### EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1922

# SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

#### One Woman's Success With a Bible Class Proves the Value of Sunday Schools

that counted.

I did not answer him at the time, mortals, because I had not been to Sunday school for more years than I can conveniently estimate, and the last Sunday school I gazed upon had none of the outward tokens of success. Also among the children of my kith and kin, not to my friends and acquaintances, there are few, if any, who are Sunday school scholars, so unless I applied for statis-tics at a church board I was not sure I could get information that could defi-nitely settle the question. I distike statistics, because the figures so often ty a false impression, especially about veniently estimate, and the last Sunday give a false impression, especially about the state of deadness or allyeness of a thing. A great many more persons go to the movies than went to the theatres in Shakespeare's day, but one would not say that the dran.a was more alive

now than then. I thought: I must ask some one who knows and cares. But the question was -Whom ?

NEXT day coming toward me down a little quiet street I saw a person that always in clurch 1 saw a person that always in clurch 1 try to catch a glimpse of down a long vista of people in pews, because there is a shining quality in her look that is as lambent and happily screne as the contours of distant blue hills in a sunny landscate. It is a handsome, happy face, and one recommendate the obviour down and recognizes both the physical charm and the inward screnity a long way off.

Suddenly, as we neared cach other, I knew that she was the person above all others to ask about Sunday schools and classes and scholars and teachers, and whether they were successes or not, for as long back as I can remember hear-ing about that part of church activity I heard of Miss Mary Schout and of ber Bible class. Before I had a chance to ask her

question, however, she answered it in the most natural way in the world. For when I said: "How well you look, Miss Schott | And, of course, how happy you look, that seems to be a habit with you!"

She told me with a smile that, yes, she was well, and more than usually happy because—and for this day of hithering and thithering and constant excitement of new things, her reason sounded novel and almost unbellevable. She was feeling uplifted because on the previous day-Sunday-she had celebrated the forty-third anniver-ary starting her Sunday school class, The class' way of celebrating, apparently, was to give into her keeping to be spent for missionary work more than \$400, which they saved from taetr "daily bread money"-they are all workers for their living—to devote to the service of the teachers of Chris-tianity. The gift was their way of showing how they valued what they had received through her. In one sense it was beyond paying for, but tacy evi-It was beyond paying for, but lacy evi-dently felt that part, at least, of its value could be passed on to others. I asked Miss Schott how large the class was these days, and then half regretted my question for fear it had fallen off since the old days when I had known it.

SHE said the average each Sunday was eighty or more men and women.

ers of good tidings" to their fellow SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Orange Wool Embroidery



# The Unconscious

# Sinner

### By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

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. Clarey Phelps, Carcy, believing Cleo to be a heartless flirt, succeeds in meeting her and winning her heart. He persuades her to marry him se-cretly, and on their wedding night, in cretty, and on their wedding night, in order to avenge Dick, he tells her he despises her. The next day he car-ries her off to his cahin in the moun-tains, a place that he and Dick have owned for years. They arrive late at night, and find that Dick has returned from abroad and is in pos-session of the cabin. (Ico sees im-mediately that the two men are estranged, and in a scene that follows she tells Dick why Carey has mar-ried her. But Dick's sympathics are all with her. In a blinding rage Carey plunges out into the night, and in the interval that follows. Cleo begs Dick not to be angry at what has

#### happened. The Darkest Hour

CLEO awoke to the sound of furi-Jous wind lashing the trees outside. Rain dashed against the shingled roof of the cabin, and sitting up in bed, still dazed with sleep, she pushed shut the casement window over her bed. Then she lay down again, shivering a little in spite of the warmth of the bed-

Outside it was still dark, and absolute silence reigned in the cabin. When she had dropped asleep there had been a conforting streak of light under her door. It had come from the big living-room beyond, but that light had disappeared now, and, inasmuch as the room was strange to her, she hesitated about getting up to find a light of some

She wondered what time it was, Had she wondered what the it was, the she been asleep long? Of course, she had no way of telling. An hour or two might have passed, or it might be just before the dawn, which would be late because of the weather.

Suddenly she thought of Carey. Had Dick gone after him as he had promised, or was Carey still wandering around out in the darkness somewhere, with the rain falling on him, beating in his face and the wind depriving him of breath?

Strange to say, although she found it hard to admit such a thing, even to herself. Dick had seemed the stronger of the two men that night. It had been bick who had comforted her, on whom she had leaned, while Carey had vin-dictively thrown her at Dick's head. Dick who had comforted her, on whom she had leaned, while Carey had vin-dictively thrown her at Dick's head. Her checks flamed in the darkness as she recalled those impassioned words of tarey's just before he had plunged out into the darkness. How he hated her, and now his hatred of her would out into the darkness. How he hated her, and now his hatred of her would her, and now his narred of her would be stronger than ever, because, instead of avenging Dick, as he had planned, he had succeeded only in rousing Dick's anger against him. How splendid Dick had been! At last he understood that she had never mented to be him and here for

wanted to hurt him, and how fine he had been to stand by her! She would never forget it, never! She wished vaguely that there were something she could do to make it up to him, but even as the thought occurred to her.

it was borne in on her with crushing force that she still loved Carey ! of giving yourself satisfaction." In spite of the fact that he hated and despised her; in spite of his sneering gibes and cruel taunts, there was

hat one man enthroned in her heart. He was her lord, her king. She would travel around the world after him on satisfaction I mean to say." her hands and knees if he wanted her.

The statistics of the law rate is that the state world thinks and she wo

FANS FOR SUMMER "WEAR"



The graceful, waving feathers that form such a necessary part of the evening costume in winter somehow look out of place and stuffy in June. After the "longest day" we prefer to wave something lighter, just as graceful and cooler looking. For this we may choose the old-fashioned pleated fan of painted gauze, the soft, beautifully tinted fan of peacock feathers, the little fuzzy affair of curved quills, or the demure heartshaped fan made of breast feathers, according to which one suits best our type and the frock we happen to be wearing. But we must carry a fan of some kind

# Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT

50

little grimly. "Now what?" with suspicion. Even when some rich old He paused to regard duffer calls in an

her gravely. "The worry of pro-fessional life must be fierce," he said soberly. "The worry and the feeling of -well-lack of appreciation or lack of signal procession of lack architect weeps in anguish."

She laughed at some recollection. "I never thought professional men were lacking in satisfaction, dear; self-

"Oh, that attitude! That's a post, looks like a scoundrel to me and he talks, something awful about that bat-tery. And if I take his advice it will cost me about eight dollars for new slotes. And if J don't - ''

fessional people?

# Please Tell Me What to Do By CYNTHIA

To "Betty S." Don't feel that you have to stop writing, my dear, just on account of this mistake. Cynthia will be glad to feet your letters on other subjects, even if you are not Jack White's Betty.

Sorry "Louis" Doesn't Swim Sorry "Louis" Doesn't Swim Dear Cynthia—A word to Louis. I read your letter the other night and was glad to know that you at least think a little of me. I can ride a bicycle, too, but I have not one I can use now. I want to tell you I have stopped smoking, never to take it up again, but please don't get conceited. I did not stop for you. I stopped for Cynthia. I am awfully sorry you don't swim. because—oh, well, life wouldn't be any-thing if it wasn't for the good old Dela-ware River! By skating you meant. of course, on the ice. I shall forgive you for not being able to swim as long as you can skate, because what one is in the summer the other is in the winter. BETTY S.

"Puppy" Wants Another Rise

"Puppy" Wants Another Rise Dear Cynthia--I couldn't resist writ-ing to your column again. I enjoy it so much. This time I think I'll pan "Frank." Don't you think he's a little too good for this world? He speaks about the boys painting up. They were probably just doing it to shock him. I am sure that I should do the same thing if I had such an old "crepe hanger" around and I was a boy. And "bout those girls who are ashamed of their homes. My goodness, they ought to be thankful they have such a place. Even if her home is disreputable, a stirl ought to be interesting enough to keep the boy looking at her and not at her home. What does he come for, anyway?

nnyway' Aren't "Saleslady's" epistles the dry-Aren't "Salesiady's" epistles the dry-est things you ever read? They have no pep in 'em. They sound like some old lecturer. I really don't know what she's writing about, as I haven't the gumption to wade through them. but judging from those awful "jawbreakers" she uses, I really believe, as some one said, she took her letters from some magazine.

Well, do print this letter, Cynthia, and please let me come again. Love to all. PUPPY. You certainly are the peppy little thing, aren't you, "Puppy"? Just full of jazz!

#### Too Young for Steady Company

Dear Cynthia—This is the first time after reading your column for many months that I have attempted to seek your advice, and here's hoping you may

help me. I am a young girl, sixteen years of age and am considered very good-look-ing. Now, Cynthia, I have many boy friends, but only go out with one, whom I care a great deal for, but my parents think that I am too young to keep steady company, but if I go out with any other fellow my friend gets angry and will not speak to me for several days at a time, but he always comes back and I always accept him. Dear Conthia, can you tell me how to treat him when he comes back to me; and also he is always talking about the girl he used to go with. Do you think he is being true to me? Should I allow him to kiss me good night? I never have as yet, but he always gets angry and says it is all right to do so because we intend to get married, although he has not given me a ring as yet. CURIOUS.

CURIOUS. Your parents are right, dear, you are too young to be engaged and you should not allow one boy to monopolize your time if you are not engaged to him. Let this boy get angry if he wants to, but go out with other friends, and when he fusses simply tell him that you are not engaged to him and the

#### An Important Announcement

The Humble Origin of an Idol Seemed Worse Than His Wrongdoing

To the "Democratic" American Public, Which Can Swing lu Preference Without a Minute's Notice

"YOU can say what you please," WE CARRY our stars and stripes on declared the student of human that no matter how people comes to our town to lecture.

nature, "but no matter how people talk, deep down in their hearts they're all snobs, every one of them." Some of us don't like to think so. We prefer to consider ourselves dem-ocratic, above such petty things as class distinctions and all that. Comes to our town to lecture. But when the newspapers publish, headlines of her spectacular romance vorcee, we let the flag droop to the ground as we exclaim: "Why, what could you expect? She started out That's where she got some of her ma-

We realize how people can say that | terial.' of others, but not of us, oh, no indeed! As if there were something shameful Yet when it comes right down to about being a cash girl! of others, but not of us, oh, no indeed ! Yet when it comes right down to facts we're all pretty much alike, after all. The story of the insignificant nobody The story of the insignificant nobody

The story of the insignificant nobody who came here from abroad to make money is an apt illustration of our collective snobbishness. He came, this nobody, and had a hard time as foreigness so often do turning away.

But in the snobbishness of our heart of hearts, we bring out that remote por-erty of their start in life and make that their shame instead of the wrong hard time as foreigners so often do, taking any kind of work he could get. Then some one discovered his abilthey have done. ity to look well in good clothes, and

OH, DON'T let's allow our stars and stripes to drag in the dust. If we're democratic Americans, let's dig that snobbishness out of our hearts and respect character more than success. to dance.

to dance. He began as a professional dancer. From there he rose to the stage, and as an actor made a hit. His good looks made a great many women sigh over him and he became very well known.

THEN disaster struck; he married a second wife before the divorce from his first one became valid, and there

The fact that he may be a bigamist is nothing compared to that shocking

truth ! And the people who say this are the people who claim pride in their log-cabin President, their self-made cap-tains of industry, their own humble beginnings, and the fact that in Amer-ica station and rank do not count !

TT DOES seem to prove, as the stu-I dent of human nature says, that

I hores seem to prove, as the sub-dent of human nature says, that everybody is at heart a snob. While the actor was in the height of his "glory" no one thought of his origin; if he had gone on to the triumphant success that he seemed to be headed for, democratic American would have said: "Isn't he wonderfui? And to think that just a few years ago he was working in cafes and doing anything he could get to earn his liv-ing. Oh, it's character that tells-look at the wealthy, highborn social lights that are wasting away their lives, when this poor boy has made so much of himself!" Ye the would still be the same young foreigner, with just the same character and personality. It is character that tells, but we democratic Americans are all too prome to think that it's success which counts, instead.



were in my class bicked professionals." He paused to kiss her. "And, believe me, they're welcome to "em. He finished a 100

new plates. And if I don't-

"But, dear," she protested amused-"What has a dingy old battery

Paul's eyes popped open in sur-

literally, and not to mean things too literally. It is a characteristic more

Watch for it.

Everybody.

It will interest

Or else, if it's in there too deeply to be uprooted, let's be honest about it.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

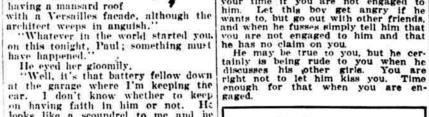
was much more talk about him. And the funny, variable, "demo-cratic" American public began to sniff

and turn up its nose at the foreigner. "Why, he's nothing but a bus boy —he worked in a restaurant !"

truth







added: "The visiting of so large a class is court up the number of women eating a good deal of a responsibility, and I am their lobster in costiumes of gray you much a part of having a class as the preparation of the lessons, to knew them in their own homes face to face." She said the study was a joy to her, are showing such a model trimmed so was the treathing. She had with silver embroidery and acknowl, him again! As that then the like the study was a joy to her.

She said the study was a joy to her, are showing such a model trimmed swept night. Suppose she never saw and so was the teaching. She had with silver embroidery and acknowl- him again! At that thought Cleo's never known she had it in her to be a cleing as its chief feature of interest heart almost stopped beating. teacher, and indeed as a girl she had the graceful shoulder cape of plaited. If only morning would come or the never been to Sunday school, and then self-material. Plaited side sections rain would stop its monotonous beating this chance came to her as though it, who the cape treatment; and a hat of on the roof, or the wind would cease were taken for granted she could do it, gray horsehair wreathed in field flowers, wailing in the trees in that cerie fashand very humbly she had accepted. Then, through which tre behold, she found she had the gift of concluding touch. through which trails silver wheat, is the ion!

holding her classes' attention and win-ning and keeping their friendship! And

that was the way it happened. I do not know how many Miss Schotts there are in the world of Sun-day schools, but through her class alone

and that in itself shows Sunday schools me through your very helpful column need not fail, and one can feel sure what will take an tee cream and a grape have not failed. I have known more fuice stain out of a periwinkle canton than one of her scholars and their face.

spines in her face. Being happy and showing it, being serene and living screnely, and above all, growing older without growing less young, is a great inspiration to all there are a grane betwinkle canton PEGGY B. Both these stains may be taken out of the dress by applying a solution of car-bon tetrachloride, which you may find at any drug store. pass by. And being "an inspiration for those that pass' by, that is, being il-luminated by the joy that is inside o us so that those who see us may glorify the Giver of that joy, is something to be alive for. As I go about the rown I catch that look that Miss Mary Schott has in such unexpected faces.

THERE is a shortish, very sturdy, Lodd-mannered man up in Kensing-ton who has been a weaver in his day night, v smaller.

and much else I dare say, but who is now and has been for twenty-five years the superintendent or man-in-charge of a big boys' club up there not far from Lehigh avenue. His name is John Mac-Intosh. He has a face that is illumi-meted by something steads and good and DO YOU AGREE WITH THIS? "A S A reader of your articles, which I at most times approve," writes Intosh. He has a face that is infinite nated by something steady and good and A I at most times approve, writes even great burning inside the soul of a correspondent to Dr. W. A. Evans, him. He has had every kind of fraces  $\neg I$  will claim the privilege of age and  $\neg I$  will claim the privilege of age and

vent to plague one man with, and he experience, plus serious observation and certainly has had disappointments as strong moral conviction, and I will abwell as great luck with the chaps their solutely find you gravely mistaken when swarm in and out of that big building, and recommend wholesale, and without swarm in and out of that hig building. By now, after his long experience both with his own boys and the club boys, he must know them as few men do, and as he is Glasgow. Scotch and very shrewd there would be little that he has to learn that they can teach, I sup-buse but he manages to be as writing. So intely and you gravely mistaken when you recommend wholesale, and without due explanation and restriction, bare where the must know them as few men do, and shrewd there would be little that he has to learn that they can teach, I sup-buse but he manages to be as writing.

for God, from the younges shaver who are hold up in the middle of the calves is proud and shy on the day of his first by garters so tight that they leave a admittance to the rather self-con- blue mark at night and ruin the shape sciously dignified young man who stops of the legs, and the bloomers also have in once and so often even after he is a band of rubber as tight as the garters, married to see how the old place is which doubly stop the circulation? looking "Did you know that a third band of

Married to see how the old place is looking.
And the boys, whether they have felt is heaviness of his hand or the crist provide the bolt of the curve of his intrequent commendation for back of his 'judeeshad' manner of his bond the the bonners up and do away with the bother of buttons?
With low socks even the garters are worn across the middle of the calf, and children are forever pulling up their stockings and attending to the stockings and the bonners up and out, if he will only take it.
The cumulative impression of this stored the bonners up and out, if he will only take it.
The cumulative impression of this stored the bonners up and out, if he will only take it.
The cumulative impression of this stored the bonners where the bonners were as a man must have had a green influence upon the bors.
What do you say, readers? Is this styles be changed?

pay no attention to you, any Think of the young doctors we Think of the young doctors we Do their patients take them y? Why, you know, honey, man in a garage got to do with pr seriously? Why, you know, honcy, that nearly everybody who calls a doctor these days half doubtfully listers

to advice and then goes and does as prise, "P "Professional man? Say, if you don't believe that these automobile tin-

"But the doctor does the best he kerers don't regard themselves as the last word in highly specialized profesan? He can't do any more."

sionals, you just step down there and talk to one of 'em. Professionals' Well, my dear, I'll tell the world they are professionals and for pure tempera-"Sure, but that doesn't make him feel any better. Doctors are not the only ones, though. It's the same with all other professions I've noticed. This ion! If something didn't happen, she would go mad. She simply couldn't lie half-doubtful attitude seems to be in the air. Lawyers are victims of it, too,"

there much longer with her ears strained for the slightest sound, and the awful fear that something had happened beat-ing in on her consciousness. She blamed "Well, of course, a professional man herse'f now for having fallen asleep last night, but her eyelids had seemed

(Continued Monday.) as a tendency not to take things too

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

see only a few hours later.

Why We Cannot See the Earth Revolve and reasoning type of mind. It leads to We cannot see the earth revolving on It is associated with sensitiveness and

We cannot see the earth revolving on its axis because motion is only relative and we are upon and a part of the earth. If, however, you could place yourself in a position relatively near the earth, you could perceive its motion beneath you very readily. To do this you would have to go beyond the atmosphere of the earth, for the atmosphere revolves with the earth. If this were not so there would be no reason why an aviator could not go up a few thorsand for the earth to revolve

and, waiting for the earth to revolve beneath him, drop down in San Fran-

00

Monday-The Signs of Ambition THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

RED

20

scope, you can see its motion after an hour's study of any one spot. If, however, you were close to the outer rim of Jupiter's atmosphere, you would see it rushing by you at a speed greater than two and a half times that of the earth.

The hour hand of a watch travels twice as fast around its center as the earth does upon its axis, and yet it is extremely difficult to detect its motion without the aid of a microscope. Through a microscope you can see the movement of the watch hands more movement of the watch names more readily. Through a magnifying glass the motion is magnified. Under a very powerful lens the hands move quite rapidly. Approaching a moving object has the same effect upon its apparent speed as a magnifying glass gives to it. If you look at a speeding train at a distance, its motion does not seem great, but if you stand close by a fast-moving train it rushes by you like the wind.

Monday-How Were Coal-Tar Dyes Discovered?

> **Read Your Character** By Digby Phillips

It depends upon just what you mean by an "artistic temperament" as to what indications you look for in a per-son's handwriting to determine whether or rot he is blessed, or cursed, with it, share the "recoding" qualities accord-What is usually meant by the phrase is by no means an essential element in the make-up of the real artist. In fact, it is a question whether there are a bluish or cool green, and you way, while the back-menet" than otherwise. In its most pronounced form, of

in the most pronounced form, of advancing co'or, the walls seem to come course, it is spurious. It is merely together toward you, according to the self-indulgencee, weak will and care- degree of warmth in their coloring. lessness masquerading under the name Cool-colored walls seem to recede. If art.

which often had ens to be found in walls make it seem larger. ple as well. It might best be described

Blue-the third of the so-called primary colors—is known as a "cool" or "receding" color. It is called "cool" or "receding" because it creates a quieting impression of coolness and repose and because blue or bluish sur-inces seem to recede or go away from you. For example, on a blue surface with a red pattern, the pattern stands The "Artistic Temperament" It depends upon just what you mean The "Artistic Temperament"

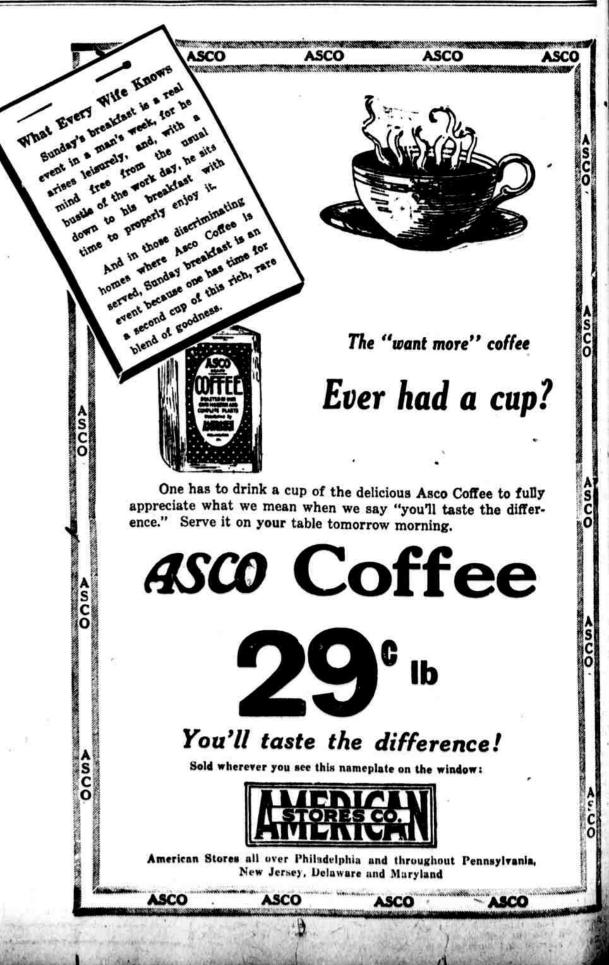
**Cool Colors** 

In its natural form it is a quality smaller than it really is; cool-colored

Monday-"Neutral Colors'



Sealed packets only Black, Green or mixed



some thousand men and women must. Ice Cream Harms Dress weighted down with weariness, and her business. "filled with the knowledge of Christ" and that in itself shows Sunday schools in through your very helpful column She remembered thinking that she brain had been too tired to go on thinkwould close her eyes for just a few minutes. She would be sure to start awake as soon as Dick returned. But she had dropped off into oblivion almost immediately, and now it was im-

(To Be Continued)

gentleman right or wrong? Should

possible to tell how much time had

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam-Would you please pub-For Elastic

keeping.

passed.

When running elastic, I always sew

<sup>11</sup> Dear Madam—Would you proce porce of lish the remedy for making large porces if of the face become smaller? As this is to hindering me in all departments of life I would like you to publish the remedy I would like you to publish the remedy on a hook and an eye at the ends of the elastic. This eliminates sewing the elastic ends together each time it is inserted. To run the elastic through, in your column as soon as possible A. S. Whenever you wash the skin, finish with a dash of cold water and a rub of los. An astringent creatin, which can be bought at any drug store, applied at night, will also help to make the pores I fasten a small safety pin in the eye and have no trouble in running it through, thus doing away with the bodkin.—Mrs. M. E. S., in Good House-lockin, —Mrs. M. E. S., in Good House-

CORINNE LOWE.

The Woman's Exchange