO

